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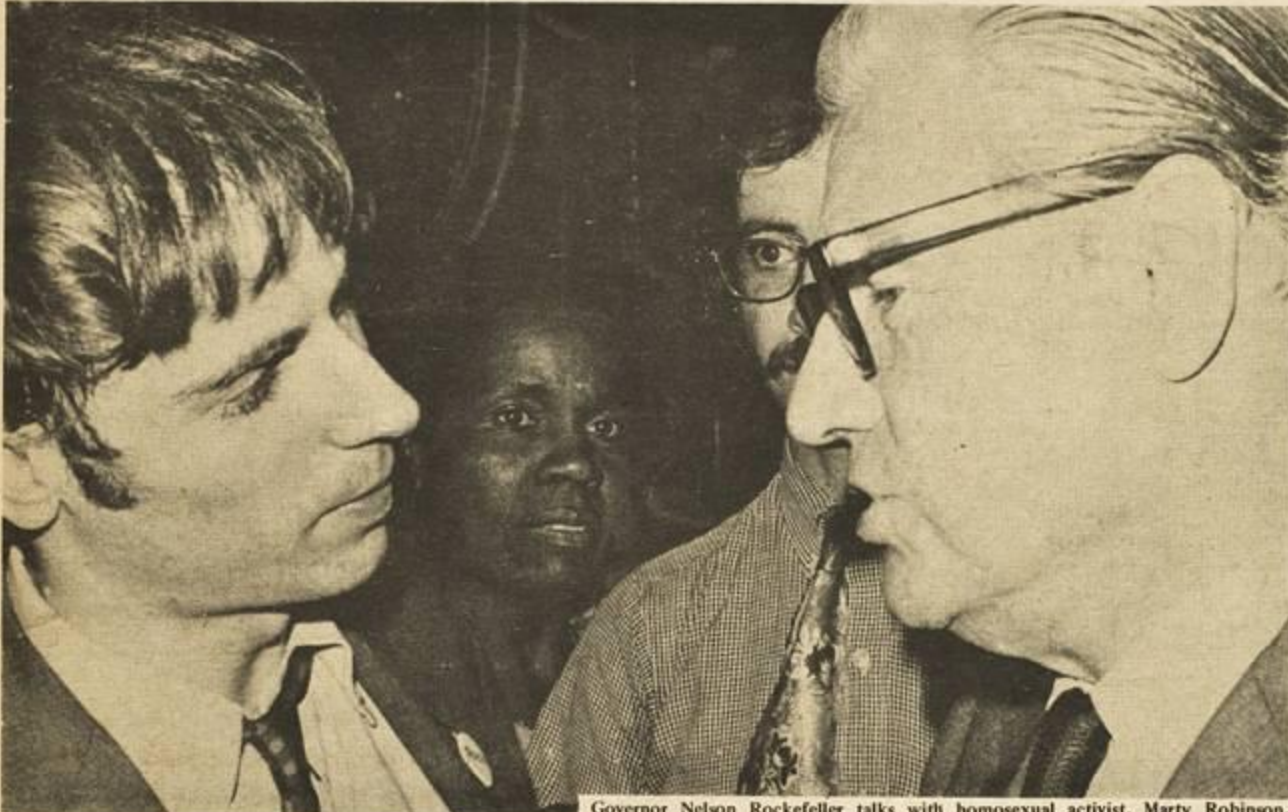
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OCTOBER 26, 1970

NO. 36

Rockefeller Ignorant Of Sodomy

Photo by Richard Wandel



Governor Nelson Rockefeller talks with homosexual activist, Marty Robinson.

Says Gay Bars Not Mob Owned

BY RICHARD C. WANDEL

New York, N.Y.—Governor Nelson Rockefeller, confronted by a dozen members of the Gay Activists Alliance as he left the Georgian Room of the Picadilly Hotel (Sept. 24) said that he has little knowledge of the New York State sodomy laws. He gave the gay demonstrators his personal assurances that the State Liquor Authority was completely honest and that New York's gay bars were not controlled by mobs or syndicates.

G.A.A. members, mingling with Rockefeller's audience, shook the hand of the smiling governor and asked for a statement on gay civil rights. For a moment he furrowed his brow, and put his arm around a homosexual activist, and briefly expressed his concern.

Rockefeller quickly tired of this, however, and breaking away from his questioner, grabbed for another hand to

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NYU Sit-Ins Make Demands

New York, N.Y.—Sit-in protestors, armed with a series of "gay" demands for administrators at New York University, occupied the basement of NYU's Weinstein Hall for nearly a week.

NYU president James E. Hester called police to oust the demonstrators, insisting that none of them was students, and that, therefore, school facilities couldn't be made available to them.

The actual number of student members of the Gay Student Liberation group on campus is believed to be between 10 and 25. Over 400 persons, many of them members of the



Photo by Richard Wandel

off-campus groups such as the Gay Liberation Front (GLF) and the Christopher Street Liberation Day Committee appeared on Friday, September 25, to have a gay dance. School guards refused them admittance to the building. They took to the streets outside and challenged TPF police to move them.

Instead, the police shut the street to traffic and waited out the crowd, which dispersed in the early morning hours.

NYU had broken its contract with the on-campus group, Gay Student Liberation, for a series of five Friday Dance-a-Fairs in August and September, ruling, after discovering that the dances were for homosexuals, that the Student Governing Association had no right to deal with outside organizations.

There were no arrests by police of the protesting youths. Gay Student Liberation spokesmen insisted that most of the sit-in demonstrators were students. Demonstrators' pamphlets also insisted that NYU is in the midst of the world's largest gay ghetto, which, "until the present time, has tolerated its existence in our midst."

The Gay Activists Alliance (GAA) and the Mattachine Society of New York took no official part in the

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THE GLADE: A DUET FOR TWO MEN is part of an exciting program scheduled for October 16 and 17 at 8:00 p.m. at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Avenue, Brooklyn, New York. (Telephone 783-6700). The program is sponsored by the Brooklyn Academy of Music, and features choreographer-dancer Jeff Duncan and his company of sixteen in a program of his own work.

Greenwich Village Residents Angered By Deterioration

Greenwich Village, N.Y.C.—"Power to the people!" is the current rallying-cry, and nowhere is it being heard louder than in Greenwich Village. Local residents are demanding the power to control their neighborhood. Meetings are being held with the police, local politicians, and high Administration officials to rid the Village of conditions the residents find offensive.

The issues are many: homosexuality the peddlers on Sixth Avenue, the ex-cons (to whom the spiraling crime rate in the area is being attributed) installed in

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WHERE WILL YOU GO TONIGHT?

A Directory for Discriminating Dispositions

GAY CALENDAR



Monday, Oct. 12 & Oct. 19: Mattachine Society Inc. of New York Legal Aid Clinic at Society offices (243 West End Ave. - Tel. 799-0916) 6 p.m. Free advice and information on legal matters. Men and women welcome.

Tuesday, Oct. 13 & Oct. 20: "Homosexual News & Comment" WBAI-FM (99.5) 11:30 p.m.

Wednesday, Oct. 14 & 21: West Side Discussion Group regular meetings, Church of the Holy Apostles (9th Ave. & 28th St.) Call 989-7572 for information. Donation: \$1.50. Men and women welcome. **Subjects:** Oct. 14: "Bodybuilding" Oct. 21: A Panel on S&M "Homosexual News" rebroadcast WBAI-FM (99.5) 1:30 p.m.

Thursday, Oct. 15 & 22: Gay Activists Alliance regular meetings at the Church of the Holy Apostles (9th Ave. & 28th St.) Donation 50 cents. Men and women welcome. **Daughters of Bilitis** regular meetings at 8 p.m. 240 West 34th St. Women only.

Friday, Oct. 23rd: West Side Discussion Group Community Center Benefit. A Theatrical production, *Shades of Lavender*, a drama and musical revue. Performances at 8:30 p.m. \$4 donation. St. Peter's Church, 346 West 20th St., NYC.

Saturday, Oct. 24: Same as Friday, Oct. 23rd (above) *Shades of Lavender*.

Sunday, Oct. 18 & 25: The American Church regular worship services at 2 p.m. Church of the Holy Apostles (9th Ave. & 28th St.) Social hour follows. **Gay Liberation Front** regular meetings 8 p.m. at the Church of the Holy Apostles (9th Ave. & 28th St.) Men and women welcome.

October 25th: Shades of Lavender 7 p.m. \$4 donation for West Side Community Center benefit. See Friday and Saturday above.



BEST BETS

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

In MANHATTAN right now the major action is at

Blow-Up, 1544 2nd Ave.; dancing and a big draw on the Upper East Side; GM

Candy Store, 44 W. 56th; jackets and tie exc. Sun.; GM

***Carnival**, 507 West St. at Jane, above Tool Box; back room; GM

***Christopher's**, 180 Christopher; you never know what to expect at the door these days-or in the back room; GM

Cinderella, 82 W. 3rd; dancing; GF, GM
Country Cousins, 1713 3rd Ave.; restaurant where Sunday afternoon Bloody Mary brunch for \$1.50 now begins its busy season; GM

Danny's, 139 Christopher; a little leathery; GM
Den, Little W. 12th & Washington; a lot leathery; GM

Fedora, 229 W. 4th; restaurant; Int.
Finale, 48 Barrow; restaurant; uptight about the idea of advertising in gay press, but very gay, though Int.

Five Oaks, 49 Grove; restaurant; GF, GM
Four Seasons, 99 E. 52nd; restaurant; bar cruise; at cocktail hr. especially now that the season begins; Int.

GLF Coffee House, 210 W. 82nd; rapping from 4:00 p.m. to 1:00 a.m. Sundays; GF, GM
Gianni's, 53 W. 19th; restaurant; GF

Ginger Man, 51 W. 64th; restaurant to the Lincoln Center trade; Int.
Gold Bug, 85 W. 3rd; dancing in black light; GM

Good Table, 45 Lexington Ave.; restaurant; Int.
Harry's Back East, 1422 3rd Ave.; New York's most popular and stable bar in terms of quantity and quality of its clientele; GM
***Hades**, Jane St. at West, downstairs; private after hours with back room; GM

Haven, 1 Sheridan Sq.; private, after hours, fruit juice and dancing club where the young gather; advertised as Unisex
Hippodrome, Ave. A bet, 10th & 11th St.; GM
Keller's, 384 West St. near Barrow; rather leathery; GM

Kookie's, 149 W. 14th; GF

Milano, 267 Amsterdam; restaurant; Int.
Oak Room, bar in Plaza Hotel, 5th Ave. at 59th; venerable last stand of a bygone era; Int.
Pub Society, 1649 2nd Ave.; restaurant now serving the best food at the most reasonable prices in Gay Manhattan; GM

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

Slage Forty-Five, 305 E. 45th; dancing, where Black is Beautiful; GM
Stud, Greenwich St. at Perry; biggest bore in town, but fun if you like to watch posing and beer's only fifty cents; GM

Taft Hotel Bar, 7th Ave. at 50th; jacket and tie and white socks; Int.
Tenth of Always, 82 W. 3rd; private and after hours; GM
Tool Box, 507 West St. at Jane; GM

Tor, 21 Greenwich Ave.; sidewalk cafe currently on the homophile hot seat because the alleged hit-rover call-over allegedly fired a waiter for publicly kissing a friend of the same genital make-up goodnight before the customers who are known to most of us to be gay, too, so if you are nervous about being picketed, don't go in; Int. 71

Triangle, 34 9th Ave.; GM
Troubadour, bet. 58th & 59th on 1st Ave.; featuring Ava Williams; GM
Uncle Charlie's, 1049 Lexington; still a happy look but not as pretty as it used to be; GM
Victor's Quarters, 984 2nd Ave.; GM

Willies West Side, 224 W. 82nd (off Midway) Dancing; GM

Wine Cellar, 531 Hudson; restaurant; Int.
Yukon, 140 E. 52nd; restaurant resumes serving sometime in Sept.; jacket required, no tie; GM
***Zodiac Downtown**, upstairs above Den, one up on the back room bars, it provides gay facilities with windows wide open onto warehouse rooftops; GM
Zodiac Uptown, 1487 1st Ave.; dancing; GF; GM

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

Also as warm weather persists in MANHATTAN popular tubs are

Beacon Baths, 227 E. 45th; go in the main

entrance and take the elevator to the 11th floor; still a best buy, GM, of course

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

Everard, 28 W. 28th; Old German alternate spelling Everhard, and most who go there now aren't; GM

St. Mark's Baths, St. Mark's Pl.; the East Village types are shabby here but there's a lot of cleaning up going on; GM

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



IN WASHINGTON, D.C.

avoid White House socials and go to the:

Brass Rail, 13th St. & N.Y. Ave., N.W. A toughie bar. Trade and hostlers. Paranooids. Good juke music. Psychedelic posters. **Carroll's Tavern**, 9th St. bet. E & F Sts. N.W. A little bit of Wheeling, West Virginia in the nation's capital; GM

1832, at 1832 Columbia Rd., N.W. GM
Georgetown Grill, Wisconsin Ave. near O St., N.W. Intimate seating arrangements; GM

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

Two Jims Statue, Arlington, Va. Open air action in the vicinity of this famous statue brings occasional police harassment. Take care! GM
Johnny's, 8th St., S.E. 1 1/2 blks. south of Penna. Ave. Famous for maintaining elaborate Xmas decorations year-round. A congenial spot. Piano, singalongs. GMM

JoAnna's, 8th St., S.E. 1 1/2 blks. south of Penna. Ave. A swinging place for women. GF
Leon's, 1720 H St., N.W. Used to be "The Chicken Hut." One of the nation's oldest bars, where Howard, the pianist (who died two years ago) made himself legend as a bridge between generations. Today there is still a pianist. A place for lovers; GM

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

Naples Cafe, N.Y. Ave. & 13th St., busstation crowd. Hustlers. Trade. Hillbilly juke box; GM
Pier 9, 1824 Half St., S.W. Dancing under strobes. Telephones for communication between tables. Off the beaten track, but worth the hunt. Washington's largest bar, whose 70's splendor few spots can match! Cover on weekends; GM

Plus One, 529 8th St., S.E. Dancing. Fine food. One of the city's largest and most tastefully decorated night spots. Not to be missed; GM
Victoria Station, 14th & I, N.W. Where black is beautiful. A swinging spot. Cruisy; GM

NATIONAL DIRECTORY

Chicago Gay Liberation. For information call (312) 955-7433, 473-3967 or 528-6716.

Cleveland Mattachine Society, 10404 Clifton Blvd. Cleveland, Ohio 44102. Telephone: (216) 651-3220

Committee for Homosexual Freedom meets Sundays at 7 p.m. at Hospitality House, 148 Leavensworth, San Francisco, Calif.
Council on Religion and the Homosexual meets at Glide Church, 330 Ellis, San Francisco, Calif. Telephone (415) 771-6300.

Daughters of Bilitis, Inc. For information write DOB, 1005 Market St., San Francisco, Calif. 94103. Telephone (415) 861-8689. In Los Angeles, DOB meets the last Tuesday of every month at 7:30 p.m.; write P.O. Box 3237, Hollywood, Calif. 90028. In New York, phone (212) 565-8865. Women only.

Dorian Society of Seattle 320 Malden Ave. East, Seattle, Wash. 98102. Telephone (206) EA 9-8737.

FREE: Gay Liberation of Minnesota, B-67 Coffman Memorial Union, University of Minnesota, Minneapolis, Minn. 55455. Telephone (612) 338-1805.

Gay Activists Alliance, P.O. Box 2, Village Station, NYC, 10014. Tel. (212) 691-2748.

Gay Liberation Front (Go Come Out), P.O. Box 92, Village Station, NYC 10014. Tel. (212) 945-2437.

Gay Liberation of Washington, D.C. Meetings Tuesdays 8 p.m. Grace Episcopal Church, 1041 Wisconsin Ave., N.W. 234-2000 (days) or 234-4287 (evenings).

GLF of Philadelphia, 611 S. 2nd St., Phila. Penna. Telephone (215) 896-6926 or 732-8384. Meetings Tues. 8 p.m.

Gay People at City College, 1st Year Student Ctr. CCNY, 133rd St. & Convent Ave., NYC, NY. 10031 Telephone: (212) 966-4684

Gay People at Columbia, 109 Earl Hall, Columbia Univ. NYC, NY 10027. Telephone: (212) 289-5115

Homophile Action League, 928 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Penna. 19107. Telephone: (215) MA 7-8532

Homophile Union of Boston (HUB) Box 217, Dorchester, Mass. 02124. Tel. (617) 282-9181.

Homosexual Information Center (the Tangents Group) 34735 Cabuena Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. 90028.

"The Ladder" The only Lesbian magazine in the U.S. is a 48-page bi-monthly. Subscriptions are \$7.50/yr. Samples \$1. Available from Box 5025, Wash. Sta., Reno, Nevada 89503.

LE III HO Box 1003, Montavon Station, Bethlehem, Pa. 18018.

Los Angeles Gay Liberation Front, P.O. Box 29280, L.A., Calif. 90029. Office at 5775 N. Vermont Ave., L.A., Calif. 90004. Sunday meetings 3 p.m. Telephone: (213) 665-1881

Mattachine Society, Inc. of New York 243 West End Ave., NYC, 10023. Tel. (212) 799-0916. Office open every night except Sunday, from 6-9 p.m. and Saturdays from 2-5 p.m.

Mattachine Midwest P.O. Box 924, Chicago, Ill. 60690. Tel. (312) 334-2244.

Mattachine Society of Washington, P.O. Box 1032, Washington, D.C. 20013. Telephone (202) 363-3881.

Metropolitan Community Church, 5308 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, Calif. 90038. Every Sunday at 11 a.m.

Philadelphia Action Committee for Equality (PACE) 1511 Pine St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19103. Telephone (215) KI 6-8929.

Society for Individual Rights (SIR) 83 Sixth Ave., San Francisco, Calif. Tel. (415) 781-1570.

SIR of Ohio, Inc. P.O. Box 9761, Columbus, Ohio 43206. Tel. (614) 469-0154.

West Side Discussion Group, Box 502, Cathedral Station, NYC, 10025. Phone 989-7572.

Homophile organizations are invited to apply to GAY in order to have their addresses and other information published in the Directory or Calendar.

EDITORIAL

October 26, 1970 Volume 1, No. 36

GAY does not presume to speak for the homosexual community. It is an independent newspaper with its own independent views. We welcome both agreement and disagreement from our readers, and do not purport to speak for those homosexuals who may find our views outrageous, and who may think of us as mere libertines.

We wish that it were possible for "gays" and "straights" to view homosexual organizations in the same light. Organizations are, for the most part, engaged in activities which reflect only the views of a small hard-core of activists and (sometimes) radicals. Some homophile groups tend to ignore, both carefully and thoughtlessly, the homosexual masses whom they say they represent. Many activists have always regarded the gay community as "lagging" and "behind" in both self-esteem and in political acumen. Therefore, they reason, it is necessary to step over the heads of these masses and to do "what must be done" for their own good. Difficulties arise, naturally, when the gay community suddenly finds itself represented by hotheads and cause-oriented joiners and fanatics. The gay organizations too, find themselves at odds with one another because of vast differences in approach. Dissension. Mayhem. Epithets.

We do not mean to cast a negative light on the hard-won battles waged by competent homophile leaders: men and women who have exercised sane methods to attain civil libertarian goals. Many homosexual activists are extraordinary people, who have worked hard to improve the status of our minority. They deserve our heartfelt appreciation and thanks. But it is obvious, now that the homosexual revolution is spreading among the gay masses, that less responsible persons are beginning to

infiltrate the homophile cause. When revolutionary enthusiasm spreads among the masses, it is not surprising to find that revolution itself becomes conventional. While certain ideas were once the sole property of a small group of dedicated thinkers, they turn in the hands of less careful spokesmen, into shrill demands which no longer command the respect of listeners. As time passes, we can expect a depressing increase of such shrieking.

Where we once were treated to the winning of court battles, the changing of antiquated laws, and the support of politicians, we may now discover that an increasing number of gay spokesmen will dump endless slogans in our laps. We will hear unceasing raps, merry-go-round-like, about oppression/oppression/oppression and revolution/revolution/revolution.

The purpose of this editorial is not to ask of GAY's readers that they turn away from homophile organizations because of recent events, but rather that they support those organizations which have shown themselves to be responsible and civilized spokesmen for the community. Now is the time to support those groups who have committed themselves to careful thinking.

We are witnessing a growing disenchantment with organizations by persons who once gave (at least) moral support to them. Dropping out of the civil libertarian struggle will only leave the homosexual cause in the hands of loudmouths. What is needed now is more involvement by truly responsible persons.

NEW ADVERTISING MANAGER

We are pleased to announce the return of Polly Holden, GAY's first advertising manager, to our staff. Polly's good humor and straightforward manner is a boon to the newspaper. Welcome back

Neckties Have Sexual Connotations

London, England—That necktie that dangles down from around your neck has a sexual significance, in case you didn't already know it.

Ties of bright colors, especially the 4-inch-wide ones, are most often worn by

young single men to attract single girls, according to the British Tie Manufacturers Association.

"That's why we give them jazzy ties as presents," one 19-year-old Liverpool woman was quoted as saying. "It's our way of saying come-on."

The trade group did not comment on any other sexual imagery inherent in neckties, except to say that 40 of the 50 men they surveyed liked their womenfolk to fuss over and adjust their ties—but not in public, please, not in public.



The Rockefeller 5 (front row) and supporters at the Criminal Court Building.

Rockefeller 5 Trial Postponed

New York, N.Y.—Charges against the Rockefeller 5, members of the Gay Activists Alliance who were arrested at Republican Headquarters after a sit-in,

were postponed at a hearing held September 29 at 10:00 a.m. The complainant, Rockefeller Campaign Headquarters, did not appear. The judge ordered a final hearing scheduled for October 29th.

Fifteen GAA members were present in court. Members of the Rockefeller 5 said that they'd been to the Zoo and the Barn the night before the hearing to get their "last innings" in case of future interment, the possible penalty being 3 months in jail.



PENNSYLVANIA'S GAY LOBBYIST, Jerry Curtis, a member of the Homophile Action League of Philadelphia, has registered as a lobbyist seeking "basic rights" for homosexuals. In a statement filed with his registration form, Mr. Curtis said he would attempt to obtain passage of legislation to secure "the basic rights of equality, human dignity and the opportunity to live the most productive and useful lives possible without wearing a mask" for Pennsylvania's 700,000 member homosexual community.



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The official views of this newspaper are expressed in The Editorial. 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. Publication of the name or photograph of any person or organization in articles or advertising in GAY is no indication of the sexual orientation of such person or organization.

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

BY DIRK VANDEN

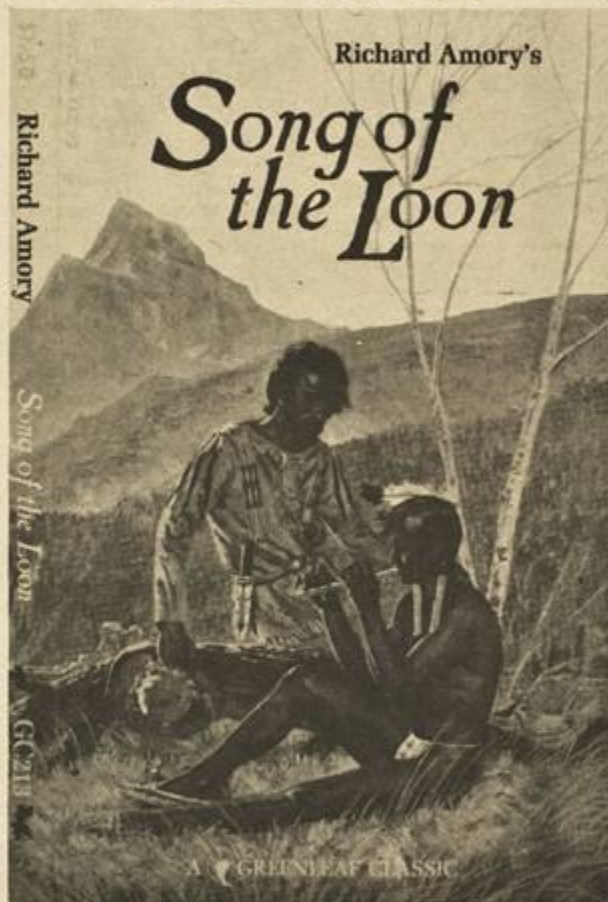
Richard Amory, or just plain dumb luck, or something between those extremes, resulted in publication of *Song of the Loon*, in 1966; Richard Amory insists it was pure luck, and some would argue with him and some would agree. Whatever the reasons, *Song of the Loon*, the right book at the right time, became almost an "overnight classic." Many gay writers, myself definitely among them, owe Richard Amory a debt of some sort. Publication of *Song*, plus the other two books which make up the Loon Trilogy (*Song of Aaron* and *Listen, the Loon Sings*), changed the whole ball game for underground publishers, gay books, and perhaps even gay life itself. It certainly put its publisher, Greenleaf Classics, Inc., on the gay books map. In the five years since the Loon books were published, Greenleaf Classics has grown like a weed: it controls or influences most gay books published in the U.S. today; it is the pace-setter, the price-setter, the policy-setter, and, if for no other reason than the tremendous number of gay books it publishes, the leader in the "Fag-Exploitation" game. But we'll get to that momentarily.

Because I had read Richard's first three books (he has since published three more: *Longhorn Drive*, *Naked on Main Street* and *Handsome Young Man With Class*) that I sent one of my own books to Greenleaf three years ago, not realizing I had confused the philosophy expressed in the Loon books with a certain "ethical understanding" on the part of the publisher. A long, hellish, ulcerous year later I understand my mistake. By then I had written three more books for Greenleaf. Almost a year after I'd signed the all-rights release on the back of their check for \$800, my first book appeared on the stands as *Who Killed Queen Tom?* hearing a little resemblance to the original story at the new title *Who Killed Queen Tom*, the Piper's Son. The day I received my two "complimentary" copies of that travesty I realized I'd been a trusting and credulous fool; that was also the day I stopped writing for Greenleaf. I had had a little battle to get contracts for royalties, or at least something more than \$800-\$850 per manuscript, my discovery that my editor and his manuscript readers referred to gay life as "the fag world" and to gay sex in the books as "fag boys," and so on. Through all of this, it never occurred to me that Richard Amory might have fared as badly as I. His name, to me, then, was synonymous with Greenleaf, as I watched his new books appear. I imagined him getting richer and richer while I worked my ass off for enough money to pay the rent.

Then in March, of this year, a west-coast gay magazine published an interview with me in which I outlined just a few of my complaints against my ex-publisher. Happily, the first response I received was a letter from Richard Amory himself, beginning: "I read your interview yesterday... and have been jangling ever since. Bluntly, I think some people ought to get together and do something about (our mutual editor) and Greenleaf Classics. I have had six novels published by them... and my list of woes, all stemming from (that editor's) cute, old-style, essentially anti-gay attitudes, is going to sound very familiar..."

We met shortly afterward and I discovered that not only had Richard fared far worse than I, but because of his complicated personal circumstances he was not even vaguely aware of his books' tremendous nationwide popularity. Inconceivable but true—and to an extent it is still true, he still refuses to believe that, as Greenleaf so proudly proclaims, *Song of the Loon* has sold "more than 2,000,000 copies." In the five years since its publication, I was the first person to ask him to autograph the book which revolutionized underground publishing! Because of those personal circumstances, he had been almost completely out of the mainstream of gay life, knowing nothing of the impact his first three books had made on the gay public—and his editor hadn't bothered to tell him! Actually, Richard autographed my copy of *Song* only three days after discovering that his book had been made into a movie—and that was two weeks after its "World Premiere" in Los Angeles!

RICHARD AMORY TALKS TO GAY



The Author of "Song of the Loon" Decries Sexploitation

My friend and I took Richard to see "his" movie's premiere in San Francisco. (The theatre manager said "Oh," when I told him the author would be at the opening. So, like everyone else, Richard Amory stood in line for an hour in the bright glare of the streetlights and the marquee bearing his name, while people in the apartments opposite stared, pointed, giggled and cried.)

Several days later, after he had stopped "jangling" enough to discuss things objectively, we got together to record this exclusive interview for GAY:

VANDEN: How does it feel to be re-exploited on *Song of the Loon*?

AMORY: About the same as before. Shitty. I'm used to it. I should be, after five years with those people.

VANDEN: Now that you've calmed down, how do you feel about the movie?

AMORY: I'm only sure, Dirk, that I want to disclaim publicly any and all responsibility for that thing. They're using my name and my title—and I can't

stop them—but the movie has nothing whatever to do with my book.

VANDEN: Why can't you stop them? Couldn't you get an injunction, or sue...?

AMORY: No way. They own all rights to the first book, and you can't copyright a title, or a pseudonym! All I can do is tell everyone: "Don't waste your time or your money." And that's not sour grapes—it's a bad movie.

VANDEN: Something hit me, mid-way through the picture (as you sat there cringing and muttering "What are they doing? What the hell are they doing???"): at six bucks a head, there were enough people in the theatre right then to have made up everything Greenleaf paid you for the book—seven hundred and fifty dollars!

AMORY: True. When I stop being angry, it's almost funny.

VANDEN: The book has been out for five years, has sold (Greenleaf says) over two million copies, has been made into a (what they claim is) full-length motion picture—and all you got out of it was seven hundred and fifty dollars. Talk about exploitation! That has to take the prize!

AMORY: When I saw those ads and realized that the movie had opened, I wondered why I hadn't been invited to the "Gala Premiere." That hurt about as much as the exploitation. But I understand now. They were embarrassed—and they knew damned well what my reaction would be. They probably feared that I'd ask Gay Lib to picket the theatre. Come to think of it, a good idea!

VANDEN: You didn't know about the movie until after it had opened?

AMORY: Nope! Oh, (my editor) had hinted about it, maybe a year before. On one of his letters he added a postscript—just one sentence suggesting some movie company wanted to film the book. Naturally it excited me—even though I knew I wouldn't make a penny on the film. But, what the hell? My book as a movie—you know? So I asked him in my next letter: "What's going on?" He didn't answer. I kept asking him—over and over and over—but he still hasn't answered.

VANDEN: I had the same editor. I know what you mean. You write a dozen letters to find out something very important and you finally get a snotty little note saying, in effect, "Buzz off, Faggot, and stop bothering me!"

AMORY: God, don't I know it! I wrote—at least five letters, and finally had to threaten legal action, just to pry loose a royalty statement on Aaron and *Listen*—just a statement! Since then, not a word. I'm still trying to get them to send me a copy of the deal they made with Sawyer Productions on the movie.

VANDEN: What good would that do if you sold the book outright?

AMORY: That was *Loon*. I've got contracts on all of the others—for all the good it's done me. In the ads for the movie, Sawyer claims to own the rights to the entire *Loon Trilogy*, and if it's true, I want to know about it. My contracts allow Greenleaf to act as my agent for things like foreign publications and movies, but they don't allow them to sign over my rights and not tell me—or not pay me. By now, of course, (my editor)

knows I've written my last book for him, so he hasn't got anything to gain by placating me—which means simply telling me what's going on with my own books. I've put up with this same kind of shit for five years, but you get to a point where you say to yourself "This is my self-respect that's involved here," and you have to make a decision—either stand up and fight, or sit back down in the horseshit and let it pile up. Well, I've reached that point. They've exploited me, they've fucked up all six of my novels, one way or another, and now I'm through with it! I'm through talking and writing letters and asking questions.

VANDEN: It sounds like you're turning militant on us.

AMORY: Goddammit, you've got to! You can go along kidding yourself that things are getting better, but, man, one day you wake up and you see that it just isn't so! You think "Well, even if I am writing things to their formula, still I'm saying something important. Even if they cut this or add that, still it's something I wouldn't be able to say without them." But that's bullshit! It really is. Because once they put their trademark on something, that's it—the scarlet A right there on your forehead—it's ghettoized, underground crap!

VANDEN: Except in this case, it's the scarlet F—for Faggots.

AMORY: Right. Right. That's how they think of us. The people at Greenleaf remind me of the classic dirty old men selling fuck-pictures in dark alleys. Sniggering out behind the outhouse about "queers and rears." They have no real knowledge of, or understanding of, or sensitivity to the gay person's needs or circumstances. What's more, they don't want to understand—even if they could—which is doubtful. Look at what they did with the movie. (I don't know if the people who made it are gay or straight, but the end result is the same—there are gay exploiters who are every bit as bad as the straight ones—worse, in fact, because they know better!) Anyway, the whole point of the book was that the hero didn't have to die, or commit suicide, that he could go on living with a male lover—with whatever compromises they had to make in the relationship about infidelity and jealousy—but what happens? After this whole buildup of getting Ephraim to where he could accept Cyrus's love—BANG!—they kill him off! You wonder if they even looked at the book when they adapted it. I take that back—they obviously looked at it because they lifted a lot of the dialogue straight out of the book—out of context, without referents, without anything to make it make sense. But I sure as hell didn't write that last line "Oh, he died." Shit! Here's the thing—they've never got beyond the back-of-the-outhouse mentality regarding sex, gay or straight. They really believe sex is funny, especially gay sex. They've discovered it brings them in potfuls of money, so they traffic in it, but they really believe that two guys making it is hilarious. And if you as a writer don't make it knee-slapping enough, they add or they cut, so it comes out pointless or dirty—and funny as hell—to them. And that's what disturbs me. I mean, I'm not that funny, and my lovemaking isn't that funny. But as long as gay writers keep on

writing for them, and as long as gay readers keep on buying from them, it will never occur to them that everyone isn't having a grand old time giggling about reading about cocks and assholes and sucking and fucking. And, when you really start thinking about it, there is no way in the world to say something important when you have to work through such people. There is no way they can possibly comprehend the sort of attitude which has arisen, particularly among young people, since the early

AMORY: Of course! There are still a great many gay people who feel that way about themselves. But they're dwindling. They're vanishing. There's a whole new thing happening. You talk to twenty-year-olds, the student generation—which is a beautiful generation—a fantastically bright and lovely bunch of people who are getting their priorities straight. You tell them you're gay and they say "Who cares?" They may be predominantly straight, but they don't give a good god damn whether

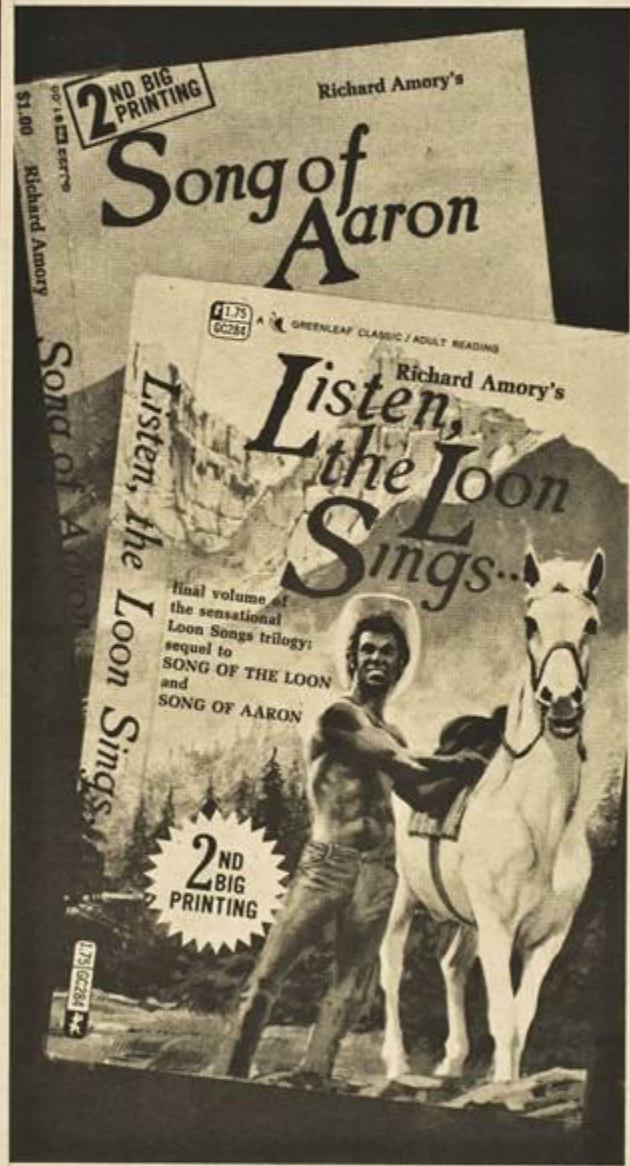
AMORY: Good lord no! Our sexual orientation is the major difference between ourselves and the average guy on the street. And that's got to be reflected in the gay novels. We want to approach real sex honestly, so we've got to approach fictional sex honestly. Besides which—I like sex and I like writing about it. I think jackoff books have a valid place in our literature. But there's such a thing as overemphasizing sex, which is as bad as not emphasizing it at all. No, the thing I would change would be the social and political content of the books. I want to be able to make political comments without worrying that my publisher is going to take the bite out of it—or cut it out altogether.

VANDEN: Do you feel that gay people generally should become more politically oriented?

AMORY: We have got to! There's no question about it in my mind. Look, we're a hundred years behind the blacks as far as political action is concerned. In many respects I can really dig the Black Panthers. Those guys know what they're up against. They know that Whitley doesn't listen. The blacks have been talking sweet reason for four hundred years, and where has it got them? No—it's the people who have stopped talking who are making things happen. Putting on pressure. The chicanos are finding it out, and the students. And Gay Lib. They all know that talk doesn't mean a damn thing if you can't back it up with pressure of some sort—political, economic, whatever. That's how the establishment works, so that's what it understands best—pressure! I feel very strongly that the minorities—all of us—sexual, racial, religious, the young—the minorities are going to be the salvation of this country. The direction of American society in the past hundred years—at least that, maybe more—has been in the hands of the gringos, the honkeys, the straights, the eighty-year-old judges and senators—and they've fucked it up. That's all you can say—they've fucked it up! And the minorities have got to become the conscience of this country. We've got to make the white heterosexual protestants realize what the Constitution is all about—what the Bill of Rights is all about—what Christianity itself is about! We've got to, or this whole mess is going to go right down the drain!

VANDEN: So how are we going to start to accomplish all this?

AMORY: The very first thing is to stop publishing through underground houses like Greenleaf Classics—through any straight editor who thinks gay sex is funny or dirty. If we can possibly do it, we should set up a gay publishing house, with gay writers, gay editors, gay copyboys, gay typesetters, gay proofreaders, gay lawyers—one hundred percent gay. Gay people have got to get together as the blacks have done, as the students have done, with our own honest literature, our own theatre, our own art—and we've got to decide who we are and what we want out of life. We've taken the first step with the underground novels and magazines, now we've got to go further—to step out—make ourselves heard and felt—come together. Then we'll have something really worthwhile. Something we can be proud of. It's that or sit back down in the horseshit and just wait til it smothers us.

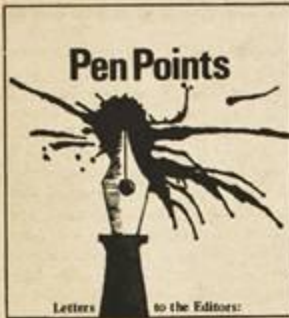


sixties. There's a beautiful sort of free-swinging, open acceptance of sex and love—which I think is so healthy and so beautiful! But to dirty old men, a young person with that sort of attitude automatically gets lumped with the queers—as a "hippie"—and then they slap their knees and giggle some more.

VANDEN: Don't you feel that a lot of gay authors actually help perpetuate this attitude—by writing books that make gay people and gay sex appear to substantiate the "funny" or "sick" image?

you suck cocks or not—as long as you don't try to hassle them into converting. If they like you and feel like making it with you, they will. No problems. No hangups. And, personally, I think that is healthy.

VANDEN: If something were to happen—if you were able to write what you wanted to, and get it published, without interference from the dirty-old-men publishers—would you cut down on the sex scenes or what?



Pen Points

Letters to the Editors:

WOMEN IN GAY

Dear GAY:

As a gay female and a newcomer to New York, I have found GAY to be a singularly valuable aid to me as it opens up as it were, the gay scene in NYC to an outsider who otherwise would be reduced to the endless search and hope and false starts experienced so often by us all.

I have come to depend on GAY as I have never depended on any other periodical in my life. This despite the fact that GAY is heavier on the gay male side.

However my dependence on GAY only made my disappointment greater when I found that you had failed to inform your gay women readers (in your gay calendars) of an imminent gay women's dance being held at the Alternate University. Since I really have no other official (as it were) connection with gay activities, the only way I could

have known of this dance was through GAY. However, you carried no mention of it. Even though you did list the gay male dance held at the same institution the previous week.

But anyway, this sloppy, disjointed letter is mainly intended to suggest and urge you to a greater coverage of the gay women's scene. And while we're at it, aren't there any GF type bars in Brooklyn, Bronx, Queens or anywhere in NYC outside of Manhattan?

Love and Appreciation,
M.A.

ED. NOTE: Unfortunately, the radical GLF sponsors of the women's dance don't seem to approve of GAY and don't send us information about women's activities. We agree that GAY needs more reportage for and by women. This issue, you'll note, contains two articles by women who are first-class writers.

TO JOHN FRANCIS HUNTER

Dear Mr. Hunter:

I have been reading GAY since its inception and have found it very, very interesting as well as educational. I enjoy everyone's columns but always sort of lean on yours. Let me commend not only GAY but you, yourself, on writing and expressing yourself so intelligently and interestingly.

Sometimes when you read the different items you wonder what this

person looks like and I think GAY has sort of started a wonderful thing in presenting in each issue at least one member of its staff. I was indeed very happy to see in this latest issue, your picture which you posed for and am more delighted now that when I do read your column, I know who is writing it. I don't know how you acquire the material you write about, but the way you present it keeps one's interest very much.

I would appreciate hearing from you, acknowledging this little note and perhaps send me one of your autographed photos. Please consider me one of your "fans." Lots of love and success to you, I am

Sincerely yours,
D.R.B.

IS PUDGY ROBERTS A DRAG?

Dear GAY:

I think GAY is great, not only "the life" but your paper. You are doing a great service for us all and I am most ecstatic over many of your revelations and the daring which it takes to publish it. You have a most resourceful bunch of newshounds as you seem to uncover a great deal that is pertinent but overlooked by most of the gay community.

Anyhow, in line with clip joints and your references to such, I am curious also about the recent announcement of a benefit for Rae Bourbon. Since I was unaware of his misfortune and have

enjoyed him since way back in the early thirties, I was glad to know that there was something going for him. Now I wonder if it was for him?

I sat down on June 17th and wrote to Pudgy Roberts for a ticket and enclosed a check for \$15.00. The check was cashed by him, but I did not get a ticket. On the night of the "Ball," I had to work and was unable to go. So I asked a friend to go and ask at the door if a ticket had been left for me, and if so, that the friend use it.

No ticket was available and neither was Pudgy. I would have made a stink if I had gone, but as it is, I am wondering where the money went. I would like to hope it is in a fund to help Rae Bourbon.

I cite this and with sadness that it seems that there are gays who are just as much out to take advantage of each other as are the syndicates, etc. Naturally I do not say we are necessarily more of an honest lot than other humans, but I do think we should be mindful of our own actions when we go at condemning others and clip joints as you do in the paper.

Cheers and may GAY soon eliminate the Daily News.

Sincerely,
J.M.

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

BY KATHY WAKEHAM

The rumor around town is that Lesbians are oppressed. Not only straight social oppression but "social" social oppression. We've got only two bars in contrast to dozens of "boys" bars.

That is oppression. The two bars are close together so if you don't like one, you can always go to the other. There's also a girls' (pardon, women's liberation) I mean a women's after-hours club which is a few blocks down from them.

But sometimes, we women are confronted with problems even there. We want to meet girls because we groove on girls. We dig women. We love females. We adore gals. And we're infatuated with dames. Hell, we like the same sex.

So, what happens? You're sitting at a bar or standing with a drink and who comes over to you? Kim Novak, Raquel Welch, your ex, your closest straight friend? No. The local Dyke Daddy comes over.

Gads! Not now. Look who just walked in. A new woman in town who's wholesome and fresh looking. Here you are—talking to a hairy middle-aged guy who's either skinny or pot-bellied; and on top, he's usually balding. No locks to ripple your fingers through; no soft skin to caress. Talk. Talk. You excuse yourself, but he's persistent. Finally, you either give in to his conversation or waddle away from him—sometimes politely, sometimes rudely.

The Dyke Daddy is as old as Lesbian bars. They are of all types, sizes, and shapes. They are the gay women's equivalent of the gay men's "fag hags."

There is a gay bar in Yonkers that caters to Dyke Daddys. Some nights when you walk in looking for a girl, you find the place quite crowded (for the small dive that it is) with men looking for the same type company as you are—gay women. At times, it is frustrating when they are the only company available and you're getting passes and drinks from hes and not shes. Solution: Leave.

Most Dyke Daddys are the typical truck driver/hard hat types. They like to get their kicks watching females do together what they can't do either alone or with someone else. Many of them stand with hard-ons watching girls being affectionate or dancing. (Their fantasies carry them away.) Their philosophy is that all a lesbian needs is a good man, and they're the men that are going to make her go the straight road. They think that their dangle is the magic wand. Well, the most desperate straight girl wouldn't lay for these burly, uncouth boors. Besides, I doubt very much if they could even get it up in an actual sexual situation. Their sex is so fantasized and masturbatory that they wouldn't know where to begin. They would probably wind up in the bathroom jerking-off.

Another philosophy of theirs is that they can get to a girl's heart through their wallets. Well, well, a sugar daddy in gay life who wants to make it a hetero-scene: Some girls go along with the drinks and the dinners. And then find—they cut it short right there.

Then there is the Dyke Daddy who is just a friend to all gay women. He likes their company. Enjoys being around them and giving them trust. He throws parties in his pad for "all the girls."



"Beat It Daddy, I'm Wait'in For My Woman!"

Seldom are there men or straights in his presence. I wonder why?

Quite a number of Lesbians befriend this type of Dyke Daddy. They feel that he just enjoys friendly female company and wants nothing more. They trust him. They give him the companionship he longs for. He does favors for them. He helps them when they are in need. His Lesbian friends say that he makes no sexual advances.

Is this man sincere? Maybe he is. Is he a closet queen afraid to come out (Guys, does he sound like your local Fag Hag's brother?). Is he sexually impotent, thus finding no threat to his "masculinity" when he's with Lesbians?

Do I sound suspicious of him? My friends are people—gay, straight, whatever. I don't pick my friends according to their sexual preferences.

Why does he? He makes a definite point in picking Lesbian friends. Could be he is a Lesbian in disguise? Don't laugh. I know an ex-gay girl who wanted to be a transsexual and found out that she loves gay boys more as a woman than as a man. Maybe he should be a transsexual. He sounds like a latent Lesbian, doesn't he?

There is another side to the Dyke Daddy coin. Most Lesbians do NOT like the company and the pestering of Dyke Daddys. But the minority of Lesbians who go with these "friendly" nuisances are provoking the situation. The most common place to run into these men is in a gay bar. If they are not gay, why do they go there? Gay bars are for gays who don't dig hassles with straight society's hang-ups. The Dyke Daddys annoy most of us. And they know it. The girls who encourage their presence should re-examine the situation. These men are

usually alone and are out for a pick up. Gay women who are out alone, in the same place, are out for a pick up, too. Difference: Dyke Daddys are in a place where they are not wanted by most of the crowd. Gay women are in a place where they are wanted by most of the crowd (and the more women, the merrier).

There should be an organization for Daddys and Hags. PLF—Pesty Liberation Front. The pests can get together and liberate themselves. All Dyke Daddys and Fag Hags are repressed people—homo and hetero—who take out their frustrated anxieties on gays by pestering them. In PLF, they could get together and pester the shit out of each other. They could come out together either gayly or straightly. Together, they could have a taste of their own medicine annoyance.

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BY RANDOLFE WICKER

GAA ZAPS LINDSAY AGAIN

About 50 members of Gay Activists Alliance left their regular Thursday night meeting to go to Loeb Student Center at NYU where John Lindsay was scheduled to address an anti-war rally sponsored by a student group called "Bridges for Peace." The plan was to march into the auditorium, up both aisles and seize the podium from Lindsay in order to confront him on current police harassment of gays in midtown, on 3rd Ave. & elsewhere.

Only GAAer Morty Manford gained entrance to the hall. With my video machine and press card, I was admitted as a member of the press along with writer Leo Skir whose excellent articles on last summer's Gay-in appeared in *Evergreen Review* (Sept.) and *Mademoiselle* (Sept.) magazines.

Manford approached the stage as Lindsay spoke, mounted the platform, stood next to the mayor, apologized for interrupting and commenced his statement (amid a chorus of boos from those in the audience) "Mayor Lindsay has failed to restrain his police..." At which point a plainclothesman pushed him back off stage.

Lindsay interrupted his speech which was being covered by local and national press and which was essentially a carefully worded statement regarding those domestic needs which are being neglected because of the Vietnam War.

"Anyone who felt he had something to say, please come forward and I will relinquish the microphone," Lindsay interjected.

An organizer of the rally took the platform to decry "the attempted disruption of this meeting which has so long been in planning." He received thunderous applause from those present.

To attack this institution, one of the few which still allows some freedom of speech and exchange of ideas is a previous error," he continued (the audience once more roared its approval). "I think Mayor

Lindsay has an open ear and the men under him have an open ear. To attack one of the few men in this city who are still willing to listen is also a previous error, I would now like to ask Mayor Lindsay to continue his remarks." (Thunderous applause once more.)

Lindsay continued a few minutes more but once again, GAA's Morty Manford came down the aisle and mounted the platform.

"You said anyone could speak," Manford commenced looking at Lindsay who nodded, then stepped back and surrendered the podium to him.

Manford apologized once again for interrupting the meeting only to be greeted by a chorus of boos. "We have tried to meet with the Mayor but have not been successful," he charged, "so we have to confront him publicly in this manner."

Over 400 gays had been arrested in the midtown area, held overnight and then released, he said, and these people were thereby burdened with a police record which can cause trouble in finding employment. He noted he himself had been arrested as "an observer." A wisecrack from the audience at that brought tumultuous gaffaws.

"We have 100, 150 people outside who want to come in here and talk with you" he noted, then challenged Lindsay: "What are you going to do, Mayor Lindsay, to control your police, to keep them from harassing homosexuals?"

Lindsay continued to stand to the side conferring with three or four aides. The audience noise was disruptive enough that Manford leaned forward to be better heard through the mike.

"One in ten people participate in homosexual sex. In New York, that number might be more like 20%," he speculated. "We constitute a large voting block. If Mayor Lindsay ignores this voting block, he has no future as Mayor or as a presidential candidate in 1972." His comments ended, Manford walked offstage to scattered applause.

Lindsay returned to his speech, at first continuing to talk about Bridges for Peace, the sponsoring organization, and only very slowly and indirectly getting around to answering Manford's charges.

"Those who are dissatisfied, who have complaints, including those who have spoken here tonight should see my aid Barry Goetterer as soon as possible." Lindsay replied, then went on to add that sometimes someone who heads a large bureaucracy as he does, finds it impossible to keep in touch with every group.

Meanwhile, Loeb Student Center guards had allowed the GAA demonstrators to come into the lobby and listen to the proceedings in the hall over a loud speaker situated there.

As Lindsay left, several GAA members approached him asking about homosexual civil rights. Lindsay kept smiling, shaking hands, saying "Glad to see you" to one and all as he worked his way through the crowd to his limousine.

Arthur Evans, a GAA activist, stood in front of Lindsay's limousine to block its exit but a security man simply picked

him up by the belt and back of his pants and tossed him aside and the limousine pulled away.

As the meeting ended and the students filed out, the GAAers stood to one side of the Loeb Student Center steps chanting "WE NEED YOUR HELP! WE NEED YOUR HELP!" and other chants such as "HO-HO-HOMOSEXUAL!"

ANTIBIOTICS NOT VD PROPHYLACTIC

A few columns back we reported L.A. Health Department's Dr. William Smarrt's suggestion that taking antibiotics before sexual activity would prevent contracting venereal disease.

"There is no evidence whatever in the medical journals of any controlled study indicating that the use of antibiotics immediately before or after sexual activity will prevent venereal disease," Dr. Inderhaus charges in a reply appearing in *VECTOR Magazine* this month.

He says that "stronger bugs" develop in people who have taken inadequate amounts of an antibiotic to cure an infection and that these bugs then cannot be treated by even high doses of the original antibiotic and stronger ones must be used.

He also warns that serious side-effects can even appear after repeated use of standard antibiotics such as penicillin, tetracycline & vibramycin without allergic reactions.

Dr. Inderhaus insists that venereal disease can be effectively controlled in the future by a vaccine which he believes "will undoubtedly become available in the near future, but for now, other means of control must be used."

JEFFREY HERMAN: MAN OF THE WEEK

Jeffrey Herman, the talented and personable actor who so ably portrays Cyril, an affected Village wisp, in *The Dirtiest Show in Town* turned down an opportunity to appear on a prestigious network show because they wanted him to behave in the same swish stereotyped manner as a guest on the show as he does while playing "Cyril" in the play.

POLICE SEE GAY HORROR MOVIES

Rookies at the San Francisco Police Academy are shown movies of the most bizarre "homosexual murders" as part of their training.

"These are passed off as homosexuals perpetrating crimes against other homosexuals in the most sadistic and sickening manner," *Vector* columnist Del Martin reports. "In actuality, of course, it is the homosexual who falls victim to the cruel and inhuman action of the uptight, self-righteous heterosexual."

"It is no wonder that the officers from Northern Station, during the PACE Project encounter groups with the homophile community, had difficulty in understanding this," she continued. "And if this type of misinformation is to be continually ground into the police mind, there is little doubt that Dr. Terry Eisenberg's efforts in our behalf, to allow speakers from the homophile community address cadets at the Academy, will be turned down."

Locally, New York Mattachine has sent speakers to the general force of the Nassau County Police Department and also has addressed classes of upper echelon NYC police who study social problems under a continuing program.

GAY BUSTED TRYING TO SAVE STRAIGHTS

A week long sit-in and occupation by Gay Liberation Front members at NYU's Weinstein Hall ended when a busload of helmeted, club brandishing Tactical Police evicted them from the dorm's sub-cellar. No arrests were made during the removal itself. However, a few minutes later, plainclothesmen were seen taking three or four young people into custody just outside. A couple of GLFers, assuming that those being arrested were gay brothers and sisters, rushed up and grasped the arms of those being held and tried to pull them free asking the people for their names in the process so if they weren't successful, they could try arranging legal help for them. After one girl was hit in the mouth by a pistol one cop had drawn and another GLFer had been grabbed and charged with "assaulting an officer," it was discovered that those being taken into custody were three straights not connected with the demonstration who were being busted for drugs.

ITEMS:

* Mae West will cut an album for Fox entitled MAE WEST TELLS BEDTIME STORIES AND FAIRY TALES.

* BOYS IN THE BAND is closing shortly after nearly a two-year run.

* Martin Abzug, husband of congressional candidate Bella Abzug, met his wife on a warm summer evening in 1942 when he stood up on a crowded bus in Miami Beach and offered his seat to a young woman he wanted to meet—who turned out to be Bella, of course.

* Members of Pittsburgh Mattachine plan to open a soda bar for young gays.

* The International Conference of Police Associations plans to get rid of "liberal lawmakers" by publicizing those who support liberal legislation such as "making it legal for members of the same sex to have sexual relations."

* L.A. Gays have launched a write-in campaign supporting Rev. Troy Perry as gay candidate for Lieutenant Governor of California.

* Mattachine President, Michael Kotis has complained to the NYPD that the questioning of members of the Radical Lesbians group has focused more on their political viewpoints than on facts regarding the murder of one of their members.

* AFTER DARK magazine ran its first frontal nude in its August issue.

* Las Vegas revues currently feature some males wearing sequined posing straps.

* During the NACHO convention, a couple of radicals removed all their clothes only to be ignored by the rest of those present.

* Gay Youth, a sub-group of GLF, has commenced having successful Saturday night dances off and on at Alternate U. Check for dates.

* A free "brunch" at the Roundtable on East 50th St. between Lexington and Third Avenues on Sunday evenings is reportedly "a feast."

BY DICK LEITSCH

She's an incredible entertainer, Bette Midler is. Before I heard her, I was told she's "the new Judy Garland." Jack Nichols described her as "a Barbra Streisand on the way to becoming a Janis Joplin." Bette herself says "I'm afraid of labels," but she has nothing to fear from them. She's unique.

Not only is her singing original, but how many other girl singers have you heard of who became a smash hit singing in an all-male bath house? There Bette stood, every Friday and Saturday night at 1 a.m., facing an audience of five or six hundred men, all naked except for towels around the loins.

"I had the weirdest dream the other night," Bette said on a recent Saturday night. "I dreamed that, instead of applauding, you all threw your towels at me. Too much!" The towels flew like huge snowflakes, and Bette took her time about giving the towels back to the front-row patrons.

"As an audience, gay men are spectacular," Bette told me. "They're very warm, very responsive. They are the most marvelous audience I've ever had because they're not ashamed to show how they feel about you. They applaud like hell, they scream and carry on, stamp their feet and laugh. I love it. It's going to be very hard for me when I get back before a straight audience."

When Bette appeared on the Johnny Carson Show (one Mike Douglas, two Carson, and five David Frost shows are some of the nice things that have happened to her since she began to headline at Continental), they didn't believe her when she said she was singing in a turkish bath. (Her friends also think she's putting them on.)

How does a nice little heterosexual girl from Honolulu become a headliner in a gay gentleman's club, which is what Continental has become?

"I studied on and off at Herbert Bergof's. One of my teachers there knows Stephen (Continental's owner) socially. Stephen asked Bob if he knew anybody who could sing and Bob remembered me. He called one morning when the sun was just coming up and I was just going to bed. He told me about the gig, and I said I would really dig that. Stephen came down and heard me, then signed me up for eight weeks, with an option for another eight weeks. None of my friends believe me when I tell them where I work!

My hairdresser went to the Continental as a customer. He saw the poster announcing my opening and called me right away. 'Bette,' he said, 'They've got a drag queen entertaining at the Baths, and she's using your name!' He was so thrilled when he found out it was really me who was going to work there that he sat down and wrote four pages of gag lines for me to use."

Somebody ought to discover the hairdresser and turn him into a professional gag writer, because the material is good. How good his hairdressing is, I can't say. Bette claims he's arthritic, and that she found him giving finger waves in the "salon" in the 34th Street subway stop at 75 cents a set. But that's not her opinion; he wrote the line.

Bette's cute, as opposed to beautiful, though she is very pretty, too. ("I'm a Hawaiian, but not a Hawaiian. I was born there. Very Jewish. My parents are from

"The Whole World's A Bath!"



New Jersey. They migrated early in life to paradise.") On stage, singing "Forgotten Man," she looks like Ginger Rogers should have looked in "Goldiggers of 1933." Her velvet-trimmed gown (very 1930s, very Depression) and Joan Crawford F.M. ankle-straps are perfect.

But before you know it, she has

loosened her hair and pulled it into a pony tail. As she belts out "Shake, Rattle and Roll" every trace of the 30s disappears, and she's Miss Bobbysocks of 1955. Other girls change costumes to change periods; Bette changes her posture and body movements.

"I'm very much into style," she says.

I'm fascinated by the changes that go on, year after year, decade after decade, and why; they can all be classified. In the late 20's and early 30's Society was the thing. The girls were encouraged to slouch, pull the shoulders down, to stand with their hands on their hips and be nonchalant and always very, very sophisticated. In the 40's—well, it must have been the Joan Crawford influence. It became very important to be a career woman. They got very bitch and started wearing what was actually an exaggeration of the male suit. There's a way of walking there, too: very bitch, very active, very—well, bright. In the 50's everything calmed down. Pony tails, lots of crinolines—Ann Southern with crinolines for days. She couldn't get through a doorway. Heavy on the tulle, lots of ruffles, sweetheart necklines... it was a move back to the Civil War period when everyone was very genteel and ladies very demure."

Bette's choice of songs is eclectic jumping from period to period, from style to style. The bathos of "Forgotten Man" might be followed by the bawdy double entendres of a Mae West ballad, a raunchy rock and roll classic from the 50's, or a brilliantly sophisticated Cole Porter lyric. Whatever the song calls for, from raunchiness to sophistication, from demure to softness to what used to be called "coon shouting," Bette supplies. As they say of the Mets: "Amazing!"

"I have a friend," she says. "Ben's an old-record freak. He turned me on to this music. When I first heard these women, these torch singers, I began to get high just listening to what they were singing. I understood all of those emotions, all the nuances, all the phrasing. If you start with the 20's and move to the late 40's, the torch singer's period, you find that the emotional content of the songs rarely changes. It's all the accompaniment."

"I've always understood suffering and I gravitate toward sad songs and torch songs. Everybody's loved, and either had it returned or had it unrequited. Some things are universal, and I hope I can communicate that to people. I always look forward to love affairs because I know I'm going to suffer and learn something. I don't look forward to suffering, but to growing, learning how it is to be with another person, what it's like to get through to another person, to love and fight, laugh and cry, and all that."

"I have a very heavy attachment to Helen Morgan, Dinah Washington, Edith Piaf, Billie Holiday and Judy Garland. My all-time favorite is Aretha Franklin. She's a genius. I don't think anyone knows her like I do, and I don't know her at all, really. I don't have any male favorites because male singers don't really show it to you like the women do. Joe Cocker does. He's brilliant. I love Otis Redding, Bobby Bluebland, Ray Charles—I guess that would be it with the males."

It's easy to see that the Continental isn't Bette's first exposure to gay life. Nobody can turn on an audience so well with a background only in extra work in films, a gig in the Catskills, ("I got a standing ovation in a showcase at Brickman's, but only one gig came out of it"), a week at Paul's Mall in Boston warming up audiences for David Frye, two months in the chorus of "Fiddler on the Roof" on Broadway and a three-year run as the oldest daughter in "Fiddler." ("Tzeitel is a good role. I loved it for two years, which is a long time for anybody

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THE LAST ESTATE

BY GREGORY BATTCKOCK

The story that follows is improbable, which it not to say it is true. One problem in writing about something like this is that I don't know whether I should take a superior tone which would be quite easy or a humble self-deprecating tone, which would even be easier. In certain types of stories, one knows instantly which attitude comes off best and puts the storyteller in the most sympathetic light. Even when he makes himself look ridiculous, the teller always comes out ahead.

Quincho, Portugal

Sunday Afternoon

The Praia do Guincho would, no doubt, come off much better in a color slide than in this column. It's a vast, lonely spot with big rocks, waves and mists and a hotel built into a medieval fortress stuck out on a cliff. When god made the beach he just threw a big pail of sand down the side of a mountain into the sea. The Portuguese civilized the mess with a narrow band of yellow canvas tents—designed for mediocre writers who may compare it to cheap costume jewelry, a golden chain perhaps. The place reeks of pine and salt and burning wood.

My room has a vaulted stone ceiling (the architectural historians among my

readership will want further identification—cross double barrel with groins). I asked for a brighter light and the page procured a 40 watt bulb. Had he brought a single candle, he would have earned his enormous tip. His smile blinded.

Dinner came off well. I had something that looked like spinach soup, a sole *Menestre* and a bloody *tournado*. I complimented the fruit waiter for the clever way he sliced the melon, threw a lot of smiles at the bus boy and praised the wines that had been selected, at my request, by the butch, stupid looking wine steward. My favorable response delighted him; he fell all over himself which, with his big, mule-like feet (!) was easy.

I had an espresso and brandy in the dungeon-like bar. Then right back to my room, as there was work to do. From my terrace I could hear the night sea mist and smell the fog horns from invisible (because they were fogged in) ships. Gazing into the clouds, I saw footsteps. A shadow crunched along the gravel, slowly, back and forth. Who could be out there at this hour. Why is he walking back and forth just below MY terrace? There are no houses for miles; nor would the guests of the hotel—if indeed there were any—venture beyond the iron gates at this hour. Obviously somebody is trying to attract my attention. Go away, I thought. I can't type with you out there and, whoever you are, I know you are charming and I didn't come here to have

brief, romantic, midnight affairs on misty sea-cliffs with anonymous Portuguese youths.

Finally he went and I was left with my stupid typewriter, the fog and a flicker from the lighthouse.

Monday Morning

At 10:30 the breakfast waiter arrived and took my order. Funny, I hadn't called for the breakfast waiter. He returned while I was shaving. He tossed the tray someplace, came into the bathroom and, standing perilously close, started mumbling. From here on the plot may remind some readers of the standard porno paperback novel. I'll leave out the details and note, simply that he started beating deeply and before I knew what was happening (actually, after I knew what the story was), he started yanking at my Levi button; I remembered Dick's story about the *M/S Lydia*. After having been raped by the steward, he was subjected to a constant "piss-piss" in the dining room, garden bar, promenade deck and even during the Captain's Dinner. How, after this indignity, would I be able to face the bus boy, the other waiters, the concierge, the receptionist, the accountant, the bar man, the bell-hops, the door man, not to mention our wine steward who, in fact, is the very same person as our breakfast waiter?

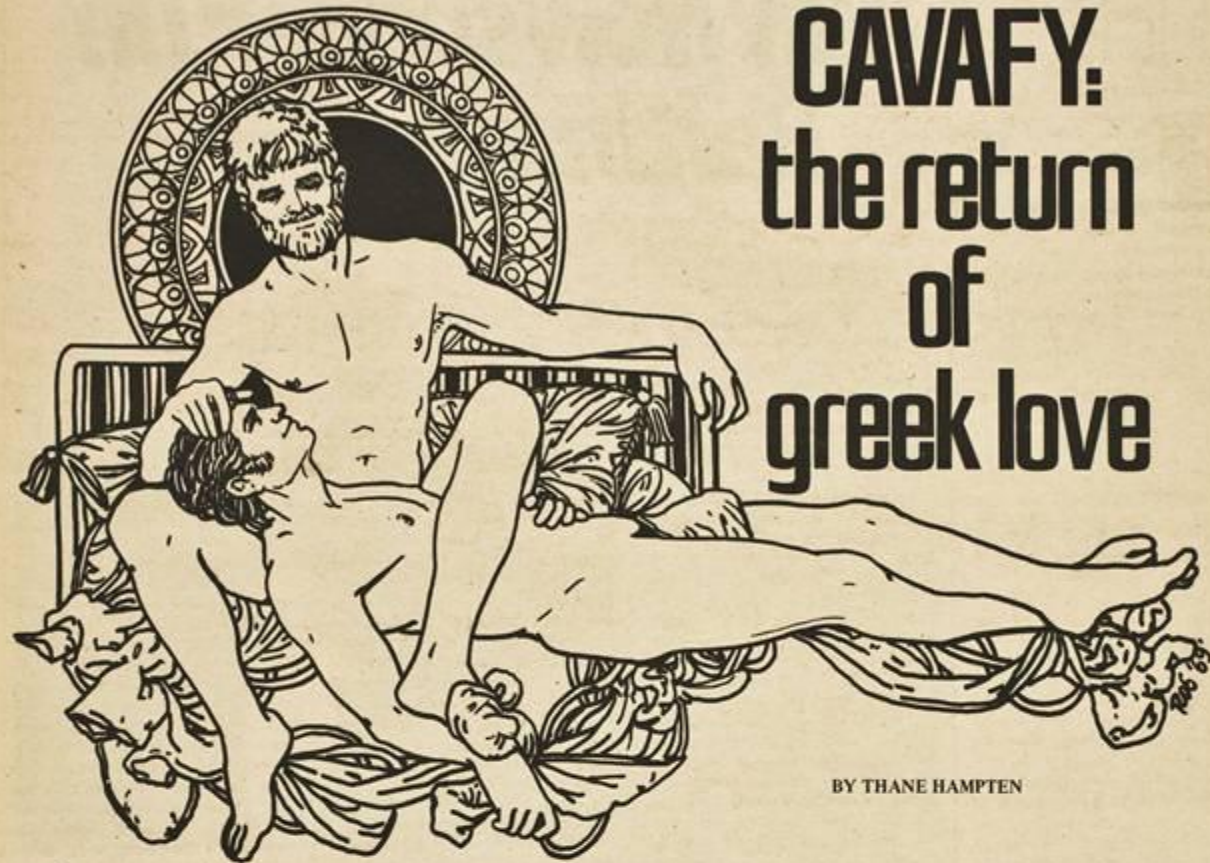
Monday - Afternoon

nothing

Tuesday

Yesterday, in the afternoon, I visited the "Artillery Museum" in Lisboa. Museums of war, I learned, attract an entirely different crowd than do art museums. They are a suspicious lot and sneak around, and hate to be caught looking at anything. My guide book informs "...the War Museum is an indictment of man's character." War is more of an indictment. At times I even forgot I was in a "War Museum" and may as well have been in an art museum, a church, a museum of natural history, a museum of the City of New York or a bowling alley.

This morning our breakfast waiter arrived, and I was ready for him. I enjoy his visits, not because they are fun but because they are erotic. They shouldn't be happening. They are an affront to everything. He dumped the breakfast into my portable SCM and started leering. I wondered how he spent his day and what his life was like. After a morning of fucking with the guests, does he spend the afternoon gathering oysters? (In fact, he throws in a few fucks in order to supplement his meagre income, between carrying breakfast trays all over the place, collecting them later, washing the dishes, working tables at lunch, helping in the kitchen, serving wines at dinner, dozing for a few hours and then starting all over again. When he takes off his pants you can see how worn they are. Practically in shreds.) Fending him off in the mornings is no use, especially if I don't try too hard. Anyway, what do you order for lunch after a morning of fucking with your waiter? The *caldo verde*, ostras *chreme ghrilado* and *fruta please*.



CAVAFY: the return of greek love

BY THANE HAMPTEN

How is it that a modern Greek poet, admired by no lesser personages than T.S. Eliot, W.H. Auden, D.H. Lawrence, and Arnold Toynbee, could remain so little known in this country? He has been adequately translated into English. (The tone, the content, the essence of his work is intact, even if the purist/demotic Greek is lost.) At least twenty-eight thorough critical studies have been done, and Auden claims to have been directly influenced by this poet. Yet the majority, including many scholars, have never heard of him, or know him only by name.

He was Constantine Cavafy, considered a major modern poet. He was a clever man, congenial and well-liked. He was much travelled and was fluent in English, French, Italian, Latin and Arabic. He vastly admired the Greco-Roman classical heritage, to which he paid tribute in at least half of his poetry. The other half was of an intensely personal nature. And what a curious and absolute dividing line he drew between the two types; what a perfectly delineated balance between the formally heroic, (the "sacred") and the revealingly intimate, (the "profane").

On one hand, he speaks of Jason, son of Cleander, in 595 A.D. On the other, he casually and freely reveals the involved and involving nature of his homosexuality. In my opinion, his classical studies are richer and more artistically superior; but the homosexual vignettes are of more importance, socially, and supply the keys to the poet's human qualities. However it is these very

human qualities. However it is these very works that I fear have kept Cavafy from the eyes of the world. When a heterosexual writes of the joys and tragedies of his sexual life, it is cherished universal impulse. When a homosexual does precisely the same, it is abomination. The homosexual reader is asked to accept, and through continual conditioning, does accept the great body of heterosexual romantic literature. The heterosexual refuses to even entertain the same courtesy, in reverse. It is obvious who is cheated. And how sad to be cheated of Cavafy, (even though he, himself, made a blunder in "public relations," as we shall see in a moment).

He was born in Constantinople, in 1863, of a well-to-do family. He lived most of his life in the Greek colonies of Alexandria. He was schooled in the Greek classics and was a lover of the Byzantine. His father died when he was seven, and he apparently spent his youth exclusively with his mother as his many brothers were considerably older. His mother died when he was twenty-six and it was approximately at this time that Cavafy's poetry began to mature and reflect his personal feelings. He was fortunate enough to find a lover, Pericles Anastasiades, who was as interested in artistic talents as in the sexual. Pericles gave Cavafy the encouragement an insecure poet needs. (And what poet, with the possible exception of Byron, is not insecure?)

Cavafy wrote about seventy poems a year, but usually destroyed all but four or

five. If only most of our contemporary poets could be so wonderfully disciplined. He led a rather ordinary life, devoid of scandal. I imagine the fact that he did not conform to the heterosexual's concept of a blatant degenerate, and cheated them even of possible titillation, has aided his being placed in literary limbo. From 1908 until his death of cancer in 1933, he lived quietly at 10 Lepsius Street in Alexandria.

He spent most of his time either instructing students, (who adored him) or chatting with friends in neighborhood cafes. He was employed by the Ministry of Irrigation as a provisional clerk for thirty years. This was a poet? Such an undistinguished existence. And yet, it was this man who could write:

TO REMAIN

It must have been one o'clock in the morning, or half past one. In a corner of the terrace behind the wooden partition. Aside from the two of us the shop was completely deserted. A kerosene lamp scarcely lighted it. Dozing, at the doorway, the waiter dead for sleep.

No one would have seen us. But already we had excited ourselves so much, that we became unfit for precautions.

Our clothes were half opened—they were not many for a divine month of July was scorching hot.

Enjoyment of the flesh between our half-opened clothes, quick baring of the flesh—the vision of what occurred twenty-six years ago; and has now come to remain among these verses.

Lovely, poignantly nostalgic, and—at least to me—quite erotic. Now very much I pity those who cannot be more aroused by the intimations in these verses than by the explicit and garish nature of present day pornography. How sad that people do not, or cannot at least occasionally allow themselves the luxury of training their imagination. (But that is another theme, and one I intend to explore in the near future.) Now, witness this example:

THE TOBACCO-SHOP WINDOW

They stood among many others near a lighted tobacco-shop window. Their glances chanced to meet, and they timidly, haltingly expressed the deviate desire of their flesh. Then a few steps unthinkingly taken on the sidewalk—until they smiled, and gently nodded.

And after that the closed carriage... the carnal closeness of their bodies: the clasped hands, the met lips.

Doesn't it sound familiar? Haven't we all experienced it? And isn't it comforting to know that at any time, in any place, the patterns that bind us together are repeated, over and over, ad infinitum? And I am not necessarily speaking of the gay world. These are emotions and rituals shared by all, whether they be simple love or complex passions. And yet, in Cavafy's poems, the use of one word, a semantic blunder (in my opinion) creates a gulf, an unnecessary barrier to the universal appreciation of his personal statements. That word is "deviate", a word with no particularly ugly connotation, except with reference to the sexual. It appears with amazing regularity in his poetry.

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ROCKEFELLER IGNORANT OF SODOMY

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shake. He was surprised to find that it was that of another G.A.A. member with the same questions and demands. As the Governor proceeded to move toward the exit, he was repeatedly stopped by G.A.A. members. His look of affable concern turned to one of uneasiness and annoyance.

NYU SIT-INS MAKE DEMANDS

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demonstrations, although urged to do so by enthusiastic demonstrators.

A list of demands distributed by Gay Liberation Front members read as follows:

WHEREAS NYU IS LOCATED IN THE LARGEST GAY GHETTO IN THE WORLD, POSSESSES LAND, BUILDINGS AND MONEY, AND USES POLICE AND OTHER LIBERAL INSTITUTIONS TO MAINTAIN ITS POSITION OF EXPLOITING AND HOLDING POWER OVER THE GAY COMMUNITY AND EVERY SURROUNDING COMMUNITY.

WE DEMAND:

1. Space for a 24 hour gay community center, to be controlled by the gay community
2. Any community center space demanded of NYU by other communities be granted
3. Open enrollment and free tuition for gay people and all people from the communities NYU oppresses
4. Open employment for gay people and all people from the communities NYU oppresses, with adequate pay as determined by employees
5. Facilities and funds for 24 hour child care centers controlled by the communities

WHEREAS NYU CONTROLS BELLEVUE BUTCHER SHOP, WHICH EXPLOITS GAY PEOPLE AND OTHER OPPRESSED PEOPLE IN THE NYU GHETTO.

WE DEMAND:

1. An end to the oppression of homosexuals and all people in Bellevue Psychiatric Prison—the end of shock treatment, drugs, imprisonment, and mental poisoning.
2. Free medical care, dental care and preventive medicine under community control, including free abortion controlled by community women, with no forced abortion and no forced sterilization, without regard to age or obtaining permission from anybody.
3. Open employment for homosexuals and all people in the communities NYU oppresses, with adequate pay as determined by employees, including 24 hour child care for employees' and patients' children, controlled by the communities

WHEREAS NYU ALLEGES TO BE AN EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTION.

WE DEMAND:

1. NYU stop teaching lies and myths about homosexuals
2. Homosexual history and culture and the truth of gay oppression be taught in every area of study
3. Students in medicine, nursing, education, law, social work, etc., be taught how those professions oppress gays and be educated to work against the mechanisms of oppression
4. All NYU students, employees and faculty have the right to be openly gay, without fear of retaliation by NYU.

Gay Newspaper On Baltimore TV

Baltimore, Md.—Sept. 30: The Editors of GAY and two of the newspaper's writers, Randolph Wicker and Peter Ogren, made an hour's appearance in this city on WJZ-TV (The Arnold Zenker Show).

"Don't you think that this paper glorifies homosexuality?" said Mr. Zenker to his guests. "Hardly," was the reply. "And besides, what if it did?"

Playboy and a thousand other cultural items glorify heterosexuality. Its time that homosexuals did a little catching up."

"But aren't you trying to convert others to your way of life?" continued Zenker.

"No," said GAY's representatives. "But you must admit that variety is the spice of life."

"Have you ever been to a psychiatrist?" asked Zenker of the panelists.

Lige Clarke smiled broadly. "No, but I've always thought that it would be a gas to go to one." Jack Nichols suggested that GAY might send writers as spies into the offices of prominent anti-homosexual psychiatrists in order to expose their peculiar methodologies.

VILLAGE RESIDENTS ANGERED

continued from page 1

Village hotels by the Welfare Department, shop-lifting, panhandling, derelicts, harassment of local residents, illegal clubs (many gay or "unisex") said to be fronts for narcotics trade, and the activities of two Village-based gay organizations.

More than 100 angry Village shopkeepers recently descended upon the Chairman of the Greenwich Village Urban Action Task Force. Village officials, politicians, and members of the local planning board have met with representatives of the Mayor. Scores of meetings have been held in private homes to discuss what to do about the problems, and letters are flowing into the offices of local politicians and to police officials.

Aside from the other problems, many Villagers are increasingly concerned by the growing hostility between some gay people and the rest of the community. There is concern about the "street queens" who shout obscenities at passing "straights" and heterosexual couples. Women report being called "cunties" as they walk down Greenwich Avenue or Christopher Street.

There is concern about "rowdiness"—bands of "obnoxious gay people" who go around seeking ways to make trouble. The recent riot, followed by looting, property damage, and the like, which grew out of a recent GAA-GLF sponsored demonstration, has increased the general uptightness. If anything, Village homosexuals, gay people who are not closet queens by anybody's definition, are complaining the loudest.

These gays remind one another of the middle 1960s, when complaints by McDougal area Villagers over the growing honky-tonk-ness of the Village ended up in an entrapment binge and the closing of all gay bars. The current situation, they contend, could have the same result, with better justification. These homosexuals hold that only the sensitivity and good judgement of the Mayor and the police officials stand between a repeat of the "witch hunts" of those days and the "new freedom." They wonder how long the Mayor will keep his cool in face of gratuitous "zappings" by the Gay Activist Alliance, which, many contend, is on an anti-Lindsay kick.

Owners of licensed, legal, gay bars in the Village and elsewhere fear that the illegal clubs are going to cause a crackdown on all gay bars. They hate the clubs. "We buy licenses, spend a lot of money to give the community a decent, safe place to meet. Those illegal dumps, which break all the laws, give all gay



AN AUTUMN FASHION EXTRAVAGANZA at The Roundtable (151 East 50th St.) was sponsored by GAY on Wednesday, September 23rd. Participating boutiques featuring the latest in Fall fashions were Mel's Tops and Bottoms, 19 Christopher Street, Uptight Boutiques (uptown and downtown) at 239 West 72nd St. and 27 7th Ave., The Whipp, 470 Third Ave., and Liberation One, 114 Christopher St. Other participants included Monsieur Jacques (hairstylists) at 14 E. 56th St., and Brandi Harvest Colognes, available from 53-06 39th Ave., Woodside, L.I., N.Y.

places a bad name. People are starting to think all gay bars are junkie hang-outs and "drug stores," one bartender said.

"Hell yes, I believe in gay rights," said a gay Village man. "But nobody has a right to be obnoxious. I support the police when they bust junkies, panhandlers, shop-lifters, and those dizzy queens who make trouble on the streets. I use the streets, too, and I have the right not to be bothered or shouted at. But how long before the cops stop arresting the trouble-making queens and start busting all queens?"

The Haven is a particularly sore spot with gay and straight Villagers. They claim it's noisy all night, attracts "undesirables" from all over the City to the neighborhood, and is a center for narcotics.

They point to the history of the place. The body of the former owner was found, riddled with bullets, lying in a street in Queens. He was pronounced the victim of a gangland murder. He had left letters behind, which were delivered to the District Attorney and the U.S. Attorney. In them, he recounted how the "Mafia" had moved in on his place, cutting themselves in for a share of the profits. They, he said, turned his discotheque into an after-hours gay "club," supposedly to provide traffic all night to mask the comings and goings of peddlers of speed and heroin who used the place as a center for a narcotics business.

Local heterosexuals claim this still goes on, and local gays agree. The latter are concerned that their young brothers and sisters (the place has a very young clientele) are being turned on to life-time drug habits.

Many residents are becoming unable to differentiate between licensed, orderly, gay bars and the illegal clubs. All gay places are becoming known, in the minds of many people, as headquarters for "homosexual ruffians."

"The only way to get rid of the homosexual ruffians," one woman said, "is to close down all those joints and discourage homosexuals from making this their headquarters. I like the homosexuals I know. They're nice people, who get a dirty deal from society. The ruffians are responsible for most of the public hatred of all homosexuals, and I feel sorry for the nice gay people. But I don't want to see the Village become the headquarters for the drags of the gay world or the straight world, and I know my homosexual friends in the Village don't want that either."

"The Village is a powder keg which might explode at any minute," a gay Village woman said. "If the backlash succeeds here, the whole town is going to close up tighter than it did in 1960. But if the gay community can solve the problems down here, we'll have made a giant step forward."

UNISEX FALL GUYS/GALS

Autumn Fashions with the In-Between Look

BY GRANT DUAY

et it straight! Unisex is a fashion phenomenon, not another style created by Seventh Avenue dictators. When a woman buys man's pants because they're cut better and cheaper than those especially designed for her—that's Unisex! Believe that when a man buys a silver bracelet and wears it to his Wall Street office—that's Unisex too!

Actually the Unisex phenomenon has been with us for a long time. Women have been buying men's shirts for years. Seventh Avenue discovered it so they produced man-tailored blouses. Remember the brave young men of the fifties generation who wore I.D. bracelets? Far out! Guys today invade women's jewelry departments. Look! He's wearing bracelets, rings, beads, pins, earrings, necklaces. Men steal women's fabrics: crepes, seethroughs. Now he wears her silk scarfs. She's wearing his coat, his shirt, pants, wristwatch. "Agnes! I can't find my jockstrap. Are you wearing it?"

This fall and winter he'll be wearing belts made of imitation snake skins, leathers and synthetic fabrics. He wears them as decor, not to hold up his pants, over sweaters which are longer, below the waist. And so will she. Everywhere boots. He does and she does. Boots in leathers and fabrics. Vests. In leather and suede. See them at *The Whipp, 470 Third Ave. at 32nd*. Mini and midi fringe suede vests in all colors. *The Whipp* will make for you anything in suede or leather—your design or theirs. They also do far out applique!

Getting into his pants...they're changing from the pocketed, zippered, belted to the elastic waist bands, no zipper, no pockets. One flick of the wrists and they're down! *Mel's Tops & Bottoms, 19 Christopher St.*, in the Village, designs and makes these new pants with flair bottoms...in tweeds, herringbones and solids. She buys new pants then wears them. The thing to catch at *Mel's* is his original number called *body suit*. It's jacket and flair bottom pants...in Italian knits, herringbones, tweeds, pinstripes, solids. Wearing body suit is having four layers of skin. If she's into buttons she can change them. If not, wear it as is. His body suit becomes her walk suit. Knickers and gauchio pants, out front this fall and winter, can also be had with body suit.

The revolution in fashion. People, especially youth, are not following a style or group of styles laid down by industry designers. It's anything goes, do what you like. The one area which has held out is



ROBERT RIGGS-

men's office wear. Color (his shirts and ties are brighter). Jewelry (he's wearing more of it.) Shoes (many styles to choose from) have recently invaded the world of big business which could be the beginning. Perhaps the days of the conventional business suit are numbered. If so, to think of a substitute (another uniform) is foolish because individuality is where it's at. Self expression through fashion. The comfortable man's one-piece jumpsuit, which women are turning on to this season, is something else to wear at the office, along with other more casual concoctions...tunic vests, poorboy shirts with gauchio pants, knickers.

More and more men will be picking up on a fashion trend this winter in New York. They'll be wearing heavy fur coats over light colored, summer weight clothes because it never really gets brutally cold in the city and most buildings are overheated.

This is definitely the Year of the Peacock! He's been so uncomfortable for years that now he's going fashion crazy. Many times a farout fashion gift to an uptight, straight guy produces a fashion reaction—overnight he flips out wanting only the latest fashions. How many hardhats have you seen wearing pink silk shirts and flair bottom pants at stag parties? Men are into cosmetics. They spend more money on hair styling than women do. Groups of women refuse to wear bras, girdles. It's no makeup, no coiffures, no ugly midi's for them. Fall and winter. We'll see her clothed in burgundy, deep green, browns, and blacks. He'll wear all the bright colors.

The individual fashion innovators are to be found in the Village (West and East) and at Bethesda Fountain in Central Park (the locale for many fashion magazine ads). Everyone's doing his and her thing with color, with mixing styles of the past with new trends of the present.

Looking ahead. More space explorations will further revolutionize fashion. An outerspace look will surely come into being in the not too distant future. Look for new synthetics, new futuristic footwear.

Costumes are in! You wear them to parties, theatre, to discoteques. Every day is Halloween in the wonderful world of fashion. If you dig it, wear IT! GET IT! *Up-Tight Boutique, 239 West 72nd St. (uptown), 27 Seventh Ave. (downtown), N.Y.C.*

Mel's Boutique, 19 Christopher St., N.Y.C.

The Whipp Shop, 470 3rd Ave., N.Y.C.

David Stevens', The Smallest Shop, 417 3rd Ave., N.Y.C.

HORNSCOPE

BY ZELDA ZODIAC

"Few men rightly temper with the stars."
Warwick

(For weeks between October 12-October 26.)

ARIES the Ram (March 21-April 20)—Go ahead with all ideas that seem good to you, and think twice about rejecting any invitations. This weekend, there may be some friction with an older person. Next week, stick only with tried and true friends. Be especially tactful with your boss.

TAURUS the Bull (April 21-May 21)—In spite of a disappointment on Saturday, this is a good week for stepping up on cruising and making good friends. This will help make you more cheerful next week when you will need support from others, when an embarrassing situation will be on the horizon.

GEMINI the Twins (May 21-June 20)—Spend this week making plans for your career, and resist the temptation to do too much humping. There may be a hassle or two with a member of your family or someone very close to you. Next week is fine for night life, but don't spend too much money. Do some serious financial planning on Friday.



LEO the Lion (July 24-Aug. 23)—A good week for advancing your career, especially on Thursday, when you should consider a better job if you feel qualified. This weekend is best spent at home unwinding with friends. Late next week is the time to go out and have fun.

CANCER the Crab (June 22-July 23)—If you avoid being too assertive early this week, things will blossom beautifully by Thursday, which is a good day for ending dull affairs and latching on to some exciting new ones. Next week, be ready for anything.

VIRGO the Maiden (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—Tie up loose ends, push your own personal schemes, and show your sex partners how well you can get things done, especially on Saturday. Next week, take care of your appearance, buy new

clothes if you need them, and you can expect to be the life of the weekend party.

SAGITTARIUS the Archer (Nov. 23-Dec. 21)—This week take care of finances and your career. A new relationship starting on Saturday may surprise you. Keep close to home next week, and act on new ideas.

CAPRICORN the Goat (Dec. 22-Jan. 20)—Someone older than you may try to reach you from afar early this week. A good deal of restlessness is in store this week-end, which could find you prowling the streets during the wee hours. Next week, all sorts of busybodies will want to know everything. Don't pay them too much attention.

AQUARIUS the Water Bearer (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—Monday or Tuesday are good days for a medical checkup. You will be cruised heavily this week, but on Saturday, a sensitive partner can create unwanted headaches. Next week, a trip or a change in scenery will do you good.

PISCES the Fish (Feb. 20-March 20)—Be tactful this week and everything will work out for the best, especially on Friday when all sorts of strange and interesting people will be willing to cater to your desires. Next week, be cautious, especially in financial affairs. Next week-end is a good time for putting around your week-endie.

LIBRA the Scales (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—You may feel tempted to overeat. Resist that extra helping. A bulging waistline could be disastrous now. A party on Saturday is in the offing, but watch out for minor accidents. Next week, avoid making loans.

SCORPIO the Scorpion (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—A good week for bar-hopping, especially to ones you haven't been to before. A new romance is in the offing this week-end, but stay on top.

BY STEFEN VERK

A column of counsel to our troubled brothers and sisters who seek meaningful positive guidance and not the further imposition of heterosexual or homosexual myths, hang-ups, or unearned guilts. Only letters of the widest general interest can be published, but all letters will be answered if accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope and \$1.00 for handling.

Q. I have fallen madly in love with a young gay of 23, who I have just found out is also having an affair with two other guys at the same time he is going with me. I am 26, pretty nice looking, but this is my first time in love, and I don't know how to handle this problem. He has never told me he loves me, but he does say he really likes me a lot and spends most of the week with me. When I caught him out with one of these other guys, he wasn't a bit upset but just introduced me as a friend. The next night he told me that he goes out with those other two whenever he is not with me. He also said that he likes all of us equally but in different ways and that he wants to be friends with us all. That includes sex with all three, of course. I don't know how those other guys feel, but I am feeling miserable over this situation. He knows I love him but he doesn't want to make a decision between the three of us. I don't know what to do.

L. O., Bronx

A. I agree that you are in a miserable situation, but you do have two or possibly three choices, none of them likely to give you too much comfort. (a) You can continue to see and ball him on his terms, enjoying it until someone better comes along. Or trying to enjoy it. (b) You can split and let him keep on playing games with the other two. This is the hardest but most sensible course of action. Or (c) you can just keep hanging on until he gets bored with the other two, or they get bored with him. You will then

have him all to yourself, until he finds some new playmates, which I suspect is inevitable in his case. He has given you all he intends to give you, and he has told you so in various ways. Thank him for his honesty and move on, brother. There is no future in that relationship.

Q. I know you get lots of strange letters and probably will think mine is one of the strangest. My problem is strange, but I really don't know where else to write, and I have been reading you so many months that I have come to feel I know you and can trust your warm heart. All my life I have been unhappy, because I am not only gay but a hunchback only four feet eleven. I have never had a love,



of course, and my sex life has been horrible and very infrequent. I don't even have more than a couple of friends, because most people just avoid me like some kind of freak. To top it all off, I have always been very effeminate, and that makes me even more conspicuous. I realize that no surgery can do much for my deformity, but I have been considering a sex-change operation, because maybe there is more of a chance for me that way. I have seen a number of hunchbacked women who have married and seem happy, but I have never met another hunchback gay. Maybe as a woman I can meet someone who will want me. I can't think of anything else to do, life looks so hopeless to me that I am getting desperate. I feel more like 124 than 24. Could you offer me any advice?
B. H., NYC

A. It would be unforgivable of me to pretend that there are easy answers for you. I have devoted much thought to your letter and have arrived at no glib solutions. I am reasonably sure, however, that a transsexual operation will not solve your problem for very long, because that problem is primarily a question of your being unable to accept yourself as a hunchback... not a homosexual hunchback or a female hunchback... simply as a hunchback. I fully appreciate how difficult this is for you, but you... like everyone else... must learn to accept what cannot be changed. You have no choice in the matter, and it is always hard to accept that situation, for all of us prefer to have

choices, of course. You cannot expect to ever find any peace of mind until you learn to accept the fact that your physical condition is a permanent one and that you must live with it, no matter how distasteful it may be to you. I would not like and say to you that hunchbacks are popular sexpartners or attractive to most people. We both know that is not true. Becoming a transsexual would certainly not alter this image, and you have as much chance to find someone who wants you as you are as do those women you spoke of. It will not be for you, and I am sure it was not easy for those women. However, as long as you continue to reject yourself with such self-loathing, your difficulty will be even greater, for you will relate to other people with such fear or hostility that no communication will be possible. Would you want to

F. T., Conn.

A. Throw him out and marry a T.V. repairman.

BY LILLI VINCENZ

Today, Saturday, August 22, was really a nice day—one of those days you contemplate with satisfaction and genuine pleasure—because everything happened spontaneously, and interaction with people was exciting, rewarding, meaningful, and fun.

It started blandly enough with my changing the bed linen in early afternoon, when I heard Marcelle shouting, "Tony is here!" Downstairs I padded to greet him and to accept his gift of unwanted household items, since he is moving out of his summer apartment—glorious, useful things like Epsom salts and corn meal and baking soda and a huge bottle of mouth wash. While Tony caught up on the latest gay magazines, I stashed the bag of goodies away in the closet.

We talked about our upcoming vacation together in P'town, when Tony remembered an annoying experience from last night at the local gay theatre. The newspaper had announced two films: *Happy Birthday, Davy* and *Fountain of Life*. But, as it turned out, only the first film was shown. Upon inquiring at the ticket window about the second feature, he was told that it hadn't arrived yet. Tony, angry at having paid the full price of \$5, demanded a partial refund since he had not been forewarned. He was flatly refused. Why hadn't a notice been posted informing the patrons of the shortened film fare? The cashier shrugged and said that he had received no instructions to this effect and that therefore no sign would go up.

Talking it over, we all agreed that something should be done about such callousness. According to the cashier, it was only a question of missing a twenty-minute film—but, still, twenty minutes is twenty minutes, and customers were being cheated. No legitimate theatre catering to a straight audience would treat its patrons with such blatant disrespect—they couldn't afford to because no one would stand for it.

Tony called the box office to find out if the second film had come in yet. It hadn't. The ad in the *Post* reflected no change in program. We tried to get hold of the owner of the theater, but he was at the beach. I called the box office, identified myself as a member of Mattachine of Washington, and asked whether customers were being informed about the missing film. "If they ask," was the reply. I requested that a sign be put up, but got no cooperation. I told the man that a disappointed customer last night had requested that a notice appear on the window. "That's a lie," was the answer on the other end. My courteous instincts were beginning to deteriorate, and I told him the theater was exploiting the gay community and that he just might see a bunch of us down there. He told me to serve myself, and I assured him I would.

That did it. How could anybody be so cocky? Then I remembered that Washington hadn't seen a gay demonstration in quite a while. Wasn't it about time for another one?

Tony and I called up members of Mattachine, Gay Liberation Front, and Homophile Social League. Most people weren't home, but a few consented to come town and picket. Meanwhile

Marcelle was making the signs: "You Are Paying for 2 Movies But Seeing Only 1. Demand a Partial Refund", "Assert Your Rights As a Citizen. Don't Pay for What You Don't Get"; "Patrons—Be Informed. This Theater Is Playing Only 1 Movie. You Are Paying for 2." The fourth sign, "Don't Contribute to Exploitation of the Homosexual Community. Demand Your Rights," was made by Dick. Sponsors listed were the members of Washington's three homophile groups.

Dick, Tony, Marcelle, and I were the first to arrive at the theater. And, lo and behold, a small sign had been posted, starting with the words "Do to objections beyond our control..." and stating that *Fountain of Life* was not being shown.

We approached the cashier to talk to him and were referred to the manager, who, in contrast to the person we had spoken to on the phone, was nothing if not cordial, a real Public Relations type. His attitude was in keeping with that of the theater owner, who aims at maintaining good relations with the gay community.



He assured us that rudeness towards customers was never to be tolerated, and he apologized for the incident. He explained that *Fountain of Life* had run into trouble with censorship laws because it depicted an erection and a climax. It was not the theater's fault that the film couldn't be shown, but that, at any rate, it was no big loss since it was only three minutes long. Tony, who had seen *Fountain of Life* in New York, remembered no such censorship problems in the film and also remembered a longer feature—a la twenty minutes or so.

As for the ad in the *Post*, the manager explained that it could not be changed at such short notice.

We expressed our satisfaction about the sign on the ticket window (even though it was not prominently displayed). In the ensuing conversation, we made it clear that today's homosexuals, after years of being exploited by mail order and skin flick movie houses, were no longer tolerating shabby treatment. The image of the homosexual had changed, we said, as we stood with the unexposed picket signs under our arms.

Dick took this occasion to ask why

gay theaters were charging such exorbitant rates for films that weren't even of high quality. We were informed that it wasn't the theaters' fault at all but the distributors. They were the ones imposing these high rates on the theaters.

Even though Tony had brought last night's ticket stubs with him, he didn't push for a partial refund. What could we say when confronted with the statement that customers were missing only three minutes of film? Still we wondered: shouldn't last night's cashier have known what he was talking about when he referred to a twenty-minute film? The manager agreed that he should have—without offering an explanation, however, we let it go. We asked for the gentleman's name, and he gave us his card.

"How about something to drink?" someone asked, and we headed to a gay bar a few doors down. But it was closed, since it was only four in the afternoon. "Let's try the G.I. coffeehouse." We wondered if civilians were allowed in the newly opened "De-Militarized Zone."

As we looked over the literature in the lobby, we thought that DMZ might like to carry some information directed at the gay G.I. Dick approached our dark-haired host, and he liked the idea. He had known that we were gay (from Marcelle's button?). After inquiring about how to get on DMZ's mailing list and after dropping a donation into the large barrel that served as a collection box, we left. We walked toward our respective cars with a kind of exhilaration.

Having settled the important matters, our minds were now free to pursue the frivolous. Marcelle wanted a dashiki. We went to Capitol Hill to a very nice African shoppe with very expensive clothes. As we entered, Marcelle was still wearing her button, and one burly salesman rolled his eyes upon taking in its meaning. But he was cool, Marcelle fell in love with a long cap gown (I think that's what it was called): a striped floor-length robe of thin cloth with a hood. \$26.

"Let's look around some more," I suggested, and we headed toward a store in upper Northwest—9th and Kennedy—where the prices might be cheaper. And they were. Since the store was very new and was to open its doors officially next week, we placed an order for the dashikis we liked.

But Marcelle was still nostalgic for her cap gown, and so back we drove to Capitol Hill, where we purchased the blue and brown garment. We wanted to pay by check. "Are you an honest, responsible citizen?" the black salesman asked. And I assured him that we were endorsed by the Mattachine Society of Washington. Well, he'd heard of N.Y. Mattachine but not of the Washington group—though he wasn't surprised it existed. I told him that we now had two other local organizations. He was sympathetic to our cause, and somehow it was less painful shelling out the \$26 to a capitalist who was with it. Or maybe his "enlightenment" was nothing more than darn good salesmanship.

And then we drove home, feeling a marvelous sense of accomplishment—until I remembered that I had unplugged the refrigerator eight hours earlier when removing a burnt out blub. Hurry, Marcelle, make that yellow light!

DMZ is "a place by G.I.'s for G.I.'s, a place for counseling and griping, music and straight talk, a little freedom and rest from all the bullshit." The long-haired guys were all ex-G.I.'s. Our host admitted that some of the servicemen were

CAVAFY

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Unfortunately, my Greek is limited to a few choice oaths and as I cannot consult the originals, I am unable to tell if the translations are prejudicial. (For this article, I have primarily utilized the translations of Rae Dalven. Harcourt, Brace & World, 1961.)

If Cavafy did indeed use the demotic Greek equivalent of "deviate," I could only wish he were alive and creative today, when such a qualifying adjective is unnecessary. In poetry, such a clinical term is a particularly out of place and grating intrusion. And due to the candor of Cavafy's descriptive passages, I am surprised he felt the necessity of additional labels for his "sexual bent." Auden, in his introduction to the Dalven edition, writes: "... Cavafy is exceptionally honest. He neither bowdlerizes nor glamorizes nor giggles. The erotic world he depicts is one of casual pickups and short-lived affairs. Love, there, is rarely more than physical passion, and when tenderer emotions do exist, they are almost always one-sided. At the same time he refuses to pretend that his memories of moments of sensual pleasure are unhappy or spoiled by feelings of guilt." (Italics mine.)

Perhaps not guilt. And yet in the word "deviate" is such a leit motif in these sincere poems. Could he possibly have

used the word with pride in his separateness? (Deviation as "set apart," and not as "queer.") Or is it really only the usual pained awareness of his difference? "The fulfillment of their deviate, sensual delight is done." (This sentence occurs in two separate poems, without variation.) "... as if hypnotized still by the deviate sensual delight... he has enjoyed." "... deviate desire of the flesh." An obsession?

"... the young man in the painting was not destined to be one of those who loves more or less healthily, remaining within the limits of the more or less permissible—with chestnut, deep-colored eyes; with the exquisite beauty of his face, the beauty of deviate attractions, with his ideal lips that offer his usual delight to a beloved body; with his ideal limbs created for bodies which current morality brands as shameful."

I'm afraid Mr. Auden and I disagree as to what constitutes guilt. And yet, when Cavafy was an objective witness to masculine beauty, uninvolved in the consummation of the sexual act, he was able to write without reference to "deviation" as such:

"O days of summer of nineteen hundred and eight, from your image, for beauty's sake, the faded cinnamon-colored suit is gone. Your image has watched over him when he took off, when he flung away from him

the worthless clothes and the mended underwear. And he remained entirely naked; flawlessly handsome, a marvel. His hair uncombed, standing up a little, his limbs somewhat tanned by the sun, by the morning nudity at the baths, at the beach."

Or this: BEFORE TIME CHANGES THEM They were both deeply grieved at their separation. They did not desire it; it was circumstances. The needs of a living obliged one of them to go to a distant place - New York or Canada. Their love certainly was not what it had been before; for the attraction had gradually waned, for love's attraction had considerably waned. But they did not desire to be separated. It was circumstances. - Or perhaps Destiny had appeared as an artist separating them now before their feeling should fade, before Time had changed them; so each for the other will remain forever as he had been, a handsome young man of twenty-four years.

I am very fond of this poem (which is so delightfully free of the word "deviate") for it is not self-conscious, and encases a great truth, one that hurts and yet is pleasurable in that bittersweet way of personal recognition. Affairs rarely disintegrate explosively. They merely fade into threadbare extinction. Or one finds a convenient excuse to sever relations, wisely, so that dignity and a

few cherished moments may be salvaged and preserved. (We've all smiled at the concept of Romeo and Juliet, or Damon and Pythias as disgruntled senior citizens, sinking sluggishly into menopause.)

I do hope the time will come when the homosexual literati will allow themselves complete honesty, without apology, without compulsively self-inflicted labels, without the tired trick of substituted gender (in order to seek a more acceptable commercial market), without all the laborious devices that cheapen, distort, and cripple. We are finally moving in that direction, I hope. Noel Coward has become secure enough to take the plunge. I am waiting patiently for three or four of our lauded American playwrights to follow suit. It will be quite refreshing—and more so for them than for me.

Cavafy was rather remarkable for his time. All of us, not just Auden are indebted to him. Most of his poems were openly published (and under his own name) at a time when homosexuality was still not mentioned in "polite company." He can be forgiven the use of the word "deviate," and regardless of my criticism, I encourage the reader to investigate the world of a poet who could write near the end of his life:

"and there on the much-used, lowly bed I had the body of love, I had the lips, the voluptuous and rosy lips of ecstasy—rosy lips of such ecstasy, that even now as I write, after so many years, in my solitary house, I am drunk again!"

WANTON ADS

CLASSIFIED AD RATES: 10 cents per word for personal classified. MAIL TO: Four Swords, P.O. Box 431, Old Chelsea Station, NYC, NY 10011.

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BALTIMORE-WASHINGTON AREA—White gay male, 38, would like to meet Swinging Guys & Couples. All replies answered. Those with photos first. Write L.L. Post Office Box 382, Randallstown, Md. 21133.

WHITE GAY GUY, 26 yrs. old, seeks sincere, shy, quite white masculine gay guy to 30 yrs. for warm and sincere friendship and permanent sincere love relationship. No fags, queens, hustlers or S&M. Call 243-8295 7 to 11 pm.

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TO Y.A., NEW YORK CITY, from WELL OF POSSIBILITY, GAY, Aug. 17, 1970: Would like to know you! Please write: R.B., P.O. Box 5315, Chicago, Ill. 60680.

ATTRACTIVE, WELL-HUNG BUTCH GUY 24 seeks guys 18-25 (the younger the better) who dig spanking-giving, receiving or both. No experience needed. Please write: enclosing brief self-description to P.O. Box 186, Fort Hamilton Station, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11209.

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GROOVY RUB-DOWNS by young student. At your place or mine, Day and night. Located in East 60's. Call Bob for an appointment at 755-0919.

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THE WHOLE WORLD'S A BATH

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to love it. Another two years and I'd have been the Mother—or Yenta.")

"Being in the theatre, one is pretty much surrounded by homosexuality," Bette said. "I really dig it. I laugh and carry on and have a good time. I understand gay guys, I really do. Half the time I think I am one, and I think gay men understand me, too. That's not to say straight people don't understand me, or I don't understand them."

Some single girls get uptight because every available bachelor in New York seems to be gay. "That's something I don't think I've been willing to face," Bette says. "I may complain occasionally—particularly when I'm not getting any."

On politics: "I'm what you might call a Conservative Liberal. I like peace, and don't like violence. I like to be left alone and not called names. I sympathize with all sorts of radical things, but when it comes to violence, you know, picking up the brick and throwing it, I call a taxi, ask for the check and remember a hot date somewhere."

On gay liberation: "I dig it. Open your mouths, for Christ's sake. Don't you get tired of being stepped on?"

On bigotry: "I don't like bigotry in any form. I don't like gay men who are violently anti-straight, and I don't like straight people who are violently anti-gay. Any kind of prejudice frightens me."

On women's lib: "The trouble with woman's lib, I think, is that they don't reach out to the people who really need to be reached. The vocal women are those who are already liberated. They should worry about those poor housewives who really have no idea of where they are or why they are the way they are, and are stuck. There are some women who really like that, and that's cool, but those who are struggling to get out, they're the ones woman's lib should help."

"I am much more liberated than the

average woman. I make as much, or more, than most men my age. I don't have children, and I am for abortions. I do find role playing a problem sometimes. I like being a woman, but don't like being a stereotype of a woman. I have my diaphragm, and I do what I can do." On the theatre: "I'd rather sing than act. I enjoy being a solo performer because it's a one-to-one contact, just you and the audience. I can get near the audience, even touch them if I want. It's immediate. Being in "Fiddler" killed my ambition for the stage. It has nothing to do with what's happening. The whole world is falling apart and Lauren Bacall is up there singing about applause."

On escape: Escape is necessary sometimes, but always escape heavy. Don't escape into bullshit, get stoned and listen to Santana. Come to the baths—the whole world's a bath."

The singles scene: "I was in an East Side singles bar once. It turned my head completely around. I couldn't cope with that panic—the same sort of panic I sometimes see in the gay world, the 'I've gotta get laid' panic. It's so sad, man. I'm a sad lady, and I don't need that."

If you missed this "sad lady" at the Baths, you're going to have to wait awhile. "I'm taking a break now to get my head together," she said. "I haven't been able to focus for about four months and I don't like that feeling. I like being busy, but I don't like being panicked. When I'm together again, I'll start singing again. My manager has plans for me, but hasn't told me about them yet. Stephen has an option on me for another eight weeks at Continental, four weeks at one point and another four later, all within the next six months."

Watch Continental's ads in this paper for Bette Midler's return. You'll be seeing a lot of this girl in the future, but only at Continental will she be surveying the room with that marvelous eyebrow arched and commenting, "I feel like I just got lost in an old Victor Mature movie."

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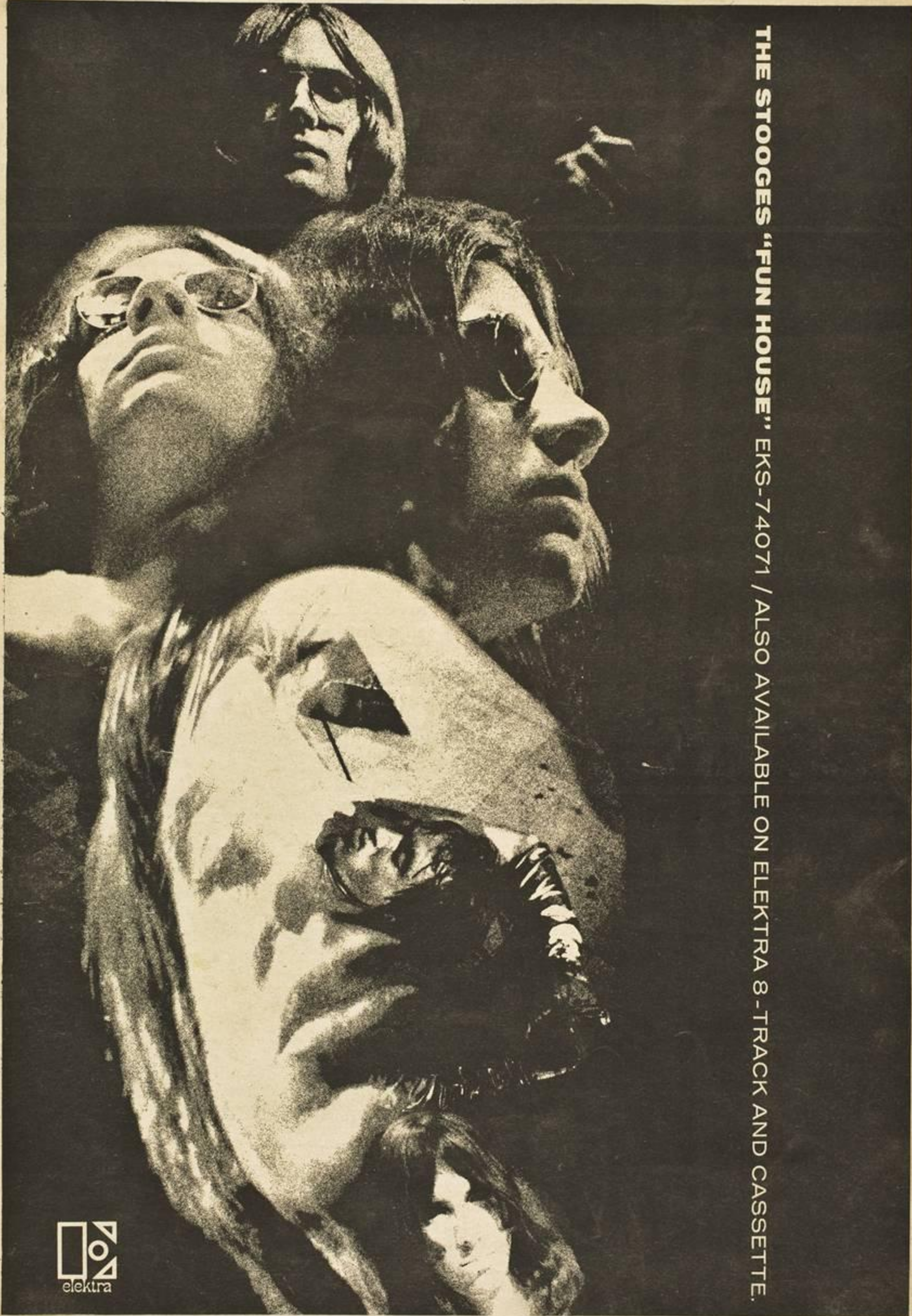
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