

How to Tell Mom You're Gay
The Etiquette of S&M See Well-Shod Studs!

GAY

MAR. 1974/No. 112 50¢



Photo: Eric Stephen Jacobs

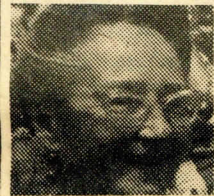
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"HI, MOM! I'M GAY!"

Her son and his gay lover killed themselves together because "they waited too long to **come out**." Ms. Sara Montgomery, the mother, tells their tragic story with a lesson for your parents to read.



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AFTER BETTE MIDLER, WHAT?

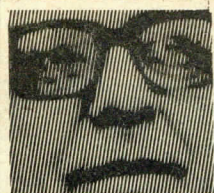
In New York City 1974 a new group called Gotham and a young singer called Steven Grossman face a new audience with new rules. Writer Vito Russo tells why they are going to survive.



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TALES OF CHINESE GORDON

The hero of British schoolboys from the late 1800s to this very day, General Charles "Chinese" Gordon experienced every possible kind of exotic boyflesh imaginable during his globe-girdling career.



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DR. PAUL ROSENFELS SAYS:

"Gay-to-its-ultimate-power is not only acceptable, it's the lifestyle opportunity for the future which can renovate the self-defeating and archaic straight system." John Paul Hudson quotes him more.



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BOYS ON THE "HOTLINE"

They man your calls for advice, help, information, comfort and problem solving, but come on, guys, stop plaguing them with all those masturbation calls. The Gay Switchboard is just **not** into that!



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THE S&M SYMPOSIUM

Our special S&M team conducts your shrinking unwilling consciousness to a higher state of self-awareness. So you **will** read their symposium, and you **will** become aroused by it, you **will**, you **WILL!**

And while you're at it, read some of the behind-the-scenes developments on Intro 2, transvestites and the gay image, more on Houston, plus THRILLS AND OUTRAGES and Greg Battcock's candid observations.

On The Record

BY PETE DVARACKAS

A mother from Duncanville, Texas sent me the following letter:

"Please, please quit sending that horrible, filthy gay magazine to my son. He subscribed to the nasty thing without his Dad or I knowing about it or he never would have done it. We are Christian people and know that homosexuality is the **worst** sin in the Bible. Where do you think Sodom got its name and why God destroyed the city? I know there is no use turning this matter over to the police because, as I understand it, a lot of them are your kind too. But please, as a parent crying out for help, don't send any more of those magazines. You are wasting your time and efforts because we have been throwing them away and Kelly hasn't seen one in months."

If the Texas mother had sent a more complete address, I would have mailed her a copy of this issue in which we interview 75-year-old Sara Montgomery, grandma lib, the mother of a gay son who took his life with his lover because, as Mrs. Montgomery phrased it, "he didn't come out soon enough, and became a victim of ignorance, intolerance, guilt and oppression."

Mrs. Montgomery's observations should become required reading for all parents of gay children, especially parents who have been brainwashed by insidious head shrinks like David Ruben and Charles Socarides who this month are attempting to overturn the decision of the executive board of the American Psychiatric Association to remove homosexuality from the list of mental disorders. These homophobes have made lucrative careers characterizing homosexuals as human **wreckage** and now they have succeeded in getting one per cent of the APA to sign a petition in favor of a referendum to make homosexuality a mental illness **again**. To counteract this grassroots balloting, both the current and future leadership of the APA have mounted an effort to reach the 22,000-member organization with statements urging support for the historic change in nomenclature.

Men like Ruben and Socarides are a threat to gay mental health. They have no interest in the gay consciousness, only in big gay dollars. The tool of success for a gay person is to achieve control over his reality, and the hallmark of that control is **self-esteem**. But instead of promoting the certainty for gays that one is **right** for reality, bug doctors like Ruben and Socarides attempt to project "another" reality, resulting in a lethal conflict, a dichotomy that ultimately tears gays apart.

Does **The New York Times**, the fat cow of the publishing industry, listen when you mail a letter of complaint to the paper? Sometimes.

GAY was annoyed by the continuous references to "homosexual rape" and "homosexual ring" in the **Times'** reports on the Houston murders. So we complained with the following letter:

"The use of the phrase 'a homosexual ring that tortured and murdered 27 local teen-age boys from 1970 to its discovery last summer' in a news item on the Houston murder case is misleading and unfair to homosexuals.

"At least two of the three in the group, David Brooks and Wayne Henley, are, by all accounts, heterosexual. Brooks is married. Henly is engaged. Corll himself was reportedly also engaged to be married.

"Apparently the boys were the victims of a 'rape and murder ring,' not a 'homosexual ring.' Although homosexual rape was involved, it is too broad a generalization to characterize all those involved as 'homosexuals.' Furthermore, when Richard Speck or some other rapist murderer commits a crime, it is not called 'a heterosexual slaying.'

"While this may be semantic nitpicking, such small verbal generalizations cause **all** homosexuals, most of whom are as outraged about the Houston murders as everyone else, to be blamed for this horrible crime.

"Whether you print this letter or not, I do hope you will bring it to the attention of Paul L. Montgomery, your reporter on the case."

The letter **wasn't** printed. However, subsequent news stories in the **Times** have refrained from using the word "homosexual" in reports pertaining to the Houston murders.

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The Mail Bag

GAY OFFENDS HIS SENSIBILITIES

Dear GAY,

I take great offense to your title. I feel that you are doing a great disservice to a great many gay people by using GAY as your title. It is far from gay, it is offensive. With pity for you,

Bob Hilts
Albany, N.Y.

[What makes you the walking paragon of gay virtue? Keep your pity. —Ed.]

TRIBUTE TO
CLARENCE BROWN

Dear GAY,

First let me express my thanks to Randy Wicker for his handsome tribute to Dr. Clarence Brown. His personal recollections and those of his friends showed how this doctor helped an immense number of people in the gay community before his death.

On another matter, I did not understand why "Thrills and Outrages" casually dismissed Broadway's **Find Your Way Home**, labelling it "a piece of shit." I thought otherwise.

Hubert French
New York

[Find Your Way Home has about as much to do with the homosexual consciousness as The Enclave, both gurgling soap operas which should have been let down the drain before they ever hit the stage. —Ed.]

NEW YORK ORGY CIRCUIT

Dear GAY,

Thanks loads for Burt Holder's arti-

cle "My First Orgy" in issue no. 111. As one of the hundreds whose only orgy experience has been at the baths which are too dark and contain either fussy gorgeous guys or eager old men, I look forward to the organized orgy where all conditions are **go!**

C. Berendt
New York

[What's wrong with eager old men? A "grown-up" orgy may reassure you on that score!—Ed.]

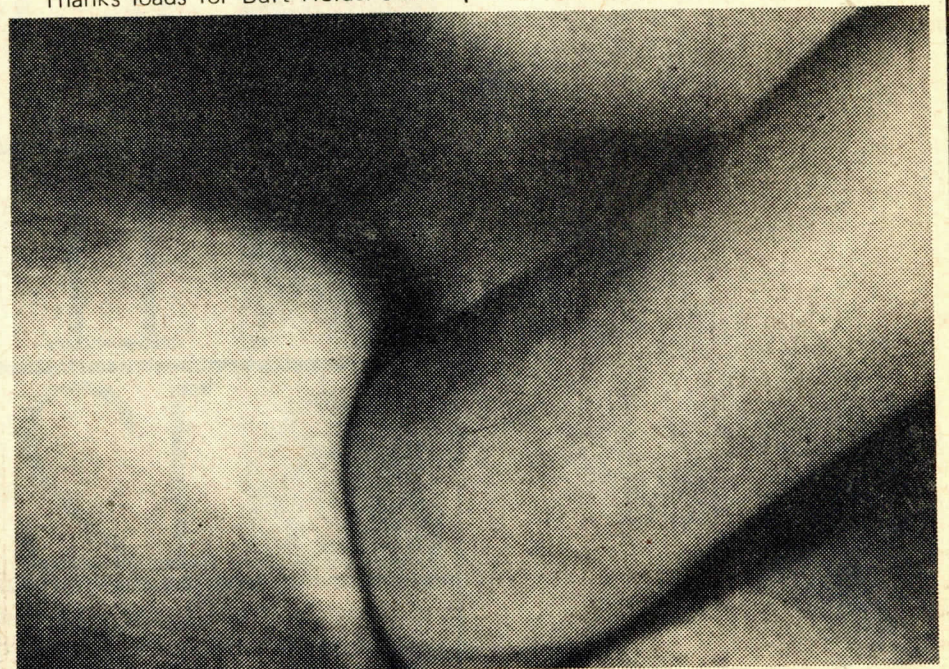
NOW THERE'S
SHOULDER FUCKING!

dear GAY,

regarding charles pitts' need for RE-assURANCE... the eye of GAY sees ALL... the man i fistfuck in L.A. **PLAYS ITSELF** is now 46 years old and employed in an office, a nameless entity in our midst, probably the most revolutionary man on this planet. GAY's description of his ass as "beautiful in its own way" well describes the hard won trophies he wears, we met in the falcons lair bar in l.a. in 1966 and began a relationship that expanded my sexual life and freed my psyche, the scene could have been filmed as a **shoulder** fuck as i could penetrate to impossible depths... but i thought i filmed the essence of the point, i could tell you sexual tales of tom and myself from the past... that you would refuse to believe.

Fred Halsted
Los Angeles

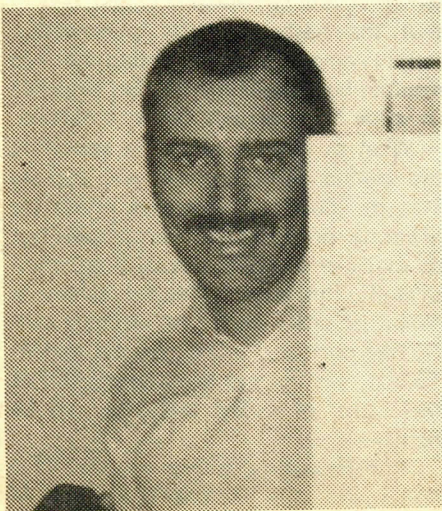
[The asshole is obviously the sex orifice of the '70's. We probably wouldn't print them, but our typesetter would love to hear some of your tales!—Ed.]



LOST IN SPACE! This fist sinks in, and Halsted says, up to the SHOULDER.

The Last Estate

BY GREGORY BATTCOCK



Well, everybody kept saying how Dylan got an "older crowd" at the Garden. Well it wasn't true. While we were not the oldest fans to show up, we certainly were in competition for the Senior Citizen title.

Actually it wasn't so bad. The worst part of it was trying to get a whole fish, head and all, at Paddy's Clam House on 34th Street. "We only got filets," they said. "Well, can't we have a whole fish?" we asked. "Naw. Nobody orders whole fish anymore. Just filets." Well, we actually did get a whole fish, minus the head of course, but it wasn't easy. Everybody in the place was horrified and, if they couldn't tell by looking, they finally got the message that we were old-timers resurrected to see Dylan. "You was here last week, before the fights," said our alcoholic waiter. "The only fights I ever went to was Chu Chu Maleve, with Professor Martin. And that was last year." Chu Chu lost. "Yeah. I remember you," he insisted.

They didn't have any wine, but the oysters were OK. At the Garden one youngster pointed and, at the top of his voice announced, "Hey, man, they came from the office, with a briefcase yet." Yeah. From the office, via Gucci, Pallazzi, Dior, Valentino and Garbo. He didn't notice all that, or did he? Probably not.

We too wore blue jeans when we'd discovered Dylan ten, no 12 years ago. And if the times had changed, so, of course, had we. And while all the lovely children all over the Garden passed around their little joints, we sniffed and sipped a charming St. Emilion from crystal glasses, and when that was gone we enjoyed a snort of Grappa out of silver cups. It must have been a sight for sore eyes. And Dylan had kept pace, supplying enough cynicism and irony to make everything seem quite all right.

Yoko Ono was in the audience. So

was somebody called Salvatore, who sat in back of us. Salvatore kept all his friends supplied with grass while manning a little cassette recorder and combing his hair. The next time I wait two hours on line for gas I can tell you who I, and probably everybody else, would rather be sitting next to.

Speaking of gas, Jill Johnston and her new friend came down from the country to visit. They hadn't been gone two seconds when they were back, rushed to the window and stared down at the street at nothing, not even her white BMW which wasn't there any more. "Oh well, I won't have to find a parking space," she said.

Dinner for four at the Caribe Hilton in San Juan came to \$95 and was an **insulting**, or at least depressing, ordeal, especially compared to dinner for four at the Lechonera on the road to Bayamon. At the Lechonera (pork restaurant) we argued over the design on our plates dashing from table to table picking the best pattern (the one with the blue anchor on it). That having been taken care of, we dined on fresh roast pig (they have the whole pig roasting right there) and **morsilla** (a type of "blood" sausage) and **platanos** and rice and beans, flan and lots of imported German beer. All this cost around \$30 and you could watch local residents coming in and out, Tony got to cruise the john throughout the entire meal and everything was lovely.

At the Hilton they made us wait for the table, the service was very confusing, we had to get the table changed because the first one was too noisy, there was nothing to look at except other overdressed diners, the wines were sinfully overpriced, a rack of lamb ordered rare came burnt to a crisp flooded in canned or frozen vegetables, a baked Alaska was identical to what they give you in First Class on Sabena, very boring.

Oh well, the next day we got to go to Pastrana's Mango Tree restaurant in Rio Piedras, an outdoor place, no air conditioning, stray cats all over, local people, a few frilly touches but nothing you couldn't ignore if you wanted to. There we ate a **salmorejo de jueves** (crab stew) and a squid **asapao** and what they call **carey**, which is turtle steak (turtle and crab are about the only seafood indigenous to Puerto Rico—everything else you get there is probably frozen, shipped from America) and **tostones**, good bread and lots of Lowenbrau. After that we cruised the gasoline stations in Rio Piedras . . .

Cheers,
Gregory

Thrills & Outrages

Last spring the Los Angeles Advocate proclaimed the death of GAY on its front page and claimed that if GAY were ever revived it would be "edited by straights." GAY, of course, is still here, and Pete Dvarackas, its editor, is gay, both facts the Advocate has failed to mention to this day. But what's really ironic is that despite long "out of the closet" editorialization, the Advocate's publisher-editor team, Dick Michaels and Bill Rand, do not work under their real names, according to Data-Boy magazine of Los Angeles Calif. 90028. And in the book The Gay Crusaders, Michaels would only allow a profile shot.

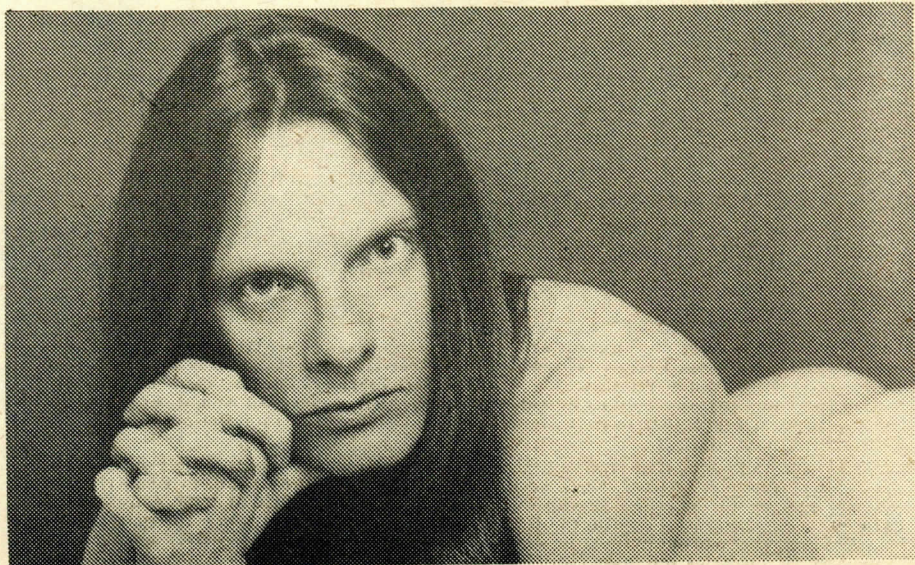
Richard H. Kuh, newly appointed Manhattan District Attorney, advocated, during an interview with Playboy three years ago, that homosexuals be "quarantined." In his new position, Kuh has the power to harass people and to put them in jail. He is a proponent of criminalization of consensual sex acts and said, "The stigma of criminality, although it may intensify guilt feelings in some homosexuals, may at least help the AC-DC youngster to shape his actions in a heterosexual direction."

PEOPLE AND EVENTS: L.A. gay activist Morris Kight, who was a gubernatorial candidate on the Peace and Freedom Party, has withdrawn his name from the ballot to devote his total time to the Gay Community Services Center. . . . A feature film called Coming Out of the Closet, based on the gay lifestyle of authors Pete Fisher and Marc Rubin, was given a preliminary screening in Manhattan And there are plans for a 1976 Bicentennial Gay Expo in Chicago, but so far it's only in the talk stages.

Rodney's is Hollywood's latest hangout for the "gay pretenders" or young guys who dress like transvestites but almost invariably maintain that they are straight. "I may dress flash, but I'm no faggot," said 18-year-old Kenny (Doll) Malloy, wearing a Lurex halter and tight satin pants. Adds 17-year-old Chuck Starr, "I'm the No. 1 male groupie in the United States. Last year I had a thing going with Mick Jagger. Me and Mick just lay there and talked all night. I'm not gay, I'm just glamorous."

Cue film critic Don Mayerson mused on some candidates for the 1974 10-best list. Here was one "film." Men In Love—at 55th Street Playhouse. Director George Roy Hill takes the talented team of Paul Newman and Robert Redford through hilarious paces, this time as two small-time New York desperados who meet in a gay bar, fall in love and decide to rob the First Women's Bank. . . . Newman and Redford have never played with each other better.

Laura Hobson, whose 1950's book Gentlemen's Agreement, an expose on anti-Semitism, has a new book set for publication this fall on gay liberation. Ms. Hobson's son is gay. National Gay Task Force director Dr. Howard Brown is optimistic the book will give a special injection to the gay movement. Brown, incidentally, will appear on the David Susskind show this month. Another book, entitled Homosexuality Vs. Gay Liberation, by 80-year-old Walter C. Alvarez sounds adequately Victorian. Also this month, author Arthur Bell will focus his opinions on gay liberation in a special report for the Village Voice sometime this month.



GAY EDITOR Pete Dvarackas lays it on the line. Will "Michaels" do the same?

Why "Straighten Out" the Gay Image

There is no denying that in the gay world there are diverse wines and diverse pleasures, but not everyone is willing to taste them all. In fact, it's as hard to convince some gays about the validity and richness of various gay lifestyles as it is to expand the consciousness of straights to homosexuality. And the way the New York City Council has been shilly-shallying over Intro 2, the gay civil rights bill for housing and jobs, by trying to include an anti-transvestite amendment drives home the point. In the articles below, for example, Hank Watson would have us "straighten out the gay image" (again?!), while Bebe Scarpie, director of Queens Liberation Front, warns, "Don't let the Establishment tempt you with the apple of acceptance at the expense of any one life group."

BY HANK WATSON

It is time for the gay community to stand back and take a long careful look at its public and private image. Throughout the history of the gay movement, the weight of social and legal injustices has fallen upon those whose sexual preferences do not agree with the majority, and a society which acknowledges the

right of every citizen to pursue happiness at the same time derides and holds up to ridicule individuals who choose to follow a path less commonly trod. This fact forces the majority of homosexuals to retreat behind facades of various types: a large portion of the gay population qualifies for the rather unpleasant distinction of being "closet queens." It is difficult under any circumstances to be homosexual, but it is—certainly in our society—most difficult to be publicly known as a homosexual.

In order to avoid public notice many homosexuals in all walks of life strive to maintain secrecy regarding their sexual predilection. The "gay is beautiful" sentiment has not been widely accepted among the gay population and many homosexuals, believing the pronouncements of their heterosexual brothers, look upon themselves as sick, sinful or unnatural. Those who do stand up to be counted and call attention to the need for more social awareness and social justice are often those of a more flamboyant nature: more easy-going and more unconcerned about the public image they may generate.

For that reason the time has now come for homosexuals to examine their

private image—to look into the mirror of their inner and secret selves and come face to face with the terms of their existence. Then we must attempt, not only as individuals, but as a group, to project the kind of image of sexual responsibility that is expected of mature members of the species. The kind of image that heterosexuals have never had to overly concern themselves with because of their position as the majority group.

Much of the gay life-experience is misunderstood by the so-called "straight" population, and many homosexuals add to this misconception by their disregard for the public standards of our times, the disrespect they show their own role, and the taunting attitude they exhibit towards the society in which they live. These generalizations refer most obviously to the transvestite who cannot resist the urge to exaggerate and flaunt his sexual preference. This is not to be construed in any way as an attempt to deride or put down the role of the transvestite. His is as valid an experience as any other. It is not an attempt to deride or decry the effeminate male. It is, rather, an attempt to reassert the essential value and worth of the

homosexual experience in all its phases and facets so that a more realistic picture of that experience might be presented to the culture as a whole, and so that the hasty, perhaps unavoidable, stereotyping and pigeon-holing that has resulted because of the flagrant behavior or some homosexuals can be amended.

What purpose is served in assaulting the public consciousness and forcing into the public view scenes which are offensive not only to heterosexuals but to much of the homosexual population as well? This is not a plea for secrecy or denial of one's reality or ultimate self. On the contrary, it is a plea for reaffirmation, public and conscientiously, of the right of every individual to be homosexual.

Homosexuality is not a game. It is not a joke. It is not gay. It is a way of making love; it is an expression of love. It is as beautiful and sacred in its expression as any other physical manifestation of human devotion, and it is important that homosexuals re-evaluate the image they cast out in the general population in the light of this reality.

Certainly there is a need for liberated expression for all facets of human sexuality. There can be no retreat from the



Mrs. Bebe Scarpie and Hank Watson have taken Hank Watson's "advice" and are doing their bit to butch up the transvestite image.

confrontation which must result when human beings are denied their rights. But there can be no retreat from the flamboyant, accusative and defensive positions that some homosexuals use as vehicles for the declaration of their homosexuality. The defiant "I'm queer, and I'm proud of it" approach is not only unnecessary, but detrimental to the ultimate goal of **acceptance**. It is the sort of defiance that decries its own weakness. A man who truly accepts his role has no need to flaunt it or to slap society in the face with it. The fact of one's homosexuality need not be—should not be—a taunt or a declaration of war against society. It can be—it should be—a simple truth, valid for its own sake, needing no defense.

It is no more appropriate or inappropriate that homosexual lovers should make a public assertion of their affection than that heterosexual lovers should do so. There should be no offense in the public embracing of two men or two women in the quiet moonlight walk of lovers or in the holding of hands or in any of the commonly accepted practices of the public displays of affection. Just as the behavior of some heterosexuals is offensive, so is the behavior of some homosexuals offensive, but because homosexuality is the minority, the visible behavior or the few becomes the applicable rule against which is measured the whole segment. It is not moral nor just nor right that that should be, but it is the fate of those who for one reason or another find themselves standing with a minority.

Most of the homosexual population are quiet, reserved and faithful to the responsibilities they face as mature human beings, but the accepted image is set by those upon whom society's attention falls. Before the general population will change its opinions and re-evaluate its archaic concepts of homosexual behavior, homosexuals must re-evaluate their image in their own minds and, as a group, endeavor to **straighten** up the image that is presented to the public. Perhaps if more closet queens would come out of the closet... if more teachers and plumbers and doctors and carpenters and lawyers and painters and military men and theologians would, with quiet affirmation, state their sexual beliefs and give the public a demonstration of the strength of their convictions and the sense of responsibility with which they face their daily lives, a new image could begin to form in the mind of the public. Perhaps homosexuals as a group could escape the stereotyping which has taken place because the few men of courage and fortitude who have been able to break loose from the bonds of social pressure have, of necessity per-

haps, stepped beyond the acceptable bounds of society and have, because of their desire to express their liberation, cast upon the whole an image that is neither valid or desirable.

Many homosexuals who are unashamed of the role they are called

upon to fill are, nonetheless, ashamed of the image of that role in the public's mind. Just as many movements in the struggle for racial equality detracted from the goals that were sought in that field, so is it now in the struggle for sexual equality... An unwillingness to

be grouped with fringe elements in the movement has kept many homosexuals back from coming out. We have come a long way in gaining social acceptance for the homosexual, but no one can deny that we have a long way yet to go.

Intro 2, A Threat to Transvestites?

BY BEBE J. SCARPIE

This is not about the joys of transvestism, nor is it to be the justification of the gay transvestite because there **are** gay transvestites like it or not. Many gays have the audacity to ask the transvestite her motivation, as if the "straight" gay were in the position to judge such motivation much in the same manner of the heterosexual demanding the motivation of all homosexuals.

The drag queen is the **nigger** of the gay movement, a situation which came to pass when the movement, personified by the **original** GAA and Mattachine, attempted to correct some of the more common misconceptions about the gay lifestyle. This misconception was that straights considered **all** male homosexuals to be cross-dressers. It was a clarification that had to be made, but in so doing—following the endless repetition of this fact—the movement began a systematic devaluation of the group which appeared to be causing them much friction in their quest for social lubrication. It came as a reasonably slow process. In the re-education of the straights, the gay movement began to censure the effeminate male from the eyes of the media. It was simply a case of supposed out of sight, out of mind.

The embarrassment we are supposedly to cause mystifies me. Whenever we meet with the straight world at medical conventions, counseling programs, high school and college visitations, etc., the personal response to **me** and to what I had to say was always overwhelming. Why is it so easy for the straights to accept those of my lifestyle and not for the gays?

There exists one glorious or rather ignominious exception to this which concerns a militant transvestite, Sylvia Rivera. Before the renaissance of GAA and Mattachine under Morty Manford and Don Goodwin, respectively, Sylvia was totally tolerated and ignored by the gay movement except when an action was planned which would culminate in an **arrest**. Despite one's opinion of Sylvia I can attest to the purity of her intent and dedication, and, no one will dare deny she is one gutsy queen. She is the **first** to march, the first to be arrested but the last to be consulted on planning sessions, and the last to share in the

fruits of any victory or publicity. The front lines with no credit.

Sylvia was the first arrest in the history of GAA while petitioning for the defeated **Intro 475**, which now is before City Council again as Intro 2. This gay civil rights bill to end discrimination for housing and jobs now faces snags because some Councilmen are determined to add an anti-transvestite amendment. This **will** not do. In the first place, dress code was never an issue and I reject the extreme willingness of some movement people to accept any anti-drag amendments. It is now common knowledge that Intro 475 was defeated by a group of anti-gay politicians who sought to assuage their guilt by bringing the unrelated issue of transvestism into a bill concerning who sleeps with whom, **not** with what the person wears.

Let me point out, there exists **no** law which specifically excludes transvestite behavior. Any amendment to a gay bill which would specifically exclude transvestites would be the first legal discrimination against a minority since the niggers-to-rear Jim Crow laws following the Civil War. (Incidentally, such a bill would be unconstitutional.)

There exists an underplaying of the right of the drag to live. Transvestites were harassed for a whole summer, but the gay lib movement only took action when the harassment proceeded into the "straight" gay ghetto of Greenwich Village. The political arena is a disgrace, it is a history of neglect and sacrifice. The education arena is an obscenity.

The transvestite is ignored on gay speaking dates unless it is specifically brought up by a concerned audience. The crime is one of silence. My list is endless but the examples only set a mood and there exists not enough pages

to enumerate the exact history.

One has the right to ask why the transvestite would receive any consideration. It is for the same reason the "straight" gay demands his rights from society, and the same as the lesbian, S&M, piss-elegant faggot and the like. Transvestites exist too. We too feel. We are human and are also **citizens** with the same rights to seek happiness as anyone else.

But the **TV** is not without merit to the gay community. Recall, the Stonewall riots, the birth of the modern gay movement. Then there was the matter of the **cabaret** laws which specifically banned in New York **any** homosexual, lesbian or persons pretending to be such from any bar, dance hall, or public place, licensed by the city, and which denied employment at such places. Lee G. Brewster and Queens Liberation Front at Brewster's own expense initiated legal action, and in one swoop legalized as far as the City was concerned drag balls, the GAA dance, the Eagles Nest, Bonnie & Clydes, any gay establishment or congregation. This was done without publicity. QLF believes in action, not words. Rhetoric belongs in meetings, not court.

Whenever transvestites appear, we win people over not **only** for us but for the gay at large as well. We reach people they cannot and we continue to do so.

I call this Strange Fruit, for as Billie Holliday indicted the South I feel the same for the gay movement. There is our blood on the tree of liberation, I pray that its roots still are untainted.

Divided among ourselves and we're nothing, together there is the necessary power. Yet we can all work together. Gay is extremely big for such a small word!

Bebe Scarpie
and
Dr. Howard Brown



A Conversation With Sara Montgomery, Grandma Lib

How to Tell Mom You're Gay

BY RANDY WICKER

With people like Ms. Sara Montgomery around we're sure to have a better world tomorrow. At 75 years of age, she can look back upon a life dedicated to ending oppression, ignorance and inhumanity because since the age of 14, when she took up the suffragette banner, she has committed her life to movements at unpopular times. Sara Montgomery supported the black movement in the '20's, the State of Israel and the peace movements in the '40's, the labor movements in the '50's, women's lib in the '60's. She knew her son Charlie was gay, and marched in the first New York Christopher Street Liberation Day parade in 1970, and has marched every year since. Tragically, however, within the last two years, her son and his gay lover committed suicide together, victims of economic and social oppression. Ms. Montgomery, a woman of honesty and courage, tells their heart-rending story of how guilt and hiding killed them, and she tells of her work with Parents of Gays in an effort to bring such parents out of their own closets. This interview without question should be required reading for every parent of a gay child.

GAY: Ms. Montgomery, you are 75 years old, and yet I saw you carrying a sign in the Christopher Street Liberation Day parade this year which said, "I'm Proud of My Gay Son." I know you're active with the organization **Parents of Gays** because you had a gay son. But before we talk about that I also know you have been active with various movements seeking social reforms throughout your life. Give us some background on how all this came about.

SARA: I started mainly in the Suffrage Movement when I was 14 years old. My brother could vote at that time and I couldn't see that he was any smarter than me, and it annoyed me that he could vote and I couldn't because I wore a skirt. My parents felt the same way. So I became a passionate suffragette. I was 14 when I marched in my first parade, and to this day I'm in the women's lib movement. From the beginning it has never been hard for me to identify with any oppressed group and it was an easy transition for me to progress through movements that were geared to stem ignorance and bigotry.

GAY: What were some of those movements?

SARA: In the 1920's I got involved with the black movement. I saw how horribly black people were being treated, so I was in many parades against police brutality. Back then the black movement was very tiny, especially in Washington, D.C., where I lived. I'll never forget one hot day in that city. Three little black boys went swimming in the **Reflecting Pool**. The police made

Capitol Fountain and dove in. This time the police brought the children down to headquarters and threatened them by putting them into a room and turning on a hissing sound and saying they were gassing them. The children were ten years old. One little boy, Tommy, got so frightened he came out and said, "Mister, we'll never do it again." And the guards said, "You're damned right," and shot him through the neck and paralyzed him for life. Police would drive through the city, see a black woman standing at her doorstep, get out and break her arm just to make sure black people would keep their place. Next I marched in the parades promoting the State of Israel during the 1940's hearings at the United Nations. I'm not Jewish, incidentally. I have the Mayflower on one side and Quaker on the other, so there is no place to send me if people say "Go back where you came from" except to end up right here.

I am not religious but I also taught tolerance to my children because I respect people's right to be themselves. I understand other people's dedication.

When my son came out I made up my mind never to be a closet mother.



So it is not difficult to understand why when I found out that my son was gay I was eager to fight for gay rights. Of course, as I've grown older my activities have grown more limited because of physical ailments.

GAY: Throughout your life how did you support yourself?

SARA: I am a housewife. I was divorced at age 42 having been married 20 years and had three children, two sons and one daughter. I had to make a hard decision with them: whether to let the bigots influence them or to teach them tolerance. My children felt this hard, my being different and they often had to pay the price for this. As far as income goes I had some alimony and some money from my father. I worked after my daughter was divorced and returned to my home. I left her to take care of her children while I went to work in all-night bookstores where I got involved with the unions. I almost got fired because I stood up at a meeting and said wouldn't it be wonderful if we didn't have to go on a picket line but three days before Christmas when the stores are the busiest we just didn't show up. After that management decided I wasn't very useful. The only major fields of endeavor in my life have been my movement activities. I raised the children, took care of the house and gave full-time attention to the movements. Since they were not very wealthy I never took any money for my work, besides, I felt committed.

GAY: Tell us about your sons, particularly your gay son.

SARA: When you raise a child they will have problems. And the greater the problems the more they need their parents. You can't tell them what to do, but you must be supportive. If they fall on their face, you have to pick up the pieces. That's my attitude as a mother. Parents must earn the right to be loved by their children. It is not just automatic. My youngest son Charles was gay. He came out late in life and went to work in the movement at the age of 36. He was aware of his homosexuality since the age of 14. Because of my son's experiences I urge young gays to come out. I understand why they don't; this is a bitter, bigoted society and until you're educated to make a living it is difficult to be gay. I'm sympathetic and understanding. But I also feel my son's life was totally destroyed because he stayed too long in the closet. He told me he was gay at the age of 18 while in the Navy. Charlie was not bisexual, yet he married because he loved children and wanted his own. His big fear in life was taking big jobs that might expose him as a homosexual and he always refused them saying, "you don't know what it's like, mom, to go to work every day fearing exposure." At that time he had four children and he was always



afraid. But even while married he always had men, even though his wife didn't know. She didn't know until after his second suicide attempt just **before** he came out.

GAY: Did the marriage end in divorce?

SARA: Yes, when he came out. He could no longer live that way and betray his **real** self, despite the fact he loved his children, and in his way loved his wife. Certainly it was a blow to her. At first she thought she could live with him after that, but he couldn't and wanted a divorce. I urged that the children learn about Charlie's homosexuality, but my daughter-in-law said, "I don't want my kids to be guinea pigs." Fortunately she went to a doctor who had some sense and he backed me up that they should **know** while young and before others could tell them a lot of lies. Charlie took the children to meet John, his lover at that time.

GAY: Did your son introduce you to gay life?

SARA: He took me to gay bars, showed me how to cruise. I went to SIR meetings, the gay organization in San Francisco. I was well received, but sometimes I felt their **dark** looks.

GAY: What do you mean, "dark looks"?

SARA: Looks of disapproval. So after a couple of trips to the bars I said to Charlie and John, how do you feel about my being here? They said, if you are willing to go, we are willing to take you, so I entered his gay world. At the SIR meetings I was marched to the front of the room. I felt that perhaps

they thought I was the **enemy**, you know the straight world is the enemy of the gay world. I never questioned **that** and felt they had a right to feel that way.

GAY: As a gay, I found that contrary to what you have felt, that when a mother accompanies her gay children, others become adoptive, as if she became a den mother. And many homosexuals felt envious that people had a mother so open, understanding and accepting while they had to hide and cringe and be hypocritical to their own parents.

SARA: I lived briefly with my son while he was going with John, his lover of ten years. John **trusted** me. He knew I had never had any feeling against gayness. I earlier defended a friend whose mother said to me, "If my son is gay I never want to see him again." And she kept her word. From that time she was never the same with me either, because I defended him. Love is love, sex is sex, and it does not matter what way. Charlie's relationship with his wife was the same as with John. They'd kiss, get supper, talk. They told me about the gay world, educated me, and I read every book they gave to me. Gayness is as normal to me as heterosexuality. There is not one **iota** of scientific knowledge to show homosexuality is any more peculiar than being left-handed. When I met John, I was prepared to love him because he loved Charlie. I wanted him to accept me, and he did. While in San Francisco, I also visited Charlie's former

wife and children, who all lived a few doors away. Our visits were wonderful.

But it wasn't until my last excursion to California that Charles and John wanted to tell me the full story of how hard it was for them to be gay. They didn't spare me anything. They hated day by day facing the guilt, facing the ignorance, facing the threat of job loss. My son was a contractor for the county. John worked in a regular business and had been in the closet until his relationship with Charlie. He had 15 years with this company, and was slated for the top spot in the company but when he bought a house with Charlie to live near the children it branded John and he was demoted to the job he held 15 years earlier. Because he was gay. It condemned two men. Charlie's job was also threatened. The children loved John very dearly. He was very gentle. They were both beautiful men.

GAY: Did this demotion cause economic problems?

SARA: That was the basic trouble. I know now why I so disapprove of hiding in the closet. It piles guilt on guilt. So those two men felt they could not support the children and figured they would be able to leave them the insurance. The money was so tight. I impoverished myself sending them money. There were two households and four children. With their finances gone, they faced financial ruin at 46 and 48 years old.

GAY: I gather things went from bad to worse.

SARA: One day I came home. The phone rang. Charlie and John had sealed the garage, taken pills and left the car exhaust running. They were gone two days before they were discovered. And when my daughter told me I was shocked but not surprised. I knew their problems so deeply by that time.

GAY: Was there any note or explanation?

SARA: No. Except a will left on the table. John left half of his estate to Charlie's children. Helen, Charlie's ex-wife, was eligible then for county help. Plus insurance.

John's family refused to accept the fact that these two men had been lovers and had killed themselves. But I wrote to every member of my family and told my friends right away. I made up my mind the minute I hung up that telephone that I would never be a closet mother. I marched in the first gay parade in New York in 1970, while my son was alive. At that time he advised me to walk with some older gays, that they would be more likely to accept me. But I ended up talking to some young gays on Christopher Street for a while, and then was about to move away, thinking they were getting tired of talking to an old lady. But those darlings said, "Aren't you going to walk with us?" And I was so pleased and touched. I knew by their eyes what they were saying. If only this were **my** mother.

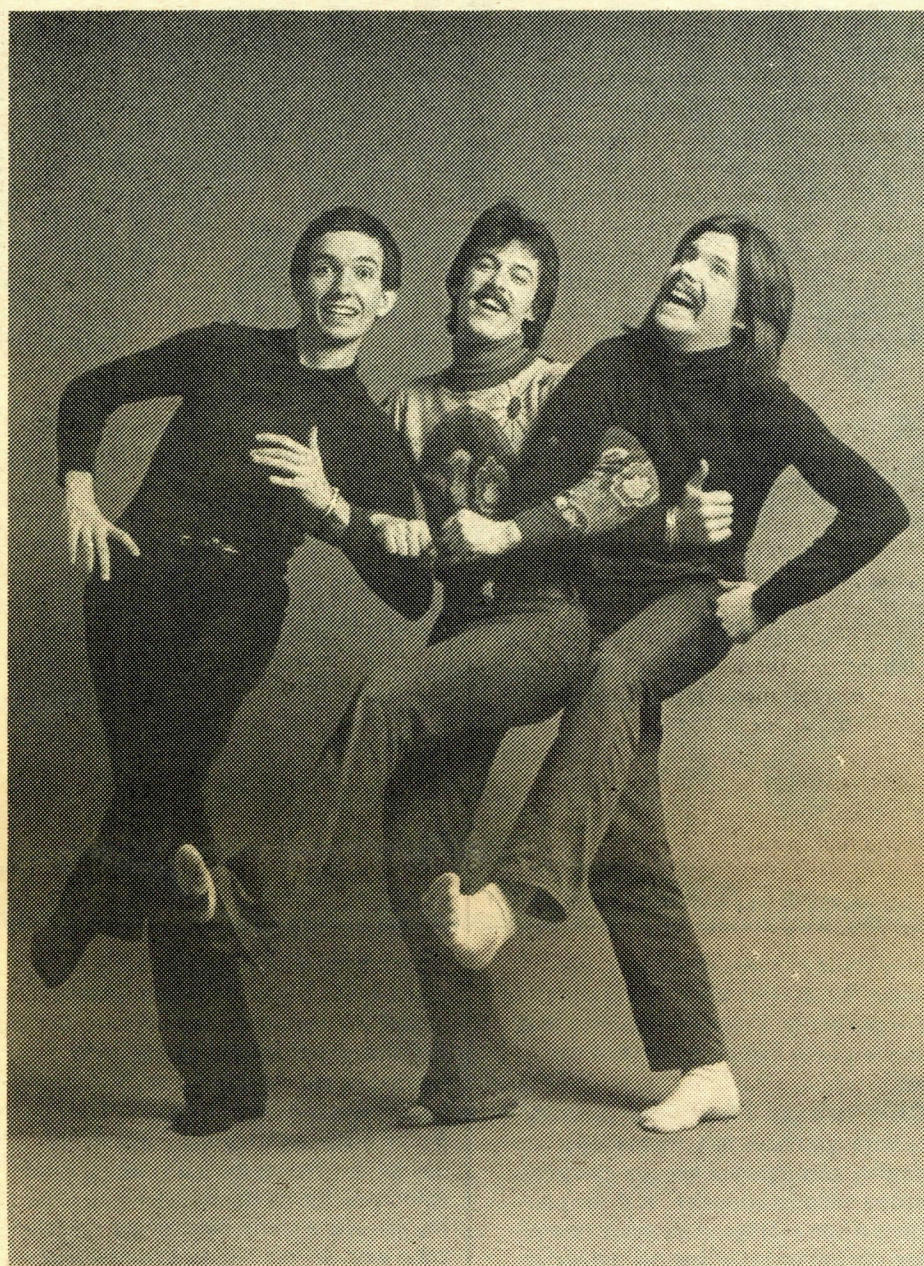
GAY: Then the "dark looks" now no longer existed.

SARA: They were very young, it was

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It's Gotham! It's Grossman! It's the Entertain- ment Liberation Front

BY VITO RUSSO



It only exists in New York. It doesn't seem to happen in quite the same way in any other city. Stars are born here. Movements are begun. Trends are made. The places change but the rhythm is always the same. The smoke-filled little rooms in the back of bars or the ornate has-been restaurants turned nightclub are filled every night with little knots of showcase groupies who frantically rush from Reno Sweeny to The Grand Finale to Brothers and Sisters. "Can't stop to talk, gotta get a cab. Reno's. Second show. New act. Bye-bye."

Always looking, searching, hoping, they watch a thousand acts, a thousand pin-spotted faces, asking "Are you the one? Will you do it? Can I watch you be born?" They ask for a lot. Not just a face. Not just a voice. Not just a talent. They ask for a life. For joy. For reality. Make me laugh. Make me cry. Astonish me. Amaze me. Take me home. They are demanding. They are fickle. They are dictatorial. They are an audience. And the audience is always right. They can make you or break you, this audience. They don't have to take any shit.

When you're good for them, you're good. They won't put up with your cheap, everyday, manufactured-in-a-jar honesty. It's got to be real. You've got to show them the reality of what you are, mirrored in their own eyes. But only up to a point. Don't push it. You might show them too much and that they will not see.

In New York City in 1974 a new group called Gotham and a young singer called Steven Grossman are about to test the rules. And they are going to survive.

Gotham comes on like gangbusters. Hot pink, floor length capes thrown off to reveal white tie and tails complete with top hats, is the visual accompaniment to a sensational rendition of their first song, "Stompin' at the Savoy." They have been described as a cross between The Boswell Sisters, The Andrew Sisters and The Pointer Sisters. Correct on all counts. They are **not** three gypsies from **Irene** trying to bang out a **Kismet** medley. You get this right away. Michael, Gary and Jonathan are musicians. The real kind. The Ella Fitz-

gerald kind who use their voices as instruments. Take for instance, during a beautifully timed version of "Gotta Have Me Go With You" from **A Star Is Born**, how their voices blend in a quasi-instrumental melody. You're busy looking from one to the other, trying to figure out which is which. Finally, you just break out in a broad grin and sit back. Hell, it's amazing. The arrangement, courtesy of Bob Esty, is sheer wonder and they match it. Three chameleons, they go on changing before your eyes, taking you back to "Where Did Our Love Go," giving you the old elbow in the rib with a dedication to Patti Page on "Old Cape Cod," and throwing off the tuxes to reveal pink shirts emblazoned with minstrel hands and faces for an astonishing medley including "I've Got Rhythm," "Gotta Dance," "Crazy Rhythm," "Fascinatin' Rhythm," and "All God's Chillun Got Rhythm." Each has his own little "number" to do and each takes as much joy in cracking your perception of him as he took to create it. The usually serene Michael will suddenly become Mae West with an "Ohhhhhhaawww, are you ready for **him?**" at Gary who has just finished using his Ann-Margret voice to inform the audience that his fingers, if they'll notice, never leave his hands. Jonathan almost manages to say a few things at times and does so charmingly. His voice, however, speaks for him in several songs, during which you realize that he is indispensable. Settling onto a stool, Michael delivers "But Not For Me" in a such a barefaced, vulnerable manner that it's hard to believe he'd been there all the while and hadn't let this out. He is joined by Gary, making the piece a brilliant medley with "Someone To Watch Over Me."

Now, there's a lot going on when you see Gotham. On a lot of levels. First, they're entertainers. They're also very unique entertainers. Not only for their very obvious way with a lyric, but because they are being themselves. Too much so, it seems, for some people's money. Gary, Michael and Jonathan are gay men. They sing their songs and they present themselves as they are. No more and certainly no less. Yet this disturbs some people. "Too gay; gotta get rid of the gay material." From a hostile straight? No, kids, from a very uptight gay. One wonders, has he ever called a performer "too straight"? One also wonders what he thinks that "gay material" is? It's Michael, Gary and Jonathan, being themselves, that's what it is. And the reason it seems so strange is that very few people are used to seeing gay people simply be themselves, especially other gay people. They're used to the constipated strains of a gay singer in tight jeans, singing songs from **Okla-homa** in a Provincetown bar. They have

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Homos In History: Sweet and Sour "Pork" of Chinese Gordon

"When Hicks Pasha's ill-fated Anglo-Egyptian expedition sought to capture El-Obeid from the Mahdi, scouts and spies taken by the Dervishes were stripped naked and buried in ant-hills. Many were castrated or pierced from behind by a red-hot spear handle, or staked out face-downward with a trail of honey leading from the abode of flesh-eating insects to the victim's genitals.

"There was great festivity in El-Obeid upon the annihilation of all infidel invaders. The Mad Messiah, El-Mahdi, built a pyramid of skulls of Hicks Pasha's army. In a large well close to this there could be viewed the carnal members of ten thousand soldiers. The largest of these, faithfully preserved, hung before the Mahdi's tent to remind the Faithful of how the generative strength of the Infidel was summarily shattered. The smallest were spat upon, distributed as trophies; and the women of El-Obeid, proud of their men, wore infidel testes upon their garments as if they were decorative tassels. General Hicks and his entire staff were beheaded, disembowelled, castrated, and pierced by a thousand ceremonial spears."

That, anyway, is how the story goes in *Sexual Deviations In History*, a typical specimen of hysterical horseshit which uniformly presents Arabs, Chinese, blacks and other Third World people as lust-maddened primitives in obvious need of moral and political discipline by European colonialists. It is, of course, pure racist and sexist propaganda. The "Mad Messiah," Mohammad Ahmed ibn al-Saiyid Abdullah, called el-Mahdi, was no gentleman by drawing-room standards, but neither was he a crazed cock-torturing homosexual psychopath. If there was a faggot nut on the scene at the time, in fact, it was General Charles George Gordon, the Mahdi's arch-nemesis, and the hero of British public-schoolboys to this very day.

For those who did not have inflicted on them in earliest youth the ennobling myth of Gordon's martyrdom at Khartoum, the lie goes as follows. When the Mad Mahdi rose to power in the African Sudan in the 1880's, it seemed that nothing could possibly stop him and his legions of slaving fanatic Dervishes from marching right down the Nile to topple Cairo—nothing but the benevolent intervention of "Chinese" Gordon, who had singlehandedly wiped out an uprising of opium-maddened Chinamen at Shanghai in the 60's, and later brought the Sudanese slave trade to a standstill by riding a camel from Khartoum to Gondokoro and personally arresting Shayk Ahmed Zubair, the evillest slave trader in all East Africa. Furloughed back to England by jealous bureaucrats who wanted to get him out of the way, Gordon rose to confront the Mahdi in 1884—after the disastrous Hicks expedition—by the express wish of the British public and the Queen Herself, over the protestations of the quisling socialist Gladstone. Once back in Khartoum, though, he was betrayed by Evelyn Baring, the opportunistic Foreign Office chief in Cairo, who delayed a relief expedition just long enough to enable the

Mahdi to invade Khartoum and murder Gordon in cold blood.

All this romantic hogwash was subsequently made into a movie, which you may have seen, called *Khartoum*, and starring Charlton Heston.

Well, one thing's true—Gordon **did** resemble Charlton Heston, as the photo here indicates, when he died at the age of 53. The resemblance stopped at the face, though—Gordon was only five foot five, and had a **decided** inclination for boys. Yes, like so many other great British imperialists, Charles Gordon seems to have been impelled through his globe-girdling career of benevolent colonialism by an urge to experience every possible kind of exotic boyflesh imaginable. Like Herbert Lord Kitchener and T.E. Lawrence "Of Arabia"—not to mention the supposedly ultra-virile explorer Richard Burton, whose virility seems to have been greatly daunted by women—"Chinese" Gordon was a confirmed boy-fancier. Being that he never married or even **spoke** to any women outside his family, Gordon's life was held to be without reproach of scandal—and this primarily because homosexuality was such an unthinkable heinous transgression in Victorian times that even those who wished Gordon ill—and there were many—never thought to charge him with it.

But the signs were there. Born in Gravesend, England, in 1833, Gordon's youth was dominated by his mother and elder sister Augusta. Both women were devoutly, even violently religious, and impressed young Gordon with a pronounced Manicheanism that lasted through his life: all the urges and delights of the flesh, believed the Gordons, were evil and not to be tolerated, and one's life must perforce be given over to the most stringent discipline, in order to stamp them out. This is the moral philosophy that makes the best churchmen, soldiers, and mass-murdering psychopaths, and Gordon partook generously of all three

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New York's Dr. Paul Rosenfels Building the New Gay Society

BY JOHN PAUL HUDSON



At the new Ninth Street Center, a gay social center on East Ninth Street, glowingly described by the author in issue 110, writer/guru Dr. Paul Rosenfels was introduced as the project's "guiding genius."

Regulars at the lively and welcoming "alternative" NSC drop one name with the enthusiasm and loyalty of Actors Studio aficionados during the ascendancy of Lee Strasberg. **Paul.** And they herald the man's philosophy as a supra-movement force.

"**Paul** sees homosexuality as a psychological/revolutionary force in human history . . ."

"If you are tuned into **Paul** you know that homosexual persons have a basis for living an exemplary life, superior to the conventional. From such a human basis one can make political demands more believable . . ."

Such "Paul" references spring not only from the possibly partial Dean Hannotte, Paul's lover, or confirmed chainah Mark Liebergall, with his little-boy-willing eyes set in a face which seems to retain some of the hesitancy acquired in the straight world, where his vulnerability taught him to flinch from threat of calculated abuse. The probing statements studded with "Pauls," uttered with the assurance from their having been well-assimilated, are ubiquitous as speculations about cock size at a crowded meat rack.

—One hears from all sides: "Paul knows that in order to reach a creative position people don't have to limit themselves to **one** image of what a mature personality is. He makes room for development of self-confident masculine identity as well as love-oriented feminine identity."

Also, "Aggression is willful manipulation for selfish purpose."

And, "The feminine psyche surrenders some independence to the masculine. There must be a polarization for a romantic relationship to work out, you know. The power/masculine/assertive personality must be fertilized by the love/feminine/yielding and by his own

wisdom and self-knowledge."

They are all talking about same-sex relationships. "Masculine" and "feminine" have nothing to do with gender.

Does it sound like the salon of a cult, with loaded terms being tossed around to the bafflement and/or dismay of someone who's just gone through liberation pol-style, struggled to overcome society's role-playing assignments, cleansed himself from overt if not internalized chauvinism and perhaps dared to cross-dress, show tenderness, cry, or even throw his legs in the air?

It's not a salon nor the Green Room of some Theatre-of-the-Rigid-Dogma, nor is it a *belles lettres* soiree where the subject *du jour* is some resident charlatan or even authentic itinerant genius. (Though there **is** one of the **latter** in the imposing figure of Paul, lurking like Peter the Great in mufti trying to pass as a dockworker in the Low Countries.)

It's a place where you look around at the homey tables and chairs that smile and wonder, "Who was the architect of this Periclean student union/candy kitchen/Gray's Inn milieu where there are no institutionalized mottos or icons, but the felt imminence of the birth of a zeitgeist?"

Without minimizing the hard work, imagination and fervor of Dean or Mark, of radiantly handsome David Tesdell who conducts the art classes, or ruggedly sensual Neil Elliott in charge of the drama workshop, or any of the other buttresses of NSC, one finally has to stop and acknowledge the cornerstone. Or is he the **coping** stone of the house that gays built.

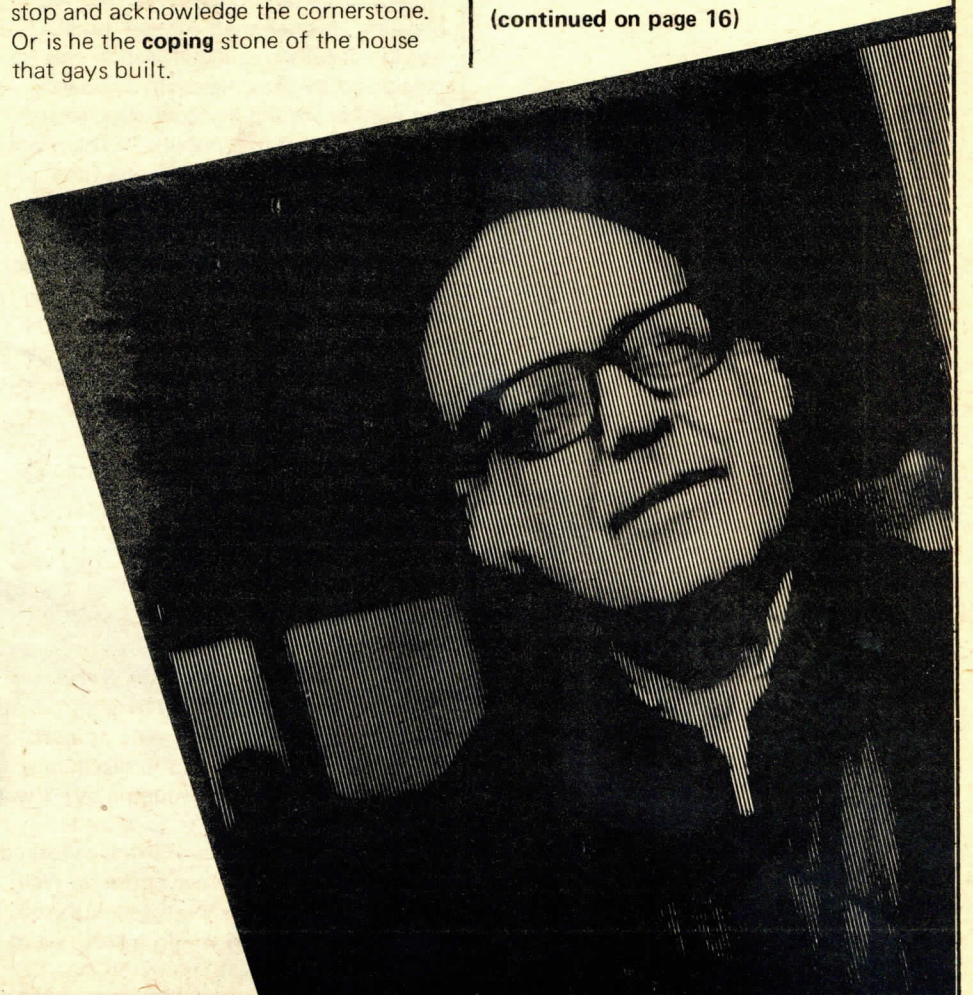
Who is Paul to you? one asks a new pupil who waited some months for an opening on the Rosenfels calendar with the determined patience of a fan waiting on line for a ticket to catch Bette Midler at the Palace. **What is he to the Center?**

"Imagine Mahatma Gandhi as your den mother!"

Describing his student-teacher relationship, the Rosenfels fan goes further: "Albert Einstein instructing junior high math." Thus he gives some idea of what it is like to socialize or work with Paul Rosenfels, M.D., a psychoanalyst who no longer practices psychiatry, an author of a recent book so intimidating to reviewers of the establishment and alternative press that it went largely unheralded when it was introduced in hardback by Libra Publishing (391 Willets Road, Roslyn Heights, N.Y.) in 1971.

To those who have "discovered" him, Paul is the giant of the New Free Gay culture here, who posits that gay-to-its-ultimate-power is not only acceptable, it's the lifestyle opportunity for the future which can renovate the self-defeating and archaic straight system. Yet he never appears on TV panels where he might annihilate the likes of Socarides with his wry, sardonic wit alone, not to mention erudition. He is not sought after by Gay Lib campus groups, beseeched by activists to lend the weight of his sanction (though he's on the boards of both the Mattachine Society and the Homosexual Commu-

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Switchboard Boys Reveal Why They Take Your Hotline Calls

BY RANDY WICKER

Now we're going to get it. The last time we ran a story on New York's dedicated volunteer-run gay information service Gay Switchboard it was deluged with masturbation and call-boy calls just because we posed one of our models nude holding a telephone to illustrate the article. Now Randy Wicker writes about the personal lives of some Switchboard volunteers and their interaction with those always unpredictable callers. Well, that's fine. But we got another one of our guys to model nude with a telephone. So, to hell for sure, *this time!*

The amazing thing about the Gay Switchboard is the fact it continues to exist at all. Like most volunteer organizations, funds are so restricted that those who work all night for nothing are even asked to pay ten cents for each outgoing phone call they make. Each month is a financial crisis with the telephone company threatening to shut off service and the landlord screaming about late rent.

Still the Gay Switchboard has survived for more than two years. It manages to keep its offices staffed with four volunteers nightly two at a time on each three-hour shift (six to nine, nine to midnight) seven days a week. The Switchboard renders a unique, invaluable service. Where else can you find out what is going on around town to fill an empty evening? Sometimes there will be only one or two activities. Sometimes none at all. Other times, I've discovered art shows, film programs, talk groups, and socials. The turnover of Switchboard volunteers is very high but new people keep coming. Why?

Each volunteer has his own reasons. However, the half-dozen people I've known who worked there have invariably enjoyed the social contacts. And all have gotten laid.

The official policy of the "collective" which runs the Switchboard (the inner circle which has its own pecking order, claims to the contrary notwithstanding) is to expel anyone who makes dates or gets involved socially or sexually with callers. That "official" policy is rigorously observed and enforced. However, many volunteers get laid anyway.

The first night I called the Switchboard, almost two years ago, the fellow working the nine-to-midnight shift was alone. Working alone has one advantage. No one else is there to police you! We had a long, friendly talk. I was researching a story so although it was **verboten** for volunteers to give out the address of the Switchboard (supposedly as a protective measure and also to discourage non-volunteers from dropping by), I was invited down.

His name isn't important. He worked daytimes in a brokerage house on Wall Street. While he sympathized with the gay movement and would have liked to take part in public demonstrations, he

was unable to do so for fear of losing his job.

"By working here, I feel I'm doing my part to build the gay community. It's my way of working for gay liberation while not exposing myself publicly," he explained. "I get a genuine sense of satisfaction out of helping people the way we do."

I swore at the time not to tell anyone he had allowed me to visit the premises. It was strictly against policy. For a



while, I even answered incoming calls although I had not undergone the formal orientation session which is generally required.

After we had locked up at midnight, he casually asked if I would like to drop up to his apartment for a drink. Although he was no troll, I explained I had limited preferences—skinny, nellie types—and politely declined.

The next person I knew who volunteered for the Switchboard never became involved with any of the callers. However, he met several other volunteers, became well-acquainted with them and even had a short-lived affair with one.

His name was Steven and he worked for many months at the Switchboard. Unfortunately, he fell on hard times and eventually found himself the center of controversy.

After being unemployed for several weeks, he commenced working full time at **Beautiful Boys Unlimited**, a combined male and female massage studio located just a few blocks away.

Steven was a young, good-looking Oklahoma boy with a charming sense of humor. He worked at the Switchboard the way some people do church work.

Since he had barely two changes of clothing and no place to live, the Switchboard offices became (unofficially and unknown to most of the collective members) his home away from home, a refuge from the studio.

Yet, the fact he worked as a professional whore caused many members of the collective to fear he might make dates on the sly. Some felt being a male whore wasn't respectable and that someone who did such work should be banned on general principles.

Curiously, Steven never violated the trust the others place in him. He never made dates with callers.

"I have enough of that at the studio," he confided. "And I know they suspect I might but I never have and I never would. The only way I ever came close to that is allowing this one man who calls from time to time to masturbate while he talks to me."

Steven felt that allowing some frustrated phone freak to masturbate while talking to him was charitable, especially since the man usually concluded such calls with profuse declarations of gratitude. That was frowned upon and most of the other volunteers would hang up on such callers. But Steven wouldn't. It was his way of being compassionate.

Another volunteer, Sammy, filled in at the Switchboard regularly. He never became involved with any callers. However, he tricked constantly with the others he met there and enjoyed the Switchboard's social atmosphere.

At the time, the Lesbian Switchboard was in the adjoining room. Sepa-

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Getting Turned-On

There is no use in pretending to be free of any trace of S&M in your fantasies; it is as inescapable and essential an element in your being—given the human condition—as lymph fluid or liver bile. Yet there are as many misunderstandings today about the S&M scene as there were about homosexuality *per se* ten years ago. For that reason GAY interviewed a group of men in the scene who describe the transports of ecstasy that sado-masochism provides for them, and who also debate an observer unimpressed by S&M.

GAY: What are S&M relationships all about?

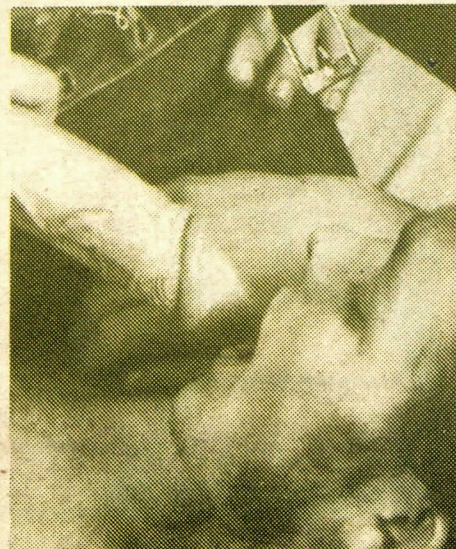
JOE: They are a sexual contract between two or more people of any sexual orientation. And a good sexual relationship will include understanding of each other's philosophies, fantasies, merged with a very close tie between the people involved. S&M sex is very much sex with the **mind** and this mental understanding often leads people to know what turns them on or off, and how far you can go so that the S&M scene will be a good one, something they'll both enjoy and want to repeat and expand upon in the future.

RON: Usually there is a meeting of minds even **before** an S&M scene begins where certain limits are discussed. A true "S" will not exceed the limits of the "M." In **my** case it would be a turn-off if the "M" is turned off. I can only stay turned on while the "M" is turned on.

ARTIE: Not me. I've been turned on when the "M" was turned off. I've also been turned on when I am the "M" and the "S" is turned off. It depends on what the person looks like, on what transpires in the scene or what **hasn't** transpired.

MARC: Here we should define the very fine distinction between S&M and **brutality**. Sadism is pleasurable to the point where **both** parties are getting off on it. If that's not the case, what we're talking about is no longer S&M, it's brutality. If someone goes out and grabs somebody off the street and rapes and murders him, we're told in the straight press that it's a "horrible **sadist** stalking the streets." But that's not S&M, that's criminal brutality.

PETER: That's a very good point. Most of the people I know who are not into S&M have the idea that an S&M scene is an act of unilateral cruelty by one person against another. Charles Pitts used a word to describe S&M, he was



talking in this case about fist-fucking—as a "raunchy **complicity**" between master and slave. And in S&M, there must be a mutual desire to accomplish the scene, even the most severe scenes, of which there are many.

ARTIE: None of us here subscribe to murder, or maiming people, and I think people who do that are not into S&M.

RANDY: Instead of splitting hairs on whether we want to maim people or not against their will, I think the logical question to ask is why is it necessary for people to relate to each other in this fashion?

ARTIE: Because at times I and the person I'm with get **off** on it. We both physically and emotionally find it pleasurable.

RANDY: Why is it that doing ugly and un-nice things to one another becomes more important than doing tender and loving things to one another? Doesn't it reflect a very negative self-image and a wallowing in guilt?

PETER: What makes you think that getting fist-fucked or being tied up and fucked all night or being pissed on can't be accomplished without great tender and loving feelings?

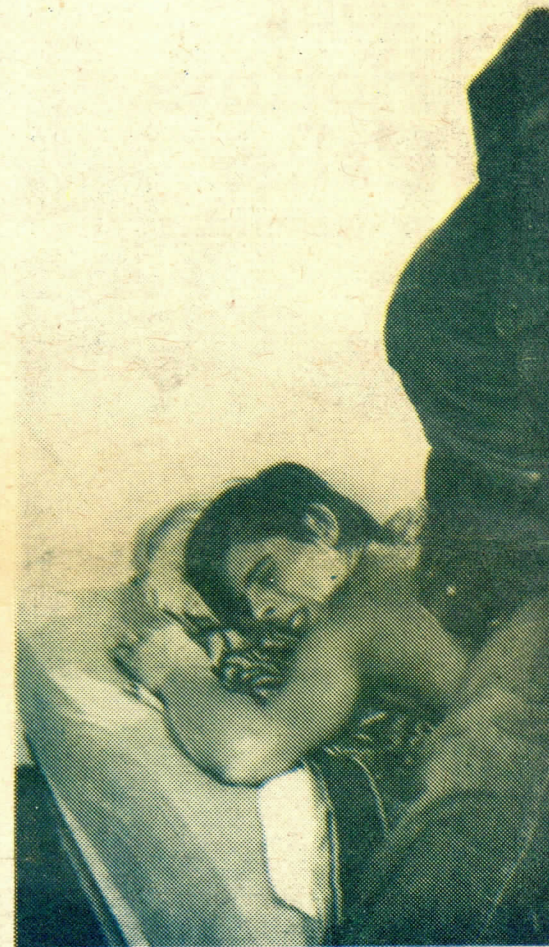
RON: What you might find brutal and painful may be pleasurable and exciting and a great turn-on for both parties.

RANDY: Why do you draw the line between sadism and brutality?

ARTIE: Because my moral sense dictates that each person has a right to express himself with his body the way he sees fit. And I have no right to impose a brutal force, or mark, or lifestyle on anybody else. I'm not saying to Randy that he should get into S&M. It's his choice. Nor do I say that I don't get into **non-S&M** sex. Sex is sex and what people enjoy they should go ahead and do and not be bound by the limits and restraints of our society.

GAY: Besides placing an ad in GAY or the Rigid Bondage Roster, how does one get involved in an S&M scene if he suspects he wants to get involved?

JOE: I don't think just anybody would enjoy S&M sex. There is a certain amount of sadism and masochism in the human makeup just as there is masculinity and femininity in every person. Some people will find this part of their nature is very strong. If so, there will be strong fantasies all throughout their adolescent life, especially while masturbating, which can later be actualized through S&M scenes. People who haven't had these fantasies or are **not** turned on by the thoughts of some of



the things that go on in an S&M scene, it's just not the thing for them.

ARTIE: The way to get into S&M is to pick out your favorite masturbatory fantasy and **act** it out. You'll find that perhaps 80 per cent of the time, if you analyze it, there will be some amount of S&M in the fantasy in one variant or another.

GAY: Can long-term S&M relationships develop, or are they transitory?



to the S&M Scene



beat his ass **bloody**. And he didn't say a word because he knew I was fucking pissed off at him. But the next morning over hangovers and all we had mixed feelings about what had happened. He apologized to me and I agreed to see him again a couple of times, but he has toed the line because he knows that if I ever get mad I'll really take it out on him. But that was the only time I ever did that. I think stimulants in a scene can change people and I would rather have them their normal way.

GAY: Joe mentioned before that S&M was very much **mental** sex.

RON: In a long scene, like one I had that began at noon and ended at midnight with only a few breaks in between by the end there were two soggy dripping people. We were very tired because we had been having **mental** orgasms all through the day.

GAY: What's the difference between a mental orgasm and a physical one?

RON: You get off on the **scene**. You actually have a release as if you had an orgasm, a **physical** one is not necessary. You are completely relieved and very tired, more so than just shooting a load in conventional sex. Trying to conduct a successful S&M scene is one of the most tiring physical and mental things you can do, especially for the "S." You are left pleased and satisfied.

JOE: The way you feel is like when you leave the baths after you've had a good

(continued on page 22)



ARTIE: There's little difference from non-S&M relationships. It's as varying and delightful and just as meaningful except S&M has one difference: the people are much freer and much more trustful.

RON: Yes, you must have total trust in a scene or else how are you going to submit your **body**?

GAY: How do you go about developing this trust?

ARTIE: By smoking **dope**.

RON: No. I don't allow liquor or dope in a scene. When arranging a scene with a newcomer I usually discuss preliminary things over the phone. I like the scene to begin as soon as the person arrives, a scene which will last as long as we are both turned on.

RANDY: Why don't you allow dope or liquor in a scene? Has anything ever happened?

RON: Yes, once I had a number staying overnight and he knew we were going out to dinner but he didn't bring any money and I got stuck with a \$20 tab. Later, when he was lying in bed tied up on his stomach, I was on Scotch getting drunker and drunker and madder and madder and I took a hunk of chain and

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GRANDMA

(continued from page 7)

their first time on the streets. I had, of course, been in **many** parades, I've had horses driven over me. I've had police after me. I wasn't **afraid** and maybe they sensed that. The next year I walked with the women. The younger women had the same feeling in their eyes. The next parade I was out of the country. But in the last parade I walked with the parents.

GAY: What about **Parents of Gays?**

SARA: I hope it will grow. It meets regularly every fourth Sunday at the Methodist Church at 13th Street and Seventh Avenue on the corner. People can call me for information at (212) OR 4-5543. Any gays who want to meet me, or bring their mother, or if a mother wants to meet with me **alone** rather than meet with a group, I am willing to give them my time. But I must have safe credentials from people because I live alone and I've had bad experiences opening my door to just anyone. But I would be happy to talk to any parents.

I don't want to seem critical of parents. I know the world. I wasn't born yesterday. I know parents find it difficult to accept their children. Some parents need support and to this end I feel we should have a positive approach, but one that is not apologetic. The attitudes of parents involve **guilt**, which I attribute to the mishandling of psychiatrists who pose as scientists and they are **not**, and who have made mothers either afraid to love their child or afraid not to. Parents feel guilt for whatever their child becomes, forgetting that a child faces a great big world outside of them. I'm strong on this point. It annoys me to see this guilt. Parents are also so sorry for themselves they ignore the fact that in times of crisis their children need them the most. When a child has the courage to tell them about his homosexuality, then parents should feel pride and not sit around moaning, feeling sorry for themselves. Parents should also follow their child's lead. If the child wants to come out and be **honest** by all means the parent must be completely honest also, because if the parents go into the closet it's in itself a condemnation. But a parent must be prepared, just as any brave, valiant young gay is prepared, to face an ignorant and bigoted world. I have met animosity because I have been honest, but I have been able to educate people that it is the world and **not** the gay person that is wrong.

GAY: Some parents are difficult, then?

SARA: I find that I have to hold my temper and not scold. You have to be patient and understand that this is a new movement. As Dick Leitsch said, "We are the youngest and the newest of

the movements coming out to demand our rights."

ENTERTAIN

(continued from page 8)

no concept of "gay" as a way of life, a thing to be lived, not referred to in analysis. One person I spoke to objected to what he called "three guys acting like faggots on the stage." Unfortunately, he is gay himself and shows a lot of self-hate and confusion. He even admits that he can't seem to evaluate their voices because they threaten him so much. Gotham is pushing out the boundaries. Gently, yes, but firmly. When Gary sings "Someone To Watch Over Me" you can watch it in their faces out there. At first it doesn't hit them:

Lookin' everywhere
Haven't found him yet
He's the big affair
I can not forget
Only man I ever think of with regret

Wait a minute, did he say HE? For some of us it's a joy; a small long-awaited, too long in coming, victory. For others it's **stay away: gayness here, they'll blow our cover.** Well, it's too bad about them. The song speaks their name and they counted on being the love that dared not. Well, yes, it's just too bad.

The funny part is that Gary, Michael and Jon tell me that it's mostly the gays and almost never the straights.

"Sometimes, we'll work a straight audience and begin to feel a few bad vibes, but after they listen a while, they get off on it. It's the uptight gays who say 'they're tired'—because we're doing what they always wanted to do and the roof isn't falling in on us. Makes them mad as hell because they can't accept themselves and we have."

But the lyrics change in front of a straight audience, sometimes, don't they?

"Yes, we're entertainers. Our job is to make people happy. We don't go into a club to offend people and turn them off. If we turned them off, they would not listen. But if they listen and watch us being ourselves, they're going to think more of gay people in the long run. It's a slow process."

Will audiences let Gotham be themselves? Will they let Gotham get **just** that much more honest and be what they are? Their manager, Bill Hennessey, thinks so.

"Audiences are ready now to accept an openly gay entertainer. The next big entertainers in this country are going to be open gay people—not David Bowie's—just everyday gay people with no glitter and a lot of talent—and the time is now."

Well, they may be ready for Gotham, but are they ready for Steven Grossman?

The first time I saw Steven Grossman was at Folk City on West Fourth Street. I'd heard about his performances at the GAA Firehouse and at the benefit for CSLD '73 at Brothers and Sisters on the only night I skipped. So here I was, determined to find out what all the shouting was about. Steven Grossman is a battle between the American Dream and the way we **really** are. Sitting there in the dark, watching him, his incredibly fluid hands moving across space in time to his music, I wondered if someone hadn't felt this long ago upon seeing Dylan perform for the first time in that very room. It was one of those moments that the groupies I spoke of before wait for interminably. And here I was, in a little club in Greenwich Village, and it was happening. My thoughts drifted to the very first time I heard Bette Midler and how I **knew**. I **knew** now. Entertainment in this country has not always meant the same thing. The literal definition is "to amuse; to divert, etc." Does Nina Simone always amuse and divert, like when she sings "Four Women," for instance? Did Piaf divert and amuse? Did Garland, always? No, entertainment, at its best, has always done more; it has given us hope, delineated our despair and made us cope with it, turned our dreams to dust, held up our fondest wish and smashed it and shown us, in the final stroke, that the joy of living is **pure** joy and often bittersweet and a little painful.

Steven Grossman is a man with a Botticelli face and a gingerbread smile. His songs are terrible and beautiful; desperate and peaceful; fantasy and reality. He reaches down inside himself and comes up with—us. He is more than just a great songwriter or a great singer, he communicates his existence in a way that is frightening. He is gay and sings about gay experiences. And when he sings about his love for a woman friend, it is honest and real because all the while, he doesn't allow anyone the luxury of forgetting who and what he is. He makes them, instead, realize that the beauty of our lives is in the coexistence of many loves under one roof—a person.

While I sat there I noticed that more than 80 per cent of the audience was straight. They come to places like Folk City out of habit. This is where Bob Dylan sang. Joan Baez, Peter Paul and Mary. Tonight, however, as Pirandello said, we improvise! They were hesitant, at first, these guys and "their" women who had come for a Saturday night in "the village." They waited. They listened. He was singing a song about the docks, a place far and away from their lives. A place they'd never even heard of, let alone could understand. down at the docks with the moon in my mirror and a sea stone to remember you by men at the trucks come with hope to

deliver
and silently leave you to die
down where the rookies laugh and
shiver on their
way from patrolling the piers
I looked for a gift but had nothing to
give her
so I buried my hands in his hair
go lightly in the morning/ my madness
is storming/
waiting like a blister/ about to burst/
dry dock dreaming/ trusting and
bleeding/
knowing yet needing/ and expectin' the
worst/

dry dock dreaming/ of staying of
leaving/ so you
got to get your milking out here or in
bed
well what i do to your body i do to
your head

oh devil won't you leave me i'm turning
to stone
i'm anxious and angry and want to go
home but
please not alone.

They understood. It went on like that for an hour. Joyful noises, a wail from the soul, a ragtime "Can't Do A Thing Without You Papa, Blues."

"Did he say 'Papa' Blues?"

It didn't matter to them. He was pouring it out for them and he was great. Steven Grossman puts the gay experience into song. We need someone to do that. And it can't be just anyone. The person who defies the rules has to be great or they won't let him live. Won't forgive him for being. Steven Grossman sings his songs all alike; for a gay audience or a straight audience, and yet he has a lot in common with Gotham just the same. They're both being defiant about who they are. When I asked Gary, Michael and Jon what they wanted to be when they grew up, Michael said "linebacker for the Green Bay Packers," Jon wants a lime green piano and Gary wants to "go home with my man." They don't sound like they'll take much shit from anybody and neither does Steven Grossman. His songs speak of faith in what he is and what he wants.

I don't want no sugar damn daddy
i don't want to waste my life this life
lying on the racks with your thousand
other lovers
or pretending to be your wife

And because of him and Gotham and those like them, the truth will eventually get spoken. It will get spoken because there are still those of us left who aren't ashamed of what we are. Who don't think that there's such a thing as being "too gay" any more than being "too

(continued on page 16)

ENTERTAIN

(continued from page 15)

black or too white or too human."

Gotham is going to California this week and then they are coming back to play here in New York again. Don't miss a chance to see them. Go and join the others at Grand Finale some night. Have yourself a high old time. Listen to people who are being themselves and liking it. It will make you happy. It will also make you happy to know that Mercury Records has signed Steven Grossman as their first openly gay artist and his album **Caravan Tonight** will be out before this article.

The world can fence itself in but it cannot forever fence us out.

GORDON

(continued from page 9)
vocations in his day.

He was always a remorseless, inflexible disciplinarian. In China, when his artillery battalion went on a sit-down strike for wages that had not been paid in nearly a year, Gordon marched up to the mutineers with a small contingent of aides, personally pulled a corporal from the line, and had him shot on the spot. Then he threatened to execute every fifth non-commissioned officer until the boys went back to work, which they promptly did.

It must be admitted that this kind of blackmail worked, in the sense that Gordon's imperialist army—the Ever Victorious Legion, as they called themselves in Anglo-Chinese parlance—**did** crush the Tai Peng, a popular religious uprising that had swept over most of China. On the other hand, though, a case may be presented that the Tai Pengs disintegrated largely of their own corruption, the way their leaders no sooner gained power than they gave themselves over to opium and concubinage.

In any case, it was during the Chinese expedition that Gordon first began collecting his "Kings," which is what he called any local youngsters who accepted his invitation to live with him. In China, Gordon had six young Oriental lads about him day and night as his personal guard, plus dozens of homeless waifs at any given time. He would read them the Bible, and they would dress him in the very latest Mandarin fashions, make up his face, and set his hair for him. It was all very hunky-dory.

On the way home from China in '75, Gordon spent some months on a surveying expedition in Turkey. Here his constant consort was one Ivan, a handsome Armenian youth who shared Gordon's specially-designed uniform of green jacket, short knickers, black boots and blue turban. They seem to have made a splendid twosome until Ivan fell for a bewitching local chambermaid. Gordon

was having none of **this!** "I do not mean to allow it," he wrote petulantly to his mother, "as he belongs to **me!**" Also, he felt it would be immoral.

Ivan faded, though, and Gordon was back in England for a comparatively prolonged stay while waiting for his next overseas assignment. He loved the countryside around Gravesend, where "there were millions of boys running about worth millions." On a trip to Scotland he rejoiced, "A country lad of our Lord, a Hebrew, has fallen to me," but was thwarted in any further conquests by a dour Scots cousin, who seems to have had an evil mind: "I believe there are many Kings (red-haired) about," he complained to Augusta, "but I cannot get at them."

As far as he himself was concerned, though, Gordon only had two vices, drinking and smoking, against which he struggled in anguish, unsuccessfully, all

his life. In neither was he conspicuously immoderate by conventional standards, but he felt just **terrible** about it all.

You begin to see where he was at. In '72 he was appointed governor of the Equatorial Provinces in the Sudan, to replace Sir Samuel Baker there as Britain's foremost bulwark against the East African slave trade. Now, the Sudan has two clearly-defined topographical areas: there is the North, from Wadi Halfa to Khartoum, which is hot and dry, and the South, from Khartoum to Gondokoro, which is hot and wet. Both places, before the advent of penicillin, were sumpholes of every tropical disease from dysentery through typhus and cholera to leprosy. "What a mystery, is it not, why they are created," wrote Gordon of a southern Sudanese—"a life of fear and misery night and day! One does not wonder at their not fearing death." The southern Sudanese, understand, are black, unlike the northern Sudanese, who are Arabs: and at this time the Arabs were making regular raids on the blacks, kidnapping them and selling them up the Nile as slaves. It was this that Gordon was supposed to stop.

He did nothing of the kind, of course. He did ride his camel around a lot, and he lured Shayk Zubair to Cairo under false pretences, where he could be placed under house arrest, but the slave trade continued after Gordon left the Sudan in a pique in 1880.

In 1882 Gordon was billeted to South Africa to suppress a Basuto uprising; the "Kings" of Africa failed to interest him, though, and he left. From '83 to '85 he toured the Holy Land, mapping the sites of such interesting events as the fall of Satan from Heaven and the rape of the Benjamenite concubine. He also sort of got his head together finally around women: "I like all men, even **cats**," he wrote to a friend. "Women are fearful, yet most valuable. I dare say they think us ditto. I fear susceptibilities or I would say more."

Meanwhile, of course, the Mahdi was gaining ground in the Sudan. Now, according to a long-standing heresy in Islam, the Prophet is reincarnated from time to time as a human being who reforms all Islam and chastises the Infidel. There have been any number of Mahdis—Lybian president Muammar Khadafi is the current nominee—but of all of them, Mohammad Ahmed of Dongola is the most colorful. A peasant given to frequent apocalyptic visions, Mohammad Ahmed rose to power in the Sudan mainly through the political acumen of his henchman, the Khalifa Abdullah ibn al-Sayid Mohammad, and the military brilliance of such desert shayks as Osman Digna and Mohammad Wad Nguni. His followers were incorrectly termed "Dervishes" by the Western press—a **dervish** is merely a monk; the appropriate warrior term is **ansar**—and they numbered in the hundreds of thousands. It was the last great barbarian army: the Mahdi could muster upwards of 100,000 spear-wielding fanatic soldiers on a week's notice, and send them into battle without food, water, or medical supplies. It was such an army, 50,000 strong, that wiped out the expedition of General William Hicks Pasha in 1884, and caused the Queen to have Gordon sent to Khartoum to save England's face.

"We must not let this fine and fruitful country," Victoria ordered Gladstone, "with its peaceful inhabitants, be left a prey to murder and rapine and utter confusion." She obviously had no more idea of what the Sudan was like than the Kahlifa Abdullahi had of her, when he later on wrote to her, "If you will believe and testify that there is no god but Allah, and that Mohammad is the apostle of Allah, and if you follow the Mahdi—peace be on him—and become subject to my rule, I will receive you and give you tidings of prosperity and safety from the torments of the fire."

In any case, Gordon Pasha sailed up the Nile again to Khartoum, where some 8,000 Egyptian troops and various anti-Mahdist civilians were awaiting evacuation before the Mahdi murdered them all. Gordon, though, had it in his head to personally **eradicate** Mahdism by sheer force of will and Christian righteousness, and he shilly-shallied around until it was too late. The Mahdi offered several times, by messenger, to allow Gordon and the Egyptians free passage to Egypt, and Evelyn Baring **begged** him to leave, but Gordon Pasha stood pat. The whole world was watching, and Gordon revelled in preparing the hopeless "defense" of Khartoum, wearing his prettiest uniforms and enjoying the proximity of several thousand ebony warriors from the Equatorial Provinces who adored him and were prepared to give their lives for him without knowing quite why. When finally the Mahdi laid siege to Khartoum and there

was no possibility of any mass evacuation, Baring ordered Gordon to leave by cover of night and ride camelback to Aswan, which was thoroughly feasible: but Gordon retorted that he was staying on, lest he "lose all my beautiful black warriors."

And so it happened that on 13 November, 1886, the Mahdi's barbarian army waded the White Nile to Khartoum, broke down the walls, and slaughtered every Egyptian in town, along with Charles George Gordon Pasha. A month later, having now secured control over all the Sudan, the Mahdi himself took sick with typhus and croaked, and the Khalifa Abdullahi ran the operation until 1898, when Lord Kitchener invaded with 25,000 troops, plus artillery and Gatling guns and dum-dum bullets, and killed some 50,000 Sudanese to regain control of the Upper Nile.

What the Mahdi may or may not have done to the bodies of Hicks Pasha and his men looks like rather small change compared to Gordon's brand of benevolent colonialism.

ROSENFELS

(continued from page 10)

nity Counseling Center and is certainly no apostate when it comes to righteous political and social causes).

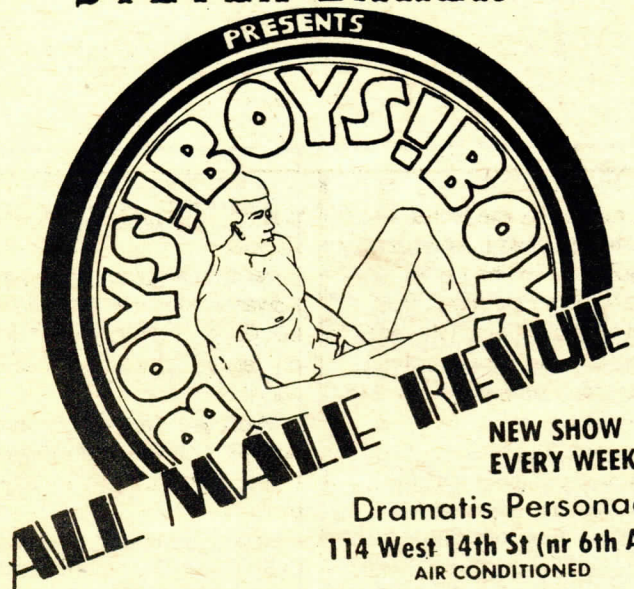
It's not that he wouldn't be welcome in Gay Lib counsels and wouldn't be a natural to peddle beyond them with a little p.r. It's just that he's a private person—even at the Center when he's serving up the spread he's spent all his week's free time preparing. His writing style is so complex that he has never popularly peaked. But as one brother puts it, "He **dwells** on the peak and writes down the dialogues between himself and who-knows-who. Only those of us who are climbing up, hoping to become his soul-neighbors, take the time to read him carefully."

However, Paul is not inaccessible—not even in his weighty volumes, which include **Love and Power, Psychoanalysis and Civilization** and **Homosexuality: The Psychology of the Creative Process**. It takes faith for many to digest what he has to say in print and work on developing one's honesty to feel comfortable with him face-to-face if one is his student. He sees right through—and isn't notably patient with voluntary or involuntary misrepresentation.

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(continued on page 20)

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AMPUTEE WANTED, leg A/K, white, for a unique friendship. PO Box 4253, Phila., Pa. 19144.

MALE-24, husky, would like to meet young guys to 21 as pen-pals, friends, lovers, whatever. You must be sincere, inexperienced ok. I'm a very warm & understanding teacher. No weird scenes. I like movies, music, travel, railroading, theatre. Write: R.E. Clurman, 20-23 46 St., Astoria, NY 11105.

CENTRAL NEW JERSEY MALE, 30, 5'9", 135 lbs., seeking other thin butch males for good times. Photo gets mine in reply. Honest only need write. PO Box 137, Dunellen, NJ 08812.

MALE, WHITE, 24, 5-9, 135 lbs., solid build, well hung, goodlooking, looking for young males, clean, goodlooking & well hung who are French active &/or Greek passive for fun times. Have own apartment & car. Photo if possible (will return). Phone & time to call, am discreet, no pros. PO Box 699, GPO, NY, NY 10001.

HOT CHOCOLATE GOODIES galore. Nude black & Latin dudes of truly classic proportions prove clothes don't make the man. The long guys hang out. Eight top quality 5x7 pictures \$5. Please add 50c postage. Alexander, PO Box 1275, Manhattanville Sta., NYC, NY 10027.

TONGUE IN CHEEKS. Go-go boys, call boys, truck driver, bartender, all turn bottoms up & spread cheeks. It's a clear day & you can see forever. Eight tongue tantalizing top quality 5x7 pictures \$5. Please add 50c postage. Alexander, PO Box 1275, Manhattanville Sta., NYC, NY 10027.

YOUNG ATHLETIC TYPE. I dig scuba, ski & football, 20, white, attractive, good build. Looking for similar. I travel often. No s/m. I am very sincere. Send photo & letter to: Steve, PO Box 375, Sarasota, Fla. 33577.

DUTCH MASOCHIST, 42 (looking 32), dark blond, slim, cultural interests, will meet in NY in March a sadist for lasting relationship. Cor Bakker, 4-Dusseldorf, W. Germany, Flingerstr 43.

MICH. MALE, 37, 5'7" tall, small en-

dowed, not handsome or ugly. Am gentle passive Greek. Seeking friends anywhere. No phonies or s/m. Anyone honest & gentle to age 40 please send frank letter. George J. Rattell, 22213 Dequindre Rd., Hazel Park, Mich. 48030.

SPANISH FRIENDS, under 30, wanted by young Anglo. Well-endowed, well-established, goodlooking. Promise a fantastic time. Am blond, blue-eyed, flexible; looking for sincere & genuine type. Photo a must. Give it a try. PO Box 308, Gracie Sta., NYC 10028.

HORNY, YOUNG, HANDSOME male with beautiful shaped rod & lovely rounded rear seeks males for mutual pleasure. Looks & age are not as important as character. I'm financially well off & can travel anywhere at any time. Fred A., Box 232, Babylon, NY 11702.

SLAVE, versatile, young, white guy available for your pleasure. Skilled, obedient & eager. Males only. Your fantasies come true. Phone no. to Box 336, Lenox Hill St., NYC, NY 10021

DOMINANT, EXPERIENCED Master will cater to your needs. M/F or couples. Am handsome, tall, but above all sincere. All answered. Write: Box 318, Brooklyn, NY 11234.

HOT, SENSUOUS ITALIAN stud-model. Name your pleasure. Steven Callenti. Call Manhattan information.

ROOMMATE(S) WANTED. Beginning in January. Harrisburg-Mechanicsburg area. Must be 18-26. No fats, fems, drugs. I'm interested in a total living experience. Completely new to gay scene. Drop me a line if interested. Box 4479, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15205.

INTELLIGENT WHITE MALE, 27, desires young Spanish friend. Am well-established and sincere. Write including a photo & phone to: Occupant, 2148 Florida Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20008.

YOUNG GRAD STUDENT, 28, 5'10", 150 lbs., seeks male for daytime fun & excitement. Let's get it on together. Bob O., Box 81, Grand Ledge, Mich. 48837.

FEMALE TV (likes to wear moustache) wants to contact transvestites either sex, for rapping, occasional barhopping or din-

ing out. Dorian, PO Box 13, Cockeysville, Md. 21030.

NYC, DISCREET, CHEERFUL, intelligent mature male (with young groovy ideas) & exciting tongue & throat welcomes uncomplicated contact with (gay or bi) males (married or single) who dig blow-jobs. Send photo, phone, details: Paul X., c/o Downstairs Mail Service, 167 W. 21 St., NYC 10011.

YOUNG MAN interested in rugged hairy men for way-out scenes. Digs uniforms & the military. Am 24, well endowed, love sex. Love rear action & w/s. Photo wanted in uniform. Will send phone no. Answer all. D. Kovacs, PO Box 63, Farmingdale, NY 11735.

SLIM, 21, blond, attending beauty school, seeks same or Latins for fun, pleasure & lasting relationship perhaps. Send photo if possible to: Scott Hanus, 6 Stonehenge Rd., Upper Montclair, NJ.

SLAVE, W/M, 26, wants male, female or couples to be my master & discipline me. Will obey all commands. NY/NJ preferred. Box 403, FDR Sta., NY, NY 10022.

TURNED OFF by sexual promiscuity? Tired of shallow people who lead sex-centered lives? Looking for a lasting, meaningful friendship? Are you a sincere gay black male, 6' or taller, over 24 & under 40, muscular, self-supporting, college student or college grad, butch looking & acting, kind, self-actualizing, versatile, honest, able to love without being possessive & non-racist? Are you secure enough in your black identity to treat white people fairly? If so, you might be my man. I'm white, male, 29, 5'11", 155 lbs., attractive, independent, shy, intelligent, masculine, non-smoking, friendly, educated & discreet. I don't care whether you're "hung" or not. Send name, phone, address, etc. to: Boxholder, PO Box 419, Cathedral Sta., NY, NY 10025. Positively no "bisexuals," jivers, hustlers, swishes, s/m, drug freaks, militants, Toms, narcissists, chubbies or alcoholics.

WHITE MALE, 38, 5'7", 160 lbs., bodybuilder w/good body & wide interests, seeks young, trim & friendly guys, inexperienced fine, for mutual exploration, good times & more. No s/m, drugs or heavies. Write w/phone & photo, if possible: PO Box 67, Nyack, NY 10960.

SLIM, ATTRACTIVE W/M, 20s, warm & affectionate, seeks other males in central NY area. No heavies or s/m. Photo if possible for a quick reply. Write to: Jay Frazier, Box 722, Utica, NY 13503.

WRESTLING ANY STYLE, own Long Island mat-room; goodlooking, built, 29, 156 lbs., passionate, sensitive, sincere. Into good music & real people. Replies with photo answered with same: Box 583M, Bay Shore, NY 11706.

I NEED HELP! White male, 21, seeks well endowed male, same age, to take me from my frustrations & dreams. Only gentil & understanding answer. New at the game. Exciting letter, age & description necessary. Send to: J.A.C., PO Box 231, Matamoras, Pa. 18336.

BARE FEET is what turns me on. White guy's feet. I'm an attractive black guy, 27, 6'2", 155 lb. I enjoy good loving as long as I can carress & massage your feet in the process. Would consider kissing the dirty

feet of a young white master. Will travel. Send photo or phone to: PO Box 1244, Baltimore, Md. 21203.

NICE LOOKING W/M, 20 yrs., seeks other young white males for friendship & fun. Only those able to travel need write. Photo please. Box 51A, Mardella Springs, Md., Riverton Rd., 21837.

BOTTOM MAN, 25, aug. build, hairy, seeks well hung top men. Also into s/m, w/s, groups, etc. Box 681, Canal St. Sta., NYC 10013. Good slave for s/m parties.

WHITE MALE, 37, masculine, seeks guy 25-35 for lasting relationship or fun time. West Fla. coast. Write: W.E. Moore, PO Box 287, Carrabelle, Fla. 32322.

CLEAN-CUT WHITE MALE, 27, 5'6", 130 lbs., brown hair, good build, seeks masculine, intelligent guys to 30. Box 632, Canal St. Sta., NY, NY 10013.

TOYS! 10% DISCOUNT all shapes & sizes! Quality! Dildos! Vibrators! Lotions! 24-pg illustrated catalog only \$1 refunded on 1st order! Hangin' Tree Country Store, Rt. 1, Box 4526, Alpine, Calif. 92201.

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AIRLINE STEWARD, 22, bodybuilder, blond, 5'11", 160 lbs., seeks other young males for gentle, non-competitive wrestling. I travel to NY frequently. Chris Robins, PO Box 1161, Rahway, NJ 07065.

HARTFORD ET. AREA. Black, young, goodlooking male, likes travel, music, movies, sex, etc. Looking for friends with similar interest. Photo requested. Box 11483, Newington, Ct. 06111.

HUMPY, BUTCH ITALIAN guy, world famous massive chest, 6', 37, would like to meet sincere submissive guys for loving fun! Write, telephone no. & photo, if possible. Occupant, PO Box 4874, Grand Cent. Sta., NY, NY 10017.

SUPERGROUP/COLLECTIVE/com-mune/think-tank forming in the city seeks serious, young, goodlooking, gay men to join. Only for-real young men who can dig on communal living in a community/group-marriage of lovers & who are interested in philosophy, mysticism, self-development, self-discipline, self-mastery, self-awareness, consciousness-expansion (familiarity with hallucinogens, but no habitual dependency), sex as an expression of love, world salvation (if you want to save the world, let's get together) & me. I'm black (light coffee complexion), 6'3", 190 lbs., 44-32-38 & mostly active Greek. If you think you'd like me, have a sincere dedication to bringing peace on earth, life more abundant to humanity & are willing to work with others of like mind in a community of lovers, send a letter with photo, phone & address to: J.J., Box 353, Peter Stuyvesant Sta., NY, NY 10009.

SKIPPER'S GAY GUIDE No. 5 contains 425 personal ads from men seeking correspondents & friends. Ads from all areas of US plus Canada. All ads guaranteed genuine. Sent via 1st class in carefully sealed, heavy plain envelope. For your copy of "Skipper's Guys Guide No. 5" send only \$1 & signed statement attesting you are over 21 to: Skipper's Guides, Box 92, Danville, Ky. 40422.

CORRESPONDENCE CLUB—\$1 for your ad, up to 50 words, sample copy 50c. Also gay cards. Send 10c for brochure. K&J, 251 W. 42, NY, NY 10036.

EROTIC RELIGION: for "Nelly Heathen" pamphlet, send \$1 to: Psychedelic Venus Church, Box 4163, Berkeley, Calif. 94704 USA.

TIRED OF MEETING all the wrong people, dull nights? Want a friend with intrests of your own? Penpals, dates, gay information & lots more! Total \$1.25. Send for our free questionnaire. Enclose 25c for postage & material. Box 218, Kings Park, NY 11754.

FOLKWAYS RECORDS is proud to announce the first important, non-exploitative record by a brilliant young musician, singing his own songs about the experiences of being gay. Michael Cohen: "What Did You Expect...?" Available from Folkways Records (no. FJ 8582, \$6.98), 701 7th Ave., NY, NY 10036. Since 1947, over 1500 records in print. Catalog: 25c.

RENOWNED INTERNATIONAL SINGER teaches voice, piano at his SoHo studio near GAA Firehouse. Write to: Dvarackas, Box 431, Old Chelsea Sta., NY, NY 10011.

GOLDENROD magazine for gay males & TVs. Gala first edition just out with hundreds of personal ads & photos of gays, groovy stories, places to go. Send \$3 to: Goldenrod, 152 W. 42 St., no. 504, NYC 10036.

NEW GAY PENPAL CLUB. Send \$1 with age & signature for sample confidential bullitan mailed 1st class. Goliath Gazette, GPO Box 3003, NYC 10001. Dept. GAY.

NJ-PHILA. AREA. Good Christian men rejoice! Meet others for friendship thru experienced chaplain. Send letter, photo, phone to: Mr. C. McDonn, PO Box 474, Rio Grande, NJ 08242.

WANTED—free lance writers adult fiction. Send for specification sheets to: T.S.I., 224 W. 4th St., NYC.

GAY COCKTAIL SHAKER, useful & stimulating, a must for the man who has everything & wants more. Holds one quart. \$5. H.P., Box 4863, Phila., Pa. 19124.

PROPHYLACTICS—fine quality, ultra-sensitive. Buy in the discreet privacy of your home. \$2 for sample & price list. H.P., PO Box 4863, Phila., Pa. 19124.

TRANVESTITE PUBLICATIONS. World's largest selection. Catalog & samples, \$1. Tairzena, Box 18053, Seattle, Wash. 98118.

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ACTION GUYS dig receiving their "private mail" at New York's most reliable, Downstairs Mail Service, 167 W. 21st St., NYC 10011. Forwarding or pick-up. Evening hours. Write for free details.

CONSTANT HARDON always erect through incredibly simple 3-second method. Amaze yourself and drive lovers wild. No drugs, devices or courses. Absolutely works! Rush only \$1 for guaranteed automatic hardon to: Box 798, NYC, NY 10017.

Help Wanted

HANDYMAN—work around yard, restaurant & dog kennel. Salary & room & board. Live with middle age broadminded couple. Write: Welch, Box 361, Sturbridge, Mass. 01566.

YOUNG MAN, healthy in mind & body, wanted to help building barn into house in return for country weekends, exercise, simple pleasures. Ralph Walker, RD 4, Box 293, Sussex, NJ 07461.

WANTED: young male, gay or bi, interested in learning radio & television repairing to work & live with older male. Enclose photo when writing to: H. Lewis, Murray, Ky. 42071.

BOY MODEL WANTED by upstate NY area artist. Country living, rm/board. Write, age, photo to: Lowell Bolton, RD no. 2, Box 27-5, Waterloo, NY 13165.

LOOKING FOR SOMEONE to run your shop, serve your food, tend your bar, sell your clothes? It is a documented fact that over 80% of GAY's readers are gay. Why not place your Help Wanted ad in the paper that caters to the gay trade & avoid the process of elimination when you need help?

Photo Services

PHOTOGRAPHY by ERIC STEPHEN JACOBS. Portraits, portfolios, composites. By appointment. Call N.Y.C. Information.

Apartments to Share

MALE, 42 yrs., blond, 6', 165 lbs., seeks black or Spanish speaking roommate for modern a/c Chelsea apt. \$110 month plus utilities. Appreciate someone clean & considerate. Box 704, Chelsea Sta., NY 10011.

CONN. HOME TO SHARE. Middle-aged submissive male will share his comfortable rural home. Pool, privacy, complete personal services offered masculine males. Weekends or permanent. Transient travelers, salesmen, local studs welcome overnight. Send description & requirements to: Manservant, DMS, 167 W. 21 St., NYC 10011.

LOOKING FOR SOMEONE to share the expenses of your apartment? Afraid to advertise in the Voice or the Times or other straight publications? Why not place your ad here & avoid possible embarrassing situations?

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ROSENFELS

(continued from page 16)

—though he is no commander. He's a lover, a mind-fucker with yielding psyche who makes you feel you deserve better than what you've dealt yourself or allowed the world to deal you out of sentimental attachment to the Old Order, sloth, self-deception, promiscuity, lack of commitment (if you're a lover man).

Paul is a diplomate of the American Board of Psychiatry and Neurology and the Institute for Psychoanalysis in Chicago. In 1946 he became an assistant professor of psychiatry at the University of Chicago, was there two years, then left to go into private practice. After three years he decided he had to "draw back" and rethink a lot of things he had taken for granted.

"But I couldn't do this while I was still . . . responsible for patients' welfare. So I gave up my practice and moved to California. But there I found I really didn't know what else to do to earn a living. So I took a job as chief psychiatrist in the Reception Guidance Center in the Department of Corrections, which is a receiving prison in Southern California."

"As reported in the November-December 1968 *Psychiatric Reporter*—after he had established his East Village Counseling Service and begun to "deal with the problems of creative and unconventional people"—Paul stayed at his Dept. of Corrections post a year, then went ahead with his original plan to "draw back from the practice of psychiatry."

For four years he worked at such jobs as cook and printer, and also wrote his first book, *Psychoanalysis and Civilization*. In this he proposed that "results are not the real test of truth," a Libra Publishing release of the time announced. "Universality alone can measure the scientific validity of ideas, and since neither Freudian nor Pavlovian psychiatry has passed the test of universality, neither can claim to be true. Each fails to produce a unified science of human nature."

The release went on to claim that "Dr. Rosenfels proceeds to offer such a science, using universal concepts derived from the historical traditions of the West to unify the role of thought and experience in explaining the psychological nature and behavioral complications of man."

Next came *Love and Power, The Psychology of Interpersonal Creativity*, direct forbear of his latest book, on homosexuality, which has helped to bring droves of males to his modest home on East Sixth not far from NSC.

"I simply try to show them (gays) how to make their lives more meaningful. Homosexuals, particularly in the

kind of atmosphere created in this East Village world, are generally a very promiscuous lot. They can't have a meaningful relationship with other people. And that's the real reason they come here."

After listening to Paul discuss his teaching approach toward a troubled group with whom he has dealt successfully, drug addicts, the psychiatric journal reporter commented, "Coming from an 'unconventional' person (what you do) doesn't sound very unconventional to me."

Rosenfels replied, "I often have to laugh at myself because I am like radical and flexible, and yet my patients always go toward the abiding values of life. They tend to give up drugs, they tend to give up promiscuity, they tend to get an image of a 'true, mated union' between partners. I try to demonstrate to them that man is essentially a mated animal."

"You know, it's not that hard to get people to be moral if they have a motivation for it. And though this may sound the most conventional of all, a good motivation is to care about the welfare of other people, and to really want to be loved."

Dean, who has had five years on most of the other gays who are attempting to "fathom" Paul's deceptively simple approach to relationships in Center talk groups, has written that Paul "maintains that only the eyes of love can see the emerging totality of a subject because love alone can surrender in altruistic devotion and thereby become completely absorbed in and cognizant of what it is loving, whether it be a beautiful youth or the science of physics. Yet this is precisely what modern man is afraid of. Only a saint is expected to give all he has to the search for truth. Only a sexual deviant is permitted to know what total love of another man means."

"It is because his own need to understand the human scene long ago made him abandon the false security of artificial restrictions against interpersonal experimentation that Paul has been able to comprehend the value of mankind's wonderful diversity without losing his profoundly scientific orientation. He concludes that homosexuality is a central aspect of civilization's coming of age, that no man can ever fully know himself before facing and learning to handle his homosexual capacities. Furthermore, he charges the puritanical dishonesty about homosexuality with having crippled the development of psychology as well as having undermined societal progress in general."

Many newcomers to the NSC, after wanting to "tap the source" of the vitality there on more than a casual, good-time basis (though no one discourages such a level of participation), become oriented by reading available copies of

the Foreword to the new softcover edition of *Homosexuality*. In it, the author summarizes the essence of his philosophy, in part, as follows:

"There is a great deal more in homo sexuality than a simple release of new levels of sexual permissiveness. True psychological mating is not only possible between individuals of the same sex it is actually the rule in human interactions (whether sexual or not). How can two men, biologically alike, find a true difference between them through which mating can occur? The answer is simple but profound in its implications: through character specialization . . . (That) is dominant over biological identity, and . . . therefore two men (or two women) can have a masculine-feminine interaction which can lay the basis for a true romantic union, pregnant with possibilities for creative self-development. The concept of masculinity and femininity, used in this way, **has nothing to do with conventional masculine and feminine roles in our society**. Such roles have social roots, not independent psychological ones."

"If men and women are to find their true identity, set free from the sexist tyranny of their conventional social roles, there is no way to avoid passage through homosexual territory. The straight world adheres with stubborn tenacity to its idea of what a man or a woman should be, because it cannot believe that if men and women are set free to find what is best for themselves as individuals that they will be able to reach heterosexuality out of their own needs. What cynicism! The straight world adopts contradictory viewpoints. On the one hand it says that homosexuality is hedonistic, superficial and sick. On the other hand, it finds homosexuality to be both sinister and powerful, capable of mobilizing contagious tendencies which threaten to destroy mankind through self-imposed genocide . . ."

"When human beings have learned to make constructive relationships with someone of the same sex, they can learn to transfer this capacity to someone of the opposite sex, if they find it in their interest to do so. But this is for the future to show. In the 20th century it is enough for men and women to demonstrate that their homosexual capacities can serve the interests of the creative development of all mankind."

And so Paul Rosenfels goes on in his book to present the scientific basis for such a "great human undertaking." Meanwhile back at the Center, his pervading presence provides one of the firmest conceivable foundations for Gay Pride. Paul's ideas and ideals have resulted in the creation of the new basement treehouse which is a place of adventure, calling to a New Free Gay Swiss Family Robinson to come congregate and build together amidst the greenery.

All gays are welcome to drop by or telephone (212) 228-5153. It's where love abounds. "You can tell when you open the door."

SWITCHBOARD

ratism was never more evident in the gay movement. The two groups came to despise one another. Finally, the women moved out.

"The only problem with working there," Sammy once complained, "is that it is very depressing. These people call up with all these problems, some of them just about hopeless. The only good part is you realize how well off you are after talking with them."

I once met an ex-volunteer at a party. He told how he had started getting calls from an 18-year-old boy who wanted to come out. He suggested, after about two or three hour-long conversations on different nights during the week, that the boy go to the **Ninth Circle** bar that Friday evening.

But the collective found out. He was quickly kicked off the staff and banned from the premises. He felt bitter. He charged that the collective was arbitrary and severe in enforcing their "don't-get-involved-with-callers" rule.

Since then, I've frequently called the Switchboard to find out what was going on around town that evening. From time to time, I've recognized a voice—someone who I'd met previously through one of the gay lib groups.

Once, while in the throes of one of my relatively infrequent depressions, I called and had a long, helpful talk with someone who never even knew my name. I was able to unburden my problems that evening on another, sympathetic human being. It was a good feeling.

I've thought of working at the Switchboard. If I weren't tied down with my lover and so excessively busy, I would certainly do so. It is a valuable, social way to spend a few hours every week. And, rules or no rules, I know I would meet many new people (other volunteers) and would have verbal social interaction with those always unpredictable callers.

Gay Switchboard is probably the poorest group in the city. I'm sending them a few dollars and mailing it to: Gay Switchboard, P.O. Box 929, New York, N.Y. 10010. It's the most selfish gift I've ever given. I'm used to having them there waiting for my call. I want them to continue. Won't you send money too?

Young-looking, 27-year-old male, well-hung with groovy heavy construction worker build, desires a very devoted lover. No bisexuals.

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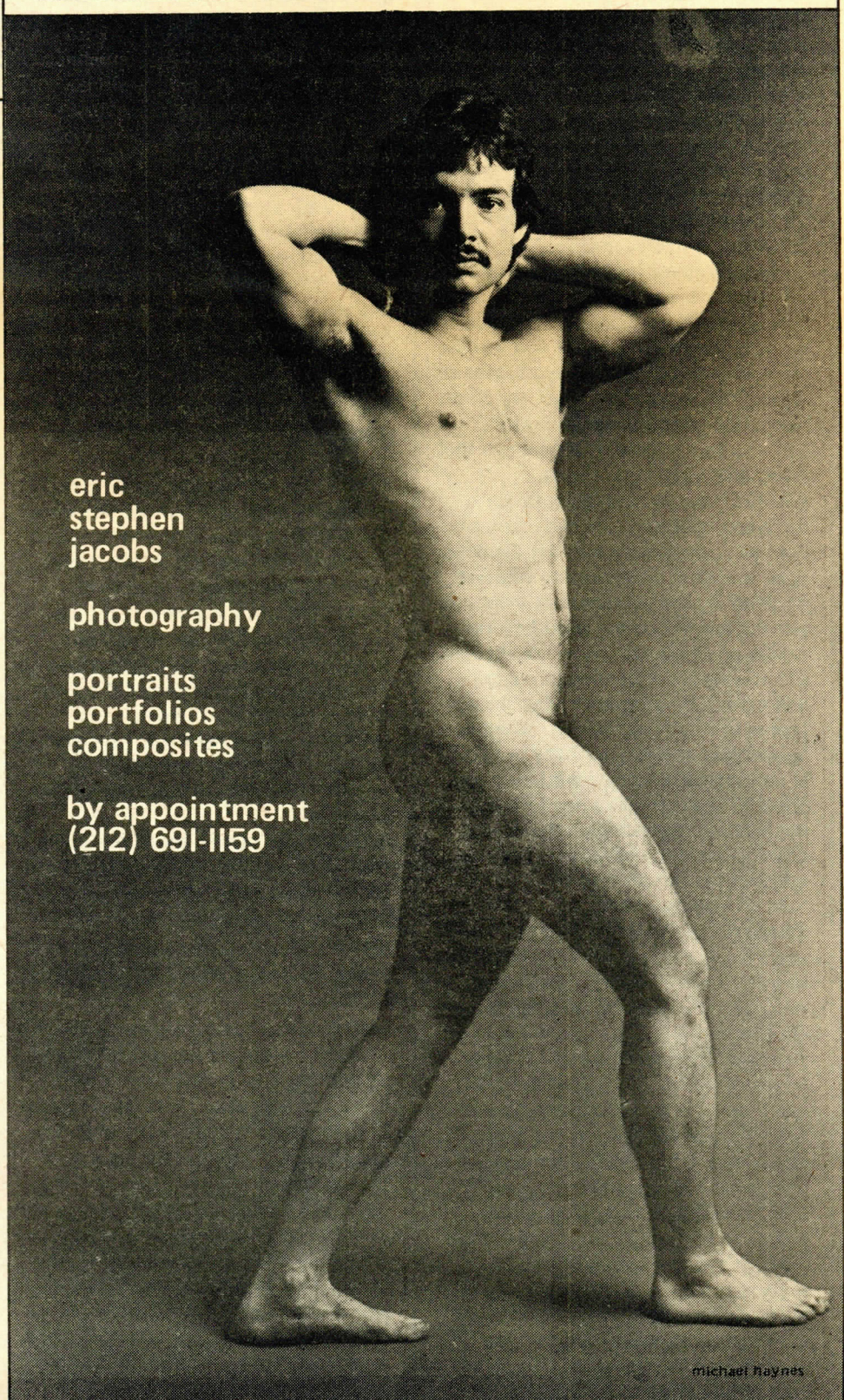
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S&M

(continued from page 13)

time. You're drained and tired and you feel wonderful.

GAY: Then you might consider S&M an ultimate sexual form in that you are combining thought, energy and your body. It's an intense, focused form of sexual lovemaking.

RANDY: I can see that, but I wonder if maybe it isn't over-intellectualizing. One thing about **conventional** lovemaking which I prefer is that at a certain point you can just **fall** into it. You can be relaxed. S&M is like exercises or gymnastics where people are constantly jumping around as if in monkey cages striking positions: very structured and intense.

GAY: I guess to develop an S&M scene properly you have to have an immense imagination to be able to satisfy your partner and yourself?

MARC: Right. Especially for the masochist, who does not often have an outlet for a physical orgasm. You have to use your imagination to get satisfaction even though your cock hasn't been sucked, you haven't fucked and nobody has even **touched** your cock and you've been sucking cock and getting fucked all night. Your imagination must say, "I'm being **used** by this gorgeous person," and you have to get off so much on that aspect that your mind **comes**.

ARTIE: Have you ever gone to the baths and rented a room and just turned over on your stomach and left the door open to submit your body to **whoever** came in? By the time you left there you went to bed with every good-looking person you have ever known or thought of knowing—in your mind of course—and it made no difference what the guy looked like, how old he was, whether he was bald or had a pot belly or whether he's built like a brick shit house and had a 93-inch cock and was 12 years old. And you got off even though you didn't have a physical orgasm because you said to yourself that you wouldn't turn off your stomach.

RANDY: I once went with a guy while I was a male prostitute in Hollywood and he asked me to drop hot candle wax over him, so I began by dripping it over the tops of his big toe, up the inside of one leg and then began on the other foot and worked my way up and then went up to his ears and over his forehead down around his tits and then down around his belly button and I continued snaking around. As I did this I really **wasn't** getting off on the act, but when the wax hit the body it made a **design** and that intrigued me. So I began spinning to the balls. He was lying there writhing and when the wax hit the balls he had an **orgasm** and I almost dropped the candle. Up to that point I was getting off as an 18-year-old kid

dripping wax on this guy's body and watching him writhe and it was like a **movie**, but when he reached orgasm I was startled. I thought at first it was a put-on, but when he actually **shot** without even touching his cock to masturbate just from the first hot drops of wax finally hitting his balls I realized that what I was involved in, at least for **him**, was much more real than it was for me.

GAY: S&M sex has a kind of theatricality. In conventional sex you try to get laid, slake your lust, but unless you are into an engrossing love affair you simply work towards **coming** and that's it. This may sound like an oversimplification, but S&M sex is different: it has a theatre of its own.

RANDY: That's the thing that worries me about S&M. It's so much theatre. Like the people at Eulenspiegel. They're into masses and rituals. I feel there are too many games that we play in life and that this makes **sex** a game and it should be a lot more.

GAY: Why shouldn't people enrich their fantasy life and try to actualize it? It's obviously more than a game. If you have a rich sexual imagination, why not explore it? Otherwise you're left with frustration and hemorrhoids.

RANDY: I think you're falling into the idea that anything that takes us into **new** areas is necessarily good. I think it is something negative that could possibly screw up somebody.

PETER: Something that is new is not necessarily good, but how do you know if you don't explore it? I wasn't always into S&M relationships; in fact it was my lover who brought me out into S&M. S&M was something that I was always intrigued by, and now I can enjoy the aspects of S&M that appeal to me most through my lover. I'll try **anything** once, twice if I like it.

GAY: Yet, we've been told here that S&M sex has brought people closer forming relationships based on freedom and trust.

RANDY: I'm talking about one's own feelings about one's self. I wonder what people think about when they go out and have somebody **urinate** on them.

ARTIE: I love it. I feel fine and I really like **doing** it, too. And if he swallows it all the better.

MARC: When I was a kid I used to sleep with my cousin and he used to urinate all over the bed. At the time I didn't like it but **later** after I was older I began to think about it in an erotic way. This past summer I happened to have occasion to sleep in the same bed with the six-year-old son of a friend who was **also** a bed-wetter. He would do it exactly the same time every night, you could set a clock by his **bladder**. I would lay there waiting for him to start pissing right on schedule and when he started I would masturbate while he pissed all over me while he slept. It was just great. The

idea of being pissed on and degraded by children is very exciting to me.

RANDY: Do any of you piss drinkers consider the **impurities** the body is discharging through urination?

PETER: Urine is completely sterile.

MARC: Urine is cleaner than come.

RANDY: Shit happens to be the bacteria-collecting place of the body. Well, you like it both, you like to eat shit and drink piss. I don't think they are healthy habits.

PETER: Liking the one does not necessarily mean liking the other. I like to be pissed on and drink piss, but I don't like to eat shit, which is very dangerous. I have, however, gotten into **playing** with shit on occasion.

ARTIE: Don't worry. Next year the Food and Drug Administration is going to take care of all this.

GAY: In S&M sex do you get off more on the feeling or the fantasy?

ARTIE: I find it very individualistic, different with each person I go with and how I am at that time. Sometimes I'm into sensations and other times I'm really into fantasy. And it's a lot of theatre too. But we can't generalize.

RANDY: Dick Leitsch once asked me as a joke, "Why is it that all these queens who turn 40 suddenly go S&M?"

GAY: If you have 20 years of sexual experience under your belt, one probably might want to enter the next 20 years doing something differently. And S&M may be an avenue of its own.

RANDY: I've gotten the impression that in the S&M scene age differential—which is so critical in the ordinary gay scene—is less important a factor.

JOE: Somebody older who has been around and is more experienced can teach you a lot.

ARTIE: I really don't find much importance in age.

RANDY: S&M dress restrictions are carried to a cultish extreme at some bars. At the Eagles Nest, for example, they won't even let you in with a shoulder bag.

MARC: The Eagles Nest is a private club, licensed as such, and they don't have to let anybody in if they don't want to even if you're in full leather.

RON: We have to also consider the mystique that's involved. It's a **leather** bar, where the guys wear leather, blue jeans, denim or cowboy outfits. At Eulenspiegel people get together in plain clothes, and they're more into the scenes than anyone at the bars.

ARTIE: The leather bars have their own important function. If I want to meet a guy for S&M sex, I want a place to go where I don't have to feel uncomfortable about it.

JOE: To change the subject, let me tell a story: a friend of mine read a sex ad from a guy in Toronto, an "S," who inherited a Nazi SS uniform, and who was looking for little Jew boys to serve

as slaves. He may head up there on his next vacation.

RANDY: I'm leaving, but I want to say I really think that that kind of fantasy is disgusting. Millions of people were murdered over in Germany and here is this ugly venom that's being spread in gay society in which sexuality is being turned on by people acting games which 20 years ago weren't games but were the vilest horrors the world has ever known.

RON: I'm so turned off by that story, you have no idea. It's the first time I've agreed with Randy, but please **leave** anyway.

JOE: I'm sorry I told it.

ARTIE: I'm a Jew, but I'm really not so upset by that story. The Nazi experience never happened to me firsthand, so it's **just** a story. I'm sure the situation is not a real situation, the guy's not a real SS person. I'm not so sure I have the right to make a value judgment. I have a right to make one about the **real** people who did to my family what they did to the families of other Jews.

RON: Randy implies that what happened in Nazi Germany was S&M and none of us here agree that people should go beyond certain limits. We know that wasn't S&M, it was brutality and murder.

JOE: In the story these two people had not even been born at the time of the war. The situation was not real. In fact the boy who was to be the "M" wasn't even Jewish. It was all a game.

ARTIE: I'm tired of hearing the stereotypes Randy gave where all gay people and S&M people are being equated with Dean Corlls. I don't believe we can stereotype and say that because one person commits a murder that every gay person commits murders, that's not true. What do you think of one German person, should he be held guilty for Hitler? Being brutal is not being S&M. I object to Randy's generalizations geared to change our attitudes as well as other people's, that **his** feeling is the **right** feeling. Yet Randy has a full right to feel the way he wishes. He doesn't have to go to bed with any S&M people.

RON: Randy has a negative attitude to begin with about S&M because to him it's all chains, beatings, whippings, blood and hospitals. And it **isn't**, and if it is I don't want any part of it.

PETER: I don't think we should feel so defensive about what Randy thinks, because no matter what we tell him otherwise, it's not going to change his mind. We have to face that there are extreme forms of genuine, mutual S&M relationships and scenes, which **some** people are into. But there are also forms of S&M scenes that do not involve physical pain in the least. There is such a spectrum in the S&M scene. We have such possibilities for pleasure. Let's just take advantage of them and explore them.

Meet Market

BRONX BARS

BEAT GOES EAST, 601 Morris Ave. at White Plains Rd. (931-8666)
CHEZ BIPPY, 2207 Boller Ave. (379-9407)

BROOKLYN BARS

DANNY'S OF BKLYN HGTS, 108 Montague St. (625-8844)
GRACIE'S MANSION, 79 Pineapple St.
NEW ATLANTIS, Stillwell Ave., Coney Island (996-2250)
PIANO BAR, 103 Montague St. (624-9722)

QUEENS BARS

(the borough, n'est-ce pas?)

ALLEY, 74-05 37th Ave., Jackson Hts. (428-8878)
BETSY ROSS ROOM, 73-13 37th Rd., Jackson Hts. (429-8605)
SQUARE LEMON, 135-01 Northern Blvd., Flushing (359-9158)
WHAT A DUMP, 76-06 Roosevelt Ave., Jackson Hts. (429-8249)

RESTAURANTS AND CLUBS

BEAU GESTE, 239 3rd Ave. (20th St.) (475-9724)
BIG DISH, Cor. W. 12th & W. 4th Sts. (243-9898)
BLEECKER STREET, 302 Bleecker St. (YU 9-3907)
BROTHERS AND SISTERS, 355 W. 46th St. (765-7848)
CASA PACO, 330 Bleecker St. (cor. Christopher) (989-9050)
COMPANY, 365 3rd Ave. (MU 3-9033)
COUNTRY COUSIN, 1313 3rd Ave.
FEDORA'S, 239 W. 4th St. (CH 2-9691)
FIVE OAKS, 49 Grove St. (675-9669)
MARY'S MARY'S, St. George Hotel (Bklyn Hts.)
MONA'S ROYAL ROOST, 28 Cornelia St. (242-9557)
ONE POTATO, 518 Hudson St. (691-6260)
PELICAN, 200 W. 70th St.
RENO SWEENEY'S, 126 W. 13th St. (CH 2-1366)
RONNIE'S SUPPER CLUB, 324 E. 49th St.
SEBASTIAN'S, 1068 1st Ave. (846-9317)
SINGLES, 951 1st Ave. (486-9832)
TOR, 21 Greenwich Ave. (255-1337)
TROUBADOR, 1078 1st Ave. (PL 5-1955)
WALTER'S APARTMENT, 1068 2nd Ave. (371-3374)
WHEN WE WIN, 1 Sheridan Sq. (675-1960)

WESTCHESTER/ROCKLAND/UPSTATE BARS

COMEBACK, Rt. 9W, Piermont ([914] 359-9653)
MR. G's ROUNDHILL RESORT, Rt. 208, Washingtonville, N.Y.
PLAYROOM, 590 Nepperham Ave., Yonkers ([914] 969-2320)

MANHATTAN BARS

THE BARN, 19th St. at Park Ave.

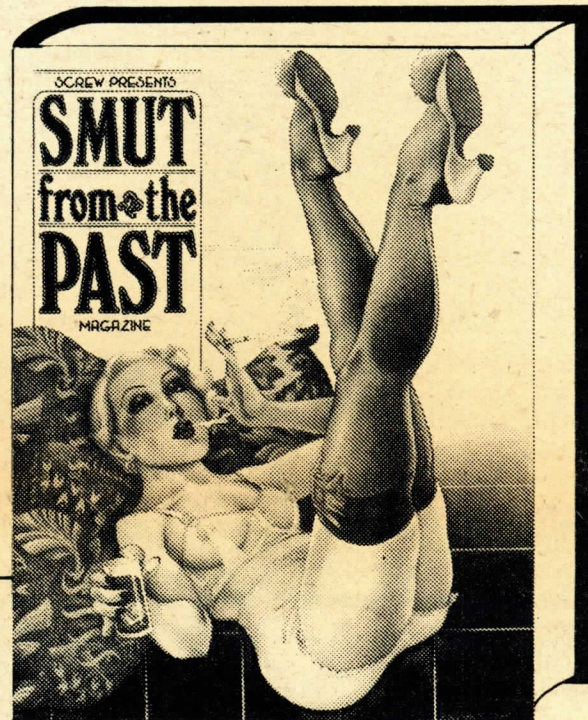
South (473-9080)
BETTER DAYS, 319 W. 49th St. (582-9747)
BIG SPENDER, 315 W. 48th St. (586-9880)
BIKE STOP, 230 W. 75th St. (874-9014)
BONNIE AND CLYDE (Private club: women only), 82 W. 3rd St. (Sullivan & Thompson) (473-9304)
BOOT HILL, 317 Amsterdam Ave. (75th St.) (787-9412)
BON SOIR, 40 W. 8th St. (473-9859)
CANDY STORE, 44 W. 56th St. (581-4664)
CARR'S, 204 W. 10th St. (255-9742)
DANNY'S, Cor. Christopher and Greenwich Sts. (929-9321)
DANNY'S OF SHERIDAN SQUARE, 170 7th Ave. South (691-8373)
DIRTY EDNA'S, 264 W. 46th St.
DUCHESS (Private club: women only), 70 Grove St. (242-1408)
EAGLES NEST (Private club: leather/western men only), cor. 21st St. & 11th Ave.
FAST FREDDIE'S, 185 W. 10th St. (675-9447)
FOREST, 3rd Ave. at 81st St. (744-9873)
GINZA, 40 E. 48th St. (421-4320)
GIANNI'S, 53 W. 19th St. (691-7446)
GILDED GRAPE, 719 8th Ave. (582-8690)
HARRY'S BACK EAST, 1422 3rd Ave. (249-6991)
HOLLYWOOD, 128 W. 45th St. (265-8902)
HUNGRY HILDA'S, 709 8th Ave. (581-1667)
JOHN'S JOYNT, 1145 1st Ave. (355-8663)
JUDY'S DISCO, 255 W. 43rd St. (594-2523)
JULIUS, 150 W. 10th St. (cor. Waverly Pl.) (929-9672)
KELLER'S, 284 West St. (CH 3-1907)
KELLY'S VILLAGE WEST, 46 Bedford St. (929-9322)
KOOKY'S, 149 W. 14th St. (242-9226)
KON-TIKI, 1604 Broadway (586-6101)
LE JARDIN, 110 W. 43rd St.
LIMELIGHT, 91 7th Ave. So. (255-9379)
LIB, 305 E. 45th St. (532-0290)
MARIE'S CRISIS, 59 Grove St. (243-9323)
NITE LIFE, 85 Washington Place (477-9401)
PAINTED PONY, 1485 3rd Ave. (744-9580)
PAULA'S, Greenwich Ave. off 7th Ave. So. (691-3660)
PETER RABBIT, 305 W. 10th St. (WA 9-9579)
PICADILLY PUB, 324 Amsterdam Ave. (874-8632)
RAM ROD, 394 West St. (929-9718)
ROADHOUSE, 570 Hudson St. (cor. W. 11th) (CH 3-4242)
ROUNDTABLE, 151 E. 50th St. (758-0310)
SPIKE, 120 11th Ave. (989-8913)
TIJUANA CAT, 350 W. 46th St. (265-9572)
TY'S, 114 Christopher St.
UNCLE CHARLE'S NORTH, 1049 Lexington Ave. (861-6132)
UNCLE CHARLIE'S SOUTH, 581 3rd Ave. (38th St.) (684-2170)
YUKON, 140 E. 53rd St. (421-8122)



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