

GAY

50¢

Volume 3

Number 71

Police Report Entrapments To U.S. Government

BY PERRIN SHAFFER

Washington, D.C.—Men here are coming out of their closets and into the streets, where they're being arrested on charges of public sex ranging from solicitation to sodomy, and a few are being beaten. Often, they are the victims of enticement and entrapment.

The sudden increase in arrests in 1971 over 1970 cannot be attributed merely to the swelling number of the sexually active. Changes in police practices are also responsible. Instead of D.C. police and U.S. Park Police (USPP) both descending concurrently on the woods near the Iwo Jima Memorial (see GAY no. 69-B) or the Black Forest (at 26th and L Streets, N.W.), the USPP patrols parks outside the city, such as the Iwo Jima Memorial and Belle Haven (on the Potomac River, below Alexandria, Va.), leaving D.C. to D.C. police.

All police forces headquartered in D.C. have jurisdiction over Iwo Jima as well as over all of D.C. Surprisingly, the former duplication of effort (after all, police are part of government), probably resulted in only one embarrassing incident.

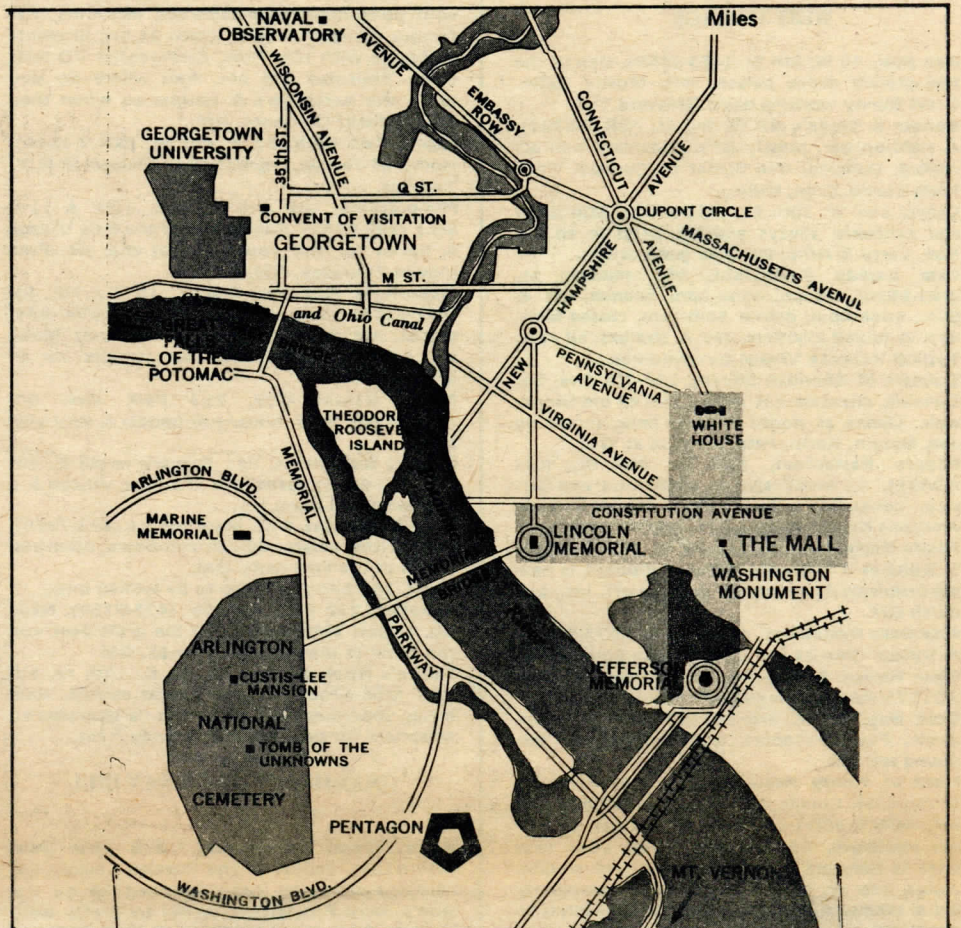
Dr. Franklin Kameny recalls the early 60's misadventure. It occurred at Lafayette Park, across Pennsylvania Avenue from the White House. Men were active in the bushes and both D.C. and USPP plain-

clothesmen were entrapping scores. Kameny and the local American Civil Liberties Union argued without success that if the real purpose was to stop illegal activity, this could be better accomplished by trimming the bushes and replacing plainclothesmen with one or two uniformed police, realizing a savings as a side benefit.

The idea of cost reduction has never impressed government bureaucrats, especially if such proposals are not their own suggestions. The inevitable occurred: a plainclothesman on one police force tried to arrest a plainclothesman on the other. The arrester resisted his captor. Resisting arrest is so heinous that punishment must be meted out on the spot. The arresting officer slugged the "arrested" officer. A fight ensued and several other plainclothesmen who were present in the park rushed to join the fracas. After the dust settled, there were no charges of police brutality. "With such inter-police force coordination, it's no wonder that we never hear of 'Organized Crimefighting,'" commented a Mattachine Society spokesman. The newspapers printed an account of the debacle, the bushes were trimmed and the plainclothesmen were replaced by one or two uniformed USPP.

At about that time, a man who, according to Kameny, took a more lenient

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From the Marine Memorial to the park in front of the White House, Washington police are stepping up a campaign of "morals" arrests.

"1776" Producer Sues Owner Of Continental Baths

BY JOHN P. LeROY

New York, N.Y.—Stuart Ostrow, producer of the hit Broadway musical, "1776," is suing Steve Ostrow, owner of the Continental Baths at 230 West 74th Street, for \$1,500,000 on the grounds that the regular Friday and Saturday night cabaret entertainment at the Continental constituted "unfair competition, defamation of the right of privacy," and had caused him (Stuart Ostrow) great "public embarrassment and exposure to public ridicule." Stuart Ostrow and Steve Ostrow are not related.

Two starring members of the cast of "1776," Scott Jarvis and Rita Gardiner, did several songs at the Continental, and the revue at the Continental was titled "177-Sex" in an ad in *The Village Voice*. The ad noted that the show was produced by S. Ostrow. Evidently, Stuart Ostrow, in trying to enjoin Steve Ostrow from using his first initial and last name because it's the same as his, feels that any association with a gay bath house must be worth \$1,500,000 in damages.

Steve Ostrow, in receiving the summons, expressed amusement. The show "1776" was about the signing of the Declaration of Independence, a document which holds the right to the pursuit of happiness as well as life and liberty to be self-evident and unalienable. Steve found it strange and hypocritical that Stuart would try to restrict his freedom, even though he stopped running the ad as soon as Stuart sent him a telegram of complaint. The Continental show was charac-

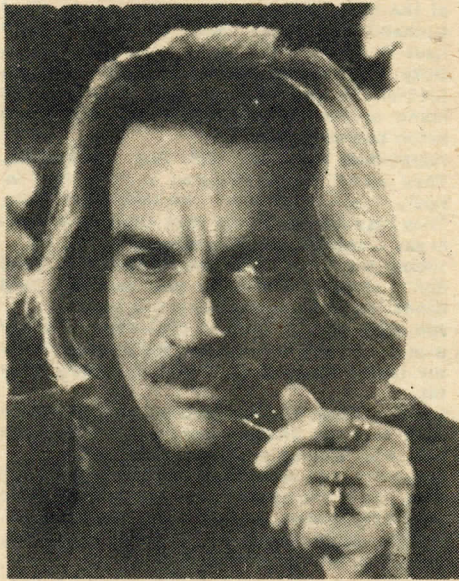


Photo by Peter T. Dallas

terized by Stuart as being lewd, lascivious, and in bad taste, but Steve asserted that Stuart had never been to the Continental or seen the show. Steve had gone to see "1776" twice, and noted that there was a scene where Ben Franklin made a habit of patting young maidens on the fanny. Such lewd, lascivious and tasteless things did not take place in his show.

As a result, a countersuit is being prepared against Stuart Ostrow by Continental's attorney Barry Slotnick as of this writing, also for \$1,500,000, on the grounds that Stuart caused Steve and the Continental "public embarrassment," and that the characterization of the Continental show as being "lewd, lascivious, and in bad taste" as libelous. Will the real S. Ostrow please stand up?

ACLU Takes Job Denial To High Court

Minneapolis, Minn.—The American Civil Liberties Union has joined its Minnesota chapter in appealing to the U.S. Supreme Court the University of Minnesota's refusal to hire gay activist J. Michael McConnell as a librarian.

The Board of Regents rejected McConnell for the \$11,000-a-year job in 1970 after McConnell applied for a marriage license with his lover, Jack Baker.

Three months later McConnell won a U.S. District Court ruling granting him the job, but the regents got the decision reversed last October by the U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals in St. Louis, Mo.

The civil libertarians' appeal cites the sharp contrast between the St. Louis decision and those of the Washington, D.C. Circuit Court of Appeals, which have upheld gays' rights to federal jobs.

The McConnell brief, filed February 11th, rejects the St. Louis court's finding—that McConnell's "activist role in implementing his unconventional ideas... (seeks) to foist tacit approval of this socially repugnant concept upon his employer."

If the U.S. Supreme Court decides to hear the appeal, it will be the first time a gay-hiring issue has come before the court. That decision is likely by the end of March, although a ruling on the merits of the issue is unlikely before mid-1973. By that time McConnell will have accrued over \$30,000 in back pay.

Meanwhile, publicity about the hiring discrimination—and about the 29-year-old lovers' repeated attempts to get a legal marriage license—made Baker a promi-

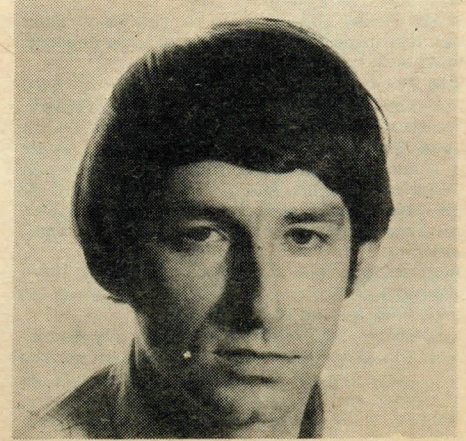
nent figure. Last April the law student was elected student body president at the 43,000-student university.

On February 12 Baker said he will run for an almost unheard-of second term as student government chief.

Too many people, Baker said, assume his victory last year, in a record turnout, was some kind of "fluke. Today the novelty of the gay thing is dead. The question is whether I've done a good job."

As president, Baker has succeeded in opening a student-run store in Coffman Union Building and in getting students appointed to Board of Regents committees, so they can help make campus policies. He seeks a student-run commercial radio station and student-owned, student-run apartment houses.

Baker's toughest opponent is likely to be David Truax, 20, his vice-president and an enrollee in the university's largest college. The election is April 5th and 6th.



Mike McConnell Photo by Paul R. Hagen

WHERE WILL YOU GO TONIGHT?

A DIRECTORY FOR DISCRIMINATING DISPOSITIONS

[Note: This section is undergoing a face lift, as two new reporters take a fresh look at the bar life and we undertake putting together a calendar and introduce features on nightlife in Gay Manhattan—with now and then a contribution from the man who initiated the first regular column on gay bars in America in these pages back in 1970, John Francis Hunter, author of the bestselling "The Gay Insider/New York" and the forthcoming "The Gay Insider U.S.A."]

BY JERRY AND STEVE

WEST VILLAGE

Bon Soir, 40 W. 8th St. (473-9859). One of the few groovy dance palaces left. Mostly Latin. Greet Bunny working days. GMs and TVs.

Bonnie & Clyde's, 82 W. 3rd St. (GR 3-9304). A right-on bar. Mostly GFs. GMs very well accepted. Dancing, free buffet on Sunday. Your hosts Elaine, June, Millie.

Carr's, 104 W. 10th St. (255-9742). Still there and probably always will be. Stop in to see Bob, Larry & Alfie. Damned good drinks.

Casa Laredo Restaurant, 551 Hudson St. (989-8520). Lunch, noon-3pm, brunch, Sat. & Sun., noon-4pm, dinner 5pm-1am, closed Monday. A mixed clientele, gay & straight, all ages. Typical intimate Village surroundings.

Danny's of Sheridan Square, 140 7th Ave. So. Dancing, clientele not unlike that of old Stonewall. Opens at noon! Festive help, including Joe, Marvin, Kevin, Pete, Jody, et al. GM.

Fedora Restaurant, 239 W. 4th St. (CH 2-9691). As usual, always good food and service, congenial waiters, Fedora herself keeping everyone happy. A little mix, mostly GM.

Finale Restaurant, 48 Barrow St. (CH 3-7358). It looks as if this once noted restaurant is having problems & business is slacking off. Int., but much GM.

Five Oaks Restaurant, 49 Grove St. (675-9669). A Village favorite just off Sheridan Square. Int.

Four Eleven Restaurant, 411 Bleecker St. (CH 2-2117). Another well-liked oldtimer. Int.

Gold Bug, 83 W. 3rd St. (677-9874). Flashy decor. Fun bartenders. Dancing, more or less young set. GM.

Horn of Plenty Restaurant, 353 Bleecker St. (242-0636). Lunch, Wed.-Sun., noon-3 pm; dinner, daily 5:30-11 pm, till midnight Sat. \$2 dinner minimum, \$1 luncheon. Bring your own wine till they get liquor license. Int., much GM.

Julius, 159 W. 10th St. (929-9672). Hamburgers & sandwiches still can't be beat. Needless to say is still very popular, especially Sunday afternoons. Pretty people. GM.

Kookie's, 149 W. 14th St. (242-9226). Clean bar & Kookie, known as Zsa Zsa. GF, males not encouraged.

Mona's Royal Roost Bar & Restaurant, 28 Cornelia St. (CH 2-9557). Warm welcoming atmosphere, food 5pm-4am. Piano bar on weekends. Int., mostly GM.

Tor, 21 Greenwich Ave. (255-1337). Popular snack shop, information exchange center. Some mix, mostly GM.

CASBAH

(Hunter's designation for the area south of 14th St. & west of 8th Ave., towards The Trucks & Warehouse area, on and beyond colorful Hudson St. Exciting.)

Cell Block, 372 W. 11th St. You wonder what all those husky daytime customers think of the exotic collection of posters & toys, etc., covering the walls & suspended from the ceiling! At night it's leathery. GM.

Cellar, 531 Hudson St. (242-6769). A fine-looking duplex bar. Pool table below, lots of cruising up & down. Complete with fireplace & groovy help. Win a belt (not in the mouth) every Monday night. Opens at noon. Your friends at the bar are Jerry, Marty, Roger & Chuck. GM.

Danny's, 139 Christopher St. (929-9321). Another oldie still there, but with a lot of changes. Crowd coming back? GM.

Danny's Hideaway, 500 W. 14th St. Scheduled for a March 1 opening, something to look forward to. To be reviewed.

Gay Dogs, 180 Christopher St. A 24-hr. gay hot dog stand & snackery. GM.

Inca Restaurant, 399 W. 12th St. (242-9722). Serving great food 6pm-1am. Alluring mixture of people, much GM.

Keller's, 384 West St. nr. Christopher (CH 3-1907). The first & always will be one of the best leather bars in N.Y. Together crowd. Always something going on. GM.

Ninth Circle, 139 W. 10th St. Former straight bar, just came into the fold with a big opening. Will check it out & report. GM.

One Potato, 518 Hudson St. (691-6260). Step into your choice: Fire Island or Provincetown. Lunch specialties are excellent, dinners always good. Friendly help, reasonable prices. The bar is a fun place to meet the crowd. Say hi to Frank on day shift, Bill & Pete at night. (Site of the March bar awards, see "The Gay Insider," coverage issue no. 71.) GM, non-gay couples welcome.

Peter Rabbit, 305 W. 10th St. (929-9279). Well laid-out bar, rather cruisy. George & Jim doing their thing behind the bar. GM.

Roadhouse, 570 Hudson St. (sign says Restaurant Francois) (CH 3-4214). Sawdust on the floor, pool table, plus the greatest dinners. Lots of French cooking by Pierre. Cruisiness. Meet Sy, Ronnie, Tom, Steve & Rex, during the day, Rex. GM.

Silver Dollar Cafe, 163 Christopher St. Straight

by day, everything by night.

Stud, 733 Greenwich St., corner of Perry. Unfortunately no liquor, but don't let that stop you. Great variety of juices, soda, hot coffee & sandwiches, plus very good cruising. GM.

EAST VILLAGE, WASHINGTON & UNION SQUARES

Branding Iron, 165 Avenue A (228-9984). Yet to be looked into.

Club Baths, 24 1st Ave. (673-3283). Lavish, with up-to-the-minute facilities, including that famous carousel shower. Open 24 hrs. Students half-price with IDs. Free, confidential VD tests every Thursday 5-9 pm. And where do you think the bartenders & waiters go when they get off duty? Come see. GM.

Eighty-Two Club, 82 E. 4th St. (GR 7-1046). Home of female impersonator reviews in N.Y. Tourists.

Hip-o-drome, 165 Ave. A (bet. 10th & 11th Sts.) (228-9984). Gay center of the East Village & haven for the young radical chic set. Free movies Thursday. GM.

McSorley's Old Ale House, 15 E. 7th St. (477-9363). They don't admit they're integrated, but don't let the pose fool you. Males will be males—even now that females are allowed in.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. So. (777-7870). Wild mixture of people & very stiff prices.

Phebe's Restaurant, 361 Bowery or 48 E. 4th St. (473-9008). Sardi's of the East Village & a real theatrical hoot. Int.

St. Mark's Baths, 6 St. Mark's Place (473-7929). Low prices, active, though run-down, premises. Home of the long hairs. GM.

Shaft, 181 2nd Ave. Also to be looked into.

Spooxies, 232 Park Ave. So. (475-9759). New, big, saloon atmosphere. All the draft beer you can drink in the afternoon for \$2. GM.

Squire's Nook Restaurant, 18 E. 13th nr. 5th Ave. (255-4746). Noon-midnight service, solid meals, describes itself as having "a liberated atmosphere for peasants with money." Int.

GRAMMERCY & MURRAY HILL

Beau Geste Restaurant, 239 3rd Ave. (475-9724). Shades of the Foreign Legion! Delicious continental food whipped up by Ireland's Jerry Fitzpatrick, served by pretty waiters. Libations served by Thom & Jack. GM.

Leo's Lion, 57 Lexington Ave. (686-9608). Neighborhood bar with friendly customers. Paul entertains behind the bar. Open 11am-last call. Only gay bar from 13th to 38th Sts. GM.

Uncle Charlie's South, 581 3rd Ave. N.Y.'s newest. Just opened with a smashing first-night party. Boasts three separate rooms. Frank & Ronnie on the bar. Hosts Bob & Jerry. GM.

CHELSEA

Eagle's Nest, 11th Ave & 21st St. Super-popular leather bar hard by The Trucks. Dress code enforced when they wish to keep someone out, and certainly GFs aren't welcome any more. This is a gathering place for a subculture within a subculture, so if your thing is not machismo, don't go. Needless to say, GM.

Everard Baths, 28 W. 28th St. (684-8935). Known as Our Lady of the Vapors, it is something of a miracle: with alternatives like the Club people still come here! There is a certain depraved allure about its cellblock layout, the miles of corridors, the smell—and there is the steamroom. GM.

Fireside Inn, 411 W. 24th St. To be visited.

Nine Plus Social Club, 149 W. 21st St. Very exclusive afterhours club, accessible only to leather loving members. If you don't belong, you will simply have to be sponsored. Remember the fraternity era and blackballing. We don't know who you have to ball to get into this one. GM.

Spike, 120 11th Ave. Down the block from the Eagle and catering to the same clientele. Much friendlier reception the rule. Opens 10am. Very busy. Very GM.

SOHO

Gay Activists Alliance Firehouse Saturday Night Dance, 99 Wooster St. Get here early or you'll not be able to wedge your way in. Four floors of fun. Excellent discotheque on one, rathskeller, lounge for rapping, three, videotapes of militant actions on four. You find here what J.F.H. calls a rock-throwing, tree-climbing, snot-flying good time. Take the 7th Ave. IRT local to Houston; 8th Ave. IND (AA/E) to Spring; 6th Ave. IND (D/F/B) to Broadway/Lafayette; BMT (RR) to Prince; Lex. Ave. IRT to Spring. These are all local stops. GF, GM.

MIDTOWN & MIDDLE EAST SIDE

Beacon Baths, 227 E. 45th St. (687-0322). Take the elevator to the 11th floor & enjoy the many clean facilities & all the varied opportunities for a good time in what is known variously as the Host to the U.N. & the Brooks Brothers of the Baths. Free, confidential VD tests every Wednesday from 4-8pm. The people here are more than willing to rap with you about the city if you're new to town and non-gay benefactor of gays Walter Kent is an institution in himself. GM.

Beaded Bag, 951 1st Ave. (486-9832). You just can't beat the food here. Beautiful Bob tending bar is worth a trip in himself. GM.

Candy Store, 44 W. 56th St. (581-4664). Stalwart Frankie still tending bar at this out-of-towner's haven. It often looks like a wax museum, but they have started having live entertainment. A jacket-&-tie place, but not obligatory. GM.

Continental Sauna, 111 W. 56th St. Not as grand (and also not as expensive) as the Mother Church on W. 74th St. Neat for a businessman's matinee. GM.

Geraldine's, 36 W. 48th St. (265-2291). Inexpensive dining in luxurious surroundings—perfect for before or after the theatre, nigh onto Broadway and the Dance Belt. Dancing on weekends. Fred's your host. GF, GM.

Lib, 305 E. 45th St. (LE 2-0290). This bar did for the girls' bars what the Continental did for the baths scene. Great dinners by Ernesto, drinks concocted by Jimmie & Ellie. On the floor, Ken & Gretchen. Hosts, Lou & Miss Bull. (Make that Ms.) GF.

Mayfair, 964 1st Ave. (EL 5-9259). Rather closet-y in the bygone East Side way, but splendid food & fun atmosphere. Int.

Menemsha, 130 E. 57th St. A very popular suit-&-tie men's bar in the old tradition, meaning "discreet." Cruisiness at cocktail hour, particularly. GM.

Roundtable, 151 E. 50th St. (758-0310). Still drawing crowds. No-call liquor at \$1.50 a throw makes it, well, you-name-it. The sound system is one of the best, however, as is the dance floor. Joey & Marco at the bar. GF, GM.

Sauna Baths, 300 W. 58th St. (PL 5-6880). A small place which closes at midnight, it's busiest between 4:30-11pm & on Sunday afternoons. GM.

Victor's Quarters, 984 2nd Ave. (355-9453). Pleasant neighborhood bar, with some Midnight Cowboys. Steve is on the bar. GM.

Yukon, 140 E. 53rd St. (421-8122). Almost scary flight back to the 50s, with jacket-&-tie and all that. Good place if you want to feel like an ingenue. Roy & Buddy pour some of the best drinks in town. A camp, rather high. GM.

DANCE BELT & HELL'S KITCHEN

(The Dance Belt is roughly the area of the West Forties & early Fifties, encompassing the theatre district & environs; Hell's Kitchen starts where Chelsea leaves off & includes the Times Square section. Theatre gypsies in the former, Midnight Cowboys in the latter.)

Big Spender, 315 W. 48th St. (586-9882). Lots of performers from nearby shows, some of them beauties. Fun place. Eric is busy behind the bar. GM.

Brothers & Sisters, 355 W. 46th St. (247-8840). A mixed bag with everyone happily doing his own thing, including lots of rapping. Boys & girls together & enjoying it. But why not, it's one of the most attractive & inviting bars in all of Gotham! Two floors. (See "The Gay Insider," Issue 71.)

Dirty Edna's Scoreboard, 264 W. 46th St. (265-9077). As they say here, "This is the home of the Midnight Cowboy," and you'd better believe it. GM.

Haymarket Pub, 772 8th Ave. (586-9360). They asked not to be listed in "The Gay Insider, U.S.A."—so we'll mention them here. They may not like it, but their clientele is mostly gay & theatre, which is redundant. Int. (?)

Jimmy Ray's, 729 8th Ave. (582-9507). They don't admit it either, so you dare not hold hands. We're not free & equal yet. Int.

Joe Allen, 326 W. 46th St. (581-6464). The bar is as gay as any in town, but there's that mix at the tables which puts it into the category of Int.

Loading Zone, 586 9th Ave. (563-8212). If you can't find 'em at Dirty Edna's, you'll find 'em here. Fun. George at the bar. GM.

Sanctuary, 407 W. 43rd St. (247-4210). It's still here, and if you haven't seen it, you must. Fruit juice discotheque, young crowd. Not the super-popular dance palace that ushered in the 70s, but a trip. Int., but mostly GM.

UPPER EAST SIDE

Alibi, 1546 2nd Ave. (249-7026). Gwen's new discotheque. Formerly Hot Line. Fine sound system & dance floor. Big nostalgia night on Mondays complete with Conga line. GF, GM.

Country Cousin Restaurant, 1313 3rd Ave. (879-6614). Dining in a rustic atmosphere, 4pm-midnight, bar open till last call, of course. Sunday brunch at 1pm. Good food & drink. Ralph's your host & Mother Rice reigns during the day (see "The Gay Insider"). On the bar: Johnny, Billy & Eddie. GM.

Four Seasons, 99 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-4300). Ordered J.F.H. to remove them from his mailing list. OK, but that cocktail hour scene is gay whether they'll own up to it or not. Int.

Harry's Back East, 1422 3rd Ave. (249-6991). One of the cruiseriest bars in the city. Everyone makes it here. Lovely Lee is the day barmaid (see "The Gay Insider"), with Judy, Jerry & George taking over at night. GM.

Mildred Pierce's Restaurant, 1229 1st Ave. We'll get there anon, watch for our review.

New Jimmy's, 1576 3rd Ave. (860-4509). Opu- lent setting for fine dinners prepared by the inimitable Carlotta. Hosts: Tom & Joe, two of the best. On the bar: George, Kelly, Ed &

Denis. GM.

Oak Leaf, 206 E. 85th St. Another that has to be checked out.

Oak Room Bar, Plaza Hotel, 5th Ave. & Central Park South. World-famous, though not the climber's pickup place it used to be. It's getting on toward that time when you'll want to dress & have Sunday brunch at the Plaza, with Bloody Marys, etc. Why not? Int., mostly straight.

Painted Pony, 1485 3rd Ave. (744-9580). Piano bar is so popular it's always jammed. Gypsy (see "The Gay Insider") holds court on the floor, with Ralph & Mike dispensing the spirits. GM.

Piper Lounge, 1201 Lexington Ave. (734-9305). Comfy, intimate & cruisy. Dynamic entertainment starring Judy Sexton, Johnny Savoy, George Sardi and Gilda Montezuma (see "The Gay Insider"). GF, GM.

Poutassa, 1234 2nd Ave. (734-9368). New discotheque, successor to the ill-fated Tamburlaine. Int., but much GM.

Three Restaurant, 314 E. 72nd St. (734-9303). Good food at a fixed price. Excellent drinks. Boys & girls mixing happily by firelight. On the floor, Michael & Patti. GF, GM.

Troubadour Restaurant, 1078 1st Ave. (755-1955). Going through some changes at press time. Will be reviewed.

Uncle Charlie's North, 1049 Lexington Ave. (861-6132). Crowded with friendly, humpy males. Good make-out bar. "Big!" Klaus is behind the stick (see "The Gay Insider"). GM.

UPPER WEST SIDE

(Bars in this neighborhood not yet revisited. Listings held over, will be altered next issue.)

The Candlelight Lounge, 309 Amsterdam Ave. bet. 74th & 75th Sts. (874-9607). A landmark bar that's been around forever. Now getting a face-lift. Neighborhood crowd; much socializing, lots of cruising. GM.

Chipp's, Columbus Ave. bet. 66th & 67th Sts. A pleasant bar/restaurant popular with Lincoln Center audiences. Mixed.

The Continental Baths, 230 W. 74th St., west of B'way (799-2688). Much more than a bathhouse, "Connie" is a total gay environment, complete with weekend cabaret. Expensive, but worth it. Open 24 hours. Students half-price with student ID card. GM only.

Picadilly Pub, 324 Amsterdam Ave. bet. 75th & 76th Sts. (874-8632). Jimmy Sheppard, one of the most fabulous bartenders in town, presides over this, one of the most attractive bars on the West Side. All the sociability doesn't ruin the cruising. GM.

The Westsider, 2160 Broadway at 76th St. (874-8013). One of the newest and most exciting bars in the city. Dining room and bar on street level; pool tables, etc., in beer bar downstairs. Tommy, Frank, Brian, Johnny and Billy work hard to insure everyone has a good time. GM.

Willie's West Side, 224 W. 82nd St., east of B'way (874-9833). A crowded, very friendly dance bar where Blacks, Latins and Whites mingle under the approving gaze of West Side liberals. GM.

UPTOWN

The Charade, 1800 2nd Ave. at 93rd St. Where Black is Beautiful, the age is young, the food and music are Soul and the dancing outta-sight! GM, mostly.

The Gold Rail, 2850 Broadway (MO 2-4704). Restaurant and bar popular with the uptown gays and Columbia students. Mixed straight & gay.

Mt. Morris Baths, 1944 Madison Ave. (534-9004). This is the only bath house in town with a black majority. GM.

Pauline's Interlude, 2267 7th Ave. at 135th St. A Harlem landmark since before most of us were born. Mixed, but widely known as a gay watering spot.

BROOKLYN

Danny's in Brooklyn Heights, 108 Montague St. (625-8844). A social center in this veddy social and sociable gay ghetto. Piano bar. GM.

Man's Country Baths, 53 Pierrepont St. This brand new, handsomely decorated bath house located in the Hotel Pierrepont is easily accessible to Manhattan just across the East River. Quite a significant bit of progress to have tubs in another borough, especially this one. GM.

GAY CINEMA

David, 236 W. 55th St. Quite a surprise to be walking up a Midtown street to see signs proudly displayed proclaiming gay movies shown within. And they are, very. Long on sex, short on plot and characterization. GM.

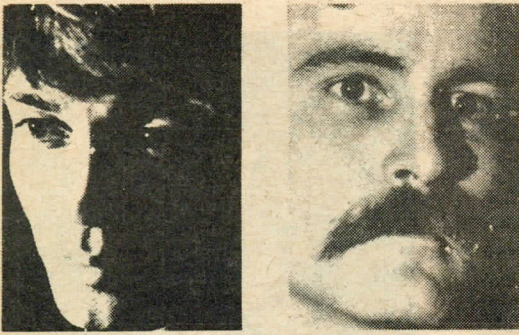
55th St. Playhouse, 55th St. bet. 6th & 7th Aves. Soon, Wakefield Poole, the producer of "Boys in the Sand," may very well own the theatre. Whoever does, they're doing well at five bucks a head. GM.

Jewel Theatre, 12th St. & 3rd Ave. Continuous performances from 11:30am of full sound with dialogue films, selected male shorts. etc. GM.

Park-Miller, 43rd St. bet. 6th & Broadway (BR 9-3970). Showing all the best from the Coast. Commodious balcony one of Midtown's must-stops. Continuous shows from 9:45-midnight, midnight showings Fri., Sat. GM.

Tomcat Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. Male burlesque here, plus sexy films. Doors open at 9am, first live show is at noon. Color and sound movies, by the way. GM.

The Editors Speak



OUR FAVORITE DOCTOR

About seven years ago we attended a gay lib convention at New York's Barbizon Plaza Hotel. It was sponsored by various East Coast groups who called themselves ECHO (East Coast Homophile Organizations). Delegates and members, numbering about 150 tie-bedecked, stuffy white-shirted souls, were present from the nation's capital, from the City of Brotherly Love, the Empire City, the Windy City, and elsewhere. In those days 150 organized homosexuals seemed like a lot. Little did we dream that only six years later thousands would be willing to march.

The ECHO convention was addressed by a series of specialists. Paul Goodman spoke at the banquet and plugged bisexuality. Dr. Isadore Rubin (now, unhappily, deceased), the scholarly editor of *Sexology*, knocked phony medical research on homosexuality. Gregory Battcock gave a speech on homosexuality and art. We listened patiently to each luminary and applauded politely after each finished his speech.

Scheduled to speak that day was a Dr. George Weinberg, a Ph.D. in clinical psychology and a psychotherapist in private practice. We'd never heard of him before. Neither had most of the other gay spokesmen. He took stage center and delivered himself of some of the most extraordinary remarks ever made about his profession and about the mistakes loony, dogmatic shrinks make in assessing the homosexual question. He was so clear and so forceful that we were spellbound. There was no question but that this Weinberg fellow believed passionately what he was saying; that he had a ready sense of humor, and that there was no phony "intellectualizing" or theorizing in his speech. He stuck close to the human situation, and his earthy, practical approach rounded his speech with a gripping sincerity.

As soon as he'd stopped speaking, Roz Regelson rose to her feet and applauded wildly. We followed suit. In a matter of moments the entire auditorium was standing and it rang with thunderclaps of appreciation. Never, perhaps, has any other psychotherapist received such a profound ovation from a gay audience.

The years passed and we heard little from Dr. Weinberg. He wrote a psychologist's statistics text which sold over 100,000 copies and is used by educators in hundreds of colleges across the country. He completed a popular book on personality which sells well in paperback (Signet), called *The Action Approach*. His writings popped up in *TV Guide*, *Reader's Digest*, and *The Single Parent*.

When we moved to New York and first began editing GAY, we telephoned him and asked if he'd contribute something to the paper. "I'd be delighted to," he said, without the slightest hesitation. Only a few days passed and we received our first articles from him in the mail. Shortly afterwards he invited us to visit him, and when we did, we found him to be as warm, perceptive, witty and loving as any man we'd ever met. Although he is not homosexually inclined himself, he has an amazing empathy with men and women whom society hounds because of their differing sexual persuasions. His heart goes out—and his remarkably versatile mind too—to every soul struggling under insane rules fostered by puritanical protectors of the status quo.

One summer he invited us to accompany him and his lovely companion, Alice, to a colleague's swimming pool. He spent a considerable amount of time in the pool rescuing drowning insects. That is the sort of person he is.

George has continued to write thoughtful pieces for GAY. "I love to write for GAY," he said. "It's the only publication around that doesn't edit out my best paragraphs." He encour-

aged us, becoming a mentor of sorts. We encouraged him to write. His articles, always clear, always filled with a loving spirit and a sharp vision, were welcome additions to GAY's pages.

Today, we are pleased to announce, Dr. George Weinberg must take a well-deserved place in the history of sexual liberation. He has succeeded in writing what GAY's urbane, skeptical and careful columnist, Thane Hampten, has lauded as "by far the best book ever written about homosexuality." It is the first clear, concise, and passionate statement by a member of the psychological profession which stands up—powerfully—and confronts the idiotic forces of sexual repression/oppression. Its title alone is a daring leap into the future: *Society and the Healthy Homosexual*.

Yes, at last a member of the psychological profession, a man with unassailable credentials, has crushed the arrogant biases of the so-called mental health "experts" and has shown them for what they are: Narrow, visionless pedants with no scientific foundation on which to base their anti-homosexual proclamations. He has exposed anti-gay fears in the general population as the neurotic reactions that they are, and his book gives a watertight case against trying to "convert," by which he means to attempt to turn one's back on different, but worthy, sexual inclinations and to goose-step with folks who cannot abide variety in the sexual sphere.

We ask—in fact we plead—that every reader buy Dr. Weinberg's book. Its clarity is astounding. Its humor is amazing. Its humanity may fill one's eyes with tears. There are many passages in the book which touched us just this deeply. This is the book which must be put into the hands of *anyone* struggling with guilt and who is having a difficult time "coming out." This is the book that every parent, educator, and public official should read. Above all, it is the book that no homosexually-inclined person living in the 70's should miss.

Feminist Germaine Greer says "it is really revolutionary." Public psychology professor (Harvard) Dr. Edwin Barker says "it is a highly informed statement in the best American tradition."

We say: Dr. George Weinberg is a psychotherapist of matchless vision. We know of no other doctor who is his equal in honesty, clarity, or passionate concern for human happiness.

MAYOR LINDSAY'S DIRECTIVE

Mayor Lindsay's directive (see news column), issued February 7, is a step in the right direction, but seems more in the nature of a temporary pacification of gay militants than a genuinely effective protective force. It does not have the force of law, as did Intro 475—which Lindsay refused to effectively promote—and it will cease to be effective the moment Lindsay leaves office. Finally, its obscure wording, which refers to "private sexual orientation," leaves openings for the firing of those who may happen to let others know about their sexual orientation.

Thus Lindsay still leaves New York's gay community at the mercy of any mayor who may come after him. If such a mayor is of a conservative bent (as is likely), New York could easily fall victim to dark times such as characterized the Wagner administration. The freedom to assemble we enjoy today could easily become a thing of the past.

Other American cities, such as Columbus, Ohio, Los Angeles, California, and Washington, D.C., are presently suffering discrimination under benighted police forces of repressive city administrations. Once Lindsay is gone, can New York expect better?

GAY

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GAY is published BI-WEEKLY by Four Swords, Inc. Mailing address: P.O. Box 431, Old Chelsea Sta., NYC, NY 10011, with offices at 11 W. 17th St., NYC, NY. Telephone (212) 989-1660.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES (First Class Mail): \$7 for 13 issues; \$13 for 26 issues; \$25 for 52 issues. Application to mail at Second-Class postage rate is pending at New York, N.Y.

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Los Angeles activists protest the homophobia of police chief Davis. (Photo by Chris Studio)

Los Angeles Activists See Hard Year Ahead

Los Angeles, Calif.—Conviction of a popular, respected young Unitarian minister on an implausible vice charge Jan. 28 has prompted a bitter response from gay activists who see a hard year ahead for their cause.

Richard Lee Nash was found guilty on his second trial for allegedly propositioning a police plainclothesman in notoriously "hot" Pershing Square on an evening last July. A previous jury deadlocked on the charge a month earlier.

Nash could be sentenced to a maximum six-month jail term and a \$500 fine on the misdemeanor "solicitation to prostitution." The 37-year-old executive of domestic welfare programs of the Unitarian-Universalist denomination told GAY that he had been advised by lawyer friends to "expect the worst." Sentencing and motion for retrial were set for Feb. 18.

Municipal Judge Mary E. Waters, who was to impose sentence, is a prominent Roman Catholic laywoman and a former attorney for the Archdiocese of Los Angeles. Halfway through the trial she ceased referring to the defendant as "Reverend." Thomas Smotrich, a vigorous young prosecutor new to the case, picked up the hint by denouncing Nash's practice of wearing clerical garb into court.

Nash was ill with hepatitis throughout both trials. He seemed tired and shaken during his recitation of the encounter which led to his arrest by Elliot Thomas, a burly young black vice cop since reassigned to other duties.

In Thomas' account, Nash approached him outside a Pershing Square john with the blunt offer: "You look like you can fuck. I'll give you four or five dollars if you'll fuck me." Thomas said he repeated the remark to his plainclothes partner, who was watching the encounter from a distance. The arrest was made when the partner agreed that a violation had indeed been made.

Friends of Nash were shocked at the charge. Among its flaws:

—The defendant had returned to Los Angeles only minutes before from an out-of-town bus trip. He was carrying his luggage when he was arrested.

—He had just committed himself to visiting a woman friend as soon as he

could reach her Beverly Hills home on a city bus.

—He is known to be unreceptive to anal intercourse and to exchanging money for sex.

—As a counselor to young homosexuals at the Gay Community Services Center, he would be all too conscious of an attempt at entrapment in that location, which gays are warned to avoid above all others in Los Angeles.

Prosecutor Smotrich pounded at apparent contradictions and mental lapses in Nash's story. He negated defense character testimony with a "Jekyll and Hyde" argument that Nash's straight Unitarian colleagues could be unaware of an illicit sex life conducted outside their presence.

Jurors deliberated eight hours before agreeing that Nash and his 25-year-old lawyer, Carson Taylor, had not established a reasonable doubt as to the charge.

David Glascock, most outspoken of opponents to the police department's vice activities, termed the verdict "a license to go on entrapping and perjuring." He cited recent warnings by Police Chief Ed Davis about "the homosexual danger" as indicating a major election-year sweep on all overt homosexuals.

Glascock's fear did not seem entirely unwarranted. After the Nash conviction, he reported to a twentieth anniversary gathering of ONE, Inc. (see related story):

"We have a friendly city councilman who won't talk to us any more now that he's running for Congress."

(He was referring to Billy Mills, a black activist and civil libertarian of impressive political clout.)

"We tried for three months to get (Chief) Davis to give us a liaison man inside the department. We've gotten nowhere. Nowhere at all.

"Our best friends in Sacramento tell us we have no chance in hell for sex law reform this year, and very little next year.

"Now—with Dick Nash a loser—we lost our one chance to show that the vice squad harasses gays as a matter of policy."

A prominent criminal lawyer who is himself a semi-admitted homosexual confirmed that he would "think about it a long time now" before advising a male client to fight a sex charge in Los Angeles. "The time is out of joint."

Lindsay Issues Job Directive For City Gays

BY JOHN P. LeROY

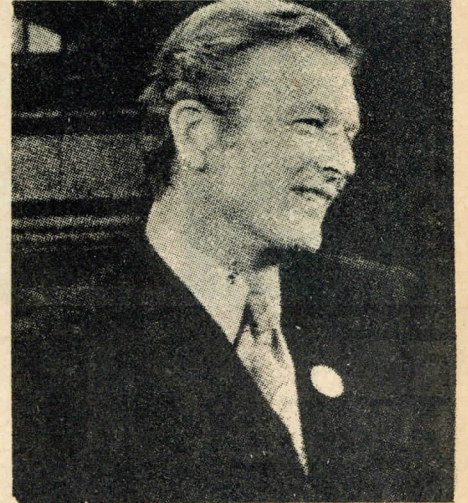
New York, N.Y.—Mayor Lindsay announced on February 7 that an administrative directive designed to protect homosexuals against discrimination in city hiring and promotion had been issued. As a general guideline, department and agency heads were requested to refrain from considering private sexual orientation in making appointments or promotions in the New York City Civil Service.

In the aftermath of the defeat of Intro 475 in the City Council Committee on General Welfare, which would have barred discrimination on the basis of sexual orientation in jobs and housing in New York City, Lindsay pledged to work for the bill's passage.

A number of gay liberation spokesmen have expressed little or no confidence in the Mayor's directive. The directive does not have the force of law. It would cease to be effectual the moment Lindsay leaves office. And nobody is certain whether or not it really means anything. The term "private sexual orientation" is undefined. If a city employee wears a lambda button, the symbol for gay activism, can this be construed as making his sexual orientation public? If he wishes to show some sign of outward affection, such as holding hands or kissing, has he successfully kept his sexual orientation private?

Richard Wandel, GAA president, doesn't think so. "The mayor's office has again come up with another meaningless statement by referring to 'private sexual orientation,'" he said.

Richard Wandel had previously stated



categorically that, if Lindsay refused to act positively for Intro 475, the organized gays of this country would trash his 1972 campaign for president. "The several hundred gay groups all across the U.S. are totally coordinated for action." Rhetoric is all Lindsay has offered for its passage, the GAA leadership believes. Although Lindsay did have Human Rights Commissioner Eleanor Holmes Norton testify in behalf of the bill, he failed to get the fire, police and sanitation commissioners to do so, even after he told the GAA he would. Having four votes in the City Council at his command, he could not or did not swing them in favor of the bill's passage. And he refused to meet personally with GAA representatives, but sent special aide Edward Morrison to represent him.

For these reasons, GAA leaders are so distrustful of Lindsay and they are apparently going ahead with plans to disrupt his 1972 presidential campaign.

One, Inc. Celebrates 20 Years

Los Angeles, Calif.—James Kepner, nationally known gay writer and activist, was elected president of ONE, Inc., at the close of its twentieth annual convention Jan. 30.

Kepner, 48, was among the founders of the pioneering nationwide group here in 1952.

The predominantly educational group claims membership of about one thousand, many of them in semi-autonomous organizations in Chicago and Detroit. Some 60 members attended the three-day meeting here.

Kepner replaced Robert Earl, who did not run for re-election. Others re-elected to the board of directors were Bob Marks, vice-president; John Bresee, secretary-treasurer; W. ("Bill") Dorr Legg, director of ONE Institute of Homophile Studies, and Joe Gilgamesh.

With Kepner as its editor, the first issue of ONE Magazine in two years was printed in conjunction with the anniversary. The publication led in 1953 to a milestone U.S. Supreme Court decision favoring mailing rights for material on homophile subjects.

The new issue resembled its predecessors in its low-key, conservative essay style of presentation.

Panel discussions by medical and educational specialists focused on homosexuals and religion, counseling of homosexuals, and current research projects in gender identity and orientation of young people to homosexual life.

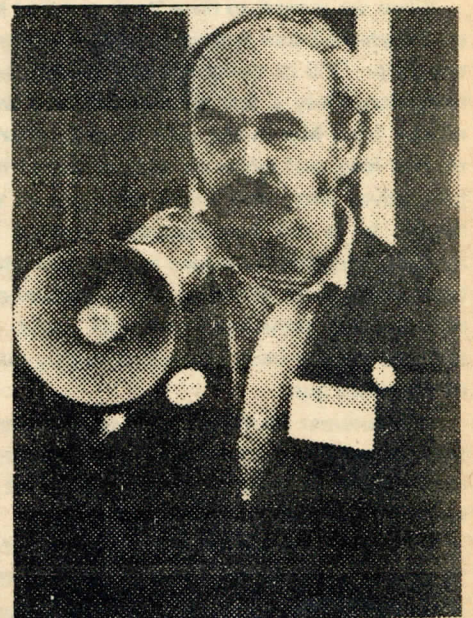
Members familiar with sex law reform in Oregon, Illinois and Great Britain reported that they found that "enlightened" legislation hadn't significantly eased the lot of homosexuals. All said

police concentration on gay gathering places was "at least" as prevalent after "reform" as before.

"Now that it's okay in private," Britain's Anthony Grey was quoted, "it's all the less okay in public."

Herbert Selwyn of Los Angeles, ONE's attorney since its inception, was unenthusiastic about prospects for California's own sex law drive. He suggested that ONE members concentrate their efforts on a national campaign to junk laws against importuning policemen.

"That wouldn't be a homosexual liberation bill, but one for heterosexuals." He implied that such legislation, already proposed in New York, would accomplish the gays' purpose without the stigma of "gay rights" attached to it.



ONE's new president, James Kepner

By Far The Best Book!

BY THANE HAMPTEN

SOCIETY AND THE HEALTHY HOMOSEXUAL, by Dr. George Weinberg, St. Martin's Press, February, 1972. \$5.95.

Well, the City Council has (temporarily?) killed Intro 475. Councilman DeMarco insists that homosexuals themselves were responsible for the death of the bill by "... flaunting their gay liberation instead of stressing their civil rights." I assume you know how to really interpret that statement, don't you? We didn't show the proper *humility* in dealing with Great White Father. Nobody's gonna do business with an uppity nigger—or queer. If we had shuffled quietly into the pristine municipal halls and mumbled, "Massa, ah jes' wants a l'll bitty ol' piece of de action, but ah sho still knows mah place," we'd have gotten the paternal pat on the pate which we so passionately crave. *Arrogance!*

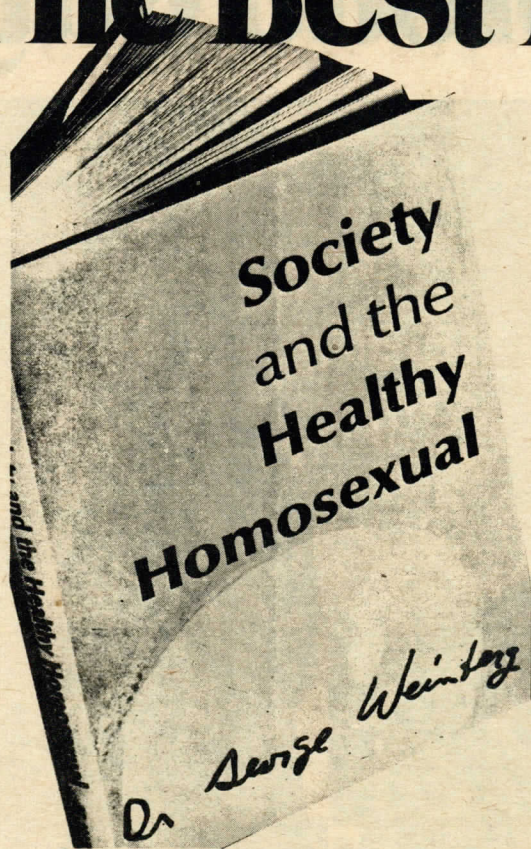
And maybe you saw the letters to the editors regarding the *Life* Magazine article on homosexuality? All were condemnatory, with the obvious exception of the two from gays.

The other letters that *Life* printed—(chose to print?)—were filled with the usual sappy, tired, middle-class, middle-American mixed-up morality and minimal mentality. Sometimes I think these gnat-brained philistines have a single mimeographed response to everything. You've heard it all so many times before. Homosexuals should *never* be spoken about as it is too shameful a subject, especially for a *family* magazine! Homosexuals are psychic cripples who want more than anything else in the world to turn every-one queer so their horrendous sickness won't be noticeable. Homosexuals must be kept from key positions in government, education, entertainment and industry, lest impressionable youth be swayed toward unnatural paths. And naturally they drag out the old bitch in *Leviticus*. (Sic 'em, Troy!)

I've said it before and I say it again—just as you're beginning to feel smug, snug and secure that everything is going well, somebody lifts the big stone and you see all the black slimies still crawling around under it. Fortunately, personal depression was avoided this time as I had the perfect antidote at hand. I would like to share a subjective but nonetheless valid historic pronouncement with you. Dr. George Weinberg's *Society and the Healthy Homosexual* is by far the best book ever written about homosexuality.

Even I am amazed at the total absence of any qualifying remarks when I make that statement. I don't necessarily agree with every last thing Dr. Weinberg proposes. Therapists of all schools will want to see him roast to a succulent turn in Hell, as he exposes their blind ignorance, stubbornness and appallingly irresponsible methods. (Yes, he can afford to speak. He is a psychotherapist himself.) Many parents and educators are going to condemn him as a dangerously corruptive influence. And, saddest of all, many homosexuals who so desperately need Dr. Weinberg's wisdom are going to refuse his help simply because they are unable and unwilling to relinquish their guilt.

Why should such a warm, compassion-



ate book inspire so much adverse reaction? There is one main reason, of course: Society cannot and will not tolerate or accept any major deviation from the norm. The deviation poses a threat to all the values and standards median society holds so dear. And if someone of authority asserts, unequivocally, that the so-called deviation is as viable, worthy, and even *necessary* a life-style and force as any other, a threat of incalculable proportions erupts.

One of the "threats" of Dr. Weinberg's book is that it is so very easy to read. It is not lengthy. (My review copy lists exactly 150 pages, including references.) There is no pedantry, no excessive clinical jargon, no obfuscation (as is so often the case with authors who speak intemperately on issues that are unclear even to themselves). This is a book for professional and layman alike. It is blissfully concise. And I might say that some of the prose is quite elegant; an added bonus. (Due to space limitations, I am unable to include all of the excerpts I would like, and this distresses me.) There are only seven chapters in this short volume. And yet Dr. Weinberg covers an enormous quantity of material; every vital issue is thoroughly explored.

The first chapter, entitled *Homophobia*, is an exploration and analysis of the various forms of prejudice against sexual nonconformity. According to the doctor, there are five predominant types: *The Religious Motive*, *the Secret Fear of Being Homosexual*, *Repressed Envy*, *The Threat to Values*, and *Existence Without Vicarious Immortality*. The findings are quite revelatory. And convincing. "The homophobic reaction... is a form of acute conventionality. Ultimately, it condemns because of difference. It has every basic attribute of an irrational social prejudice."

The second chapter dissects (and flays alive) *The Bias of Psychoanalysis*. Dr. Weinberg theorizes that the great error in thinking of all analysts is that "... sexuality has *inherent* aims, and not merely learned ones." Psychoanalysts, often unbeknownst to themselves, have never been sufficiently freed of the posture of Judaeo-Christian ethics that taint their treatment of homosexuals. They are as prejudiced as the man in the street, regardless of "objective training."

Consider this: a straight therapist refuses to acknowledge the gay therapist.

And consider this: to the therapist, there is not and cannot ever be such a thing as a happy, well-adjusted homosexual. (An impossible contradiction.) The result of such closed minds? Infinitely more harm done than good. To make matters worse, there is little or no accord as to "treatment," and methods change from day to day. (The manner of gathering and evaluating clinical data is patently absurd.)

And who are the ignoble guinea pigs? That's right, friends. The poor distraught suckers among us who fall for this expensive con game out of sheer desperation. In his third chapter, *The Case Against Trying to Convert*, Dr. Weinberg lists some of the current methods used for exorcising the dread demon, homosexuality. It should come as no surprise that the "experiments" make the Spanish Inquisition a mild form of Truth and Consequences. The behavioral therapists are the quirky inventors of some of the most bizarre parlor tricks, including *Moral Persuasion*—(punishment and reward manipulations with objectionable drugs), *The Masturbation Method*—(now, really!) *Emetic Persuasion*—(drugs, electric shock, induced vomiting, etc.), and most horrifying but least surprising *Brain Surgery*. ("When all else fails, men, cut and burn it out!")

And the great tragedy is that (1) the rate of failure to respond permanently to treatment is quite high due to the almost inevitable (but *unreported*) regressin, and (2) even if "cure" is effected, the chances are great that the patient may very well be immutably robbed of his *modus vivendi*, his reason for being—especially if creativity is in question. What could be more magnificently destructive? (Ah, see all the pretty little Clockwork Oranges running around!)

The next chapter, *The Healthy Homosexual*, is the very spirit and essence of Gay Pride and I can do no better than to quote, verbatim, Dr. Weinberg's definition of what *gayness* should be:

A homosexual person is gay when he regards himself as happily gifted with whatever capacity he has to see people as romantically beautiful. It is to be free of shame, guilt, regret over the fact that one is homosexual, that the search-light of one's childhood vision of human beings shined more brilliantly on members of one's own sex than on those of the other. That, for whatever reasons, it illuminated those and gave them fascination—and burst them into sexual brilliance when the body learned to crave what it had been pursuing. To be gay is to view one's sexuality as the healthy heterosexual views his.

Dr. Weinberg then gives some of the many reasons why homosexuals have not been allowed (or have not allowed themselves) to become healthy, happy, and truly *gay*. We believe the lies about ourselves. We are victims of "internalized homophobia" and we are shown how to resist, abandon, and overcome this phobia. The reader is reminded that valuable homework can be found in the same author's *The Action Approach*. ("Our behavior affects us in accordance with our actual motivations for it.")

Chapter 5 is probably the most practical and helpful as it deals with *Communication with Parents*, primarily the ramifications, the advantages and disadvantages of telling the folks back home that you aren't exactly what they thought you were, but you're just fine, thank you. As before, Dr. Weinberg accuses the mental health experts of unconscionably alienating the parents of homosexuals from their children. By having labeled homosexuality a stigmatized sickness, they create an atmosphere of shame and guilt for the parents to wallow woefully in. The blazing gall of therapists astonishes when one considers that their *only* point of agreement is that they still do not know what causes homosexuality. Good show.

If for no other reason, I would urge all of my young friends to buy this book for the *invaluable* fifth chapter. Protect yourself! Insure yourself! The author gives detailed guidance in how to combat the untruths about gay life, how to inform and instruct parents and friends, when and where and what the proper setting and emotional attitude should be.

The sixth chapter is based on material that originally appeared in this newspaper. In *Words for the New Culture*, Dr. Weinberg praises editors Nichols and Clarke and thanks them for encouraging him to be a frequent contributor. Among the never too familiar and sagacious observations in this chapter are those concerning *The Etymology of the Word "Gay"*, *Coming Out*, *Homosexuality and Creativity*, and the thorough analysis of Kenneth Smith's very revealing "Homophobic scale." (My conclusion: *chauvinism* is indeed the determining factor in creating a homophobic personality.)

The final chapter, *The Dread of Being Alone*, is philosophic in tenor and contains, beside a general summary, much of Weinberg's most beautiful and compassionate writing. I would like to quote the final sentences of the book:

The "homosexual problem" as I have described it here, is the problem of condemning variety in human existence. If one cannot enjoy the fact of this variety, at the very least one must learn to accept its existence, since obviously it is here to stay.

Yes, it is here to stay. And we gays are enormously fortunate that Dr. George Weinberg is also here to stay. He is probably the greatest ally we have ever had, and we owe him our loyalty and support. Some of us may very well owe him our lives.

This is a book for bewildered and tortured homosexuals searching for relief from senseless persecution and for reasonable identity. It is a book for troubled parents and for well-intended but ignorant friends and associates. It is for all *open-minded* educators and theologians. And it is a book for knowledgeable gays wishing reaffirmation of the positive design for living. I beg you to buy it, and read it. And then buy it for someone you sincerely love, and wish to help.

Cruising Off Broadway...



The NYU Dance Ensemble: an upcoming group that has been in existence since June, 1971.

Photo by Steve Sbarge
Photo by Conrad Ward

BY IAN & DANIEL

WAXING POETIC— BILLY THE BARD

Good ole Will was back in town and we decided to try and take in both of his offerings, *Titus Andronicus*, at the CSC Repertory Theatre, 89 West 3rd St. (reservations: 473-9117); and *Hamlet*, at Theatre Projects Co., 161 W. 22nd St. (reservations: LT 1-6470).

Titus Andronicus, in a production by Christopher Martin, with Harris Laskawy, et al, is a problem play (not the production, but the play itself). It was not one of Will's more illuminating pieces. It begins with a double killing and gets better. At least once every five minutes another character is murdered, maimed, betrayed or all three at once. At the end of the play, three people are left alive—and one of them is contemplating suicide. The problem, of course, is that the audience may laugh in self-defense.

No one laughed at the CSC production. Christopher Martin seems to hinge his interpretation on one of Andronicus's lines: "Rome is but a wilderness of tigers." His actors stalk each other about the stage ready to spring at the first unguarded throat. The casual cruelty becomes only natural; what's amazing is that these savages are capable of tender emotions.

Harris Laskawy creates a strong, believable Titus, the most warlike yet most civilized man in a disintegrating Rome. He rages with the best but his eyes show the pain of an intelligent man trapped among animals who think they're human.

Lance Brilliantini does pretty well by the plum role of Aaron, the villainous Moor who engineers Andronicus's downfall. His delight in his own evilness is right, but his fatherly feelings towards his new-born son aren't convincing, so the character remains unbalanced.

Karen Sunde plays Tamora, Queen of

the Goths, with the sensuous amorality of a she-panther. Paul E. Doniger presents Saturninus, Emperor of Rome, as an evil old goat; their marriage is a marvel of bestiality. Kathryn Wyman's Lavinia was generally admirable although she seemed strangely unmoved by the murder of her husband.

This is an excellent production; exciting much pity and terror, as Aristotle said good tragedy should be.

Titus Andronicus continues through March, after which it will play in rep with Gogol's *Inspector General*.

FIRST RATE

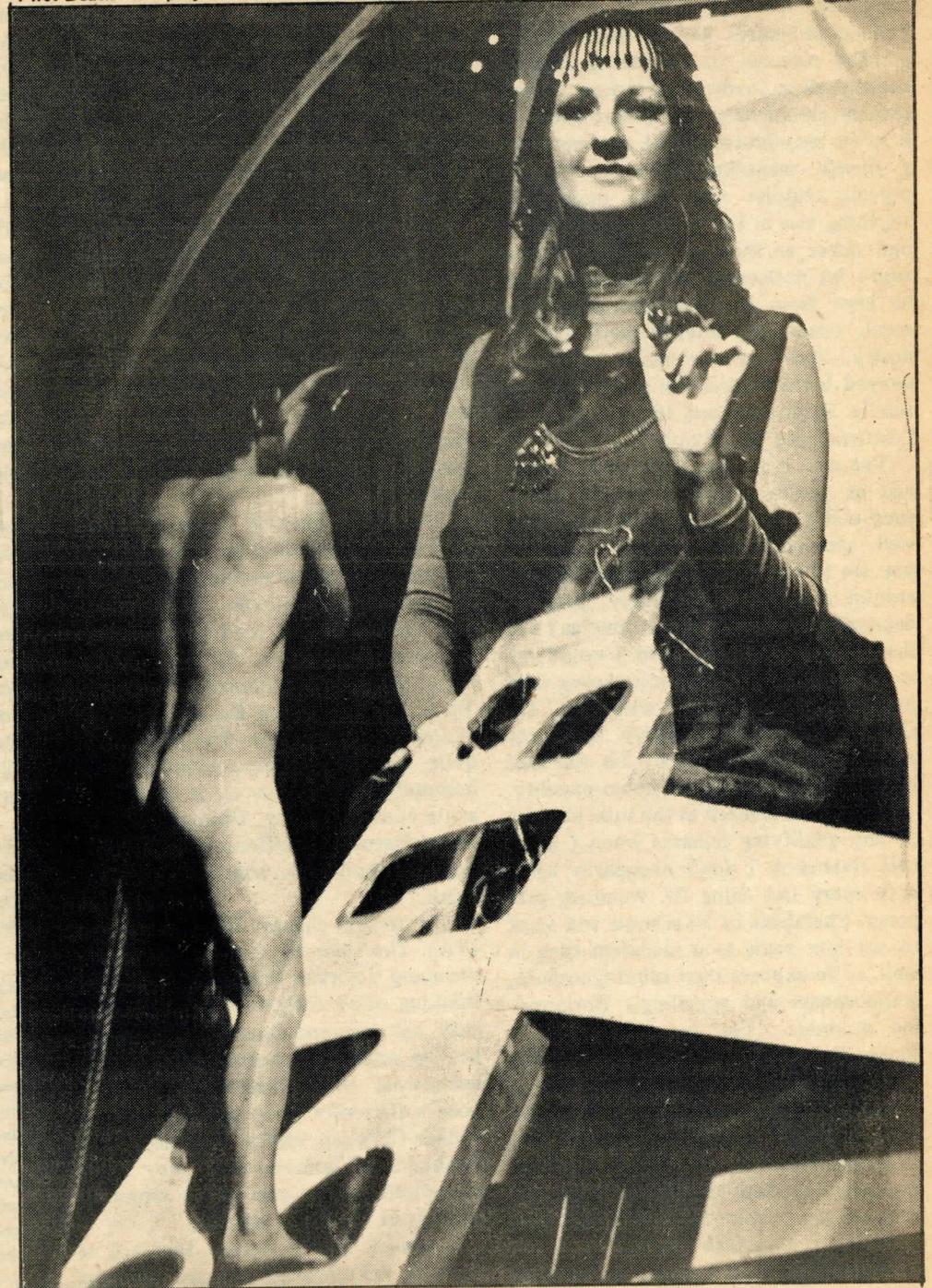
First Death, by Walter Leyden Brown, directed by William M. Hoffman, with Tony Brazina, David Sterberg, Jeanne Graham, Julia Willis, Jess Peterson, Harry York, Walter Leyden Brown, Dawn Gray, Eric Concklin and Neil Flanagan—at *The Extension*, 277 Park Ave. South, near 21st Street. Phone 673-5470 for reservations.

Don't let the title freak you: this is a play of climbing toward life after the "first death," that primal trauma that knocks us off course in our journey toward self-fulfillment.

The author as the central character, Michael, is surrounded by five satellite Michaels, argumentative voices in his mind that claim to be aspects of himself. A huge abstraction of a skull dominates the playing space, and the action literally takes place in Michael's head.

Outside his head there is Luke (Tony Brazina) whose affair with Michael is the catalyst in Michael's confrontation with his voices; (there is an absolutely devastating scene which has us believing that the relationship between Michael and Luke is moving in a positive direction... sucker!); the Witch of Endor (Dawn Gray), a spiritual guide; and two clowns, who comment on the action (especially one of their vignettes involving [eventually] two blind men—whew!)

"First Death" is a play about climbing toward life.



Dawn Gray gives a beautifully real performance. This is what witches must really be like, without Sybil Leek and broomsticks. We also especially liked Julia Willis as Michael's "organizer" aspect and as an aggressively spontaneous Frenchwoman, an ex-girlfriend who gives Michael up as unfeeling.

William M. Hoffman's direction is smooth throughout and often exciting. The final scene generated suspense of cosmic proportions. We were left staring at the stars at the top of The Extension, facing Michael's dilemma in ourselves: stay with familiar evils or make the lonely trip to the stars? This play is a living thing. Go meet it—one of the first plays we've seen to deal with gayness as an accepted phenomenon rather than a curiosity or confession or battle cry.

PAS DE SIX
—N.Y.U. DANCE ENSEMBLE

The other night while Daniel was reviewing *Titus Andronicus*, I was trying to decide which dance group to review. It all fell neatly into place when I noticed that my old Alma Mater, N.Y.U. (class of . . . uh . . . never mind), had gotten it together and formed a dance ensemble. Needless to say where I spent the evening.

The dance ensemble has been in existence only since June, 1971; that is, in a performing before the public capacity. The six dancers, Nora Guthrie, Rachel Lampert, Andrea Stark, Paul Plumadore, Ted Rotante, and Byron Wheeler, have been studying together for four years prior to the ensemble's formation.

It was an overwhelmingly young crowd in attendance and from the number of leotarded legs under skirts, etc., I would imagine that many were aspiring students of the dance. The few older people there were probably the ensemble's collective parents—and, of course, there were the just plain dance freaks like myself. It was really a full house with people sitting at stage edge and in the aisles as well.

Four premieres were presented with the choreography and/or costumes being done by someone in the ensemble—nothing like doing your own stuff.

Unfortunately, just as everyone was settling in and the theatre darkened for the first dance, *Chase*, the stage lighting circuit shorted out (nice timing) though the stage was washed in a high intensity light, and though not intended, it affected the nightmarish quality of the dance. Our hero, Paul Plumadore, comes screaming on stage being pursued and confronted by various and sundry fig-

ments of his run-away imagination. At one point a Pan-like figure appears (very nicely punctuated and danced by Byron Wheeler) and our hounded hero tries to match him step for step. I liked the piece though it seemed a lot of the dancing called more for acrobatics than "pure" dancing—but that's neither here nor there and I'm not complaining. The music by Hrut Hersolfsson was properly otherworldly-sounding and as the nightmare spends itself, our hero confronts them all at once, and as they slip into their own sleep, he dances among them and as he walks away, he looks back at them and shouts, "Ha!"

The second piece, *A Map of Karen Dark*, used a "technique" we don't (as I don't) see very often. The dancers talk to themselves and/or the audience which may sound distracting at first. In this instance it was not, even though they were speaking (?) in a foreign tongue—at least it sounded very much like a Slavic tongue—Polish, Czechoslovakian or perhaps Russian. I suspect it was all made up because the inflections and accents sounded American. At any rate, it would be hard to actually describe what the dance was "about" other than saying it made me want to know who Karen Dark was and what she was all about. The piece was nicely accompanied live by a trum-

pet, piano and cello trio.

At intermission I talked with their manager whose name appropriately enough is John Bos (one "s"). He was very obliging and provided me with photos and information on their artist-in-residence program which offers Master classes in Dance Technique, Movement Workshops, a special "Dance for Actors" class and Lecture-demonstrations. For further information call 598-2010.

Of the final two pieces, *Flotilla*, with costumes and choreography by Nora Guthrie, and *Dry Ice*, with choreography, sound and design by Paul Plumadore—the former never quite crystallized in my head, but the latter provided the best dancing all evening, especially Ted Rotante and Andrea Stark, who played lovers confronted by death, danced by Nora Guthrie and Paul Plumadore. The dancing was both marvelously lyric (the lovers) and menacing (death). Rachel Lampert makes a brief appearance as an angel who undoes the suicide of one of the lovers caused by the death of the other (Romeo and Juliet meet their Fairy Godmother). Admirable dancing by the entire ensemble and I thoroughly enjoyed myself, old dance freak that I be. I plan to follow their development not just because they are students of my old Alma Mater, but because they all have obvious talents and really work well together. I talked again with their manager, John Bos, who said they would be appearing at Syracuse University on Feb. 25/26 and then back in New York at the N.Y.U. Washington Heights Campus on Thursday, March 16th. So truck on over and see what the N.Y.U. Dance Ensemble is putting down—some very nice stuff—thank you!

FOLK CITY—As we mentioned elsewhere in our column we had taken in Folk City courtesy of a good friend of ours, Ted Coltman. There was a young "folk" singer on the bill named David Bromberg who really grabbed us. He was into bluegrass/folk sort of things which he infused with his own delightful unpretentiousness and that trip was a real turn-on for us. There's something to be said for being a real person especially in front of an audience, rather than a plastic imitation of one. It makes it pleasant to relate to someone like David even though you don't "know" him, and yet you do—and listening to him tell of his experiences with others leaves no doubt as to their veracity. His rendition of "Mr. Bojangles" was absolutely super—the sort of thing that puts a knot in your throat. At the moment he's in Boston and as soon as we get a line on his next gig in "Fun City" we'll get it to you. He's very much all of a piece and never for a minute is he anyone else except David Bromberg. Dig it!

... AND FURTHERMORE

Coming up in the next issue, a review of "Inner City"—goddam, but Tom O'Horgan is busy.

The Jewel Theatre, starting Feb. 7, is showing a 5-hour marathon of sucking and fucking male flicks for those of you who can never quite get enough at home.

Man's Country, the swinging new Brooklyn Heights baths, is about to spring all sorts of new things including an activities week. More in our next column.

The club called FOLK CITY, on 3rd Street off Sixth Avenue, has been having some other swinging sounds other than the aforementioned Mr. Bromberg. One of the singing groups there, the Quiniam Band, was really outtasight and into some nice rock sounds. They'll be at MAX'S KANSAS CITY during the 2nd and 3rd weeks of February. Daniel and I thought they were dynamite. So give old Max's a ding-a-ling (777-7870) to confirm and make reservations.



The author, Michael, is surrounded by five satellites in "First Death."

Photo by Conrad Ward

Tiny Tim Flubs The Tub

BY JOHN P. Le ROY

Tiny Tim came to the Continental Baths on the night of January 29, stayed for about forty-five minutes, and left. I don't think he'll be missed. If you believe, as I do, that the whole purpose of having live entertainment at a bath house is to be genuinely entertained, then Tiny Tim's performance was a waste of time. Those patrons who were in the "dormitory" probably had more fun, and I wish I had been among them.

Why wasn't I? Because I, like the overwhelming crowd that jammed the Continental that night, have an insatiable curiosity. After all, a *superstar* had never been to a gay bath house as part of the entertainment. It seemed to be another great moment in the glorious history of the homosexual's continuing struggle for equality, stature, and dignity. Wouldn't it prove that, merely by being there in front of that towel-clad audience that Tiny Tim really approved of us and, by association, that if Tiny Tim approved of us, so must his millions of fans, and at last, to be gay is to be respectable? Of course not. It proved that Tiny Tim loves money. He no doubt deposited his check and went on being Tiny Tim.

But because the excitement had been building up for weeks before, there was not a room to be had by six in the evening. The last available accommodation was gone a few hours later. Little by little, more and more people gathered by the pool. The juke box gave way to a discotheque which gave way to a live rock band. A specially roped-off area to the right of the bandstand began filling up with distinguished invited guests of the management. More and more people gathered, danced, milled around, until practically every square foot of space was occupied. Steve Ostrow, Continental's owner and emcee, threaded his way through the throng, reached the bandstand, adjusted the mikes, had the combo strike up a fanfare and intoned, "Good evening, ladies and gentlemen, welcome to the Continental," and proceeded to ask for a round of applause for the disc jockey, the musicians (Joey Mitchell on drums, Barry Manilow and his trio), Bette Midler's writer, Bill Hennesy, and a host of others, including me!

Liz Torres started off the show in an outlandish black and white wrap-around skirt and blouse of psychedelic design. She swayed to a cha-cha number, did a take-off on a Puerto Rican seductress, teased a few guys in the front row, and told us how nervous we were making her. I saw Liz when she made her debut at the Continental, and she has made her nervousness work more for her now than she used to. Before, she came across in spite of it. Now, she comes across because of it. It tends to give her a sense of energy, enthusiasm, and sheer fun, especially when singing "I Think I'm Going Out of My Head," and striking all sorts of funny and ridiculous poses. The terrific ovation she got was well deserved.

Seated in the visitor's gallery was Linda Hopkins, a soul sister I had never heard of. Steve Ostrow invited her to leave her seat and come on out. She strutted onto



"Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling. I love the sound of the bells!"

the stage in a yellow dress and a black wig, looking like a big black mamma on her night out.

"What's with the towels? Why don't we take them off and let it all hang out?" she asked us, and the place resounded with laughter. "You take your towels off, and I'll take my wig off."

To prove she wasn't kidding, she ripped off her wig and threw it into the sounding board of the grand piano, revealing a fuzzy mop of hair clinging to her scalp. Then, in a deep throaty voice, she went into "Baby, Don't Treat Me Wrong" in a down-to-earth gutsy way. In no time at all, the audience was hers, as a round of hand clapping and swaying gathered momentum. She seemed to lose her place, but it didn't matter.

Noting the response, she remarked, "When I seen something like that, I don't feel overdue any more. Anyone want to take me on? (laughter) Never seen so many in my life at one time." The audience was delighted. She launched into another song and everyone responded. With no rehearsal, she brought more soul into the Continental than I think it's ever had. Her performance was the high point of the evening.

When she was done, Steve informed us she'd be back on March 4th. Liz Torres came out again, and stammered, "I—I have been asked to introduce the star of the show. A singer of serious song, Mr. Tiny Tim." The moment had arrived. A long shout issued forth. The ceiling seemed to rock, and down the side aisle

walked the overfamiliar man with the long nose, disheveled hair, rotund body, and wobbly posterior, wearing a plaid yellow suit, a big yellow necktie, and carrying a florid plastic shopping bag. He took out a toy ukelele and, in a falsetto voice, sang, "ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling/ I love the sound of the bells," etc. It was affected and sort of cute. He told us that he would sing some old Irving Kaufman songs, and did. After the second, third, and fourth number, we got more falsetto voice, dancing around out of step to the rhythm, and not much else. Tiny went into a big medley of old-time songs like "Darktown Strutters Ball," "Roll Out the Barrel," "When the Saints Go Marchin' In," and "Glory, Glory Hallelujah." His eyes were closed most of the time. He danced in place and gyrated one arm like a windmill gone berserk, and held the microphone with his other hand for dear life.

Most of the songs were completely unknown to most of the younger members of the audience, and only vaguely familiar to the older ones. There was no variation in tempo, no change of expression, no feeling, no nuance, and no audience contact. Tiny Tim was in a superstar world of his own, an entity responsible only to himself. I looked around me as the hundreds of faces in the audience took on expressions of astounded disbelief. Mouths dropped open. A schizoid reaction set in. Those who knew the words chimed in and clapped the unvarying rhythm in order to force themselves not to believe they'd been duped.

Others sat in stony silence, and still others forced themselves to smile. We were all witnessing Tiny Tim for what he really is: a professional eunuch. And although eunuchs might be all right for the Boy Scouts of America, the American Legion, and the Daughters of the American Revolution, they don't belong in the Continental, or any other bath house. He ended his charade with his "tip-toeing through the tulips," and rolled on the floor. The applause at the end was more restrained. Steve Ostrow said good-night, and it became another Saturday night at the Continental.

I asked several others what they thought, and the reaction was the same. Joey Mitchell, the fine drummer who had been with the Continental for a year and a half, summed it up best. "It was the most ridiculous thing I had ever seen here." The following morning, sitting with Joey, I tried to figure out what went wrong. Was management responsible? Steve Ostrow, who came to our table, certainly was not. He told me that he had gotten several requests for Tiny Tim, and granted them. Now that we know Tiny Tim for what he is, he went on, we won't have to waste a lot of money paying to see him elsewhere.

The ultimate blame must go to those who flooded Steve's office with requests, and to those, like myself, who thought Tiny Tim would be something more than what he is. I hope we're all wiser for the experience . . . at least wise enough to deduce that you've got to be careful of what you ask for because you just might get it. And of course, it always helps to find out what you want before you ask. That's obvious enough, or is it?

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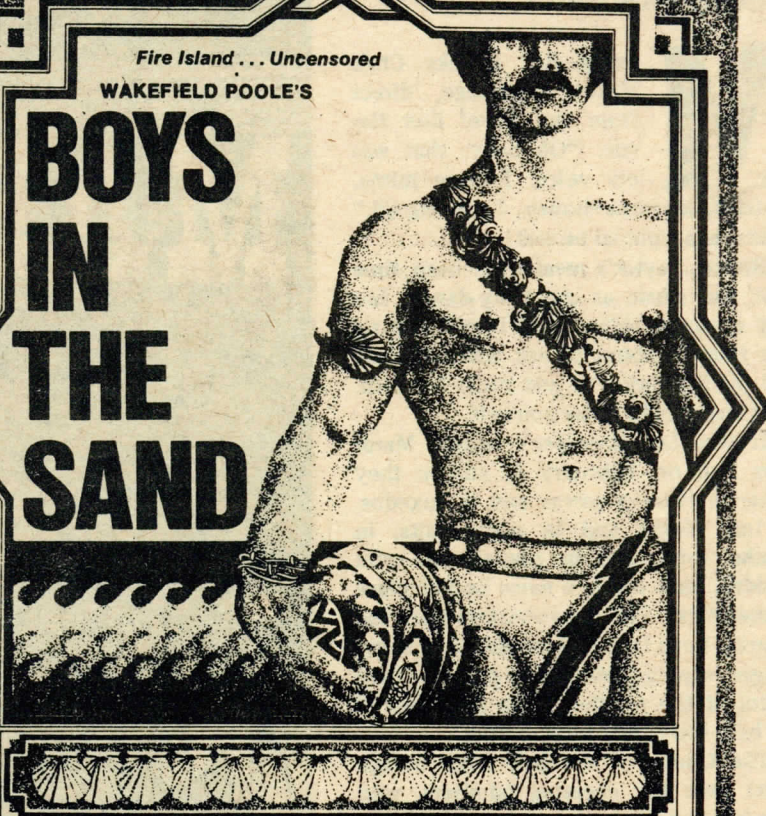
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A Mardi Gras In Old New York

BY VICKI RICHMAN

"Miming it!" shrieks Chris Moore backstage, direct from the Jewel Box Revue. "Oh baby, that was my voice. I never mime. Dietrich, Merman—honey, I do 'em all."

It was a night to be real.

Burma Taylor's meaty tits keep time with the music as she belly-dances her way down to rhinestoned bikini, and no one there is about to ask whether she's had the Operation or just tucks for filth.

It was a night to be yourself.

It was Lee Brewster's annual Mardi Gras Ball on February 5, and in they came—in evening gowns and in tuxedos, in loin cloths and in sailor suits, in monks' robes and in pasties, and you couldn't have found a more honest place in the world. The only cheaters were the security boys in their blue suits and shiny badges, wiping their sweaty palms as they squint at the revellers from the edges of the hall. Only they were in drag.

The Queen of the Ball holds benign court over her cheering admirers, who ogle her in a sheer, star-spangled jumpsuit revealing, not quite demurely, a flat chest and a flirty cock. No one there was going to say she wasn't a woman. Truth, in the face of all odds, is the theme of the evening.

"Sure I'll wear drag after I have kids," says Karen McMurray, a husky male heterosexual who'd rather be called a t.v. than a drag queen. "I'd dress them in drag too. Hell, I'd let them wear anything they goddamned wanted to."

"Well, hi, sweetie," shouts his old lady Sherry, a genital female, at a passing friend. "Say, you wear eye makeup just like I do." Sherry, in her earliest and most chic twenties, is slim, erect, and proud, has long, straight blond hair, and looks like she just stepped off the cover of the *Mademoiselle* college issue.

"I wear it like the gorgeous people do," is the baritone reply of a stubble-faced giant tripping over a white evening skirt.

"Honey, we're all gorgeous people tonight," Sherry calls back to somewhere in the crowd. From the college campus to the Jewel Box Revue to some half-open closet, there's no such thing as an ugly person at a Lee Brewster drag ball, and that's the reality you're paying for.

"Well, there may be something called a straight transvestite," Lee tosses off casually, "but I've met very few." Her years of working with every kind of drag queen are speaking for her. "They may call themselves hetero, but they're mostly closet cases trying to justify their gayness with drag."

Go-go boys George and Chris undulate themselves to the point of exhaustion on the grand ballroom stage of the Hotel Diplomat, but there is more sweat in the audience than on their own gorgeous brows. They are men who dig turning other men on; they do with a sweaty bath towel and a pretty cock what old-time strippers used to do with a sequined bra and a pair of 42-inch boobs.

"They're okay, I guess," Sherry shrugs as she watches the show, "but, after all, they look just like men. I'm no lesbian. It's not that I dig girls or transvestites; it's just that I can't stand a guy who has to show off his masculinity."

But her old man Karen calls himself a male lesbian. "I've never balled a guy. It's like being into femininity so much you just can't associate with a guy. Neither one of us can. Let's face it: men are ugly."



Lee Brewster's Mardi Gras introduces the bewhiskered reality behind the immobile beauty that is Dietrich.

An all-male contest-winner does his muscular thing for the adoring crowd, but none of them bothers to ask why he won first prize for the best costume when he wasn't wearing any. Anyway, you knew now where the judges' heads were at.

"We'd like to start this next set," oozes the syrupy voice of the band leader over the eternal fox-trotters, "with maw-zic for lovers ohhh-nly." And the band strikes up some Guy Lombardo arrangement backing up a passionless tenor who might have been Kenny himself. We're kids again staying up late on New Year's just to hear "Auld Lang Syne" on the living-room radio.

"So, dollink, how's you?" asks a grandmotherly type in a miniskirt and false eyelashes. "You're too serious—enjoy, enjoy." And back we go to the Catskills to be loved to death by uncaring relatives who care too much.

Leave the role-playing and drag for your everyday job on the 46th floor, for the subway that's slowly driving you

deaf, for the grey sidewalks—at Lee Brewster's Mardi Gras, you can be real at last.

As head of the Queens Liberation Front and editor of *Drag*, Lee has failed to touch the lives of few transvestites in New York. "Straight, gay, or whatever they want to call themselves, we'll take 'em. But t.v.'s are much more securely locked in the closet than straight gays. It's a job bringing them out."

At four bills for the ball, at ten for her private parties, and at unmentionable figures for classifieds in *Drag*, her services are not cheap. But few gays, in drag or out, call her exploitative. "She would like to help everybody; she's a great lady," says a crew-cutted, business-suited police-sergeant type, and I swear I saw tears in his eyes. "She's done a lot for me," agrees a transsexual in a T-shirt and skin-tight jeans meant to show off her firm, grabbable tits and a cutesy, cuddly, cockless figure, and you wonder what more anyone could have done for her. Lee Brew-

ster, it seems, has become the mother of much of the New York gay community.

Lee leaves the zaps to GAA, and works for gay rights in the courts exclusively. She claims credit for many recent gay advances, and is now hoping to have the principles of the defeated bill Intro 475 established by judicial precedent. You have to start worrying about her health if she's not prosecuting at least two cases at any given moment.

"Women's lib is basically where we're at," Karen, who's working to liberate straight t.v.'s in D.C., explains. "We're not hung up on roles dictated by society. If my girl friend can wear a pants suit to work, why can't I wear a skirt suit?"

"Right on!" agrees Sherry, who just happens to be wearing an eye-catching red pants suit right off the hippest page of *Cosmopolitan*. Sherry and Karen share the same lingerie drawer at home, he proudly explains, and he boasts that he's turned her on to more feminine fashions than she's been used to. She doesn't deny him the credit.

"I must have passed as a girl when we came in," he whispers like a panting puppy, his eyes shining in a moment of embarrassing introspection. "The doorman wondered what we were doing here."

"Well, I wouldn't like him to try to pass on the street," Sherry chimes in, but whether from sincerity or from a true lover's anxiety for her beloved's frustrated fantasy, I couldn't guess. "I like him the way he is." A girl at home and a boy on the job.

With the lean, six-foot-four frame of a boy still hungering to grow up and the chiseled-in-granite arrogance of an Abe Lincoln face, he would be the last word in undaunted manhood dressed in a pair of hiking boots, jeans, and a denim shirt open to the navel. But men are ugly, he would insist, crossing his legs under his red maxiskirt slit to well above the knee to show off his nylons, trying to be lady-like in his ill-fitting middy blouse, looking very much like the female image you had nightmares about as a kid after your old-maid aunt had taken you to see *Hansel and Gretel*.

And there the two of them sat, giggling and petting like a pair of pre-adolescent schoolgirls grooving on each other's clothes and lipstick, and you began to wonder whether they knew something about beauty and truth that could never reach a mind jaded by the society and age it had helplessly been born into. Reality defines itself at Lee Brewster's balls, and your useless clichés are not wanted.

But three o'clock chimes even in the real world, and the sudden, frightening drag fantasy of shouting, pushing officers in blue will once again overtake the fleeting moment of truth. "Show's over; time to go home." They restore chaos to the order, and slowly the crowd creeps back into the make-believe world of black snow, visible air, and cabbies with guns and clubs.

"It's true that most t.v.'s feel they have to pass as women to earn their right to wear drag." Karen is explaining the main obstacle to drag lib. "We won't be really liberated until men, straight or gay, can wear skirts wherever they want to without worrying about whether they look like women or not."

And until that day comes, a thousand or so revellers will have to wait another year before they can once more escape from the absurd fantasy they must live with day after day, and into the reality of their most hidden love and dreams. And pay exorbitant prices for the privilege.

Photo by Peter Brennan

George Washington Slept Where?

BY DICK LEITSCH

Eighteen months ago I did a stupid thing. Reviewing Noel I. Garde's *Jonathan to Gide: The Homosexual in History* (GAY no. 33), I challenged the author's assertion that George Washington was probably gay. One should never question Mr. Garde; he's a careful scholar and almost impossible to catch in error. That may be why one hears so little of his book; it says (and documents) many things a lot of people don't care to hear. I can only plead indulgence for my hubris on the grounds that I didn't want to hear anybody call old George "the Mother of Our Country."

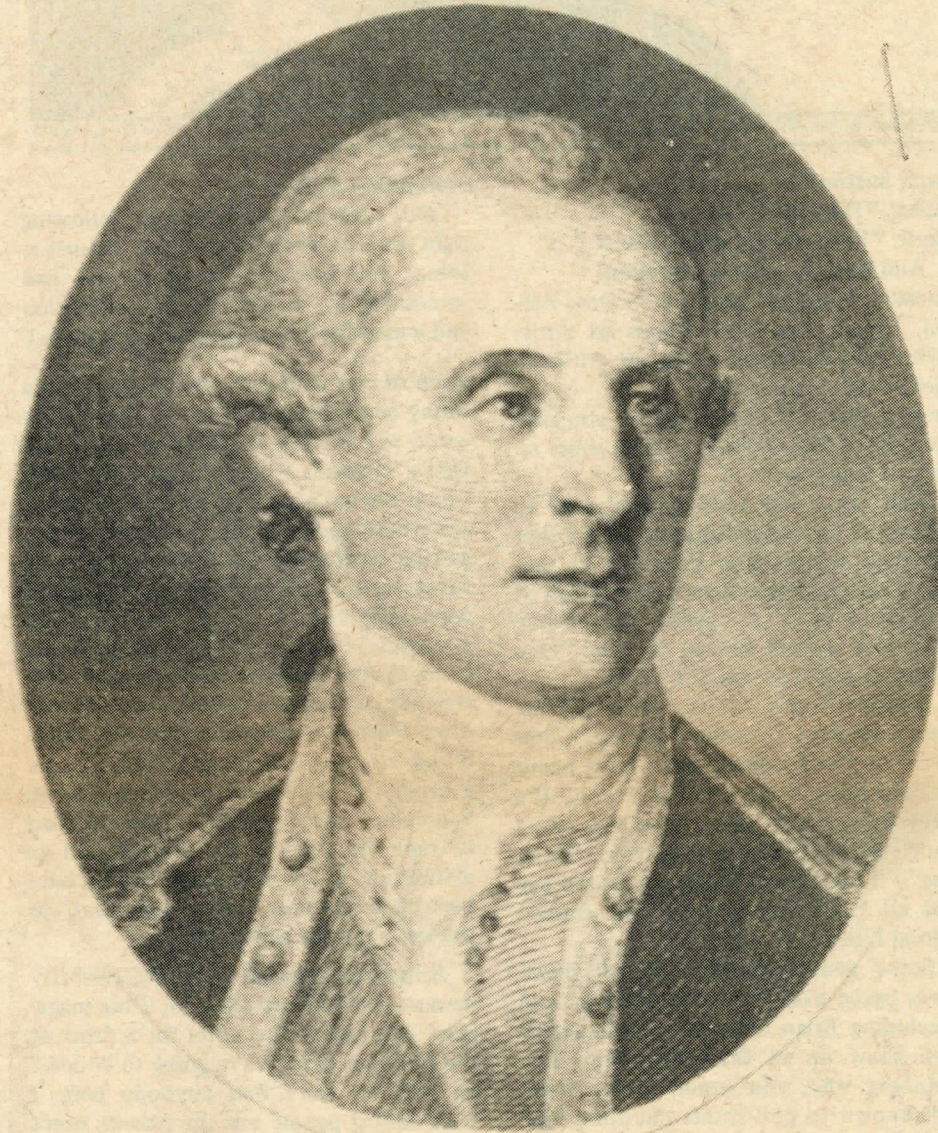
Before going on about Mr. "First in War, First in Peace, First in the Hearts of His Countrymen" (even now that becomes a *double entendre*) let's discuss Mr. Garde a bit.

To my knowledge, there is no finer, more dedicated homosexual historian/bibliographer/general scholar than the elusive Noel I. Garde. His by-line dates back to the yellowing early issues of *ONE Magazine*. His annotated bibliography of gay literature from 700B.C. to 1958 is a collector's item (though, I understand, copies are still available from Nosbooks, 42 West 88th Street, NYC 10024—write for prices), and his encyclopedic biographical dictionary of Great Gays is a landmark in gay studies. (Copies are \$10.00 from Nosbooks.)

For years I sought information on, and maybe an introduction to, the mysterious Mr. Garde. No one seemed to know him (or his friends respected his anonymity). Just as I was about to conclude there was no Noel I. Garde, that a heavenly messenger delivered the manuscripts from the spirit of "Auntie Magnesia" Hirschfield or John Addington Symonds, Mr. Garde presented himself at Studio 72 and introduced himself to me. Far from being the expected shriveled up, ancient scholar wearing a green shade to protect eyes failing from too much poring over ancient manuscripts, Noel turned out to be a relatively young, robust, vibrantly alive man with loads of charm and seemingly endless fascinating conversation.

If the universities ever decide to stop playing around with discussion groups and political seminars billed as "gay studies" courses and get down to serious gay scholarship relating to our history, literature and influences, they can find no better professor than Noel I. Garde.

I hereby apologize to my better for questioning his inclusion of George Washington in the list of 300 Great Gays. Noel's source was a good one: J.V. Nash, who wrote the "Little Blue Book" on homosexuality in the Thirties. Those "Little Blue Books" were circulated by the millions in the Depression Era and, to my knowledge, no one ever challenged Nash's claim that Washington loved men (including Alexander Hamilton) with that "love that passed that of a woman" (or "which dared not speak its name"—depending on your attitude).



A little-known portrait of Georgie, who slept in more places than historians care to remember.

Homosexuality was very chic in the Thirties (homosexuality is always very chic; it's only the peasants who deplore it). The glittering set stood around pianos amid the Art Deco singing Cole Porter's gay songs: "Don't inquire of Georgie Raft/ Why his cow has never calfed/ Georgie's bull is beautiful, but he's gay!" That was the era of "I'm a Gigolo" ("... and of lavender my nature has just a dash in it..."). But no matter how chic homosexuality was "way down along the soigneur river," some peasant preacher or headshrinker would have rushed to our first President's "defense" could he have found the documentation to refute J.V. Nash's widely-read claims.

We have no actual letters dealing with the alleged relationships and there were no scandals—which is how we learn of most historical homosexuality. But we know that George Washington's relationship with his brother Lawrence was a strange one, with more than a few hints of a love passing that which most of us would call "brotherly." Incest has fallen on bad times during the present era of small apartments and cracker-box suburban

homes in which we are all jammed together. Back when houses were larger and offered privacy; when strangers were rarely met and new sex partners hard to find, incest was more popular. George Washington seemed consumed by passion for his brother but Lawrence doesn't seem to have returned the passion.

Lawrence died when George was 20, but George meanwhile had found Christopher Gist, a fortyish frontiersman with whom he made several trips into the wild country. Before Richard Amory wrote his "Loon" books, few speculated what frontiersmen did for sex. But deer were too fast and bears too bearish for bestiality; Indians were often hostile and usually xenophobic. Masturbation gets boring. Men in the woods, like men in prison, no doubt quickly discovered the virtues of manly love.

Christopher Gist anyway seems to have been one of those football coach/scoutmaster types. There is plenty of evidence that he screwed young George regularly and George, as is the way with young men, liked the sex and flattery without loving the older man. By 1775 young

George had become an aide to General Braddock and Christopher was again with him. The portrait on this page was made around this time and Washington does have "that" expression about him. One can imagine a little old lady saying, "My, isn't he a sensitive looking young man!"

The companions were helping the British fight the French that year, and Garde thinks the two of them were caught doing something French (or maybe Greek), either by Charles Lee, or an informant of Lee's. From this date on, Lee was openly contemptuous of Washington and George appeared to fear him. The following day the expedition was ambushed and Washington behaved suicidally, riding brazenly about, shouting, calling attention to himself, and acting as though he hoped to be shot. His audacity was interpreted as bravery (is this what heroes are made of?) and Washington, at 25, became commander-in-chief of the Virginia militia.

Twenty-five was not a young age in those perilous times, and there was Washington, rich, highly eligible, and very much unmarried. His excuse, which Garde calls "the oldest homosexual dodge known," was the old "There's-only-one-woman-I-ever-loved-but-she-can-never-be-mine!" routine. The lady was Sally Fairfax, wife of Lawrence Washington's brother-in-law, and a sort of sister (if we must be cruel, fag-hag) with whom George had enjoyed many years of dishing. Perhaps the two of them thought it a great camp when he first used her as an excuse not to get interested in available women!

Enter Martha Custis, a very rich, very good-looking, very good-natured, widow with loads of money and a ready-made family. Historians and biographers generally call Martha an "understanding" woman, and with four kids already she was unlikely to become upset if she had no more. (She didn't.) What a perfect setup for a young queen with social responsibilities and a thirst for politics!

As we know, Washington's political career was a success. He was a good soldier, the leading man in his country, and the logical choice for head of the new government. If he was gay, he certainly was, as the saying goes, "a credit to his people." He even surrounded himself with good men, including young Alexander Hamilton, who had been his private secretary, aide-de-camp, and constant companion throughout the Revolution.

After the war Hamilton had married Elizabeth Schuyler. This evidently led to the rift between the two men—what one biographer called "a sort of lover's quarrel." Hamilton, through his marriage, became independent of Washington and went into New York politics and dabbled (very successfully) at political philosophy. Later he and Washington made up their quarrel and Hamilton became the strong man in the nation's first administration, got the country off to a sound financial start, and even wrote Washington's most famous speech, the "Farewell Address."

The Last Estate

BY GREGORY BATTCKOCK

"A TALE OF TWO CONVENTIONS"

The College Art Association—several thousand college art professors, art writers, art students and art historians—meets annually for the purpose, I think, of presenting the results of their research. As usual, the New York art crowd provides all the energy, while the non-New York crowd laps it all up; then they return to Bean Blossom full of new ideas while the New York people return to nurse hangovers and wonder why they went in the first place.

Anyway, the 1972 meeting was held in San Francisco. The Hilton Hotel in that city is an interesting monument. One realizes that, by adding hypocrisy to hypocrisy, banality to banality upon banality, one comes up with, of all things, style. At the Hilton the chandeliers don't produce light, though they light up. They produce, instead, decoration. My room was cluttered with 12 elaborately framed reproductions of lousy paintings, including a late Poussin allegory that was labeled, helpfully, "REMBRANDT." Well, why not?

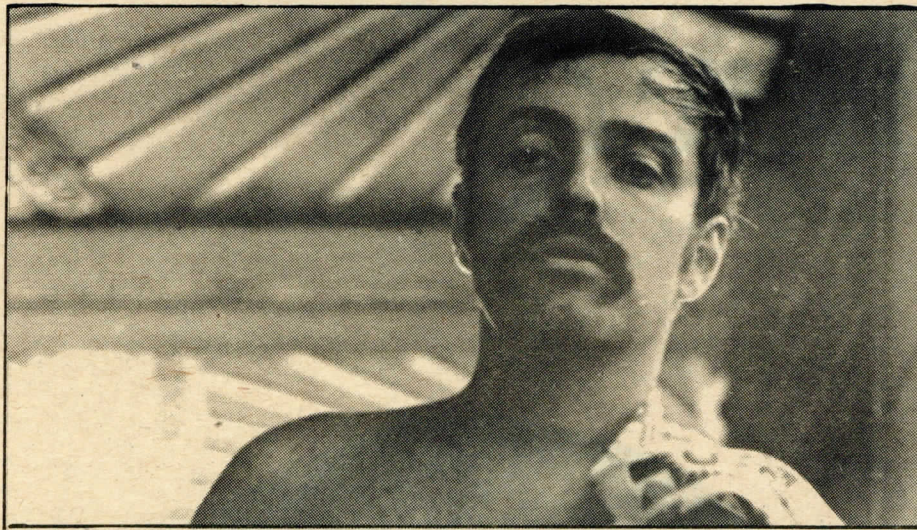
In the plane, on the way out West, I got cornered, midway between the piano bar and the zoo, by Dr. Robert Rosenblum of the Institute of Fine Arts. He suggested we "share a cab to the hotel" so we ended up checking in together.

"\$27.00? Is that the cheapest thing you have?" queried Prof. Rosenblum.

"\$27.00? Don't you have something more expensive?" I asked. The gesture was lost on our distinguished professor who had already made a bee line for the "Males Only" massage parlor across the street from the hotel. And that was the last anybody ever saw of Dr. Rosenblum.

At least some of our distinguished scholars picked up a trick or two by paying attention to the Hilton Hotel Employee Rhetoric. For instance, compare this conversation, between a guest and the Hotel Information Clerk, with dialogue recorded at one scholarly session: Guest: "Some People are stuck in the elevator."

Clerk: "Well, why don't they push the



Battcock in the Normandie Hotel, San Juan

Photo by Ruiz De La Mata

alarm button?"

Guest: "They did."

Clerk: "Yeah. Well, I don't hear it."

And now the scholarly session:

Question from the audience to Dore Ashton, former *New York Times* art critic: "Why do you advise young art critics to stick to short reviews?"

Dore Ashton: "I don't suppose you read *Craft Horizons*. Anyway, I like short reviews. I really do."

Well. That was nothing compared to the media man participating in another academic session who informed us that "A picture is better than a description of a picture." Next, I suppose, some Ed.D. from N.Y.U. will inform us that "One picture is worth a thousand words."

Barbara Novak, who's rather famous (and is married to Brian O'Doherty, editor of *Art in America*, and who is really famous) said, "I have a tower room. It's really nice. I wish Brian were here so he could see it. There's a framed 'Mona Lisa.'" I had the decency not to tell her that all 1,000 tower rooms had framed "Mona Lisa's."

Some people managed to get themselves paged over the loudspeaker system—including Brian O'Doherty, who didn't even show up at the convention, Leo Steinberg who, you would think, is too well known to pull stunts like that, Max Kozloff, who also has quite a reputation and some people nobody ever heard of who were probably there for the rival

convention of dentists.

Our second convention, following right on the heels of the San Francisco thing, was held in San Juan and had something to do with a print exhibition and a meeting of the International Association of Art Critics. It was really rather a funny convention since, as far as anybody could tell, it really didn't exist. There was Emily Genauer who held up a tour bus full of her colleagues because there wasn't any toilet paper in her room: "I'm not getting on that bus until they bring some toilet paper," she declared. Lucy Lippard apparently refused to pay her hotel bill altogether because: "They had plywood stuck in the window pane." Finally she was put off the bus and was seen, several days later, wandering along a highway asking strangers where she could "... get a drink." "I've walked all the way from San Juan," she remarked. "Nobody tried to rape me. Only a few pinches and an exhibition. If this were Italy I would have been raped by now," she noted. That was the last anybody saw of Lucy.

Robert Hughes, an art world celebrity because he's the art critic for *Time* magazine, stopped at the hotel for a drink at the poolside bar. "We're going to Ponce," he said. "I can't find anybody here. I tried calling people but the phones don't work. Do you know Ponce? Are there any good restaurants there?" And that was the end of him.

Hampten has masterfully maneuvered his way through very prevalent yet extremely delicate situations in his article, "How To Be A Social Climber Without Really Trying."

Sadly enough, those to whom the article referred will undoubtedly neither read it nor realize how "out-of-touch" they may be.

Thank you.

Carl L. Chavez
Bound Brook, N.J.

RICHARD AMATO

Dear GAY:

Ever since the militant Gay movement was born, I've been listening to gays who advised me, and people like me, not to rock the boat. Those fears are a valid expression of concern which I share. I do wish that that type of opinion were advocated by less self-destructive, self-defeating voices than represented by Dick Leitsch.

But I do want gays to know that Richard Amato, whom Leitsch recently attacked in his column, is someone to

Harold Rosenberg, who writes the "Art World" column for the *New Yorker*, was asked if he would appear on a panel discussion. "I'd rather not," he said, and vanished once and for all. Irving Sandler, President of the American Section of the International Association of Art Critics (sic.), spent the entire time changing hotels. None of these distinguished art world personalities even seemed to notice that the Brazilian fleet was in port, which was just as well. Anyway, there was enough competition for the Brazilian sailors from the natives, who were snapping them up like hot *empanadillos*.

Lots of people just didn't bother to come, despite the fact that free tickets were waiting for them at Kennedy airport. "No-Shows" included Gregoire Muller, editor of *Arts Magazine*, Jill Johnston, Brian O'Doherty, Colin Naylor (editor of *Art and Artists*) and Gerritt Henry, New York correspondent for *Art International*.

I xeroxed a list of gay bars in San Juan for distribution to interested critics, but there weren't any. Oh yes, David DePort (*Village Voice*)—god knows what HE was doing there—accepted a xerox but, since he only stayed overnight, it's doubtful if he took advantage of any of the listings.

David Bourdon, formerly of *Life*, and now art editor for *Saturday Review*, came along also. David has always claimed he "hates" Puerto Rico. On his infrequent trips there he has consistently refused to leave the San Juan International Airport and he simply takes a room at the little airport hotel. In the morning he flies out. (That's par for David Bourdon. Last year he flew around the world, stopping at airports only to change planes or for refueling.) On the way back from San Juan, our DC8 stopped for gas at Baltimore—having used it all up circling over Kennedy for four hours. I know exactly where the bar is at Baltimore airport because I had been there only two weeks ago when TWA also stopped there for gas. Somehow two visits to Baltimore airport in a mere two weeks seems rather exotic. Anyway, at the bar, this guy was telling us about a snow storm in Buffalo: "We had twelve inches last night," he said. The man sitting next to him remarked: "I had twelve inches myself, last night."

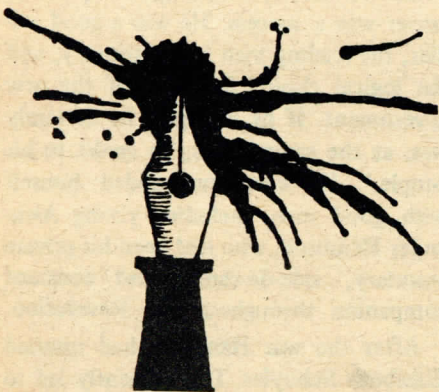
whom all gays should be grateful. When GAA first undertook drafting Intro 475, Richard wrote to nearly every gay group in this nation, asking for information. He came up with zero... ZERO information on discrimination.

It is because of his diligence that he was able to discover many businesses that discriminate, and uncovered the foul practices of investigatory agencies which pry into private lives for profit. He gathered much of the data that provided the basis for drafting legislation. Secured testimony for the hearings. Came out of the closet at the hearings to offer his good knowledge.

His good name should be upheld in Gay History as the architect of Intro 475. He was the one who put into proposed law the needs we had all felt.

Thank you Richard Amato,
Your Loving Brother,
Marty Robinson

Pen Points



MASTER BATES

Dear GAY:

The commendable stance of your January 24 issue set by editor Lige Clarke's "The Great Fucking Famine" seems imperiled by the inclusion of "Eversoft at the Everard" by columnist Aaron Bates. Bates' irrelevant characterizations of people by national origin aside, his horribly rude, vicious, smirking references to old age, impotence, and rejection, and his smug self-confidence that the world is out

to rape him approach the dimensions of derangement. (Rape? Why did you send this person? There is a rudeness in being in such a place under false pretences.)

A healthy and cared-for body is surely to anyone's credit, as an unhealthy, abused one is a poor recommendation; and beauty is in itself joy. But it is easier to care for one's body in youth; by what real virtue does Bates hold his supposed beauty? *Tempus fugit*; his time comes. If ugliness distresses him, he would do well to work for improved national nutrition and exercise, with yoga in place of carbohydrates and competitive spectator sports. He should especially care for himself; with such a lack of "human" feeling he needs *something* to attract lovers.

Finally, he slanders virgins by associating them dogmatically with his own diseased trembling and insecurity; I was one once, curious and expectant, and fearful only of straight society.

W.M. Hamilton
N.Y.C.

SOCIAL CLIMBERS

Dear GAY:

Good grief I think he's done it! Thane

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

What Is The Gay Activists Alliance Really Doing?

Dr. George Weinberg is an outstanding New York psychotherapist and author of "Society and the Healthy Homosexual," published this month by St. Martin's press, 175 5th Avenue, New York City, \$5.95.

BY DR. GEORGE WEINBERG

In its few years of life, the Gay Activists Alliance in New York has done more to draw attention to discrimination against homosexuals than any group in this city's history.

Some of the reasons for this have to do with changes in the climate toward homosexuals. The necessarily slow but successful work of groups in the sixties, like the New York Mattachine, has melted some of the resistance. But the fact is that the GAA has shown a tenacity and a daring and a resourcefulness in its procedures which has accounted for many of its successes.

When trouble brews, as when Intro 475 was defeated, there is a temptation for some on the sidelines to berate not the enemy but the group fighting for its rights. It is hard for these sideliners to acknowledge that the world contains many malevolent people, and some in high stations. Rather than see this reality such people become critical of themselves and of others representing them. Instead of congratulating the upsurgers for having accomplished as much as they did, these persons would gun them down on their way home, bedraggled but still courageous and ready to consider their own tactics, as any soldier must. Recently, the GAA, which was pivotal in creating the homosexuals' rights bill, and who pushed it as far as they could, has been accused by some of mishandling an opportunity that concerns multitudes of others.

Don't be fooled by Councilman De Marco's charge that rowdy behavior in the courtroom turned the tide against the bill. More flagrant demonstrations have not prevented the passage of other bills in the same halls. When demonstrations have succeeded, as with the taxicab union, and new rulings have been made, those who waved most broadly to get attention have been heralded for their bravery. To believe that the council turned down the bill because a hubbub was raised by a drag queen arguing with a guard would be to turn against drag queens. To believe that they vetoed the bill because someone was boisterous is to turn against the particular person, or his or her group, unfairly.

For a councilman to acknowledge that noise made by a handful of people swayed him, as De Marco did, is to profess absolute incompetence to make decisions for hundreds of thousands of people not in the courtroom. The council was deciding the fate of multitudes of homosexuals all through the city, and was affecting the morale of millions more, and of heterosexuals too who want an honest society; in view of that, it would have been a piece of imbecility, even for the city council, to let a few outcries sway so important a judgment.

The charge that the GAA sunk the bill was an obvious attempt by De Marco to shift the emphasis from his own inhumane act to the behavior of the victims. It was an attempt to turn the rage of an oppressed group against its own members,



GAA candles light up New York's dark political horizon.

Photo by Richard Wandel

and susceptibility to this is strong among conflicted people still grappling with the question of whether they are to blame for their "being different" or whether society is to blame for its attitude toward them.

In this case, the question for such people becomes: "Should I be angry with the pudgy fellow on the council who says 'Homos are sick' or with Marty Robinson and others who got us here, and are now making the pudgy fellow angry by shouting 'We are not'?" As a Jew, I have heard more than once that Jews by their clannishness have incurred antisemitism. The clannishness may infuriate some, but could hardly have warranted the murder of some six million people. Alongside the use of the gas chamber, clannishness ought to pale as a fault. Booker T. Washington sometimes told negroes that they were not educating themselves properly, and that when they did, opportunities would be open to them. That was like saying, "Dress clean and live in good apartments, and you'll find you get ahead in the world." People say this sort of

thing because they find themselves unable to look at the inhumanity of the prejudice as it exists and to say simply, "This is awful. And especially awful because it is unwarranted." Perhaps the implication that the world is not the beautiful place one once hoped for is too much for such people.

As for the gay rights bill, don't succumb to the impulse to be self-assaultive, to blame its petitioners for its failure. I haven't yet seen other groups, arbitrarily weeded out and deprived of rights, making their plea with perfect bearing. Homosexuals should never have been put through such an inquisition in the first place, one that included hearing themselves called "queers," and otherwise maligned, by the very councilmen who were supposedly sitting in judgment of their cause.

Anyhow, people in movements are prone to underestimate the performances of their best advocates when they are faltering. One tends to idealize those who are rescuing others, and their failings are

held against them more than is fair. I for one have been fighting for the rights of gays among others for over ten years, and though I had testified on other matters, I had never been in court before to present the rights of homosexuals to anyone who would listen. I could hardly believe I was there discussing the subject. The GAA made the whole thing possible. Of course I would have done some things differently. It would be astounding if this were not so. But still I could not forget that the GAA, and thousands of other homosexuals from all parts, staged the show, forced it upon the boards before the public. I might disagree with my producers, without whom nothing, but I could hardly put them in the class with the city councilmen who talked contemptuously among themselves while I was presenting a speech I had prepared for a week.

The first question to ask about any agent for social change is whether the world would be better off with or without this agent. Some say the blacks would be better off without the existence of the panthers. One may think so, or not. But if one decides the world is better off with them, then one must not succumb to the temptation to displace hate from the oppressors to them. With respect to the GAA, one must ask: Suppose the organization were suddenly to disappear, and all its members return wholly to their private lives with no further interest in its cause, would circumstances be better or worse? It seems obvious to me that no matter how one feels about certain of its strategies, the GAA in New York is the best thing that has happened for human rights in many years. Its disappearance would be a disaster, as far as human rights are concerned. To compare it with the dream of what it might be, as an irrational child may do with a parent, is unavoidable. But rather than assail the group for its defaults, it makes much more sense to join it and so help give it force.

People forget that when trying to solve social problems, the GAA has the policy of always beginning by using the most acceptable and ordinary channels. When some of its members decided the time had come to have gays speak in their own behalf on the Dick Cavett Show, the first step was to call the producer, to try to persuade him of the importance of being represented. Cavett and others on his show had been deriding homosexuals for years. Not till the request was refused, did other wheels go into motion. But al-

(continued on page 18)



Neither rain nor snow nor dark of night keep these activists from their appointed rounds.

Photo by Richard Wandel

The Gay Insider

BY JOHN FRANCIS HUNTER

(Note: The gripping story of *Who Is John Francis Hunter?*, which was to have been continued from last issue, has been preempted by news and news commentary which the author considers of more vital concern for now. In response to demand, if not clamor, for him to carry on with clearing up the problem of his identity, he will do his number next issue, complete with reprint of his famous 1970 nudes.)

In an event of considerable interest to a large segment of New York's gay community—perhaps so far in '72 secondary only to the temporary failure of Intro 475 in terms of its potential effect on large numbers of gays—rather quietly took place on the last day of January when the bars' personnel got together socially at *New Jimmy's Restaurant* to honor each other for the quality and/or flair of their service.

At this second monthly gathering of bartenders, waiters, entertainers and a few owners and managers, upwards of 250 gay females and males initiated a program of awards that is expected to stretch through '73 and which could be the inadvertent beginning of a non-political Tavern Guild here.

"We don't want to suggest anybody is organizing for any other reason than purely social," one owner cautioned me, "because the State Liquor Authority is so capricious and all-powerful that we could all lose our licenses if they suspected we were trying something similar to San Francisco, and they didn't like the smell of it."

San Francisco's powerful Guild—and to a lesser extent, Los Angeles' (backed by HELP, the Homosexual Effort for Legal Protection) and Seattle's—sets guidelines for bar operations, maintains a legal fund, and comes to the rescue of business and patron alike when trouble arises, specifically harassment. Fear and suspicion, resulting from the historic alleged collusion of syndicate and police here, hover like Siamese twin bogies, connected in the region of the pocketbook, over the bar operations in our fair city, and no one, neither Gay Lib organization nor crusading publication, has thus far done much to change the status quo or even dispel what may be myths. So far only the Knapp Commission and the Strike Force on Organized Crime have made any noticeable waves, which most people expect to diminish as soon as the moon of publicity has been turned off.

HOW IT HAPPENED

What brought about this January thaw here among businesses where there has been traditional hostility due to the bogies?

About fifty hearty employees of bars and restaurants had met at the end of '71 at the *Westsider* to choose the stars among them for some holiday cheer, thus setting a precedent that has caught on wildly, if the enthusiasm and celebrative spirit of '72's first similar affair is indicative of what's to come. Twenty Manhattan and two New Jersey bars and restaurants were represented at this four-hour, late afternoon bash which consisted of much eating, drinking, entertainment and, finally, announcement of balloting results. Performers, award winners, jovial hecklers, Emcee Jimmy Merry and one honored guest were roundly cheered and applauded, and a schedule of future host establishments was arranged via drawing.



Klaus (from Uncle Charlie's North) was voted Manhattan's "Best Bartender" for the month of January.

"The real beneficiary of all this is the customer," observed one bartender. "All the employees will be on their toes, hoping to be recognized for their good work. It's an incentive plan. If a person or a bar is singled out for excellence, it's a giant step ahead, considering how everybody used to hide and avoid notoriety. You know, most bar people aren't really out to exploit their sisters and brothers, they are ordinary humans doing their job, and they want to be loved."

NINE PROFESSIONALS SHINE

Love objects of the day were winners of nine awards—glittering trophies and cups—which were bestowed on them by their fellow workers, who, as everybody knows, enjoy busmen's holidays in other bars on their days off. They pub crawl, spending lavishly, noting which place serves a solid drink or meal and who gives the most of himself in this demanding, but financially rewarding, "profession."

Top pros of January were Best Bartender Klaus of *Uncle Charlie's North* (who possesses, a local bar guide claims, in its inimitable way, "the largest wiener-schnitzel in town"), and Most Popular Bartender Frank of *One Potato Restaurant*, while in the special "personality recognition" division, Sherwood of *Piper Lounge* was elected Campiest.

Best barmaid and waiter winners were Lois of the *Lib Restaurant and Dance Bar* and Costa of *New Jimmy's*. Most popular barmaid and waiter honorees were Lee of *Harry's Back East* and Gypsy of the *Painted Pony*.

George of the *Piper* (he writes a popular column for the previously mentioned guide) was singled out as Campiest Waiter, while Judy Sexton of the *Piper* was chosen Campiest Barmaid. Judy is one of the favorite singers among Manhattan's bar set, proved by her reception at the party. To the expert accompaniment of Johnny Savoy, also of the *Piper*, she lent her mellow, husky mezzo to subtle, fresh and accurate interpretations of newer standards. She sings with great natural warmth and feeling, employing no phony gestures or tricks. In short, a singer's singer—and certainly the audience's.



Is it Princess Porcupine?



Mardi Gras Glamour

LOTS OF TALENT

All in all, the talent was impressive, whether professional or amateur. Contributions ranged from the broad camp mime acts of Gene King of the *Lib* and *Harry's/Alibi*—owner Gwen Saunders (as Jeannette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, respectively) in full costume and later Gene as Marilyn Monroe to the soaring bel canto of Darrel from *Harry's*. Handsome Darrel was, after Judy and Johnny, easily the star of the show. Others displaying first-rate voices were Ralph of the *Country Cousin Restaurant* and Ronnie from the new *Uncle Charlie's South* (see review). Also revealing considerable presence and winning ways were Ernesto and Doug from the *Lib* and Gil from the *Piper*.

Ron from the *Piccadilly Pub* turned in a solid Lily Tomlin impersonation (using his own voice, by the way), while Campiest Waiter George and George of the *Loading Zone* got lots of laughs with their comedy routines.

One of the big ovations was accorded Eddie Rice, introduced as "the first gay male to own and operate a New York gay bar" by appreciative host Merry, who credited Rice with showing him the ropes when Merry first came into the famed old Intermezzo at 56th and Lexington as a

serviceman greenhorn back in '52. Merry is well-known for his superpopular Upper East Side establishments past and present (he owns only *New Jimmy's*) as well as his smoothly-run pubs in Cherry Grove.

OTHER BARS REPRESENTED

In addition to employees of bars referred to here and there above, representatives of the following were present: *Uncle Charlie's North*, *Dirty Edna's Scoreboard*, *New Danny's* of Sheridan Square, the *Roadhouse*, *Victor's Quarters*, *Candlelight Lounge*, *Cellar Bar* (formerly Wine Cellar Restaurant), *Candy Store*, *Westsider*, and *Beau Geste Restaurant*, all in Manhattan, *Danny's Palisades*, *Cliffside Park*, New Jersey, and *El Matador*, Asbury Park.

Subsequent awards ceremonies will take place on the first Monday of each month, the next being March 6 at *One Potato*. April's will be held at the *Candy Store*. The lineup for the rest of '72 is: May, *Loading Zone*; June, *Dirty Edna's*; July, *Painted Pony*; August, *Uncle Charlie's North*; September, *New Danny's*; October, *Victor's Quarters*; November, *Country Cousin*; and December, *Roadhouse*.

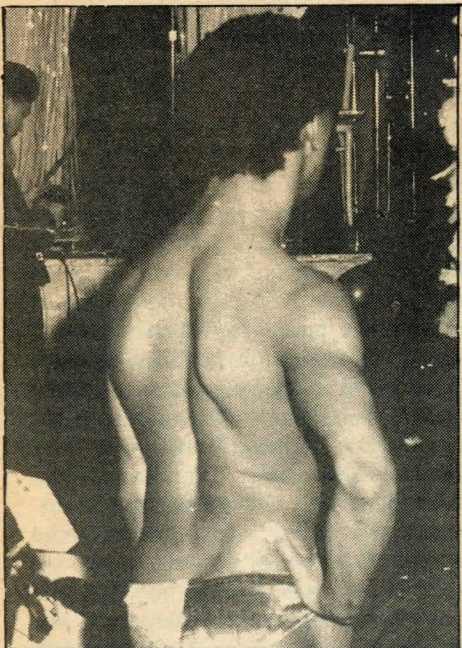
WHEN ONE TREATS of the world of

Photo by Eric Stephen Jacobs

Photos by Eric Stephen Jacobs



(Left to right) John Francis Hunter, *The Gay Insider*, plays knees with Walter Kent, jolly public relations director for the Beacon Baths who is fondling Lee Brewster, head of Queen's Liberation Front. (photo by Eric Stephen Jacobs)



Mardi Gras GoGo Boy, George, takes a rest.

sisters and brothers who lead a different lifestyle the "unliberated" label. We proceed on the path toward freedom mostly single file and pass different points along the way at different times. What gays in America really need is the right to be what we are when we want to be it wherever we are—and that would include holding hands and embracing in the marketplace, on public vehicles and in straight-dominated milieus of all kinds. For now we could make life pleasanter for ourselves by cooperating in improving the environment which we have made our own. One can go to bars to rap and laugh, not just to pick someone up. I am very distrustful of individuals who rail against the bars and baths (although seldom the restaurants) in militant meetings, then rush out to patronize same. Behold the *Continental Baths*, the *Club*, etc., on any night of the week and you'll find yourself surrounded by GAA members. They were falling all over each other at the opening of *Man's Country* in Brooklyn when it opened last month. One would presume they are at the baths for sex, which is not necessarily a safe assumption about their frequenting the neighborhood pub, a time-honored tradition among all peoples, majority or minority, all over the Western World, after work and when one is feeling

lonely—or celebrative. How many of those who crowd into the Firehouse dance on Saturday night are GAA members and how many are uninvolved gays who don't show up otherwise, but who are there just for a rock-throwing, tree-climbing, snot-flying good time? How many Gay Lib-ers who find the Firehouse "too crowded" have explored the other alternative, Liberation House (see below)?

THE RADICAL VIEW

In *Gay Sunshine* no. 10 a brother wrote: "The institutions which we have developed—the bars, baths, parks, street cruising—have come out of our oppression, out of a self-hate which accepts it as sufficient to have sex-only with a person and not pursue him further . . . We don't ask for anything better and our institutions make it all seem so right . . . Maybe it's insufficient to attack the bars, the baths . . . without examining ourselves and understanding the extent to which we accept the milieu of quick and frequent sexual encounters as the norm. Maybe then we can begin to revolutionize ourselves into seeking out more meaningful, longer relationships and working to have them become something worthwhile."

Meanwhile, we *have* the institutions, and is there any reason why we can't, through concerted effort, work on *them* while working on ourselves? Renovation is positive, while destruction is negative.

MORE CONSERVATIVE STAND

In California, as mentioned earlier, there are groups concerned about chipping away at the Old Order establishments in an attempt to apply pragmatically some of the precepts of the New Conscience. Larry Townsend, vice-president of HELP, wrote in the January *California Scene*, regarding the syndicate and the Sunshine State Tavern Guilds: ". . . I think it unlikely that we are ever going to get a clear picture of how deeply any syndicate has extended its tentacles into our taverns and other businesses. I would be naive to suggest there aren't any, or that none of the S.F. Tavern Guild/HELP members are

suspect. As a bar patron, I don't think it really matters, not as long as the tavern maintains a responsible control over its premises. I do feel that any business existing solely on the gay dollar should be compelled (by a unanimous, patronize-or-don't-patronize attitude among our own people) to support the local community . . . In the long run, this will be the answer to the syndicate. And the police, if they had any sense, would utilize the good offices of the tavern guilds to make their own jobs easier . . ."

Whether you believe in working on your own head, alone, and taking your loner stand vis a vis bars, etc., perhaps eschewing them or at any rate bringing to them a fresh set of values and expectations if you do patronize them, or whether you believe in cooperating with other gays in some dynamic organized approach, the point is be FOR, not just AGAINST, for Christ's sake!

NEW BAR DEBUT

STAR BAR of the week (see barguide, p. 2) was *Uncle Charlie's South*, which opened its doors with a lot of fanfare the first Thursday of February. Following in the footsteps of its parent operation uptown, the Murray Hill bistro is a friendly spot *already*, handsomely decorated, with three cruisy, inviting rooms providing quick change of scene and the opportunity for making repeated "entrances" during an evening. Commented one brother, "This has obviously been designed with great pains and care to make the gay customer happy in his surroundings; it's not just some joint converted." Quite so, it's a winner. Though one would hope they'll soon have rid themselves of perhaps the worst singer in captivity, whose lousy voice was exceeded only by her phony, sexist hetero "show biz" presentation. And with all the great gay entertainers on the loose! She was piped to all the rooms so that you couldn't get away from her, the only down of the evening. "She has a beautiful face, though," I noted to a friend, trying to be kind. "So does Nefertete," retorted he, "and she keeps quiet." Do check out *Uncle Charlie's South* right away and pay

your respects to proud Uncle Bob who did it all and Jerry . . . Another stunningly put together place, perhaps the most charming in the whole city right now, is *Brothers and Sisters*, in the Dance Belt. Quite convenient after attending services of the MCC at St. Clement's, 4 pm Sundays (grown from 16 to 45 attending in just four weeks), or the theatre.

MARDI GRAS, NY STYLE

LEE BREWSTER, who is Queens Liberation, is one of the most charismatic personalities in Manhattan's gay community, as demonstrated once again in one of the atmospheres in which it's most difficult for anyone to outshine: a drag ball. Presiding over the hijinks at her own second annual Mardi Gras Ball at the seedy but still ornate old Hotel Diplomat, Lee brought off a wild show and pageant which was as colorful and visually exciting as anything this side of the Lido de Tropicana in Las Vegas. Wearing a hoydenish hairdo (platinum) herself, contrasting with her chic and subdued black crepe gown, Lee managed to keep the whole pinata from exploding at the wrong time or enthusiasm from going too far (as in *The Queen*), remained unflappable when stripper Mr. Bobbie Barton fell off the runway and the costume parade got off to a false start or the "floats" kept coming one after the other as the 3 am deadline for finishing up approached.

Quite an orator (see my references to Lee's GAA nominations night speech in *GAY* no. 69), Lee delighted the very mixed bag of a crowd with her introductory remarks: "Homosexuals, heterosexuals, transsexuals, Lesbians—and God only knows what *else* is out there—welcome. We are all human beings . . . here to show you this is a valid way of life, our way of life, and we wouldn't have it any other way!" Later on, covering for something or other that had gone awry, Lee made a quip then topped herself with, "Oh, well, I'm not an actress, I'm a politician."

Politician / impresario / hostess with the mostest, Lee commanded quite a turnout of gay celebrities and one celebrated non-gay, Walter Kent of the *Beacon Baths*, who brought a large party and had the time of his life in the true spirit of carnival, which is ecumenical, humanly speaking. Other notables included Bruce King, editor of *Gay Scene*, and DeeDee, marryin' man Little John Basso and Lyn. Also one of the first famous bods from the days before everybody went nude: Letch Feely of the novel *Little Me* fame, more dashingly handsome than ever. Oh yes, I was one of the judges, pinch-hitting for Lige and Jack. I'd never tried to be objective about anything quite like this before, and let me tell you it made the Groovy Guy contest a breeze to judge by comparison (for one thing, Lee didn't provide us with forms or established criteria). At least I *now* know what "loudness" means. Do you?

MORE 'NIGHTRIDE' FORUMS

SINCE THE SUCCESS of the first symposiums conducted mid-January on the stage of the Off-Broadway Vandam Theatre after the *Nightride* curtain by Merle Miller, Dr. George Weinberg and me, a whole series has been planned. Speaking on the subject "*Nightride* and the Homosexual Today," guests will include professors, writers for the gay press, clerics, authors, and at least one lively transvestite activist, my favorite, Bebe, who upset homo-baiting Council De

(continued on page 18)

Police Report Entrapments To U.S. Government

(continued from page 1)

view of homosexuals than the current police, became Chief of the Morals Division (MD) of D.C. police. It was MD men who had been in Lafayette Park. The 500-odd MD arrests per year fell to 70, where they've remained until 1971, when the number nearly doubled. (Since so few homosexual arrests are made by the other D.C. police or by the suburban officers, this article will not discuss those forces.) In that year, charges of public sodomy appeared for the first time in the MD arrest book, involving those arrested at a parking garage at 9th and D Streets, N.W., and in the ever-popular Black Forest. (But the charges are always reduced to misdemeanors.) Charges of "solicitation for immoral conduct"—meaning an offer of sodomy for a price—seemed to be directed almost exclusively against black transvestites. Usually unemployed or working at menial jobs, they couldn't afford the \$500 fine (the stiffest fine for sexual offenses) and usually received jail sentences.

The new head of the MD (the lenient Moyer retired in 1968) has claimed credit for the increase in D.C. arrests. At a Sept. 2nd meeting with a GAA delegation, Bishop (true to his name) protested that he was merely enforcing the laws regarding public sex and that, although he had assigned these laws the Morals Division's lowest priority, his changes in MD policies had resulted in more arrests for all morals violations—which included gambling, prostitution, pornography, drugs and liquor. Later, activist Cade Ware exclaimed at a GAA meeting, "Why, it's not persecution, it's efficiency!"

When Kameny asked Bishop if heterosexuals were also being arrested for public sex, Bishop answered that the U.S. Park Police were seeing to that. No one thought to ask why the MD couldn't take care of its own business. It didn't matter, though; because the USPP arrest book revealed that heterosexuals—unlike those "felonious fags"—are very law-abiding, not one offense appearing in the headquarters arrest book for the first eight months of 1971.

Also attending the meeting was Lt. Richards, head of the Prostitution, Perversion, and Obscenity Branch of the Morals Division. When Kameny suggested the substitution of uniformed police for plainclothesmen, such as the USPP had done in Lafayette Park, Richards countered that there were too many crimes to spare more uniformed policemen . . . but not so many crimes that D.C. couldn't spare 14 un-uniformed police for his branch.

Bishop vowed never to arrest consenting adults sodomizing in private, but then why monitor only two when you can easily arrest scores in a sex park? He suggested this when he noted that setting the baths up for a raid required a greater commitment of resources than a raid on the Black Forest, but that it had to be done occasionally, since the baths are legally public. The bars will be left alone, so long as no groping or other public sex occurs there. Kameny finds little fault with the MD on that point, and also commends it for ferreting out blackmailers and for removing plainclothesmen from T-room peepholes. "But then," said one outdoor sportsman, "they probably enjoy seeing the sex-park orgies more, anyway."

A meeting on January 21st with Chief Wright, head of the U.S. Park Police, was more productive than the one with the Morals Division. At issue were 60 arrests in woods near the Iwo Jima Memorial, just across the Potomac River from downtown Washington, in Arlington County, Virginia. A demonstration that resulted in six arrests (charges have since been

dropped) showed GAA's growing impatience with D.C. area police practices. Wright correctly assessed this mood, agreeing to replace the plainclothesmen with uniformed policemen for a trial period of indeterminate length. A decision will be made later on whether to trim the bushes. In return, Wright extracted a pledge from the GAA contingent to dissuade gays from cavorting in the park. Said one jaded area resident, "I predict that nothing short of warning signs (and maybe armed guards with police dogs) will keep certain determined ones out. Uniformed policemen are needed there, if for no other reason than to direct the heavy traffic. If admission were charged to places like this, the National Debt would become the National Surplus in no time."

Unlike D.C. plainclothesmen, USPP plainclothesmen are reputedly good-looking men in their 20's. They wear tight clothing (one even had a torn crotch—probably some Hungry Hercules tried to gnaw his way in), and entice impressionable men by talking to them and/or groping themselves. MD plainclothesmen are merely "watch-cops," making arrests when they see the action start. Since autumn, they have been using flash cameras to capture tender moments for their private collections and for the court. It's rumored that some couldn't entice even if they wanted to.

At first there were no complaints about either police force. But that was before the USPP began enticing, some MD plainclothesmen threatened police brutality and called gays "faggot," and charges of police brutality were levelled at the two forces. In the brutality cases, "resisting arrest" was the stock explanation from arresting officers. One Morals Division victim, weighing 128 pounds, resisted so effectively that it took several plainclothesmen and a 10-day hospital stay to teach him law and order. Police Chief Wilson turned over the task of investigating the case, as well as that of another, to a man who "works to weed out homosexuals" from the D.C. police department, according to a local newsletter, the *Gay Blade*. So *Blade* editor Nancy Tucker was not surprised when Wilson (Nixon appointee) wrote her in December that the charges of police brutality "were found to be without basis." By that time, the victim had decided not to bring charges although the case was "perfect" according to his lawyer.

The lawyer with the "perfect" case was a man recommended by the Mattachine Society of Washington for arrest cases. He always advises his clients to plead "Not Guilty." Those who do so are always acquitted. He notes that more gays are willing to fight in court lately. His fee averages \$350. It's about \$150 for the little-known procedure of expungement. Whenever one is arrested in America, he has an arrest record, even if there is an acquittal or if the district attorney drops the charge. A not-always successful court procedure, expungement erases all records. The gays to whom this reporter spoke were so relieved to be free, that they ignored my warnings regarding expungement:

You don't really need expungement, unless you intend to apply for a federal government job. Then J. Edgar Hoover dutifully forwards your records to your intended agency.

Even if acquitted in D.C., you can still lose your job. One of the questions asked on the arrest form is "Where do you work?" For years, Mattachine has urged gays to ignore this form, since it serves no useful purpose. Gays to whom I've spoken readily answered it though, even though not coerced. Perhaps they felt

sorry for those poor policemen who had to work nights because of them. Bishop claimed that a directive orders him to call the federal government if the arrested person mentions federal government as employer. The USPP supposedly calls certain government agencies if the suspect is a federal employee, but only if conviction results. In at least two Iwo Jima cases, the plainclothesmen couldn't wait. Wright promised disciplinary action. "Maybe he'll make them wear their uniforms," said a GAA member.

The outraged gay community seeks to dismantle the police and legal structures who have caused so much misery. In addition to the aforementioned meetings to introduce termites into the police structures, the community is taking an ax to one of the most vital pillars of the public-sex laws. In a pre-trial hearing for nine gays arrested in the skin-flick room of a 9th and E Streets, N.W. erotica shop, Lt. Richards of the Morals Division asserted that although 98 to 99 percent of those arrested for "lewd, obscene or indecent acts" in D.C. were gay males, the law was not being selectively enforced against them. And all along we thought that the USPP handled the dirty work, where straights were involved. True, a few token arrests of heterosexuals lift the police out

of the slime of pure discrimination to the rarefied atmosphere of partial discrimination. When one of the defense lawyers asked Bishop if he thought the law should be changed because it's too vague, Bishop rushed in to clarify it: "... to me an indecent act is . . . (long pause) I know it when I see it." Observers laughed.

If the police themselves don't know the meaning of the public sex laws they enforce, "interpretation" easily slides into "abuse." The win-rate of Mattachine's lawyer in the D.C. cases who pleaded "Not Guilty" suggests that the judges feel D.C. police to have erred on the side of abuse. The laws probably should deal only with adult-minor relations and unwanted force (S&M being wanted force). Similar to laws regarding pornography and marijuana, the behavior outlawed doesn't warrant the punishment administered. Or the side effects, such as lost job or mate. The laws must change, to strike a balance between justice and human nature . . . as well as the American temperament, since public sex as performed in the U.S. is as efficient, practical, fast—and therefore as American—as a McDonald's restaurant: a quick pickup to go, or to eat on the spot.

Protestors Face Trials For Lindsay Zaps

New York, N.Y.—The Lindsay 7, the protestors arrested at City Hall on January 24, were charged with disorderly conduct and the obstruction of the administration of government. Charged with the Class A misdemeanor are Cora Perrotta, Bruce Gelbert, Nathalie Rockhill, Brenda Howard, Joan (pronounced Jo-Ann) Carroll, Ed Eisenberg and Frank Arango. Trial is set for March 3. Members of the group chained themselves to the railing and refused to move until police carried them away bodily. The purpose of the action was to express protest against the alleged inaction of Mayor Lindsay in assuring passage of the New York City gay civil rights bill, Intro 475.

Another group, known as the Lindsay 8, protested the mayor's inaction on Intro 475 by invading his campaign head-

quarters at 415 Madison Avenue. Its members, Frank Arrango, Richard Wandel, GAA president, Steve Ashkanazy, Martin Clabby, Paul Hons, James Vetter, Morty Manford and Cathy Stein are charged with criminal trespass. One of the demonstrators, Morty Manford, claimed that he was pushed by Charles Slepian, Lindsay's Commissioner of Public Events. Morty asked a nearby policeman to take action against Slepian. The cop did nothing. Slepian pushed Morty again and Morty pushed back. This time Slepian asked the cop to take action, and the patrolman did. Morty is suing and thinks he has a good chance of winning, for the entire encounter was recorded on videotape.

A hearing was held on February 8, and the trial is scheduled for March 16 at 100 Centre Street at 9:30 a.m. in room 1 for the entire group.

Federal Funds For "Gay House" Proceed

Minneapolis, Minn.—The alderman who tried to criticize a federal Model Cities grant to Gay House community center was shunned by his political colleagues on a Minneapolis City Council committee.

The way now is clear for the \$1,000 grant for a part-time recreation director to line up picnics, outings, ski weekends and ball teams for Gay House's young crowd, intended as an alternative to gay bars.

Jens Christensen, a crew-cut conservative who has often criticized the Model Cities social and urban renewal program, said in January that the Gay House grant "may not be in the best interests of Model Cities," but refused to say why he thought so.

Gay House leaders and gay activists showed up for the next committee meeting February 1st to speak their piece—and demand to know why Christensen thinks it's a good idea to encourage minors to

hang around gay bars.

Aldermen John Cairns and Louis DeMars were ready to assist, but didn't have to. The committee chairman, James Butler, was so upset by Christensen's criticism—and by the prospect of gay activist Jack Baker's delivering an angry statement to the committee—that Butler scooted right through the question.

Butler asked if the City Park Board was represented, to explain why it approved the recreation grant. No one from the Park Board was on hand, so Butler gratefully accepted DeMars' motion to table the question once and for all.

"It's really the Park Board's job, to supervise the recreation program," Alderman Cairns said later. "The only use Christensen has for Model Cities is for something to criticize."

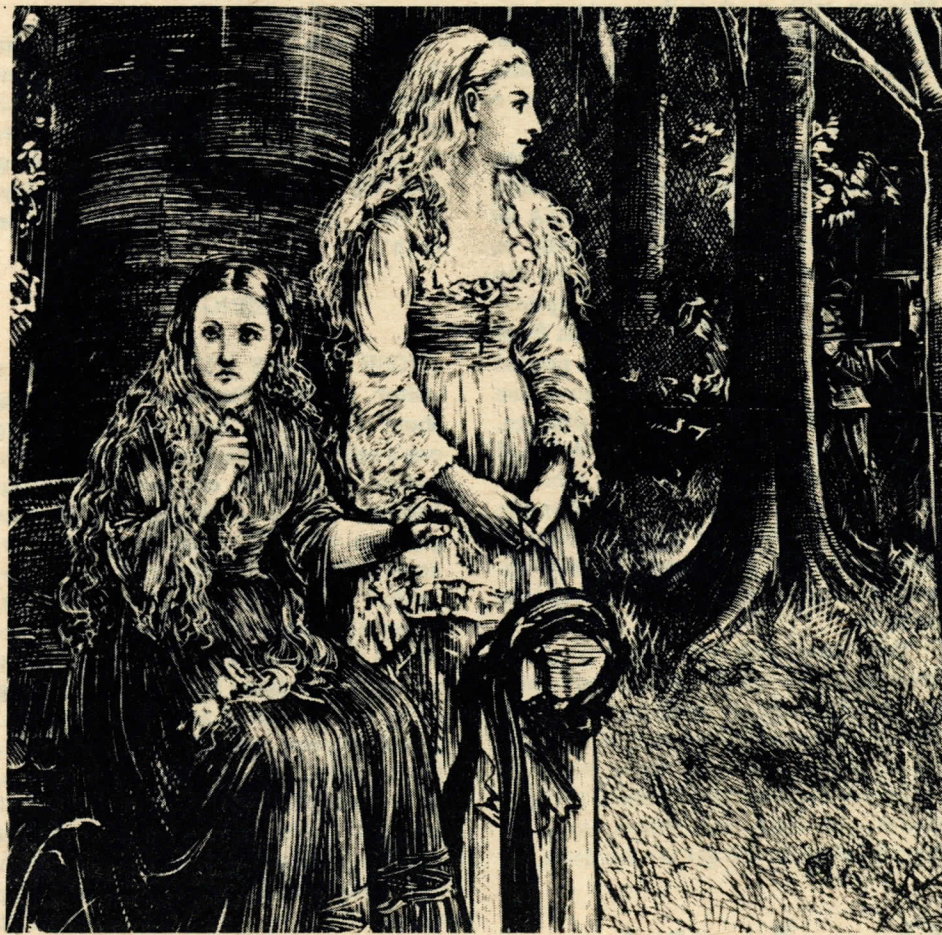
The Park Board, which approved the Gay House grant and 18 others on January 5th, has ignored the controversy.

Loosely About Women Carmilla

BY SOREL DAVID AND
BILLIE BILLING

We have been trying to get together for a few days now to write this review and with each new day that goes by we find ourselves disliking the play just a little bit more. Adapted from the novelette by J.S. LeFanu (according to the program notes, myself I never heard of the dude—Sorel) (novelette—does that mean it was written by a woman?—Billie), with script by Wilford Leach, music by Ben Johnston, directed by Mr. Leach and John Braswell and presented by the ETC Company of the La Mama Theatre or the La Ma-Ma' as the slightly phoney French accented woman said. Oh, well, you know how these theatre people are. *Carmilla* is a modern opera in one act and thirteen scenes and I bet you never thought we'd get all of that nonsense into one sentence. We didn't, actually, we left out that the thing is a horror story set in a castle somewhere (naturally), all about a vampire and some say, lesbian. The lesbian angle, however, is a matter of some dispute. The truth is we don't really have too terribly much to say about the play and we thought we'd better get down to it today before we forget completely what little there was of it.

The play opens with one of the two main protagonists, Laura, the eventual victim, seated on a very interesting old couch. This couch, along with the images flashed on a screen behind it throughout the performance, was probably the best part of the production and although the cast was small, there were opera singers coming out of the woodwork. After singing some background information for us, Laura then relates a strange frightening dream from her youth. The next event of importance is the arrival of Carmilla on the scene. This songbird comes complete with deep blood red lipstick, witchy



"Love is a para para paradox . . ."

black hair, long red pointed fingernails, pale white skin and pointed teeth—it's certainly not the good fairy, folks. That's right. You guessed it. It's the vampire. Carmilla then reveals, tra-la-la, that she too had a strange dream and the girls discover that each had been in the other's dream. Spooky. Spooky. After this, the plot didn't quite thicken, as they say; in fact, it became downright transparent. You knew exactly what was going to happen from here on in. It became, at this point, only a matter of finding out how the great vampire take-over and/or seduction would be accomplished. In other words, after about scene four or so, the play dragged quite a bit.

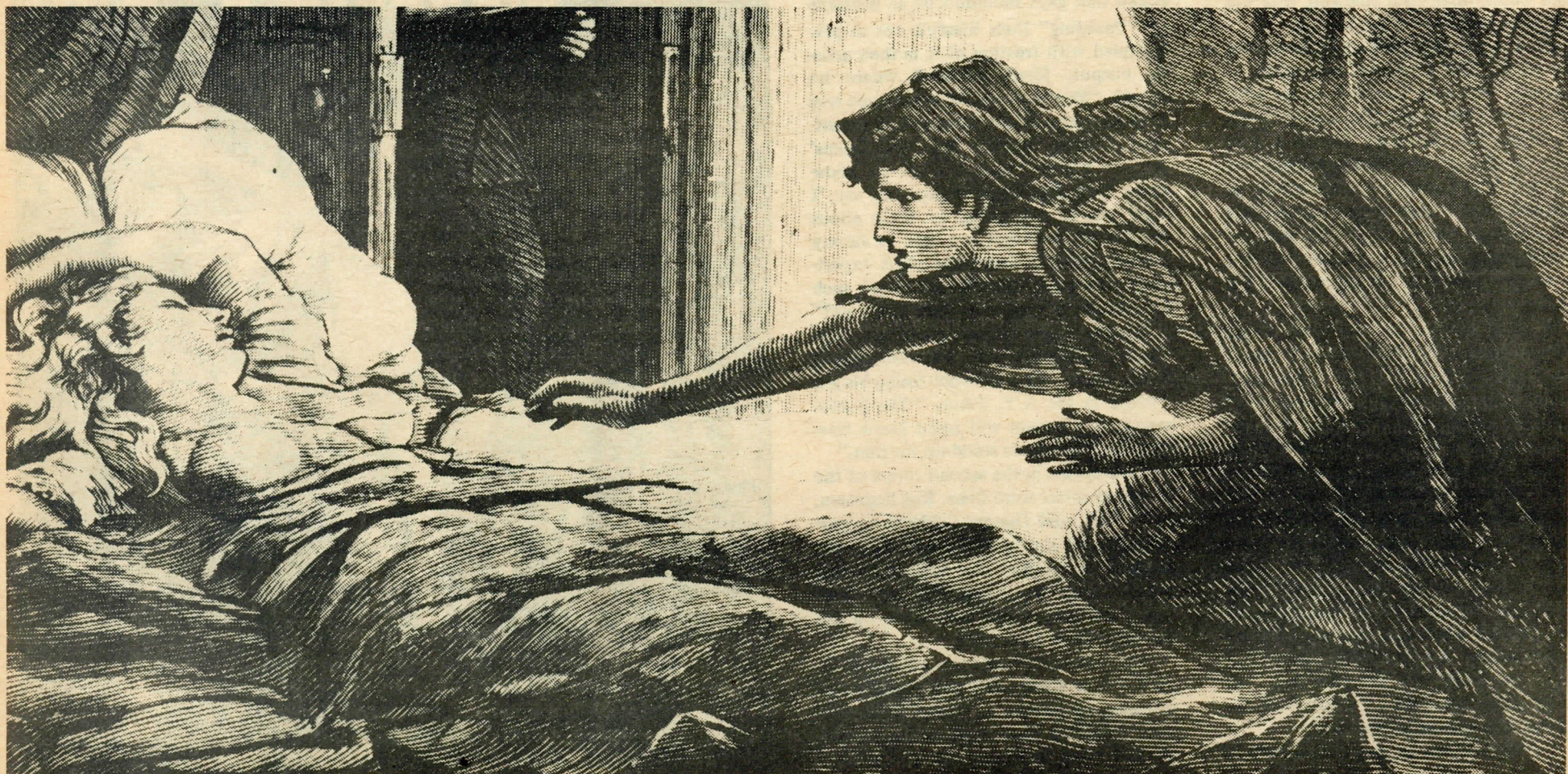
On the whole, Ben Johnston's music seemed adequate though uninspiring and

really pretty terrible in one or two isolated spots. The musicians, however, under the direction of Zizi Mueller, for having little to work with, performed admirably. One musical low point was reached with a little ditty, marking the mid-point of the drama, actually a climax of sorts, called "Love Is A Strange Paradox" or some other nonsense equally profound. For this number, sung by Carmilla, the baroque-ish, classical sounding musical mode of the opera was suddenly abandoned in favor of a hard driving heavily boring rock beat featuring good old Vampy shrieking, "Love is a para, para, dox, paradox, para, para . . ." for a good ten minutes or so. The final shriek-out at the end of the show was equally impressive, so much so that we can't seem to

remember much beyond the fact that it too was about love. Oh well, what else is there in life? Actually, that last statement isn't really fair, for after all the thing is mainly about love, love and blood sucking, the great parallels between them. In a somewhat similar vein (ho ho ho), the performances of the two leading ladies (Margaret Menczak as Laura, Sandra Johnson as Carmilla) seemed to be lacking in life, blood, energy or whatever it is that is necessary to make a memorable performance. John Braswell's bit as a hunchback weirdo selling potions, in contrast, showed us what one ought to expect from the stage.

If anything, the lesbian angle was played down in favor of a more general statement of love and the sexual overtones of vampirism. The thing would have worked just as well if it had been about a man and a woman. The two girls behaved like any innocent school chums might, all hand-holding and huggy-bug, while the images flashed onto the screen behind them grew increasingly more erotic as the play progressed. This, if anything, was the saving grace of the show. Aubrey Beardsley-like drawings of naked women alternating with close-up slides of a woman's breast and one sketch showing a woman masturbating were particularly arousing. These scenes, providing some erotic excitement at least, where other interest was lacking, served to heighten the tensions leading up to and surrounding the final kiss.

Still, the most memorable part of the evening, all in all, was the Chinese food we had after the show. But lesbians being lesbians and knowing how to make do in this evil old world, we managed to extract some pleasure from the performance anyway. Billie liked Laura, the red-headed ingenue-type victim, while Sorel, being always a bit perverse, preferred her seducer, claiming that the vampire reminded her of her dear old mother.



Is it a bat? A woman? A lesbian vampire?

GAA

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ways, regardless of the demand, the GAA's first step has been to try to gain a hearing by whatever socially acceptable methods existed, even ostensible ones, which everyone knew would not prove satisfactory. Not till the denials have come have there been marches and angry confrontations.

You might say that *escalation* is the basic method of the GAA. If at first you don't succeed, try a little more boisterously. Keep looking for key people and raise the decibels till they cannot help but hear you. The method assumes that errors will be made, and has room for corrections next time. (Recently, an intended sit-in on Lindsay proved a waste, because instead of appearing on the Barry Gray Show as expected, Lindsay had taped the show in advance.) But this didn't dim the eagerness of those who appeared to make other appearances later. Tenacity has been a virtue of the GAA since its inception, just as *escalation* has been its method.

In pushing Intro 475 as far as it went, the method of escalation and the virtue of tenacity were vital. In the beginning, it was easy to get certain people to represent the bill. The real problem was getting the committee to consider it. It had been sitting for months and the critical question was, "Who has the power to force consideration of the bill?" At the start, it appeared that the only answer was "Councilman Thomas Cuite." Following their procedure of using acceptable routes of access if possible, the GAA tried to contact Cuite, who removed himself.

Then, one day, ten to twenty people met near City Hall and picketed. When this brought no show of interest, a few days later, at sundown, five hundred people marched carrying candles from the GAA headquarters at 99 Wooster Street to City Hall Park. The march earned media coverage, but still no reply from Cuite. Another day, a small group went to the doors of City Hall in an effort to see Cuite, and when burly guards at the door stopped them, they shouted, attracting the attention of the police. Hundreds of other protesters who had been waiting in the adjacent park came forward. Cuite fled deeper than ever into the bowels of City Hall. At that point the escalation method must have appeared stymied to some. But with its characteristic tenacity, the group shifted its plans and undertook a concerted effort to get cooperation from Councilman Saul Sharison, who was also empowered to release the bill.

Once again the method of escalation was used. First a request was made of Sharison, which he declined to consider. Then it was discovered that though Sharison took five thousand dollars a year extra to chair a committee which had two hundred bills awaiting consideration, he had not called a single committee meeting for over two years. Intro 475 was one item in the heap. The GAA this time was to act as an agent for the taxpayers of the City of New York.

A small march to Sharison's home brought curious neighbors to hear about Sharison's misuse of the taxpayers' money, and to reconsider whether they wanted a tenant who was to be the subject of so much clamor on the main floor of their apartment house. A noisy future was promised, and besides, Sharison had two dwellings, one real and the other a dummy to qualify him as representing a particular neighborhood. Trial and error was starting to pay off. If previously there had been critics of the tactic of marches and some had dropped out, the remainders and the newcomers must have been heartened, for the case this time could entail more than the charge of discrimination against homosexuals.

I do not mean to give the impression

that the GAA was synonymous with all of the activities mentioned. Homosexuals, and some heterosexuals, from many corners bulwarked the number of GAA members at nearly every stage. But the GAA was at the core of each of these enterprises, and has been by far the largest unified, vociferous group. When a thousand strong returned to Sharison's home some days later, the police were waiting. Some arrests were made, but Sharison, with much to fear, released the bill for consideration. Though it was defeated, it seems certain the acceleration tactic of the GAA had accomplished a great deal.

At any point along the way, when there was no sign of response, it would have been easy to berate the GAA as rowdies. But I think that especially in connection with Intro 475, the GAA did its best not to be excessive in disruption. Perhaps a greater shift in decorum from the streets to the courtroom was needed than could be mustered. So goes one theory—Sharison's theory. But I disagree. The bill would surely have been defeated anyhow. And even if politeness becomes the right tactic, it would have broken the spirit of the people in the courtroom to have played the polite game of their oppressors and to have been rejected anyhow.

There are many who stand to profit from Intro 475—heterosexuals and homosexuals. Freedom is good for all, and a decent ethic tends to generalize throughout a society. Most of those who will profit will not help. But I believe that gay groups, the GAA and others, some of them boisterous, will get the job done.

Gay Insider

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Marco at the Intro 475 hearings by being logical and suggesting that cross-dressers could tell vice cops a thing or two about how to fool muggers. "We can also take care of ourselves," Bebe pointed out to him in advocating hiring of homosexuals.

While the beginning of the first symposium was mildly disrupted by a couple of the usual attention-getters who are always "agin" rather than "fer" something and whose all-inclusive, all-encompassing pejorative is "bullshit" (after which they walk out, leaving unsophisticated gays wondering what happened and what they were talking about), the two sessions we participated in were rich in audience participation, lively and thought-provoking.

To a few audience members who suggested that gays shouldn't be so insistent on "flaunting" their lifestyle nor so preoccupied with treating of it in their artistic output, Merle declared where he stands: "The homosexual experience is as deep and part of one as the black experience. Classic 'liberals' and 'libertarians' say, 'If you're black I want to know about that.' But if you're gay, they say, 'I hope you're not going to write about that.' They wouldn't say that to Jimmy Baldwin writing about the black experience. Any other minority would say such an attitude is shameful. Why don't we?"

On the same subject, *Nightride* playwright Lee Barton—who has been obliged to use a pen name to avoid losing his job—wrote in the *N.Y. Times*, "The homosexual as a person will never know freedom until his artists stand up for him."

Participants in the second round of the proposed series were Bebe, Ros Regelson, of N.Y.U., and George Caldwell, boyish managing editor of *Stein and Day* who brought to fruition the *Teal* book and Pete Fisher's upcoming *The Gay Mystique* and who made such a hit on the Susskind Show last spring.

The Susskind Show, you will recall, included four kooky Aesthetic Realists representing themselves as "cured" homosexuals. Though I was interviewed and tentatively invited to appear opposite them, I

aced myself out by declaring how I felt about their position: Cured homosexuals are either frauds lying to the world, frauds lying to themselves psychically as gays struggling to be whole persons, or experimenters who have diverted themselves from their heterosexuality for a time and found exclusive homosexuality impossible. Look at the homosexuals who go the same route, trying exclusive heterosexuality for whatever reason one tries something "unnatural" for himself!

Obviously I believe that for now and for some time to come it is incumbent upon most of us to choose, or that most humans who like to think of themselves as bisexual will opt for one way of loving over the other. Otherwise, as in *Sunday*, *Bloody Sunday*, one runs away from both!

ROAMING GAILY

THOSE CHAINS WITH PADLOCKS a visitor to the Firehouse sees hanging about the office walls are for locking one's self to City Hall fences and administrators' desks; they are not S&M accoutrements *per se*... Village and Chelsea gays are adding to their Saturday afternoon shopping itinerary a visit to the *Liberation House* Gay Collective's bake sale, begun the last week in January and expected to become a regular feature of the new group of sisters and brothers creating a new center out of 247 W. 11th Street. Hours are noon to 5:30. For sale are fresh bread, cake, pie and assorted pastries. Gays can phone *Liberation House* at 242-7521, noon to 11 pm, for advice and help, including draft counseling... A new Gay Switchboard just beginning operation has as its number 924-4036. It is not yet open 24 hrs. daily and is staffed by volunteers, so gays are urged to be patient if all the information they seek is not yet available... The Board and Executive Committee of the *Homosexual Community Counseling Center*, phone 834-1159, has just circulated a letter declaring its support of its director, Dr. Ralph Blair, who had been charged by four members of its old steering committee with "financial irregularities" and disavowing those members who are representing themselves as the HCCC. In short, it's another internecine battle that serves only to upset the gay community and

provide fodder for the straights' cannon. However, this group has a lot of big brass on its executive committee and board of trustees and can surely weather storms internal and external. Among its trustees are Dr. Evelyn Hooker and Dr. Martin Hoffman, who are indeed strange bedfellows with anti-homosexual radio moderator Barry Farber, who said on the air in my presence last spring that he found the sight of males dancing with males "distasteful." Both Ruth Simpson, then president of DOB, and I attacked him for his bias, which he adamantly defended. At the close of the show he announced that he would again broach the subject (of Homosexuals, Their Rights and Responsibilities), but "with a different cast of characters." Also too much for contact sports enthusiast Barry, defeated by gay-supported Bella Abzug in his last Congressional bid, were Jim Owles and the then vice-presidents of GAA and DOB... Speaking of Jim and the former GAA veep Arnie Kantrowitz, each has proceeded out of office into the joys of a love affair—and not with each other, *that* having been a purely political liaison. Comments a brother, "It couldn't happen to nicer people, and isn't that what all this politicizing is about—a road to Mecca, a way to get to the place, somehow, where you can build a substantial relationship with another gay?"... Lovers who've found happiness through business, radiant Dwayne and voluptuous Bill of the *Village Pleasure Chest*, have just given birth to a new operation: another *Pleasure Chest*, Middle East Side, 248 E. 50th Street. They sell water beds, mood lights, sex accessories, erotic art and very adult toys... Profound sympathies to great gay visionary and humanitarian Morris Kight of L.A. and the gay world upon the loss of his loving companion Larry Allen, who died January 22. But what a consolation to know that, because Morris has made no secret of his proud gay life, the whole community can mourn with him! So many, many gays receive no condolences at all when their mates die, that is not commensurate with what they have meant to each other. Straights can beat their breasts and hire professional mourners, if they wish, but we are denied human status in our grief as well as our joy. Thanks to people like Morris, that is all changing now.



Could Mao figure out the gender of this Mardi Gras bacchante? Talk about Cultural Revolution!

As Free As Birds In A Preserve

BY AARON BATES

Recently a friend from South Africa visited me. As we flitted butchly from one night spot to another, I found myself slipping into gay slang as I described the denizens of the homosexual deep. Edgar looked bewildered, but with a stiff upper lip began rambling away in South African gay slang. It was all jabberwocky to me, so after ten minutes or so, we both decided that communication could be enhanced by swapping notes.

Before I report my findings, however, I would like to furnish a little background information about South Africa today. First of all, homosexuality is blossoming, particularly in major cities such as Johannesburg, Praetoria and Capetown. Until several years ago, there existed a policy of police harassment until the government decided that it was best to have the gays off the streets and in the bars. Now the gay bar life is flourishing, although problems can still be encountered in the public parks and "cottages" (or, as we would say, "t-rooms"). In other words, homosexuals are as free as birds in a preserve.

Still, there remains the problem of interracial sex in a country infamous for its system of Apartheid. Naturally this problem exists for both heteros and gays.

Black people are basically divided into three groupings, and the gays use female names as code words to classify them. In fact, most gay slang in South Africa is founded on the use of female names and this custom was probably developed as a protective device. For example, the Zulu or pure-blooded Negro is referred to as "Zelda." The lighter skinned Bantu becomes "Betty." It's safest to talk about your friend's going with "Betty," especially when "Priscilla" (the police) may be listening.

The word "colora" is used to describe anyone with mixed blood. It comes from the term "coloured person" which is not synonymous with the American term, but refers to mulattos, quadroons, etc.

It is possible for a white person to have a black lover and live together only if the white person claims that his lover is actually a servant. In such a case, the black man must live in separate quarters adjoining his lover's home. Gay black and white relationships are most commonly found in Capetown, so if one wishes to live dangerously, that's the place to be.

Apartheid is a system meant to protect the white minority of South Africa from control by the black majority. By stringent police rule, the black man is "kept in his place" and riots are usually squelched in the womb. Ideally, advocates of Apartheid believe that there will come a time in which blacks and whites can have a "separate but equal" opportunity for living and self-governing and that the present conditions are merely a hated, but only transitory, necessity. The rest of the world remains unimpressed by this claim.

Getting back to the use of female code words, "Rita" stands for "rent," or to put it delicately, someone for hire. "Sally" is for "suck," "Stella" is for "steal" or a thief. "Dora" is a drunk and



In South Africa interracial lovers live together only if the white person claims that his lover is only a servant.

Photo by Pat Rocco

"Hilda" is hideous. "Bella" is a real bash.

Aside from all these ladies, the use of initials is also quite proper on one's gay lexicon. A b.m. is a straight man. Edgar thinks the source of "b.m." is either "baby maker" or "bloody man"—"bloody" in the British sense. But there are many b.m.'s "t.b.h." or "to be had" if one knows how to "camp."

The word "camp" is used exactly the same way as our expression "cruise." It is commonly used in Australia as well. Don't make the mistake an American friend of mine made when an Aussie asked him if he liked "to camp." "In a tent? Not likely," he innocently replied.

Well, now that we have the vocabulary to work with, let's see if we can decipher the following (or I should have put the following at the beginning and confused the hell out of everyone):

"Poor Ralph! He always runs such a risk cottaging the way he does. The other day he was camping it up to the hilt when

a b.m. knocked him on his ass. I've seen the b.m. around and I know he's t.b.h., but he's such a Hilda I don't know why Ralph would want him. He's also Stella, and after he was finished with Ralph, the poor bloke didn't have a penny to his name. I really don't know why Ralph carries on the way he does, especially when he's Betty at home. Of course, Betty is perfectly charming, but they'll wind up in prison if Priscilla finds out about it. Ralph is becoming a regular Dora these days, worrying about Priscilla and whatnot. At any rate, I'll stick to my Rita. I may be paying through the nose, but she's the best Sally in town."

Now wasn't that quaint? Of course, if you were Priscilla and overheard this "nonsense" you wouldn't have any idea of what was being said. However, I hope I haven't made a mistake by writing this column. But I'm sure there are no nasty Hildas among you to send it to the authorities in South Africa.

Many readers may be put off by the idea of visiting South Africa because of its racial policies. It's a pity because scenically, South Africa is probably one of the most beautiful countries in the world. Friend Edgar doesn't approve of Apartheid any more than most people would. Yet he also feels that other countries are a bit too quick to point fingers at a place they've never visited. America, for example, doesn't have the cleanest track record when it comes to racial relations.

Yet South Africa is unique in that it is probably a country living on borrowed time. No matter how efficient a police state, it seems likely that the black majority will someday revolt and a lot of blood will be shed—straight blood and gay blood, black blood and white blood. Perhaps South Africa is the kind of place a writer should visit, particularly if he has aspirations someday of creating a modern *Gone With The Wind*.

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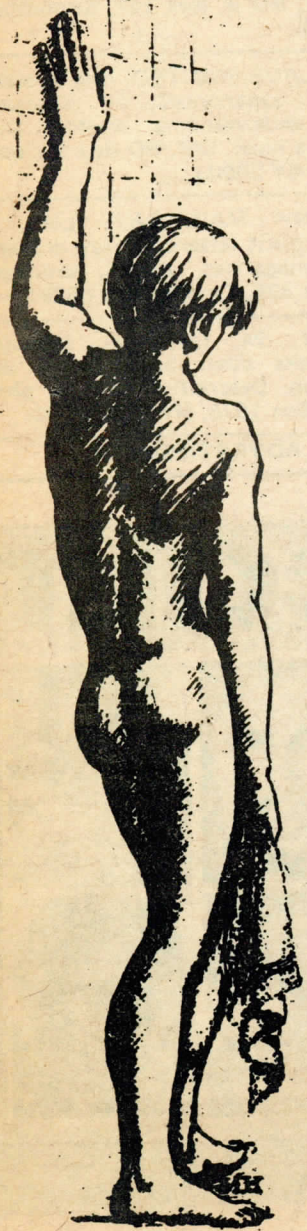
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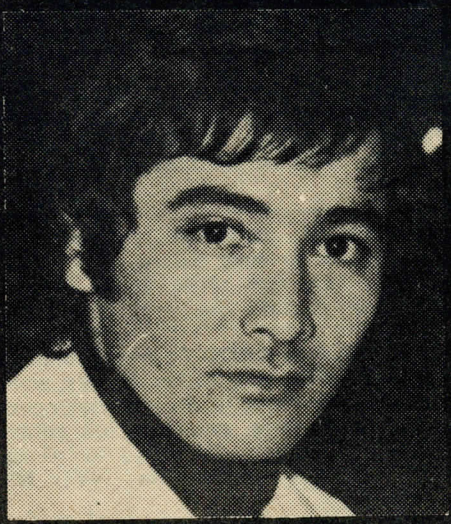
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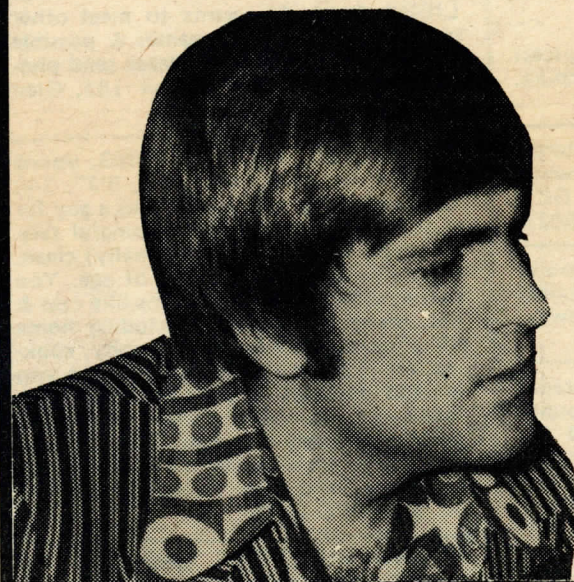
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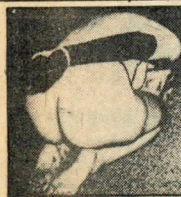
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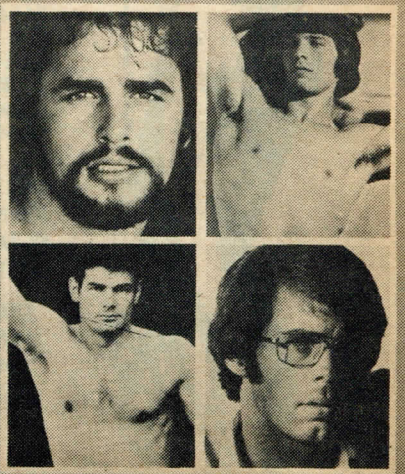
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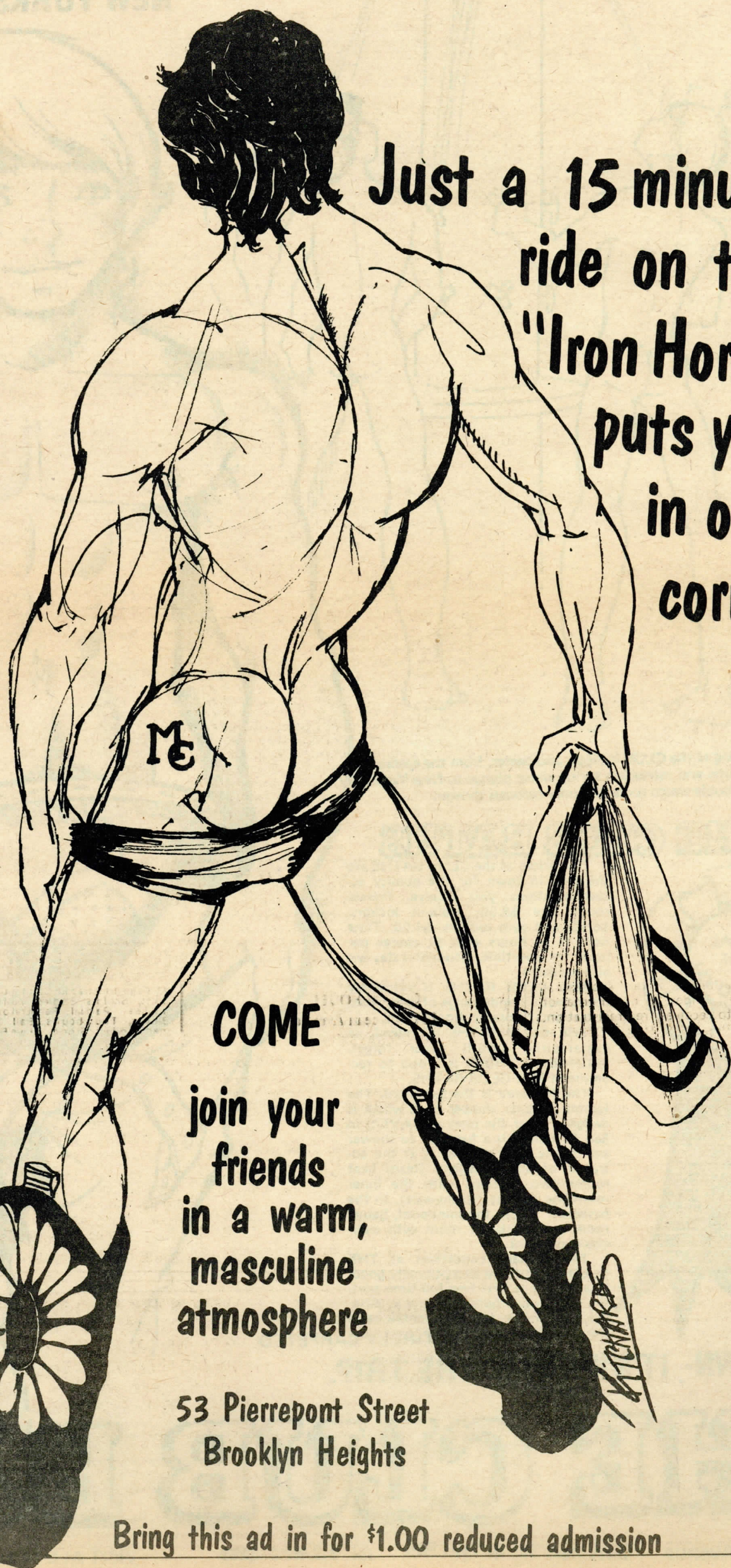
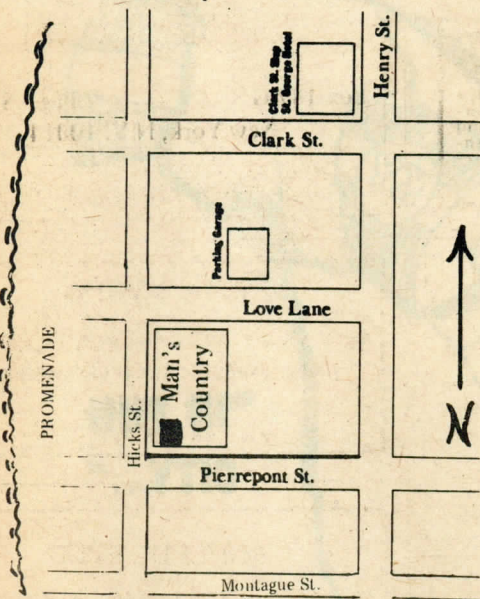
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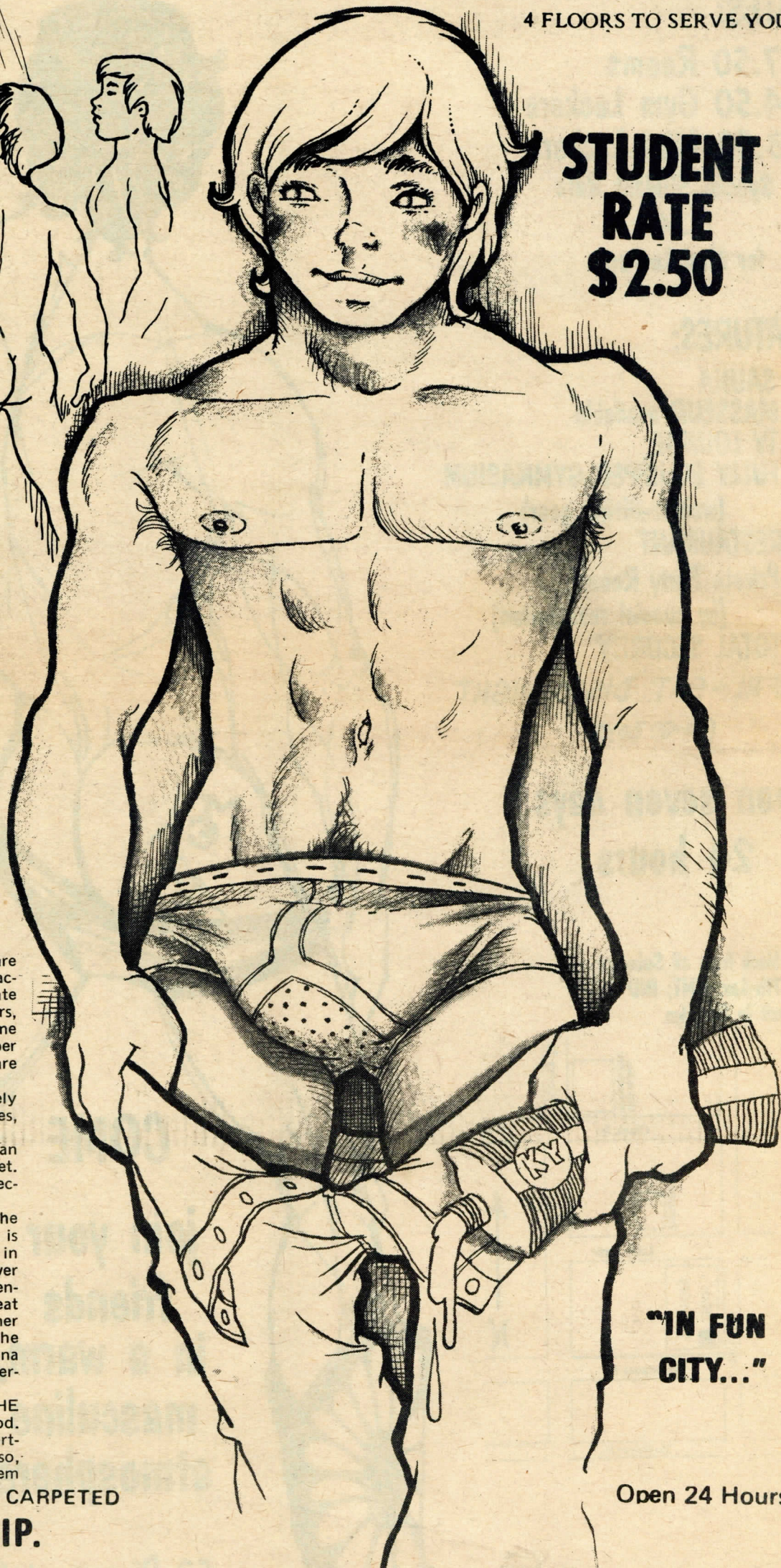
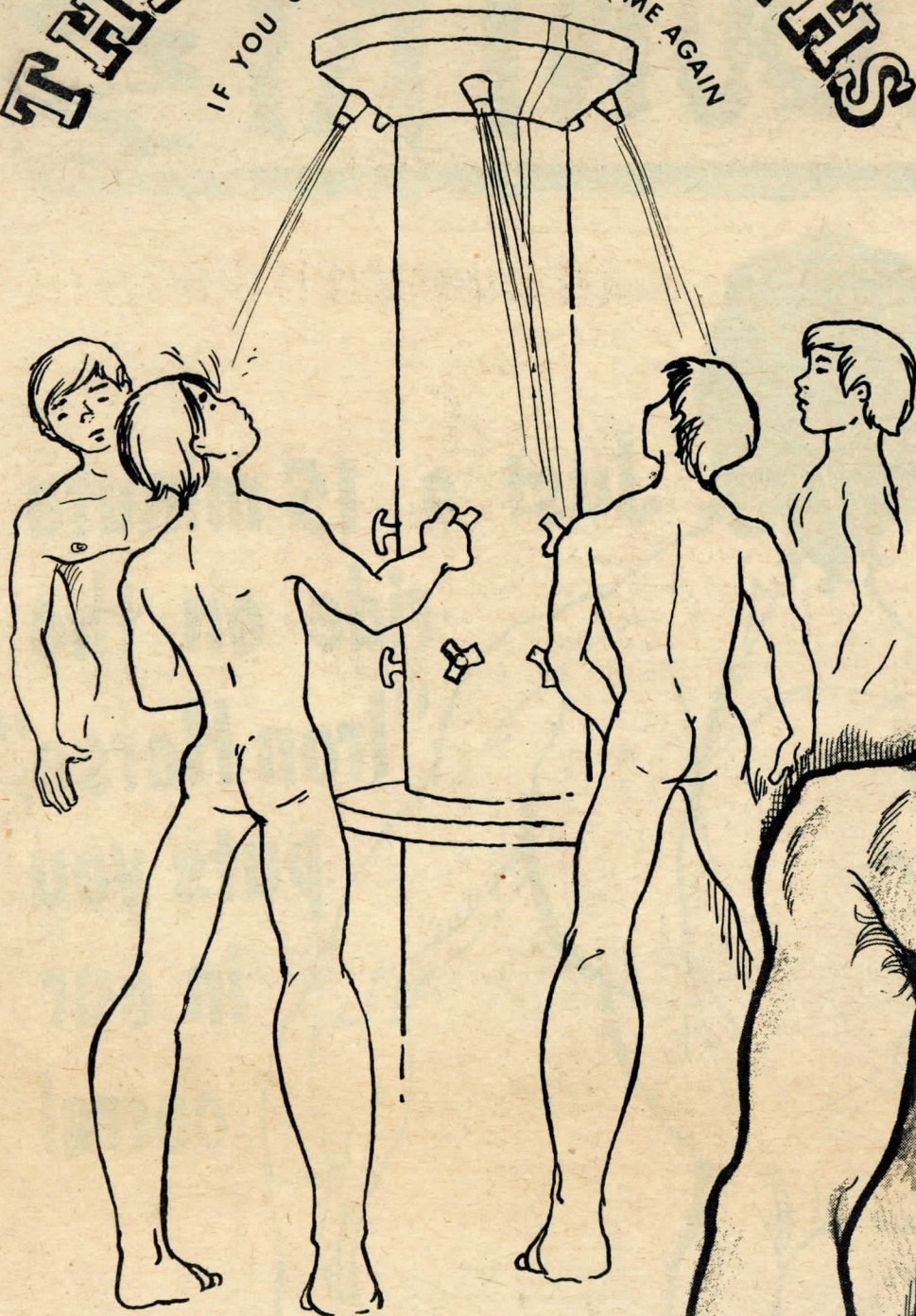
FEATURING NEW YORK CITY'S ONLY

CAROUSEL SHOWER

NEW YORK'S NEWEST AND FINEST

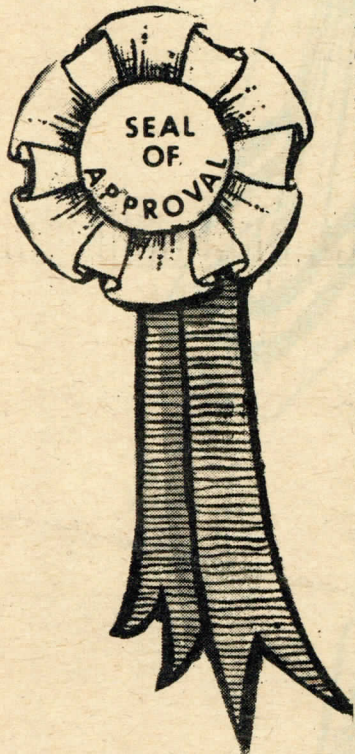
4 FLOORS TO SERVE YOU

**STUDENT
RATE
\$2.50**



Everything at the CLUB is bigger and better, from the spacious cedar sauna and refreshing spring water plunge to New York's largest double steam room and only carousel shower.

THE CLUB BATHS



The prices at the CLUB BATHS are the best in town for the quality accommodations you receive. Private rooms are \$8.50; walk-in lockers, \$6.50; and gym lockers, \$4.50. Time limit is 15 hours with \$1 charge per hour for overtime. Student rates are also available.

THE CLUB BATHS is extremely cruisy with a wide range of ages, sizes, shapes and colors to choose from.

THE CLUB BATHS is, indeed, an experience you'll never forget. MICHAEL'S THING is proud to recommend THE CLUB BATHS.

The fun area is the basement. The famous circular shower head which is designed after the ones at DAVE'S in San Francisco is a fun way to shower and cruise. The shower is at the entrance of the excellent steam heat rooms—two sections with the inner room the hottest (steam-wise). In the basement is also the mini-pool, Sauna room and work-out room with exercise equipment.

The sanitary conditions at THE CLUB BATHS are exceptionally good. One reason is that two full-time porters clean up around the clock. Also, the staff makes the atmosphere seem warm and congenial.

ENTIRELY CARPETED

"IN FUN CITY..."

Open 24 Hours

GO DOWN- IT'S WORTH THE TRIP.

THE CLUB BATHS

24 First Avenue Between 1st & 2nd Sts. Tel. 212-673-3283

VISIT ALL 14 Fabulous Club Baths throughout the USA.