

THE POPE'S PIN UPS P.8

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NO.31



**AMERICA'S 1ST.
GAY WEEKLY**

**THE GENERATION
GROPE P.9**

The Editors Speak:

GRASS? ACID? Mescaline?

The homosexual community, like all communities in the United States, faces serious drug problems. This is not to say that homosexuals as a group are more drug-prone than other segments of society, but simply that young people, no matter what their sexual persuasions, are likely to experiment with a number of methods for getting high.

The drug problem, in great part, can be traced to the hypocritical stance of Establishment officials. Not only have they foisted inept research onto disbelieving youngsters, condemning marijuana in the most hysterical tones, but they have ruined their credibility in so doing. By crying "wolf" about less harmful substances, and refusing to countenance the removal of barbaric laws and extreme penalties for those who "smoke" these same officials have discovered that many young people now refuse to heed their advice about drugs which are truly harmful and addictive. Only recently, Richard Nixon and Spiro Agnew condemned marijuana anew. Agnew's speech was a tragic mistake. The President and Vice-President may rightfully be blamed for contributing unwittingly to an ever-increasing rise in the use of heroin.

Heroin is not only harmful and addictive. It is the living death. Every person in tune with the best that the New Culture offers will work passionately to eliminate its use. There is no horror which equals that of heroin addiction. Experiments with heroin are conducted only by those persons who have deep-going guilt complexes and unrelenting self-destructive tendencies.

Pills, whether they be stimulants or depressants, are also extremely dangerous. Although much of U.S. society is accustomed to the use of tranquilizers, sleep inducers, diet pills, and other phony means of adjusting the metabolism, this does not mean that pills are harmless. The old hippie slogan, "Speed Kills" is valid. Speed, in fact, will wreak havoc on the mind much sooner than its insipid devotees realize. Amphetamines used for "pep" quickly debilitate the body and scramble thought processes. As with heroin, only those on a "down" trip take speed. Before they know it, their once-fine minds become jello.

Debates about LSD and Mescaline still rage. One thing is certain, however. Most available acid is tainted with speed or with small quantities of strychnine, two substances which underworld dealers add to quicken the onrush of a trip. No one who takes either LSD or Mescaline knows for sure what he or she is swallowing. Nor, with such foul mixtures, can an acid or Mescaline trip occur as it might if the substance were pure.

And, even if they could be guaranteed to be pure, it is clear that both drugs are easily abused. Some people are likely to drop acid as though it is candy. Some use it only to overcome a weekend's boredom. Such usage is scarcely in line with the high purposes of LSD's original promulgators.

The LSD experience is said to open a new universe of perception. LSD spokesmen believe that their perceptions are of such import that they become automatically integrated into the framework of their lives.

We have met more than a few persons, however, whose rather dismal approach to living has not been improved at all by the ingestion of this powerful drug.

But granting, for a moment, the validity of the "universe of perception" belief, we would advise those who have taken LSD or Mescaline, to consider the heart of their belief: namely that a whole new universe is opened to them. If this is so, it would seem wise not to take acid for "kicks" or to overcome boredom. In fact, if it does open a new awareness, why not allow this awareness to take root in your life before you drop acid again? Otherwise, you will be piling one universe on top of another. The planets in your mind will bump into each other and explode. The insights you gain will never have a chance to integrate themselves in your personality or to work themselves out meaningfully in your life. Allen Ginsberg, one of the earliest preachers of LSD awareness, only ingests this substance on rare occasions when he feels "prepared:" annually or biannually.

Concentrate on awakening sensory awareness without drugs. This is really "Where It's At."

Columnists: Dick Leitch, Angelo d'Arcangelo, Lili Vincent, Randolph Wicker, John Francis Hunter, Ian J. Tree, Stefan Vesk, Peter Ogren, John F. LeRoy, Gregory Battcock.

The official views of this newspaper are expressed in The Editors Speak. Opinions expressed in by-lined columns, letters, and cartoons, however, are those of the writers and artists and do not necessarily represent the opinions of GAY.

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HARDHATS ATTACK SUNBATHERS

New York, N.Y.—Construction workers have been accused by officials of the West Side YMCA (63rd Street) of throwing metal objects onto the Y's sundeck. As a result, the sundeck has remained closed through July and August. YMCA officials fear for the safety of their members.

In a memo, dated July 6th, Maurice

W. Taylor, a YMCA spokesman wrote: "Due to the hazardous condition of our roof area because metal objects either are thrown or propelled mechanically upon our premises by the construction workers at 1 Lincoln Plaza, it is necessary for the safety of our members to close all access to the roof area of 5 West 63rd Street until further notice."

"The construction company and the police have received our complaints in this regard. Lost income and damages must be reimbursed by the construction company or the owner who are responsible for this hazardous condition."

"The police have been notified and appeared at the site where they assured us

they would contact the owner and order him to caution his employees in regard to their actions which endanger life and limb.

"However, I do not feel safe in operating on the roof under existing conditions. The roof will be opened when it is deemed safe."

MATTACHINE FORMS ACTION CORPS

New York, N.Y.—In response to a burgeoning pride and militancy within the gay community, New York Mattachine has formed an activist unit, the Action Corps.

The Action Corps will be responsible for MSNY's participation on picket lines and in demonstrations; staffing literature tables; distributing flyers and pamphlets; manning the office staff; and suggesting actions and organizational policies.

Michael Kotis, President of MSNY, described the new development as follows: "Mattachine has always tried to be a full service organization for the homosexual community, and activism is a part of that service. One major problem in our earlier attempts to form such a group within MSNY has been the unwillingness or inability of substantial numbers of people to devote the necessary time and effort to such a group. Another problem, which developed after the Christopher Street riot when enough people seemed willing and able to form an action committee, was the dedication of some individuals to philosophies or personal goals inconsistent with Mattachine viewpoints."

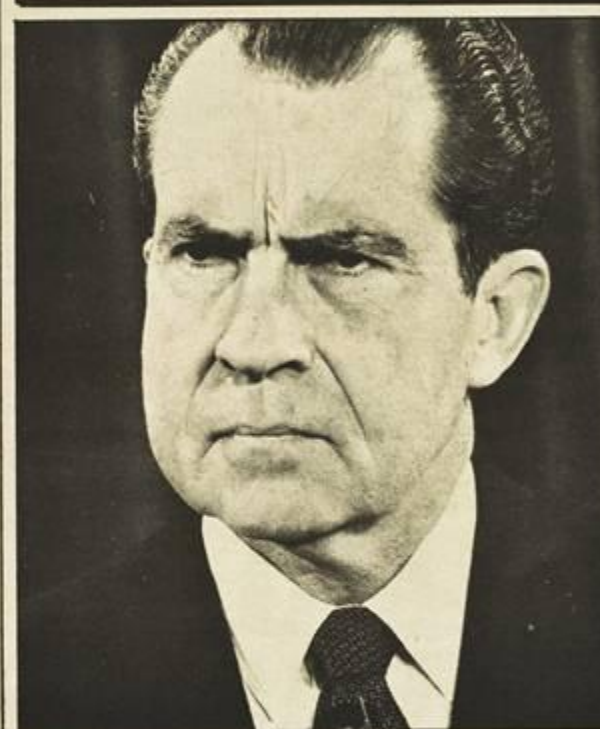
"This is an attempt to keep Mattachine relevant," Mike Kotis said, "and also to make us more effective in dealing with society's prejudice and oppression on an individual basis and in conjunction with other gay organizations in the New York Homosexual Community Council. I hope that members, both old and new, will join the Action Corps, especially since there are many Mattachine and NYHCC plans being developed which will require their services."

Mike Kotis became President of MSNY in May on a platform dedicated to full service and relevance. Accordingly, there have been many internal changes—such as the reorganization of office staff; the extension of office hours; realignment of the Board of Directors—and several external changes—the extensive distribution of information on arrest, VD, the draft, and general Mattachine services to the gay community; the establishment of ties to political leaders favorable to the homosexual cause; participation in the Gay Liberation Day march; and—most importantly—the establishment of and participation in the cooperative effort of the NYHCC with the GAA, GLF, and the GAC.

For further information about the Mattachine Action Corps, call (212) 799-0916 on weekday evenings or Saturday afternoons (2-5 p.m.) or write to MSNY, 243 West End Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10023.



September 7, 1970, Volume 1, Number 31



NIXON OPPOSES GAY MARRIAGE

BY KAY TOBIN

New York, N.Y.—President Nixon "does not support, nor has he supported, nor will he support marriages between the same sex," according to White House Press Secretary Ronald Ziegler.

Ziegler issued the statement to Washington Post reporter Carolyn Heck after a furor erupted over remarks, as reported in *The New York Times* for August 11, made by Mrs. Rita E. Hauser, a prominent Republican picked by President Nixon to be the U.S. representative to the U.N. Human Rights Commission. According to the *Times*, Mrs. Hauser had told a section of the American Bar Association that laws banning marriages between members of the same sex were unconstitutional, and were based on an outdated notion that reproduction is the purpose of marriage. She had argued, according to the *Times*,

that marriage between the same sexes would assist the desirable social goal of limiting reproduction.

After the *Times* story broke, so did a storm of controversy that included calls for her resignation. Representative Wayne Hays (D-Ohio) accused Mrs. Hauser of "promoting homosexuality and lesbianism." Representative Clement Zablocki (D-Wisconsin) said her position was "an example of the moral rot infecting the nation."

When contacted by the *Post*, Mrs. Hauser said, "It's ridiculous, the way the thing has been reported." She called the controversy, "hubbub over nothing." Mrs. Hauser maintained that the statement attributed to her regarding population control had actually been made "facetiously."

Concerning homosexual marriage, Mrs. Hauser told the *Post* that she had

not been arguing in favor of it during the panel discussion at the American Bar Association on the topic "Women's Liberation and the Constitution." She indicated that she had merely attempted to show how a strong legal argument could be developed for such marriages, based on the wording of the proposed equal rights amendment that would give women equal rights under the Constitution. Mrs. Hauser added that, in fact, she did not consider marriage between members of the same sex to be desirable social policy at all. She warned, in her comments to the *Post*, that the equal rights amendment is "just too sweeping." "It may do harm... it may do far more than anybody understands or contemplates," she said. Mrs. Hauser went on to recommend that the amendment not be reported out of the Senate Judiciary Committee without a very serious study done on its legal ramifications.

When Representative Hays of Ohio learned of Mrs. Hauser's explanation of her remarks in the ABA meeting, he told the press, "Maybe she'd better quit making silly arguments like that, even facetiously, in public."

When contacted by GAY, Mrs. Hauser declined to be interviewed further about the matter. She said, however, that she was in favor of the homosexual civil rights cause in general.

WHITE HOUSE KNOCKS PORN COMMISSION

Washington, D.C.—"If the President's Commission on Pornography recommends what newspapers say it will recommend," says White House Press Secretary Ronald L. Ziegler, "The White House would be opposed to that."

Advance reports of the Commission's findings indicate that a majority of the Commission has found pornography harmless. President Nixon was warned, according to Charles H. Keating (Nixon's lone commission appointee) that he would be blamed for a proposal to liberalize the nation's obscenity laws if he didn't fire the Commission staff and most of its members.

"Inasmuch as it is a Presidential commission," said Keating in a letter to Robert N.C. Nix (D-Pa.), "I am concerned not only that the pornographers will have taken a giant step toward winning the war, but that your administration will receive the blame."

Nixon's Press Secretary pointed out that the Nixon Administration had nothing to do with appointing the 18-man commission, which was named by Lyndon Johnson.

In the thirty-first of October, 1969, a man was found murdered in his Hollywood home. He had been famous. He was wealthy. A bachelor. Ramon Novarro.

Clues. Scrawled on a mirror, "Us girls are better than faggits," and "Larry" written on a bedsheet just under the corpse. Blood everywhere. The body of the murdered man was mutilated: the face and throat cut to ribbons. There were head wounds; the legs, penis, and scrotum of the victim bore the marks of torture. There were two dozen serious injuries on the body. (Novarro had been a strong man in his youth, famous at least for his hard, beautiful body. It apparently took quite a while to beat him to death.) The murderers were caught within a couple of days. Brothers. Paul Robert Ferguson, 22, and Thomas Scott Ferguson, 17. They were sentenced to life after a trial of some notoriety.

The proceedings were rather well covered by *The Los Angeles Advocate*, and now a slick booklet called *Novarro: The Movie Star Hustlers* is available from G. P. Books of Washington, D.C. Because I am drawing my comments from both these sources, I will not criticize either overly; the subject is a sensational one and deserves, I suppose, sensational reporting. However, I can imagine gay publications catering more openly to this taste than the latter. It is spangled with many "muscle" type photos of Paul in his salad days: photos from the old Chris catalog. So emphatic is the rightfully placed accent on Paul's genitals in this magazine that the same photograph appears twice, on pages 39 and 49, and the reverse cover is a blow-up of his genitals as they appear on page 40.

Worth dying for? I see a boy in his late teens with a not overly muscular, natural-looking body, a reasonable quantity of uncircumcised cock, a pathetic, skimpy, D.A., complete with artfully disarranged Tony Curtis kiss-me curls. A big, vague, rather voluptuous blond boy, confused, perhaps charming—certainly simple—and beneath the tricky hustler-sadness, a genuine sadness, panic, and shame. The vast spanking-new body of a man, inhabited by a squalling, frightened baby. The American dream about to become a nightmare.

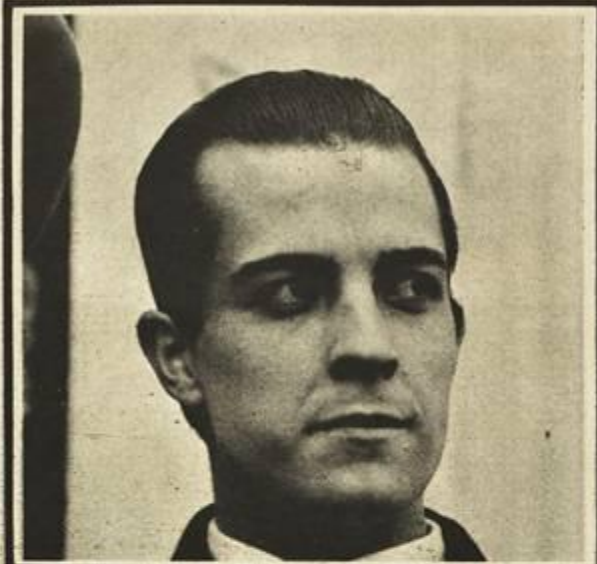
Crimes are said to have motives. Otherwise they are considered insane acts and are not therefore punishable by "enlightened" law processes. The prosecutor of the case said in court, "The law demands a first-degree conviction for all who participate in or plan torture or robbery where a death results—even if the death is accidental and one had no part in it." A reasonable demand, particularly when one considers the outcome of the Leopold-Loeb case in which both killers were sentenced for a "motiveless" murder. But this crime is supposed to have been a robbery, or an attempted one. There is conflicting testimony about five-thousand dollars the boys were apparently "led" to believe was kept in a wall safe in the house. The youngest boy, Tom, may have been involved in holdups in Chicago. However, money wasn't ever the motive of the murder, really. The motive was self-hate, working covertly in three-part harmony. Self-hate was the reason for the Leopold-Loeb killing: they annihilated, as self-justifying supermen, a

boy very much like themselves, but they did not know their crime for what it was. The guilty self-hate which fueled this three-cornered love affair was the catholicism of all parties. Pointedly, the insupportable defense lawyer for Tom Ferguson, Richard A. Walton, said that Novarro, "who set female hearts aflutter, was nothing but a queer... no way of

misidentification of the defendant, but then...Piety? It seems that Ramon Novarro was known to be "extremely devout all his life." There was some question in the courtroom about whether or not a sexual deviant can, in fact, be devout. I do not know what the jury thought when they heard Tom's statement to the effect that during his

family most of his life, who was eminently successful and respected in his business dealings, who held extensive real estate properties in Los Angeles, could be thought insincere in his religious convictions because of his sexual preferences, surely his murderers could not be considered serious in theirs, particularly when it was established that they had both been in bed with him at some point or other during the evening. But courtroom light is unflattering to sectarians generally, unless they sit upon the bench.

The self-identification which led to death focused itself upon Novarro because he was and wasn't everything the boys wanted to be, and loathed, and in the case of Paul the physique-whore-star, fear-identification was almost complete. Ramon was a movie star. Not had been. He had retired. He wasn't broken. He was... compared to most of us and certainly to these two mental cripples... rich, suave, and accomplished. What a wonderful father substitute he would have been for either of them. Not far-fetched at all. The customers of male whores are often that to them. And, of course, he was "queer," which meant that one could kill him with near impunity providing one always avoided guilt by insisting in spite of the evidence to the contrary that one did not have, and never had, sexual contact with such people outside of the "passive" mode, and then only for bread.



Ramon Novarro at the height of his fame

THE DEATH OF RAMON NOVARRO

Piety, Prostitution and Punishment

BY ANGELO D'ARCANGELO

telling how many felonies he committed over the years, for all his piety." Yes, that is a suitable statement from a lawyer defending a male prostitute who has killed his customer. It is hardly relevant or humane, and it can only reinforce the guilty sexual

final agonies, Novarro was heard to say, "Hail Mary, full of grace!" but in court Paul erupted. "You punk son-of-a-bitch liar! Tell the truth!" Paul later explained, "That was meant to upset me—we're Catholic." Still, it would seem to me that if a man who supported most of his



Tom in the courtroom

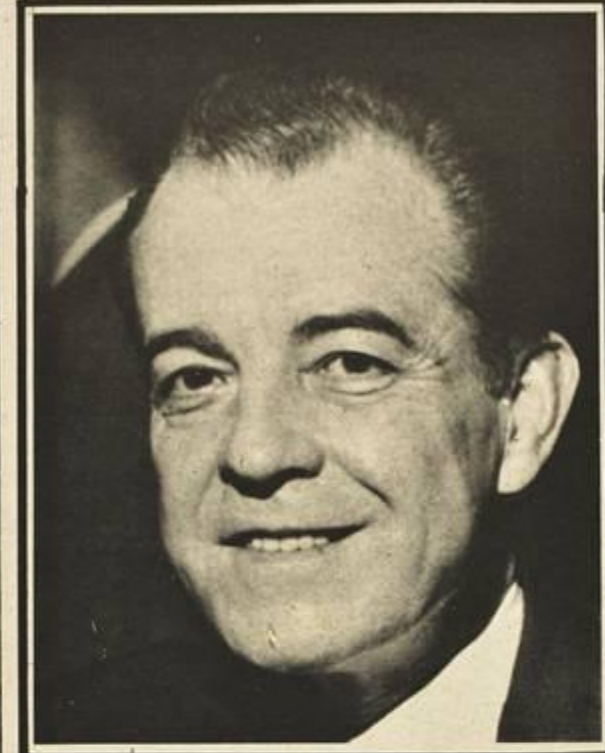
Truly, the biggest single difficulty in writing about this murder, or the moral and social mechanism which triggered it, or even about the personalities illuminated by it, is that in the short space allotted, one can only skim the surface. One would like to get into the depths, into the rhassas of the situation. But there's not time enough. It would take a book much like Capote's *In Cold Blood* to do it properly. As distasteful as I always find that

instinct for making money out of corpses (those of you who remember Arthur Miller's *After the Fall* will understand me), I am drawn to this trial and the mechanics of California justice with reluctant fascination. Clearly the subject, —AGING FILM STAR KILLED BY YOUTHFUL HUSTLERS: IDOL OF MILLIONS OF WOMEN PREFERRED BOYS—and all that was simply routing, and rather disgusting for the law men involved. Kepner of the *Advocate* has hinted that it was most probably a put-up job between the judge, the D.A., and at least one of the lawyers. Which doesn't mean the boys weren't guilty, simply that the quality of justice was rather strained.

You couldn't say the Ferguson brothers were railroaded anymore than you could say Novarro was, but Novarro at least wasn't hampered by two "defense lawyers who refused the natural course of working together to represent both boys, when it was obvious from the beginning that the charges would go against them both more or less equally. The answer may be that these lawyers weakened the boy's case by permitting them to fight each other and—I'm assuming the lawyers were appointed by the court: the Fergusons hadn't any money—because they got their fees through a state legal fund set up to pay for such representation. They seem to have made as good a show as they felt necessary.

Novarro's body showed no defense wounds. Which means, he didn't attempt to defend himself. All right, he was suffering from emphysema, the smog-dweller's complaint, and from arthritis. But he must have been in pretty good shape in order to withstand the beatings for so long. He didn't attempt to defend himself! Throughout the night, as they beat him into insensibility, twisted and pulled his testicles, and repeatedly drove him into bloody unconsciousness, Novarro did nothing. When he passed out, they carried him into the shower and revived him, and began all over again. Why?

Why did he permit them to come in the first place? Sex. Why did they want to be there? Money. What bound the three of them together in what must have been the ultimate *libestod* scene? Why was Novarro convicted several times for "driving while under the influence?" A self-destructive urge. Why were the boys



Ramon Novarro in 1959



Novarro's body is removed from his home



Paul talks with his attorney



Novarro chats with adoring fans

unable to have any true relationships with any women? Because they were confirmed homosexuals and probably woman-haters. Why were they unable to admit their tendencies? Because these

feelings were discredited by society, generally, and compounded by their own "incestuous" sexual relations. Why did Novarro deliberately arrange his isolated life? Because he was "deeply religious" and terribly, terribly guilty about it all. Because—talking about and for them all—there is a step beyond the S & M loveplay and the rough-trade charade which is the Doomsday Machine. Murder, madness and destruction. They were primed for it.

Tom, Paul, and Ramon were conditioned for their ends by a schizophrenic code of behavior, built into their characters, which deprived them all of free will in the best sense: free will best thought of as the ability to govern one's actions without benefit of "creed" or *canon*. It's simple, really. I recall having talked with people about my atheism when I was younger. Often their reaction would be "If you think there's no God, then you feel free to do anything, to kill, rape, steal. Anything." But you see, I've never done any of those things. Because I think such behavior is beneath me, and quite beside the point. I am a self-regulating man.

But Novarro and the Ferguson brothers believed in God. They were all Catholics, you say. Yes, I say. They gave what should have been their best instincts over to a creed or system which had built into it certain profound and terribly perverse contradictions. One of them was the belief that sexuality outside of the reproductive system is wrong. Another, that sexual relations between males is horrible, an abomination. That people engaging in such relations are not worthy of consideration as human beings, and have resigned their citizenship of the human race because of these acts. Anything may therefore be done to them. They are against God.

And God? This obscene notion does not prevent people from doing evil: quite the contrary. It encourages evil because it demeans and perverts the value of all human experience.

An interesting and illuminating fact is that Tom, who never worked steadily, worked longest for *The Church League of America*. This organization has been euphemistically described as "a non-governmental 'F.B.I.' operated by Major Bradley who exposes communist organizations." Perfect. The Inquisition, American style. What better place for a paranoid schizophrenic with a taste for torture and murder?

One could go on and on. To little purpose, I think. Let me only quote something else from Kepner's series: I think it sums up the entire ghastly business. "The alternately lurid and tedious trial often seemed less concerned with the Chicago brothers than with posthumously convicting the semiretired screen star of homosexuality."

Think of it. The legal system of one of the richest and most populous states, using its resources to propagandize the horrible notion that homosexuals, no matter how respectable, rich or exalted they become, even in that state's most famous industry, deserve torture and murder. And think of worse: there are some homosexual men who, in their heart of hearts believe it too, and wish for it even in the heat of their passion.

I remember the words of Solon, the first and most influential of the Greek philosophers. He said, "Call no man happy till he dies; he is at best but fortunate."

Pen Points



Letters to the Editors:

JOHN RECHY'S WRATH

This Day's Death by John "City of Night" Rechy was reviewed by Randolfe Wicker in GAY No. 24. Randy sent a copy of his review to the famed author on his business stationery. He received the following response from Mr. Rechy:

You're a bastard.

As for the "integrity" you asked me to respect, you have as much of it as a goddamn pig, in both senses of that word. I remember an article you sent me about you some time ago in which you

were quoted as saying that you sold both right- and left-wing slogan buttons: it-was-a-business! That's integrity? Does the "Peace, etc." with which you close your letter sending your racist review of This Day's Death really identify your feelings? When you write fascist "friends," do you close your letters "America, Love It Or Leave It"?

How the hell can you exhort me not to "take personal offense" at a "review" which speaks about me, personally—and completely inaccurately—and does so in the tone of a jealous bitch, shrieking?

Face your own twisted self, man! The letterhead on your letterhead indicates you're with "Free Speech Incorporated." Okay, I dig it: And so I'll assume that you'll see that this letter is printed, unedited, in the next issue of GAY.

John Rechy

I can see by your letter that you are both a good writer and an entertaining hothead. Write a book I'll rave over; I'd love it.

Peace, etc.

Love America, fix it or fuck it.

Randy Wicker

KILL ALL WHITE HOMOS

Dear GAY:

As a Black person I would like to tell your publication that the constant referral of the Black or minority oppression as similar to the oppression of you white Homosexuals is an affront and is offensive to Black people. Those few who are crazy enough to buy your publication see nothing but the work of spoiled white sissies who've had their fill of men to the point where they don't know what they want anymore. You white Homos have been catered to for years: Had a phoney glorification even as (Homosexuals)!!! via physique Mags which nowadays come right out with puny white bitches on the front covers. But that's not enough now. You want the whole world to love you. Well, as far as I'm concerned, you racist cocksuckers can go on getting killed and go straight to Hell. You've got your nerve to use the struggles of Black people to further your selfish and sickening cause when very few if any can even relate to Blacks or give a damn about them. I don't care what the Hell you Queers do, but I'm warning you now that you'd better keep Black people

out of it.

M.P.J.

Kill all white Homos! I hate whites! Kill! Kill! Kill! Whitey! P.S. I see why white girls are preferring Blacks, at least they're Men! Real Men! Ed. Note: You are correct in saying that gay liberation and Black liberation are not exactly similar. Our problems, although they affect us in similar ways, are often different. In response to your comments we would like to quote from The Homosexual in America written in 1951 by Donald Webster Cory: The homosexual, cutting across all racial, religious, national caste lines, frequently reacts to rejection by a deep understanding of all others who have likewise been scorned because of belonging to an outcast group. "There, but for the grace of God..." it is said, and the homosexual, like those who are part of other dominated minorities, can "feel" as well as understand the meaning of that phrase. The person who has felt the sting of repudiation by the dominant culture can reflect that, after all, he might have been of another religion or race or color... It is not for him to join with those who reject millions of their fellow men of all types and groups, but to accept all men, an attitude forced upon him happily by the stigma of being cast out of the fold of society.

We hope to see a day when you may understand our status in this same way.

Rona Barrett, Hollywood superbitch, reports William F. Buckley has not been damoring for a role in the film.

OFFICIALS DON'T WANT TO KNOW

Recently, New York Mattachine commenced sending its newsletter and other educational material to members and staff assistants of the Post Office and Civil Service Committees of both houses of Congress. At least half a dozen officials promptly replied by asking their names by removed from the society's mailing list.

TIDBITS

Richard Ottinger, Democratic candidate for the U.S. Senate, had reportedly agreed to address a Gay Activist Alliance meeting late in August or during September.

The Realist (current issue) features a lengthy article entitled "Behind the Gay Liberation Front" by Edward Sagarin, C.C.N.Y. sociologist.

Chicago GLF has reportedly undertaken to "liberate" the local gay bars and will attempt to take an active role in running them.

A major New York daily newspaper is preparing what will be a shocking expose of the N.Y. State Liquor Authority (again?) which will include details on wrongdoing involving gay bars.

April Ashley, who underwent a sex-change operation and has been married for seven years, has been declared to still be a man by British courts.

Norman, Is That You? a gay comedy which only had a short run on Broadway this past year, will be produced as a film by "Laugh In's" producer George Schlatter.

The Evergreen Review has a carefully cropped naked picture of Alan Ginsberg with his arms locked around Peter Orlovsky on the cover of the current issue. However, in the text of an article on the photographs of Richard Avedon, no mention or discussion of the cover photo is ventured.

AND TO LEAVE YOU SMILING
"You'd never make a good sailor," a Naval psychiatrist declared while rejecting a rather obvious enlistee.

"Oh, you're wrong," the boy retorted. "I made three very good ones last week."

EXPOSED: John Francis Hunter

BY JOHN FRANCIS HUNTER

When you speak of this years from now—and you will, won't you?—please, be kind.

You see, Ian and Lige had done it, in issues 27 and 28, respectively, displaying their sensitive faces and sensual bodies for the world to see and admire. So I had to, too, without much of either going for me and despite the possibility of more opprobrium than admiration. Call it exhibitionism or masochism, if you will, though I prefer to think of it as bravery born of conviction. It actually started with a letter and not just a reckless desire to ape my betters (and juniors):

"Is John Francis Hunter who covers the bars a dragon who could not make out in a dark tunnel?" inquired readers-Al and Doug from Hollywood in a letter printed in issue 22. "You get the impression both he and Angelo d'Arcangelo are people you'd like to ball, but are they either too wretched to be pictured or in hiding while urging everyone else out of the closet? Well? Cock shots would not be necessary (though preferable). A faithful face shot would be fine."

This, more than Ian and Lige's examples, started the whole thing. It shouldn't have been so much this, which was indeed a vexacious prick to the old vanity, but I confess this did as much as anything else to turn lip service into action, theory into practice, and "someday" into "now." If ever I was to disavow the philosophy of "Do as I say, not as I do," it had to be sometime soon. Otherwise how could I, with integrity, advocate the birthday suit as the best suit and proclaim the miniskirt as the one prime mover toward liberation of the spirit through liberation of the body, et cetera?

LAID BLAME TO FASHION

"Girls, when I was in adolescent heat for all the sexes, wore falsies and didn't want the world to know," was a favorite opener of mine, leading into the argument that girls then didn't put out because they didn't want their love object to grasp or bite into sponge rubber, shattering his fantasies, that the secrecy of clothing advanced prudery and encouraged a prurient interest in the form. I laid the blame for many hang-ups in our sexist society squarely at the fancy feet of fashion, that curator of self-perpetuating false modesty, false morality and phony aesthetics. Then I turned right around and hid my parts!

Not just my parts, but my enlarged rib cage, skinny forearms and calves, and flat feet. All the features I'd learned from comparative experience, if not voluntary, value judgment, that were, if not ugly, at least less than perfect in a world that admires physical symmetry, and therefore not beautiful.

Most of my life I had accepted silly dicta about what to wear or what not to wear as divine revelation. The sixties came late to my life, and I came late to

Photos by Roy Leigh



Presenting: John Francis Hunter

the sixties—Having gotten the matter of dress and hair length and all that out of the way rather fast, thanks to the hippies, I still hardly realized there was a long distance to go yet involving my own bare ass and its place in the scheme of things before I could, claiming wisdom, contemplate my navel...

QUESTIONS DEMANDED ANSWERS

By the spring of '69, when I am Curious (Yellow) burst upon American screens and SCREW was well on its way to immortality and a "pornographic" revue called Oh! Calcutta! was breathlessly awaited, the questions of to-bare-or-not-to-bare were piling up, someday to demand my answers:

Should anyone who does not entirely measure up to the popular standards of beauty set by the age-old popular canon take off his clothes in public? Is nudity the special province of physical

Out of your closets! Out of your clothes!

perfection? Is it permissible, moreover, for someone who answers yes to the first question and no to the second to extoll the benefits of stripping for all while avoiding the buff himself? YES, NO, and NO!

So, even before the letter and before Ian's and Lige's appearance as the first of our staff to come out as natural, I wrestled with angels. It became a matter of professional responsibility and personal psychological weal to play

September Morn in the pages of GAY. Though for years—especially at Hallowe'en—I had flashed buns and I had teased and had yelled when in the cups for all and sundry to "Take it off!" there was still the moment of truth to be faced. Not until the posing session that led to the shots you see herewith was I able to overcome background, conditioned modesty and my own complexes about the imperfections and inadequacies—if not Puritan/Victorian "shame" any longer—of my own bod.

ATTEMPTED CRASH PROGRAM

During the week prior to the session I had existentially set up with a fine artist named Roy Leigh, I gave into every hysterical impulse toward self-beautification I could think of—in precise denial of my own principle: that nudity should not be the restricted territory of physical perfection, that beauty is as beauty does and beauty thinks, that beauty is more than skin deep, and that it is not in the eyes of the beholder at all. I went cuckoo over a futile crash program in transformation and came closer to transmogrification.

I tugged beer bottles under my flat feet striving for arches as I re-read trusty How to be Beautiful (Constance Bennett), A Lovelier You in Ten Minutes a Day, the Canadian Air Force Manual on Isometrics, The Magic of Believing, Norman Vincent Peale and Gaylord Hauser. I washed in ice water and languished in Sitz baths, avoided fatty foods and laved myself in lanolin. Two days before my appointment, a pimple big as a marquee bulb flashed on in the middle of my right shoulder. I got a hang nail. At the very thought of disrobing in front of a see-all lens, I would sweat alternately hot and cold, until it appeared as if my five-day deodorant pads had gone permanently off-duty.

Most of all, I was concerned about my cock.

"We can shoot on location if you like," suggested the gracious Mr. Leigh. "My studio is so terribly hot."

"Let's work in the heat," I insisted. "No drafts, no air-conditioning, no fans."

LONGED FOR HARD-ON

So that my cock wouldn't shrivel up, of course, or my balls retreat where they came from. I would even have liked to engage a friend to stimulate me during the session so that I could at least show one of those nice lazy spongy succulent milk-dud hard-ons such as you wake up with or dangle after you've come. But Mr. Leigh, I knew from the moment we made our phone date, was in this for the aesthetics and not to play the falsies game. It was plain I was just going to have to do what I keep preaching everyone else should do: let it, whatever there is of it, all hang out.

So I did, and here we are, and God knows there's no retreat. So far, only one pre-publication comment has made me nervous. It was made by Jim Buckley, heterosexual editor of SCREW.

"Your cock is bent," he said. Does that mean I'll lose readers? I wondered, and I could feel the old clad me reaching for the fig leaf as visions of my new reclame faded into apparitions of permanent disrepute. I met that shattering thought with this resolve: to get the rest of the staff to come along now that I've gone out on my limbs (sic). Jack, Angelo, Dick, Lilli, Kay, where are you? I hope the water's fine, bent cock or no cock. Come on.

The Wicker Basket



BY RANDOLFE WICKER

PLAYBOY CLUB TO BE LIBERATED

Gay Activists Alliance is seeking ten couples, ten males and ten females, to "liberate" the Playboy Club, which they charge is a symbol of "pseudo-heterosexuality" where "\$25 gives you a key to prove your masculinity."

The couples will go in male-female pairs, run up a modest tab and then dance as homosexual couples. If management objects to the gay dancing, they'll refuse to pay their tab.

FEDS SEIZE GAY LIST

Federal authorities seized a 50,000 name mailing list from Clark Polak's Trojan Book Service in Philadelphia during an obscenity raid on Trojan's mail-order warehouse. Trojan Book Service subsequently claimed it had had a

"fire" which destroyed its mailing lists and was asking gays to send in names and addresses for a new list when a Federal judge ruled the lists had been seized illegally and ordered them returned. Whether or not the feds copied the list while it was in their possession is unknown.

PSYCHIATRISTS RUN FOR CLOSETS

Psychiatrists and other self-proclaimed authorities on homosexuality apparently suffer from an acute lack of self-confidence. Big names like Bieber and Socrates refuse to present their views in television shows, even well-known ones like the David Susskind Show, or panel discussions where they will be confronted with representatives from homosexual groups.

LIGHT KILLS LUST

Introduction of dim light into the back room of the Zoo has reportedly cooled the frantic pace of activity so popular there.

Meanwhile, rooftop merrymakers at the Zodiac also have their own special light problem. Seems the flashing spinning lights from the tops of passing squad cars have triggered an epidemic of ducking.

The N.Y. Mattachine Newsletter reports that there has been a virtual epidemic of venereal disease and crabs among the patrons of all the so-called "orgy bars."

TIMES SQUARE QUEENS ARE SUMMER GAME

The Tactical Police Force has been yanking "obvious" homosexual types out of restaurants and off the streets in the Times Square area in their campaign to rid the area of prostitutes, junkies and other "undesirables". The charges of public lewdness, disorderly conduct or loitering are almost always summarily dismissed, but the TPF racks up an impressive arrest record to show

complaining community groups that they are "cracking down on criminal activity in the area."

GAA has dispatched observers to the Times Square area with the intention of supplying witnesses to specific instances of police misconduct. "They'll have to learn," Jim Owles, GAA president, declared, "that we're not summer game."

NO COWARD'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Noel Coward defended gay life during the 30's when it was handily fashionable to do so. His "everlasting scent of lavender" was a constant source of irritation to the commanding officers of the army camps he visited so frequently during the wars. Sometimes, they were downright rude and refused to bill him with the soldiers.

In 1966, Coward owned up to his homosexuality publicly for the first time and played himself in one play entitled Song at Twilight, one of a trilogy of plays known as Suite in Three Keys.

Melodies he has given the world include: Mad About the Boy, The Party's Over Now, and I'll Follow My Secret Heart, some of which have been selections on albums sung by male singers and aimed at homosexual audiences during the past few years.

This coming season his play Design for Living will be revived on Broadway and his three-volume autobiography will also be published: Past Imperfect, Present Indicative, and Future Indefinite.

His life speaks for itself. No coward he. Noel! Noel!

THE CITY AND THE PILLAR

Gore Vidal will direct a film version of his gay novel, The City and the Pillar, the filming of which will commence this fall in Rome.

Vidal claims the film version of Myra Breckinridge was "slaughtered" by its producers and apparently wants to avoid the same happening to The City and the Pillar.

BY DICK LEITSCHE

None of the nicer things about summer is that the time spent in acquiring a tan gives one a chance to catch up on reading. Actually, I'm supposed to be finishing a book I'm working on, but reading other people's writing always interests me more than my own.

In his new novel, *Two Sisters* (Little, Brown & Co., \$5.95), Gore Vidal makes the point that excellent writing drives out good writing. I hope I'm a good writer, but I know I'm not an excellent one. Whenever I get into writing, I stumble across an excellent writer like Iris Murdoch. That makes my merely good writing seem very bad to me.

If you've never read Murdoch, you should start now. All of her novels are excellent (I particularly like *The Unicorn*, *The Bell*, and *The Severed Head*). All have homosexual characters in them, which adds to the interest. I don't know about you, but I'm finding it increasingly difficult to get involved in the fictional problems of fictional heterosexuals.

I was going to recommend *Two Sisters* and *Cruising* to you, but I see John LeRoy has already reviewed both of them in *GAY* Nos. 26 and 28. I suggest that you get a copy of *Cruising* (by Gerald Walker, Stein & Day, \$5.95). I don't agree with his praise of the author's style, which I found boring, but I did read it between two Murdoch novels, which would make any other author's books seem dull. The plot and pacing of *Cruising* are well done and interesting.

I disagree with John's negative comments on *Two Sisters*. In it, Vidal is trying something different, and it is rough in places, but, on the whole, *Two Sisters* is marvelous fun. Much of the fun is in recognizing the characters, some of whom are named properly (Norman Mailer, Tennessee Williams), and others who are not (Jackie Kennedy, Lee Radziwill). A lot of gin has fed debates at cocktail parties over the identities of Erik and Marietta, as well as the speculation as to whether Jackie was really pregnant when she married Onassis, as is indicated in the allegory in *Two Sisters*.

My "find" of the year is a delightful book by Luisa Ambrosini, *The Secret Archives of the Vatican* (Little, Brown & Co., \$10.00). I was intrigued by the title, but half expected a book along the line of the recent "expose" of the Vatican financial wealth. I hoped for a study of the fabled pornography collection said to exist in the Pope's library. Instead, I got a chatty, fascinating book about the 25 miles of papers amassed over the centuries dealing with Vatican and Church business.

The records of ambassadors, newsletters, copies (the early equivalent of carbon copies) of Papal correspondence, records of trials and such, contain almost the whole history of the world since the time of the Apostles. With obvious delight and a spirit of adventure that is infectious, the author digs up bits of scandal, the human interest side of great events, tidbits of juicy gossip, etc., and presents them to us with the story of the archives and how they grew.

I was happy to discover that a great deal of the material deals with homosexual history. The Pope's private files have the correspondence of Michelangelo (which the author could not see because Paul VI had checked it out).

PAPAL PIN UPS



Saint Sebastian, by Botticelli

The Vatican's Secret Files

It has the records of the Christian Emperor Commodus, who had three hundred concubines and three hundred boys for his sexual pleasure. Speaking of boys, the archives contain Pope Gregory's instructions to his British agents to purchase English boys of 17 and 18 years of age from their parents and ship them over at once.

One cabinet holds a series of bitchy letters between Sts. Augustine and Jerome which could almost have

been written by Gore Vidal and William F. Buckley.

Some of the records of the Templars are there (the rest were stolen by the French), and may shed some light on whether or not that order was a religious order of homosexuals, as was charged. Miss Ambrosini thinks not, but speculates they probably experimented with hallucinatory drugs they found in the East.

There's a suggestion that Savonarola,

the Renaissance Billy Graham, was a functional hermaphrodite, pleasuring himself/herself with either sex, as fancy suited. Another hint exists that Domenico da Pescia might have been his lover.

The records of Beatrice Cenci's trial for patricide are extant, as is the gossip surrounding that murder. It seems the old Count had been fined several times—and fined heavily—for homosexual acts. The gossips held that the Pope resented Cenci's murder because his death cut off a rich income to the fortune-building Pontiff.

For lesbians, there's the story of Joan of Austria, who evidently killed her husband and had an affair with the laundress. Then there was Queen Christine, who was butch enough to make Joan of Arc look like a lady. She ruled Sweden in drag, then quit the throne and decided to move to Rome. The Pope sent an escort to ride with her. "He may have heard the stories about the seductions of barmades," Miss Ambrosini speculates.

Another worthwhile volume is *Studies in Erotic Art* (Basic Books, \$15.00), compiled by the Institute for Sex Research (the Kinsey Institute). It contains 234 illustrations, including some startling and exciting Greek and Oriental erotica (and those Orientals sure were size queens!). The modern section is mostly Picasso's, and, as art, it's fine. As erotica, well, give me Betty Dodson. I don't mind abstract art, but I want my erotica to be literal.

Leo Steinberg's article on the Renaissance is highly interesting. He discusses the Michelangelo Pieta, which created a furor when it was first exhibited in Rome. Steinberg argues that the statue was taken as erotic because the Virgin is made to appear almost of an age with Christ, and the position indicated, in Renaissance symbols, coitus.

This was particularly true of the later Michelangelo Pieta, the one he hid, then unashed, and which was later put together by one of his pupils (minus the "indicators").

Get the book for the pictures. There are many groovy lesbian scenes, and a photograph of a Maranga teapot or pitcher, titled "Masturbation." An appropriately grim-faced man is wielding a huge penis (which forms the spout), as is a better-endowed, and (therefore?) happier-looking man who forms a pot of the Morich culture. Imagine one of them on your English Granny's table, holding the afternoon tea!

My favorite illustration is Figure 106, a lady making it with a horse, and obviously having the time of her life. The marvelous thing about this Japanese drawing, done about 1702, is the horses eye and sublime smile. He has that look Dagwood Bumstead had when he was about to ball Blondie in those eight-pagers we used to pass around the schoolyard back in the sixth grade.

I started to stop carrying this book with me to the beach at Cherry Grove because looking at the pictures made an embarrassing (but I hope, attractive) bulge in my bikini. Eventually, I found the perfect solution. I left the book on my beach towel and read Iris Murdoch. Everyone else who happened by stopped to look at the book, and I looked at them. I didn't pay for my copy of *Studies in Erotic Art*, but I guarantee you that if you take it to the beach, the views you'll get will be well worth the book's fifteen dollar price tag!

BY JOHN P. LeROY

Whether he knows it or not, every gay person is caught up in a huge and insidious upheaval now taking place in these United States, and the future of all of us depends on its outcome. Everyone has heard about it to some extent. Some people call it the generation gap. Others call it the sexual revolution. Still others refer to it as the old against the new, the power of the Establishment against the threatened disruption of the revolutionary. No matter what cliches this phenomenon calls to mind, nearly everyone agrees that the young and old are at war with each other, and that the chasms separating them are so wide that communication is all but impossible. Why?

Traditionally, American culture has always rested on one basic premise: scarcity. If there is not enough material abundance for everyone, then people must be made to compete. Lying, swindling, cheating, exploitation, stealing, and sometimes killing become regrettable, but necessary means toward "success." The knowledge that others want the same things, that defense against others is needed, and that attack is often the best defense all lead to a widespread toleration of violence. If forced to choose, traditional Americans would prefer property rights over human rights, competition over cooperation, secrecy over openness, technological requirements over human needs, and puritanism over hedonism.

Within the past two decades, these values have been successfully challenged because the principle of scarcity is no longer as valid as it once was. There is such a huge abundance of material goods that most Americans find themselves killing or alienating themselves from their fellows in order to avoid sharing a meal too large to eat themselves. The young are now building a culture on the opposite premise: that resources are so plentiful, there is no good reason at all for peace, love, and beauty, not to reign.

All the old values must therefore be reversed. Competition is unnecessary and violence is abhorrent because there is plenty of everything to go around. A tasteless drab environment is irrelevant because there is no need for postponement of immediate gratification toward some distant goal, no need for sensual stimulation to be feared, and no good reason for sexual repression of any kind to exist. Equality of the races and of the sexes can be made a reality, for, if the good things of life are plentiful, why shouldn't all the people get a fair share?

It is only in the atmosphere of this new culture, based on the principle of abundance, that sexual freedom in general, and gay liberation in particular, has a chance. The older homosexual, characterized by Tom Burke (December 1969 issue of *Esquire*) as a "thirty-flivish semi-neuter... (who) cooks boeuf Bourguignon, mourns Judy, makes timid liaisons on Forty-Second Street, gets mugged by midnight cowboys, and masturbates while watching televised swimming meets" is a casualty of the old culture where sexual deviation of any kind is taboo because it is so potent a distraction from the long-range desire of becoming a millionaire and exploiting one's neighbors. Thus, no organized homosexual movement could exist in this country until the mid-fifties, and even then, the successful rental of a public



A Gay Liberation dance in Los Angeles

THE GENERATION GROPE

meeting hall in which to discuss the subject was considered a triumph. Because he is so hung up on Establishment approval, the older homosexual finds it difficult to enjoy anything that is not gotten furtively, underhandedly, inconspicuously, or impersonally. It is no wonder that the baths and many of the nondancing bars have a large patronage of over-40 homosexuals.

The younger gay has a different problem. Realizing that he couldn't care less about the Establishment, it is nevertheless the enemy. There are two possible ways of dealing with it: be a drop-out or be a gay-militant. The approach of the former involves a renunciation of society in favor of the cultivation of inner awareness, the creation of a sensual environment, a complete preoccupation with the immediate present, and a cardinal belief in the power of love to solve all problems.

The activist gay-militant believes that the right to be a homosexual is a natural right, and that the legal system that gave the homosexual no rights must now be adapted to give him all his rights. Withdrawal carries with it no real answers, but reforms are a source of hope. But his role is difficult and heartrending. Because the Establishment

has such rigid control over the means by which it can be changed, branding some facts as criminal and others as legitimate, the radical intent of gay activists can be deeply eroded in the process of achieving change through legitimate means. The huge tasks of confrontation, of getting sympathetic candidates elected, of drumming up support from an apathetic citizenry, and of sustaining continued enforcement of newly-won protection all require the gay-militant to adopt the character of the Establishment. If he cuts his hair, makes political deals, gets a law degree, and develops a genteel manner, is he not, in the long run, likely to be converted to the Establishment's viewpoint? More important, if he has given up so much of his immediate pleasure in order to secure additional benefits for all gay people, is he likely to relinquish his hard-won power and privilege to every screaming queen, wanton hustler, or irresponsible drop-out?

And so, the dilemma of the gay activist movement is that it is not permitted to fight the system in any other way than the Establishment chooses without risking punishment. The drop-out will say, "Why bother at all?" The older generation will say "I told you so."

Does this mean that all will end in futility? Not at all. The fact that sexual freedom is now a legitimate cause, that gay people can be mobilized in support of their own rights, that men do not feel quite so afraid of walking down the street arm in arm has caused the Establishment a good deal of bewilderment and confusion.

If the gay activist and the gay dropout and the older homosexual can all get themselves together, and join in with the best elements of the new culture, I am convinced that miracles can be wrought. The activist can seek to alter the power structure, but his victory will be an empty one if there is no underlying gay culture to fall back upon where expressiveness, spontaneity, creativity and sensuality are firmly entrenched. This is where the dropout must be allowed to do his thing, so that he can help create a better environment. The older homosexual can contribute his experience, and provide useful instruction in the change. This can be invaluable. But he must also heed the young, for his closet is not needed as much as he thinks.

Thus, if all gay people are to get themselves together and win for themselves the right to be themselves, they must first listen to each other.

FORNYSCOPE

BY STORM NETHERLAND

(The following thumb-nail horoscopes pertain to the dates Monday, August 31, through Sunday, September 6.)

A Nineteenth Century British astrologer, John Varley, wrote: "The fiery trignon, Aries, Leo and Sagittarius, contains the spirited, generous, magnanimous, and princely natures. The earthy trignon, Taurus, Virgo, and Capricorn... the careful, sordid and penurious qualities; the aerial trignon, Gemini, Libra, and Aquarius... the humane, harmonious, and courteous principles; and the watery trignon, Cancer, Scorpio, and Pisces, the cold, prolific, cautious, and severe qualities."

ARIES the Ram (March 21-April 20)-Beginning tonight, find any excuse to socialize. You are coming out of a slump that leads to a hearty climax Wednesday and on Saturday a new and promising era begins. Go!

TAURUS the Bull (April 21-May 21)-Trouble today in home and business affairs marks the end of a trying time. Starting with the first day



of this month, you are going to remain in a lovely sexual apogee. Cruise a campus; pleasant surprises await you!

GEMINI the Twins (May 22-June 21)-It is a good idea not to go away the Labor Day weekend. You and a love interest can find great harmony doing your thing on home ground-except on Saturday when a quarrel threatens your domestic tranquility. Avoid father figures Sunday.

CANCER the Crab (June 22-July 23)-Your stars are right for your lining yourself up on the side of a gay liberation group. And if you have gay neighbors, work at getting acquainted. These are also cruisy times for you, but getting your rocks off is of secondary importance.

LEO the Lion (July 24-Aug. 23)-Just don't try today, as nothing is going to work out. Don't initiate anything this week. You'll be relieved by a fuck from a friend on Saturday, and on Sunday the sun breaks through for you. Don't fight this week, roll with it. Something important and highly desirable lies ahead!

VIRGO the Maiden (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)-Say yes to "Let's fuck" today, to clear the decks for a week of solid progress in career, business, and finances. Buy, invest, and travel this weekend; you are now well-aspected.

LIBRA the Scales (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)-Do not give too much credence to get-rich-quick schemes today. Old problems still demand resolving. Friday finds you shooting your load, and that's good. Sunday is also auspicious for pleasure-seeking. You need diverting from business decisions which should not be made just now.

SCORPIO the Scorpion (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)-Carnal crying on the shoulders of friends, as betrayal is possible. It looks as if that

"secret love's no secret any more." Before you break off with the old for good, take a long look at the new, and make no decisions!

SAGITTARIUS the Archer (Nov. 23-Dec. 21)-There is a possibility of your reputation's suffering just now. But remember, there are long-range benefits to come out of, or are being forced out of, the closet that you cannot possibly imagine. Don't get caught with your pants down!

CAPRICORN the Goat (Dec. 22-Jan. 20)-Someone's out to steal your trick tonight, but don't sweat it. Cruise tomorrow night with brainless but engaging buddies. Wednesday is auspicious for dancing to soft music; Thursday and Friday are unsettling in your career; Saturday could see financial luck; and, baby, on Sunday hump chicken!

AQUARIUS the Water Bearer (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)-So much is going right for you, don't be so cocky that you slight someone sexually devoted to you, especially at a gang bang. Do not throw anyone over this week. Concentrate your energies toward career, the stars are favorable.

PISCES the Fish (Feb. 20-March 20)-Crystallization of plans today at the time of the New Moon is indicated, and that's just fine. Partners must not act independently just now. Instead, discuss any possible changes or expansions with great care. Through all this week, your interests are away from sex, but don't let it rust.

THE FIRST THING IS, RELAX. RELAX SO THAT YOUR MUSCLES WILL BE COMPLETELY LIMBER...

NOW, PUT YOUR LEFT KNEE UP... MOVE IT THAT WAY A LITTLE. NOW, YOUR RIGHT FOOT HAS TO PRESS AGAINST THE FLOOR. MY GENITALS SHOULD NOW BE RESTING AGAINST YOUR LEFT THIGH. OUCH! MOVE OVER A LITTLE WILL YOU?

OK, PUT YOUR RIGHT ARM UP OVER YOUR HEAD. FLING YOUR LEFT ARM AROUND MY BACK WITH YOUR HAND ON MY RIGHT BUTTOCK... AND TRY TO TOUCH YOUR CHIN WITH THAT UP-RAISED KNEE. YOUR HAND SHOULD NOW SLIDE FROM MY BUTTOCK AND DOWN MY LEG TO THE ANKLE, WHICH YOU GRASP TIGHTLY AND PULL YOUR UPPER TORSO SLIGHTLY OFF THE FLOOR AND JERK ON MY ANKLE THREE TIMES.

WHILE I'M ASSUMING A 'RETURN TO THE WOMB' POSITION ON MY SIDE, YOUR LEFT BREAST SHOULD NOW BE FLUNG AS FAR TO THE RIGHT AS YOU CAN MANAGE WHILE YOUR PELVIS SHOULD BE INCLINED AT A 45° ANGLE, THE LEFT HIP TWO INCHES LOWER THAN THE RIGHT!

NOW!... AT THE COUNT OF THREE MOVE ALL YOUR EROGENOUS AREAS FORWARD AND AT THE SAME TIME ROLL ONTO YOUR SIDE... PUT YOUR THUMB INTO MY RIGHT EAR... BALANCE ALL YOUR WEIGHT ON YOUR WRISTS AND PRESS HARD! OH... CAN YOU FEEL... OH, THIS IS...
YOUR ELBOWS IN MY GROIN...
MY PENIS IS BEING SEVERED!
I CAN'T BREATHE!



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GLF of L.A. SUES police

Los Angeles, Calif.—On Wednesday, August 5, the Los Angeles Gay Liberation Front, through its attorneys, Alan Gross and Paul Herzon, filed a suit in the United States District Court charging the Los Angeles Police Department with depriving the gay organization of its rights to freedom of assembly and equal protection of the law.

GLF claims that the presence of an excessive number of policemen at its gay-ins (April 5 and May 30) was deliberate and unwarranted harassment. Homosexual spokesmen cite as evidence the fact that only one arrest has been made at the gay-ins. (A straight boy who had an abstract version of the American flag painted on his face was arrested for "desecrating the flag." The charges were later dismissed as untenable.) Gay spokesmen are also accusing the L.A. Police Department of deliberately ruining the first gay-in by closing off Griffith Park roads leading to the picnic area, and preventing picnickers from entering. At the second gay-in, GLF claims, the police enforced a city ordinance against distributing leaflets in the park which has not been enforced against any other group that meets in the park.

GLF is asking the court to issue a restraining order against the police to prevent their presence at the third gay-in, scheduled on September 5, on the grounds that park rangers who are present in the park in their usual numbers have sufficient authority to act in the event of any law violation.

The police department will have to show cause as to why it posted an inordinate number of policemen at the gay-ins (as many as 70 at the second gay-in). They will also have to state their reasons for supposing that crimes requiring such heavy reinforcements might be committed. It will be necessary for them to prove that their presence was essential and was not merely an intimidation or harassment.

Filed with the suit are nearly 60 affidavits of persons harassed by police at the gay-ins. Included are a number of additional affidavits by gays harassed by the LAPD elsewhere to show that there is a continuing conspiracy of the LAPD to deny homosexuals of their civil rights and

to interfere with the right to peaceful assembly.

Complainants on behalf of the Gay Liberation Front are Randy Schrader, Howard Fox and Ralph S. Schaffer. This is the first time that homosexuals have brought a class-action type suit against the police.

PENNA. politicals HEAR GAY spokesman

Philadelphia, Pa.—At the invitation of the State Democratic Committee, a representative of the Homophile Action League, Barbara Gittings, testified before that body in public hearings held in Philadelphia on August 10. Upon discovering that the State Republican Platform Committee was meeting the same day in the same hotel, the U.A.L. representative also obtained a spot on their agenda and offered the same testimony and resolution to the Republicans.

In written statements accompanying the resolution, H.A.L. urged each political party to make the resolution a plank in their political platforms. "It represents long overdue legislation to help combat the discrimination from which approximately 10% of the adult population in Pennsylvania suffers. It is a reaffirmation of the American ideal of equal rights for all citizens under the law," H.A.L. asserted.

The actual resolution contained the following points for specific action:

1. That an amendment to the state Human Rights Act to include sexual orientation as an additional category for nondiscrimination be introduced and supported by the state legislature;
2. That Congressmen be urged to seek an end to exclusion of homosexuals from Civil Service, an end to exclusion of homosexuals from military service, and an end to the giving of less-than-fully honorable discharges to homosexuals found in military service;
3. That Congressmen be urged to seek the granting of security clearances to homosexuals on an equal basis with heterosexuals;
4. That the Committee use its power and influence to bring an end to the harassment of

homosexuals by police and other officials;

5. That a bill be introduced and supported in the state legislature to repeal the laws prohibiting the solicitation for and participation in private sexual acts between consenting adults.

News of the political thrust by H.A.L. was carried by one major radio station and by two major TV stations, one of which showed a minute and a half of the actual presentation in the State Democratic meeting. Meanwhile, it was revealed that gay organizations in Pennsylvania now have a registered, but nonpaid, lobbyist, a member of H.A.L., in Harrisburg, the state capital.

ARRESTS UP ON EAST side

New York, N.Y.—A series of arrests for "loitering" have taken place during the past few weeks on Third Avenue in the East Fifties. Mattachine spokesmen say that as many as seventeen persons per evening have suffered arrest.

"While harassment has recently taken a downward turn," says Mattachine's Executive Director, Dick Leitsch, "it sporadically pops up to remind us of the 'old days.'"

It is not clear whether or not the two policemen responsible for the arrests are acting on their own or on orders from their superiors. Arrested men have been refused release on their own recognizance, and have been held in jail overnight. Their cases, when brought before the judges, have been dropped. The District Attorney announced that he would not prosecute. An Assistant District Attorney called the arrests "obvious harassment, and a complete waste of police manpower and resources."

Three police victims are suing the city for false arrest through a Mattachine-connected attorney who is asking damages of several hundred dollars for each of his clients.

The Mattachine Society urges arrested persons to contact its offices or their own attorneys. "Not only are damage suits the gay community's best defense against police abuse," says Dick Leitsch, "but the hundred thousand dollars or so you may collect would be useful for that winter vacation in St. Thomas."

picture "proof" draws COURT fine

San Francisco, Calif.—A young organizer, James Michael McClain, apparently decided that a picture is worth a thousand words. To establish his homosexual proclivities, he sent explicit photographic proof to his draft board in Baton Rouge, Louisiana.

McClain, age 20, was fined \$250 on August 13 by a Federal Court, after the prosecution charged that the picture he sent as proof positive so shocked a female draft board clerk that she had had to take five days' leave of absence to recover. McClain pleaded guilty to a felony charge of sending obscene material through the mails. Currently, his draft status remains uncertain. Meanwhile, mail addressed to the Baton Rouge draft board is being opened by a male clerk.

GAY CALENDAR

Monday, August 31: "Homosexual News" rebroadcast of 8/28 WBAI-FM (99.5) 11:30 a.m. Mattachine Society of New York Legal Aid Clinic at Society offices, 6 p.m. Free advice and information on legal matters. Men and women welcome.

Wednesday, September 2: West Side Discussion Group regular meeting at the Church of the Holy Apostles (9th Ave. & 28th St.) 8 p.m. Donation \$1.50 Men and women welcome.

Thursday, September 3: Gay Activists Alliance regular meeting at the Church of the Holy Apostles (9th Ave. & 28th St.) 8 p.m. Donation 50 cents. Men and women welcome.

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

Friday, September 4: "Homosexual News and Comment" on WBAI-FM (99.5) 8:15 p.m.

The President of the Daughters of Bilitis will appear on WABC-TV (Channel 7) from 7:30 a.m. until 8:30 a.m.

Sunday, September 6: 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 meeting at the Church of the Holy Apostles (9th Ave. & 28th St.) Men and women welcome.

THE LAST ESTATE

BY GREGORY BATTCKOCK

My memory of Cadiz is already blurred. Before long it will be pure fantasy. It was very bright and I had lunch-by myself on the sidewalk; a promenade facing the sea. The waiters had to run across the street with the langostinos, mayonnaise, grilled lenguados, and wines. For desert I went to the Museo de Bellas Artes and had the Zurbaran's and Murillo's—too rich. At dinner the night view on the Plaza San Juan De Dios accompanied the entremesas, mussels, and some Spaniard who graciously picked me up and whisked me away from my Fundador and Herald Tribune, into my rented Seat 600 and out to the plays where the "Police de la Playa" (who sneak around all Spanish beaches, night and day) promptly caught us, so we fled because his father is "un General Faciste por Franco." I was his "first American." He wasn't religious (a proud accomplishment in this proud country) and "What was it like in America?" The same as Spain, I lied, except there is Generalissimo Nixon instead of Generalissimo Franco, but that wasn't true since Franco seems to have provided (if indeed governments ever provide anything) an attractive life style, one without too much anxiety and enough decent food and some measure of dignity... what happens is you begin to think that facism seems to have provided what democracy isn't able to, despite the cops hiding in the bushes and on the beach at night. But when you get right down to it, no society that has police

hiding in the bushes (whether in Central Park or the Gardens of the Reina Cristina) is a free society no matter what it calls itself.

All this is being written in the middle of the ocean and the transition from Cadiz to the Michelangelo is difficult, and so am I. In the dining room: "May I have some caviar please?" What no caviar? Jesus Christ. No caviar and no homosexual dancing in the Veranda bar where I sit aloofly every night sipping champagne and ignoring the jet set who are all so well brought up, attractive, charming, stylish, dancing, and smiling their lives away.

Well, there wasn't any Caviar, but we got buzzed by a Canadian Coast Guard plane and for my \$700 one-way Prima Classe passage, I met Lorenzo (da Venezia), Cabina Classe Steward. But not right away.

In the beginning a little bus picked up passengers at the Reina Cristina Hotel at 2 a.m. and took us to a deserted pier. We passed a sleepy customs agent and... they're all taking instamatic pictures, the little tender smashes up against the big ass Michelangelo and everybody's pushing each other into the water trying to get off/on. Oh well. Bring me a bottle of champagne. "Sorry, you have to go to the bar." No, I won't. They bring it with a smile.

The Italians aren't the French, thank goodness. They want to put me at a table with six people including the Signora Frank Lloyd Wright. I refused. Put me by myself. I didn't come on this boat to talk to anybody.

Not true. You'll never guess what

happened. I was quietly typing away in my little cabin, watching the waves splash up against the open window when I suddenly decided to order a drop of wine for a nightcap. My own steward was hiding, but who should come strolling by but Cabina Classe steward Lorenzo (da Venezia) who ended up staying the night. Lorenzo, who spends his days making beds in Cabina Classe, was hungry so I went to the Prima Classe midnight buffet and got some roast veal, cold chicken, prosciutto, pheasant, olives, beef, rolls, jellied eggs, pears and grapes and served them to Lorenzo who, by now, was safely tucked into bed. I went back and got some champagne and served him that too. Well, I ended up waiting on him hand and foot and he even let me put on his little white jacket with the gold braid bars on the shoulder. Oh, I was such a good steward.

Back to the dining room. At lunch, the wine steward explained, as he mopped up the Chateau La Tour he had split all over the table, "I wear bifocals you know and can't see a thing. Everything spills." I won't tell. First class is a scream. Ugly people. Fat, loud, trying to impress one another yet! In contrast, the waiters are graceful, quiet, charming. (Too charming, one suspects.) My waiter, Franco, from Calabria has, by now, been through the whole bit and we have four days to go. "Have I been to Calabria? Isn't Italy Beautiful? What is my name? Oh Gregory, like Gregory Peck. (No, Gregory Markopoulos) Gregorio in Italiano. Did I know that he was really 28 years old? (Doesn't look a day over 12.) Is the partridge no good?" Always that irresistible smile. There are plenty of

(To be continued...)

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 guilt. 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 cents for handling.

WELL OF POSSIBILITY

you have finally become aware of how grossly you have been cheating yourself. If this displeases and pains you (as it should), you must assume the responsibility for changing your behavior pattern which perpetuates this emptiness. Nobody can do this for you; you must do it yourself. You must simply permit (or force) yourself to get involved. There is a risk of being hurt, of course, but there is a greater chance of finding someone who wants to be involved with you. The alternative to involvement can only be loneliness. Over and over, I hear the same story as yours. The settings and names differ, but the reasons are always the same. Fear that involvement will permit someone to get close enough to see you as you see yourself... and then reject you because of what they discover. Or fear that you will care so deeply for them that they will get control over you, and you will be in their power and endangered. Take a chance on some other human being, my brother. All you really risk is the loss of loneliness. By the way, nobody is "not anybody." We are all somebody unique.

enjoys sex. But every time I try to arouse him passionately, he gets an erection, then, after he inserts it in my anus after a couple of minutes, it gets soft. Then I am so aroused, I get mad. Having 69, it will stay erect, and all of a sudden get soft. Then he will masturbate a few minutes and it gets erect. Then, when he stops, it falls. He does not crave sex and does not know what it is to arouse his lover. I end up masturbating. I tell him to concentrate more on what we are doing. I have gotten him pills from a doctor, relaxation and stimulation pills, but this doesn't even work. Maybe one day a week, the penis stays erect and an enjoyment is fulfilled. I love my sex. He only likes sex three days a week, and then he says it is too much. This is his first experience to have all forms of sex with another guy. He is the only one who has ever aroused me just touching me. I really love him; he makes a good companion, but this is our only problem. He told me if I need that much sex to go out. I feel against this since I am his companion. He doesn't want me to see a doctor to get pills to reduce my sex urge. Please help. Our companionship is heading for disaster. I love him very much, but he told me not to get serious.

Z.T., Mich.

(continued on page 17)

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M., NYC
A. Exactly where you choose to be. Please notice that I say choose, not want. You are depressed because you are angry at yourself, and you should be. I think

BY JOHN FRANCIS HUNTER

In the last issue, Mr. Hunter called the Gay Activists Alliance, of which Jim Owles is president, "the most effectual, promising, relevant and pragmatic homophile group in the U.S." GAA describes itself as "a militant, nonviolent group of men and women working to achieve homosexual liberation."

GAY: How did you come to embark on an activist course?

OWLES: I'm a joiner... always been attracted to underdog causes, and what could be more underdog than homosexual liberation? What could be more important to me than my own liberation?... I was active in antiwar, civil rights and pacifists groups. Those were very important to me and still are... this is the most important, I feel the most personal involvement, the most personal threat to me through the constant... oppression that affects me and all my friends, the people I love... It was natural, I think, as soon as I saw I was not alone, and as soon as a group or a movement had to be started, that I would join it.

GAY: What difficulties has your role as a homophile leader presented?

OWLES: I've had threatening phone calls, goof calls, but those don't really bother me as much as the loss of privacy... I was working on Wall Street (as a junior accountant) when we had the first public action, and my name was picked up and I was on television. The people down at work found out about it, but it didn't yet reach the upper echelons where a decision had to be made to fire or keep me. Before they could make (such a) decision, the group just started taking up more and more of my time and so I had to quit. I'm sorry I didn't allow it to go on, because it would have provided a very good test... There was so much that had to be done (with GAA), I had to let the job go and get something part-time. I'm getting along now on a part-time job and a lot of hamburgers.

GAY: How about social or romantic complications? Have you run into anybody who turns off when he finds out you are an activist?

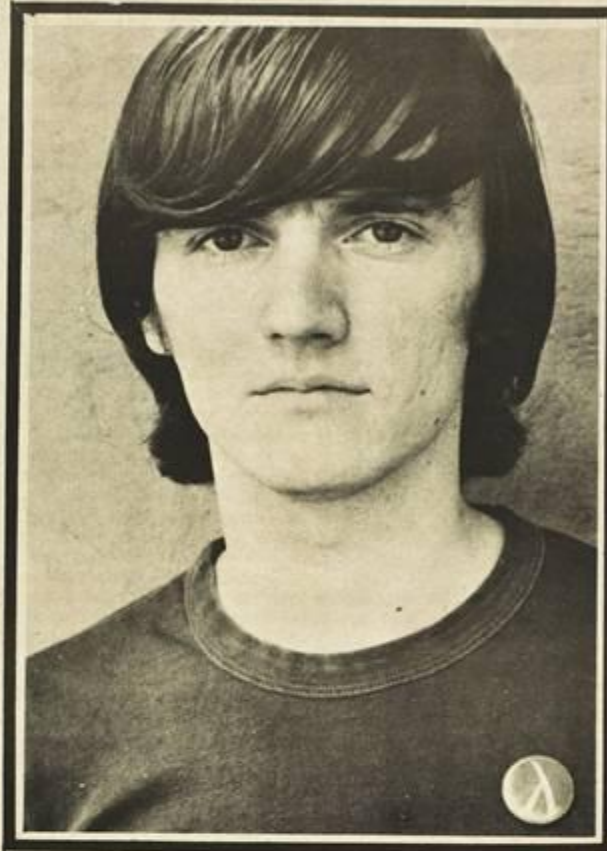
OWLES: I've brought numbers of people home, and they've seen the mimeograph machine and leaflets all over the damned place and so I don't even have to mention anything... I haven't met any that were made uptight by it... I have recruited people this way, although it's not my usual way of recruiting... If anything, it's increased my chances considerably... It's a beautiful introduction!

GAY: What is your personal goal as a homosexual?

OWLES: To get to a point where GAA is no longer needed and where I can go back to being just Jim Owles, enjoying life and loving not just someone but a number of people. I don't believe love or happiness is something that has to be limited to just one other person.

GAY: You aren't inclined toward a permanent love arrangement on a more or less monogamous basis?

OWLES: That's not for me... because right now I feel that I love a number of individuals and each of them in his own way is a lover of mine, but for me to devote all my time or energy to one



WHERE THE ACTION IS

An Interview With Jim Owles

person and to expect him to do that would be to me a surrendering of my freedom and also a very selfish thing to do. It just wouldn't be natural to me to affect a kind of straight relationship... I don't think that if a gay person has just one person he loves that he is necessarily imitating a straight. Most gays are into that, and I say "Fine, if your head is there, fine." Mine isn't. I can't see (love) as being limited to just one. I can love two or three at the same time. Not physically yet, but at least emotionally.

GAY: You don't regard the alternative to an arrangement with one person in a deep or rich sustained relationship as promiscuity?

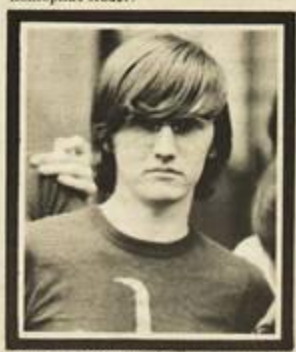
OWLES: No, not at all... I guess what I'm talking about is ideally a sort of communal type arrangement... in your minds and hearts sharing each other.

GAY: Sharing a communal sex arrangement, too?

OWLES: Yes, but it really has to be

something where all the individuals involved are not only agreeable to that in theory but in practice.

GAY: What has been the most frightening or sobering experience you've had as a homophile leader?



"A gay has to be aware of his own oppression."

OWLES: The most frightening, I would say, is to be out there, out in a demonstration line... and then realizing you have here, just here in Manhattan, so many people who are so uptight and so full of hate, not for you as an individual but as some kind of diseased parasite.

GAY: Tell about jail. How long were you in jail?

OWLES: About two hours... June 25... Five of us: Marty (Robinson), Tom (Doerr), Phil (Raia), Arthur (Evans) and me... We got in the office (of the Republican State Headquarters about ten thirty or so and they kept the office open late trying to negotiate with us, as they put it. We were there until after seven when we were finally arrested and taken away in a paddy wagon... The police were extremely gentlemanly with us... Most of the people at the headquarters, with the exception of one sweet woman at the switchboard who was really a beautiful person, were either uptight or complete hypocritical liars... The finance chairman of the Republican Party in New York tried to negotiate... with us and tell us we should write a letter. We explained that we always try to set up communications through letters and phone calls and that when these fail—only when these fail—do we resort to confrontations and sit-ins. We had tried to set up appointments with Mr. Rockefeller or with members of the State Republican Party and it didn't do any good. Unfortunately, it's the case with most officials. They will tell you after you have worked your way through... that all you had to do was make an appointment, but that's a bald-faced lie. No one is just going to let you, whether you call yourself the Gay Activists Alliance or any other group, talk to Mayor Lindsay or Governor Rockefeller. You have to resort to these tactics which are perfectly constitutional. We've tried through the "normal" channels, and (they) are almost always closed... Everyone tries (them) and he is almost always frustrated. They almost always fail when you are bent on a so-called radical course.

GAY: How many came to night court that night?

OWLES: At least fifty to sixty people... It was really tremendous. We had had it easy. I mean, we were all day in a nice air-conditioned office. These people had spent the entire day marching and chanting. They were not allowed to stand still for a minute... They had been through the whole thing and then came down to night court and awaited there a couple of hours until we were finally brought out and when we came in they stood up and clearly let everyone know they were there to support us... Up until then, as the usual case is in night court or any of the minor courts, they mumbled over everything... But they recognized this was a political thing, so as soon as we came out it became very formal. They were careful and they spoke clearly. It was like Peiry Mason on T.V., but the rest of the time it had been a farce.

(Note: The Rockefeller Five, charged with criminal trespassing, were released on *re re summons* and ordered to return August 5, when GAA and other homophile groups demonstrated at 100 Centre Street. The hearing was postponed until September 29.)

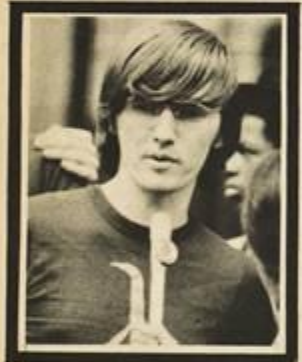
GAY: Do you consider yourself a liberated person sexually?

OWLES: I think I still have some hang-ups (due to) ignorance, I suppose. For instance, I can accept just about every aspect of homosexuality, but I have to admit that some, because they're strange and unknown to me, do cause me some anxiety... As an example, I do not yet know how to relate to a sado-masochist or to people with a fetish. And at one time I might have been—at least in terms of the fetishist—been inclined to laugh uneasily, but now I recognize that as a fault of my own and I'm trying to correct it, but right now I have to admit I'm not fully sexually liberated... I don't call them freaks because of what they choose to do sexually, though. Most homosexuals would consider me, as an activist, to be a freak!

GAY: Would you proselytize in the closet for gay deelaration and activism apart from the service that would do your cause? Would you try to persuade somebody to say "I am gay" publicly?

OWLES: I'm not personally interested in people's going out on such a limb that they would lose their job... I'm not going to try to shame somebody out of the closet. You have to arrive at it in your own time and in your own way. I as an activist, and anyone else in our organization, can help to bring this about sooner than working for a fair employment law.

GAY: Do you think those going the GAA route are happier than closet people?



"Anyone would have to be happier being honest with himself."

OWLES: Yes, I would think that anyone would have to be happier being honest with himself and the people around him... As an individual, not as GAA president, I definitely feel that the fact you have homosexuals going to psychiatrists and who do have problems does not relate to their homosexuality but because of either the oppression they suffer as homosexuals or because of other conflicts they might possibly have which they would have as heterosexuals. Given an ideal society where you did not have to lead a double life, to live this big lie, you'd have very few people, either homosexual or heterosexual, with so many neurotic behavior patterns.

GAY: What do you envision all your work for GAA will accomplish?

OWLES: When some of the members of the group say "We're doing this for very altruistic reasons, for the betterment of future homosexuals," I can't agree. I couldn't say I would work for an organization if I didn't think it was going to benefit me, if we weren't going to first

get a fair employment law and the repeal of the sodomy and solicitation laws... I can't see giving up part of my life—although I love what I'm doing—for a future generation. I'm not that unselfish. I see it for my lifetime. It is gay liberation now.

GAY: How did you happen to direct yourself toward political activism as a means of attaining gay liberation now?

OWLES: We, meaning the original twelve in GAA, looked at the various other New York organizations—GLF, Mattachine, Daughters of Bilitis—and decided that nothing was happening that was really going to benefit us as homosexuals through the educational, one-to-one basis of the Mattachine or by becoming auxiliary units of the new left such as GLF: We needed a group that was militant and at the same time devoted exclusively to the homosexual. It seemed unrealistic to suppose we could educate everyone to change things, to effect the great cultural changes that we desire. We decided the important thing was to obtain political power, but it has to be organized... We can only do this by working within the present system rather than trying to destroy it and then starting anew.

GAY: Do you feel progress for the gay is predicated upon his admission of or acceptance of the fact of repression?

OWLES: Yes. Before a gay is willing to fight for anything, he has to be aware of his own repression. To admit he's sneaking in and out of bars and hiding what he is... The people who have achieved a comfortable niche, at least economically, are going to be the hardest to reach.

GAY: You said earlier most homosexuals would consider you as an activist to be a freak. How do you feel about the other so-called freaks among homosexuals—those regarded as such by even some activists—like the drag queens?

OWLES: This is to paraphrase someone else: We are all freaks, and certainly, as I said, one who calls himself a gay activist is the most peculiar of freaks among homosexuals. We are the smallest of minorities within the homosexual community. A thing that has always appalled me... is the caste system that exists (within it)... the necessity of finding a group beneath you... a butch who looks down on a drag, who looks down on an S and M, who looks down on a fetishist.

GAY: But you are aware, are you not, that there are people within the movement, in GAA itself, who will say "The drag queens in the march give us a 'bad' image"?

OWLES: I am definitely aware of them, and when I run into them I confront them, and I expect anyone to confront me if I say something offensive to someone else within the culture.

(Note: Jim made these firm declarations before a "hot" meeting of GAA which resulted in temporary drag queen walk-out and allegations that he had shown "partiality" or "prejudice." The schism seems to have been satisfactorily healed, but this writer doesn't want the impression to be given that any of the Owles philosophy is after the fact.)

GAY: How did you come to decide that "what people think of us" cannot be of concern in attaining gay liberation?



"I wouldn't work for an organization if it didn't benefit me."

OWLES: It was... those vigils they had in Philadelphia every Fourth of July. I admired those people's courage in coming out and marching, but at the same time I think they were very misguided in thinking the way toward achieving their goal was to adopt straight patterns, of putting on a suit and tie and of behaving a certain way. I think they really got lost in that and lost potential supporters. I think certain straights would have supported them much earlier if they had been more honest... Potential supporters will admire the guts of somebody who stands up and says "This is what I am!" If they are really sincere about their liberalism, then they do have to admire someone who is completely honest and not someone who tries to affect another way of behaving.

GAY: Then it is the crux of the GAA philosophy that you don't give a damn what people think? I mean of you, us, as homosexuals?

OWLES: Exactly. We don't apologize for anyone in our group!

I stopped here. Through our interview goes on at length and Jim Owles speaks more and more eloquently—about the single most vital next step toward gay civil liberty, about his attitudes toward the possible eventual election of announced gays for public office, about promiscuity and the puritanical positions vis-a-vis sex held by some radical leaders these days, about so-called pornography in the press, about heterosexual culture ("I've been forced to study nothing but their culture for twenty-three years!")—I felt I'd found what makes him unique enough to lead and lead big and qualify as head nut. I had heard the clear beat of

that different drum.

However ordinary Jim may look, though he may seem in so many ways to be the atypical radical and not satisfy a follower's need to identify with a mystique, he is outrageous by present community standards. How? Because he doesn't give a damn what "everyone" thinks. Because he doesn't apologize, because he thinks for himself and stands up for what comes out of the decisions reached in the silence of his own room and in the unfathomable privacy of his own conscience.

Do I? Do you? Moreover, exception and activist loner in a society where the majority revere the commonplace and passively gregarious, he is really a mainstream American in the old-fashioned sense. Rather than a freak, pejoratively speaking, certainly, he is a valuable eccentric. We've always had them with us, thank God, and as time passes we lionize them. Remember Norman Thomas and the eulogies which appeared upon his death? In a land that was settled and developed by misfits and malcontents, wrested from overlords through revolution, put into running order by men like crusty, lecherous Ben Franklin, and celebrated on reaching early maturity by avant garde libertines like Walt Whitman, there is always an urgent need for them. Change is immutable and its prophets always seem out of harmony with the masses while being truly in harmony with their lives.

Jim Owles is more than that. Jim is in harmony with himself in a world that's out of joint. Now that's extraordinary, however it's packaged. Are you convinced? I am.

WEATHER FORECAST

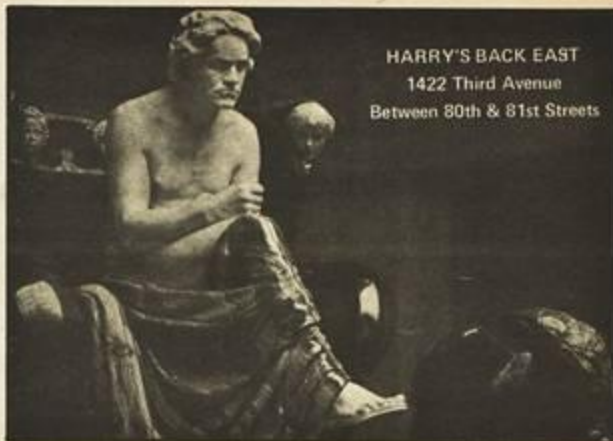
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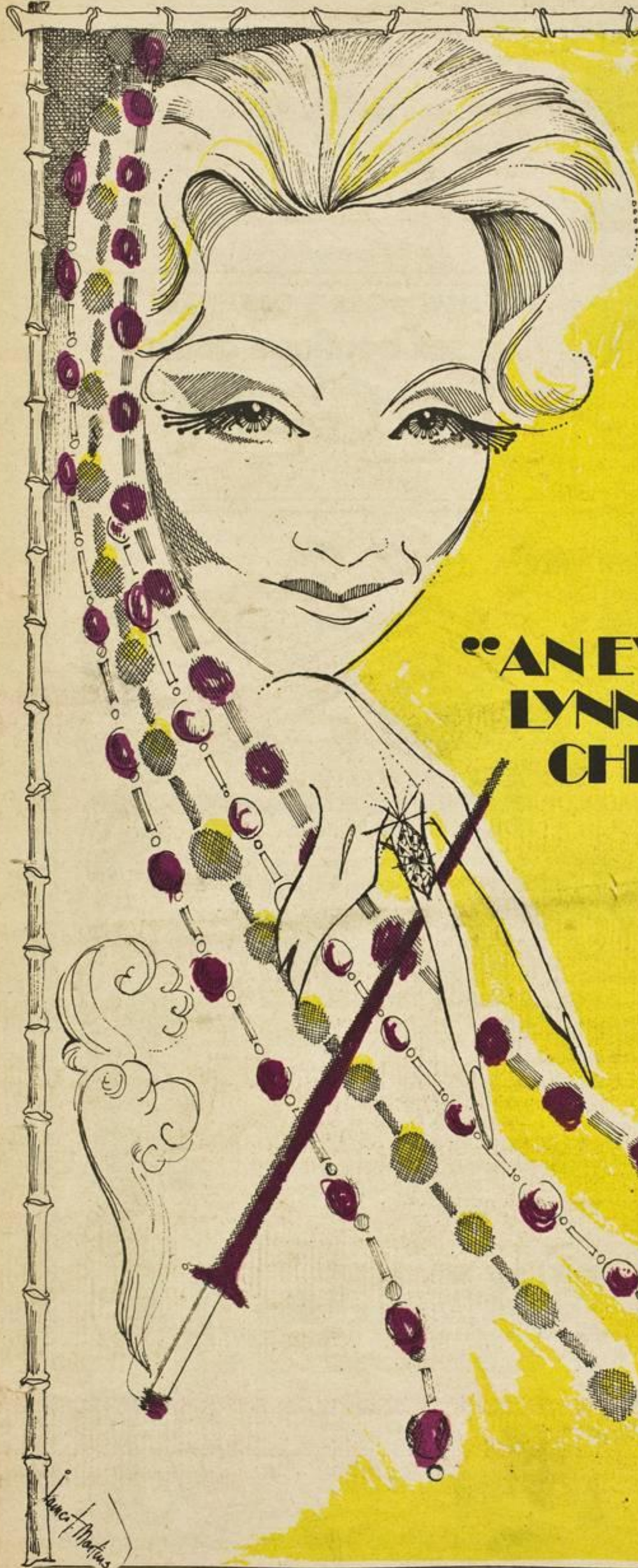

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