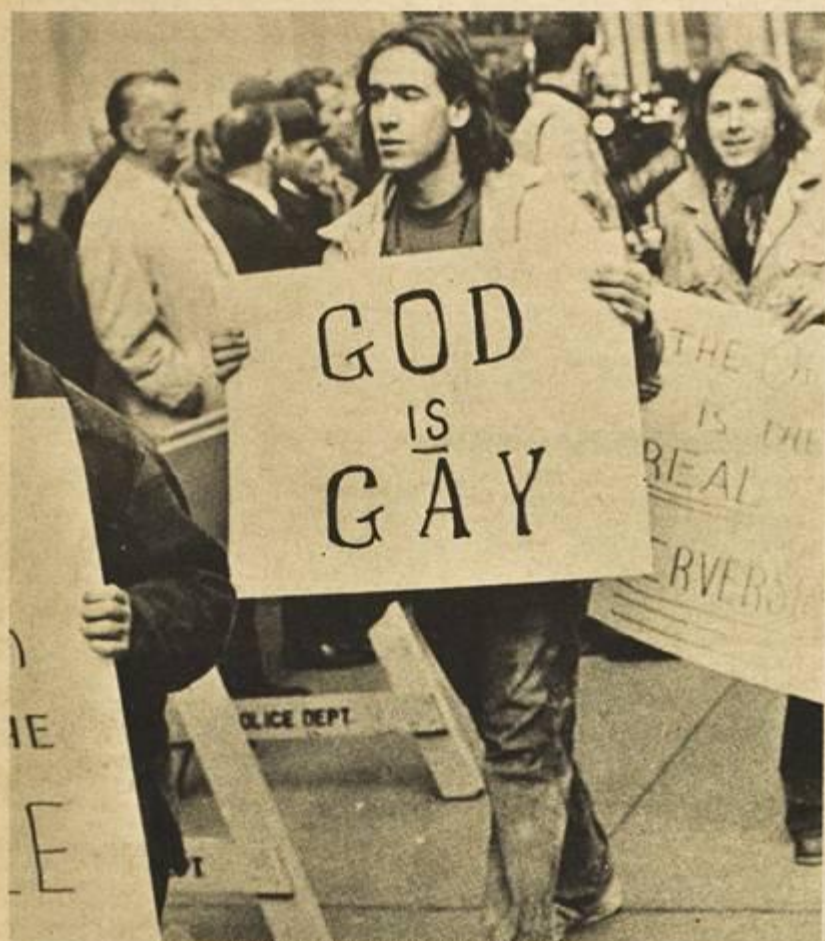


# GAY

40¢  
OUT OF  
NYC 75¢

Vol.2 Issue 40



Demonstrators at St. Patrick's Cathedral

## Demonstrators Claim: 'God Is Gay' Puppy Execution Fails To Occur

BY RANDOLFE WICKER

For several days prior to Friday, November 20th, leafletters in front of St. Patrick's Cathedral on 5th Ave. and in the Village handed out announcements signed by the "Gay G.H.O.S.T.S." (Gay. Hospital. Orderlies. To Stop. Torture.) saying that at 1:00 p.m. in front of St. Patrick's they intended to "publicly administer electro-shock therapy to a live puppy," the purpose being to protest electro-shock treatments forced on homosexual inmates at Bellevue.

By 12:30 p.m. twenty-five policemen were on hand to keep the crowds moving past a 100 foot long barricaded strip reserved for the demonstrators directly opposite the Cathedral.

Five demonstrators appeared: two heavy girls dressed in blue jeans, khakis and sports jackets & three boys similarly attired. Hurriedly they made placards with ink markers reading: "Revolutionary

Lesbians"; "God is Gay"; "The Church is the Real Perversion"; "Gay Power"; and commenced marching in a circle.

"They could only do that in America," one middle aged matron announced to a policeman.

A straight couple were leafletting calling for a "mass march and rally against genocide" the next day protesting "the frame-ups of Angela Davis & Bobby Seale" and listing rally speakers as "Huey P. Newton, William Kunstler, James Bevel, Rennie Davis, Buella Sanders, Jesse Jackson, Bill Hampton, Cora Weiss, Ralph Abernathy & Others." No other leaflets were being distributed.

"What about the execution of the puppy?" I queried.

"Oh, there isn't going to be any," the leafletters replied. "That was just the same old SDS trick of saying you're going to napalm a dog just to get people excited."

*continued on page 3*

## Cornell U. GLF Holds Sit-In



The crowd outside the Ithaca bar

**Ithaca, New York** Fifty persons crowded into Morrie's bar on Eddy Street in this college town, while several hundred supporters chanted outside. Morris F. Angell, the bar's owner locked the doors in a confrontation which erupted over the rights of gays to frequent his bar.

The controversy started on October 14 when Angell ordered Robert Roth, (Class of '71) President of the Cornell University GLF to "get out and don't come back," claiming that he didn't want "their kind" in the bar.

The owner denied this, claiming he ordered the group to leave only because it was closing time. According to Roth,

however, several other patrons were allowed to remain past the normal 1 a.m. closing time.

Accompanied by members of his organization and a large group of university students who supported him, Roth returned to Morrie's en masse to protest Angell's policies.

As the crowds inside the bar grew to overflowing, Angell ordered the doors locked. "Finish your drinks," he shouted, "and leave."

The crowd had no intention of leaving. Outside GLF members and supporters waved cardboard signs and chanted "Power to the People." After ten minutes had elapsed, Angell telephoned the police.

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## Rabbi Conducts Jewish Gay Service



Rabbi Herbert Katz

**New York, N.Y.**—America's first homosexual Jewish congregation, The House of David and Jonathan, conducted its opening services on Friday evening, November 6, in an upper room at the Spencer Memorial Church, 152 Remsen Street, Brooklyn Heights. Rabbi Herbert Katz presided over a congregation of

thirty-five persons.

The services took place primarily in English, with the congregation following responsive readings and chanting in the Union Prayer Book. The text for the sermon, on the evening of GAY's attendance, was Abraham's discussion with God about the saving of Sodom and Gomorrah. The Rabbi quoted Abraham's challenge to God: "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do justly?" and noted that in the Jewish religion, justice is tempered with Love and Mercy, and that our very human life could not exist without this tempering.

"Homosexuality in the Jew is perfectly acceptable," said the Rabbi. "There is nothing wrong when you love if you love dearly and cherish."

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# WHERE WILL YOU GO TONIGHT?

## A Directory for Discriminating Dispositions

### GAY CALENDAR

**Tuesday, Dec. 8 & Dec. 15:** Mattachine Society Inc. of N.Y. Legal Aid Clinic at Society offices (243 West End Ave.) Telephone 799-0916. 6 p.m. Free advice and information on legal matters. Women and men welcome.

"Clean Air & Dirty Talk" Dick Leitch & Jack Nichols on WBAI-FM (99.5) 11:00 p.m. "Homosexual News & Comment" WBAI-FM (99.5) 11:30 p.m.

**Wednesday, Dec. 9 & Dec. 16:** West Side Discussion Group regular meetings. Church of the Holy Apostles (9th Ave. & 28th St.) Call 989-7572 for information. Women and men welcome. Donation \$1.50. Topics: Dec. 9: Topics from the Floor/Dec. 16: Auction & Piano Concert.

**Thursday, Dec. 10 & Dec. 17:** Gay Activists Alliance regular meeting at the Church of the Holy Apostles (9th Ave. & 28th St.) Donation 50 cents. Women and men welcome.

Daughters of Bilitis regular meetings - 8 p.m., 240 West 38th St. Women only.

**Sunday, Dec. 13 & Dec. 20:** The American Church regular worship services at 2 p.m. Church of the Holy Apostles (9th Ave. & 28th St.) Social hour follows.

Gay Liberation Front regular meetings at the Church of the Holy Apostles (9th Ave. & 28th St.) Women and men welcome.

### BEST BETS

(Symbols include GM for genital males, GF for genital females, Int. for integrated straight and gay. It is suggested that you telephone certain bars on Friday and Saturday nights to determine minimum or cover, since policies fluctuate.)

Let's turn MANHATTAN into an Isle of Joy:

- A Woman's Place, 29th Cornelia St., Village. Fri. & Sat. Coffeehouse from 6:00 p.m. till midnight. Women's books, crafts, policy.
- Burn, 26 Ninth Ave.; back room golf. GM
- Barrel Inn, 568 9th Ave. (btwn 41st & 42nd). The old "Kelly's" of 45th St. reopened on 9th Ave. Need we say more? GM
- Beaded Bag, 1st Ave. btwn 52nd & 53rd Sts. Chubby Chavers GM
- Brother Moe's, 1643 1st Ave. (btwn 85th & 86th). Old fashioned, quaint surroundings. A pool table. Friendly. GM
- Candy Store, 44 W. 56th; jackets and tie exc. Sun. GM
- \*Carnival, 307 West St. at Jane, above Tool Box; back room. GM
- Carl's, 104 W. 10th St. GM
- \*Christopher's End, 180 Christopher; you never

know what to expect at the door these days—or in the back room. GM

Cinderella, 82 W. 3rd; dancing. GF, GM

Country Cousin 1313 Third Ave.; restaurant. Danny's 139 Christopher; a little leathery. GM

Danny's of Palisades, 771 Palisade Ave., Cliffside Park, N.J. Open till 3 a.m., 4 a.m. Saturdays. GM

Den, Little W. 12th & Washington; a lot leathery. GM

Fabulous, 177 East 84th St. Large discotheque, games, Movies. Open 9 p.m. till 9 a.m. GM

Fedora, 239 W. 4th; restaurant; Int.

Finale, 48 Barrow; restaurant; uptight about the idea of advertising in gay press, but very gay, though. Int.

Five Oaks 49 Grove; restaurant. GF, GM

Four Seasons 99 E. 32nd; restaurant; bar cruisy at cocktail hr. especially now that the season begins; Int.

GLF Coffee House, 210 W. 82nd; rapping from 4:00 p.m. to 1:00 a.m. Sundays. GF, GM

Gianni's, 53 W. 19th; restaurant. GF

Ginger Man, 51 W. 64th; restaurant to the Lincoln Center trade; Int.

Gold Bug, 85 W. 3rd; dancing in black light. GM

Goldfarb, T. 7th Ave. at Bleecker; restaurant. GM

Good Table, 45 Lexington Ave.; restaurant; Int.

Harry's Back East, 1422 3rd Ave.; out-of-towner's spa. GM

\*Hades Jane St. at West, downstairs; private after hours with back room. GM

Haven, 1 Sheridan Sq.; private, after hours, fruit juice and dancing club where the young gather; advertised as Unisex.

Hippodrome, Ave. A btwn 10th & 11th Sts.; GM

Keller's, 384 West St. near Barrow; rather leathery. GM

Kookie's, 149 W. 14th. GF

Luv Cigs, 4th W. of 6th Ave.; upstairs; private, after hours. GI

Magic Garbage Can, 400 W. 14th St.; Back room elevator/bar, roomy. Dancing. GM

Mary Dugan's, 240 W. 72nd St. Placid flowers with the tone of a new atmosphere. GM

Piccadilly Pub, 324 Amsterdam Ave. (btwn W. 75th & 76th). Open from 4 p.m. till 4 a.m. A new bar with your host, March. Cocktail hour: 4 p.m. to 7 p.m. GM

Roundtable, 151 E. 50th; mad dancing to wild rock and the best cruising south of Harry's, probably the most representative cross section of gays in town. GF, GM

Royal Nooit, Cornelia nr. Bleecker; restaurant. GM

Scotland Yard, 146 West 4th St. Dancing, pool, BYOB. Private membership. 8 p.m. till 7 a.m. Int.

Stage Forty-Five, 305 E. 45th; dancing, where Black is beautiful. GM

Sand, Greenwich St. at Perry. Fifty cent beers, crowds, roomy. GM

Tenth of Always, 82 W. 3rd; private and after hours. GM

The Eagle 11th Ave. & 21st St. The latest word in Leather-Western bars. GM

Tool Box, 507 West St. at Jane. GM

Tor, 21 Greenwich Ave.; sidewalk cafe; Int.

Triangle, 34 9th Ave. GM

Troubadour btwn 58th & 59th on 1st Ave. GM

Uncle Charlie's, 1049 Lexington. GM

Victor's Quarters, 984 2nd Ave. GM

Willie's West Side, 224 W. 82nd (off Bldg.). Dancing. Free buffet supper at cocktail hour late Sunday afternoon. GM

Wine Cellar, 531 Hudson; restaurant; Int.

Yakon, 140 E. 53rd; restaurant resumes serving sometime in Sept.; jacket required, no tie. GM

\*Zodiac Downtown, upstairs above Den; one up on the back room bars, it provides only facilities with windows wide open onto warehouse rooftops. GM

Zodiac Uptown, 1487 1st Ave.; dancing. GF, GM

\*Zoo, 421 W. 13th; the original bar-with-back room and cause celeberr of the spring now seems to be in the autumn of its existence. GM

At Wester winds blow, to N.Y. steamboats go:

Beacon Baths, 227 E. 45th; go in the main entrance and take the elevator to the 11th floor; still a best buy. GM (see ad)

The Club North, 49 Broadway, Newark, N.J. (telephone 201-484-4848). Clean. Modern. Cozy dorm. GM (see ad)

Continental Baths, 230 W. 74th; first tabs in N.Y. to have any class, they are now so with it that they present "lounge acts" on weekends! GM (see ad)

Everard, 28 W. 28th; For those who like dingy chicken coops. A fine steamroom tho. GM

St. Mark's Baths, St. Mark's Pl. Cleanups and paint have made a difference. On the upswing. Longhaired East Villagers. GM

Sanna Baths and Health Club, 300 W. 58th; between 4:30 and 5:30 in the afternoon, this is where you'll find the businessmen coming in to knock off a piece before going home to Scarsdale. GM

In WASHINGTON, D.C., avoid White House socials and go to the: Carol's Tavern 9th St. btwn E & F Sts., N.W. A little bit of Whirling, West Virginia in the nation's capital. GM

Club Baths East II, 20 "O" St., S.E. Telephone (202) 547-9631. Clean, modern, healthy atmosphere. GM

1832, at 1832 Columbia Rd., N.W. GM

Georgetown Grill, Wisconsin Ave. near O St., N.W. Intimate seating arrangements. GM

Hideaway, 9th St. & Penna. Ave., N.W. Dancing. A large rathskeller under the Hickory House restaurant. GAY's editors meet here in 1964. GM

Johanny's, 8th St., S.E. 1 1/2 blks. south of Penna. Ave. Famous for maintaining elaborate Xmas decorations year-round. A congenial spot. Piano; singalongs. GM

JoAnna's, 8th St., S.E. 1 1/2 blks. south of Penna. Ave. A swinging place for women. GI

Leon's, 1720 H St., N.W. Used to be "The Chicken Hut." One of the nation's oldest bars, where Howard, the pianist (who died two years ago) made himself a legend as a bridge between generations. Today there is still a pianist. A place for lovers. GM

Louis', 9th St. & Penna. Ave., N.W. Park your motorcycle at the door. GM

Naples Cafe, N.Y. Ave. & 13th St. Bus station crowd. Hustlers. Trade. Hillbilly juke box. GM

Pier 9, 1824 Half St., S.W. Dancing under strobes. Telephones for communication btwn tables. Off the beaten track, but worth the hunt. Washington's largest bar, whose 70's splendor few spots can match! Cover on weekends. GM

Plus One, 529 8th St., S.E. Dancing. Fine food. One of the city's largest and most tastefully decorated night spots. Not to be missed. GM

Victoria Station, 14th & I, N.W. Where black is beautiful. A swinging spot. Cruisy. GM

Mr. Z's Lounge, 407 11th St., N.W. Intimate atmosphere, dancing. Fine fried chicken every Tues. Spaghetti & salad, \$1.00 on Thurs. GM

In BOSTON, be improper at the: Cave, 20 Brimston. GM

Edwardian, 21 Broad St., restaurant; integrated noon to early evening. GM

Jacques, 75 Broadway. GF, GM

La Grange Baths, La Grange St., new clean. Locke-Ober Men's Bar, 3 Winter Place. GM

Mario's, upstairs cor. Shawmut & Broadway; occ! GM

Napoleon Club, 52 Piedmont; elegant, coats-and-ties, informal Sundays. GM

Other Side, 76 Broadway; dancing, psychedelic lighting, huge room, minimum, lots of action but scattered. GM

Playland, 19 Essex St.; typically awful, but fun for slumming. GM

Regency Baths, Regency St.; unbelievable total of 135 cubicles reported. GM

Sporter's, 235 Cambridge St.; Harry's Back East of Boston. GM

Twelve Carver, 12 Carver of course. GM

### SUPPORT THE COMMUNITY CENTER OF YOUR CHOICE:

#### THE GAY COMMUNITY CENTER GROUP

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

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

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

#### MATTACHINE

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

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

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

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

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

W.S.D.G.

The West Side Discussion group has already raised over \$1500 toward its Community center, and, to gain added funds, recently produced a light-hearted entertainment entitled, "Shades of Lavender" at St. Peter's Church. West Side is also seeking community assistance. For information, telephone (212) 987-7372.

# EDITORIAL

### THERE ARE "GOOD GUY" POLICEMEN

In the confrontation between an Ithaca bar owner, an Ithaca police captain, and Cornell University's Gay Liberation Front, one point is of particular interest to us. The police captain, scolding the bar owner, said, "You can't just refuse to serve these people (the gay clientele)."

The homosexual community must realize that not all policemen conform to the benighted stereotypes of the past. In some cities, in fact, police are clearly on the side of a humane and just interpretation of the law.

While GAY will not shrink from condemning illegal police harassment of homosexuals wherever it occurs, we are also pleased to commend enlightened police behavior whenever it takes place. Ithaca Police Captain Raymond Price is obviously one of the "good guys." Such men can help to bring about new levels of community trust and understanding.

### "DOWN TRIP" DEMONSTRATIONS

The demonstration in front of St. Patrick's Cathedral may very well have shocked a few oldsters, but it did little, we think, to improve the status of the homosexual.

The leaflet distributed by the "Gay

Ghosts" announcing that they would administer electro-shock therapy to a live puppy was hardly a good joke. Its reverse effect, we think, was to turn off public sympathy for homosexuals who are cruelly tortured in many U.S. hospitals (See Dr. George Weinberg's article in this issue.)

If the announcement of the puppy's electrocution was only a hoax, those who organized the demonstration have weakened legitimate demonstrations, properly conducted, by responsible groups, by making their press-releases less worthy of media's attention. Who wants to go to a "gay" demonstration which turns out to be nothing more than a "put on" in bad taste?

#### KATE MILLETT

We are particularly intrigued by Kate Millett's statement that "The New Sensuality" is our task. Exclusive genital sex, says Kate, may not be so rampant in the future. Certainly it is true that we must forge new paths to sexual liberation; paths which include the freeing of our minds from habitual sexual patterns. The average heterosexual uses only the "missionary position." Many homosexually-inclined people also relate in fixated ways to one another. Kate Millett's statement is welcome because it points to new horizons of sexual excitement and exploration.

## Rabbi Conducts Jewish Gay Service

continued from page

After the sermon there was a collection and the Cantor, Leigh Baldwin, of the Church of the Beloved Disciple, played the piano and sang for the congregation.

The Rabbi spoke to GAY afterwards, explaining that he believed David and Jonathan had been physical lovers and that the Psalms of David were love poems to Jonathan.

Asked if there were any other examples of homosexual love in Jewish history, he said, "Ruth and Naomi were lovers too."

Asked if the question of the homosexual Jew had ever been discussed by any of the Jewish rabbinical groups, he said that in his personal experience the answer given whenever the subject was brought up was that there are no homosexual Jews.

Rabbi Katz was born in the Bronx in

1933 and now lives in Brooklyn at 20 Woodruff Avenue. He attended City College of New York for his secular education and the Jewish Theological Seminary for his religious instruction. He has a degree of BBA from City College and was ordained by Rabbi Hershey Goldstone of Brooklyn. Rabbi Goldstone died in Israel in 1969.

Rabbi Katz served in the U.S. Air Force as Chaplain for eight years in Texas, Korea and Vietnam. Following his release from the armed services, he served with the Beth Jacob congregation in Cumberland, Maryland, a Conservative congregation.

Rabbi Katz informed GAY that he belonged to the New York Board of Rabbis and would speak about homosexuality and the acceptance of gays into Jewish congregations at the Board's next meeting.



continued from page 1

Picket Line at St. Patrick's

"And what about the Gay G.H.O.S.T.S.?"

"Well," he continued. "We don't really know his name. He just came in and ran off that leaflet. He says he has to hold people down as they have convulsions after shock therapy. He's on the picket line but I'm not at liberty to identify him to you."

A sixth demonstrator arrived. It was a black man, a member of STAR—Street Transvestite Action Revolutionaries. He wore a black turban, fur coat and hoop earrings. The crew from Swiss Television zoomed in. He smiled for the cameras.

Two of the men on the line were now holding hands as they circled. Just outside the barricades, an officer with a patch on his arm was standing by.

He identified himself as an officer with the A.S.P.C.A. and said that if anyone commenced electro-shocking a puppy, he would make an arrest—as valid as an arrest made by any of the other officers standing nearby. Those responsible would be charged with cruelty to animals and if convicted, could receive three years in jail.

A couple more demonstrators arrived. One made a sign reading "There are Thousands of Gay People Here" and joined the line, now nine strong. The other commenced chanting: "Mock the pope; take a holy toke."

Finally, Mr. Ray Rivera and one other demonstrator arrived. Mr. Rivera, who prefers to be called "Sylvia" by his transvestite friends had plucked eye-brows, hair swept down over one side

of his face, light make-up, no falsies. He wore a grey cap, green army coat and carried a "Street Transvestite Action Revolutionaries" banner.

The demonstration was now in full swing. Chants commenced: "G-A-Y P-O-W-E-R"; "Power to the people; off the pig"; "Off the Church."

"I'm tired of this horseshit." One officer commented to another officer.

Nearly, two other officers debated the genital sex of various demonstrators. "That's a girl!" one officer exclaimed. "I was just thinking we could use him on our football team."

Just as the demonstration peaked at eleven demonstrators, a counter demonstrator appeared with a crudely worded sign saying: "Gay is Fey."

When the police picked him up by the collar and moved him away down the street, he held up a large cross saying "Arrest me. Arrest me. This cross above the law."

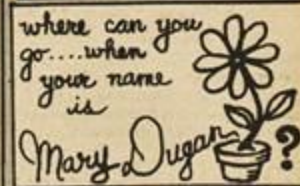
Shortly after one o'clock, GAY's freelance photographer, Richard Wandel, and I took a short break for lunch. The leaflet called for a "march to the U.N. at 2:00 p.m.; a rally at the U.N. at 2:30; a march to Bellevue Hospital at 4:00 p.m.; a demonstration in front of Bellevue Hospital at 4:45 and finally a demonstration at 8:00 p.m. in front of the Women's House of Detention at Greenwich and 6th Aves."

We were at the U.N. at 2:30—no march or demonstration. Nothing at Bellevue at 4:00 p.m. either. The demonstrators had disappeared.



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Publication of the name or photograph of any person or organization in articles or advertising in GAY is no indication of the sexual orientation of such person or organization.

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# THE WICKER BASKET



*It I have attended most of the activities in the San Francisco area and have met some of the most beautiful, unashamed people one could imagine. One of the things the S.F.L. has done for me was enable me to recognize my hang-ups and overcome them. Before I joined the S.F.L. I was gay and hadn't even heard of the word "bisexual." To me you had to be either gay or straight. A new world has been opened up to me, and I can now communicate across the artificial sexual barriers erected by this society. Experiencing bisexuality can give anyone a fuller life, greater insights into human sexuality and more satisfying relationships.*

T.M. San Francisco

## N.Y. TIMES UNDER OBSERVATION

The N.Y. Times' "brownout" and limited coverage given to positions taken by Goldberg, Ottinger, Goodell and others on homosexual rights during the past political campaign has caused GAA to establish a New York Times committee. The last GAA committee specifically concerned with a specific publication was the Harper's committee which eventually lead GAA into occupying that publication's offices for an entire day.

The Times has a shoddy record in the homosexual area. From its first write-up on the homosexual community seven years ago it has ignored all psychiatric opinion except the "homosexuals-are-sack" variety.

Appearances by Mattachine spokesmen at times were reported on the Women's page. Only a few years ago, the Times reluctantly agreed to accept advertising for national homosexual convention featuring such speakers as Wardell Pomeroy, co-author of the Kinsey Report. Before that, ads from homosexual groups were refused.

Talks by Dr. Socrates criticizing the homophile movement as "dangerous" are reported while studies presenting evidence that some homosexuals seem to be well adjusted are ignored.

The Times also seems to be unfamiliar with the divisions and differences within the homophile movement, or careless in the gathering of its facts.

A write-up on the recent, riot after the Times Square march gave only the GLF viewpoint while several organizations had participated.

Most recently, a GAA zap of Mayor Lindsay at the N.Y.C. Cultural Council benefit held at the Imperial Theater, was attributed to Gay Liberation Front.

The Times which wouldn't print the word "masturbation" until the 50's, which refused advertisements for the Kinsey Report when it was first published, which still expressed moral outrage at 18-year-olds drinking at the state line and calls for clean-ups of prostitutes, homosexuals and other undesirables "infesting" Times Square, may be in for a rude enlightenment.

Previously, GAA has undertaken to better acquaint the N.Y. Post with homosexual facts and viewpoints. Recently, the Post's coverage of news relating to homosexuals has been more extensive, more accurate and more sympathetic.

## BIRTH OF A NATION

Don Jackson, the Berkeley Barb writer who is credited with creating the take-over-Alpine-County-and-

establish-a-gay-nation movement, says the idea originated after a doctor friend committed suicide after having his medical license revoked in Dallas, Texas for being gay. After crying himself to sleep one night he dreamed his doctor friend was standing by his bed.

"Don't cry child," he said. "Come, I will show you a place." Then we were on a mountain top. I looked down into a little valley and saw the tightly clustered town on a little river, its pastel colored buildings glowing in the brilliant sun.

"The next morning," he writes, "I conceived the idea of the Gay Colony, and of Gay Nationalism as a quicker way to freedom."

## ODDS AND ENDS

\*Leo Laurence, San Francisco gay liberationist, has reportedly angered members of the First Unitarian Church there by placing a "Faggots Stay Out" sign on church property.

\*N.Y.'s New Democratic Coalition advertises its "Homosexual Rights Committee in its newsletter and urges anyone interested in helping to call NDC at OX 1-8180.

\*WBAI-FM has launched a new program which is broadcast Tuesday evenings at 11:00 p.m. and Wednesday afternoons at 2:30. Jack Nichols and Dick Leitsch are co-hosts.

\*The S.F. Mattachine Society has started a regular weekly radio program called "Mattachine Forum" on KQED-FM in San Francisco.

\*Rae Bourbon is 78-years-old, dying of heart trouble and leukemia in the county jail at Brownwood, Texas. He was convicted of "murder with malice" in the slaying of an A.D. Blount of Big Spring, Texas, who owned Bourbon's Kennels. Blount had taken Bourbon's 71 pets—dogs, cats, and a couple of pet skunks—collected over \$1800 in boarding fees, and then disposed of them.

\*State Attorney General Louis Lefkowitz has launched a drive against what he calls "illicit and illegal afterhours spots" and is seeking to annul the charter of the Haven, charging the patrons of the club "menace, undermine, impair, and interfere with the health, welfare, and living conditions of the residents of that Greenwich Village community."

\*The Wisconsin Supreme Court has ruled that a musician who performed on a tavern stage attired only in body paint and an athletic supporter did "cause and provoke a disturbance."

## DAVID FROST JOKE

David Frost tells of a Britisher who was moving to Australia because homosexuality had been legalized in Britain.

"Are you against homosexuality?" a friend asked.

"No," the Britisher replied. "I just want to get out before they make it compulsory."

# MACHO THE TASTE OF LOVE



Put the rapture of MACHO to your lover's lips. It's the true taste of love. A totally new sensual delight! Only MACHO brings all the senses into play.

MACHO is the original flavored male personal hygiene genital spray. Three exciting flavor sensations; each with its own warm fragrance.

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Lige Clarke

Until I had worked in the offices of SCREW magazine I'd never realized how many of today's men and women have virtually no means of obtaining sexual release. It's funny how often we assume that the joy of our own lives is somehow shared by others. While we eat a tasty meal, it's difficult to visualize 20th century children, elsewhere, who are starving to death. It simply hadn't occurred to me that most people, sexually, are chained to a wheel of despair whose spokes are society's conventional codes.

All my life I've enjoyed sexual abundance. Religious scruples never caught my fancy, although in the small Kentucky town where I was reared, Sunday evening church revivals were good cause for rejoicing. While adults praised the Lord inside the church, we young'uns, more practical by far, enjoyed automobile orgies in the parking lot out back. At an early age, you know, mountaineers often do a great deal of exploring. There ain't much else to do up in them hollers. Some call it spelunking. I called it cornholing.

But the Methodists and the Baptists won't let you have such good times forever. By the time you're twenty, your life in Kentucky is almost over. Early marriages are a must. At 24, I was the only member of my high school graduating class who hadn't tied the nuptial knot. Thank god.

Now, when I return to the hills for a visit, I see deep scars of frustration etched on the faces of boyhood friends. The sparkle of their early years is gone. Today, they sit inside the church while their young'uns fiddle outside. Now they eye me with suspicion and envy. How come I'm not fat? How come I'm not married? "That's somethin' queer about that Clarke boy. Ain't natural for a man not to get married." They get me aside and ask what they think is a real "man-to-man" question: "Hey, Lige, did you ever do it to a colored woman?"

As long as I thought that strict sex codes were limited to my home town, and that frustration was a Kentucky product, I assumed that it was only the hills I'd escaped which were out of step. Little did I know that men and women—people from the middle, upper middle, and upper classes were sad victims of the puritan heritage to even greater degrees. In the mountains, at least, we had learned to fuck wildly—at an early age, both heterosexually and homosexually. We were in touch with our bodies.

# The Great Fucking Famine

BY LIGE CLARKE



## Let Them Eat Cock

In the cities, I discovered that the curse of John Calvin was nailed to almost every door. Calvin's idea of a good time was sleeping on a board. The gloomy sexual codes colored by national Presbyterian petrification, combined with strict city toilet training (mountaineers are outdoor quick-shitters) and had created a great urban blight: an anally retentive population whose members can find no relief from spastic colons with Preparation H.

The message of sexual freedom falls hard on such ears. The Puritan mentality dies a slow death. It is very difficult for men and women to admit that their behavior codes are lies; that they have long been "controlling" themselves, "denying" themselves, "behaving" themselves and frustrating themselves for no good reason. To face the fact that they have missed out on life's most intriguing pleasures is more than they can bear. Jealousy, envy, and a thousand fantasies they'll never have the courage to live, converge on them, exploding with an intense rage that a sexually sane person finds incomprehensible. It's like the silly hatred of an old maid for her pretty niece. Life has passed her by and she can't abide another's joy.

When I began working with the SCREW staff, these realizations hit me with greater force. The Establishment could not abide a magazine which playfully examined the fantasies of the man in the street. And the man in the street is hungry, painfully hungry, for a taste of the freedom celebrated in SCREW. Society plays cruel-hearted tricks on him. His only alternatives to a chaste girlfriend or a frigid wife seem to be hideously painted prostitutes whose swishing often rivals the most flamboyant drags. Nightmares in an upsidedown carnival! Before he can fuck, he must buy a license, and have some benighted clergyman mumble words over his head. Then, of course, he is caught in a financial trap from which escape is made as difficult as possible.

The average "straight" man is surrounded by an army of sex-gossips. "Mary's boyfriend, John, is supposed to be true to her, but he's been screwing Joanne on the side." In a small town such gossip is intolerable. It is the basis of "interesting" conversation. If Mary is married to John, such a tidbit is even juicier. Husbands and wives spend a great deal of time worrying about each other's sexual fidelity. Society forces both the married and the unmarried to seek

explicit sexual contacts under the most bizarre and tawdry circumstances. Is it any wonder that the young are in revolt? Can we deny that the new sexual experiments now taking place are valuable? Now that procreation is seen for the heterosexual monstrosity that it is—having been emphasized all out of proportion to pleasure (which must now replace baby-making as the only sane ideal for avoidance of an overcrowded world) we can look forward to the emergence of wonderful new patterns, free of the horrid confinements of the past.

Sexual freedom will require that we conquer all forms of repression and censorship.

Sexual freedom will mean that the realization of a sexual act is sufficient reason—in itself—for that act to have occurred. No further rationalizations are necessary.

Sexual freedom will not allow that any sexual act, so long as force is not used on a non-consenting party, is worthy of blame. Sexual acts are fully in harmony with human dignity. Liberationists will destroy the belief that there is anything degrading about having freely performed a sexual act.

Sexual freedom will mean that sexual propositions, directed to members of either sex, will be taken as compliments, rather than as insults.

Sexual freedom will laugh at those who believe that their chastity, virginity, or abstinence is a mark of superiority. The sexual act is like any other physiological function. Its consequences are beyond good and evil.

Sexual freedom will leave it to the individual as to how often he or she may wish to perform sexually.

Sexual freedom will advise us to ignore our neighbor's sexual activities. By doing so, we avoid the juvenile temptation to pass judgment on him. No one should be called to account, whether by an individual or the state, for a sexual act, unless, of course, violence or force is involved.

Sexual freedom will teach us that the free, open, and easy performance of sexual acts creates a more relaxed and well balanced person. The denial of such freedoms are at the core of America's massive neurosis.

The homosexual lifestyle, freed from ancient taboos and "heterosexual" bondage can point the way to a happier society for everyone. Petty jealousies, "butch-fem" role playing, and the concept of sexual ownership (i.e., I own your genitals and you may use them only with me) must be stamped from our consciousness. Heterosexual patterns must not be copied.

Look around at your "heterosexual" friends. What a horror it must be for the middle class "straight" who attempts his own alcoholically inspired version of Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice because he wants a little honest nookie on the side. Pity him because of the uptight suburbanites from whom he must choose his partners. Let us lead him away from his misery. Tell him: If it feels good, do it! This is not an empty slogan. Millions of unhappy slaves to the system are waiting eagerly for such liberation. Let us help them change their sexual lives from the compulsive clutching and groping of an ignorant past to the joys of deep erotic caresses which can be theirs in the eternal NOW.

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

The new book called *Changing Homosexuality in the Male* by Lawrence Haader, M.D. calls to mind a method that supposedly converted every homosexual on whom it was tried. A curious fact, since the technique has now fallen into utter disuse, and the experts are still looking for new ones.

Like all the rest, the technique depended on two elements for success—the first was to make homosexuality seem intolerable; and since even a death threat cannot actually budge eroticism but merely suppress it, the technique also depended on using as the measure of change the mere report by the patient on his progress. What people affirm publicly regarding their sexual preferences is subject to influence in the form of pressure, even if their preferences are not.

The technique this time consisted of giving metrazol to the patient. According to the *Physician's Desk Reference*, metrazol is a drug that may be given in small doses to increase alertness. "During the intravenous administration of metrazol the patient must be observed carefully . . . and the injections discontinued when muscular twitching appears."

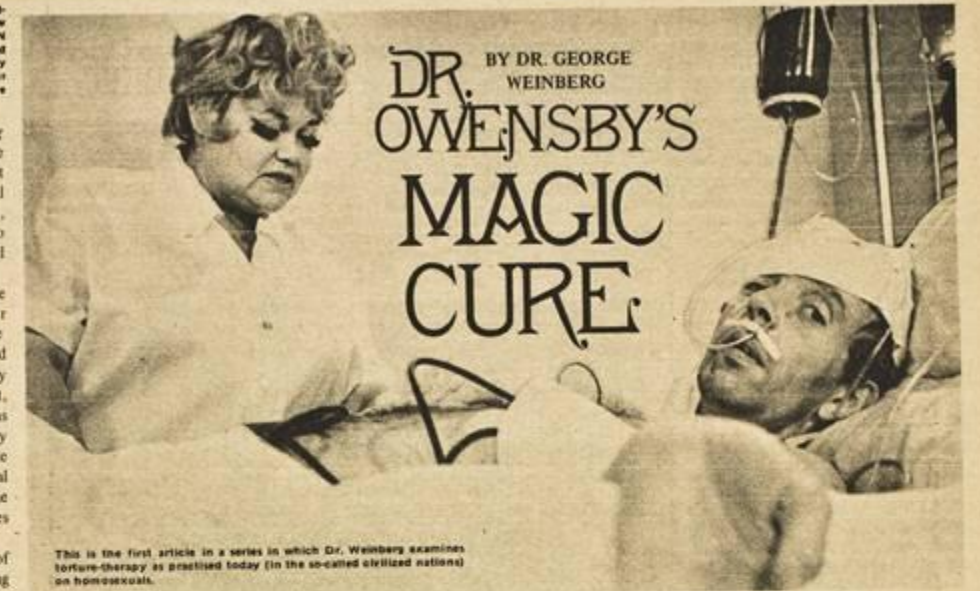
High doses produce grand mal seizures—with convulsions, loss of bladder control, biting of the tongue and severe shaking. If the patient has not had the sense to be embarrassed by his homosexuality, perhaps the experience of his seizures will provide the reaction he failed to experience. And his bladder difficulties might induce the appropriate shame.

Now imagine being at the mercy of an experimenter who was to administer metrazol in the hope that you could shake off homosexuality and earn a pardon for having been homosexual in the past. The place is Atlanta, where the sentence for a first offense is one to ten years imprisonment. This physician is empowered to induce in you as many grand seizures as he pleases, but you can end the experiment and earn your pardon by forswearing homosexuality.

In this case, as it is recorded in the *Journal of Nervous Diseases*, you are nineteen and have already been plunged into prison for your homosexuality, which is listed as moral turpitude in Georgia. According to the doctor who is about to give you metrazol, you show "feminine mannerisms." His name is Newdigate M. Owensby, M.D.

The manilla case folder with your name on its cover has a page inside which reads that "the family history was not enlightening." Below is typed that your "homosexual experiences began during the fourteenth year and continued thereafter."

Seated on a wooden stool in an unfurnished room, you have waited for Doctor Owensby. Finally you hear him approaching on the marble corridor. Your chance for a getaway by bolting across the lawn and hiding behind a row of parked cars is gone. The elm trees around the hospital estate might have shielded you. But they have new meaning now. You will be free to enjoy them if you pass the test.



This is the first article in a series in which Dr. Weinberg examines torture therapy as practiced today (in the so-called civilized nations) on homosexuals.

The subsequent events are a matter of record in the *Journal of Nervous Diseases*.

"Metrazol was administered until fifteen shocks were produced. All homosexual desires had disappeared after the ninth shock, but treatment was continued until all feminine mannerisms had been removed."

You are granted freedom for a time but kept under close surveillance. You know what you must not do if you are to deserve parole. Being caught in a homosexual act would mean that your grand mal seizures were suffered in vain. Besides, the penalty for a second sodomy offense in Georgia is ten to thirty years, and having disappointed Doctor Owensby, who had faith in you, you could hardly expect a recommendation of leniency from him. You would not even be fair to ask him for one.

After eighteen months have gone by, you are not sorry you volunteered for the treatment. You report no recurrence of homosexual tendencies, and prove yourself a good enough example of Doctor Owensby's cure to have your story cited in the medical journal. You have earned your pardon.

The patient described was one of six in an experiment conducted by Newdigate Owensby and reported some years ago. The article tells us that all six underwent conversions. Here are comments on cases two and three.

**Case 2.**—A white male aged thirty-four years. Had been a homosexual since his fifteenth year. He was frank enough to admit that the only reason for seeking treatment was fear of exposure and subsequent disgrace. All homosexual desires disappeared after seven grand mal attacks were induced by metrazol. He was married four months later. At the expiration of ten months he stated there had been no recurrence of homosexual desires or practices.

**Case 3.**—A white male aged forty-four years. Had been a homosexual since early youth. Most of his past life had been spent in penal institutions because of the opportunity to indulge his perversion. He seemed proud of the fact that he was a "man-woman." Was constantly incarcerated when out of prison. Metrazol was administered until ten grand mal attacks had occurred.

It is noteworthy that this man at forty-four and with a long history of homosexuality recovered even faster than the nineteen year old boy—presumably being more amenable to the metrazol. According to the record, this man's

common law wife made a staunch defense of his claim six months later. She stated that "with the exception of an occasional overindulgence in alcohol, he has been a normal, hard-working man for the past six months."

Common law wife! But this implies fornication which was punishable in Georgia by a thousand dollar fine or twelve months imprisonment or both. The woman could hardly testify that he became heterosexual as evidenced by her experiences with him. Her testimony treats the narrow path of what is lawful and exonerating. And note how her status as a witness was increased by her ability to have pulled the man out of the maw of iniquity. When homosexuality is the issue, the infraction of common law marriage becomes a virtue as the alternative—not just in the eyes of the law but in those of its psychiatric agents, who sometimes serve the double-function of administering the law and providing its rationale.

The last of the six patients treated by Dr. Owensby was a woman of twenty-four. Of her the good doctor wrote in the medical journal—"Name and address given were admittedly fictitious."

Perhaps the girl hoped to finish her stay without having her family discover that she had been put in an institution. Or she had not wanted the news to return to some lover or lone parent waiting for her.

The record continues—

Said to have been a Lesbian since puberty. Promiscuous. Preferred the active role, inclined to boast of her conquests. Inebriate for past four years. Ten grand mal seizures were induced by metrazol.

A woman being a subject in this sort of experiment is relatively rare. Why did Doctor Owensby choose her? He must have liked her. Being a metrazol subject was an excellent opportunity. Prisoners have been known to give an eye or to willingly endure virulent diseases for the chance to lop years off their sentences, so that Doctor Owensby was in fact asking relatively little.

In this last case the treatment was miraculous. Not only did the girl become heterosexual by her report. She reported "nocturnal emissions" after that. The

journal article adds only that subsequently "she appeared to be healthy in every way" and remained institutionalized for only six weeks after the treatment.

Why six weeks and no more? The record hints the answer to this. It says that she "became infatuated with an intern after the treatment had been discontinued." She had fallen in love under Doctor Owensby's very nose—and no doubt with his smiling approval.

It may be that some who read this paper regularly still want to alter their homosexuality. If so, there is no better man than Doctor Owensby, who has never failed in a cure of man or woman with his metrazol, and no better place than Georgia. And for women who have never experienced a nocturnal emission, like us boys, Doctor Owensby is the man.

These days numerous experiments are still being done using tactics similar to Doctor Owensby's. The presently popular techniques are *emetic persuasion*, which consists of getting homosexuals to vomit repeatedly when shown pictures of others of their own sex; *electric shock aversion therapy*, which has homosexuals turn off electric voltage being applied to some bodily part, and thereby earn the right to see a picture of a member of the opposite sex (which supposedly becomes a relief stimulus and a source of erotic pleasure as a result); *moral persuasion*; and *brain surgery*, which was reported in the medical journals as recently as two months ago.

In addition, one may imagine that the great guilt and self loathing of people who submit to these mad experiments becomes a motive for at least some to stop homosexuality for a time. Sometimes the self loathing adds as a motive not for changing but for reporting that one has changed.

I have recently done a close study of all experimental studies done on homosexuality reported in the literature during the last twenty years, and especially in the last ten. Our most recent researchers have not been showing us anything markedly better or worse than Doctor Owensby's demonstrations of his work in Georgia.

BY STEFEN VERK

**A** column of counsel to our troubled brothers and sisters who seek meaningful positive guidance and not the further imposition of heterosexual or homosexual myths, hang-ups, or unearned guilts. Only letters of the widest general interest can be published, but all letters will be answered if accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope and 50¢ for handling.

Q. Fate has been pretty wretched to me. I am not yet thirty, and I shall soon be totally blind. I cannot read anymore nor get around unaided. A friend is being kind enough to write this for me, although he feels I expect too much of you. Your column is read to me every issue, and I have come to feel almost as though I were listening to the words of a big brother whom I can always trust. I am sure you listen to your heart as well as to your mind when you answer these letters, because it shows, and that is why I feel free to write to you. I don't know what you can tell me, but I am in a terrible state these days. I have been to a number of the top eye specialists, and they have all told me the same thing. I will soon be completely blind, and there is no hope for my particular eye problems. This bleak future I face horrifies me, and I am even more upset when I think about my lover. We have had a wonderful four years together, and he has been so strong and comforting to me since learning that I was going blind. He keeps trying to reassure me that together we will be able to face and handle this thing, but I cannot believe this. How awful it will be to be totally dependent upon him for even the simplest things. What a horrible burden I will be to him. He swears this is not the way he feels, but how can I

believe him, when I know how helpless I will be? It is so unfair to him that I think the only decent thing to do would be to give him up, so that he will be able to find someone else who would not drain him of all his happiness and strength. I dearly love him, and I don't want to make his life miserable. Why should I cheat him of any possible happiness? I hate to give him up, but I can't think of anything else to do. He refuses to listen to this idea, but I must be fair to him. Please advise.  
C.T., Chicago

A. Listen to your lover, not to the more morbid voices of your imagination. With training and perhaps therapy, if needed, you will not be anywhere near as helpless and dependent as you now anticipate. If

you. That way, everybody gets cheated. They would not remain unless they wished to, and you must not forget that.

Q. As I write this, my lover is really going hysterical, tells me that you would never print such a foolish question. Anyway, here goes. Is there any nutritional value in sperm? I am 19 years old and have been gay since I was 15. I never swallowed sperm until eight months ago when I met my present lover, and he insisted on it. I have been doing it about ten times a week since then. My problem is that I have gained sixteen pounds since I started swallowing it. Would this in any way account for my weight problem?  
J.B.A., Pittsburgh

scientific pioneers out there and makes just as much sense as a recent research project at Stanford which discovered a drug that causes cats to develop a spectacular homosexual sex-drive! PCPA (or isparachlorophemy-lalanine) is the name of this miracle drug. It's absolutely useless for humans, except to treat the kind of cancer affecting the amount of serotonin in the brain. Who ever heard of that? And who needs homosexual cats? To get back to your weight problem (if we must), I hesitate to accuse your seminal diet as the culprit, although who can be sure? For maximum assurance, I would suggest you take up fucking, suck less often, or eat less REAL food.

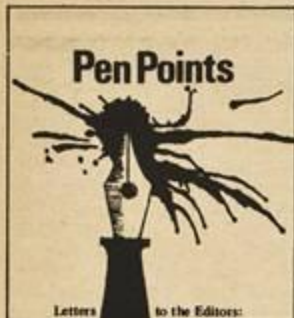
Q. New York is a very frightening place for newcomers, I have found since moving here from Indianapolis. I have a pretty decent education, am young (26) and fairly nice-looking, but I find that in this city such a high premium is put on youth and sophistication that I feel almost like an aging country bumpkin. New York has always had the reputation of a cold and unfriendly place, and I find that is very true. Nobody seems to want to know anybody else more than casually. You can get all the sex you want, I suppose, but how about making friends? You go to bed with someone, and that is the end of that. If they want to see you again, it is only to make another sex scene, not to get to know you better. I have tried the bars, the movies, the baths, and all with the same results. One night stands, period. Lately I have discovered the orgy rooms, and they are a lot of fun. What do you think of them?  
R.L.S., NYC

A. They are marvelous places to contract VD or hepatitis without the threat of emotional involvement with the carrier.

## WELL OF POSSIBILITY

you have grown to care for each other as deeply as you indicate, your love can survive more than this. You must not let your present insecurity cause you to force your opinion upon your lover. If he is not willing to reject you, as you are trying to persuade him, he is being less selfish than you, for you are trying to take his own opinions away from him. Be fair to yourself also, and don't ask him to cheat himself out of your love. Reality, not self-pity, brother. I have not made a projective evaluation of your very real problem, and I urge you not to seal yourself up in a cell of despair. If your lover, your friends, wish to continue sharing your life with you, don't shut them out or try to force them to abandon

A. Your question might sound a trifle insane to anyone whose mail is less peculiar than mine or who has collected less useless information than I have. I distinctly remember having read some years ago in an almost-scientific publication (whatever that means) that the average load of semen contains 1,800 calories. Now, my chubby child, if the albuminoid substance we call semen does have such a rich calorie content, you have indeed been swallowing a lot of highly fattening starch each week. I confess I have never heard of any other study dealing with the nutritional value of sperm, but perhaps my education is somewhat shabby. It sounds like a fascinating project for some of you



Letters to the Editors:

### GAY ACTIVISTS' REPLY

Dear GAY:  
Your recent editorials lamenting GAA's decision to undertake a series of confrontations with the Mayor is dangerously naive, further you have neglected to inform your readers of several broken promises made by the Lindsay administration.

In late May, the city administration promised that the Mayor would speak out on gay rights. Despite this promise from Deputy Mayor Aurelio, to this writing, the Mayor refuses to say anything, apparently having changed his mind because of presidential aspirations. You praise GAA for coaxing Bella Abzug and Koch into public commitment; is the Mayor immune from responsibility?

The Mayor has refused to prohibit employment discrimination against Gays by any firm doing business with the city (this merely requires the signing of an executive order). The Mayor refuses to meet with GAA to discuss possible testimony before the Human Rights Commission as he has already done for Women's Liberation. The Mayor refuses to pressure the City Council into passing fair employment legislation for Gays. The Mayor refuses to help honest business compete with the syndicate by allowing the State Liquor Authority to go unchallenged and corrupt. The Mayor

allows the cruel harassment of DOB to continue.  
The Mayor wishes to duck a controversial issue and GAA is determined, because every other means has failed, to make the Mayor's reticence general knowledge by confronting him on the only occasions on which he is accessible, when he appears in public. It may be a little radical for some, but there really is a movement for liberation among Gays and that movement requires that we forsake backroom political deals limited to police harassment and that we seek open representation on a variety of issues.



Gay Activist President: Jim Owens

GAA has no grudge against Lindsay, we are engaged in a provoked and reasonable political gambit bringing the Mayor up to date. Don't perpetrate the myth that only a beneficent mayor and not gay political power can ever bring benefits to our community. If the Mayor is decent, he will respond, if he is callous and political, then don't defend him, defend the disenfranchised, the oppressed.

Sincerely,  
Jim Owens and Membership  
Gay Activists Alliance

[ED. NOTE: Our lament had little to do with objectives; only with methods. The Metropolitan Opera (on opening night) and the Imperial Theatre (where Mrs. Lindsay was obviously alarmed) strike us as peculiar locations for meaningful confrontations with a man who has thus far proved himself a good friend to the

homosexual community. Might it not be better to ask Bella Abzug or Edward Koch to call on the Mayor publicly for a rectification of the evils you deplore? Why not test your "publicly committed" friends first? Somehow, we feel, it might be more impressive if our elected representatives spoke up on our behalf in media. Fizzled demonstrations and organization street confrontations usually don't have quite the same effect.]

### HARPER'S WAS HAPPIER

Dear GAY:  
Leo Skir's article on the Harper's sit-in says a lot for his literary style, but is far from accurate. As one of the "beat looking kids" (I came in jacket and tie) who spent the whole day at Harper's, I find his article astounding. Heteros number one, two, and three were really down trips, but the fact is that the majority of the Harper's staff indicated support and a right-on attitude toward the gays. Even publisher Bill Blair conceded one of two points regarding the offensiveness of the article.

No one in GAA, certainly not Peter Fisher, attempted to exercise "thought control." Leo Skir was busy trying to elicit signed statements from the two staff members to the effect that an article by a gay would be a good idea. Peter Fisher simply demanded that Leo make it clear that he was speaking as an individual and not enunciating GAA policy. Nor did Peter deny that Leo could write anything he pleased provided only that it was clear that he wrote as an individual.

I regret that Leo didn't like the guitar strumming of all his "dear freaky friends"; it is even more regrettable that if given a choice, Leo Skir would "never" wish to be himself.

GAY has the potential of being a vital source of news and comment for the Gay community; inaccuracies such as are contained in Leo Skir's article do not further this end.

Richard C. Wandel  
[ED. NOTE: Leo Skir, the author of numerous books and articles (from

Mademoiselle to Evergreen Review) is a member of the Gay Activists Alliance. His account, obviously, was impressionistic. We're happy to receive another GAA member's impressions too, Richard. Thank you.]

### ARE WE COMMUNISTS?

Dear GAY:  
I enjoy reading your publication very much. I find it both informative and instructive.

I do hope that your publication is not allied with a Communist group or the Black Panthers. As you no doubt know, the Black Panthers have been listed by the F.B.I. as the most dangerous to the security of this country.

Let the so-called "straight" society know that the homophile community is not a security risk.

Sincerely yours,  
L.M.  
Chicago, Illinois

[ED. NOTE: Are you a member of the John Birch society? Of course we're not communists! Communists are more puritanical than a bunch of Women's Christian Temperance Union members. We asked some to dance once, but they wouldn't even smile at us. Uptight?

The F.B.I. listing of the Black Panthers is rather like the Pot-Bellied (that's J. Edgar) calling the kettle... Well, anyone knows that the D.A.R. is more dangerous than any other group around.

You're quite right though. The overwhelming majority of homosexual citizens love our country even though its government spits on us. There are some very good intentions waiting to be discovered in our Bill of Rights and Constitution.]

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

# HORNSCOPE

by ORION

(for period Dec. 7 - Dec. 11)

**ARIES** the Ram (March 21 - April 20). Resist an impulse to have the word MINE sewn on your towels, as your mate may declare HIS side of the bed off-limits. If you're going to argue, it'll be over who owns or owes what. Around the 15th and 21st, some of you will have a headache that is literally splitting and you may go away for a few days. Passion at first sight for those who can't help it.

**TAURUS** the Bull (April 21 - May 21). You'll be doing a lot together these weeks and a shame to spoil it by jealousy, quarrels, etc. Work or health may get you down and if silence gets the best of your tongue, better have a smile on your lips, as others are counting on you for fun. The 20th is the day when you're not your best and if your mate makes an issue of it, don't hold it against him. Challenge: complacency and lethargy.

**GEMINI** the Twins (May 22 - June 20). Wonderful vibrations for meeting someone new continues but the 15th to the 21st spells disenchantment through faulty or wishful thinking on your part. There is an element of risk in pleasure-seeking right now: stick close to one who cares, for a sudden impulse could

cause you to do the one thing he won't understand... and may not forgive. Watch out for self-undoing and VD.

**CANCER** the Crab (June 21 - July 23). Your mind may be still on home, but your mate's may well be elsewhere... don't let this cause you to stew, esp. around the 15th and 21st. Now that you are securely encoined in a romantic cocoon, don't forget about a friend who stuck by you when you were lonely. Love is stronger than the obstacles that may crop up, but friends need appeasement.

**LEO** the Lion (July 24 - Aug. 23). Little things are going to bug you, but the 20th is not the day to let them rule you. Right now romance seems to flourish best at home, but if he's older or younger, this may be the time when you both notice it. Something nice re. other people's money for late July birthdays, but watch out for misunderstandings at work. Accent on patience.

**VIRGO** the Maiden (Aug. 24 - Sept. 23). Start Xmas early by dropping in here and there, as it is a time for quickies... however, careless underdresses may forget where they left their keys and the 15th to the 21st is a period where you could find yourself locked out or robbed or simply aggravated. Yes, you are articulate and convincing, but don't commit yourself to a fly-by-night lover. Challenge: broken promises and critical rebuttals.

**LIBRA** the Scales (Sept. 24 - Oct. 23). You feel like spending and your eye may be on something that may impress others but depletes your capital. Conflict between selflessness and selfishness the 15th to the 21st, with the 20th as the day when misplaced generosity or extravagance may hurt and you learn that Librans must seek equilibrium even when the scales are tipped in your favor.

**SCORPIO** the Scorpion (Oct. 24 - Nov. 23). Renewed vitality increases self-confidence and hopefully makes you more trusting of loved ones, as right now they need your understanding. Obstacles and opportunity come at the same time to teach you that the source of your difficulty is not in external but within the self. Some acquaintance may try to trip you up the 15th to the 21st, but nobody is pushing you around except yourself.



**SAGITTARIUS** the Archer (Nov. 23 - Dec. 21). Accent on secret love; romance in out-of-the-way places, which doesn't mean

what you think... rather some unexpected place like a bunk or a hospital. Accent on silence and let others interpret your introspection as mystery. Warning... just because you've made it doesn't mean you can tell him everything; occupy yourself with his body or he'll pick your brain.

**CAPRICORN** the Goat (Dec. 22 - Jan. 20). A loved one may now seem like a responsibility or a disappointment, yet discipline won't work... tolerance might. There is a wide side to you that few see, yet the 15th to the 21st marks a period when insatiable ambition or lust may get the better of you. If you feel like rapping a basketball... resist such an impulse, as even the back rooms aren't liberated from gossip. Friends and bosses implicate you in their problems.

**AQUARIUS** the Water Bearer (Jan. 21 - Feb. 19). Home a bad place for lovers and good things at work have handles attached. Your customary detachment will serve you well, if you sidestep opposition and avoid emotional/aggressive behavior. Accept invitations and enjoy new friends as a way out from mental tension the 15th to the 21st. Best to keep dreams to yourself as they could come true at a later date.

**PISCES** the Fish (Feb. 21 - March 20). Possible romance with a stranger from a strange land, but if traveling with him, be careful the 15th to the 21st, as the subway could break down or you may tire of him. Career still well-expected, but your own originality may be too much for either of you or them to handle... or at least until you check ideas with the facts, while resisting an inclination to indulge all to a friend who knows less than you about the matter.

## Kate Millett: 'The New Sensuality Is Our Task'

by LEO SKIR

New York, N.Y.—On November 12, 1970 Kate Millett returned to Columbia University to participate in a forum on Sex Liberation in Macmillan Hall. The Forum had been sponsored by Columbia Women's Liberation and Gay Students at Columbia.

Moderating the discussion was Morty Manfred of Gay People at Columbia. The other speakers were Arthur Evans of Gay Activists Alliance, Sidney Abbot of the Gay Liberation Front and Ann Harris of Columbia Women's Liberation.

Sidney Abbot spoke first. She explained that she was also returning to Columbia and had wondered how she

would feel, coming back as a Gay. "I don't feel different" she said. "I was in the black civil rights movement, then in Women's Lib, then Gay Lib and I think of them as all one sweeping movement to a new society." She explained that her drift had been more and more away from the easy stands and that it had been hard for her to think of herself, an over-privileged middle-class "brat" as "oppressed." About being openly gay she told the audience "You don't exist if you're passing for straight." Gay Liberation, she felt to be the greatest thing in her life, that she had to learn how to be a Lesbian and that in both Women's Lib and Gay Lib the Lesbian still had to make a place for herself. She reviewed the night before at the Summit Hotel where she had heard Rev. Troy Perry speak for an hour about the Gay movement on the West coast and not once, she said, did he use the word Lesbian to describe any of the women who had aided him in his struggle for gay rights. "He would say things like 'Two young ladies who came with me'" While she claimed she was not recruiting for Lesbianism, she now felt that the Lesbian was in the vanguard of the Women's Movement.

Arthur Evans of Gay Activists Alliance, a doctoral candidate at Columbia,

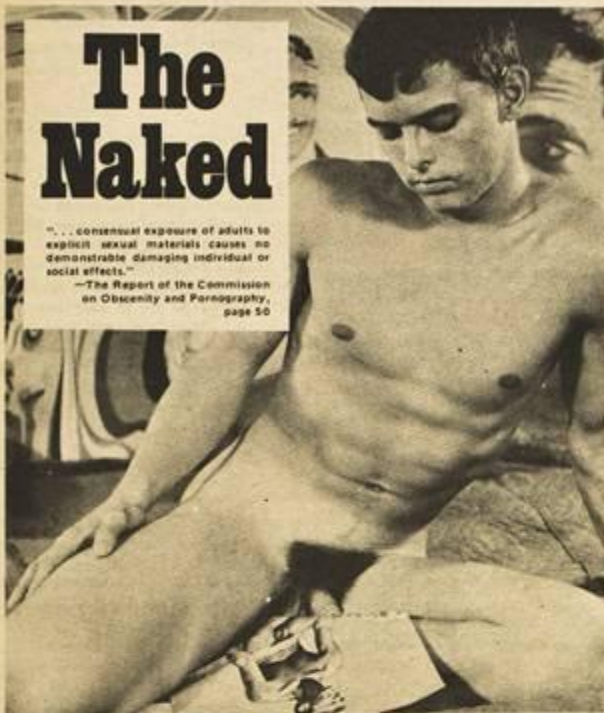
explained the GAA "Bill of Rights" (1. Right to our own feelings. 2. Right to love anyone, any way, any time. 3. Right to our own bodies; to embellish or display same as we wish. 4. Right to be persons.) He explained why GAA was political, in that the homosexual minority was powerless, and exposed. The GAA confrontation tactics he said, were for the dual purpose of setting political beachheads and bringing Gay consciousness. He added that although the GAA was non-violent its members were prepared to fight in self defense.

Ann Harris, an art historian at Columbia, spoke next. She said she felt that she was the "token straight" on the panel, and she outlined her stand as leading the movement toward a National organization for women.

Kate Millett acknowledged the loud applause of the packed hall as she spoke. She said it was good to be back with her "radishes." She explained she felt that as a bi-sexual she was a minority. Of being "in the closet" she insisted that LIFE (magazine) had made her straight, that she had given LIFE a whole morning interview with her friend, Barbara. She felt the applied straightness was "defamation of character." Telling the audience how good it was to be back she said that since her book had been

published she had been on early morning planes, having neither the company of her friends or her own company for the solitude needed to do work.

On the subject of Sex Liberation, she agreed with the two homosexual speakers that the liberating act was the social one, of coming out, of acknowledging one's homosexual feelings. She described herself joining the Christopher Street March on June 28th as a major step in her liberation and related that she had before this been intimidated with "What will my mother think?" She asked the audience to think of the price of "passing" and the society that says "As long as you lie you're all right." She described the psychoanalytic formulations about sex as "soft-sell nonsense" and called for a new sensuality in America. "We're afraid to shake hands or duck," she said, "That's why we need dogs and babies." She felt that future sex might not be intensely genital. There was a need for a non-exploitive humanistic use of sex. There was a fight of people against property. The point, she said, was to love—a lot and in this process both permanent attachment and a sense of communality would come. It wouldn't be easy. It would, in fact, be difficult, but this new sensuality was our task. "Sex can be beautiful" she concluded.



# The Naked

... consensual exposure of adults to explicit sexual materials causes no demonstrable damaging individual or social effects.  
—The Report of the Commission on Obscenity and Pornography, page 50

BY JOHN P. LE ROY

The Report of the Commission on Obscenity and Pornography, William B. Lockhart, Chairman, Introduction by Clive Barnes, Bantam Books, paperback, New York, 700 pages, \$1.65.

**A**ny healthy man or woman who enjoys a full and gratifying sex life, and who has an iota of intelligence and common sense, does not need to read the Obscenity Commission Report, for it contains in its 700 pages, what everyone with no hang-ups already knows or can easily deduce: If you look at a picture of two guys blowing each other, a guy showing his penis into a gal's cunt, or a guy happily engaged in muff-diving, you will probably get a hard-on and, if no willing partner is on hand, you may want to jerk off. If you are exposed to too much of the stuff, you'll get bored with it.

You won't go out and rape women, molest young boys, expose yourself in public, or otherwise do anything other than what you ordinarily like to do. The vilest "smut" won't make you straight if you are already gay or vice versa, and you will be aroused only by the kind of pornography which best fits your own proclivities. According to the commission, if you groove on cunt, you are rather unlikely to become aroused at the sight of a guy with a huge hard-on and, if you find cocksucking the quintessence of sexual ecstasy, no beautifully colored photographs of gorgeous dames with wide open snatches are going to do much more for you other than cause boredom, disgust, or both, no matter how little redeeming social value, artistic merit, or over-all taste is present.

The effect of explicit sexual materials, as the commission puts it, on an individual is a question that is at best difficult to determine by ordinary

scientific means. It may well be impossible. We can prove the second law of thermodynamics, Newton's laws of motion, or even Einstein's general theory of relativity far more easily than we can prove that beaver shots are harmless, enjoyable to some, and not worthy of censorship. The commission did its best to gather empirical evidence. It developed some clever techniques for increasing objectivity, admitted that its results are tentative, and called for further investigations. The commission report, for all its excess verbiage, presents a summary of what will occupy ten volumes of dense technical research, most of which would be unnecessary if enough people had enough confidence in what they see, hear, feel, taste, and smell.

If you've ever been in any of the erotic book-shops in any large city, you would know that most of the customers are middle aged middle class males. No need to spend two years and two million dollars to find that out. But the commission inadvertently hinted that pornography might be good for you: "The customers of adult movie theaters manifest a good deal of upward social mobility..." (page 165); "Research shows that the early social environments of sex offenders may be characterized as sexually repressive and deprived." (page 285). And to prove that those who dig hard-core pornography are superior to President Nixon, Congress (except for the five brave Senators who voted to accept the report), and most other politicians, the report states:

"On the whole sex offender groups reported least arousal from pornography... About all that can be said is that strong response to pornography is associated with imaginativeness, ability to project, and sensitivity, all of which generally increases as education increases... Since the majority of sex offenders are not well

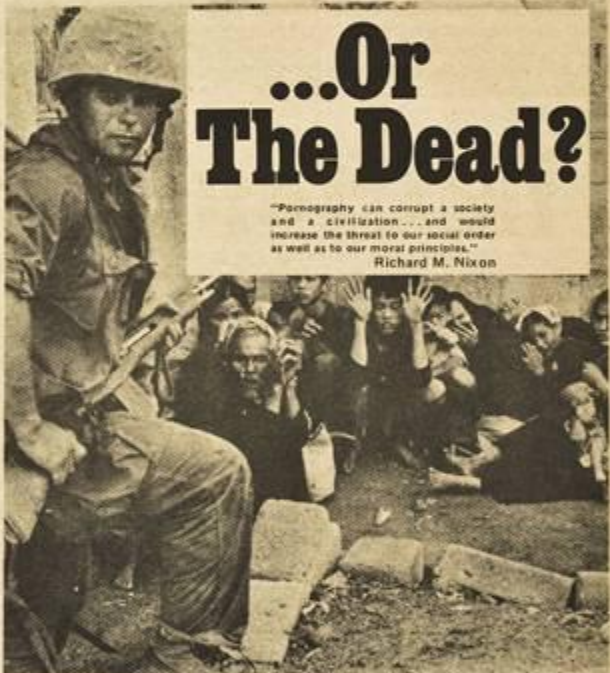
educated, their response to pornography is correspondingly less." (page 276)

Of course, the dissenting members of the commission were not about to take this lying down. When confronted with such data, Father Hill and Messers. Link and Keating explained the fact that thirty per cent of convicted rapists never had an orgasm by assuring us that the convicts did not know the difference between an orgasm and an orgy. No one checked the convicts' vocabulary to make sure that the questions were well enough understood. But even if they had experienced orgasms, but never had been to an orgy, their response to pornography would still have been less if nonrapists who dig porno and go to orgies and rapists don't.

Now let us be generous. Let us give Morton A. Hill, Winfrey C. Link, and Charles H. Keating, Jr., the three most vociferous dissenters of the panel, the benefit of the doubt. Let us assume that the commission did its work badly, that its findings are false, misleading, or even fraudulent, and that the recommendations are not valid. This does not prove that alternative studies would yield results more favorable to their point of view. The burden of devising experiments which would have been more

a doubtful course in comparative civilizations: "Moral decay from within destroyed most of the world's great civilizations." (Toynbee, p. 616), and we do not need to hire a commission to do that for us. Human civilizations are so diverse that you can name any kind of wickedness you like, from belching with garlic on your breath to cheating at dice in order to show that the empire collapsed after it happened. Everyone knows that Monday causes Tuesday because Tuesday follows Monday, and whatever you and I might have done on Monday contributed to Monday's demise at the stroke of midnight. Isn't that so? If your answer is yes, you can blame civilization's demise on anything you please.

So much for the commission's minority. But even the majority had no business coming into existence at all were it not for the fact that Americans are so timid, obedient, and indecisive that they won't trust their eyes, ears, and skin until some authority figure has told them what to see, hear, and feel. Only when former President Johnson, at the urging of congress, responded politically to dire warnings of a moral pestilence of filth about to drown Disneyland and Levittown in torrents of semen did he see fit to set up the commission to study the



# ...Or The Dead?

"Pornography can corrupt a society and a civilization... and would increase the threat to our social order as well as to our moral principles."  
Richard M. Nixon

penetrating, more exhaustive, and less subject to error would have fallen on them. Yet, in their minority report, the studies they cite in support of the view that pornography is harmful are far more biased, tenuous, vague, imprecise, and opinionated. Father Hill did his research by reading the *New York Daily News* and the *Washington Post*, looking at the Gallup polls, and consulting his conscience. Link and Keating tried very hard to discredit the rest of the commission by nitpicking. But, even where they may have established minor incompetence on the part of the opposition, they completely fail to convince us that they could do the job any better. The best they can do is give us

"problem" and recommend appropriate legislation. The commission made a fatal error: It did what it was supposed to do. By telling the truth about pornography and recommending that legislation be passed in the light of its findings, the commission plunged itself into the great American toilet bowl, as the presidential commissions on riots and violence had done before.

Whenever America is confronted with an idea it doesn't want, it is pushed out of sight and out of consciousness as quickly, painlessly and effortlessly as flushing the toilet. The idea that fucking is fun, that explicit eroticism can be

continued on page 16

BY BARRY LESTER



n almost any night of the week (especially Fridays and Saturdays) the Continental Bath and Health Club at 230 West 74th Street (Manhattan) is the most exciting pleasure-spa in Fun City. The luxuries of ancient Greece and Rome are now here—in Gotham—and for the most reasonable of admission prices (Lockers from \$5.50 to \$7.50 and private rooms at \$10.00.) You may spend a never-to-be-forgotten Night in Nirvana.

Going to a bath house in the past usually meant the pursuit of impersonal sex. You were herded into dirty chicken coops (minus the chicken), by

obvious warmth. Ah yes, the baths are coming of age!

In addition to the Continental's much praised cleanliness and spaciousness, its modern showers, steamrooms, olympic pool, gym, Sauna, Massage, T.V. room, library, and its restaurant, the offering of a free buffet and a cabaret floor show easily comparable to some of the best to be had at any posh and expensive night club. Each Friday and Saturday, live entertainment will be a regular feature at the Continental.

On the Saturday evening I was there, I was fed a fine salad and beef stew, followed by the talents of Miss Liz Torres and Mr. Scott Jarvis, ably assisted by pianist Billy Cunningham and superb drum virtuoso Joey Mitchel. Miss

vay)" which brought a warm ovation.

Scott Jarvis, a veteran of the cast of the hit musical "1776" is an excellent singer with a steady pitch lined with tones of deeply felt sincerity. His rendition of "Right as the Rain" was especially memorable. Aside from being quite talented, he is strikingly handsome both in the spotlight and out of it.

The audience was convulsed with laughter when Liz Torres reappeared and told us how she "Was waiting for your phone call for 18 years." She took a final bow after a campy version of "Cheek-to-Cheek." Steve, the master of ceremonies and the Continental's owner, initiated a dance contest with cash prizes for the winners.

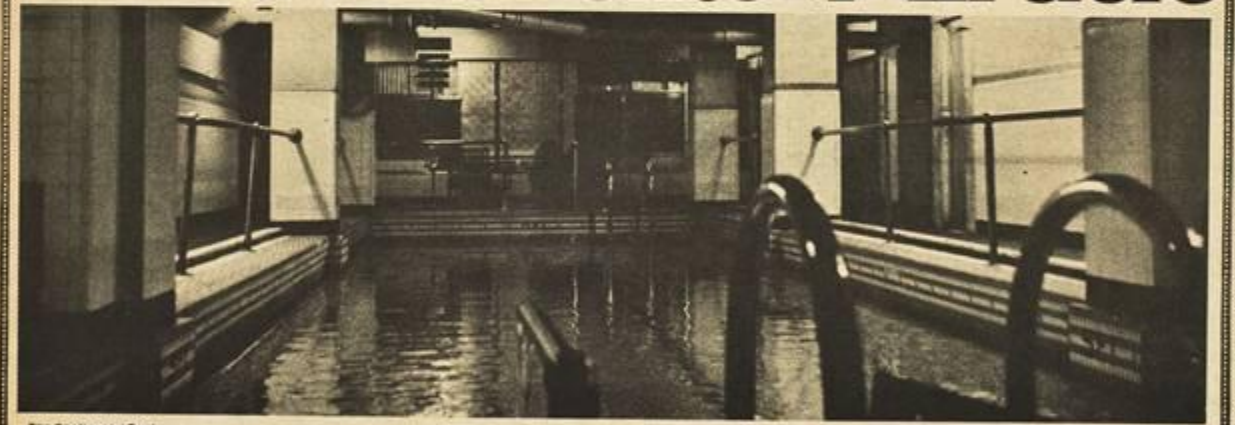
This was the first time I had ever

The Continental, as if all this weren't enough, has also improved its facilities. It has retiled its showers in a sensuous Spanish decor, added about 30 private rooms and dozens of new lockers so that its capacity is now close to 500. A new and quieter T.V. and reading room have been constructed, and the need to wait outside for a private room has been eliminated. Upon entering, you will be given a locker and will be paged as soon as a vacant room is available. The dormitory area has been greatly enlarged with a dimly lit chandelier. And the maximum time limit has been increased to 15 hours, long enough to leisurely savor every joy the Continental has to offer, and to ensure that you'll be coming back again and again for more.



The Continental Gym

# The Continental Miracle



The Continental Pool

moneygrabby misfits. But at the Continental Baths you are an honored customer rather than a customer whose only value is in his wallet. In the dismal baths of yesteryear, patrons were laden with guilt. They slunk through the halls like wounded animals. There were few smiles. Attendees were seldom polite. The search for sociability was too often reduced to a depressing round of stair-climbing with the dubious reward of dirty bare feet.

The Continental has changed all of this! Attendees are thoughtful and polite. The premises are spotless. Young and old walk through the halls with heads held high and shoulders back. Guilty leers have been replaced by open smiles and an

Torres is pure delight, even when she's nervous. In addition to a fine singing voice, she radiates an irresistible enthusiasm for whatever she does. She came on stage as a hopeless knocked-up virgin and hung into the Lennon-McCartney hit "Yesterday." All of the 400 towel-clad gays cracked up.

Miss Torres is a friend of the famous San Francisco entertainer, Bet Miller. Her (Miss Torres) newest number was from the George White Scandal of 1936. At the Continental, she explained, she likes to sing hot and dirty. A hilarious routine about how her Puerto Rican mother tried to get her married off to a nice Jewish dentist led her to sing, "I Think I'm Going Out of My Head (over a Jew, oy

encountered so fine a sense of community and joyous comradeship at a bath-house. A true homosexual community is to be found at the Continental, and even the shyest person can feel a real sense of belonging.

In addition to live entertainment, movies are being shown every Sunday followed by a free buffet. And, on Wednesday, you can break up your week by relaxing with folk singer Tom Ellis, with coffee and cake on the house.

And, for those who had no place to go on Thanksgiving, a complete turkey dinner was served with all the trimmings, including candied yams, cranberry sauce, stuffing, biscuits, pumpkin pie, ice cream, fresh fruit, and apple cider.



Miss Liz Torres; a fine talent



# THE LAST ESTATE

BY GREGORY BATTCOCK

CLUB ORGEE

**I** INNER WITH Dr. Henry at Duff's, dinner with Jill, Dianne Fisher and Lucian Tauscott III at Duff's, dinner with David Boudon at Duff's, lunch with Bob at Max's (after an afternoon at Club Orgy), and got stuck in the middle of a vicious

Rican nationality. "Who's the complainant?" "You are" they said. "Well, I'm not going to complain." "In that case the state will complain, and so will the credit card companies."

The judge presiding at the arraignment was, of course, about 90. The endless stream of defendants were blacks, Puerto Ricans and hippies. One tall blond kid, arraigned on a possession rap was represented by a lawyer and his father, a Professor at Johns Hopkins. The judge

and that's all one needs to know. (Now-a-days, you don't just invite people over to see porno movies. Rather, the director is there, shows his works in chronological order, discusses his intentions and receives criticisms concerning the aesthetic merit of his works.)

Peter DeRomes' flicks are much more pornographic though not necessarily pornographic than the show at Club Orgy, which I'll tell about next.

I called Club Orgy ahead of time, at the suggestion of the editor of GAY to announce our intentions. "Oh, you shouldn't do that" said a colleague. "They'll think we're cops and we won't see the real stuff." Never mind. At least we won't have to pay \$6.00. We arrived at 12:45 for the 1 o'clock show but nobody was there except the ticket seller who said we could read the dirty books while waiting and that Mr. Roberts (producer and owner of Club Orgy) would see us soon, and that he certainly hoped the actors would show up. "Sometimes they have a hangover and don't get here" he remarked. "You know these kids. They go to parties and stay out all night."

We hung around, amusing ourselves with the porno books. Some workmen came in and started taking all the magazines off the big table and putting them on the floor. "We gotta get this table outta here." Thanks for telling me. Thought it was part of the show. Next they'll start taking out the walls, then the



The set and scene at Club Orgy

squabble between Jill and Kate Millett at St. Adrian Company. They went at each other like I don't know what. Women, I've learned, are as interested in pushing their careers as the next guy but they do it with a determination and viciousness usually reserved for immigration officials at Kennedy. . . . As a rule, women aren't gentlemen.

They stole my car—well actually daddy's car that I was borrowing. Reported theft at 20th precinct to detective Whats-his-name. "Where were the keys?" "In the car, of course. Where do you think they were?" Registration, driver's license, American Express and Masters Charge were also, alas, in the car. So were my house keys so I lie awake nights awaiting a burglar with a big cock who'll sneak in and quietly creep into bed. . . .

They found my car, along with the two chaps that stole it. Unfortunately it broke down in front of the police station. Had to go down to Criminal Court to press charges. "Is this your first encounter with New York justice, Professor Battcock?" "No, I was busted for grass last year," I replied.

The culprits looked pretty harmless. The D.A. frightened me. The arresting cop was the most frightening of all. "What's the car worth?" they asked. "Next to nothing" I said. That's impossible. Has to be over \$250.00. That's grand larceny." The D.A. decided it was worth \$850.00 and no, he didn't want to buy it. He also decided the culprits were in possession of a dangerous drug, my credit cards and their Puerto

seized the opportunity to berate the kid's father: "Do you control him?" he asked. "He's a student at Columbia and lives in the dorm" said father. "That's not what I asked. Do you control him?" persisted the idiotic, sadistic magistrate. People should control their dogs, not their children.

Had dinner at Dr. Henry's. We started off with fresh Beluga caviar (4 ounces) and a bottle of Dom Perignon (1961) and then filet mignon, a romaine salad (washed down with a Chateau LaGalliere Naudes 1959) and a fresh chevre.

Speaking about food, unsatisfactory gastronomic experiences include La Poulaille near Lincoln Center where they can't tell Extra Dry from Brut; some people I know who offer you red wine and produce a California "Blatant Burgundy" that was opened three months ago and would make a good substitute for Drains when the sink gets clogged up, La Luna restaurant down there on Mulberry Street that serves 5 week old stuffed artichoke and ice cole Chianti right out of the freezer, and The Library on Broadway where they have the most dried out pate and canned baked bean casserole you could ask for.

One bright spot in my week of suffering was a screening of films by Peter DeRome at Tom and Terry's house on Riverside Drive. I have no idea who Tom and Terry are. All I know is that they and their friends are charming and besides the nice crowd and DeRomes' charming pornographic movies, they produced some civilized wines, a nice Beaujolais and a delightful Bardolino Valpolicella



Battcock

floor. . . . The kindly ticket seller kept coming over and thrusting material at us. "This is a good one, read this one. . . ." and he'd hand me some stupid book that wasn't nearly as good as the one I was reading, but I would have to pretend to take an interest in his preferred perversion. People dribbled into the place and disappeared. "Did ya see that chick?"

"We got a chick in here" he hissed and then produced a photo of three people fucking or something and claimed that the fat figure in the center was none other than himself. "Got paid twenty bucks" he said. "You should lose a few pounds" I remarked.

Enter Mr. Roberts, owner and originator and producer of Club Orgy, looking dashing and elegant in a mafia sort of way—no, not really—in a Borsalino sort of way. He was sexy (perhaps the sexiest person at the "Club"), enthusiastic, obviously a genius, and I mean it. He wouldn't let us finish the magazines (which would have taken three months, but I was game). He was going for a drink and we could come along if we wanted to. It was an order. Wouldn't have missed it for the world. On the way we met a man who, it turned out, publishes an underground paper called METROPOLITAN REVIEW OF PORNOGRAPHY. "Would ya like to see the world's first hard-core pornographic newspaper?" he asked and before we could answer he produced a copy of a truly HARD CORE PORN REVIEW as it subtitled itself. Full of pictures which were hard core, illustrations of some of those products you see advertised IN USE, and there was somebody modeling "French ticklers." Couldn't ask for more.

We popped into a bar on Sixth Ave. that had pink elephant balloons tied to the ceiling and daytime go-go girls. An inexpensively converted Blarney Stone is what it was. Passers-by kept peering in the street windows. "They have to clean the window for nose prints" said Mr. Roberts. He also told me that Battcock was a better name than Batman and that he was involved in the birth of a new industry. "I can't imagine people looking for sex" he said. "I've got a Cadillac home in the garage but I take the subway every day. Why? I like to fuck, that's why."

After all, isn't that what it's all about? People exchanging places in space and coming into contact with one another? Subways, trains, sidewalks, cafes, restaurants, markets, bars, boats, theaters, all mean something, unlike the car and the suburban house and television, deserted sidewalks, pedestrian-less downtowns, jet-set travel—all deny opportunity for human exchanges.

So Mr. Roberts is O.K. What next. Drink after drink. Roberts is one of those rare types who buy everybody drinks, hops from table to table, now we're going, no not yet, have another, let's go, no in five minutes, the actors will be arriving soon. . . finally we just sat there, getting bombed, chatting with Fred Baker (the guy who made EVENTS). God knows what he's doing here. Interested in porno too. Good. It's three-thirty. Still no show. "Actors on their way. They're just starting to come."

Finally, around four o'clock the one o'clock show got underway. The scene was a park. "So where are the bushes" said one performer. The lady in front of me complained to the man next to her that she was on her "lunch hour" and didn't have all day. Then she started complaining about the "six bucks" admission charge and what would the boss say when she got back to the office.

continued on page 17



Alan Castner and Robert Jundelin in FOREPLAY

# After Foreplay What?

BY DAVID GAARD

We are pleased to welcome David Gaard, the author of last year's popular off-Broadway play, AND PUPPY DOG TAILS, to GAY's pages. Mr. Gaard's knowledge of theatre, and of "gay" theatre, particularly, gives him ample qualifications for reviewing FOREPLAY.

Robert Lane stood in the foyer of the Bijou Theatre puffing half-heartedly on a cigarette. A sly smile crept over his face as he watched the audience filtering slowly into the theatre. For those working in theatre, there is no feeling as exhilarating as that warm, comfortable rush which comes as the house starts to fill. They've been coming for several nights now. Each night the crowd is bigger. Each night expectations run a little higher. The rumor is out that FOREPLAY isn't just another nude-cute-happy-homo-\$10.00-a-ticket play. It's a very enjoyable show.

Two hours later the theatre has finally emptied, and the last worried patron has finally found his glove. Stage hands shift props and check the lights; the house manager looks for damages in the auditorium. In the middle of the empty theatre, a young man who could easily slip into a berth on Wall Street or a seat on Madison Avenue slumps near exhaustion. Robert Lane created FOREPLAY, and at the moment the entire creative cycle is written on his face. He's tired, excited, happy and a little worried all at the same time.

Robert Lane shouldn't be worried. FOREPLAY is his first New York production, and a visit to the theatre any night of the week (THE BIJOU THEATRE isn't affected by the current Equity strike) would warm the heart of the most calloused cynic, for in the theatre is (wonder of wonders) an audience enjoying itself, laughing,

chuckling, breathless and listening. What is happening at the Bijou Theatre is certainly the tonic that this anemic and often depressing theatre season needs so badly; for FOREPLAY is the kind of show that's good for the actors, good for the theatre, good for the backers, and quite plainly a good old fashioned "audience" show.

"I wasn't that worried about competition from the exploitation-ten-dollar-a-ticket circuit," said Lane, "That isn't what we were trying to do, that really isn't the audience we're aiming for. I don't really think it has anything to do with us. . . they seem to patronize their audience, but we know that the playgoer is a more intelligent and discriminating individual than that."

Mr. Lane knows how to use nudity to deepen the emotional impact of a scene and to put his audience through the wringer. In the course of the play, (Neil) Robert Jundelin and (Rich) Alan Castner meet and make love for the first time. Every night from the moment they come to the apartment (after having cruised Central Park West), the audience sits in enthralled silence. There they are—two very familiar people, a little lost, a little confused, and all too vulnerable; trying to reach out and touch each other, shyly, slightly frightened of themselves, and of each other—and when they touch, it's reality. They are two people reaching to cover the holes in each others' hearts—and such an act brings home a painful moment of self realization: how truly alone each person is. And there, on stage, are two people doing it—not carefully staged so we get the best view of the actors' cocks, an artistic split beaver, but doing it—falling in love—trying to touch each other—it's as if you are in a room with them, and they can't see you.

In the theatre that's magic.

Mr. Lane has been working on FOREPLAY for over a year now, a year filled with heart-breaking rejections, wallet-wrecking work. Days and reams of writing and rewriting, and hours of thinking, caring and plotting. Things change and the question recurs: Is what I'm trying to say going to be relevant in this jet-aged kaleidoscopic world?



Robert M. Lane, author of FOREPLAY

If he says something of merit, the answer is "yes." And this is why Robert Lane has outfoxed his competitors. FOREPLAY is blessed with a gorgeous production: a good set, fantastic lighting, and a beautiful and TALENTED cast. Lane saw the need for nudity, and accepted it as fact, but he moves on to other things—the characters in his play actually talk about things people talk about: relationships, obligations, responsibilities. It's a treat to go to the theatre and see people involved in

conversations which step over the reasons they'll soon be taking their clothes off.

No one in FOREPLAY undresses to sell tickets, because its characters are emotionally so naked that their clothing is neither here nor there, and that is what nudity in the theatre is all about.

Lane exhales a long stream of smoke. Speaking softly, he seems to be without temperament. "We've been rewriting in the last act, we can't seem to get it into focus." He's worried. That's admirable to have an author of a gay play ready (at the point where plot and characters are taking care of themselves) to worry about focus. Now he can truly polish his play.

Mr. Lane's plotting and characters are on their own now. He's attempting to explain why we are, what we are, that's all. No simplistic solutions, no hysterical convulsions, just life as it is lived in the twentieth century. Flawed? At the moment, but so is HELLO DOLLY. This time is the hardest, but Robert Lane is aware of this, so he'll do double duty by learning and working at the same time. Thank goodness he's strong enough to take it—because the theatre needs more like him—working—very hard.

And the audience keeps coming. It's said that you have to be the most realistic pragmatist in the world to survive commercial theatre. Lane understands why the audience is cynical. They've been burned, but he knows that in the end, they'll make their enthusiasm known.

The Bijou's more than 299 seats are cause for all sorts of union problems, and with these comes a slightly higher ticket price. But there is intelligence at work in the ticket pricing. (Come on, you waste at least \$3.00 on the most inane movies.) For another dollar you can see live people who will break your heart and tickle your funny bone. For that, it should be worth the investment.

# The Naked Or The Dead?

continued from page 10  
beautiful and ennobling, and that nobody is ever hurt by love is unacceptable to America not merely because the Puritans have deeply influenced our culture, but because there seems to be no higher ideal in the United States than that of making money.

Aside from procreation, the only other use Americans have found for sex is in the sale and promotion of goods and services. Sexuality cannot be gratified if people are to be bamboozled into buying things they don't really want and don't really need. In order to sell a cheap cologne at 100 times its cost, one must show that love will be denied unless the product is used. One must be made to love the cologne while reducing the body to that of a foul chemical factory. Same with cars, toilet paper, or any one of thousands of commodities.

Thus, the American economy cannot withstand the simple gratification of sexual pleasure. This leads to the acceptance of covert pornography in which beautiful males and females are partially clad so that minimal arousal can be harnessed for commercial purposes. Coca-Cola ads show a girl sucking a coke bottle instead of a penis in order to perpetuate the lie that "Coca-Cola refreshes you best." It does not. Fellatio is more refreshing. And when the frustration grows from having to be

satisfied with coke bottles instead of cock, the covert acceptability of violence increases. So does the desire for real cock. Thus, the only naked bodies permissible in the mass media are those that are mutilated.

Society needs killers from time to time. It does not need lovers, because the ability to move shoddy merchandise at inflated prices depends upon an angry discontented public. If pornography were as easy to obtain as toothpaste ads, our bankrupt culture would be consigned to rust and ruin, and a great many embarrassed people would be left alone with each other. Better to turn to things rather than to each other for gratification, and to look upon our selves and our bodies with contempt. Only in that way can we stop the Commies and desexualize the rest of the world in the name of freedom.

All else must be flushed down the toilet bowl so that the world can be made as sterile as the bathroom in a Howard Johnson Motel. But the situation isn't that simple anymore. Too many people are discovering that gay is good, fucking is fun, fellatio is a joy, and you don't even need Miss Clairol, the Jolly Green Giant, or Mr. Clean to give and receive pleasure. The septic tank is backing up, and the shit of American repression is oozing out of millions of American bathrooms, into our streets, our courts, and the very fabric of our life. It all goes under the name of permissiveness. But the ones who condemn sexual permissiveness are the same ones who permit police brutality. They fail to realize that the Bill of Rights and the Declaration of Independence are among the most permissive documents civilized mankind has ever devised.

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**I DON'T WANT** a whole lot of replies, just for the sake of getting replies, JUST THOSE WHO FIT. If you happen to be MASCULINE, attractive, solvent, today, human-type-being, bursting with sincerity, any race (Caucasian, Oriental, Black) to 35 years with a sense of humor, and love of theatre, movies, music, NYC scene and who by nature is inclined to prefer the friendship of an attractive NON-BUTCH white male, mid-thirties, please write me with full details, photo and phone. Will return photo. Complete discretion. Damon, Room 504, 152 W. 42nd St., NYC 10036

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## THE LAST ESTATE

continued from page 14

(He'd probably fire her.) The man next to her got up and walked away. The dialogue on the stage purred on: "What are you doing in the park? Don't you have a job?" and "I hope my husband doesn't see us."

Meanwhile, the lady in the next row took it upon herself to encourage our thespians. "Fuck her, fuck her!" Everybody turned around. Our Lady kept shouting and finally "Whatsamatter with you jerks. I wanna get some sex." and she began to remove her clothes. Several people sitting near moved away. Within two shakes of a lamb's tail, she was topless, on the stage and absorbed into the play.

The next scene began with a guy lying in bed, reading his wife's dirty magazines. He finds them filthy and decides she must have a warped mind and is a "pussy lapper" or something. Expectedly, the door knocks. "Knock knock." "Who's there?" "Avon calling" and in marches our Lady of Avon who starts taking off things but manages to gulp: "Gee, what a nice apartment you got here." It is, without doubt, the tackiest set one has ever laid eyes on. "What lovely furniture" she said, and sat on the coffee table which promptly collapsed.

And so it went. Not very sexy but brilliant theater just the same. We can be certain the performers never heard of Stanislavsky, the "Method" or Theater of the Absurd (not to mention "Theater of the Ridiculous") yet they offered an extremely amusing travesty of sophisticated theatrical developments. Twenty-five years ago, in his novel "Our Lady of the Flowers" Jean Genet wrote:

"If I were to have a play put on in which women had roles, I would demand that these roles be performed by... boys." Last week, Mr. Roberts (who doesn't know Genet from Dorothy Parker) said: "One interesting thing about this play is our leading female actress is actually a man. I would like to put on sex plays in which all the women were played by men and vice-versa." The tacky, theatrical travesty envisioned and produced by Roberts could very well represent something of a theatrical landmark. It may be that Mr. Roberts, combining perfectly awful anti-sets, transvestite actors in sex roles, ad-libbed lines, actors in the audience and situations that were not meant to be expressive or creative but merely anti-theatrical—nothing new, in other words—has realized Jean Paul Sartre's contention that "It is the element of fake, of sham, of artificiality... that attracts... in the theater," is Roberts the Andy Warhol of Theater?

Whether he is or isn't, I'm off to Paris kids. Au Revoir, Gregory.

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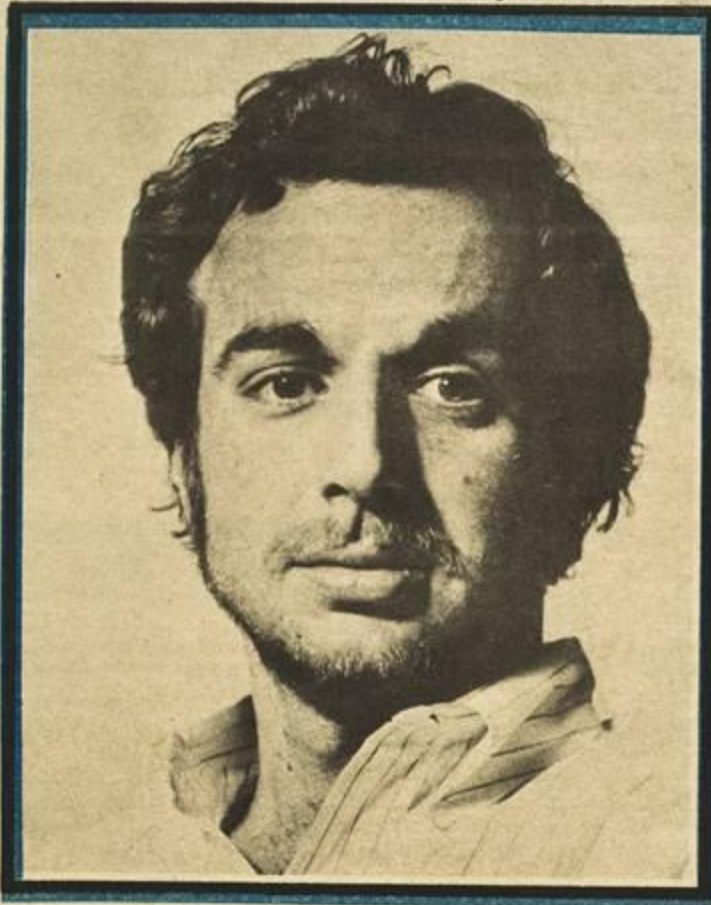
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