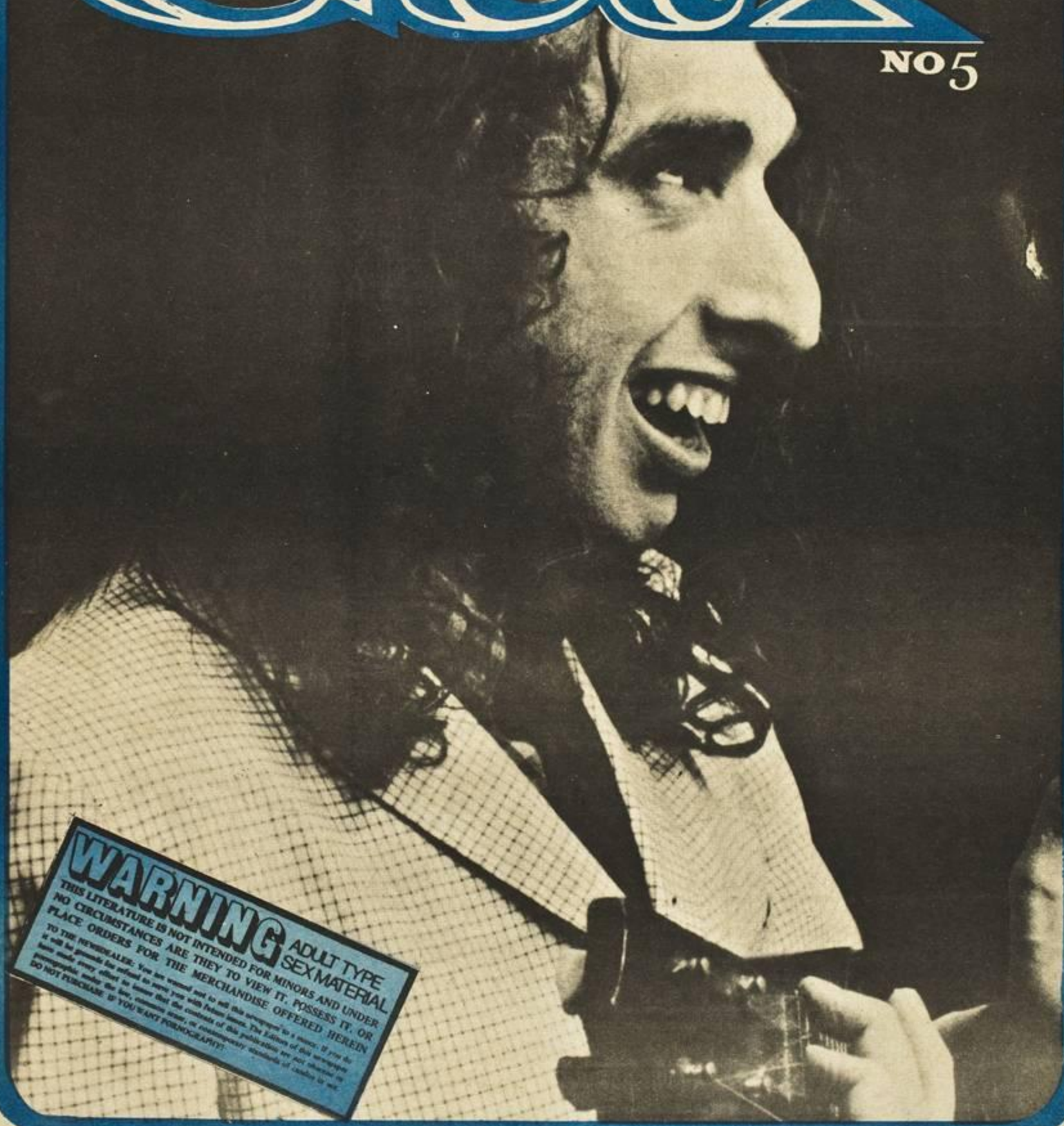


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NO 5



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**YOU ARE WHO YOU
EAT P. 5 CONFESSIONS
OF A GAY PRIEST P. 6**

The Editors Speak:

NAKED POLICEMEN IN TURKISH BATHS

Why is the 20th Precinct bugging the Continental Baths? Don't they know that there are serious crimes going on in the dark streets of Manhattan? Is it just that the police find the streets cold and want to sit in a steam room at night? Are they trying to revive enticement/entrapment? Get your answer from Mayor Lindsay's office by writing him a letter (unsigned if necessary, since the voting ballot is cast in private) asking him to put a quick stop to this unfunny business. The last time arrests were made at the Continental (February 1969) all of the ludicrous charges against those arrested were dismissed in due process at their October trial. In the meantime those innocent victims of police power suffered untold anguish and worry, having been accused of "sodomy."

One patron was arrested two days before Christmas for "sexually abusing a policeman." Mayor Lindsay's administration has condemned enticement/entrapment. Does New York's police commissioner approve of such illegal tactics? Bath patrons are harming no one. There are "crimes" without victims. Isn't it time for police power to be used against *real* criminals? Write to the Mayor and the police commissioner.

GAY IS A BI-WEEKLY PAPER

At present GAY is published every other week, so don't be alarmed if you're not getting it weekly. If your subscription runs for 52 issues, you may count on receiving GAY for two years, unless, of course, it becomes a weekly paper. Subscriptions are pouring into our offices at a phenomenal rate, and it takes 2 weeks to process a subscription. The first issue number you receive will correspond to the date on which you first subscribed. Back issues are available for \$1.00. If you want a full set of GAYS starting with Issue No. 1, send a dollar for each issue you are missing to Four Swords, Inc., P.O. Box 431, Old Chelsea Station, New York, N.Y. 10011. Be sure to specify which back issues you want.

WBAI-FM RADIO AND CBC

We would like to thank radio station WBAI for inviting us to speak last month on its public affairs program, *Homosexual News and Comment*. This program serves the homosexual community each Thursday at 9 pm with commentary by prominent homosexual spokesmen. *Homosexual News and Comment* is rebroadcast on Friday mornings at 11:45 for those who miss it on Thursday evenings.

Our thanks also goes to the Canadian Broadcasting Company for putting us on the air in Canada on the night of January 9th. It is good to know that our friends in the North are so civilized.

THE GAY WITCH SPEAKS

Dr. Leo Martello, GAY's own witch, will lecture on "The Weird Ways of Witchcraft," which is the name of his newest book, on February 3rd, at the New York Parapsychology Forum. The program, which is open to the public for a one dollar admission price, will be held at the Wilkie Memorial Building, 20 West 40th St., NYC, at 7:00 pm.



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LESBIAN SOCIAL RAIDED: NO ARRESTS

Los Angeles, Calif. Members of the Society of Anubis, a male and female gay social club in the Los Angeles area, were raided in their secluded clubhouse by officers of the L.A. County Sheriff's office, and Alcoholic Beverage Control officials. The officers acted without warrants and, apparently without informing the nearby Ditmas County Sheriff's office which would have normally had jurisdiction. Anubis is a large social club which often holds dances, meetings, picnics and discussions

in a large clubhouse in the foothills of the San Gabriel Mountains. On the night of the raid, Dec. 19th, approximately 30 club members, mostly women, were enjoying a light beer party. The officers arrived at the gatehouse and informed the private guard that he had no jurisdiction since he had no county license. The guard's agency claimed the next day that court precedents had determined previously that his California state license was all that was necessary. Upon entering the clubhouse, the

officers forced the occupants to produce ID's and be photographed. Protests by club officials were answered by threats of "Shut up or be arrested". The club's founder and president, Helen Niehaus was accused of dancing without a license, although no dancing was taking place when the officers entered the house and no license is required for dancing in a private club. Miss Niehaus and a bartender were also accused of selling liquor without a license. No liquor was being sold on the premises,

however. The officers made a thorough search of every room in the house in spite of useless requests by club officials for their search warrants. The women were verbally abused and threats of arrests were made. The police found no evidence of wrongdoing and left the premises. Had arrests been made, evidence gathered without a warrant would not have been legal in a trial. The entire raid, it was thought was intended as nothing more than harassment. ■■

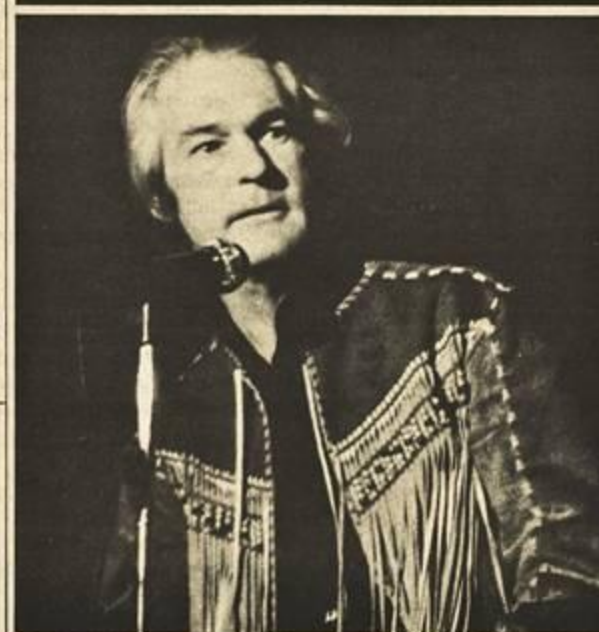
DIVINITY STUDENT STARTLES CHURCH

San Francisco, Calif. Richard Daller, 32, who is training for the ministry envisioned a Sunday morning worship service at San Francisco's Grace Cathedral when he took his place as lay reader at the pulpit, set aside the liturgy and pleaded for a change in attitudes and policies with respect to homosexuals. Mr. Daller announced that he had no authority to speak but instead of the usual scripture reading he wished to speak out "against a great injustice perpetrated by our society."

Some members of the congregation seemed visibly disturbed, and one person shouted for Daller to get out of the pulpit. Half a dozen people got up and left the service. The church's pastor apologized for the departure from the liturgy, but urged the listeners to consider what they had heard. After the service many members showed sympathy for what Mr. Daller had said. ■■



FEBRUARY 2, 1970, Volume 1, Number 5



TIMOTHY LEARY SUPPORTS GAYS RIGHTS

New York, N.Y. "It's about time the most articulate, sensitive, literary, wise and holy homosexuals give us the perspective of the homosexual trip," said Dr. Tim Leary in a recent interview with a reporter for GAY. Leary claimed that now is the time for all oppressed groups to "stand up and state their trips honestly."

Alluding to rumors that homosexuals had been excluded from Leary's Millbrook estate, the interviewer asked about the guru's new enlightenment. He credited Allen Ginsberg with opening his eyes to the plight of the homosexual, as well as to his humanity. Leary said that

Ginsberg had "made it all come true for me... he is really an eloquent man, honest poet, and beautiful person."

The spokesman of the psychedelic movement also described his campaign platform for his current race for the governorship of California. His would be a state where only violence was a real crime, but other "offenses" would be classified as "sins". Although "sinning" would not be illegal, each "sin" would require the perpetrator to buy a \$1,000 license. Thus, Leary claims, taxes could be abolished. Oddly enough, one of the thousand dollar "sins" would be smoking marijuana. ■■

POLICE HARASS CONTINENTAL BATHS

New York, N.Y. A series of arrests has plagued the Continental Baths since December 13, 1969, when three patrons and three employees were arrested for committing "lewd and salacious acts" and for being "criminal nuisances." On December 16th, a bath patron was arrested for "soliciting a police officer" and on December 23rd, another man was charged by a policeman who was wearing no more than a towel, with "sexually abusing a policeman."

During December, the 20th precinct police entered the Continental on an average of four times daily presenting the management with approximately two tickets per day charging "no soap in the toilet," "no checking license," "uncovered gargare cans" and "no towels in toilet." It is claimed that police tactics spell outright harassment, and one irate patron asked that voters send letters of protest to Mayor Lindsay calling for an end to enticement/entrapment by naked policemen. "With crimes running rampant in the city's streets, you'd think that police could do something better with their time than sitting around in the steam room of a turkish bath," he said. ■■

SAN FRANCISCO SUIT SLOWS ARRESTS

San Francisco, Calif. An informal survey of Oakland, California police booking records by lawyers for the San Francisco Society for Individual Rights has shown that vice arrests for homosexual-connected offenses have recently dropped to 1/3 their former frequency. The relaxation of homosexual harassment seems to be the result of a suit being filed by SIR following the police killing of one of its members. Frank V. Bartley was shot to death by plainclothes detectives in Berkeley. Little information about that shooting is available except that it was connected with an enticement/entrapment arrest.

The Bartley shooting closely followed the death of Dr. Phillip Caplan last June, three days after suffering a brutal beating in a public park toilet. Dr. Caplan's wife filed charges against the officers involved, but an Alameda County Grand Jury cleared police of

(continued on page 10)

TO SEEK BEAUTY AND PLEASURE

BY ANGELO D'ARCANGELO

HAPPY 1970!

This year is going to be different: it will herald in a new decade, a decade already heavily counted upon for certain effects, not the least of which is constant and significant change. How nice!

The kind of chance I'm talking about may be considered as slightly more important than the new designs for "threads". That means lots of phrase-planning, as well as party-do. What shall we call this new decade? How will it look in History? On the yellowing pages of the Times? In Life? The Moody Bible Institute News? We've had the Flatulent Fifties, and the Bloody Sixties. What now? The Inter-galactic Seventies? The Scatological Seventies? The Tricky-Dicky Der-se?

I dare to imagine all the smart designers of smart, smart Hallmark Cards, scheming out new places for flitter on their bunny-infested rocket ships which pop out, spring up, and say (in Spencerian Modern) Hi! Guy! Tune in, Turn on, and HEAD for the ultimate intercolonic blastoff! Wheeeeeeee!

It's alright to amuse ourselves for a kiss-smoozed evening with all that Ring out the Old, Ring in the New, Auld Lang Syne and the rest of that bladder-churning merde, but for the remainder of the month, let's face-to-face the fact that if we're going to survive without becoming a soon-to-be-extinct subspecies, we've got to jettison more than half the pseudo-intellectual garbage that's weighing us down—not to mention sex hang-ups.

We need a new life. Those of us over twenty-five need it now and all NEW. The speed of our technological advance has not only outmoded most of our customs, but it has made the retention of those customs deadly, insidious.

I need a new life, and a face-lift. My surgeon will take care of the latter. And for the former, here are my resolutions—or some of them:

I resolve to keep alive within myself a sense of adventure and a love of daring. I want it to lead me into sports, and pastimes, incredible situations. Danger! And this sense of adventure will encourage me to perform twice or three times the amount of work I've done, the sex I've had, the chances I've taken, in any given year so far.

I resolve to take advantage of the media in any and all capacities possible, in order to revitalize and re-personalize art, to proselytize my own view—political, cultural, sexual—and to use media to defend myself against conservative backlash, which is only culture-lag. I will attempt to make my work so seductive, and amusing it will infuse all who come in contact with it, with an air of cynical joy, and sexual exuberance.

I resolve not to rely upon that triumph of slick vicarious pulp, LIFE, to find out whether I'm alive, or TIME to see if I'm "with it".

I resolve to be bored with all reportage of murders, mass and mini, no matter who the stars are who kill, or are killed, whether in the legitimate theatre, or the illegitimate theatre of politics. Blood lust is too yawn-making.

I resolve to take an even greater interest in the essentials of my appearance. I will be doubly, aggressively body-conscious, and gloriously narcissistic in order that others may be encouraged to do the same. I will not buy or wear anything which does not reveal and or enhance my body, and weather permitting, I will be as naked as possible as often as possible in as many places as possible, and encourage the same in others. I will direct energy to the dedication of an already existing public beach to nude public bathing for both sexes. I will encourage nude parties and entertaining, and will hold, with all due preparation, at least one true bacchanal during every given year. In addition, I will collect, produce, enjoy and distribute to the limit of my ability, all body art, i.e., photography, painting, sculpture, film, whether pornography or not.

I resolve not to entertain any relationship with anyone any longer than it is convenient, amusing or pleasurable.

I resolve to bring homosexuality into the "home"; that is, to entice as many married men and women as possible out of their split-level closets. I may even get to know, and possibly to like, some children. (And I'm not afraid of pedophilia.) I say that after the first few years of marriage have worn away the prick of lustful legal union, often the best way to save the home and the fledglings tethered therein, is to seek out transient liaisons of an exciting and prophylactic homosexual nature. Fun, and bratless.

I resolve that as Cyrano de Bergerac suggest in his Trip To The Moon, the penis will become the badge and emblem of my highest thoughts, supplanting cross, star, and mandala; that I will place no thought or creed higher than my reverence for the primary male generative principle, that these organs alone and their cosmic function, shall be the measure of glory in all things.

I resolve to lend financial and moral support to most organizations which combat the illegal harassment of establishments catering to homosexuals. I further resolve to work toward the "legalization" of homosexuality in my state and to insist upon the punishment of any official who trespasses against the right of privacy, raiding bar, bath, or home because of supposed or actual homosexual activity. Further, I will agitate for the licensing of "bars" and "baths" as legal places of assignation and overt sexual acts on the grounds that anyone who enters one such establishment, is

doing so with his or her full knowledge and consent, and therefore is performing a private act in which the law has no place. Further, in case of raids on well-known places, I will seek to have published the names of the officials authorizing such raids and to have these officials charged and brought to trial wherever possible.

I resolve to seek beauty and pleasure as though my life depended upon it.

I resolve to divest myself of any and all concerns which might hamper travel. I believe it to be my duty as a citizen to find out what the rest of the world is doing, first hand. I want to be able to absorb and radiate complex cultural patterns.

I resolve to abandon age as a measure, social or sexual in my dealings with my fellows. Primarily, I will be concerned with intensity in my relationships.

I resolve to explore with delight and perception the world of sexual objects and toys. I will learn how to play with my body and my mind—better! I will search out new and amusing things simply for their own sake, secure in the knowledge that things, no matter how bizarre, are not people, and can be put aside without qualm.

I resolve to encourage increasingly wider numbers of men to declare themselves homosexually inclined as they are called for military service, and for those already in service to declare themselves also "inclined". I believe that by so doing I will be aiding to lessen the military establishments to abolish their anti-constitutional position on sexual questions which are not, strictly speaking, of military importance.

Again, by so doing so I will discourage the use of my tax money by the military to support "religious" notions on the grounds that the observance and



subsidization of religious taboos by a governmental agency constitutes an affront to the American ideal of Separation of Church from the State. Finally, by working against this induction and sexual intimidation system, I will be helping to overthrow the homosexuals are liable to blackmail syndrome, for known homosexuals are very obviously less susceptible to blackmail than are heterosexuals who are, for example, indulging in perversions (whatever they are) or prostitution, or are married and unfaithful to their "legal" mates.

I resolve to see the undying Drag Queen fade away, believing that like her sister the Leather Lady, impersonations of any of the sexes, aside from tedious night club acts, are no more important in the scheme of things than are petrified dinosaur farts.

I resolve to make this line from Voltaire my motto: *Quoi que vous faisiez, écrasez. L'infame, et aimez qui vous aime.* "Whatever you do, crush down abuses and love those who love you." That means, in practice, that though I may attend a dance, a discussion, or even a debauché at some neophytic church or temple—for pastors like patrolmen are trained in their narrow trade and want feeding from time to time and will prostitute their call rather than seek honest work—I will never bend the knee or neck except to spit on some low altar, or to mock scripture.

I resolve to hold no man or woman in reverence who has not directly and personally enriched my life; that I shall regard all public servants, elected or appointed, as precisely that, from the president up. For I am convinced that should we reverse these fame-driven beings, they would as quickly as possible surround themselves with bodyguards and myths; they would accept and perfect the hoaxes and intimidations of the Papacy, the Senhadrin and the Romanoffs, impoverish us, and set us to hating and killing one another for their amusement.

There! Now go ye and do likewise. And while you're doing it, suck and fuck your little hearts out. Don't let anybody or anything stop you. Remember, the law is only custom set to paper, and customs can be changed. Spell Reform and Revolution this way: R I D I - C U L E.



BY BOB AMSEL

Then Tiny Tim first made his appearance on the Johnny Carson Show, people doubted their own sobriety. "Heads" feared an overdose, while alcoholics decided to swear off. But straight American took to Tiny as Rosemary took to her cloven-footed baby. But from the days of marathon dances to the days of roller derbys, Americans have always cherished the sideshow aspects of life. And Tiny was freakishness personified. His entertainment value was thus slightly less than that of a little old lady slipping on a banana peel.

His long ratty curls, his hawk-like nose, his rice powder face, his pear-shaped body, his girlish giggle, and his limp-wristed gesticulations made him a new and endearing hero. But most importantly, Tiny Tim confirmed the homosexual stereotype. Whether or not Tiny Tim is actually gay is basically unimportant. For all practical purposes, he is widely believed to be asexual, if anything. But in these days when homosexuals are beginning to seek their civil rights and more and more "macho" types are emerging from their closets, straight society can feel secure once again behind their laughter as they point at Tiny and call him a fag.

But unwittingly, Tiny seems to be pointing his finger back at straight America. Tiny had been well trained, and everything he uttered was a hearty endorsement of the prevalent middle-class value system. When Tiny mouthed Christian ethics, there was no hypocrisy, unlike his "Kill-for-Christ"-minded brethren. His fluttering falsetto echoed all the gentleness, kindness, and charity that most people practice a few hours on Sunday and then quickly forget.

Tiny's respect and love for women is as anachronistic as chivalry, but an American legend, nonetheless. Although he loves music and the arts, his thrill over a good baseball or hockey game is as avid as that of any he-man. At approximately 47 years of age, Tiny manages to preserve all the pristine qualities of youth. Untouched by paranoia, he looks back lovingly at all those who made fun of him. And feeling this affection, people have almost forgotten their labeling him a freak. Like a boy who good-naturedly swallows worms to join a fraternity, Tiny has won their admiration. They feel that they understand him, and like a retarded child, his "queerness" has been forgiven.

For many years before his discovery, Tiny Tim sought recognition. Born Herbert Buckingham Khaury in Washington Heights, Tiny grew up listening to the well-worn phonograph discs of the past. Armed with his ukelele, Tiny set forth on the road to fame. Using a multitude of names and images, he tried to make the breakthrough into show

You Are Who You Eat



business, but he was only successful in getting rare booking engagements—particularly at a now-defunct lesbian bar in the Village. Another gay bar, for men (also defunct) held weekly talent contests, and when Tiny appeared, he was swatted like a fly before he had a chance to capture the cynical hearts of the patrons. He secured the help of an agent who did nothing to aid his career, but when Tiny finally made it into the bigtime, the old agent reappeared to claim dominion over him and proceeded to take Tiny for an economical joyride, leaving him virtually penniless. With the help of his new manager, Jack Cappeluzzo, Tiny is once again becoming solvent.

When Tiny first sang "Tiptoe Through the Tulips" for millions of TV viewers, he created a stir with his fresh and totally unique style. Within a few weeks, his recording of the old chestnut had reached the top of the nation's record charts. When Nick Lucas first recorded the song many decades ago, excessive sentimentality was no laughing matter. Tears, bitter-sweet romance, and mother-love lyrics were as poignant to our grandparents as Rod McKuen's pampered poetry is to some of us today. But when Tiny sang the song in the beginning of 1968, the image of a man

skipping through a flower bed was considered slightly effeminate, especially when the man was our hero. But the campy old favorite prevailed, and many people of all ages turned on to the "new" sound.

However, when a performer skyrockets to fame on the basis of novelty, chances are his popularity will quickly begin to fade. So it was with Tiny. He had reached the top and it seemed that all his cards were on the table. We had seen his best, and his repeat performances became less and less novel. His record sales began to slip and although his name was still a household word, fewer people stayed up to watch his appearances on the night-show circuit.

But then a miracle occurred. Tiny tiptoed into a Philadelphia department store one day to meet a tall, attractive New Jersey teenager named Victoria May Budinger. Tiny's fantasy love for such movie favorites as Tuesday Weld was forgotten in an instant. "Miss Vicki," about thirty years his junior, became Tiny's "first real girlfriend." It was a mutual admiration society, and when Tiny proposed, a star-struck Victoria nodded assent. They were to be married publicly on the Johnny Carson Show. It was only fitting that his nuptial vows

should take place where his fame had started, and Mr. Carson, not adverse to prospective good ratings, was overjoyed. An estimated 35 million people tuned in for the blessed event their token stereotype of a homosexual had pulled a turnabout, and they had to see it to believe it.

American women giggled, while American men angrily called Tiny a "goddamn faggot" as they enviously watched his blushing and attractive bride. Miss Vicki looked longingly into the eyes of her Lancelot as they sipped milk and honey together. Speculation over Vicki's retention of her virginity did not seem to matter. To the simplistically-minded, homosexuals simply did not marry, Oscar Wilde to the contrary. And for all practical purposes, Tiny was a homosexual, at least according to his established image. If the late Stepin Fetchit had turned into a black militant, the effect could not have been more stunning. But Tiny himself would not have doubted his own intentions for a moment. After all, he only wished to bring fulfillment to his American Dream and bring to fruition those honest, apple-pie values he had always lived by.

"The World Is Wide With Many Things Within. But Few So Rare As He, God Bless Tiny Tim—And Miss Vicki, Too."

I am a Roman Catholic priest. I am also gay. Through all the years of seminary my confessor knew this, but he gladly cleared me for ordination because—and I know this is hard to believe—in over six years of seminary training, I had experienced only one voluntary orgasm. Apparently I had my instincts under firm control.

But how I used to sweat! Those were the years between 19 and 26 in my life and I was living under the same roof with 150 other young men my age.

Theoretically, for a priest, the matter of sexual preferences and outlets should never arise. He has foresworn all sex, so what does it matter whether he is abandoning middle-aged widows, Boy Scouts, or vicuna sheep?

Nevertheless, if a bishop should become aware of some unusual sexual bent in a candidate for the priesthood, he would cautiously weigh the amount of harm done to the priestly image in the event of a lapse and would be guided accordingly.

To synopsize: I was broken in at four, fooled around with other kids on the block until 19, knocked off until ordination at 26, was brought out a short two years later and for the years since then I claim my Constitutional privilege. No, honestly, I've done my best to keep my oath of chastity. But even so, I must be the hottest monkey who ever had the impudence to stand at God's altar. And when I bow low for the Confiteor, knocking my chest and telling the congregation that "I have sinned exceedingly in thought, word, and deed," I often think, "If they only knew..."

A gay priest can do immense good. He dare not show his hand, of course, no matter how great the temptation or pressure. He must be careful not to betray himself by "swishing" or interesting himself too obviously in the boys' shower room.

Above all is the competence of a gay priest in counseling his fellow-gays. We priests are trained listeners, somewhat like psychiatrists—except that we don't just diagnose the guilt; we also remove it. And we never send a bill.

Hearing confessions is likely the most taxing of all priestly duties. It leaves a man drained, physically and emotionally. But when a gay penitent stumbles into my confessional, I often end up in agony, for he is clever enough in most cases to appreciate the moral dilemma posed by Catholic teaching. It makes him miserable and that makes me miserable.

But first a little background: When Christianity took over the Roman Empire, society was polluted with sexual excesses of every kind. There was an overreaction.

Of special interest to us gays is St. Paul, although he was mistrustful of women (which could indicate that he was a latent homo). St. Paul saw gay sex not as a need or an expression of affection but simply as something of a fillip used by jaded Romans to liven up their orgies. He was a Jew, remember, and the big deal with sex under the Old Law was "Beget, beget, beget." And he was working without the guidance of present day psychology. St. Paul saw everyone as hetero. Hence, in his book sodomy and fellatio were abominations, completely unnecessary, mere sophistications. In his writings he rated sodomy with murder as "crying to heaven for vengeance."

But it was St. Augustine, that eloquent

and influential genius, who really set the tone for the next 1700 years and longer. Again, it was an overreaction—this time personal. Augustine fathered a bastard son and was a flagrant libertine and his prayer was: "Lord, make me chaste, but not yet" until his conversion at 39. Now, as we all know, there is no one so sanctimonious as the converted whore. Characteristically, St. Augustine became deeply suspicious of sex. So he preached economy with sex: not more than necessary, and never, never just for fun!

As of 1970, Church teaching can still be summarized: The seed is for the womb. Period. And where does that leave the Catholic gay? Why, it means that not once in his whole life can he enjoy orgasm without sin and hideous guilt feelings. And that, it seems, almost puts him outside of the Church, doesn't it?

But times have moved just a little since 1962 and there is a glimmer of hope for us Catholic gays. Before that time, no reputable Catholic publicist dared challenge the doctrine of his Church on

the state of mortal sin and unfitted for Mass. Which was plainly absurd.

Did you know that when the penitent confesses unchaste desires, since Our Lord said that the desire is the same as the act, we confessors are supposed to go down the line with that whole embarrassing list of questions to discover the species of the sin: male or female? married or single? etc. But I don't know one priest who does. And it rarely occurs to the layman to provide such information unsolicited.

Thus, you can see how certain Catholic principles have become a dead letter: on the books but "ever practiced."

Our whole theology of sex is being rethought by courageous and able young men such as Fr. Charles Curran, who led the faculty strike in 1967 at the Catholic University in Washington. As I recall it, Fr. Curran contends that generation need not be the first or only prodigal of sex. He also points to the purgality of nature. How many sperm are there in a

cannot buck his own bishop, much less the Vatican: "You can't fight City Hall." But for many years now, on hearing gay confessions of turpitude, I have formed no judgment, asked no questions, given the usual token penance—unless there were special circumstances such as suspicion of incest or the hint that some child was being abused.

Without counseling evil or being unduly permissive, it can be said that not every passionate embrace or sexual climax between friends or lovers of the same sex is a mortal sin. Not that we cannot commit serious sin if we put our mind to it: taking advantage of children, for instance, the drunken orgy, force and violence as in the gang-bang.

Can we Catholics ever hope for an official statement of relaxation or approval? Yes, if only on the pragmatic principle that the Catholic Church has not lasted 1900 years by neglecting any notable segment of the human race. I mean, it shows up a serious flaw in the rationale of the Church. It means that she is excluding 10% of mankind from everlasting happiness and through no fault of their own, but *salva reverentia* through defective workmanship on the part of their Creator and Father in heaven.

But until things get better for us, here is the advice of a gay priest (in good standing) to his fellow-gays:

Play it safe. Go to confession regularly and make a general resolution of sorrow for everything in your past conduct which has offended God. Sure, you may have enjoyed every minute of it, but that need not affect your repentance. You say you'll probably go right out and do it again? How do you know? How can you be sure that the grace of the sacrament won't give you at least a little better control next time?

Tell it like it is, but please! no details, and especially no names. Maybe you had a four-hour session that included everything from sacking to rimming. Tell it like this: "Impure touches with another man. Father. Once." The only thing that has to be specified is rectal sodomy. And you should volunteer that information yourself. Don't make the confessor dig for it.

If the priest gets nosy or bitchy or requires what seems morally impossible ("Now I want you to promise that you'll never see this person again"), you can always walk out. But be charitable. For all you know, the poor fellow may have itching piles. Just tell him respectfully but firmly, "I'm sorry, Father, but you don't seem to understand." Then try another priest. And you don't have to tell No. 2 that you walked out on No. 1.

On the other hand, if what the confessor is saying makes sense to you, if it is constructive and fits in with the context of your spiritual life, keep your head down and thank God that there is still someone in this world interested enough in your welfare to tell you some of the hard facts you may have been glossing over in your own mind.

(I'll be glad to answer any question by first-class mail if you will just forward them in care of this periodical.)

Fr. John Davies is the *nom de guerre* of a Middle Western parish priest long past his silver jubilee. Educated in theology at the Catholic University of America, his informed comment on matters of current interest has appeared in *Commonweal*, *America*, *Sign*, *The American Ecclesiastical Review*, and other periodicals too numerous to list.

CONFESSIONS



of a gay priest

by FR. JOHN DAVIES

the use of sex. He would immediately be regarded as a sex maniac motivated by self-interest. But think of the urgent discussion now tolerated concerning the Pill, celibacy, even abortion.

Remember in catechism class when we Catholics were taught that every offense against purity, no matter how trifling, was a spiritual felony, a mortal sin? So what happened? Most of us promptly had a fit of scruples lasting a year or so, after which the principle became a dead letter, unreasonable and unenforceable. We knew very well that there were venial sins against purity, only we rationalized them by reason of passion or surprise. And so, gratefully, we stopped squeezing our eyes shut before nudity on TV, at the movies and in art galleries.

Actually, although I reviewed that principle during my last year in the seminary and tried to follow it through for a few years in the ministry, it was Freud who eventually killed it for me. One morning before Mass, I playfully tousled the altarboy's hair. That was all. He was eight years old. But I immediately thought, "Freud would say that that was sexually motivated." And deep down it very likely was. In which case, I was in

tablespoon full of semen? Is it two million? And a man can climax several times a day.

Now here is my own little insight on the problem: Church philosophy (St. Thomas Aquinas) points out that every human appetite has its legitimate satisfaction. We have hunger; there is food. We thirst; water is at hand. We get horny; marriage is available. This particular observation is used in partial proof of immortality: We long to live forever. Ergo.

But here is the present, impossible ironic situation of the Catholic Church which has always boasted that what she has to offer fits human nature like a stretchcoat. One-tenth—not just of her adherents, but of the whole human race—has at times an all but irresistible and at least subjectively connatural drive toward sexual union with one of his own sex, accompanied by a feeling of indifference at the mere thought of sexual contact with one of the opposite sex. In other words, every tenth male is somewhat impotent with a woman and thus totally incapable of a valid marriage. And the Church has no answer!

Neither do I. An individual priest

by DICK LEITSCH



The Damned, a new film by Luchino Visconti now playing in New York at the Festival Theatre, lives up to its advertising.

Newspaper ads feature excerpts from the film of a man in drag doing a Marlene Dietrich imitation, and/or a scene of a group of men in what is evidently the aftermath of a homosexual orgy. A quotation from Judith Crist's review brags: "A movie with something for everyone: Nazism, incest, homosexuality, transvestism, book-burnings, decadence, the corruption of power and the power of corruption, murder..."

As usual, Mrs. Crist has steered us right (would she lie? the lady is a princess), though she does leave off her list, or at least euphemizes, some of the film's highlights. But *The Damned* is, as she says, "a shattering experience," which is why it's on her list and everybody else's list, as one of the ten best pictures of the year.

The film deals with the rise of Hitler and his effect on Germany as represented by a thinly-disguised Krupp family, here called the "Essenbecks," as Essen is the home of the Krupp's factories. Each Essenbeck is a well-drawn person in his own right as well as a symbol of some aspect of German life in those horrible days of the 1930's.

The film opens with Grandpa Essenbeck's birthday party with each member of the family contributing something in the way of entertainment. Some recite poems; others play the cello. But Martin von Essenbeck freaks everyone out by doing a drag imitation of Marlene Dietrich. The family, as might be expected, is disturbed by this last bit of showmanship. However, their embarrassment diminishes somewhat by the arrival of news concerning the Beer Hall Putsch incident in Berlin. Nevertheless, Martin views the interruption of his act as an almost personal insult and pouts beautifully.

Later in the film, Martin progresses from trying to make little girls to actually ploughing his mother. This latter form of aggression, no doubt, will appeal to present-day "revolutionaries" who seem obsessed with this form of sex and quite frequently use the term "mother-fucker." *The Damned* makes cinema history by being the first film to show a real mother-fucker in action.

Incidentally, this is a "must-see" film, but do see it before it goes to the neighborhood theatres and gets cut to ribbons. It's already been trimmed from five to two-and-a-half hours, and further cuts would be disastrous.

The most interesting part of the film deals with the "night of the long knives"—the putsch which led to the deaths of thousands of German homosexuals. Randy Wicker has often pointed out that the Nazis were as anti-homosexual as they were anti-Semitic; here we are shown the first of the homosexual purges.

Visconti is painting on a grand scale, and his strokes are necessarily broad. Thus, the horror of the homosexual blood bath of June 30, 1934 is shown, but the background and details are not made clear. That drove me right to the history books to check out what really happened.

Ernst Roehm was an ugly little man with a natural ability as an organizer. He was a well-known homosexual with a violent hatred of the German government and its injustices and failures. As early as

THE BROWNSHIRT BROWNIES



1920, he was an avid supporter of Hitler's National Socialist Party, which he thought would bring about a better, more just form of government for his country. As his contribution, he organized the Storm Troopers (also known as the S.A. or the Brownshirts) who became the backbone of the early Hitler group. He was also instrumental in winning for Hitler the protection (and sometimes the support) of the authorities, as well as the support of the army. *Shiner*, in *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich*, speaks for most historians when he says Hitler could never have achieved power without Roehm's help.

By June 30, 1934, Hitler had his power and had begun making his peace with the "establishment." Like so many "revolutionaries", he had no real intention of establishing an egalitarian government and handing out social justice. All he wanted to do was throw the pigs out of the sty and take over as Head Pig himself. By 1934 he'd done just this and had the support of the established army and circle of capitalists who controlled the economics of Germany.

However, Roehm and his Storm Troopers were not quite satisfied as they considered the revolution only half won. They had control of the government through the success of the political revolution, but now it was time, so they felt, for the social revolution, the building of a better Germany. Hitler was happy just to have power and neither he nor his new friends wanted any social changes. But the "Essenbecks", speaking for the Krupps and other "establishment" figures, pointed out that they'd supported Hitler over the Communists and preferred not to have any socialism, thank you.

The "military-industrial complex" personified by the army leaders was also at war with Roehm, who wanted the traditional army incorporated into the Brownshirts under his leadership and the tired old generals fired. The generals who wanted nothing to do with any revolutionary army or upstart leaders, did want, however, the Storm Troopers incorporated into the army under their leadership. One prominent general warned that the rearmament of Germany was "too serious a business to permit the participation of speculators, drunkards and homosexuals."

Hitler eventually decided the Storm Troopers were expendable. They were given, as leave, the entire month of June, which was to be spent at the resort town of Weisse. While they were away, the rumor was spread about Berlin that Roehm and his men planned a coup against the Hitler government. This set the stage for, "The night of the long knives."

As recounted in the history books and depicted in the film, the stay at Weisse was evidently more fun than a Fourth of July at Cherry Grove. The troops were entertained by female impersonators (transvestism evidently being to Germans what "birching" is to the English), and they drank, sang and had wild sex with one another. Once you've seen their parties scenes, you'll understand why they all look so tired in that "after the orgy" picture in the ads.

While they were fornicating by the sea, their fate was being sealed in Germany. Hitler has richer, more powerful friends now and didn't need Roehm and his men anymore. And the perpetual rumor of a coup gave him the excuse he needed in order to massacre them.

In Visconti's film, a handsome young German, wearing male clothes and femme make-up, leaves the orgy and staggers to the water side. His brother soldiers are inside, either passed out drunk, cruising the hallways stark naked or in their bunks making love to one another. In the distance, he hears a boat with a muffled motor. It draws nearer and it's full of SS and army troops. Meanwhile, a line of cars approach by land. In actuality, Hitler, Goebbels and Roehm's other "friends" were with the troops in those cars. Roehm and his Brownshirts are surrounded.

Naturally, the army enters with machine guns firing. Scores of Brownshirts are dragged naked into the streets and mowed down by impromptu firing squads. Patrols invade houses, hotels and barracks and shoot hundreds more on sight. Entering the bar, they proceed to embark on a slaughtering spree which continues through the halls and into several rooms. Eventually, the screen is filled with dead bodies and the camera pans, for long minutes, over masses of dead nude and semi-nude male bodies—the "Flowers of the Fatherland", dripping with blood and gore! This, you

remember, is what the whole Third Reich eventually meant to Germany.

The Brownshirts, with their idealistic leader, become the symbol of those who put Hitler in power because they thought his revolution would correct the wrongs of the old government. Like the Brownshirts, Germany was destroyed because of misplaced idealism.

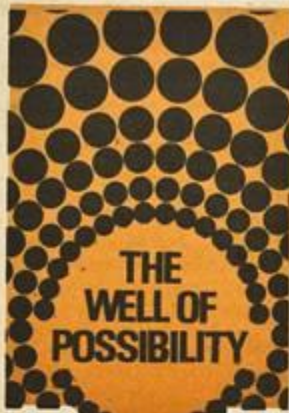
Historically, Roehm was not killed in this blood bath. As a token of his "friendship", Hitler had a pistol sent to Roehm's room... hmmm... Roehm refused to use it. "If I am to be killed," he said, "let Hitler do it." Two SS men shot him in the head.

In the earlier days of his career, Hitler had not only tolerated but actually defended homosexual practices. He often claimed that a man should not be judged by his private morals, but by party loyalty. Nevertheless, after the slaughter at Weisse, he had several additional hundreds of Brownshirts and homosexuals put to death not only in Berlin, but throughout Germany. The first Mattachine-like organization in history, the *Institute für Sexualwissenschaft*, was closed, its library and material burned, and its leaders and workers exiled, killed, or placed in concentration camps.

Churchmen and moralists began to see Hitler as a moral leader. The army and the "establishment" saw his good faith in dealing with them, and strengthened their support of him. The people, tired of revolution and chaos, admired Hitler's firmness in dealing with that rumored "plot" against the government. They saw him as a stable decisive leader. And so, Hitler was on his way to a dictatorship and the world on its way to a war.

Roehm and his following of idealists—most of whom were homosexuals—had hoped to become the "Praetorian Guard" to a socialist government, based on social and economic justice. They were the first to be sold out, and on their bones was built one of the most unjust and perverse governments of all time.

At this time, when homosexuals are being invited to join in a "Second American Revolution" led by people who have shown themselves to be very uptight about homosexuality, there might be a moral lesson, even a warning, in the story of "The night of the long knives." ■



BY DR. STEPHEN KAISO

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

Q. Is there any way to increase the size of the penis? I know the answer is invariably no, yet I am asking you once again. My penis measures a bare six

inches in fullest erection. Soft, it is about three and a half inches and is especially embarrassing when I wear tight pants. I am 46 and this matter of organ size continues to torment me as it did at 20. All my experience has confirmed my belief that everyone (heterosexual as well as homosexual) considers organ size before any other attribute in a prospective sex partner. This "dirty old man" is still hoping there may be some way to do something about his limitation or learn to live more comfortably with it.

W.W., NYC

A. There is no known method of increasing the size of the penis, so you must forget this fantasy once and for all. The average penis is from 5 to 7 inches, and you are safely within that normal size. You can wear tight jeans if you like, but there is no valid need to display your genitals. That tactic is for hustlers not for self-respecting men. It's also a gambit for those who believe they have NOTHING ELSE to offer anyone. Is this what you think about yourself? 46 is far from old. You have a great deal more to offer than the penis. If that is all your sex partners want, they don't want you; they only want an appliance, not a person. We are not human dildoes; we are people. Your belief that everyone considers organ size first is totally erroneous. Only those sad people known as "size queens" do that. They look for appliances rather than people, because they are frightened of becoming involved with a person. Appliances are not human and cannot hurt them. Most

other people (regardless of your belief) look for a great deal more than size, such as PERSONALITY, INTERESTING APPEARANCE, MUTUAL INTERESTS, and all things that make up a real live human being. Even if they only wish to spend one night with you, they are attracted by these things or they wouldn't have gone with you in the first place.

Q. I am a lesbian belonging to THE GAY LIBERATION FRONT. We have had some internal dissension over a question of priorities. Which is more important, do you think, political liberation or mental liberation?

B., NYC

A. Liberation of the head, of course. It probably takes a partially liberated head to even think about political liberation. But no matter how liberated the social structure may be, one is still a prisoner so long as his head is not liberated also. One must root out and destroy, or file away with the curious toys of childhood, all the mental garbage which keeps us from being a free being. If we do not FEEL free inside, where we really live most intensely, we are not free anywhere.

Q. I met this fellow when he was 14. We had a lot of fun together. The only thing he ever did with me was kiss. I was always the one who did the other things. This kid came into my life and ever since I met him, I did all in my power to give him a good time, such as letting him drive my car, trips to NY

and amusement parks. I would do anything for this kid, even if the sex wasn't involved. I had never done anything gay until I met this kid. He is now 15, and I am 28. All of a sudden he started getting mad at me and told me that gay people made him sick. We did not do anything for a long time. I always had on my mind his tool and his body. I am in love with his body. I want to know what I can do to win this 15-year-old over to the gay side. I need this kid. I do not mean for sex every time I see him. What I want is for him to accept me as I am. I do not want other guys. I want this boy.

W.L.K., Conn.

A. You cannot WIN anybody to the gay side. That is a heterosexual piece of poison, and if you continue to believe it, you are doomed to constant disappointment. Leave this kid alone and look for someone old enough to know what he wants. That means an adult, naturally, or someone at least over 18. There is no justification for your tampering with the mind and future of a 15-year-old boy. Nor are there any rewards for you in this. Only jail and defeat.

Q. I only like blondes and can't even stand being in the same room with Latins. My roommate (a blonde) only likes Puerto Ricans and hates blondes. Neither of us can bring a trick home now without arguments. What the hell can I do?

F.P., Phila.

A. Move, of course. ■■

BY LILY HANSEN

GAYS MEET STRAIGHTS AT WOMEN'S LIBERATION



In December I was asked to speak about lesbianism at a small gathering of women from the Women's Liberation Front in Washington D.C. Heather, the only gay member, had dared to reveal her homosexuality only the week before and had encountered a bit of hostility. (The possibility of being labeled lesbians because of participation in Women's Liberation is unpalatable, even threatening, to some of the not-so-liberated women in the movement.) I had never attended a meeting, because I would not have wanted to conceal my orientation, and Heather thought that the girls weren't ready for it. My girlfriend, Maria, had been at one meeting but, because, she felt out of place, had not returned.

This time she could finally participate honestly. About nine young, straight women were there—mostly married, college-educated, and quite intelligent. The group showed an intense interest in the topic of lesbianism and asked Heather, Maria and me many questions, ranging from the general to the very personal in nature. Contrary to our expectations, the atmosphere was one of candor, sensitivity, and warmth. Occasionally the climate resembled that of group therapy, as individuals honestly tried to relate lesbian love to their own lives—acknowledging a certain attraction for the idea once they allowed the repressive taboo to be lifted.

The following is part of a conversation between Maria and me, taped a few days after the meeting.

Maria— I was struck by the fact that they all felt that it touched their lives in some way, or would, or might perhaps; that they actually felt that they had to come to a confrontation with it [lesbianism]. Because there was always the possibility of opening themselves to this kind of relationship—even the married women.

Lily— Do you think this is directly related to the reason they're coming to Women's Liberation, in that they're seeking to increase the power of women, the freedom of women, and therefore are obviously reconciled to the idea that they will be spending a lot of time with women? I mean, that equality for women and fighting for the rights of women and becoming one's own person means spending a lot of time with women. In order to be able to do this, you have to like women, or at least not mind their company.

Maria— Yes. Many women are male-oriented or...

Lily— don't like the company of women because of their competitive attitude.

Maria— It would really be interesting to see all these women in a group of men—how they change (they don't even know that they do), how they watch other women reacting toward men.

Lily— And how they take their cues from their husbands, too—not to step out of their "place" too much, not to offend their husbands, and not to make them appear in a poor light—while we could still be [ourselves]. And therefore we would again become somewhat of a threat or, at least, uncomfortable. If

LIBERATING WOMEN'S LIB



her husbands had been there, it would have been an uncomfortable scene—and the friction there, the anxiety of the women, of what their husbands would fear, or feel. On one hand, they have the desire to be open; on the other hand the fear of being too open in front of their husbands. Interesting. Ruth asking me about Grace and Larry. The fact that I knew a straight couple automatically threw suspicion on them, didn't it?

Maria— She was kind of embarrassed about asking the question. I was watch-

ing her as she was asking it; she was putting it off—you know, flipping her hair back and... she took a long time asking the question.

Lily— I just remember that I was somewhat surprised. But then the atmosphere is supposed to be open, and if there's something on your mind... maybe she'd always thought Larry was feminine—he does appear a little, or used to appear a little, feminine. Or maybe she wanted to believe that he was? Or would have been intrigued to find out that here was a gay

couple that turned straight? Maybe this was also a question that wasn't asked: Do homosexuals ever come back to the fold—I mean, ever turn straight again? Some of them do, at least for a time—like Mickey, who got married.

Maria— She may never have been homosexual. Maybe she strayed from being straight.

Lily— Sandra, Barbara's first girlfriend, also got married and had a child.

Maria— It must be a real blow—to think maybe you've turned somebody away from being gay because it was such a horrible experience! (Laughter).

Lily— (Laughter) Yes.

Maria— Just as a man would think—a woman turning to another woman after having him, he must have been really lousy, or she wouldn't have turned to another woman! That's what threatens men. It's so strange, there's an ambiguity about it, because some men are really threatened by the idea, and then some men...

Lily— are turned on by it.

Maria— Are not turned on by it, but they tend to dismiss the fact that a woman is with another woman: "Oh, that's nothing, you know. What can she ever do? That's just some little phase she's going through."

Lily— And number three is being turned on and being kind of voyeuristically interested in the whole thing—as every straight man who has ever talked to me has been. They can't understand that I don't want to try it with a man. They volunteer themselves.

Maria— There were some rather striking women—especially Ruth. Jackie is a bit interesting herself, physically. They felt conscious of... I felt like every time I looked at somebody and caught their gaze, it was like, oh, she's trying to seduce me! or something. I couldn't keep my eyes on anything, you know. If I looked at a leg, I went, "Ooh, stop!"

Lily— I bet they felt the same way. At the beginning, before the discussion started, Jackie didn't even look at me. I couldn't catch anybody's gaze. I was looking around, but nobody was looking at me—as if they were all discreetly looking somewhere else.

Maria— I think they just can't believe Heather, just can't believe it's real.

Lily— I think they can believe me, definitely, but probably not Heather, because Heather is one of their own; she's part of the group; she's an insider. We're outsiders, or I'm an outsider.

Maria— I guess I am, too. There were only two there I know, or three. You know, the thing that really shocked me—because I was prepared to walk in there and face a little bit of hostility. I really was—there wasn't any hostility. I was thinking, Oh, God, we'll probably ruin Women's Liberation, and that's what they think we've done already.

Lily— I didn't expect any hostility, I wonder what echoes or repercussions, if any, we will feel. At some future time, I would like to go back. Because I like them; I see a rapport there.

Maria— Yes, I've never felt such an open and genuine willingness to listen and to try to understand at least, and try to assimilate so many ideas. Really, I don't think there was any closed-mindedness, or if there was, it didn't come out. ■■

BALLBUSTER BUCKLEY

BY JIM BUCKLEY



As publisher of SCREW (56 for 13 issues, P.O. Box 432, Old Chelsea Station, NYC, N.Y., 10011) and a part-owner of GAY (see subscription blank on back page) I bullied my way into these pages to say a few words to you guys and girls who are smart enough to buy and subscribe to both papers. I'm anxious to chat about a great subject of increasing and perennial importance: me. Somehow, I find this subject is the most interesting one I can think of, and is so intriguing, in fact, that I could write many long volumes about it. Aho, I'd like to tell you what I think about ass-fucking, cock-sucking and clit-licking and the perfidious rumors which have spread and the false legends that have grown up about my own sexual proclivities.

There are some folks who have mistakenly assumed that I am gay myself. Goldstein, the esteemed and eminently pliable and perverse Executive Editor of SCREW always alludes to certain acts of a sexual nature: acts which I have never performed, but which he often says I have. But Goldstein is attracted to young male and female chimpanzees, and so I pity him instead of calling him dirty names. The fact is, that I've never sucked a cock and have never taken it up the ass. I don't know why. Maybe it's because of my Catholic background. Anyway, these are the facts.

Even though we may not be so socially, we're all biologically bisexual, aren't we? It's hard to frown on

ass-fucking, or on tool-swallowing. I've known some female types who've swallowed my tool and have earned a badge of merit as a result. I find a girl's ass to be beautiful and bountiful... and in fact I think the ass is the most sexually attractive part of a woman, although I worry as to whether its really a healthy practice. I mean, doesn't it have a deleterious effect on a girl's ass as she gets older, making it difficult to control the shit muscles, or something? With guys, there's only one hole to fuck but with girls you've got a choice of two holes... and it seems that a cunt has more elasticity. Then, of course, there's the problem of lubricants. Even flavored lubricants—cherry, raspberry and orange—turn me off. With straight fucking, you can still eat your partner after fucking, before fucking, or even while fucking, if you're extremely talented. But once those lubricants are applied, yuccchh!

So, now you have a deep and penetrating understanding of how I view homosexuality.

Recently a leftist dildo named Jim Fouratt, accused me of "exploitation" because I own part of a gay newspaper, but am not quite into cock-sucking and male-asshole fucking myself.

The obvious truth missed by this creep is that money isn't gay or straight. It isn't black or white either. It's green! My good friends, Lige and Jack, GAY's happy editors, and the entire staff of GAY are, with one or two exceptions, homosexuals. The executive editors are

greedy and exceedingly profit-prone and are raking in what Arlene Francis calls their fair share. GAY's gay writers are paid writers. As a matter of fact there are more homosexuals running around our offices than you can shake a dick at. Are there enough straight people left in the world? Maybe heterosexuality needs a boost, eh? So, as a famous hetero-booster, may I take this joyous opportunity to invite all of you wonderful readers to suck a pussy every now and then, or to try fucking a girl in the ass... that is, if you can't get yourself hot when you look at a cunt. Perhaps one or two of you lesbians may even enjoy a male's clit-tickling-tongue since a tongue is a tongue. A famous lesbian lady said that, didn't she?

Finally, there's one more thing I'd like to say about my leftist friend. He's full of shit. He says that Eldridge Cleaver can use the word "faggot" because he knows what he's talking about and is a bonafide "hero" fighting for the liberation of oppressed peoples everywhere, blah, blah, ad nauseam. He says the Black Panthers can say "faggot" too. Jesus, his comments are so fucked up with rhetoric that I can't even get into their phony implications. Why can't Abbie Hoffman say "faggot"? Because only Cleaver knows the real meaning of the term? Oh well... there's not too much to worry about if you're scared that the "revolutionaries" are going to take over. With such bullshit flying around in their heads, no intelligent person could give an ear to their line! ■■

DOES AMERICA HAVE STAGE FRIGHT?

BY DONN TEAL

We are pleased to present an in-depth survey of gay theatre and films in 1969 by Donn Teal, whose reviews of homosexual drama have appeared in the NEW YORK TIMES.

As I see it, the problem Americans have is that they cannot accept the oddball, an old Irish professor said to me in Dublin last summer. "They cannot look at the hippie, the intellectual, the homosexual as a part of life, of society." But for my having to catch a plane, he might have gone on to finish: "... They must either try to make him conform, or will moralize endlessly on why he is not able to do so—they cannot take him for what he is!" A month later I related his words to a homosexual American professor several years his junior, who protested, pointing out that, for all the acceptance of them, homosexuals are to the caste-conscious British something fully as limited and to-be-pitied as chimney sweeps or baggage porters. Then, in self-exoneration: "Americans have wanted this nation to be the best of all possible worlds—here, the human estate was going to be perfected. The All-American Boy is merely one symbol of this dream, this striving. The homosexual is, therefore, a blot on the national escutcheon, and as such is naturally hard to take." Whatever their real, unexpressed feelings, the fact remains that by leaving them largely unexpressed the British, as well as Continental Europeans, have in recent years evinced greater ability than Americans to accept the homosexual idiosyncrasy. Not only have time-honored anti-homosexual laws been revoked by Great Britain, West Germany, and Poland—few such laws ever existed in European Latin countries—but those intimate reflections of life and/or life aspirations, the Theater and the Cinema, now mirror almost unpervertedly the full human pageant. Especially notable for its lack of critical comment was English playwright Charles Dyer's *Staircase* (Broadway, 1968), a domestic tale of two aging London barbers and male homosexuals. And with it in 1969, for the first time an American film director did not—could not?—make a complete mockery of male homosexual love.



When *Staircase*, on celluloid, blew back into New York in late August this



year, its reception was as frigid as the never-welcome "cool wind." Deemed a risk, it opened simultaneously at Broadway and neighborhood houses, and its run was a brief few weeks. The reason for its unpalatability was not, however, as critics drugged on the Nowness of *Midnight Cowboy* and *Easy Rider* judged, its lack of film merit. Nor was the reason, as kind-intentioned Vincent Canby (*New York Times*) reported (and thus limited the spread of its message), that director Stanley Donen's touches—or Dyer's retouches—frequently derided and sensationalized homosexual life. Rather, it was that *Staircase* was the most impressive film statement yet made about male homosexuality. And American machismo could not take the climb! Affecting as well as effective, *Staircase* invited comparison with the second screen rendition (1962) of Lillian Hellman's beautiful *The Children's Hour*—and in more than cinematic terms: 'ologists should note that it took nearly thirty years for Hollywood to produce the true Lesbian version of *Hour*, only a year to film *Staircase* in male-homosexual attire. America has changed since 1936, when producer Samuel Goldwyn heterosexualized his two heroines to suit native tastes. And, what is more momentous, *Hour* ended with Shirley MacLaine's screen suicide, whereas *Staircase*'s homosexual marriage—male, at that!—was intact at fade-out.

Staircase had to be written by a non-American. In 1953 *Tea and Sym-*

pathy, the first significant American drama about (suspected) male homosexuality, jolted New York theatergoers. Three years later Vincente Minnelli's motion picture version was offered to the public. The film industry need not have been apprehensive: playwright Robert Anderson had extricated himself and his sensitive, virginal college hero from the criticisms of moviegoers by the not-to-be-resisted condescensions of *deu ex machina* Laura Reynolds (wife of the housemaster), played on stage and screen by Deborah Kerr. But Minnelli went a step further. To assure his audiences that Miss Kerr had had her effect, the film opened with the once-badgered protagonist returning, now happily married, to the scene of his redemption. A second notable homosexual play, Mart Crowley's *The Boys in the Band* (1968), again apologizes for its subject: at a "gay" birthday party—into which a straight, married friend of the host's stumbles—acid exchanges of camp humor and a self-destructing "game" in which each guest must telephone the one person he has always loved best transport the audience from a witty first act to a finale of aboriginal tragedy. When it reaches movie houses, it will please, not as *Tea* the early-Eisenhower American who believed there was no such thing as a male homosexual, but the Nixonian one of 1970, who may still prefer to think that male homosexuals—whom he now knows exist—are at least "sick." These two plays stand as the sole successful native-American con-

tributions to male-homosexual drama.

Late summer's Rex Harrison-Richard Burton film was by no means the only important example last year of European understanding of male-homosexual love. Several months ago, the school-insurrection shocker *If....*, by saying little, made a big statement to Americans about British maturity. In *If....* an upperclassman gymnast flirts with a younger student and ultimately is seen in bed with him—the sensible British camera glides over the sleeping two one night as unshocked as it does over the rest of the dorm mates. The lack of commentary—or even "take"—puzzled many American spectators. In addition, though the gymnast's two school buddies must know about his indulgences, they are unamazed, uncritical: he joins in all their pleasures, including drinking bouts and, at end of film, armed revolt. Indeed, he is as good a shot as they! Director Lindsay Anderson allowed the only condemnatory comment on homosexuality to come from the guilt-ridden housemasters, whom the students call "b-stards." By contrast with this film, the albeit sympathetic revelation of the Lionhearted's affair with Philip of France in the course of the American's *Lion in Winter* (1968) was a dramatic apology for homosexuality. And such a convincing one that even the most militant homophile in its audiences may have sobbed at Poor Richard's tears.

Enigmatic, but an even more mature viewpoint than *If....* was Pier Paolo Pasolini's *Theorem*, which reached New York in mid-April, 1969. This Italian import sexually involved Terence Stamp—in the strange role of God-like visitor to a wealthy Milanese family—with young son and father, as well as with mother, daughter, and maid. And Stamp, very like the gymnast in *If....*, boxed with father and roughhoused with son before he slept with them. Stamp's effect on each of the five lives he touched was profound, but homosexuals were irate at Guy Flatley's suggestion in "One Man's God, Another Man's Devil" (*NY TIMES*) on Sunday, April 20, that the father became "a sexual pervert." ("Pervert" is not synonymous with "homosexual," there being only a minority of homosexuals—as of heterosexuals—who fit that category.) Had the Italian director viewed homosexual relations in such light, he would not have conceived of his hero as the Theorem which explains life through giving love—and not simply to the women of that sterile Piedmontese household! The viewer had, of course, to decide for him-

self whether Stamp taught or destroyed the five: Son, turned abstract artist, pissed on his paintings; Father, exciting job and clothes, roamed the countryside; Mother, become nympho, obliged street-corner gogols; Daughter, now catatonic, was carried off to a sanatorium; and Maid, aspiring to sainthood, was carried

off into the sky. The disturbances which came into their lives were not, however, of Stamp's doing: these resulted from a failure to understand and accept love—in whatever guise it offers itself—fully and unashamedly. If Stamp played God and, as God, gave unreservedly of himself, was there not some message here for Man?

The adult view of homosexuality in European films was not solely a development of the decade's ultimate year. *Victim*, a thought-provoking British chef-d'oeuvre released in 1961, reached here a year later and deserves a return to the States because it would be better received—and understood—now. Dirk Bogarde, as a blackmailed M.P., set Parliament, his screen wife, and English audiences to thinking—and the film had no small effect on the legal changes (recommended by the Wolfenden Report) a few years later which today no longer prohibit sexual relations between consenting adults of the same gender. In 1964, French director Jean Delannoy brought Roger Peyrefitte's nineteen-year-old novel, *Les Amants particuliers*, to the screen: at a strict parochial boarding school, sixteen-year-old Georges feels an affection for Alexandre, three or four years younger; caught finally by a priest while they are smoking and playing together, Georges promises to sever the relationship, but Alexandre—bewildered

and hurt by the older boy's sang-froid—later leaps to his death from a train. Provocative and poignant, *This Special Friendship* (its English title) did not reach the United States till 1967, then was given short shrift in a few art theaters. American movie audiences have grown a lifetime in the past two years, and should be privileged to see it again.

England's film *A Taste of Honey*, 1962, contained a short but unforgettable homosexual subplot: Rita Tushingham adopts a roommate, Geoffrey, who cooks, decorates, and keeps house better than she. When, by Mama's machinations, Geoffrey is finally forced to decamp, audiences regret his banishment—with all his woman's talents, he was not a swish, or at least was not presented as one. But then, the faggot is an American phenomenon. A culture which so denigrates femininity and so elevates individualism—while admiring conformity—could not fail to produce faggots. Small wonder that the American homosexual usually appears, even in bit parts (e.g., Rod Steiger in 1968's *No Way to Treat a Lady*), in such guise. Fanfare Films cashed in on the stereotype this summer with *The Gay Deceivers*, starring Kevin Goughlin, Larry Casey (of TV's *Rat Patrol*), and Michael Greer, who plays Queenie in Sal Mineo's bold new production of John Herbert's *Fortune and Men's Eyes* (Off-Broadway, 1967). The

technicolor opus, no more profound than *If It's Tuesday, This Must Be Belgium*, became the first male-homosexual spoof to camp at a Broadway movie house. Scene: two straights play gay to cheat Selective Service. But the ending was curious—their pseudo-homosexuality discovered, the two heroes were still rejected by the Army and their girlfriends, and seemed to be in sexual limbo.... Despite its "queen" concept—and its imputation that only heterosexuals should serve their country—homosexuals enjoyed this B (Q?) film. (What minority, except perhaps blacks, has been more "carefully taught" to laugh at itself?) Heterosexual moviegoers who buy the homosexual "femme" myth may have delighted in another typically American treatment at end of summer: George Cukor's *Justine*, with its bevy of male belly dancers, plus Cliff Gorman (Emory of *Boys in the Band* fame) as an ogling master cruiser who gorges a Copt, then dies on a hatpin. A bit more plot, a few less extras in drag might have saved this confused synthesis of Lawrence Durrell's Alexandria Quartet. Producers Schlesinger and Hellman's excellent *Midnight Cowboy*, a very Now film, loses truth because its star never meets an average homosexual. The "femmes" in the bar and at the pot party fill only the stereotype, the boy who takes him to the 42nd Street movie and the old man who

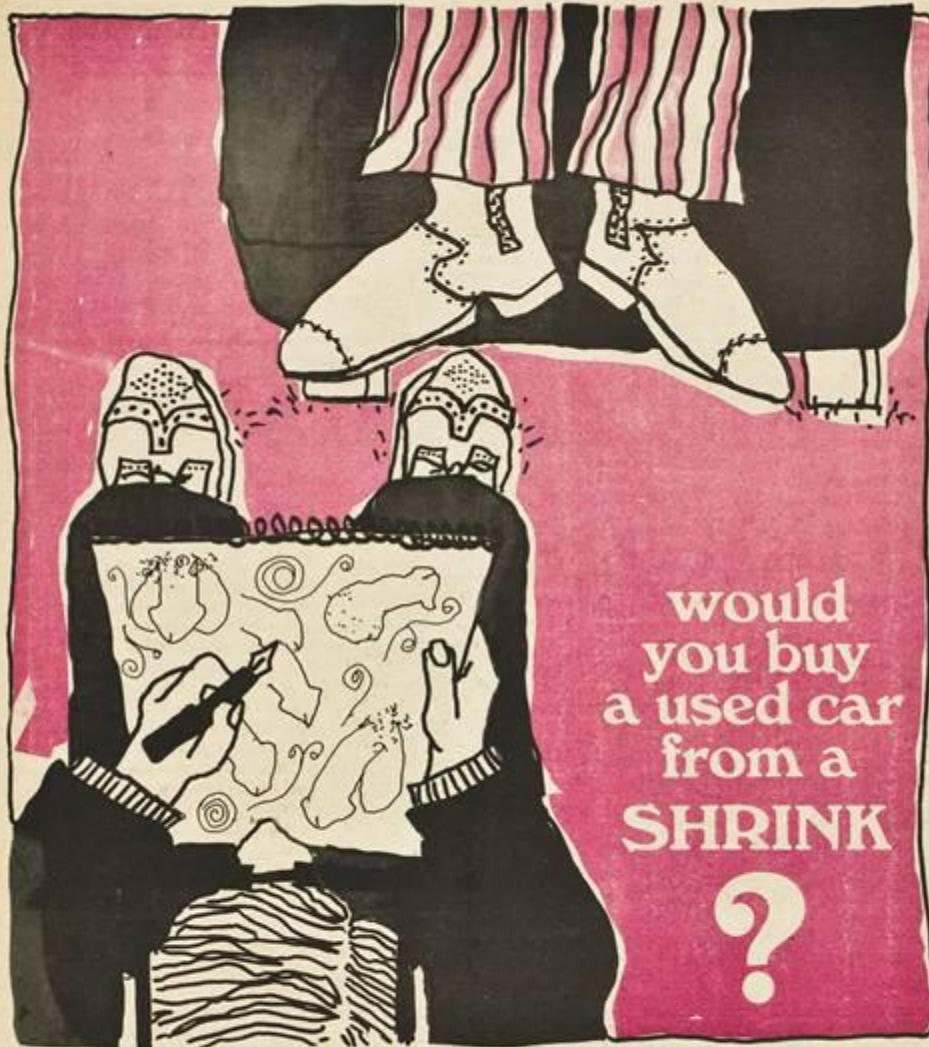
brings him to a hotel room are on the fringes of the gay world. The old man's line, "Oh God, I loathe life, I loathe it!" as he contemplates Cowboy's pelvis, reveals as warped a mentality (author James Leo Herlihy's? the script writer's?) as does Michael's "If we could just learn not to hate ourselves so much!" at the conclusion of the horrific party of *The Boys in the Band*. About *The Boys*, author "Mart" Crowley stated in the *New York Times* on July 13 that he hoped there were happy homosexuals—"they just don't happen to be at this party." We of the homosexual community wish they would happen to be at somebody's party. It is time the American public met them!

The American theater-public has begun to meet them. The same burgeoning boldness that ventured the unrestrained nudity and simulated sexual intercourse in *Cher!* and *Oh! Calcutta!* introduced happier and more honest homosexual drama in these parts early last year. *Gesse*, which closed November 2 after 9½ months' run at Off-Broadway's Playwrights Theater, had the audacity to couple nudity with a hopeful look at gay marriage. In this duo of somewhat feeble one-acts by Gus Weill, the girls—in the play—are determined to make it last, despite parental objection: Daddy is opposed to the "husband" his daughter brings South for Christmas vacation, so the girls return to New York without his blessing; in the second play, the college protagonist discovers real sexual pleasure upstairs with a fraternity brother who spends the night, determines to tell his parents next day that he is homosexual.

On April 17, *War Games* by Neal Weaver began what was to be a short Off-Broadway run at Fortune Theater; though neurotic, twenty-one-year-old John Flagstand eventually rejects his (older) inamorato—with whom he has roomed in Toronto to escape the draft—he does so to launch a straight love affair which the spectators know, considering his ambivalence, cannot last: homosexual Ted Montefiore is cast off, but heroic, and the real victor in the virile two-act drama. Ted's scenes with John's parents were brave new confrontations for the stage, as were John's dialogues with Dad and Mom, who visit the roommates to convince the youth—unwillingly—to save his father's military promotion by returning home. The most pleasant debut of all, however, was that of *Splitting Image*, the first homosexual farce, in early spring at Theater de Lys. As the comedy opened, one of two male lovers was "expecting"; at its close the other (the "father") was himself "pregnant." (There has been talk of a film: Columbia Pictures has rights to the play and co-sponsored the Off-Broadway production.) *Image* had a short but colicking run. The play too frequently took itself seriously: the couple fled society to raise their "child" in peace, and the galloping farce slowed to an ambulant satire on married life and child development. This, plus the utter impossibility of its theme—which may have offended those who did not see it (certainly the mixed homo-hetero audiences who did go relished equally the pleasure of the fantasy onstage and of each other's company)—could vouch it only six weeks' life. More valuable than that *Splitting Image* did was what it *didn't*: it in no way censured homosexual love. Could the reason have been that it was an import and its author, Colin Spencer, an Englishman? ■

(continued in next issue)





BY DR. GEORGE WEINBERG

It has been my experience that most therapists—along with their other motives for persistence in trying to change homosexuals—have the inclination to try to make everyone the same. A kind of social orthodoxy, so to speak. But their attempt to simplify life by simplifying their perceptions of life costs psychoanalysts themselves, as well as their victims dearly, and is related to the fact that therapists themselves are under enormous social pressure to lead acceptable lives. The vague but widespread thesis that we are all really the same underneath is often affirmed by people who are well intended. But the fact, of course, is that any truly humanistic outlook must not be guilty of obscuring differences where they actually do exist, and, in particular, where they manifest themselves in divergent needs. It is neither kind nor realistic to feed all men the same food when some are thriving on it and others find it inedible.

It must be remembered too, that the orientation of psychology has from the beginning been to look for problems, to discuss sicknesses rather than strengths. Finding problems has become almost synonymous with making discoveries. The language of psychology is everywhere weighted to regard people as

disturbed. Rather than say this person is different, we describe him as "having a problem" thereby making him a subject worthy of our attention and in fact in need of it. So great is the tendency, among psychoanalysts and in the larger culture, to consider all individual differences as sick, and all unsolved sicknesses as psychological, that one can hardly fulfill his needs these days while dodging therapeutic assault. Things have gone from bad to worse, and the psychoanalyst is himself already at the edge of caricature. His explanations of why we act as we do nearly always make us look worse than if he weren't in the room. And with a glaringly distinct individual choice like a homosexual taste, one has hardly a chance to escape his diagnostic wrath.

Even granting his bias, the question remains: Does the psychoanalyst really harm homosexual patients who come to him? The answer is certainly that he does—and his disservice is not just to homosexuals guilty about their acts who come to him for relief. When he operates from his prejudice, he does mischief even to those few homosexuals who accept and enjoy their sexual choice and come for other kinds of help.

Take the homosexual, uncertain as to whether he is diseased, and working on a job where he believes (often correctly) that he must hide the facts of his life or risk being fired or ridiculed. So far as he knows, he is the only homo-

sexual in his office. For any of a variety of reasons he elects to go into treatment. Tuesdays and Thursdays are "analysis days," and he secures permission to take extra time for lunch or to leave a few minutes early. Though he hides from his fellow workers where he is going so regularly, it is easy for them to guess. But whether or not they do, he knows—and this is the issue. Besides being unable to associate freely with his colleagues, he now must pay another price: being reminded by the extra time and money he spends that he is intrinsically different from "healthy" people. The very act of seeking help to rid himself of homosexual desires heightens his sense of incompetence and his feeling of estrangement.

To understand why this is so, we must realize that acting on any prejudice tends to heighten the prejudice. If one believes that Negroes are stupid and therefore rails against them, one reinforces this belief; if, on the other hand, one abstains from all such actions, contempt diminishes somewhat. In the same way, hiding one's Jewishness to get into a posh club increases a person's conviction that being Jewish is bad, and such acts of concealment make the Jew like himself less. The homosexual harms himself in a similar way when he sanctions the culture's assault on him. This is particularly true when he attempts to abandon his homosexuality. The decision to pay a therapist for removing his desire is

an affirmation that the desire is bad, and repeated efforts to change make it harder and harder to accept himself as he is.

Many homosexuals entering psychoanalysis suffer the loss of what Alfred Adler called the patient's "guiding fiction". Each of us has some dream, some seldom if ever mentioned "airy ambition" which at best he accomplishes only in part. The sort of ambition I am discussing nearly always involves friends or a lover or people we want to impress. With the homosexual, unless the cultural fallout has filtered even his dreams, this guiding love-fiction involves another homosexual who will understand and gratify his needs.

A young man who had written successfully for television and wanted to be a playwright told me that during three years of psychoanalysis he was utterly unable to write. His dream was to turn out a Broadway hit, and to enjoy it on opening night with some imagined homosexual lover at his side. The magical moment would consist of his being called the most talented playwright on earth by his lover, and their leaving the theatre together.

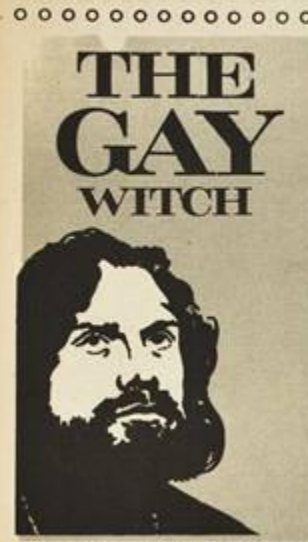
Many psychoanalysts believe that a homosexual orientation disables the would-be artist. There are famous cases of playwrights who have been told, in no uncertain terms, that unless they changed they could not succeed. This admonition was not given to the patient mentioned above, but it was impressed upon him that his homosexuality sprang from illness—and this in itself was enough. Deprived of his guiding fiction, the poor man found little reason to write. In point of fact he had not entered treatment to change his homosexuality, but to see how and why he had stopped working at optimum capacity. What he met instead was an assault on his very goal, the dream for which he had often labored into the night. Because his goal now seemed polluted, he stopped writing entirely. My acceptance of what he cherished was absolutely essential in getting him back on the path.

A guiding fiction in one form or another is the fuel each of us needs to exist alone, to work late into the night. Without this fiction—our own idiosyncratic sense of what a hero is and what we must do to become one—our motive force is depleted. The therapist's disapproval, therefore, in words or by implication, of what the homosexual wants does more than make him feel derelict. As with all people, so much of his everyday life is touched by his dream that in downgrading it the therapist inevitably short-circuits other incentives, too, depriving the patient of avenues of action open to him before he went for help.

Therapy should, of course, not be criticized for being unable to extinguish any part of a strong sexual want, since the process was not designed to erase personal preferences. That a good therapist can help a patient recognize his desires and free himself of repugnance is recommendation alone. From the homosexual's point of view, the trouble is not that therapist's succeed in producing change but that they do great damage in trying to produce it.

(to be concluded in issue No. 6)

This is the second in a series of three articles for GAY by Dr. George Weinberg, an outstanding New York therapist and the author of *The Action Approach, a new and excellent approach to therapy published by World.*



by Dr. Leo Louis Martello

Witchcraft comes from an Anglo-Saxon word meaning wise. The masculine is *wicca* and the feminine is *wicca*. The word *witan* is plural and means "wise men." The members of the national or King's council in Anglo-Saxon history were called *witan*. The root-origin of this word comes from the Anglo-Saxon and Medieval English *wit*, meaning "to know or have knowledge; to become aware of."

Webster's Collegiate Dictionary defines *wit* as: "1. Obs. Activity of mind. 2. Archaic. The power of conceiving, judging, or reasoning; intellectual power; sense; as, in wit, a man. 3. a) A mental

faculty, or power, of the mind; chiefly pl., and in certain phrases, as, to lose one's *wits*. b) Powers of mind in a specified condition of balance or soundness, esp., in a sane state. 4) Practical good judgment; wisdom; now rare except in the phrase *to have the wits to*. 5) Mental alertness; esp., such capacity along with lively fancy and aptness or talent for clever expression; as, a man with little *wit* in conversation. 6. . . . a) Felicitous perception or expression of associations between ideas and words not usually connected, such as to produce an amusing surprise. *Wit* consists typically in a neat turn of speech by which disconnected ideas are unexpectedly associated. b) Loosely, any kind of slight satire expressed in smart sallies of disparagement or raillery. 7) A person quick in perception of felicitous and amusing associations of ideas or words and apt in expressing them. 8) One distinguished for clever and amusing sayings, for bright repartee, etc. at one's *wit's end*. Wholly at a loss for a means of extrication from a perplexing situation; at the limit of one's mental resource."

Now let's see what this same dictionary has to say about WITCH: "1. One who practices the black art, or magic; one regarded as possessing supernatural or magical power by compact with an evil spirit, esp. with the Devil; a sorcerer or sorceress; now applied to women only. 2) An ugly old woman; a hag; a crone. 3) Colloquial. One who exercises more than common power or attraction; a charming or bewitching person . . . v.t. 1. To work as a spell, esp. an evil spell, upon by sorcery. 2. To effect by sorcery, or witchcraft. 3. To bewitch, fascinate."

The first definition of *wit*, from whose root is derived *witch* and *witchcraft*, is etymologically correct. The second

definition reveals the Judeo-Christian brainwashing of the compilers. The same stereotyped images, lumping together "black art," "evil spirits," "sorcery" and the "devil," as descriptions (false) of witchcraft. There is a consistent illogic about this, though. Adam and Eve were banished from the Garden of Eden for disobeying God's edict "You may freely eat of every tree of the garden; but of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil you shall not eat, for in the day that you eat of it you shall die." Genesis 16-17.

Witches are witty and wise. Their God insists they "eat of the tree of knowledge." No wonder they were burned at the stake. They knew the difference between good and evil, right and wrong. They refused to be kept in perpetual ignorance. Their wisdom constituted a threat to the Church as it does today to the Establishment. All genuine witches have wit. That's why so many people are surprised to find that they have such a sense of humor. It's inherent in their name: WIT-CH!

Q. There's someone who has hurt me deeply. What is the worst thing that I can wish on him? Do to him?

A. Draw two hearts on a piece of paper. On one write his name. In the center of the other write "love." Then fold or paste these two separate hearts together, face-to-face. Burn them. The curse that you will put on him is that . . . HE FALLS IN LOVE!

Q. How can one determine a real witch from a phony one?

A. The best way is the witch's own life: How is his (her) power demonstrated? What has he achieved? Is he balanced; creative; successful; happy? Does he depend on others or stand alone? Does he get the things he wants? Does he

have the capacity for joyous laughter? Does he care about "what others think" or does he go his own independent way? Many claim to be witches (or psychic or whatever), but these claims must be manifested in the witch's own life. Otherwise such a person is trying to impress others; trying to claim an unearned virtue or power; attempting to get recognition on *faith* without backing it up with any *facts*. Far from being highly emotional, the true witch in order to practice mind-power, must be able to use his emotions but not let them use him.

Q. Do you believe in the supernatural? A. No, I don't believe in the supernatural. What I believe in, know, is the *super possibilities that lie in the natural*. Wit and Witch means "knowing." Many of the secret love potions used in the past consisted of aphrodisiacs, such as Spanish Fly, and these were jealousy guarded secrets. When wisely used in proper amounts they produced erotic miracles! Occultists, alchemists, witches had access to knowledge unavailable to the masses.

You are invited to submit your questions and comments on this column. The most interesting and abbreviated will be used for answer, since I haven't time to indulge in personal correspondence as I'm working on two new books: *Gay Power* and *Psychic Power* which must be completed by December 30th. Those interested in knowing more about my work and my books should include a self-stamped addressed envelope when writing. *The Weird Ways of Witchcraft* book is \$1 plus 12¢ postage. Write to: Dr. Leo Louis Martello, c/o GAY, Four Swords, P.O. Box 431, Old Chelsea Station, New York, N.Y. 10011.



MAD MUSIC LOVER

Dear GAY:

I must take serious issue with Mr. d'Arcangelo. Dimitri Shostakovich, his workers, and contributions to the arts are not (I repeat, NOT) "glorious Bullshit". The fact that the political structure has used the genius of a modern composer is indeed unfortunate. There is no denying that certain works are propaganda pieces (such as the piece the author cited), but how can you even infer the "g-B" title to a composer who can write such marvelous (non-propaganda) string quartets, operas (such as *Laterena Ismailova*) and solid symphonic repertoire? A listen to his fourth symphony will be ample evidence that Shostakovich has not always been a "ploy" for his government—but this in no way detracts from his amazing symphonic cycle (especially his

"classical" and 4th, 5th and 6th).

Let's continue to criticize the Vietnam conflict and draw attention to the gauche heaven in the White House; but for heaven sake, don't blackball a composer—unless you are going to start a column on music and other arts. Even there, the (reason) for your "g-B" seal would hopefully be on musical and aesthetic ground—not political inclinations. We don't respect Wagner today because his family (or Richard Strauss for that matter) played footies with the Third Reich. If we respect—it is for other reasons.

Basta!

Gene Parcelville, Va.

FRESH FEELING

Dear GAY:

I have just finished the third issue, and am beginning to see the policies you are forming, and I totally approve so far.

What has particularly impressed me is the very fresh feeling this last issue has given me. Very much down to earth, and lots of sensible things said.

My comments will be kept to a minimum. First, please don't strike out at "Gay Power" too severely. There is room for both rags, and since each is bi-weekly appearing on alternate weeks, I doubt that either seriously cuts into the other's circulation. I usually buy both.

I suppose the first criticism will be all for now, because it's too early to tell exactly where your staff is at. Hopefully sometime soon I will write an article

and submit it to you for possible publication.

My lover Jimmy and I both wish you success and happiness in the Big City, and are eagerly looking forward to the next issue.

Peace,
Jose Des Parios
Brooklyn, N.Y.

GHETTO DWELLER'S PROTEST

Dear GAY:

Reading H. Simms' self-important sermon was dismaying. While thoughtlessly throwing off his epithet "homosexual Ghetto", branding "healthy" every part of Manhattan with that label, he painfully ignores the most blatantly obvious fact that those places—like the West Village, the Upper West Side, etc., etc.—happen to be the places which have the highest concentration of schools (NYU, the New School, numerous art schools, dance schools, etc.) theatres (Lincoln Center happens, Mr. Simms, to be a short five blocks from the West 70's), and movie houses, not to mention the book, clothing, and record, and what-have-you stores in the entire island. Of all the gay friends I have in the Village, and the West 70's, not one went racing there (as Mr. Simms would have us believe) so he could leap into the ghetto, consciously or unconsciously, mentally or physically, with other gays, but because his work, schooling, and interests sought those areas naturally.

A well-wishing reader,
G.L. Reeves,
NYC

OVER-THE-KIOSK "PORNIES"?

Dear GAY:

GAY isn't just good. It's great! At first I thought it would be a fruity sister rag to SCREW but what an awe-inspiring surprise! GAY actually has class. GAY is the first magazine of the new proliferation of over-the-kiosk "pornies" that has any justification for existing (other than turning people on). You are performing a badly-needed public service to all people, with sophistication, taste, and high literary standards. Your intentions are good beyond suspicion. Your articles *deserve* to be printed, and the intelligence they reflect is a tribute to all gay people. Nowhere in your latest issue, for example (no. 3), was there either defensiveness or offensiveness regarding homosexuality (although it struck me as rather odd that Dot Smith felt obligated to apologize for being straight). Nothing but good can result from the excellent public relations job you guys are doing. Keep it up.

Just one question. When do we get to see all of Zebedy Colt's?

Love,
G.G.
NYC

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



GAY'S Religious CONTEST

WHO IS THIS MAN?
WHAT IS HE DOING?

ACCORDING TO THE LATEST GALLUP POLL SURVEY THE GENTLEMAN YOU SEE IN THESE PICTURES IS AMERICA'S SECOND MOST POPULAR MAN. WHO IS HE, AND WHAT IS HE DOING WITH HIS HAND IN HIS POCKET? DO YOU KNOW THAT HE IS CURRENTLY GROPPING AMONG YOUNG PEOPLE? DO YOU KNOW HE CLAIMS HE'S GOT SOMETHING BETTER THAN MARIJUANA? WHY IS HE STARING AT PICTURES OF COCKS? WHAT'S HE TELLING HIS AUDIENCES ABOUT WHAT HE'S SEEN?

WE INVITE READERS OF GAY TO SEND US A BRIEF CAPTION FOR EACH OF THESE PHOTOGRAPHS. FIRST PRIZE WILL BE \$15, SECOND PRIZE, \$10, AND THIRD PRIZE, \$5. SEND TO CAPTION CONTEST, FOUR SWORDS, P.O. BOX 431, OLD CHELSEA STATION, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10011.



BAR FLY'S BAEDEKER

by John Francis Hunter

(Bars and Restaurants mentioned or reviewed—but not necessarily recommended—in this column: Sporter's, Boston; Jack's Waterfront, San Francisco; Together, Uncle Charlie's, Royal Roost, Country Cousin, Harry's Back East, Hampton Wick, Stud, Danny's, Keller's, the Tool Box, Christopher's End, New York. NOTE: For full report on some of these bars, see Issue No. 4 of GAY, for review of those not mentioned order back editions to complete your file.)

Happy faces or dour faces? Mixers or hostile posers? What will it be? Ours is not to reason why, ours is but to tell you it's all here for the asking—Manhattan being our beat for the time being, and until we pack our codpiece and head west to do some investigating of the L.A. scene. Of course, we tend to push the joyous places as we begin this new and promising decade...

Like Together, at 308 E. 59th, where the flesh is tender, the look Unisexual, the fruit juice. "You're not going to say this is a gay bar, are you?" protests the humpy owner, John Addison. "It's not, you know." And, technically, he's right. He runs a groovy, welcoming establishment there where everyone cruises openly and with a healthy curiosity, girls and boys alike. How pretty the clientele, how inviting the atmosphere—where even the johns are clean, as boniface Addison proved on the thorough tour he gave us. He is eager to let you know his is an establishment (actually, it's quite non-establishment) where fun is the rule, that everyone is welcome, and where, if you respect each other's bag, you can party without discrimination.

Together is open from 9:00 a.m. to 9:00 a.m. daily—or rather nightly—and on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday there's no minimum. On Thursday and Sunday you buy two bucks' worth of tickets, exchangeable for drinks, and on Friday

and Saturday, when the place is jumping, tariff is four dollars per head. Glass steins of fruit guice—including delicious peach, pear and apricot nectars—are generous, the bartender is accommodating, and there are no waiters pushing drinks. Don't you push the customers, but be patient, open-minded and friendly, and you'll make out anon. With a succulent couple of mixed proclivities if you can deliver the goods to both!

Uncle Charlie's, 75th and Lexington, east side of the street, is another spot where there is animation and lots of it. You can dance there, booze, listen to a groovy piano now and then, and talk. It's a gathering place for some of the most attractive genitally male swingers in town—a coterie known as the Irish Mafia. Talk about beauty—is there ever a greater concentrate of it than where the Sons of Erin get together?

Owner Bob is good-looking and gracious and really seems bent on running a happy bar. Bartenders Jerry and Sebastian remember your face, camp and keep things moving. Former is a young and pretty Robert Mitchum, latter is a quick-gun comic who masks his gentle nature under a cloak of weltschmerz. Bartenders are generally the soul and spirit of a watering place like this, and they either set or are set by its tone.

Take Jimmy at the venerable Royal Roost, on Cornelia near Bloecker in the Village, for instance. Jimmy can keep up a running conversation on the entire periphery of the bar and still mix a good fast drink. He's attractive, with a winning smile when he chooses to use it. His personality thing is a pout and a grouse, he deals the comebacks fiercely with a dash of bitters—then bats his long lashes as his Irish eyes dance, and you love the little Puck. The regulars, and there are many, love him and each other and veteran hostess Mona herself. As her boite has been around for many years, surviving because it's superficially "mixed" (that's a pre-Unisexual term), because the food is good and reasonably priced (\$5.50 top

for sirloin, \$1.50 for an over-sized hamburger), and because it's a neighborhood bar with the added spice of drop-in clientele, Mona knows everyone and spends her time with her people. It's a people bar, a people restaurant, where friends share poetry, and each other.

The Country Cousin Bar and Restaurant, at 1313 Third Avenue (in the Seventies, tell the driver) serves the best food of any gay dining room in New York, and the prices are low. Three of us dined and drank without prior attention to prices one night recently for under fifteen dollars! Also enjoyed the enormous crowd of good-looking, ruddy though not very rowdy "achievers"—models, show people, young execs, writers—and "aspirers" who surround them. There's not much cruising from table-to-table, since friends tend to gather after cocktails together and stay together and are intent on each other and their cluster, but there's lots of ebb and flow at the bar. This is the "in" restaurant of the upper East Side gay ghetto (see GAY No. 1), where your Harry's Back East and Hampton Wick circle begin their night out. (See GAY Issue No. 4 for the "texture" of the aforementioned Hampton Wick, incidentally, is located at 1474 First Avenue, and it's a dance bar.) The waiters tend to be impersonal at the C.C. and crotchety, but what they serve up is worth the ego damage.

The notorious Stud is not even proclaimed such on its windows, but rather advertises itself as the International Club. Located at the corner of Greenwich and Perry in the far West Village, it is the arch-typical waterfront, leather-front, bar, same genre as the celebrated Jack's Waterfront in San Francisco, though not as lively. At first glance it has the look of Sporter's in Boston on a bad night, but in no way is it as friendly or natural. The specious costuming sets the mood: Nellies fantasizing that leather jackets make men, that sadisms and masochisms are the poles of attraction. But to one who's been

around the New York scene for some time, and who recognizes uptown models, midtown schoolteachers and downtown brokers "slumming," it is a rather pathetic spot. Of course, when this writer goes there he feels virtually invisible, absolutely unnoticed, and that colors the reportage. If I took out my cock they still wouldn't see me, which might sound like a problem of equipment, but what works everywhere else should suffice here if it's a matter of superficiality. It's something other at the Stud: it's the left-over guilt waves of another era, the patina of unquestioned labeling, the pall of self-loathing which stands between the vacant-eyed predators and the vacant-eyed preyed-upon and prevents them from making ready human contact. That's the way I read it. There are some beauties, many of them young and supple, and there are some maturing beauties, also supple, and some of my best friends who are beauties go there. They also trick in the trucks, anonymously, after leaving the Stud. Or they make the circuit—Danny's, Keller's, the Tool Box—and return. Restless, pacing, unsure of what they want or whether they are wanted.

The only nights I have found such bars amusing were Election Night at the Tool Box, when everyone was electrified and homogenized into open exchange by the Lindsay victory, and Halloween at the Stud when I went with a friend in costume—for real costume. On Halloween it was a strain for the most part, like New Year's Eve among the dislocated, people trying to have a good time but trying not to show it if they were. You can have it, I don't want it, it's too false for me.

The least false, the least pretentious, the least predictable or describable gay bar in town is a non-place, Christopher's End. Just go down Christopher practically to the docks, and you'll see it, on the south side of the street. It's enchanting after hours or after hours after hours, when the oddest, but quite often friendliest, characters in the city gather before facing dawn and the loathsome step-up of reality. The staff of waiters changes constantly; you gather without much native perspicacity that almost everyone is high on something other than booze; a tired go-go dancer may or may not hold forth on a postage-stamp stage edged with Christmas tinsel (not just at Yuletide either); someone may improvise on the protesting piano where nothing is negotiable if played above Middle C. You may or may not be served, and you may have to lift your feet when they decide to sweep up, but you can have a ball if you take your good time with you. If you enjoy goofing on other freaks at seven in the morning, sorting out the threads of the night or untangling the net, if this kind of solitary (by choice) mental needlepoint amuses you and you are not looking for action, noise and jazz, baby, try it. Christopher's End, where you might meet a step-and-fetchit water known as Missy, or a humpy Texan just returning from a trip (not to Fort Worth, honey) with his Mulberry Street chick who ask you to ball with them, this End is not antiseptic like the toilets at Together, homey like the Royal Roost, vibrant as Uncle Charlie's, but it's got an atmosphere where human empathy flourishes or can be revived before you frouge on home alone. I've often left there happier than when I came—and shouldn't that be the criterion for judging any bar, straight or Unisexual?

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DON'T FORGET! Lee's Mardi Gras '70 is SAT. FEB. 7th, at Hotel Riverside Plaza, 73rd & Broadway - featuring go-go boys, 2 dance bands (rock), floor show of female impersonators, door prize, trip to Puerto Rico. ONLY \$3.50. Call 5334132/4108.

GAY DANCES. N.Y. Mattachine Society presents GAY SINGLES PARTIES every Friday and Saturday night, 9 pm-2 am. COME! GROOVE TO A LIVE BAND AND GO-GO BOYS IN AN OUT OF SIGHT ATMOSPHERE, DRESS CASUAL. THE RIVERSIDE PLAZA, 253 W. 73rd St., (West End Ave.) DONATION INCLUDES 2 FREE DRINKS.

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MARY! Lee's Mardi Gras '70 is THE party of the year! Info: Call 533-4132 or 533-4108. (Win a trip to Puerto Rico) dance to 2 bands, and More. What can you lose, it's only \$3.50 in advance.

AMPUTEE MALE MODELS needed. Young, athletic, single, double, above knee, triple losses acceptable. Write P.O. Box 24, Fairlawn, N.J. 07410.

GOOD-LOOKING MALE, 27, 6', 175 lbs, wants to meet groovy, gay, and young-ish guy for lasting friendship and sex. Must be aware, sensitive and sincere. Discreet. Write in detail (photo, if possible, address) to R.C., P.O. Box 22, Roselle, New Jersey, 07203. Give it a try and make it happen.

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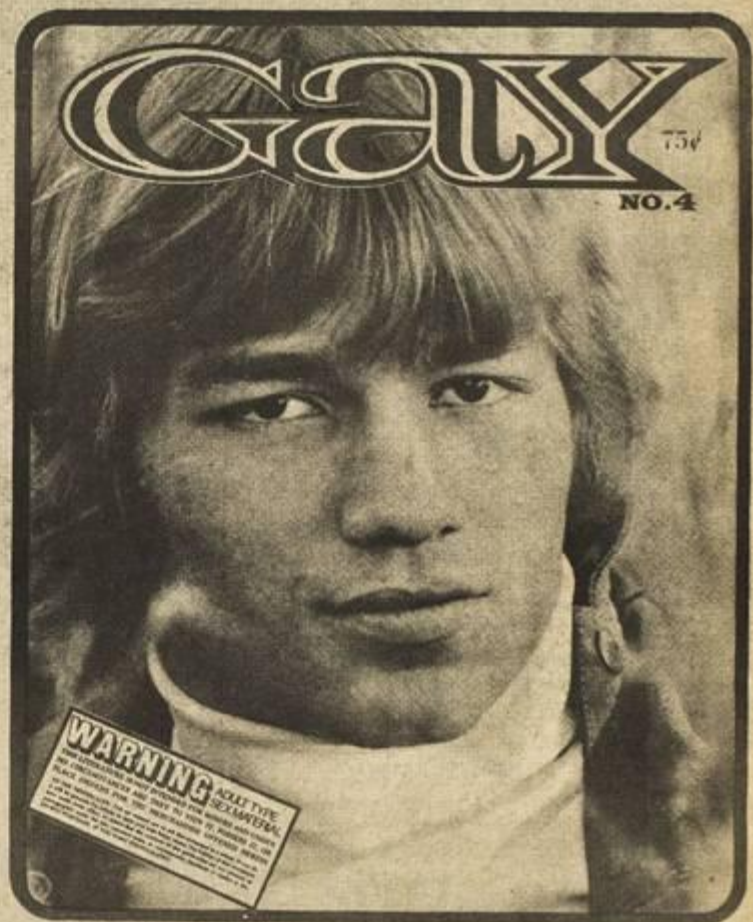
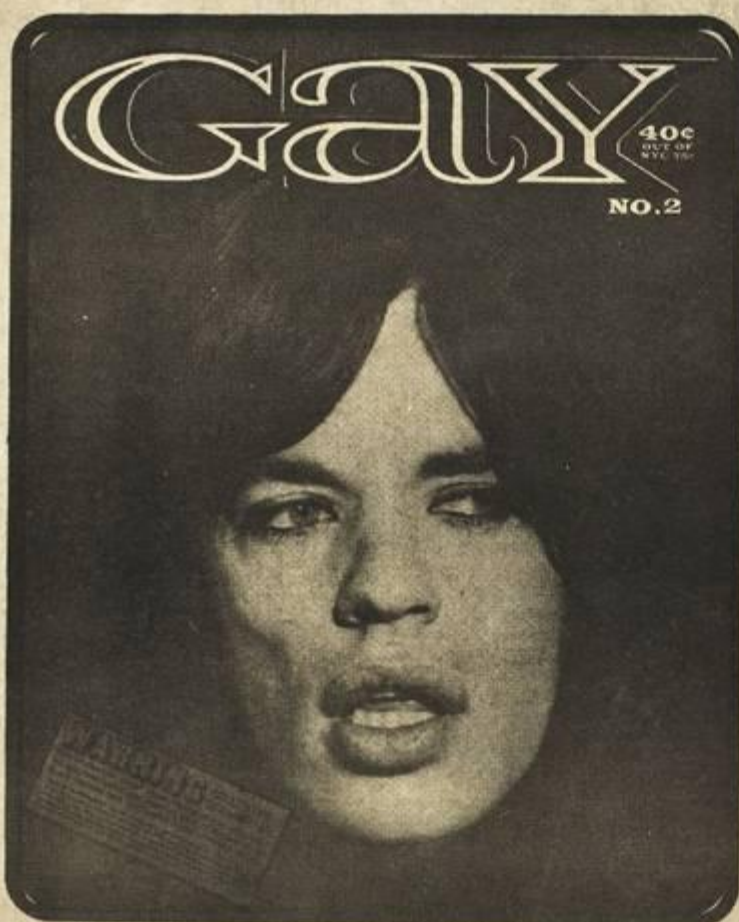
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