

GAY

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OUT OF
NYC 75¢

Vol.2 Issue 47

Household Finance Invaded By Angry Activists



Household Finance biggy argues with GAA's Arthur Evans

Photo by Richard C. Wandel

New York, NY—On Monday, March 1, Gay Activists Alliance and members of the Daughters of Bilitis held a series of confrontations with Household Finance Co., which they accused of discriminatory policies against homosexuals. HFC was accused of denying loans to suspected homosexuals, refusing to hire homosexuals, and conducting investigations into the private sex lives of applicants for loans and employment.

A series of quick 'zap' actions throughout the morning led to a climactic demonstration at HFC's main offices at 277 Park Ave., shortly after noon. A squad of fifteen GAA members appeared at four different HFC branch offices during the morning, talking with employees about the company's discriminatory policies and distributing leaflets. Meanwhile, other GAA members participated in a phone-in campaign, calling the HFC offices, stating that they were homosexual, and inquiring about the company's policies regarding lending to and hiring homosexuals—TriCities GLF and other gay organizations upstate conducted simultaneous phone campaigns to HFC offices in other cities.

At the first HFC branch office, the police were summoned, but the zap squad left the second-floor office by the stairs just in time to see the police going up in the elevator. The same thing happened at the second office, and the elusive gays found the third office securely locked. The word, apparently, had spread.

At the fourth office, on 34th St., the police arrived before the gays had departed and detained them. HFC had claimed that "a robbery was in process." Courteous at first, the police grew increasingly unpleasant. Richard Wandel, photographing the action for GAY, was

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Personal Account: The Kameny Campaign 7,700 Signatures Collected

BY PETE FISHER

Washington, D.C.—The call went out: New Yorkers were needed in Washington to help collect enough signatures to place Dr. Franklin Kameny on the D.C. Congressional ballot. Five thousand signatures were required by law, and they had to be in by Monday, February 22. A bus was chartered, and on Friday night, February 19, thirty five enthusiasts from New York set out from Port Authority,

high in spirits.

The bus trip was a revelation of sorts. I had wondered in advance what a liberator's busload would be like, but no expectation could have matched the reality.



GAY reporter, Pete Fisher

Food. I never saw a bus with more food on it. Sandwiches, crackers, cheese, cookies, candy circulated in a steady stream. A giving group of people.

(Continued on page 3)

Village Voice Critics Gay & Straight Debate At NYU

BY RANDY WICKER

New York, N.Y.—Andrew Sarris and Stuart Byron, both film critics for the *Village Voice*, were guest co-panelists Monday, March 1st, for NYU's class on homosexuality. Sarris wrote two articles for the *Voice* entitled "Heterosexuals Have Problems Too" in which he took a dim view of the breast beating and moral intimidation he said were all too common among those homosexuals such as Merle Miller who were currently emerging from their closets.

Byron had just published a review of "Statue" in the *Voice* in which he had identified himself as a homosexual for the first time, had taken exception to some of the value judgments made by Sarris in his articles, objected to the condescending view of homosexuality underlying the humor in the "Statue" movie and said that in the future, if he found some actor particularly attractive, he was going to say so since Sarris exercised that freedom regarding female actresses, and every time a reviewer denied himself such freedom, they "died" a little. Inside.

"Emphasis on sexuality in this culture accentuates inequality," Sarris maintained, "since we are all very unequal in that sphere. Civilization is based on sublimation of sexuality... Heterosexuality is not monolithic, serene, powerful, etc... A man not making a decent living in this city is emasculated every day, even by his own wife..."

"We're going through a sexual crisis now. If we structure a society based solely on sexual gratification, you can't take exception to any sexual practice," Sarris continued. "It seems to me that the problem of promiscuity is not faced. We have Don Juans in heterosexuality too."

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WHERE WILL YOU GO TONIGHT?

A Directory for Discriminating Dispositions

GAY'S DEPRESSION GUIDE A Poor Man's Manhattan

With higher taxes, spiraling prices and the dwindling supply of sugar daddies, the clever gay person must learn to stretch his entertainment dollar. In the tradition of Ralph Nader, WINS' Fran Lee and Joan Shepherd, New York Magazine's "The Passionate Shopper," and other "consumer specialists," we offer the following suggestions for getting more than your money's worth.

Since gay bars became "legal" a few years ago and owners of licensed gay bars stopped having to donate Cadillac to corrupt cops and liquor agents, the number of bars in Manhattan has multiplied. Competition is fierce, and smart managers are offering give-aways and extra inducements to win your patronage. If you play your cards right, you need never buy groceries or pay to see movies again.

The following list is, of necessity, incomplete. We are still compiling the lists, and bar owners are invited to send in notices of their give-aways for inclusion here in the future. Meanwhile, we'll go on calling and visiting bars in an effort to fill in the gaps. Meanwhile, if your favorite bar is not listed, call them up. They probably have something for nothing.

Free meals: There's no need for you to cook at all on Sundays as the bars are begging you to dine with them for the price of a drink. Others offer free food during the week. Some of the food is very good; some is only pretty good, but, if you buy even one drink, it's free, and you can't beat that.

Sunday:
The Troubadour: Free buffet from 1 to 5 p.m.
Willie's West Side: Free buffet from 4 p.m.*
Uncle Charlie's: Free buffet from 4 to 8 p.m.

Bonnie & Clyde's: Free buffet from 4 to midnight
The Hot Line: Free buffet from 5 p.m.
Harry's Back East: Free buffet from 5 p.m.
The Old Vic: Free buffet from 5 to 7 p.m.
The Picadilly Pub: Free buffet from 5 p.m.
Continental Baths: (230 W. 74th) Free buffet at 6 p.m.
The Tool Box: Free buffet from 8:30 p.m.
The Lighthouse: Free buffet from 7 p.m.

(*Most places serve until the food runs out; others put the food away at a particular time. Unless noted, the buffet continues until the food is all gone.)

Tuesday:
The Lighthouse: Free Italian buffet at 11:00 p.m.
Wednesday:
The Tool Box: Buffet at 8:30 p.m. (\$1.00 admission includes food, one drink, and two movies—see below, "Free Shows")

Thursday:
The Lighthouse: Free Chinese buffet at 11 p.m.
Friday:
Continental Baths: (230 W. 74th) Free buffet at 11:30 and coffee and donuts Saturday morning included in admission price.

Saturday:
Continental Baths: (230 W. 74th) Free buffet at 11:30 and Sunday morning breakfast included in admission price.

FREE SHOWS: Entertainment ranges from piano bars to star-studded shows in the local bars, clubs and restaurants. The places listed here have no cover charge and no minimum (except, perhaps, on weekends), though the baths, of course, charge admission—but the show is an "extra" that costs you nothing.

Sunday:
The Goldbug: "The Superbs," a very entertaining group, entertains at 11:30 and again at 1 a.m.

Continental Baths: (230 W. 74th) "The Little Show" featuring the fabulous Rosalie. Show starts just after the free buffet at 6:00 p.m.

Monday:
Bonnie & Clyde's: Free movie at 10:00 p.m.
Tuesday:
The Picadilly Pub: Free movie at 9:30 (usually repeated, by popular demand, at about 11:30)
The Zodiac Uptown: Live show featuring Leslie London. 11 p.m.-1 a.m.

Wednesday:
The Tool Box: Free movies (\$1.00 minimum includes film, free buffet and one drink). Double features, the first at 9:00, the second at 11:00. Buffet starts at 8:30.
Bonnie & Clyde's: Free movie at 10:00

Thursday:
The Hip-o-drome: Free movie at 11:00
Zodiac Uptown: Live show, featuring Leslie London. 11 p.m.-1 a.m.

Friday:
Continental Baths: (230 W. 74th) Live, star-studded show starts at about 12:30 a.m. or just after the Lucilian banquet called the "buffet" is over.

Saturday:
Continental Baths: (230 W. 74th) Repeat of Friday night/Saturday morning show, same times.

Every night:
The Painted Pony: Johnny Savoy on piano and Bob Veldex on bass
The Candy Store: Piano bar
The Hot Line: Jocy, the fabulous, multi-lingual singer, with three-piece band.

CHEAP DRINKS: If you plan your drinking carefully, or start early, you can make your drinking money go further and also get a head start on cruising. Some of the places open very early, so if you feel like knocking off work for a day, you can mingle with the other gold-brickers and head for the hay while the sun is still shining.

Daily:
The Tool Box: Opens very early, so you can sip a Bloody Mary while the bartender, "Mother" Norma, calls your boss and tells him you're sick in bed. She also dispenses advice to the lovelorn with the reduced-price booze.

The Pub Society: Drinks are only 75¢ during and lots of activities, like buffets and movies. GF & GM
Buster Mae's, 1643 First Ave., bet. 85 & 86 St. (734-8863) A friendly bar with a busy pool table. GM

Buffetbars: 1716 2nd Ave. at 89th St. (722-9838) East Side neighborhood bar. GM
The Candlelight Lounge, 309 Amsterdam Ave., bet. 74 & 75 Sts. (874-9607) One of New York's longest-running gay bars, a friendly neighborhood place. GM

The Candy Store, 44 West 56th St., bet. 5th & 6th Aves. (581-4664) Piano bar for the suit and tie crowd and out-of-town businessmen. GM
Carnival, 507 West St., at Jane (above the Tool Box), Back room policy. GM

Carr's, 104 W. 10th St. A sociable bar in the Village. No posing, no frantic rush to make out—just nice people having fun. GM
Come Back, 185 W. 10th St. After-hours club where the bartenders and other nice people go to unwind. GM and some GF

Country Cousins, 1213 Third Ave., bet. 75 & 76 Sts. (879-6614) Good food, good liquor and nice people. GM, mostly.
Danny's, 139 Christopher St. (929-9321). It's seen better days, but the people still come here, GM

The Den, 835 Washington at Little W. 12th St. (989-8991). Don't show up without your leather drag. GM
The Department Store, 491 W. 12th St., at Jane (back room policy). GM

The Eagle's Nest, 11th Ave. & 21st St. Private club for the leather/western crowd. GM
Fedora's, 239 W. 4th St. (CH 2-9693). The best of the gay restaurants. Excellent food, casual atmosphere. Reservations suggested. GM & GF

The Finale, 48 Barrow St. (CH 3-7538) Another famous gay eatery. GM & GF
The Four Seasons, 99 E. 52nd St. The bar is crisy for the grand set, but be careful, the place is integrated.

Francis', 115 MacDougal St., bet. 3rd & Bleecker (at the Cafe Wha). Free admission, light show, dancing. Soda bar. Open 8 p.m. to 4 a.m. GM
Gianni's, 53 W. 19th St. (675-9809) A dancing bar for women. GF

FREE LIQUOR:
Sunday:
The Twelfth Night: A very elegant brunch here starts at 2 p.m. and you get a gourmet spread for only \$2.95—and all the champagne you can drink is free!

MISCELLANEOUS:
Body-building lessons:
Continental Baths (230 W. 74th) has a well-equipped gym section available at no charge for the use of its patrons. From 11 to midnight on Wednesdays, and from 3 to 4

p.m. on Saturday and Sunday afternoons, Tony Collins, "Mr. World," is on hand to give you free lessons, advice, and pointers for building your body.

Veneral disease check-ups:
Continental Baths (230 W. 74th) offers free, absolutely confidential, blood-tests. They don't want to know your name; you are known only by a code number. The technicians are available from 10 to midnight on Saturday nights (for Continental's patrons only), and from 6 to 10 on Sunday nights for patrons and public alike. Free coffee and donuts are served.

The New York City Department of Public Health also gives free blood tests at its centers, but under less comfortable and anonymous conditions than Continental's. Check the phone book, call your favorite homophile organization, or get Mattachine's free "VD Information for Homosexuals" handbook which contains the full list.

No Money At All? If you're broke and feel like going out—and your political sensibilities are not offended by radical rhetoric, *The People's Coffee Grounds*, 222 West 82nd Street, offers coffee, conversation and cruising. They like donations to pay for the coffee you drink, but they don't insist.

Free Legal Advice. If you've been arrested, want to write a will, work out a property settlement with the lover or roommate you're splitting with, or need advice on any legal matter, the *Mattachine Society* offers a free legal clinic on Tuesday nights, between 6 and 8 p.m. 243 West End Ave.

The Goldbug, 83 W. 2nd St. (677-0874) The bar with everything, including dancing. GM
T. Goldfarb's, 61 Seventh Ave. at Bleecker. (989-9446) Restaurant, piano bar and quiet bar, all under one roof. Something for everyone. GM

Hedges, Jane & West Streets. Private club for the leather set. GM
Harry's Back East, 1422 Third Ave., bet. 80 & 81 Sts. (249-9991) The one place where it's always "in" to be. When the other joints are dying, this one is packed—even on Monday nights. GM

The Hip-o-drome, 165 Avenue "A," bet. 10 & 11 Sts. (228-9984) The gay center of the Lower East Side and haven for the young, radical chic set. GM
The Hot Line, 1544 2nd Ave., bet. 80 & 81 Sts. (734-8863) Would you believe—a telephone on each table, a la "Cabaret," so you can cruise sitting down. Dancing and live entertainment, too. GM, a few GF.

Jimmy Ray's, 729 8th Avenue (582-9507) A neighborhood bar & restaurant in the theatrical neighborhood. Not crisy, and not really gay, but fun, int.

Julius', 159 W. 10th St., at Waverly Pl. (929-9672). Very much a neighborhood bar, but also a haven for young out-of-towners who have heard of its national reputation. GM
Keller's, 284 West Street (CH 3-1907). The mother and father of leather bars. GM

Kookie's, 149 West 14th St. (242-9226). New York's best-known women's bar. GF
The Lighthouse, 2189 Broadway, corner of 76th St. (SU 7-9791) An old-timer on the bar scene trying to make a comeback under new management. GM

Luigi II, 104 W. 13th St. (929-9548) GM
The Lux Cafe, West 4th Street, off Sixth Avenue. An upstairs after hours private club for women. Dancing. GF.

The Machine, Hotel Empire, 63rd & Broadway. This discotheque for the young, mainly Latin, set on the balcony of the hotel just across from Lincoln Center. GM

New Jimmy's, 1576 Third Avenue, between 88 & 89th Sts. (869-4509) The newest, and one of the best, of the gay restaurants. Reservations suggested. GM and GF.

Nine Plus Social Club, 149 W. 21st St. (924-9837). Another one of those private clubs exclusively for the leather crowd. GM

The Oak Room Bar, Hotel Plaza, 59th and Fifth. Formerly headquarters for the elegant closet set; woman's lib "liberated" it and ruined cruising, int.

O.K. Corral, 835 Washington St. Leather crowd. GM
Old Vic, 309 E. 60th St. (832-9049). Very crisy dance palace with an intimate atmosphere. GM

The Painted Pony, 1485 Third Ave., at 84th St. (744-9580). Live entertainment and a friendly crowd. What more could you want? GM
Paula's, 64 Greenwich Ave. (691-3360) The Street again has a gay bar! Intimate and friendly, Paula's is just starting to catch on. GF and GM

The Picadilly Pub, 324 Amsterdam Ave., bet 75 & 76 Sts. (874-8532) One of the newer (and busier) Upper West Side bars. GM
Peppy's Place, 153 W. 48th St. (265-9792) It's gay in the evenings, and a hard-nut hangout in the afternoons. The hard hats may love you, but the day bartender won't. GM

The Planetarium, 181 2nd Ave. near 12th St. An out-cast discotheque with all the trimmings. GM
The People's Coffee Grounds, 210 W. 82nd St. GLF takes over this intellectual center for radicals for rapping, sipping coffee and making out. Sundays, from 4 p.m. to 1 a.m. GM, GF

The Pub Society, 1649 2nd Ave., bet. 85 & 86 Sts. (628-2419). A great place to eat, with excellent food and an intimate bar that goes on forever. GM & GF

The Roundtable, 151 E. 50th St. (758-0310) Dancing to live rock bands, mainly a young crowd, but everybody assembles here. GM & GF

The Royal Rovee, 28 Cornelia St. (CH 2-9557) Small, but excellent restaurant with an intimate bar. Mostly neighborhood and very "in" people, int.

The Sanctuary, 407 W. 43rd St. (247-4210) Church converted into a mass discotheque. Once the most popular place in town, but lost its liquor license. The high price for fruit juices is killing business. GM

The School, Amsterdam Ave. bet. 65 & 66 Sts. A noisy, busy headquarters for Latin types and lovers of Spanish music. Open weekends only. GM

Scotland Yard, 146 W. 4th St. Private, after-hours club with dancing and pool table. Bring your own bottle. Open 8 p.m. to 7 a.m. int.

Stage 45, 305 E. 45th St. (532-0290) A dancing bar where black is beautiful. GM

The Den, 835 Washington at Little W. 12th St. (989-8991). Don't show up without your leather drag. GM

The Department Store, 491 W. 12th St., at Jane (back room policy). GM

The Eagle's Nest, 11th Ave. & 21st St. Private club for the leather/western crowd. GM

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EDITORIAL

March 29, 1971, Volume 2, Issue 47

WRITE TO YOUR FRIENDS IN D.C.

GAY's readers throughout the nation are urged to write immediately to any friends in Washington, D.C. asking them, if possible, to vote for Dr. Franklin E. Kameny, the Personal Freedom Party candidate. Dr. Kameny is now a major contender in the race for Washington's Non-Voting Delegate's seat in the U.S. Congress. The Editors of GAY have known Dr. Kameny for nearly a decade, and believe that a finer candidate could not be found.

Washington's four TV stations and its newspapers are giving full coverage to the Kameny campaign. Already he has collected 7,700 signatures of support with the help of GAA (New York). Kameny is running as an avowed homosexual, and as an eminent civil libertarian with an impressive list of credentials and accomplishments.

Even if he loses, the number of voters he gets will speak impressively to legislators and bureaucrats in the Federal Government. It is these, in the final analysis, that count. Kameny's campaign is showing the political structure that the gay community is a force to be reckoned with. Please help him.

THE NEW YORK TIMES AND HARRIET (AGAIN!)

It is only fair to warn some of

society's senile institutions, such as Harriet Van Horne and the New York Times, that they may no longer make calculated attacks on the homosexual community without expectation of rebuttal. The latest examples of such attacks appeared on the front page of the Times' Sunday edition (February 29) and was headlined: MORE HOMOSEXUALS AIDED TO BECOME HETEROSEXUAL, and in Harriet's column (N.Y. Post) of March 1st, headlined UNCLOSED QUEENS.

Much as well-mannered people might wish, the upcoming rebuttal to such insidious journalism is not likely to be mannerly. Homosexuals are angry. Gay organizations are likely to strike at any moment, and, if we know anything about their tactics, the offices of those responsible may very well be thrown into complete disarray and chaos.

It would be wise for the Times and Harriet (no relation to Ozzie) and other virulently anti-homosexual journalists and publications to wise up fast. Nobody likes nastiness, but things may very well get much nastier than the published hate literature distributed by these old fogies.

Homosexual citizens will no longer be either silent or polite in the face of hackneyed insults.

High School Erupts Over Gay Speech In Class

BY ERIK LARSON
MIDWEST CORRESPONDENT

Minneapolis, Minn.—The \$50,000 to \$80,000 homes in the Minneapolis suburb of Golden Valley sit proudly along quiet, curving streets with names like Tyrol Trail, Meadow Lane and Meander Road. The lean teen-aged sons of the corporate executives who live there sport \$8 haircuts, \$25 shirts and bellbottom blue levis.

For some, the whole family can look out over the sweeping greens of the Theodore Wirth Golf Course. Others awake each morning to the peaceful gargling of Bassett's Creek.

But all hell broke loose when parents discovered that two gay liberationists had been invited to speak to classes at Golden Valley High School.

"Homosexuals are physically and socially abnormal," declared the angry writer of a letter-to-the-editor published in the Golden Valley Weekly Sun.

A band of irate parents descended on the Golden Valley School Board on Feb. 16, a week after two members of FREE: Gay Liberation of Minnesota spoke and answered questions in the social-problems classes of teacher Peter Simonson.

Simonson, a department chairman who was scheduled to talk to the School Board anyway as a part of a continuing review of curriculum, said that FREE's

The Kameny Campaign 7,700 Signatures Collected



Dr. Franklin E. Kameny on his way to Capitol Hill

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shared, were being approached very differently by the gay groups in Washington. I began to feel that there was a great need for New York gays to talk to gays in other parts of the country. Living in the biggest and probably gayest city in the nation, we were nevertheless in danger of becoming somewhat provincial, able to relate only to local issues.

Saturday morning we went out in teams of two to ask for signatures. Marc and I were stationed at a supermarket in a largely black neighborhood. I was a little apprehensive about the response we would get. Would we be seen as outside agitators, people trying to get black support for a non-black issue under the rallying cry of civil rights legislation?

On the contrary. By and large, the response was very friendly and encouraging. "Doc Kameny? Sure, I'll sign your petition. I think it's a good meaning in Washington. Others, which we

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THE WICKER BASKET



BY RANDOLFE WICKER

WHEN STEREOTYPES BACKFIRE

A very amusing episode was reported in the Sunday Times theater section story entitled "An Angel for 'Stag Movie.'" The author listed the series of events which befell "Stag Movie," a pornographic parody play he'd invested in. At one point he says he came in to find the producer looking a little green because the previous night Clive Barnes, the NY Times all-important theater critic, had come to see the show and there had been a little trouble.

"Somebody or other (somebody's wife I later learned) had suggested inviting the Gay Liberation Front to 'paper the house,' as we say in show biz," he recalled. "The idea was that they would be good laughers (being gay?) at this kind of sex comedy. But no. The Gay Liberation Front took umbrage at the play's homosexual jokes. They booted, they hooted, they cried 'sexist pigs.' It went on for nearly half an hour bringing the action onstage to a total halt, until the Tactical Patrol Force could be called in. Think of it, 30 or so screaming homophobes, descending like Aeschylean furies to rip to shreds lame little jokes the author had secretly chuckled over in his study months ago. It was as though the gods themselves were angered by 'Stag Movie.' And to think that the cops had to be called not to raid, but to protect a dirty play! O tempora, o mores!"

MILITANTS FRIGHTEN POLITICO'S: "Mayor Lindsay has been the best friend the homosexual citizen ever had in this city," a West Side Assemblyman told Mattachine representatives who had asked him to speak recently. "If he gets treated that way by your people, you can bet I'm not going to stick my neck out for you."

MSNY also claims another East Side Senator confided, "I'm in favor of most of your legislative program, but I have a few reservations about some points. I can't appear unless you can assure me that there will be no violence or name-calling, because my conscience won't let me go along with you completely."

Mattachine contends that a vocal minority of militants have concentrated on "zapping" supporters of homosexual rights for "not doing enough" while ignoring militantly anti-gay office holders.

Nelson Rockefeller, for instance, literally made the law which keeps NY gays in a quasi-legal limbo. The legislature passed the entire penal code reform bill which legalized consenting acts in private. Then the same Legislature passed the Voelker amendment which specified a 3-month prison term for homosexuals or unmarried straights committing consensual sodomy while exempting married heterosexuals from legal sanctions.

Rockefeller could have simply killed the amendment by not signing it. He made it law by putting his signature on it. While a 3-month prison term is not severe, and not frequently enforced, the existence of the law gives homosexuals less than complete legal status which greatly complicates efforts made to outlaw discrimination in employment and housing directed against them.

It could be argued, however, that perhaps the militants simply arrived on the scene too late. The charges of trespassing brought against five members of the Gay Activists Alliance for occupying State Republican Party Headquarters during the past gubernatorial campaign trying to pressure Rockefeller to take a stand on homosexual rights were dismissed last month. All of which might mean that Rockefeller has finally realized homosexuals comprise too large a voting block to risk antagonizing through vindictive prosecutions.

N.Y. TIMES BOOSTS QUACKS: The N.Y. Times, matronly heir of American Puritanism, took a couple small steps forward and one giant leap backward this past month.

First off, they printed an article running 17 column inches on their Op-Editorial page by Michael Kotis, President of the NYMS, which challenged three fallacies: (1) that homosexuality is unnatural; (2) that homosexuality is immoral; (3) that homosexuality is an illness.

Secondly they gave extensive and good coverage to the legal suit filed by Gay Activists Alliance to force Secretary of State John P. Lomenzo to accept a certificate of incorporation for their organization.

Finally, they ran a 42-column inch feature headlined on the front page as "MORE HOMOSEXUALS AIDED TO BECOME HETEROSEXUAL." The works of Drs. Beiber, Hatterer and Hadden were dusted off and reshaped. And a new charlatan, Dr. Wolpe, claims 75% of his patients became heterosexually oriented after about six months of therapy. They didn't deem it necessary to investigate the financial rewards coming to such soothsayers.

As an afterthought, perhaps revealing even a glimmer of conscience or a tinge of guilt, they ran a second 12-column inch story entitled "THE CHANGING VIEW OF HOMOSEXUALITY" in which they gave limited exposure to Dr. Evelyn Hooker's studies and psychologist Lawrence LeShan's view that homosexuality is "a way of loving, not a pathology. The therapist's job is not to go along with the prejudices of the culture, but to help a person to adjust so he can deal adequately with the culture."

Even this was something new for the

N.Y. Times which in its first "shocking revelation" that there was a large homosexual community in NYC several years ago completely ignored divisions of opinion within professional circles and assiduously pushed the homosexuals-are-sick patter.

All the free publicity in the Times has no doubt given the practices of all these charlatans a financial boost. Hundreds of guilt-laden closet queens have probably already rushed to them for treatment.

Why haven't seriously minded groups documented the evidence against these people? Exposed their so-called cures? We all know people who have been taken for thousands by coy therapists only to have become bitter and disillusioned when they saw the light.

Why hasn't anyone documented testimony from these patients and started publicized harassment suits seeking to have the quack's medical license revoked? Seeking to have their fees refunded because promised "cures" never materialized? They wouldn't win, of course, but the question could be raised and the so-called shrink's validity thrown into question.

Why hasn't anyone tried to reach the patients of these men directly as they enter and leave their offices on those \$30 to \$50 an hour visits?

If those professionals who so blandly advocate torturous aversion-therapy for homosexuals or who experiment on homosexual prisoners and mental patients by cutting or burning out part of their brains knew that those people's homosexual brothers would possibly destroy their offices, burn their files, and maim them physically, they'd soon abandon their genocidal pursuits.

LITTLE THINGS:

* A GLF chapter has reportedly been formed at Yale University and a dance is planned in the near future.

* A Philadelphia man let his wife make a date with an obscene phone caller and then went to keep the date in drag with a police officer in tow. The caller was arrested.

* A 34-year-old bachelor school teacher has adopted a 2-year-old boy in California. The boy had a Negro father and a white mother and was considered hard to place. The teacher said he "liked kids so much he hated to see them go home after school."

* The Associated Students of Sacramento State College won recognition for the Society for Homosexual Freedom by obtaining a court order after the California State College Board of Trustees and Sacramento State College refused to grant them recognition. The court ruled that college presidents do not have arbitrary powers over campus matters and must abide by Constitutional standards. Petitioners claimed the action violated their rights under the First and Fourteenth amendments.

* Evergreen Review has been attacked by the chief prosecutor of the 10th Circuit Court. He has demanded Evergreen be removed from the local library's shelves because "pictures in the February issue showing acts of lesbianism and perversion are definitely obscene."

* A soldier from Queens who met a girl, married her, supported her for 22 months with allotment checks while overseas, found out his wife had formerly been a man and has filed for an annulment. The wife's attorney has asked the court to set a precedent by declaring the marriage legal, thus affirming transsexual rights to marry, and their rights to Social Security, survivor payments, workman's compensation and other benefits.

CANDY BARS AND CORPSES

BY AARON BATES



Wait till you see *Dinah East*, the latest on the gay exploitation circuit. First of all, it actually has a plot (which goes on for days).

Secondly, it wins my award as the most unintentionally funny picture of the year. The acting is so consistently nonexistent that none other than the late Helen Keller's ghost could have directed it.

The story concerns a famous Hollywood star who gracefully hiccups a few times and drops dead. I wouldn't be at all surprised if the lovely creature had the same unknown disease that killed off poor Ali MacGraw in *Love Story*. At any rate, the disease seems rather contagious so if you start hiccuping, watch out!

Meanwhile, back at the funeral parlor, the necrophiliac undertaker discovers, while molesting Dinah East's corpse, that she is really a he. The undertaker, who shall remain nameless, gives probably the worst performance of the decade, even outshining Sandra Dee in *The Dumwich Horror*, let alone Joan Crawford in *Trog*. After discovering this biological fraud, the mortician runs for a Babe Ruth candy bar to calm his nerves, thus becoming the first and only necrophiliac chocolate freak in the history of movies.

When the press gets the news of the great deception, the effects on Dinah's friends and relations are curious, to say the least. Her cocky young adopted son (Reid Smith) is wrecked, never suspecting that old mom was a Hollywood movie queen in more ways than one. Her hunky lawyer (Andy Davis) loses his position with a conservative firm because he and Dinah were supposedly lovers a number of years back. The lawyer's very pretty son (Joe Taylor) has a fight with his girlfriend (after screwing her, of course) when she makes aspersions on his father's masculinity.

Dinah's costume designer is also shaken up by her friend's death. In flashback, we discover that the actor-actress made a deal with the designer (Ultra Violet) to keep his-her sex a secret. Miss Violet agrees since she doesn't want Dinah to blab about her own muffy activities with her tit-heavy models.

Meanwhile, Dinah's chauffeur (Matt Bennett), an ex-fighter who was also (naturally) one of Dinah's lovers, takes off his clothes and pulls a James Mason-walk-into-the-sea.

Let I forget, there is also the widow of a studio guard who grieves for the celebrity because Dinah paid off the mortgage on the old lady's home when the old man kicked off. Why? Because he, too, kept Dinah's little secret.

After much flashback sucking and



Dinah East: An about face in skinflicks

Dinah East is a Necrophiliac's Dream

fucking (little is shown, although there is a lot of lovely male nudity), the old queen is buried, the gravediggers mumble something stupid and the picture ends. I was laughing so hard, I wanted it to go on for another five minutes at least. I was particularly choked up over the fact that Jeremy Stockwell, who plays Dinah East, not only looks but sounds like a drag queen. The blonde fright wigs he wore didn't help much (especially when the wind blew), nor did the campy period costumes he squeezed into from time to time. Oddly enough, I met the young man at a party last year and he looks like a pretty choir boy out of drag. You may have seen Jeremy as "Mona" in Sal Mineo's New York version of *Fortune And Men's Eyes*. Unfortunately, I missed that particular thrill.

Aside from the stick figure school of acting skills demonstrated by all of the principles (with the possible exception of Mr. Davis), it must be conceded that the dialogue left them little to work with, assuming any of them had any talent to begin with (short of disrobing) which seems unlikely. For example, when the son discovers that his mom was really his dad, he quips, "I found out about it in bits and pieces" or when Dinah catches Ultra Violet sucking a young lady's right tit in the dressing room, the designer cries, her mouth full, "Don't you ever knock! Come back in an hour!" to which Dinah replies, "Do you think an hour will be enough time?"

And so it goes. The color and sound are both of high quality so you see every choice bit of meat (although often too briefly) and hear every gem of a line. When it opens, take my advice and bring a campy friend. You'll laugh yourself into a coma—just don't hiccup or you're through!

CHUCK ROY

Wait till you see Chuck Roy's *Earth Child, Naked Unto The World*, equally laughable in a different way. Remember *Happy Birthday, Davey*, Roy's last gay tone poem. It was the sleeper of the season. Everybody in the audience fell asleep. This new atrocity sounds equally quaint with such lines as, "I am the earth mother, sleeping only when the coagulation of life's fluids is achieved and forgotten... I am self-made and self-destroyed" to which the hero naturally replies, "Earth mother, I need your solace, your comfort." If you use earplugs, you might enjoy a semen-shooting sequence or if you're into certain S&M scenes, you might prefer the hero urinating all over the camera lens. If you're expecting another *Gone With The Wind*, forget it!

Who ever was naive enough to say that gays were more creative than straights most assuredly hasn't come into contact with a Chuck Roy movie.

DUSTIN & PETER

Dustin Hoffman and Peter O'Toole made a lovely couple prior to the premiere of

Peter's new film, *Murphy's War*. The scene was in London and as you can see by the picture, the bug-eyed man in the rear has never witnessed anything quite like it. Well, boys will be boys! (Treasure this photograph always! I had to go down on twenty-three hardhats and a dog to get it!)



Peter, Dustin and bug-eyed observer

A friend of mine recently returned from London. Do you know that for 2 pounds you can have a London cabdriver? (That's \$4.80 in American money.) Most of them love to get done and the few that don't will refuse you politely. Considering how much of their time you're taking up, it's quite a bargain. Of course, if you really want to be elegant, you can have one of the royal guards for a fiver (\$12). But I personally think the cabdrivers in London are much prettier than the guards if you care to look beneath the uniforms. Too bad most of the New York cabbies are such a fright!



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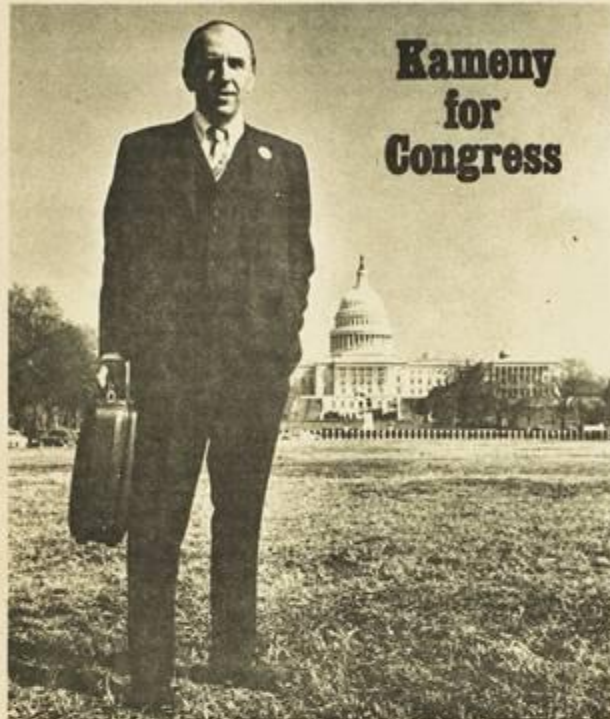
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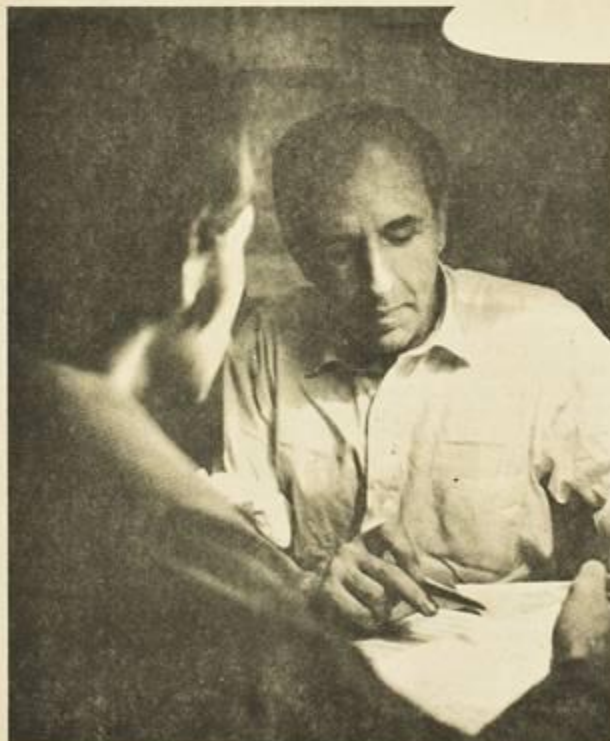
PHOTOS BY KAY TOBIN



This is Dr. Franklin E. Kameny, a major candidate in the Washington, D.C. race for the seat of Non-Voting Delegate to Congress. Kameny's campaign staff, running him as an avowed homosexual, collected 7,700 signatures to put him on the ballot. Washington's four TV stations are giving extensive coverage to his dramatic campaign.



Dr. Kameny's Press Relations Manager, Joel Martin, is also a member of Washington's Gay Liberation Front. Dr. Kameny is Founder and President of The Mattachine Society of Washington, Washington's united gay community, including GLF, Mattachine, the Homophile Social League, the bars, the baths, and numerous citizens, is working for the campaign enthusiastically.



A professional speechwriter works closely with the candidate, Dr. Kameny's campaign is important to homosexuals everywhere because it is being waged in the nation's capital. All our state representatives are watching the proceedings. They will be educated by Dr. Kameny and will bring more enlightened views home to their states.



Kameny informs prisoners who have not been convicted of their right to vote. As a result, thousands will do so. Your support of the Kameny campaign is needed. Write to your Washington friends and tell them to vote. Or, send a contribution to Kameny for Congress Committee, P.O. Box 1259, Washington, D.C. 20013.

Loosely About Women

BY SOREL DAVID



Well, nothing's happening, nothing's going on anymore. The Gay Community Center is probably going to close, or has closed by now and there hasn't been a women's dance for about four weeks. The Radicalesbians are all dead—tied their construction boots up too tight and strangled, one by one, and nobody seems to be occupying buildings much these days. Too bad, I sort of miss the old revolution in a way. Marching around in front of Weinstein Hall carrying signs and screaming Gay Power, something about watching Sylvia, the well known star of STAR (Street Transvestites Action Revolutionaries) shaking her ass up and down University Ave. shouting 1-3-5-9, lesbians are mighty fine, really tickled me for some reason.

I was marching around shouting and screaming with the best of them when I looked up and saw a field of blue, the TPF advancing, nightsticks in hand. I'd never seen that many cops all together at one place before in my life. My friend Debby and I decided to go inside and liberate the Ladies Room until the bloodbath was over. Debby's friend Sue, Sweet Sue, who was much more militant, oh at least five minutes more militant than either Debby or myself, joined us after the requisite five minutes. The three of us were just sort of sitting there on the floor of the Ladies Room wondering what was happening outside, imagining all the blood and bashed heads and feeling a little bit guilty for having deserted the cause, when all of a sudden an overweight lunatic walked in and began to disrobe.

"Look how much weight I've lost!" she said, unzipping her skirt and stepping out of it. Then the tights, what the hell was she doing wearing tights in August anyway, you see she really was a maniac. Pushing her tights and her panties down around her ankles, she began hobbling around, alternating between bending over to examine herself, trying to discover her thighs under her distended belly, that is, and admiring herself in the mirror. It wasn't pretty. You know what else—she had bellicose veins too. Then she started telling us all about the weight she had lost—forty pounds. "Forty pounds?" we said shaking our heads in disbelief, disbelief that this was happening to us. "Forty pounds!" she said. At this point in the dialogue, Debby decided to hip her to the rules of the establishment. This was the liberated women's Ladies Room, she told her, and she could stay as long as she liked if she promised to get dressed. I decided to leave.

Outside, I discovered that a great victory had been won. The cops were



Egon Schiele, Sitting Woman, 1917, Austrian

Seeking Alternatives to the Alternate Culture

gone and we were no longer marching up and down in front of the building, but were inside occupying the sub-cellar of Weinstein Hall for the evening. Hundreds of proud gay women and men, mostly men, milling about the place not knowing exactly what to do with their victory. It was supposed to be a dance, I think, but there was no music. There was plenty of beer though, that was in August, the good old days and now—nothing. Ah well,

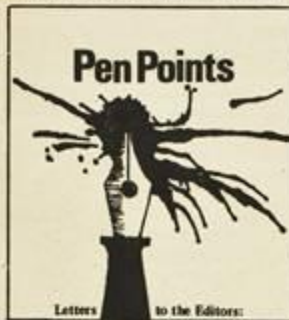
maybe there will be a great resurgence in the spring. Meanwhile, what are women doing during this fallow time. Well, there's always DOB. DOB is really happening these days what with their new loft and all. I haven't been to the new place yet, something about their new image, their new more-militant-than-thou attitude puts me off. I'm sorry but there just have to be some constants in this world. GLF,

GAA and Radicalesbians can go around competing with each other for far out hip and groovy radical points, but DOB just has to be middle class. I don't care if they are calling everyone sisters these days. Sisters! Sisters! DOB is having another one of its fabulous parties this weekend! Remember when their ads used to read "Gay Gals" all the time? I can't decide which is more of a turn-off, the old Gay Gals of days of yore or the new self-conscious Right Ons.

I was at a DOB meeting one time, the meeting at which they announced getting the loft as a matter of fact. A representative from Third World Gays came by to make an announcement. After the president had secured the attention of everyone in the room with the traditional raising of her arms, the hands forming the peace sign and shouting sisters sisters several times, the woman from Third World introduced herself. As befits any self-respecting militant Third Worlder when faced with all this middle class whiteness, she came on hostile. Placing her hands on her hips, she spat out the words, "I'm from Third World." Low murmurings of confusion broke out all over the room. Finally one brave soul spoke up. "What's Third World?" she asked. "Third World is colored peoples" the woman explained. "No dear, the word is black." a very correct woman in the front corrected. The Third Worlder, who looked to be a black Puerto Rican, started at the woman in disbelief. "Colored peoples, you know, like black, Puerto Rican or Oriental," she explained. "Anyone who isn't white is colored." Once again from the front, "Black dear, the word is black." The woman gave up and made her announcement which was about setting up a day care center, something terribly relevant to the lesbian community I'm sure. After a few minutes of berating the women there for being white and middle class and for not having many blacks and Puerto Ricans in their number, she stormed out. The poor DOBers looked at each other in dismay. "You mean we're not radical?" one of them said incredulously.

Maybe I'm not taking this whole revolution thing seriously enough. The thing is, though, I feel much more oppressed, repressed and depressed as an artist and an intellectual in this country than as a homosexual or a woman for that matter. The DOB newsletter has the tone of a society page report on a fund raising dinner of the Junior League and that ain't good. Things like Dian and Gail brought cookies and a wonderful time was had by all offend my sensibilities. I mean after gay liberation, then what? Am I supposed to find a nice Jewish girl and settle down in the suburbs to raise a healthy brood of pussycats? I can just see me spending my Saturdays chauffeuring my pussycats around, taking them to their ballet lessons, rhythm band practice and the orthodontist. Not that I have anything against pussycats, pussycats are one of the nicer things in the world actually.

In conclusion, let me just say that there is a rumor going around that there is injustice in the world at large and even right here in our own fair city. Do not despair though, the mayor's office has announced an immediate investigation of the matter.



Letters to the Editors: BALTIMORE IS UP!

Dear GAY: Recently I went to Baltimore, Md. The trip was interesting, especially since I went to the gay bars and THE BLOCK to study the laws and to make arrangements to do some photography for my studio, ATLANTIS, on location. Baltimore is a clean city, very clean, with very little garbage on the streets and THE BLOCK (the 42nd St. of Balto.) had no addicts hanging around, no panhandlers and the section was clean! Shops offering hard core were many (like a little Denmark). The interesting thing is that the police DO NOT harass the stores. One gay bar, EDDIE'S CLUB BAR, has been in business over 17 years with no police harassment. The customers

weren't uptight and the beer was cheap. New York City has many more people, many who dig hard core and many who are gay, but here the laws are different. As owner of the Legend Gallery & Atlantis, I support complete rights for Gay people and ask that there be an end to censorship so that America can really be the land of the free. If only New York City would follow the style of Baltimore! Sincerely, Rick Nielsen, Pres. LEGEND/ATLANTIS 152 S. 7th Ave. NYC

ED. NOTE: We were guests of WJZ-TV in Baltimore last September and enjoyed our visit immensely. Baltimore has a new look these days! In days past, the city looked dingy, but not any more. GAY's readers may well wish to call on your shop, which sells books and photos at reasonable rates.

A HEADSHRINKER'S ENLIGHTENMENT Dear GAY: I have just finished reading your New Year's edition and have thoroughly enjoyed it. Your articles and poetry are an inspiration to self-realization and self-acceptance for all homosexuals. I began reading GAY as a medical student in San Francisco. I had read "The Homosexual Handbook" and from it

gained a juster appreciation of sucking and fucking than ever before. I also enjoyed the author's scorn of the "psychiatric objectivity" which labeled all homosexuals as psychopathological. I went into a psychiatric residency anyway, feeling like maybe some changes could be made in a profession which is in a unique position to help reform society's prejudices instead of fostering them. So much for grandiose schemes. At least I'll be able to steer a few people away from the bigotry of Freudian thought when I finish training. Criticism of psychiatric bias, such as that found in GAY, is starting to have an effect. This is especially needed here in the East where the Freudian school has so much more influence than on the West coast. At the next American Psychiatric Association National Convention in Washington, D.C. in April, I understand 3 or 4 major seminars are to be conducted

on homosexuality—one concerning adoption of a resolution by the National Council on Mental Health which advocates repeal of all sodomy laws and removal of social stigma from homosexual acts. Pie-in-the-sky idealism, maybe, but really wild to think the uptight organization is even going to consider it. Anyway, thanks for your articles—especially your poetry on page 13 of the January 4th issue. Whether I'm good for anyone else's head in the future remains to be seen. In the meantime, you're good for mine. L.B., M.D.

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.

THE CHURCH OF THE BELOVED DISCIPLE PRESENTS LAVENDER ELEPHANTS A MOST UNUSUAL THRIFT SHOP 399 BLEEKER ST. IN THE WEST VILLAGE

THE LAST ESTATE

BY GREGORY BATTCOCK DOING THE SHOPPING

I'm furious with Cakemasters. They sold me three chocolate "rum balls" which turned out to be filled with bread. I tried serving one to Dr. Henry who said Jesus christ Gregory, it's filled with bread! Actually I've never liked anything I got



at Cakemasters. Their French bread isn't French Bread. The last time I went to buy some, they said I'd have to wait. "Why, is it still hot?" I asked. "No, it's still frozen." They use cheap canned preserves for filling in cakes! Tarts are made with canned peaches and junk. Worst of all are the fat, pushy old ladies. They shove you out of the way and then glare at you like you tried to mug them.

The old people in the neighborhood are always telling you how nice the West Side was thirty years ago. It's deteriorated, they say. Frankly one reason why it's deteriorated is there are

too many old people. Old people don't demand bars and restaurants and nice shops. They quarrel with the butcher and green grocer, and squabble over every penny. The merchants, understandably, lose patience, become grouchy and ill-mannered. The old hang on (despite the fact that they would rather be in the country [many of them] or in Florida), because they frequently have enormous rent-controlled apartments with more space than they will ever need that they hang on to for dear life.

The West Side Renewal projects are geared for families. Single people can't get space in them. A neighborhood filled with families and old people is going to deteriorate, no matter what. Neither category can supply the money and energy that it takes to enliven and "improve" city neighborhoods. They both demand excessive services that inevitably cost more money than they are able to return through taxation. If good, lively city neighborhoods are to continue to exist AT ALL, they simply have to be composed of a heavy percentage of active, single people who will provide the initiative, energy and money, and demand quality commercial services. Anyway, I'm sick and tired of hearing old people and fleeing families blame deterioration on Blacks, Puerto Ricans and, by implication, gays when in fact, the elderly and the families perhaps deserve a large share of the responsibility for West Side deterioration.)

Housewives clutter up the shops; shopping is a drag. At Cakemasters it doesn't matter because I don't go there anymore. Just a word about their Napoleons; they always taste stale and

reek of formaldehyde at that. The croissants are also terrible. Sara Lee's frozen version is much better.

I rather like Harold's (Mr. Plofky's) fish market on Broadway between 100 and 101st Streets. I almost broke my ankle on an enormous lobster that was making a bee line for the door. I caught him by the tail and decided to buy him. "How's the writing going?" Mr. Plofky queried. Fine. "Good, just make a lot of money and buy a lot of fish" he urged. O.K. I will. What else is there to buy?

Well, if the market's right, you might snap up the two PR soldiers I found in Central Park. Even more expensive than Mr. Plofky's lobster, but worth it. Ah, I stray from my subject. Back to shopping. The reader won't want to miss the conversation I overheard at the green grocer: A counter-culture telephone repairman came in and was approached by my favorite counter-culture green grocer's assistant: "Ya come to fix our phone?" "Nah, just give me an apple."

Let I forget Paramount Butchers. "Here's a little check I'd like cashed." I said. "Whadaya think this is professor, a bank?" Well, you know, this afternoon I ordered two shell steaks at Manufacturer's Hanover Trust.

Meanwhile, I can't tell the mice from the cockroaches in my apartment. The rent goes up, the roaches get bigger, the mice bolder and, in Iowa City they sit there, telling each other how much nicer "life" is on the prairie and how they don't even like to visit New York anymore. O.K. Stay there. Sure living is easy in Iowa City. And, it's boring and stupid and dreary... There's no risk, no antagonism and because they all like it so

much, it'll never improve. In New York at least things will change, even if they'll simply get worse.

All this shopping was for my friends Rolando and Clara Pena and Jose Soltero who were invited to dinner. (Jose didn't show up.) We started with big, fresh shrimps and mayonnaise that I made myself, and a delightful Pouilly Fume (1969). After, chicken cooked in white wine with mushrooms and cream and it was lovely. We had a red Portuguese "Dao" with it. We discussed Rolando's forthcoming film festival in South America. They promised to invite me for pasta.

I thought this would be the column in which I tell everybody where it's at. But when things like what happened in the rain this afternoon keep happening, I get distracted. Would you believe that I went to a neighborhood movie to catch the daytime screening of TRASH and ended up with five Puerto Rican strangers in my home? All I did was go to the movies; two charming chaps sat next to me and, after a bit, invited me home with them. "Yes, as soon as the movie's over." I said, unwilling to walk out in the middle of the welfare worker episode. Well, we got out on Broadway and one of them smiled at some unemployed youths lounging around the newsstand. Before I could even remember to pick up the TIMES, the whole crowd was chatting merrily (in Espanol) and Battcock was leading the way through the downpour to the shelter of his elegant West Side apartment.

The reader isn't interested in what happened after we all got there. I broke into my CAVE and produced some nice Chablis and a 1964 Chateau Lynch Bages; all except one of the Ricans were more interested in one another. I slipped into the bedroom with the left over one who, as luck would have it, was the youngest, if not the hungest. The others had the time of their lives on my rug.

BY KLAUS ED QUINN Perhaps you remember Stations, Burt Beckman's novel of 1964 about the "subterranean quest for love" in the tearooms of the New York subway. Susan Sontag (what a camp!) said, "I like his work better than that of any other young writer in America," and, though it was not as "funny and savage" as the novel How Much?, that W.H. Auden himself praised it, was, for all its artiness, a powerful book:

...cruising in that subway confessional, a defined nun, fidgeting your rotary like a lot with his toy, excited, impatient. Oh, you, condemned to embark on your dark journey, how I am your eye, your black pupil, your dream, your passion, how I despise you as you peer longingly through the peep-hole orifice. The view's lousy. Your lecherous heart beats nervously as you plunge into the darkness. It's time, for the last time, to begin the stations.

But now there is another book about the tearoom queens, not a hoked-up set of "notes from the underground" by some New York Urban Jewish Intellectual Dostoevsky or some rewrite of Les Miserables (with our tearoom hero pursued relentlessly by "the phantasmagoric detective D") but a serious sociological study, researched for two years, written with both scientific objectivity and human compassion. It's Tearoom Trade: Impersonal Sex in Public Places, by Laud Humphreys (Aldine Publishing Company).

The sociological journal Transaction recently ran a brief but fascinating article on impersonal sex in public places, danger as an aphrodisiac, the plight of the urinal urning. Now here is the full story—and a gripping one it is.

Why do homosexuals haunt gay bars? Because they meet gays there, of course. Why do some hang out in tearooms? Another reason: "Tearooms are popular," writes Humphreys, "not because they serve as gathering places for homosexuals, but because they attract a variety of men, a minority of whom are active in the homosexual subculture and a large group of whom have no homosexual self-identity." The fact is, in the tearooms, gays can and do in the can guys who are basically straight. In a head you can give head to a butch construction worker on his way home to his harpy wife and screaming kids, to the bored tourist looking for a little excitement, to the horny teenager who just wants his rocks off, to the married man who wants a little variety with no strings attached. It's quick impersonal sex.

It's the impersonality of it all that catches the straights. A quick blow job and goodbye. No conversation. No need to get involved. A quickie.

The impersonality also attracts the closet queens, guys who wouldn't be caught dead in a gay bar—or who would die if they were caught there. They want no social contact with their sex partners. They wouldn't want to walk down the street with a homosexual and even if he were not obvious they are so uptight they'd worry anyway. They wouldn't know what to say to a sex partner, how to handle him in a bedroom, how to get rid of him afterwards. In a tearoom there's no problem. Slam bang, thank you man. Then out into the street and on with their pretense of being straight, zip up and the straight uniform is complete again.



Whether straight or gay, Humphreys found, the people who frequent tearooms and gloryholes are distant, even during the brief sexual experience. Sex is not a part of love for them; it's a release, a release not only of sexual energy, a physical outlet, but of uptight psychological tension, a brief contact with human warmth, if only a hot mouth: "They are almost uniformly lonely and isolated. Lacking success in either marriage bed or work, unable to discuss their three best friends (because they don't have three), on route from the din of factories to the clamor of children, they slip off the freeways for a few moments of impersonal sex in a toilet stall." These people have sex with a cock, even a disembodied cock stuck through a hole in the wall, not with persons. Boys who are attractive enough to get a John will settle for a John.

Sad. And sometimes sick. Into subway johns, where everyone knows the Transit Authority police spend their days looking through little holes in the wall hoping to catch "sex fiends" and make them into felons, dash respectable people with reputations and positions to lose as well as idle old burns and thrill-seeking kids. Doctors, lawyers, policemen off duty (who know the good places), clergymen still in dog-collars, servicemen who realize that one false step could get them a dishonorable discharge along with their seminal discharge—they all go in for tearoom sex. Not once but over and over. They become regulars, so well-known that the action stops for only a split second when they enter. So well-known and so persistent that they get caught. That's what they want. Not sex. Not thrills. Punishment.

Society is willing to oblige them. The majority of arrests for homosexual offenses take place in tearooms. The dictionary says that sodomy means fucking somebody in the ass. The State of New York defines sodomy, most times, as getting blown or blowing—in a tearoom. Legalize homosexual acts between adults in private and you don't stop these tearoom queens. They'll still be picked up sucking a cock in a public toilet. In England, in Illinois, in Connecticut, in any other place where homosexuality in private is OK, in our whole country when it eventually wakes up to what is the law's business and what is not, you'll still find tearoom queens "outraging public decency," cruising toilets they know are under constant police surveillance, getting cock, getting arrested.

"If the public judges gay boys by the arrests they read about in the papers," one of my cop friends told me (and some of my best friends are cops, and not all gay cops), "no wonder they think of them as queers. I've caught a whole roomful of them carrying on and let them go. An hour later I went back and found four of the same ones at it again. One beautiful kid who could have made out anywhere I once handcuffed and dragged out of Grand Central Station. On the way to the street I took off the cuffs, gave him a talking-to and the address of some safe, good bars and sent him on his way. He turned up in the precinct house within a few weeks. Some other cop had arrested him in a can. Now he's in the can for years, and he'll get more sex than he wants there.

It's truly amazing how the tearoom seems to have an irresistible fascination for the very last people who ought to

take a chance there. Teachers, for instance, and other people who put their careers right on the line—in tearooms they know are dangerous—every time they get a blowjob. Humphreys found that his regular frequenters of tearooms were 54% married and living with their wives. The gay cops I know, and a lot of straight ones, try as hard as they can not to make arrests because, they say, most of the time the guy's arrest doesn't mean a big fine or a long jail term (though getting caught can theoretically get you five years and brand you as a felon for life). Few arrests lead to convictions, even fewer to having the book thrown at the offender, especially since the judges know that the cops are frequently instructed not only to look for crimes but even to create them through entrapment. No, it's not the trial and the conviction that can hurt most offenders. It's the arrest, for most of them will be ruined by the scandal; most of them have a lot to lose. I know some tearoom regulars. Even those who "do the stations" on the subways. They seem obsessed by it. They know which johns are "kicky" in the department stores, in the parks, in the public buildings in midtown they can get to on their lunch hours, the best scenes and the best gloryholes all over town. They keep going to them, sometimes as often as Humphreys' research subject who used to have four orgasms a day in public toilets, or the ones who blew ten guys in a row before they would quit. They tell me they dig the excitement. They can't even get hard without the spice of danger. They wouldn't go to bed with the prettiest guy in town. I know

(Continued on page 16)

High School Erupts Over Gay Speech In Class

(Continued from page 3)

Jack Baker and a woman FREE member were invited as part of a unit on constitutional rights.

Simonson said Baker discussed the legal aspects of gay rights for 5 or 10 minutes, and then the two fielded questions on all aspects of gay life for the rest of each class period.

"He answered all questions—and you can't say, 'We don't ask questions like that, kiddies, not during class.' And even if I could control the questions, I wouldn't," Simonson said.

The first angry parent to speak up was Dr. Richard Steidl, whose beard is even fuller and thicker than Simonson's. He called the classes "an impropriety and probably worse."

"I wonder if there weren't some latent homosexuals in those classes who identified with that man, and who—instead of realizing that they'll have to find jobs and get along in society—now see another way out, a cop-out," Dr. Steidl said. (Baker is a law student.)

"It is unreasonable to give a platform like this, to give people credibility by inviting them into the classroom and putting them into the role of teaching.

"I'm not against people learning about different cultures, or even about emotional sicknesses. It wasn't presented as a sickness, but as an alternative to normal straight society," Dr. Steidl said.

"If my son is to learn about something like this, it should be in a clinical situation. And I'd also like to have someone present the other side of the question."

One School Board member, Dr. Manny Binder, took up Dr. Steidl's cause.

"Our children, of course—their patterns are well fixed," Dr. Binder said. "But you will be having other speakers on this, won't you?"

Yes, Simonson said, a judge has been invited to discuss legal gay marriages, a point Baker spoke up for.

In fact, he said, the FREE speakers are only two of 30 to 40 outsiders who have addressed his classes—judges, legislators, an FBI agent, an ex-convict, state officials, blacks and Indians from the Minneapolis ghetto, members of the American Legion, John Birch Society and Women's Liberation—all when relevant to units he was teaching.

"Well, I agree with Dr. Steidl," said a trim, severe-faced mother with a new hairdo for the occasion. "Just the fact that you invited this man (Baker) indicates some kind of approval.

"I don't want my daughter exposed to this kind of thing."

But then it was time for the other side to speak up. Not all the parents on hand were unfriendly.

"I am very grateful that Jack Baker could be at Golden Valley High School," said Mrs. Marilyn Gorlin.

"It gave me a chance to really talk to my kids about homosexuality that we never could have had, without this kind of speaker prompting it.

"I agree, homosexuals need help—it's abnormal behavior. I pointed out to my kids where I disagreed with him.

"But it worries me that, in a democratic high school, some people don't want to see all ideas, all points of view, discussed," said Mrs. Gorlin, an official of the Minnesota Democratic-Farmer-Labor Party.



Jack Baker addressed the high school class

Chimed in her neighbor, Mrs. M.E. Baker, "I congratulate Mr. Simonson for bringing him in. If you're going to cut out the homosexuals as speakers, you should drop the John Birchers too."

Later, after the meeting, Mrs. Baker said, "My husband is a gynecologist and he meets homosexuals who have four or five children all the time. There are a lot more of them than most people realize, and it's about time for some people to wake up to that fact."

Baker himself was not at the meeting, but said he and other FREE members have spoken at three other Twin Cities high schools and at numerous Midwest colleges, besides church, women's and other groups.

"Public education is one of our most important activities, and students are

invariably our most sympathetic audiences," he told GAY.

Actually, it was the Student Council that originally wanted Baker to speak—at an all-school assembly, in a series of social issues.

But Principal Raymond Saunders—who earlier had approved an invitation to a student radical convicted of raiding a draft-board office at midnight—vetoed the unanimous Student Council request.

"Mr. Saunders told us, though, that the subject would be okay for a health or social-problems class, where the whole subject was being studied," said student Gary Jaster.

"So I immediately went to Mr. Simonson."

Simonson and other social-problems teachers pooled their classes for the

FREE visit, and as a result an estimated 80 percent of Golden Valley's 535 students—grades 9 through 12—heard and questioned the two during six class periods.

"Homosexuality and gay rights are very definitely a major social problem," 16-year-old Gary told the School Board, "and school is the place to discuss them. Where else will students hear about them?"

"For years we've heard the other point of view—that all homosexuals are sick, that they need help. I don't believe they're sick—just different.

"Mr. Baker opened up the minds, the thinking of a lot of kids who never would have thought of the question of gay rights. He showed us that they're human beings, not animals," Gary said.

PTA Chairman Dave Brown offered this advice to Simonson:

"Don't go to the community to check out your speakers. Try to be fair and balanced. Invite the other side, if necessary. But you can't please all of the people all of the time."

Added Supt. Robert Johnston, "Mr. Simonson and the Student Council have brought in an imposing list of speakers—from Hubert Humphrey and the other candidates, right on down.

"Sure, they've raised some anxieties. But I think some accolades are due for so effectively raising the issues."

Donald Wiese, School Board chairman, had the final word:

"It has never been, and will never be, the policy of this board to tell the administration who it can or who it cannot invite as speakers."

The meeting closed a few minutes later.

Will Simonson ask FREE to send speakers again some time?

"If the students ask for it, I suppose we can," he said. "We cover constitutional rights every year, you know."

HFC Invaded

(Continued from page 1)

threatened with arrest if he were to take any photos of the police. The name and address of Jim Owles, president of GAA, were taken and the gays were released just in time to move on to the main demonstration at 277 Park Ave.

Approximately twenty five GAA members were joined by several DOB members, representatives from the gay and straight press, and a camera team from a local TV station as they swarmed into HFC's main office and angrily confronted the executives there. The police were immediately summoned, the HFC executives refused to justify or discuss their anti-homosexual policies, and the TV cameras caught the remarkable scene of gays dancing in the middle of the clerical area of the staid offices. Delivering a letter demanding a change in HFC's policies, the protesters left the building before the police arrived.

On the sidewalk outside, approximately forty gays picketed HFC, while an amused and sometimes hostile crowd of about 300 people looked on. A brief foray into the lobby of the building resulted in the arrival of police reinforcements, who seemed somewhat bewildered when they found the demonstrators once again marching in an orderly fashion on their picket line outside.

HFC received a good deal of bad publicity from the day's events, but declined to make any response whatsoever to the demands for a change in its policies, which will be flatly illegal if the Cingan-Furden-Scholnick bill passes in the City Council. Several individuals involved in the protest action stated that they intended to continue the phone campaign, but no further public demonstrations against HFC have been planned as of yet.

The Kameny Campaign

(Continued from page 3)

thing you people are doing." The people of Washington were, I think, a good deal more tolerant and encouraging than the average crowd of harried New Yorkers. It was a worthwhile experience getting into this sort of basic grass-roots politics, asking people to put their names on the line. It showed that, however gradually, the times were changing, and not just in good old New York. It was definitely an up day.

That night we were all supposed to get together to turn in our petitions and spend the evening getting to know one another better. The united Washington gay community had gone all out to make sure we had a good time ahead of us. There was a dance planned later that

night, and the baths had offered to let New Yorkers in free. The bars had also extended a welcome.

The dance was a blast and the Washington people were really swingers. A lot of us came away with new friendships (and more), and there was a strong feeling that the New York and Washington gay organizations would work more closely with one another in the future.

We went out again Sunday morning for more signatures; although the necessary five thousand had already been collected, everyone felt it was crucial to go way over the mark, in case of any attempt to challenge the signatures and keep Kameny off the ballot. The New Yorkers left at 3:30 that afternoon, having added some 2,500 signatures to the petitions. Word reached us midweek that a total of 7,700 signatures had been turned in; that Kameny was on the ballot, had appeared on all the Washington TV stations, and was receiving equal time under law on radio and in the press as well.

Working together, Washingtonians and New Yorkers put the first openly gay candidate in the history of the United States on the ballot for election to Congress. Many New Yorkers will be returning to Washington in March for a final campaign push before the election on March 3rd. Isn't it about time we began thinking about running a gay candidate for office in New York City?

BY DICK LEITSCH



ne had only to present Marcel Proust with a *petite madeleine* soaked in tea to cause his whole childhood to flash through his mind. It is amazing how an object, a sound, a smell, can evoke a whole flood of remembered things.

I saw the film *Something for Everyone* twice because a bit of set decoration released a series of memories which distracted me from the plot at the first viewing. The film opens with Michael York—he of the gorgeous game-cycling. He stops his bike near a roadside shrine and lurches while admiring a distant castle. Through various stratagems, many plotted and arranged near that roadside statue of St. Sebastian, Michael York eventually comes to live in the castle. Why had Hal Prince chosen Sebastian's statue for that shrine? Why not a crucifix, or a Virgin, both more common subjects for such oratories?

The association began. When Oscar Wilde left prison, he adopted the pseudonym, "Sebastian Melmouth," choosing the first name, Rupert Croft-Cooke suggests enigmatically, "probably in memory of the martyred saint." Fr. Rolfe had written "Two Sonnets for a Picture of St. Sebastian." Tennessee Williams named his tragic homosexual "Sebastian Venable" and has Catherine tell us of the horror of "a beach that's named for Sebastian's name saint, it's known as La Playa San Sebastian..."

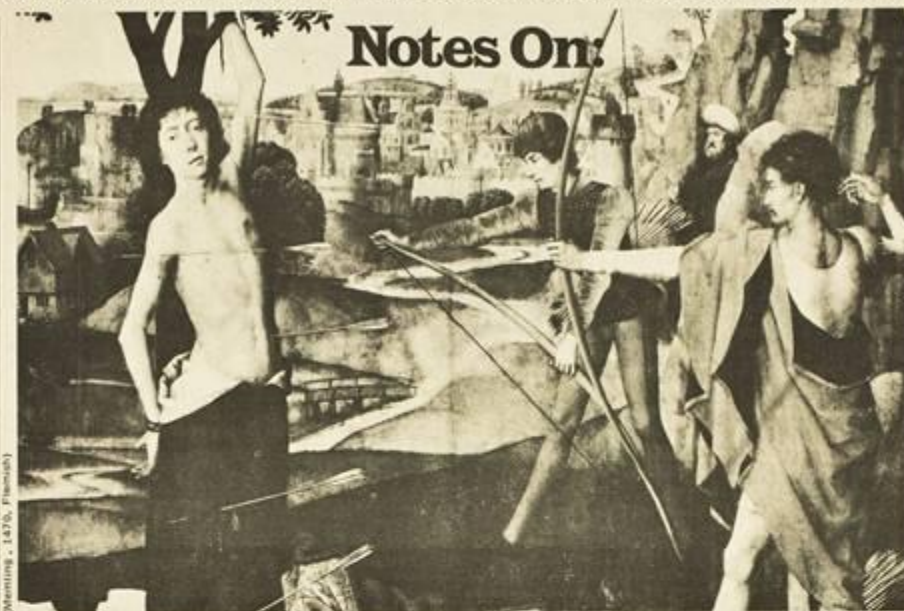
Proust seldom left his room, but Cocteau, in his *Journals*, tells of periodic pilgrimages the two of them made to the Louvre to see Mantegna's painting of St. Sebastian, which portrays him as a handsome—rather, *pretty*—boy with a beautiful body stuck full of arrows.

Paintings of Sebastian are very common. The new book, *The Young Male Figure*, contains at least two. Perugino's shows a well put together young nude standing with his hands behind his back. The next page contains a reproduction of Hans Memling's "Martyrdom of St. Sebastian" which features a handsome, rather Angelo D'Archangelo-looking boy tied to a tree, looking quite unconcerned as two archers use him for target practice.

Who was this Sebastian? I went home and called Gregory Batcock, who knows everything about art. He was on one of his many trips to more delightful climates, so I tried the library.

The *Lives of the Saints* was little help. Sebastian's feast is January 20, he is a Roman martyr, and probably died in 288. He was a captain in the Praetorian Guard under Diocletian. When the 3rd Century F.B.I. discovered he was a revolutionary (i.e., Christian), he was condemned to death. The Mauretanian archers shot him full of arrows, but did it badly (incompetence is nothing new on earth) and Sebastian survived. St. Irene (evidentially the Jane Fonda of her day, encouraging revolution in the army) found him, bound up his wounds and nursed him back to health.

Like a good little revolutionary, the recovered Sebastian limped back to court and confronted Diocletian, castigating him for his persecution of the Christians. Diocletian was not amused and ordered Sebastian clubbed to death. This time the



Notes On:

St. Sebastian gets it in the gut

ROMAN CATHOLIC PHYSIQUE ART

executioners were more competent, and the matron Lucinda buried Sebastian's body in the catacombs along the Appian Way.

Sebastian is invoked in time of plague, and is credited with stopping plagues in Rome in 680, in Milan in 1575, and in Lisbon in 1599. His basilica, one of the seven major churches in Rome, dates from the fourth century.

That's all very nice, but why does Sebastian appear so often in homosexual literature and art? The *Catholic Encyclopedia* offers a bit of help. It refers to a *Passio S. Sebastiani* compiled by the monks of the monastery Pope Sixtus III had erected in the catacombs to expand the cult of St. Sebastian. This life refers to him as "a favorite of Diocletian," an ambiguous statement that might mean either that the Emperor liked him, or that the Emperor loved him.

Sixtus was a builder-Pope who commissioned many new structures other than the monastery of St. Sebastian. One of them is the church of St. Mary Major, part of his effort to introduce the cult of the Virgin into Rome. Some scholars claim Sixtus was hung-up on his own mother (are you listening, Dr. Bieber?), and he has been accused of "effeminizing" Catholicism by introducing Mariology.

This Sixtus doesn't appear on Noel I Garde's list of gay and bisexual popes, but that doesn't rule out the possibility that he was a celibate homosexual who decided to give his brothers a patron. I've not found much evidence to prove that this is so, but the possibility does exist.

The *Catholic Encyclopedia* also notes that Sebastian "in art... is most important, and there exists a vast iconography," dating primarily from the Renaissance. There's something unique about these religious paintings which is

noted by the church's own reference work. The pre-Renaissance art works depict Sebastian as just another bearded old gentleman, indistinguishable for the most part, from Peter or Paul, or anyone else, except that he holds arrows, while Peter has an upside down cross, and others hold their special symbols. During the Renaissance, Sebastian was suddenly shown "as a young man with strong delicate limbs, or as a heroic soldier before the archers."

The illustrations in the *Catholic Encyclopedia* confirm this. A Byzantine mosaic, circa 680, shows an ugly, old, bearded man. Donatello's 15th century bronze Sebastian is a verile, thirty-ish man. Lieferinx's Sebastian (painted between 1493 and 1505) is a twentyish-looking beautiful young man. A 15th century alterpiece, now in the Metropolitan, features a solitary Sebastian, well-built but effeminate, about 20 years old, and very pretty. Like most of the later Sebastians, he seems much more concerned about himself—his pose, his hair, his body, etc.—than about the arrows sticking through him.

How did Sebastian turn from a dirty old man into a pretty youth? Christopher Isherwood referred me to Glenway Wescott's *A Calendar of Saints for Unbelievers*. Wescott says that "when Rome was most immoral, it became a convention for the popes and lesser ecclesiastical lords to have their boy-sweethearts painted as St. Sebastian."

This may answer the riddle. Just as the mistresses of some popes were painted as the Virgin, the male lovers of other popes and cardinals became Sebastian. Why Sebastian? Paul, and Peter and other saints were old men; John the Baptist traditionally wore a hair shirt; most other saints needed their vestments, or

whatever, for identification. Sebastian could logically be painted nude, and became, in effect, a "front" for physique art.

A pope, priest, or even a layman (like Wilde and Proust) could have portraits of the naked Sebastian around the house—or around the church. Instead of being put down as a sodomite, one could gain a reputation for religious devotion.



St. Sebastian: The Pope's Lover?

It is somehow very romantic and rather beautiful to think of those Renaissance popes and cardinals saying mass with their backs to the congregations and their eyes fixed on paintings of their lovers as Sebastian. The words "spiritual experience" and "communion" take on added meanings in this context. The veneration of this Roman martyr may be one of the nicest, as well as one of the oldest, homosexual traditions.

Village Voice Critics Gay & Straight Debate At NYU

(Continued from page 1)
 And when sex is reduced to just that level, you cease to have 'human' problems, you only have technical problems."

"I miss galantry," Byron volunteered. "Yeats said, 'What has happened to courtship? We used to make up poems to woo girls, but not anymore.'"

"In those days," Byron continued, "you held hands on the first date, touched the girl's breast on the third date, and maybe went to bed on the fifth date."

"I've discussed this problem of promiscuity with friends. One pointed out to me that women were socialized to believe in 'the relationship' and men are socialized into being Don Juans. In homosexual life, one Don Juan meets another Don Juan. In heterosexual life one Don Juan meets a Virgin Mary. They compromise and that's called marriage."

"I believe the rising divorce rate among heterosexuals creates feelings of insecurity," Sarris added, "and that helps provoke confrontation."

"Is there an issue in child education?" Sarris continued. "What are we supposed to say to them once we have reached this completely 'free' society? I don't know. We may be hedonistic but there is an idealism in everyone. For instance, courage and loyalty are real things and we all respect them even if we aren't courageous and loyal ourselves."

"I was surprised at Merle Miller's experiences with good friends who didn't trust him around their adolescent children," Byron interjected. When I came out in the *Voice* this week, I thought I might as well come out at home first and to my surprise, I encountered the same thing in my own family."

"First my sister and brother-in-law were afraid that homosexuals might make advances on their pubescent son because they knew his uncle was gay. Can you imagine? I told them I never heard of anyone connecting that way. Then they were afraid that he would take his own homosexual experimentation too seriously since, after reading my article in the *Voice*, he would know that homosexuality was already in the family. I guess you'd call that a psychological genetic theory."

"Upper class people do it every way," Sarris ventured. "Lower class people get sex any way they can. They don't worry about what they think. Middle class people are where you find the problems because they are other-directed about their sexuality. They're afraid they'll be discovered, that they'll be arrested, that their name will be in the papers."

"I grew up in a Mediterranean country," Sarris noted jocularly at another point. "We didn't have this taboo against touch in our family and our society like they do in this country. I grew up with the ridiculous notion that somehow sophistication consisted of not touching other people. We should get rid of this phobia in our society."

"Touching is just one way we aren't free," Byron added. "We're oppressed not

only in the bedroom, but every minute of the day. We can't touch in Central Park, or while waiting in line to get into a movie. That's why the time for gay lib has come."

A member of the class raised the question of street pick-ups and people's obvious embarrassment at being seen or seeing someone they knew indulging in such behavior.

"I've seen people I know standing around Third Avenue, going up to someone else standing there and then going off with them," Sarris volunteered. "I was embarrassed. I pretended not to see them. I'd be just as embarrassed to see a straight friend doing the same thing. There is this taboo on promiscuity. I think we're embarrassed because we think people should have their lives in better order, that they shouldn't have to do such things... You know, middle America has never had courtliness and romance and I'm afraid with this rush to hedonism, we're all going right past this."

"I think environments build up," Byron countered. "I have a very promiscuous friend who is somewhat guilt-laden and won't join the movement. He's out every night getting laid at the baths, the orgy bars, the streets. Then he went to Freeport for a week where there was nothing and he came back amazed, saying 'You know, when it's not there, you don't even miss it.'"

"I think it all boils down to good

manners," Sarris concluded. "We only have a handful of close relationships during our lives. Most of our dealings are with strangers and it seems to me that life would be much pleasanter if we emphasized good manners between strangers."

Dead Prisoner's Case Still Brewing

New York, N.Y.—On Saturday, February 28th, at 2 p.m., members of the Gay Liberation Front of New York and STAR (Street Transvestite Action Revolutionaries) and Jewish Gay Liberation gathered in front of the Men's House of Detention at 125 White Street to picket in protest of the exonerated of 4 prison guards, Roland Jones, Samuel Benjamin, Steven Linongelli and John Shank of charges of mistreatment of prisoner Raymond Lavan Moore, a black

gay reported as a suicide on November 3, 1970.

A report by the civilian Board of Corrections headed by William vanden Heuvel (see GAY 42) had described the conditions and treatment given the prisoner as "intolerable" and reviewed physical evidence at the autopsy, including two skull fractures, which indicated possible mistreatment. There had been a subsequent Grand Jury hearing at which the guards were exonerated but Mr. vanden Heuvel had stated that the Grand Jury report was "neither complete nor useful in a public understanding of what has happened" and a correction officer Arthur Blake who subsequently left his job, testified on January 10th that he had witnessed a beating of the prisoner.

On February 17th, U.S. Attorney Whitney North Seymour announced that in response to a combined request by Rep. Edward Koch, Bella Abzug, Benjamin S. Rosenthal of Queens and John G. Lavan of Newburgh (the home town of Lavan Moore), he had asked the F.B.I. for a further investigation.

The pickets, about 50, with ten representatives from the Black and Third World, carried a banner with the maxim of Ho Chi Minh and a picture of a dragon swallowing bombers.

The group marched for 1½ hours chanting.

There was no response from the windows of the Men's House of Detention. The streets around were deserted since it was Saturday and this was the financial district.

They then marched to the Women's House of Detention in the Village and picketed for 20 minutes. Several inmates shouted approval and responses from their windows.

(Continued from page 2)

The International Stud, Greenwich and Perry Streets. 50¢ beers make this eyeball Palace a best bet. Lots of beauties, but they only look at one another before leaving alone. GM

The Toot Box, 507 West St. at Jane. (989-9496) Another bar with everything: dancing, movies, buffets, the works. GM

The Tex, 21 Greenwich Ave. A sidewalk cafe. Int.

The Triangle, 34 Ninth Ave. GM

The Troubadour, 1078 1st Ave. bet. 58 & 59 Sts. (755-1955) Popular East Side spot, now serving diners. GM

Twelfth Night, 281 12th St., corner of W. 4th. Intimate, very friendly bar presided over by Billy. They give grand champagne brunches on Sundays. Int.

Uncle Charlie's, 1049 Lexington Ave. at 75th St. (861-6132) Friendly, crowded, and very lively bar. GM

Victor's Quarters, 984 2nd Avenue. GM

The Washington Square, 675 Broadway. Private, after-hours club with dancing and drag queens welcome. GM—but you can't tell by looking.

Willie's West Side, 224 W. 82nd St., east of Broadway. (874-9833) A crowded, friendly dancing bar where the radical chic, revolutionaries and West Side Liberals all meet. GM

Wine Cellar, 531 Hudson. Restaurant. Int.

A Woman's Place, 29th Cornelia St. Open Fri. & Sat. from 6 p.m. to midnight, this coffee house is also a center for women's books, crafts, etc. GF

The Yukon, 140 E. 53rd St. bet. Lex. & 3rd. (421-8122) Where the older set gathers. Suit & tie required. GM

The Year 2000, 318 W. 49th St. off 8th Ave. (489-7262) A wild, marvelous discotheque populated by the younger set. GM

The Zodiac Uptown, 1487 1st Ave. at 77th St. Dancing and live entertainment on the chic East Side. GM

The Zoo at the Zodiac, 835 Washington, above the Den. Back room policy. GM

THE BATHS

The Beacon Baths, 227 E. 45th St. (987-0322) Go in main entrance and take elevator to the

11th floor. Features: water bed, television room, "Skyline Lounge," piano lounge, private rooms and dormitory. Open 24 hours.

The Club Baths, NYC, 24 First Ave. bet. 1 & 2 Sts. (473-9801) Features: super-elegant private rooms, sauna, steam rooms, carousel shower, whirlpool bath swimming pool fed by natural springs, TV room, dormitory section, backyard patio. Students half-price with student card. Open 24 hours. GM

The Club North, 49 Broadway, Newark. (201-484-4848) Clean, modern, with a cozy dorm. GM

The Continental Baths, 230 W. 74th (799-2688) The place that revolutionized the tub business in America. Features: Live entertainment Fri., Sat. & Sun; restaurant facilities open 24 hours, complete gym with instructor; three times a week, Olympic-sized pool, steam rooms, sauna, TV lounge, library, futuristic lounge downstairs with dancing, massage, VD clinic, roof deck for summer sunbathing, private rooms, dormitory, you name it, they probably have it. Open 24 hours. Students half-price with student card. GM

The Continental Sauna Club, 111 West 56th St. Operated by the Continental Baths people. Elegant, but on a less grand scale than the "mother church"—on 74th Street. Still a best buy. GM

Everard, 28 West 28th Street (684-8935) Left over from before the "revolution," Everard stands as an example of what Continental saved us from. It's dingy, the help is surly, and all it has going for it is a fine steamroom. GM

St. Mark's Baths, 6 St. Mark's Place (473-7929) Another relic. St. Mark's did make an effort to spruce up the joint with a new paint job and a more effective maintenance staff. It's improving all the time, and is popular with the longhair crowd from the East Village. Open 24 hours. GM

Sauna Baths and Health Club, 300 W. 58th St. (above Child's) (PL 5-6880) A smaller spot which encourages "togetherness." The Sauna closes at midnight, and does its best business from 4:30 in the afternoon until 10 or 11, as the midtown junior executives stop in to knock off a piece on the way home. Doesn't offer much in the way of facilities, and therefore directs everybody's attention to the main thing. GM

HOTLINE

by BRUCE MORGAN

On the site of the old Show-up at 1544 Second Ave. is the Hotline, a delightful addition to the upper east side roster of nite spots.

One of the most noticeable achievements here is the comfortable, casual mixing of both sexes, as well as an appeal to a varied age group. The atmosphere is undeniably friendly and excellent for small parties and double dates.

For those of you who usually suffer from a case of the bashful in bars, this one may have the answer. Should you see someone with whom you would like to chat, just pick up one of the fifteen odd table to table telephones (a la "Cabaret") and dial directly. By the way, if anyone should catch the young man who sent me those obscene phone calls, tell him to get in touch.

As well as the dancing and telephones, the Hotline presents a floor show which is both ambitious and refreshing. For those of you who have grown weary of gay "ethnic" entertainment (second rate drag queens lip-singing, and reruns of 1940's movies), we are at last being offered first rate nite club entertainment. The performer presently featured is Jocelynn, a strikingly classic lass of considerable charm, and one powerful voice. Her choice of songs is varied and she is best in her French selections. Gwen Saunders, the charming hostess and manager of the Hotline (also of Harry's Back East and Pub Society) is to be applauded for taking the lead and offering the homosexual bar audience legitimate nite club entertainment instead of insulting cliché pap.

Jocelynn will be appearing every nite, except Mondays and Tuesdays, two shows nightly for the next three weeks, so make your reservations now. Your evening may also include dinner if you choose, prepared by the Hotline's handsome Philadino chef, Tony, late of the Pub Society. The bill of fare includes everything from chicken in the basket (\$2.75) to steak à la champignon (\$6.50). The average complete dinner should run around \$7.00 a head, I especially recommend the filet de boeuf sautee (\$5.50) as a spicy taste treat. Hopefully other bars will follow Miss Saunders and her crew and will be equally thoughtful of the clientele who support them.

Thank you again Miss Saunders. Good time had by all.

BY MICHAEL PERKINS

Lennie Bruce was a friend of mine. I suspect he was just as good a friend to half the people I know, and I'm not jealous a bit. I'm angry now, however, at his appropriation by a filmmaker named Herbert Altman, who has hacked out a film about Bruce called *Dirtymouth*. Friends learn from, and copy each other, at least as adolescents, and that's what I did with Lennie Bruce. When his records first started appearing I sat down with the record player and memorized every routine, down to the hip Jewish accent and (probably) even the scratches on the records. When I came to New York, one of the first things I did was attend every tribulation he put on to raise money for legal fees during his many trials. The law finally got him; it reached down from a very high bench and stuck its finger inside him, so that junk, the suicide's alcohol, became his only get-away. At the end his mind was divided between the law and heroin, and he took both in fatal doses. None of it changed my loyalties.

If another person has become as much a part of you as Lennie Bruce was—and is—then seeing his life up on the screen is very much like seeing a part of your own on exhibit. Any criticism of *Dirtymouth* will have to contend with this, and perhaps it's not fair to be hypercritical on such a personal account. But anyone looking at the movie who knows the least little about acting, sound, editing, direction, and photography would be bound to come up with the same finding: crap is crap, no matter who views it. On the simplest level, *Dirtymouth* is amateurish, boring, ill-conceived and ill-executed. Even if you had never heard of Lennie Bruce, even if you didn't know that Bruce was the hip comic preacher of the sixties, a truth-teller who could make you roll in the aisles, a tilter at windmills before SCREW or GAY, you'd be driven up the walls by the drivel which constitutes one hundred percent of *Dirtymouth*.

The first thing that hits you about the film is, appropriately enough, its first mistake: over the opening credits is heard this song, a light thing, inferior Beach Boys, telling the sad story of Bruce. A ballad, no less, when jazz is the only music anyone who knows anything about Bruce associates with him. After that mind-boggling opening, we're off. Bernie Travis plays Lennie the way most people play the numbers: sometimes he gets lucky, but not very often. He's short and



Bernie Travis portrays Lennie Bruce

A BAD WORD FOR "DIRTY MOUTH"



Lennie (portrayed by Travis) is busted by "Narks"

average looking, like a bright cab driver. Bruce was taller, and at least distinctive-looking. Bernie looks like a Bernie.

The story, of course, warps and telescopes. We expect that in movie biographies. But at least when Hollywood did the story of Alexander Graham Bell, they got in the exciting parts. *Dirtymouth* somehow manages to omit factual incidents in Bruce's life that are far more exciting than anything that happens in the movie. There's no mention of his navy career (he got out of the navy by posing as a transvestite), of his first wife (whom he loved desperately and stayed glued to even after their divorce, when he was known as a cocksman), of the pissing on stage incident, of most of his best bits, of his preacher pose in Florida—on and on and on. In other words, we have here a low-budget, commercial exploitation movie which doesn't even bother to exploit what is genuinely in the best sense, exploitable in Bruce's life. Yes, that dumb.

In *Dirtymouth* Lennie Bruce is a basically idealistic schmuck who spends a lot of time with his agents, romances a girl just like "the girl" in Hollywood movies, and happens to get in trouble with the authorities because he attacks God and Country. (But the movie is not even consistent on this count: after building up the emotions of the audience against the legal apparatus, Altman gets cute and turns them—judges and lawyers—into vaudeville characters with painted-on mustaches, completely destroying the point of persecution, which loomed so darkly in Bruce's life.) It gets so bad that at the end Altman has Bruce take his overdose in New York City, immediately after he is first found guilty, instead of years later in California the way it really happened.

Dirtymouth, a bad cross between a Hollywood biography and *Brewster McClood*, conveys nothing of Lennie Bruce. It reduces what potentially might have been the most exciting movie biography of the seventies (because of its subject) to the level of a fourth-rate Hollywood effort of the thirties; but Hollywood would have been more competent. What distinguishes this film is pure ineptness, from beginning to end. There is almost no sex, certainly no humor (in a film about the greatest comic of the sixties?) and no understanding of the subject anywhere, in any frame. It is a personal affront to anyone who ever laughed with Lennie Bruce, and Herbert Altman should be stoned.

BOOTHS ARE FULL!

(Continued from page 9)

one who met a real doll at a peace rally in Bryant Park. The kid wanted to go home, take his time, do everything. My friend took him to the 7th Avenue subway john at 42nd Street. The kid thought they were on the way home. Not on your life. He insisted on blowing the kid right there. The kid begged to be fucked, said they could go to his place, my friend stood up, wiped his grinning face, and walked out. *Finis.*

Some go to great lengths. I know one old man who carries woolly sports socks in the pocket of his sober business overcoat. He always wears black loafers, but they go with his expensive dark suits. When he slips into a toilet booth, he changes his socks. Instant Youth under the partition. One guy he'd tricked happened to see him when he emerged from the booth. The guy, who thought he'd just made it with a vibrant teenager, was so angry he hit him right in the nose. My friend told his secretary when he got back to his office he'd walked into a slamming glass door at the bank.

The tearoom scene, where the world's most charming conversationalist finds himself in a silent world of gropes and grunts, puts the emphasis on youth even more than the bars do. In at least some of the bars the older guy has a chance to

impress or seduce the younger gay. In the tearoom youth is everything. If you're young, even if you're ugly, you can get a blow job. If you're old, you'd better be prepared to blow. Or get your kicks by watching out while someone else blows. A few oldtimers make out by dressing in leather or using some other gimmick, but if you're over 30—and in many places if you're over 20—you have to accept passively the fact that you have to be active. Of course, there's always the chance that someone even older than you will be there, horny and hungry.

Variety, rapid action, danger, voyeurism, impersonality—these are the attractions of tearoom sex. It draws more straight than you could imagine and gays you'd never suspect. It puts the famous and the fearless right into headline scandals, and the neildest, tireddest oldsters (incognito behind the gaping gloryhole) right back into the action. In some subway stations it makes it necessary for you to fight your way into a place to piss. In some movies, if you get into the toilet, you have to fight your way out. There you can make it with people you'd never look at anywhere else—and people you could never connect with anywhere else.

For some it's a way of life. If it's not yours, my advice is to walk, not run, to avoid it. It's unfulfilling, and it's dangerous as hell, a form of masturbation that could land you in jail and/or disgrace. But you know that. In any public john where the action is, the handwriting is on the wall.

(Continued from page 15)

decided whether Kraft was being honest when he wrote that he brought up Sarah only "for the purpose of the treatment session." Next Kraft reports, the patient "decided to write to her again." He thought she might not reply if she heard he was ill in the hospital, and in fact she did not reply to him but wrote to the therapist, "inquiring about the nature of the illness." Here Kraft was ready to use his influence.

"The therapist wrote several letters to the wife, to each of which she replied. Although at first her letters were hostile, and she declared that she never wished to see him (the patient) again, a stage was reached when she agreed to come for a week and to discuss things with the therapist."

Apparently, Kraft concealed his real purposes from her, which were to accomplish the reunion.

The treatment was progressing nicely, except that

"There was an occasion when mutual exposure with another male patient occurred."

However, this was handled.

"The therapist strongly discouraged this, and the patient has had no further interest in homosexual activities."

Some discouragement! By whatever he said, Kraft effectively stopped the homosexual pattern. Those would be valuable words for other behavior therapists to have.

There were more vicissitudes of the cure, but whatever dissuasive tactics Dr. Kraft used, he did not regard them as contaminating his pure relaxation program.

Finally Sarah arrived, and the patient proudly presented her to the doctor. Though in her letter to Dr. Kraft he had promised to come for only a weekend, and only for the sake of the patient, "the patient hoped to encourage her to stay for a longer period."

as soon as she realized that it was his intention to detain her and to restore the marriage, she became hostile. He soon became very aware of her neurotic disturbances, for example, difficulties in traveling, crowd situations, in addition to her known frigidity."

Curse her because she won't come back! You, Doctor Kraft and the man you are trying to convert. Join together in disparaging the girl as neurotic, after she was kind enough to come to London with the idea of helping. Now that she has seen through the shoddy plan of inviting her for a short period and then trying to trick her into staying longer for another purpose, call her frigid.

"She could not be convinced that treatment for herself was indicated, and, after staying in London for three days, she disappeared."

She had decided not to remain in London for the sake of the man's treatment, and it is noteworthy that she was able to overcome her difficulty traveling when necessary. Kraft last spoke to the man nine months after the completion of his treatment, and got the report that he was enjoying sexual intercourse with women and did not feel any homosexual desires. The turning point had been the forceful speech that Kraft had made. But he wrote up his results as if systematic desensitization had been the only method used.

"It should be noted that throughout the treatment program, no attention was directed toward his homosexuality."

Except for when Kraft "strongly discouraged" the homosexuality in the hospital—discouraged it so strongly that it was never reported again. What makes the case especially dramatic is that "only 12 sessions were required at all" according to Dr. Kraft.

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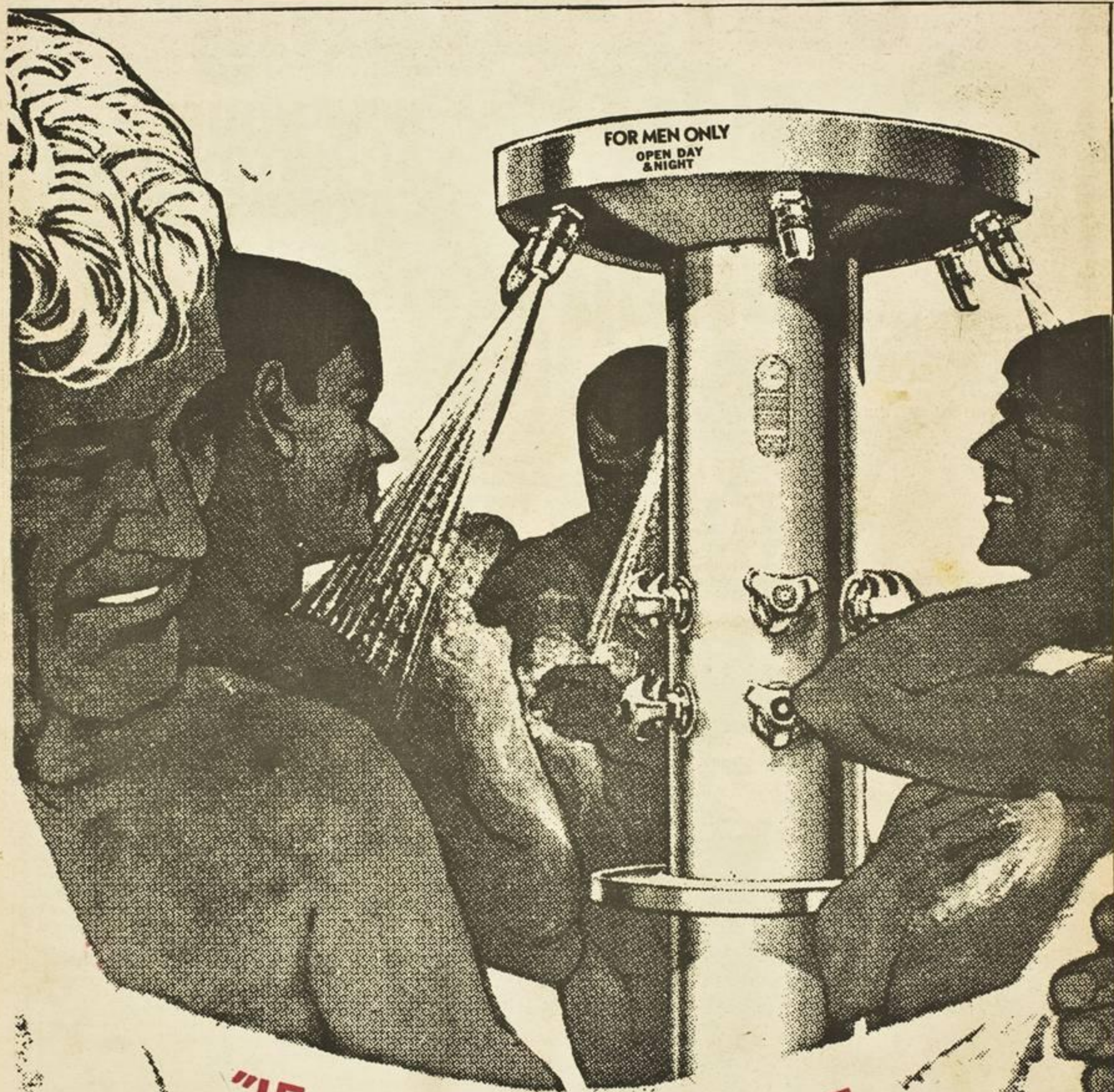
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