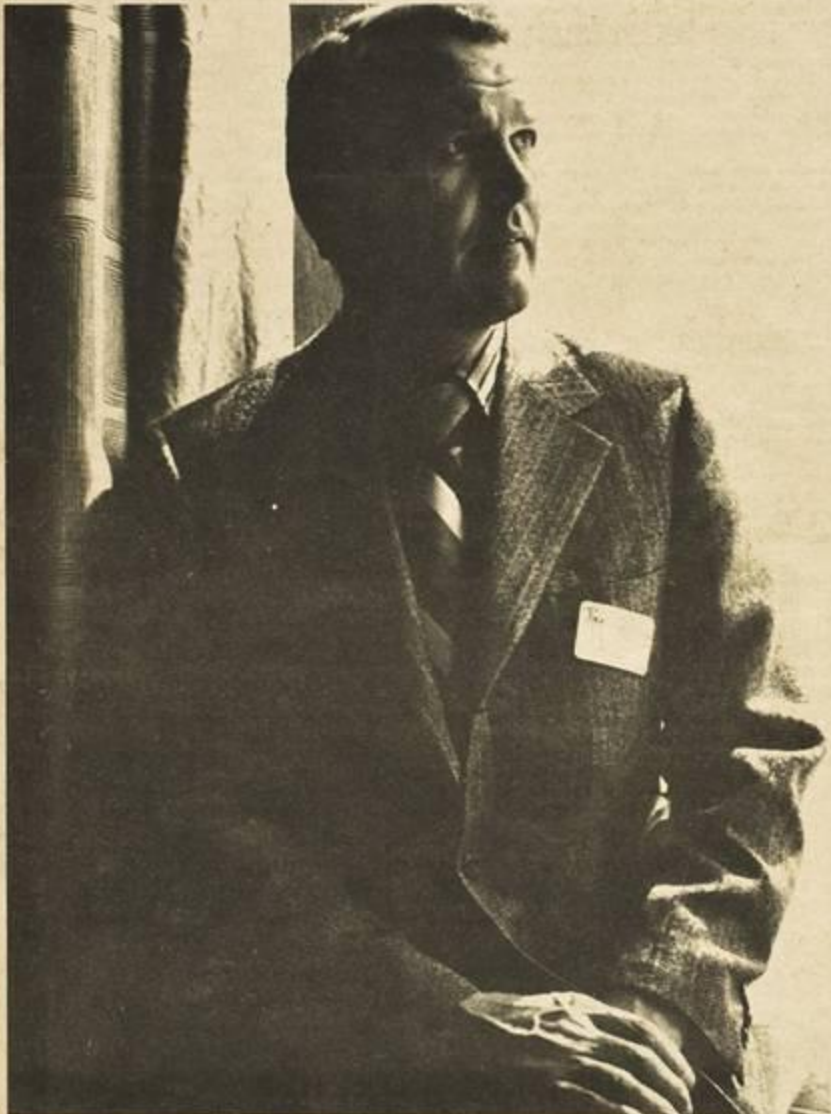


# GAY

50¢  
OUT OF  
NYC 75¢

Vol.2 Issue 49

## Religious Leaders Confront Gay Issues



The Reverend Robert W. Wood: Author of "Christ & the Homosexual." Photo by Kay Tobin

BY PETE FISHER

New York, N.Y.—The First National Conference on Religion and the Homosexual was held on March 24 and 25 in the Interchurch Center, 475 Riverside Dr., NYC. Sponsored and organized by the Council on Religion and the Homosexual, the Conference consisted of speeches, panels, workshops, and social functions at which there was a greater opportunity for 'off-the-record' conversation. Throughout the proceedings, a new air of militance and determination on the part of the participants from the gay community made itself felt.

On Wednesday morning, the Keynote Address was delivered by the Rev. Robert W. Wood, Pastor of the United Church of Christ, Newark, N.J.

"Lest there be any here who still do not realize the magnitude of the situation, we are talking about a MINIMUM of 8,500,000 adult homosexuals in America today. Whatever can be said about why heterosexuals need or want a relationship with organized religion can be paralleled for homosexuals... Both are children of God for whom Christ died, both need to know forgiveness and hope. Both will be anxious over the welfare of loved ones, both can be sinner or saint. They both laugh and cry, love and dream, grow old and die."

Later in the morning, the Rev. Thomas Maurer spoke on issues concerning the relationship between the church and the homosexual. The Rev. Robert Clement, founder of Manhattan's Church of the Beloved Disciple, discussed the increasing trend toward the establishment of independent gay churches, of which there are already more than a dozen across the nation.

On Wednesday afternoon, Dr. Louis Crompton, Ph.D., spoke on the civil libertarian aspects of the churches' stance

on homosexuality. He presented a printed critique of the "sickness" theory of homosexuality, containing statements in opposition to the theory by a number of prominent figures in the fields of sexual, social and psychological research. The balance of the afternoon was devoted to special workshops on Law Reform, Police, Employment, the Military, Theology and Gay Liberation.

A number of the official delegates to the Conference were treated to an informative tour of NY's gay bars that evening.

On Thursday morning, a panel on "Local Church Involvement" was moderated by Mr. John Lassoc of the Episcopal Diocese of New York, an active supporter in past months of efforts toward legal reform concerning homosexuals. Before lunch, a special tribute was paid to the Rev. Dr. Alfred A. Gross, a pioneer in the attempt to bring about a reconciliation between the church and the homosexual. In a printed statement, Dr. Gross said:

"We are living in a time that can justly be called the New Reformation. Much of what was once thought necessary for salvation is being quietly nudged toward the museum of history. The church's sexual conservatism may well be in process of transformation into a new and realistic ethic. If this were not so, such a conference as is now taking place could not be held. The church must come to grips with its moral obligation to meet the needs of its homosexual members and those who have left it, thinking that there was no room for them at its inn. It is commencing to see the need for mending its ways. But it still has a long way to go before homosexuals will be able to forget the centuries of intolerance on the part of the custodians of the Gospel of Love and Charity."

The main focus of the afternoon was a panel on Pastoral Counseling, in which

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## The Last Lap: KAMENY CAMPAIGN ENDS

BY RICHARD C. WANDEL

Washington, D.C. has received a shock which, with a little luck, it may never quite recover from: the first Gay campaign in the nation's history. I arrived with my lover via charter bus from New York on Friday night and was soon caught in the strangest political campaign I've ever witnessed. Most of the normal trappings were there; a large Kameny for Congress banner hung on E Street over the storefront headquarters, leaflets were distributed, speeches were made. But pervading it all was a distinct difference, a strange mixture of fear and freedom.

A slight culture shock passed through my head as I met the Washingtonians who would be our hosts until election day. As the various passengers from the bus got

their lodging arranged, I glanced at the 1950 powder blue sweaters and wondered what kind of an extended weekend this would be.

Saturday morning we began to slip leaflets under apartment doors throughout the District. Herman and I walked arm in arm from building to building. The Washingtonians were more cautious and aloof, worrying perhaps that some straight from work might see them and recognize them. The element of fear was surfacing. Even the campaign manager was careful not to allow his name to appear in the papers. Riding back to headquarters we picked up a young hitchhiker who at first couldn't quite believe that we were a careful of gays seriously working in behalf of Frank Kameny. We stopped and he joined us for



Richard's lover, Herman, on the campaign trail

lunch and a rap. Slowly the Washingtonians in our group crawled out of their closets as the small restaurant became witness to a fair amount of camping. By the time we returned to the car, we all felt free enough to do an impromptu chorus line in the street. The

hitchhiker found a place somewhere in the middle of the line and enjoyed with us our small celebration of freedom.

On Sunday I got an opportunity to see how the campaign was affecting the Capitol's straight community. Most of the New Yorkers returned on the charter bus. Herman had to work on Monday so he left too. Sunday is a slow day for campaigning, so I went to visit relatives, more rapping. They'd seen Dr. Kameny on TV and were impressed. For the most part, they had other candidates they

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# WHERE WILL YOU GO TONIGHT?

## A Directory for Discriminating Dispositions

### New York's Night Spots

DRINK, EAT AND BE MERRY!

**The Barrel Inn**, 568 Ninth Ave., bet. 41 & 42 Sts. (563-8212) GM

**The Beaded Bag**, 951 First Ave., bet. 52 & 53 Sts. Chubby chairs. GM

**The Big Spender**, 315 W. 48th St. (586-9880) Theatrical types and before-and-after-the-show crowds. GM

**Boo Soir**, 40 W. 8th St. (473-9859) Cha-cha palace, popular with young Latinos. GM

**Bonnie & Clyde's**, 82 W. 3rd St. (GR 3-9304) Dancing and lots of activities, like buffets and movies. GF & GM

**Bullfighters** 1718 2nd Ave. at 89th St. (772-9838) 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**, at West 56th St., bet. 5th & 6th Aves. (581-4664) Piano bar for the suit & tie crowd and out-of-town businessmen. GM

**Carnival**, 507 West St., at Jane (above the Tool Box). Back room policy. GM

**Carri's**, 104 W. 10th St. A sociable bar in the Village. No phone. GM

**The Candy Store**, at West 56th St., bet. 5th & 6th Aves. (581-4664) Piano bar for the suit & tie crowd and out-of-town businessmen. 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 Cousin**, 1312 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 Drn**, 835 Washington at Little W, 12th St. (989-8995). 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**, 31th Ave. & 21st St. Private club for the leather/western crowd. GM

**Fedora's**, 239 W. 4th St. (CH 2-9691). The best of the gay restaurants. Excellent food, casual atmosphere. Reservations suggested. GM & GF

**The Flunk**, 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. 2nd & Bleecker (at the Cafe Wha). Free admission, tight show, dancing. Soda bar. Open 8 p.m. to 4 a.m. GM

**Gaspar's**, 53 W. 15th St. (675-9609) A dancing bar for women. GF

**The Goldbug**, 83 W. 3rd St. (677-9874) 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

**Hades**, Jane & West Streets. Private club for the leather set. GM

**Harry's Back East**, 1422 Third Ave., bet. 80 & 81 Sts. (249-6991) 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. (229-9984) 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. (929-9573). Very much a neighborhood bar, but also a haven for young out-of-towners who have heard of its national reputation. GM

**Keller's**, 384 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**, 2160 Broadway, corner of 76th St. (SU 7-7971) An old-timer on the bar scene trying to make a come-back under new management. GM

**Luigi II**, 104 W. 13th St. (929-9568) GM

**The Lux Cafe**, West 4th Street, off Sixth Avenue. An upstairs after hours private club for women. Dancing. GF

**The Mackies**, 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. (860-4509) 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 crowd set; women'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 Penny**, 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. (874-8632) One of the newer (and bigger) Upper West Side bars. GM

**Peggy's Place**, 153 W. 48th St. (265-9792) It's gay in the evenings, and a hard-hat 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-of-sight 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 Roundtable**, 151 E. 50th St. (758-0310) Dancing to live rock bands, mainly a young crowd, but everybody assembles here. GM & GF

**The Royal Roost**, 28 Cornelia St. (CH 2-9577) 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 mad 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 tables. Bring your own bottle. Open 8 p.m. to 7 a.m. Int.

**Second Group Theatre** presents "Quiet in the Balcony," an original comedy in three parts. Performances: April 1, 2, 7, 8, 15, 17 at 8:30 PM at McBurney YMCA, 215 West 23rd St., corner of 1th Avenue. Donation.

**Stage 45**, 305 E. 45th St. (532-0290) A dancing 1 1/2 where Black is beautiful. GM

**Teak's Quarters**, 1497 York Avenue, at 79th St. (734-9663). The newest "in" spot on the East Side. GM

**The Tool Box**, 567 West St. at Jane. (989-9494) Another bar with everything: dancing, movies, buffets, the works. GM

**The Tor**, 21 Greenwich Ave. A sidewalk cafe. Int.

**The Tropicana**, 24 Ninth Ave. GM

**The Troubadour**, 1078 1st Ave., bet. 58 & 59 Sts. (799-1958) Popular East Side spot, now serving dinners. 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. (881-6132) Friendly, crowded, and very crisy 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.

**Wally'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. 33rd 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 Zedies**, 835 Washington, above the Den. Back room policy. GM

## THE PATHS

**The Beacon Baths**, 227 E. 45th St. (687-0322) 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. GM

**The Club Baths**, NYC, 24 First Ave. bet. 1 & 2 Sts. (673-3283) 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 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 26th Street (684-8935) Left over from before the "revolution," Everard stands as an example of what Continental saved it from. It's dingy, the help is surly, and all it has going for it is a fine steamroom. GM

**The Night Owl Baths**, Shelton Towers Hotel, Lexington Avenue at 49th Street. The newest baths, with the strangest hours in town: Monday through Thursday, 11 a.m. to 9 a.m.; Friday, 10 p.m. to 9 a.m.; Saturday and Sunday, 7 p.m. to 9 a.m.

**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 5-8850) 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, at the midtown junior executives stop in to knock off a piece on the way of home. Doesn't offer much in the way of facilities, and therefore directs everybody's attention to the main thing. GM



ARZAKAS WILLIAMS

# EDITORIAL

Volume 2, Number 49, April 26, 1971

### SCREWY JUDGES

SCREW, the most offensive, zany, wild and unencumbered publication in the history of the world has suffered a vile blow delivered by medieval mental cases: judges who, in court, found it necessary to have the word "hardon" explained for their edification.

SCREW's publishers and editors, Jim Buckley and Al Goldstein, the publishing industry's bravest trailblazers, commissioned the first regular uncensored column by homosexuals to appear in any newspaper (November, 1968) and are two of GAY's Four Swords, having financed this newspaper at its inception to the tune of \$25,000. GAY's editors have worked closely with the staff of SCREW for over two years. We love our heterosexually-inclined partners, Al and Jim, passionately. While Kiss and Pleasure pleaded guilty to charges of obscenity (and were each fined \$3,000), the SCREW two refused to capitulate, believing, rightfully, that they were protected by the First Amendment and are guiltless. They spent \$77,000 in lawyers fees, while their sentence demanded only a \$3,000 fine. This is the sort of idealism and belief in the principles—difficult to find nowadays—on which this country is founded.

We are saddened and angered by the decision against SCREW put forward by the Criminal Court of the City of New York. This decision aims at putting SCREW out of business. If SCREW is threatened, the First

Amendment is threatened also. We ask freedom lovers everywhere to write to Mayor John V. Lindsay, c/o City Hall, New York City, protesting the benighted ruling of these heresy-fearing censors.

Part of the judge's decision was based on SCREW's open acceptance of ads inviting sodomy, which, the judges said, is illegal. "Its pages are covered with the leer of the sensualist," they complained. Let us flood the Mayor's offices with letters which leer at prudish men who dare to proscribe our right to read, and to condemn our sexuality which they, unfortunately, have never explored.

### DOES YOUR BOSS KNOW?

If you are among those unhappy people who must worry about whether or not the boss "knows" you're gay, perhaps you may wish to stop worrying and do something to change your situation.

It is important that New York's State Legislators (both Assemblymen and Senators) receive favorable mail on the State Fair Employment Bill. This bill, courageously introduced by Assemblyman William Passannante, will, if passed, prohibit employment discrimination on account of sexual orientation. It is expected that the bill will be introduced sometime around the end of April.

Write to your Assemblymen and Senators today!

If you don't know who your Assemblymen or Senators are, telephone The League of Women Voters (212) 677-5050.



Father Robert Clement, founder of New York's gay Church of the Beloved Disciple

## Religious Leaders Confront Gay Issues

Continued from page 1  
the problem of giving adequate and positive counseling to homosexuals in spite of many churches' negative views on homosexuality were discussed.

A sharp analysis of the Roman Catholic Church's position on homosexuality was presented by Brother William Modlin, C.S.C. "Can any church impose continence 'under pain of serious sin' on several million persons who cannot or do not freely choose it?" he asked. "The Catholic Church offers the homosexual the choice between the hell of total continence and the hell of eternal damnation." He then discussed a number of points which might facilitate and improve counseling for homosexuals belonging to the Catholic Church.

The main immediate value of the Conference was considered to be the opportunity to further raise the consciousness of the Conference's representatives from various major faiths on the ways in which the churches may better deal with the needs of homosexuals. That the Conference was held in the Interchurch Center was considered a sign that the issue had become an "officially recognized" one. It is hoped that more churches will move on to new policies with regard to

homosexuals, as the Presbyterian, Lutheran, and Unitarian churches have already done.

The new spirit of homosexual militance in relating to organized religion was typified by Ernest Reaugh, chairman of TriCities GLF and long an active layman in his own church, the Trinity Methodist Church in Albany. Last fall Reaugh 'came out' in the church for the first time by announcing his homosexuality and offering to resign his membership in the church. If his resignation were not accepted, he said, the church would then have to address itself to the issue of homosexuality and take a new stand.

The church's Board of Ministries unanimously declined the resignation, and the Trinity Methodist Church undertook a program of bridge-building to the Albany gay community. The real test of its commitment came when the Pray-In was held as scheduled.

But with the new militant spirit rising in the gay community, such tests come more and more frequently. Mr. Reaugh has told the church that unless special services for homosexuals, designed to match those primarily oriented toward heterosexuals, can be instituted, many members of Albany's gay community may feel impelled to establish an independent gay church.

The situation in Albany is indicative of one of the main themes in the continuing debate between homosexuals and the churches. Led by such individuals as Troy Pery and Robert Clement, increasing numbers of religiously-oriented gay people are looking for alternatives to the treatment they have received from established religion. How many will leave existing churches and found new ones will probably depend on the speed with which established faiths respond to the increasing demand for change in their attitudes toward their homosexual members.



# FLASH!

Gay Liberation groups from fourteen states and seventy-five cities are going to march as a contingent to protest U.S. involvement in Southeast Asia on April 24.

The marches will take place simultaneously in Washington, D.C. and San Francisco. Those who wish to take

part in the March may call (212) 675-6930 in Manhattan; (312) 427-7055 in Chicago; or (213) 665-1881 in Los Angeles. Funds are needed, and contributors may send checks or money orders to National Gay Liberation Task Force: 135 West 14th Street, 5th Floor, New York, N.Y. 10011.



# GAY

Publishers: Four Swords, Inc.  
Executive Editors: Jack Nichols, Lige Clarke  
News Editor: Richard C. Wandel; New York Correspondent: Pete Fisher; Midwest Correspondent: Erik Larson; Advertising Manager: Polly Holden; Advertising Assistant: Richard Blackman; Wizards: Jim Buckley, Al Goldstein; Art Director: Wild Cherry Studio; Photos: Marcia C. Wandel and Roy Leigh.  
Columnists: Dick Leitch, Lige and Jack, Randolph Wicker, Peter Ogren, John P. LeRoy, Gregory Battcock, Leo Skir, Aaron Bates, Sorel David, Thane Hampton

The official views of this newspaper are expressed in The Editorial. Opinions expressed in by-lined columns, letters and cartoons, however, are those of the writers and artists and do not necessarily represent the opinions of GAY. Publication of the name or photograph of any person or organization in articles or advertising in GAY is no indication of the sexual orientation of such person or organization.

GAY is published BI-WEEKLY by Four Swords, Inc., P.O. Box 431, Old Chelsea Station, New York City, New York 10011. Telephone (212) 989-1660.

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## Randy Wicker Goes BEHIND THE SCREEN WITH DAVID SUSSKIND

BY RANDOLFE WICKER

Some thirteen years ago, when I first became active in the New York Mattachine Society, television, radio and newspapers had an informal blackout regarding homosexuality. It was "too controversial" or "too unpleasant" to discuss.

Nevertheless, those few of us who were active in the movement in those days commenced a behind-the-scenes campaign to open mass media to discussions of homosexuality.

The first break came in July, 1962, when WBAI-FM taped an interview with a homosexual panel that I had assembled. It was some breakthrough in those days and when the show was finally broadcast, the *New York Times* gave it a full column's coverage. *Newsweek* devoted its radio-TV page to the show as well.

In September, 1962, the *Village Voice* headlined a feature, "Third Party for the Third Sex," which discussed the political potential of a homosexual voting block in the *Village* and elsewhere in NYC.

Men's magazines also began carrying articles on the movement that year. The *New York Post* broke the ice with features on homosexuality in June, 1963, and finally, behind the times as always, the *Times* did its first feature, "Growth of Homosexuality in City Provokes Wide Concern," on December 17th, 1963.

Les Crane broke the video blackout on January 31, 1964, by broadcasting a panel discussion on homosexuality in NYC. A second panel a few months later was dropped because Les Crane had by that time gone national and several ABC affiliates said that "if you put perverts like that on the air, we won't carry the Les Crane Show any more period."

Meanwhile, shows like Eric Goldman's "Open Mind" and "The David Susskind Show" were being approached via mailings and phone calls trying to interest them in doing programs on homosexuality.

Les Crane finally managed to overcome network opposition in the fall of 1964 and broadcast a nationwide show on homosexuality from Los Angeles.

Every few months, I'd call Jean Kennedy, Susskind's producer, only to be told, "We've scheduled everything for this year. It's still a bit too controversial for us. Maybe next year." Finally, in 1967, the Susskind Show tackled homosexuality, using psychiatrists Hatterer and Lewin and Mattachine's Dick Leitsch.

My lover and I had been interviewed as candidates for that program but having recently gotten involved in business and no longer officials of the Mattachine, we were only allowed to speak from the dock.

Also, the interviewer at that time, Herb Bloom, was not exactly liberated in his approach, exclaiming at one point, "You mean you wouldn't want to be cured?" We were not self-effacing enough and when we finally got into the dock, our first attack was directed at Dick Leitsch for playing gregarious Southern gentleman while the psychiatrists had spewed forth one derogatory statement after another regarding homosexuals.

The recent *Times* article "Homosexuals Helped to Become Heterosexuals" persuaded the Susskind producers that the time was ripe to do a second program on homosexuality. Leitsch suggested several possible panelists, including myself.

Wednesday afternoon, Josef Bush, author of *The Homosexual Handbook*, David Gaard, author of *And Puppy Dog Tails*, and I were interviewed jointly. The motif of the show at that time was "to have a cured homosexual and his



Randolfe Wicker: One of New York's first gay spokesmen

therapist and a confirmed homosexual and a pro-homosexual therapist." Although we disagreed on a lot of other things, all three of us—and I gather others that were interviewed the same day—unanimously condemned the formula as "old hat," "dull" and "a replay of the same old 'are-they-sick' bullshit."

The next morning I called Jean Kennedy. To say I had become upset at the format and at seeing the Susskind people stumbling along in the dark with no understanding of the subject matter they were dealing with would be an understatement.

After a short spiel about not wanting to be a "media patsy" in which the homosexual on the show would be at such a disadvantage against psychiatric "authority figures" and suggesting they eliminate me from consideration, Jean Kennedy replied "Well, that's your choice but we were hoping to use you. We've decided to change the format into four

homosexuals and four people who claim they've changed and are happier for it."

"That's a 1,000% improvement," I ventured. I then suggested that they research the area a bit by sending one of their researchers with me to a GAA meeting that evening where they could look over a hundred or more people, hear them speak, and decide who would be potential panelists for their show. Jean Kennedy called back later and arranged for me to take her assistant, Sam Szurek, to the GAA meeting that evening.

Although he confided he found the meeting "terribly dull," Szurek approached several GAA people regarding their possible participation. Altogether, fifteen or twenty GAA activists journeyed up to the Susskind offices the next day to be interviewed.

Szurek asked as I drove him home, "Were all those people really homosexual?" He obviously had his own stereotyped image of homosexuals as being "effeminate" thrown into question. He also asked if various girls were lesbians, finally confiding, "You know, I don't think I've ever seen or met a lesbian before in my life."

Mark Rubin, George Caldwell, and

Gregory Battcock was already checking out the offerings when I arrived, then became terribly upset that we both were wearing similar herringbone suits. George Caldwell and Mark Rubin joined us a couple of minutes later.

The Aesthetic Realists filed in. We were all polite and reserved toward one another, although a bit stand-offish. Susskind came in a few minutes before show time and commenced by asking the Aesthetic Realists "What is the message you wanted to get across on this program?" Next, he asked us the same question.

A lot of little things go into making a Susskind program that the average viewer is probably not aware of. To begin with, Susskind had a typed list of "leading questions" which he used to virtually insure the essential focus of the program would remain "Is Change Desirable and Why?"

During breaks, we said we wanted to discuss unemployment discrimination, law reform, and civil liberties to which Susskind responded, "I don't want to get into anything political."

During one intermission, Susskind expressed incredulity that there was a school of thought among professionals which held homosexuality was not necessarily a sickness. "But the preponderance of professionals hold that homosexuality is a sickness, don't they?" he insisted as if anxious to discard any contradictory opinion.

There were other slight slurs which betrayed prejudice. The Aesthetic Realists' wives were seated in the front row at ringside while Mark Rubin's lover, Peter Fisher, had to virtually fight to get a front row seat for himself. Caldwell's lover of nine years' standing was seated elsewhere. My lover ended up sitting in the back row.

There were many lesbians in the audience and when they tried to get into the dock, they were told "Women will be distracting from the program's content," and were not allowed to speak. Either because a couple of the girls became aggressive or because as one assistant maintained, "We only put people on from the dock when the discussion on stage is lagging," only GAA's Pete Fisher managed to be heard from the audience.

Needless to say, the program left much to be desired. The Aesthetic Realists got a hog's share of the show's time. The format put the gays at a distinct disadvantage—as if their unpopular position of "Gay is Good" weren't enough of a disadvantage already.

As the taping ended, the gay women were commencing a chant, "Let Women Speak." Other members of the audience also let the Susskind people know in no uncertain terms that they were disappointed in the evening's discussion.

"Well, you've done the impossible," one lesbian chided Jean Kennedy. "You've made a show on homosexuality that is actually boring."

"Now that you've done a program on Aesthetic Realism," I probed sarcastically, "when are you going to do one on male homosexuality?" Then in an aside to Sam Szurek, I confided, "I feel like I've just crawled out from beneath a stacked deck."

No doubt the Susskind people feel now that they've done their "homosexual program," and it'll be another five years before they get around to "that subject" again.

## Loosely About Women

BY SOREL DAVID



ell, spring is here and it's happening all over again. There was Albany, there will be Washington and the good Reverend Troy Perry tells us that with gay unity we can do anything. It's politics and radical politics today means gay liberation. There simply isn't anything else going on any more. The rest of the radicals have just about radicalized themselves out of reality as far as any tenable position for acting on their political convictions goes. I mean once you come out for armed revolution you either got to shut up or put up and there just aren't that many people who are ready to start chucking bombs around. There might be a lot of talk about it but there ain't too much really going to happen.

The trouble with this raising of political consciousness business is that before too long you reach a point where the more radical you get the less there is, really, that you can do to be radical. You can actively picket for homosexual rights, but you can't really smash sexism, not with a hammer anyway. What happens to movements when they begin to reach this point is that they start turning inward, withdrawing from the world and redirecting their energies towards liberating themselves and setting about to build the new order, letting the establishment be damned. You know the bag-lifestyles-new lifestyles is where it all finally gets to be at.

So now that it's all quiet on the western front, gay lib and women's lib, which in the broader sense are really one and the same fight, are slowly moving to the center of stage one, occupying the nation and providing an emotional outlet for all those who need to feel passionately pro or con some cause or other. Gay liberation, a fairly new thing, is still a viable cause with specific goals and means for achieving them. I mean you can still do something if you're in gay lib, picket or leaflet or something, to bring about your end. Yet interestingly enough, some parts of the movement seem to be moving along the same path as other groups in the past.

To most people in the world at large, that's the straight world in case you didn't know, the gay liberation movement is GLF, or the 'Gay Liberation Front' as it's self-consciously referred to by the media, who haven't gotten hip to initials yet. It's ironic when you think of it, now that we've reached the point where we are big enough to have to start struggling for unity among our many factions, we begin to break into the media all over the place and presented there as a unified front, the 'Gay Liberation Front.' Those people think that every fag and dyke in the world is the same and lumped all together we are



## REVOLUTIONS ARE REVOLTING

the 'Gay Liberation Front.' Everybody's heard of it by now, it's been the running joke on *Laugh In* for two weeks straight. Whenever they want speakers, consultants for movies or reports, they call GLF. Whenever anything happens, demonstrations or gay action of any kind they think it's GLF.

But GLF isn't into any of that anymore, at least not the people who were active in the beginning. The old vanguard has pretty much given up on marching around with signs and stuff. Most of them are wandering around spaced out somewhere in the withdrawal stage, eating brown rice and mumbling about what is a political activity anyway and wanting to relate to gay brothers in the Gay Community Center without cruising them, consciousness raising it's called. The most positive concretely visible project GLF has been into lately is the Gay Community Center and even this seems to be the work of some of the newer faces. To tell you the truth, my sympathies lie with the spaced out wanderers, if only because they seem less sure of themselves and aren't quite as quick to shove a slogan and/or a picketing sign down my throat. I went to a demonstration the other day given by—no, that sounds too much like a social event—held? called for? by DOB. Actually, if anything, this demonstration

was uncalled for; it was DOB marching up and down in front of St. Patrick's Cathedral to express support for Ti-Grace Atkinson's statement criticizing the Catholic Church and to protest the church's position on abortion and their oppression of women and homosexuals, and for gay power and every other damn thing.

So between twenty or thirty women plus Marty Robinson and one other person from GAA, an expression of gay unity no doubt, marched up and down shouting and carrying signs for approximately two hours and a half. Marty kept smiling big and making jokes—politics, yes, that's politics too. He kept saying that if anyone called him a lesbian, he was going to sue. So you can see right away how out of it he is, the correct GLF attitude is, of course, to be so horribly uptight about being sexist or male chauvinist that being mistaken for a lesbian is the greatest compliment on earth. But we knew he was out of it, otherwise he wouldn't have been picketing in the first place.

What amazes me is this incredible fountain of naivete that keeps springing up from nowhere to swell the ranks of demonstrations. The general attitude on leaving the picket line that afternoon was one of exultant enthusiasm, wow! we

really blew their minds! was the official word for the day. Everyone should know by now that New Yorkers are the most unflappable people on earth; nothing but nothing blows their minds. Aside from one or two aging female religious fanatics shrieking the usual about Sodom and Gomorrah, people for the most part merely stopped for a few minutes to look on in amusement and then went on their way. They always single me out, those crazy old lady types, trapping me in corners for extended rap sessions about Jesus and the like. They look at the wholesomeness of my fat healthy cheeks and think ah hah—here's one that can be saved, I guess.

The most intelligent remark of the afternoon came about midway into the demonstration from a man in the crowd. At this point, several women on the line were calling on the people in the crowd to check themselves out—look at your sister, she might be gay—look at yourself, you might be gay. A well-dressed middle-aged black man, looking the picture of well-to-do middleclass respectability, stepped forward and said simply but very clearly, "I'm gay, so what?" He stood and listened to the chants as we walked around a few more times, then shrugged and went on his way.

Yeah—me too—so what?

# A CAMPAIGN TO REMEMBER

BY LIGE AND JACK  
THE EDITORS OF GAY

Even though he lost the election by a wide margin, the campaign waged by Dr. Franklin E. Kameny for Washington D.C.'s seat (Non-Voting) in Congress was one of the boldest, most original and significant experiments in the history of American politics.

That he did not win is not to say that he failed. His loss merely points to facts with which gay communities must contend in any future contests. Kameny's gains, we believe, were of enormous importance, principally because he set a standard and blazed an unknown trail for homosexual politicians in the future, and because his campaign was waged on such a high level that he commanded the respectful attention of Washington society.

Two days before the election *The Washington Post's* editorial put it succinctly:

Dr. Franklin E. Kameny has put special emphasis on personal freedom, running as an avowed homosexual pledged to represent all the people of the community. His contribution to discussions of civil liberties has been eloquent and erudite, and in this sense has already fulfilled his basic campaign objective.

*The Sunday Star's* staff writer, John Fialka, was equally as enthusiastic:

Kameny's platform extends far beyond civil rights for homosexuals, however. If the race could be won by raising novel ideas and debating points, Kameny might well be the winner.

We arrived in Washington on Friday evening, preceding Tuesday's election. Our friend, Juan, picked us up at the station and drove us across the city to his Arlington apartment where we stayed for the weekend. We passed Kameny's campaign headquarters on the way: a large building standing next to the National Theatre, smack dab in the middle of the downtown area. It stood directly in front of City Hall (the Mayor's office) and within eyeshot of a bus depot where vast numbers of government employees congregate daily on their way to and from work.

A huge *Kameny for Congress* banner, the largest in the city, adorned the building for all to see. "Whoopie! Old J. Edgar can't miss that banner," we chortled.

We switched on the car radio and WMAL was reporting the news. Suddenly we heard Kameny's voice. He was addressing himself to the campaign issues. His homosexuality was incidental, and only in passing, was it mentioned. His inflection, as always, was logical and precise; it was obviously the voice of a man who knew where he stood on the major questions of the day and why.

Wow! To ride into the city and to hear the voice of the homosexual candidate when we switch on the car radio! What a gas!

Our friend, Juan, along with approximately twenty-five other Washingtonians had volunteered to provide lodging for those GAA members



Dr. Kameny is surrounded by supporters.

Photo by Richard C. Wandel

campaign headquarters. "And whatever you do," warned Cliff, "don't let your guests get to the bars or baths tonight, because they'll never get up in time for our 8 AM meeting tomorrow!"

We chatted with some of the assembled hosts-to-be. Only three were women, although a large group of lesbians including Lilli Vincenz and her lover Marcelle and others had worked themselves to a frazzle for weeks preceding the election. We talked with a hip young woman of Persian-Italian extraction. She epitomized youthful idealism and good sense, making us proud to be in the company of such gentility.

On Cliff's coffee table we spied a copy of George Weinberg's book, *The Action Approach*. "Ah hah!" we hoped, "Our plugs for the good doctor's book in GAY have sold a few copies, perhaps. Good."

While we awaited the bus, Cliff told us about Kameny's brush with the Catholic Legion of Decency when they picketed *Hair* which had opened only a few days before at the theatre next to his campaign headquarters. "The Catholics objected to *Hair's* nudity," he explained, and Kameny counterpicketed them and released a statement:

We are firmly convinced that if Jesus Christ were here today he would be in the National Theatre approving and applauding and very probably participating as a member of the cast of *HAIR*, knowing that *HAIR* is a truer representation of Christianity than the door, joyless pickets out here.

"That night," said Cliff, "the cast of *Hair* carried Kameny for Congress signs across the stage and they've promised to come to the fund-raising party after their performance tomorrow night." He beamed.

A knock on the door. It was Kameny himself. It was exciting seeing him again. We congratulated him on the excellent job he'd done campaigning. "It's grueling work," he confessed, but he looked bouyant nevertheless.

## "Washington D.C. Will Never Forget!"

who, independently, had chartered a Trailways bus in New York and had come to Washington to assist with leafletting on Saturday. The chartered bus was scheduled to arrive at midnight, so we spruced up at Juan's and returned with him to center-city to meet it. An hour before the arrival of the New Yorkers, we gathered in Cliff's apartment (Cliff was a campaign coordinator) with others who were providing beds for GAA members. Cliff had his notes in admirable order. He explained to the twenty-five Washingtonians that their guests might remain for them only one night since there was every likelihood they'd prefer to "take their chances" finding unexplained lodging on Saturday after the evening fund-raising party at



"Old J. Edgar can't miss that sign!"

Photo by Kay Tobin

Both of us have known Kameny for nearly a decade, and we agree that no gay Washingtonian deserves higher honors. Frank Kameny truly cares what happens to others. For ten years he has been the only bright, persistent voice of assurance and counsel for Washington homosexuals. Distressed men and women, the guilt-ridden, those fearful of job loss, young people and armed forces personnel have been able to call him late at night and even into the early hours of the morning and to get precise, detailed instructions and advice. He has tracked down blackmailers, fought bigoted employers and the government, and relieved hundreds of silly galls. Now, a devoted staff worked diligently at his side. He had earned their devotion and he

deserved it. Frank Kameny is not only "eloquent and erudite" as the *Post* put it, he is also a kind and thoughtful gentleman.

Shortly after midnight we filed out of Cliff's apartment to a parking lot across the street. The New York bus arrived, pulling into the lot, while chants of GAY

POWER echoed from its windows through dark Washington streets. Juan found his guest hurriedly and we returned to his car, driving back to Arlington for the night.

Saturday morning GAA members met at campaign headquarters and filed noisily behind Kameny as he led a march to the White House with a letter from the gay community to the President presented through the guards at the gate. TV cameras and newspaper photographers caught the action as a guard accepted the document. A picture of Kameny at the gate, which included GAY's free-lance photographers Kay Tobin and Richard Wandel, appeared in *The Washington Post* the next day.

After the White House march, teams of leafleters spawned out across the capital city. The campaign staff had assigned coordinators to each major neighborhood, and the volunteers worked until dusk. Our friend Perrin, who acted as coordinator for Foggy Bottom (also known as Faggy Bottom and Fucky Bottom) estimated that 20,000 pieces of campaign literature were distributed.

Juan's guest, Ken, returned from leafletting with stories about the reactions of "straight" apartment residents. One woman, he said, spied him on the elevator and ran to a neighbor's door. "There are homosexuals on the floor," she shrieked.

Saturday night we spruced up again for the fund-raising dance at campaign headquarters. Lilli and Marcelle were selling tickets at the door. Inside, staff members busied themselves with unending tasks. In a large room, separated from the work area, nearly 350 men and women frolicked under strobe lights and psychedelic posters to some of the best rock music we've heard in a coon's age. A super-stereo sound system propelled the rhythms into our bones and set us to writhing publicly in a manner which friends later assured us was blatantly uninhibited. Updated bumps and grinds, so to speak.

Around us danced the happy faces of hard-working campaigners, kissing one another, hugging, arms around necks and shoulders. Members of the *Hair* cast arrived. It was a scene from the Age of Aquarius come to life.

We bumped into Washingtonians and

New Yorkers whose faces were now more than familiar to us; many of them couples. Ron and Jerry, looking as horny as ever (Jerry was wearing a shirt imprinted with the word FUCK in bright psychedelic designs); Pete and Marc cuddling; Richard and Herman, arms around each other's waists; Barbara and Kay wearing colorful straw hats, and Eva, who'd come to help from the wilds of Pennsylvania.

Finally, Franklin Kameny himself appeared. Cameras clicked. The crowds rushed forward to meet him. He seemed ecstatic. The newspapers had just given him more coverage. For a moment Frank held both of Jack's hands, dancing across the floor in a state of lighthearted limbo, relating the exciting events of the day. Lige kissed Frank: a warm wet smacker.



Dancing to the tune of the New Politics

Photo by Kay Tobin

At 2:30 AM, another friend, Bart, offered us a ride back to Juan's apartment. We were grateful, since Juan had already left, and cabfare was so high as to be prohibitive. As Bart pulled away after depositing us, his carborator broke, and so he spent the night at Juan's apartment. He seemed not to mind at all, although it must have been a terrible inconvenience. Thank you Bart. Your kindness was just one more evidence of the weekend's joyous spirit.

What did this mean? Well, for one thing, Washington isn't a voter's town. Until recently, Washingtonians couldn't vote. Many gays were not registered. yelled *Kameny for President!* The dancing continued long into the night after Frank's speech. He placed 4th out of 6 candidates. A black civil rights worker, Democrat Walter E. Fauntroy, was the winner. Kameny garnered only 1.6 percent of the vote (1,841 votes out of 112,675 cast.)

What did this mean? Well, for one thing, Washington isn't a voter's town. Until recently, Washingtonians couldn't vote. Many gays were not registered.



Photo by Kay Tobin

Pete & Marc with a Washington Post photographer.

Secondly, many voters, although they admired Frank, felt that he could not win. They adopted a philosophy of "Don't waste a vote on a loser." Many black homosexuals had to choose between their loyalty to a black or a homosexual candidate. Black homosexuals in Washington suffer greater oppression than their white gay brethren.

The Kameny campaign taught us that many homosexuals are still politically apathetic. Many are still afraid to let their persuasions be known even in the privacy of the voting booth. As one *Washington Post* writer put it rather viciously prior to the election, "many are afraid that the government has some way of telling how they've voted."

But Kameny dared to do the impossible, and his grand effort and that of his campaigners has brought all of us closer to the possibility. The next candidate must have longer than Kameny did (a month) to make headway. He must make sure that thousands of gays are registered voters and are politically aware. Just as civil rights workers piled into Mississippi to register apathetic black voters, so must the homosexual community be made to realize its political potential.

In spite of these drawbacks, however, his effect on our capital city was astounding. No better indication of "straight" society's new-found respect for gays could be found than in the editorial of *The Washington Daily News*:

Dr. Franklin Kameny, the Harvard-educated astronomer and avowed homosexual, may not have succeeded in convincing the city that "Gay is Good," but his straightforward advocacy of the "right to be different," his thoughtful examination of other important issues, his generosity in grain of his opponents, must have impressed many who met him along the way that "Gay" is not all that bad. Five or ten years ago it would have been almost impossible to imagine such a candidacy for Congress. That we have one now is a tribute to the personal honesty and courage of Dr. Kameny as well as to the maturity of those who heard him with growing respect.

Franklin Kameny and his staff of dedicated workers may not have won the election, but they are winners, nevertheless.



Through Washington's streets with a gay candidate.

Photo by Richard C. Wandel



Women do "The Can Can for Kameny"

Photo by Kay Tobin

# Screw Battle With Censors Continues



The SCREW TWO, Goldstein & Buckley

BY BRUCE MORGAN  
New York, N.Y.—On March 30, Assistant District Attorney Richard Beckler requested that Al Goldstein, Executive Editor, and Jim Buckley, Publisher, of SCREW magazine, be given the maximum

sentence of six years imprisonment each, for "the publishing, composition, and dissemination of obscene material." Perhaps, thanks to the spending of tens of thousands in lawyers fees, they received only a three thousand dollar fine. This sentencing will be immediately appealed to a higher court.

The fine is the result of a 3-0 decision reached by the Criminal Court of New York on March 3, almost one year since the SCREW obscenity trial began. Since the first arrest about two years ago, SCREW has, and will now continue to publish, despite the harassments and busts which have persisted throughout the trial period, right up to the present date.

In the nine months of the trial, the witnesses for the prosecution were Patrolman Donald Gray, the arresting officer; Father Raymond Schroth of

Fordham University; Ernst Van den Haag, a Sociology Professor at N.Y.U.; another patrolman; and a pizza maker.

The defense witnesses were Paul Zimmerman of Newsweek; the Rev. William Glensk, pastor of Spencer Memorial Church in Brooklyn; George Stade, Chairman of the Department of English at Columbia University; Richard Brown, teacher of film art at N.Y.U.; Murray Altman, a film producer and director; Sol Gordon, Professor of Family and Child Development at Syracuse University; Marcia Blackman, SCREW's Advertising Manager; Peter Ogren, Associate Editor of SCREW and, of course, Al and Jim.

The judges remained condescending toward the witnesses and unpersuaded by their expertise. They seemed most emotionally involved in the use of "dirty" words (their phrase), and the

personal ads, ignoring, for the most part, the body of the paper. The major issues they chose to delineate were solicitation for sodomy and adultery.

From page six of the Court's decision released March 22: "Each of the issues in evidence contains 'personal' advertisements soliciting sexual relations, acts of sodomy, and wife-swapping orgies. The 'leer of the sensualist' pervades throughout all of these exhibits." Then, on page seven of the decision, we are reminded that: "Although fornication is no longer a crime in this state, consensual sodomy is a crime... soliciting acts of sodomy is also violative of our penal law... as is adultery." The sodomy question received special attention in the scrutiny of the article "Up the Ass is a Gas," by GAY columnist Randy Wicker (SCREW no. 14).

When questioned as to the cause of the Court's decision against him, Al Goldstein replied: "The judges all have penis envy! They're all jealous of my magnificent dong!"

# KAMENY CAMPAIGN ENDS

Continued from page 1

would support, men they hoped would win the election, but they also recognized truth in what Kameny was saying about repression and personal liberty. I tried to rap a bit about the 'freedom we experienced as we worked together in the campaign. The freedom to form unencumbered friendships, the freedom to express our friendships sexually if we wanted to. I don't think they got the point. It's tough to pin down Reality in mere words.

Monday came after a beautiful night of love-making with my hosts. More leaflets and walking, Frank spoke to the workers in the agriculture department. We smiled and passed out leaflets. In the afternoon I spent time with Tony in the sound truck. Even the truck was different than in most campaigns. An array of blinking lights covered the dash board; buttons and dials regulated the battery of equipment. I was tempted to ask what warp factor we'd be travelling in. Our own version of Captain Kirk sat in the driver's seat alternately watching the road, the dials, and Allan who sat next to him. Tony sat in the back speaking through two microphones, lauding the qualifications of Dr. Franklin E. Kameny to all passers-by. Between raps, we played music and had our own type fun in the back of the truck.

Monday night we canvassed the bars looking for more workers. After dinner at the Plus-One, we used the P.A. system to ask for poll workers and went from table to table to get volunteers. Most were far too afraid to do anything as obvious as to stand at the polls and hand out Kameny leaflets. After the Plus-One, we headed for the Pier Nine. We couldn't use any microphones, but they let us go from table to table, provided we were through in fifteen minutes. Their cooperation left something to be desired, so we finished quickly and headed for the Georgetown Grill which had proclaimed Monday Kameny Night. The Grill was unusually full for a Monday night, mostly gays in their thirties and forties sat around in their sweaters and joked with Frank

Kameny. The gays were happy to have a candidate of their own, but most were too fearful to work on the election and a high number of them weren't even registered.

Finally Tuesday, election day, arrived. It was cold as I stood in front of a school on Capital Hill and passed out leaflets. A number of people stopped to say they were impressed by the gay candidate, but their votes went elsewhere "to someone who had a chance of winning." That night we threw a party as we waited for the returns. As the other candidates waited patiently or sipped champagne, we danced under black lights. The many-colored rays of the light show threw strange patterns on the wall as long serpent lines of dancers wound through the hall.

Herman had come back to Washington for the night and we circulated through the crowd picking up scraps of conversation and watching TV for election results. About midnight, Frank took the microphone. He had received 1,841 votes, about 1.6% of the vote, running fourth out of six candidates. We returned to the music and read the day-glo signs on the walls: "Marcelle and Lilli," "Gay Hearts Club," "Robin Creams Over Ted." The Stones' album blared "Why don't we sing this song together" as a circle of dancers swayed to the beat. Many had orange glowing lambdas painted on their foreheads.

Finally Herman and I returned to the apartment to make love and reflect on what we had been a part of. The campaign had fallen short of expectations. The gays had not turned out at the polls. One group of gays had told Frank that they feared a wave of repression if he got a sizable vote. Again, the feeling of fear was present. The real meaning of the campaign, though, was in its freedom, which periodically broke through the aura of fear. The campaign headquarters was a place of freedom where workers and members of the community felt safe. In this aspect of all the work and sweat that took place in Washington is the real meaning of what Frank Kameny did. Personal freedom was the hallmark of his campaign, and this was the lesson for both straight onlooker and gay participant.

BY AARON BATES

It's only natural to assume that when a boy is homosexually assaulted by a chauffeur, he shoots the driver and grows up to be a secret policeman for Mussolini's Fascist dictatorship. Then after espionage, murder, and the fall of Il Duce, isn't it logical that he should fulfill his repressed homosexual desires by making it with a male street hustler? Simply stated, the moral of Bernardo Bertolucci's movie interpretation of Alberto Moravia's *The Conformist* should be, "All he really needed was a good fuck." Poor Mr. Moravia has certainly suffered an injustice at the hands of director-scriptwriter Bertolucci who has deleted along the way much material that clarifies the main character's motivations. Bertolucci has also imposed a ludicrous ending which seems, in context, more melodramatic than credible. And yet, *The Conformist* still manages to be a film worth seeing. I will explain presently.

To begin with, however, I must state that a flashback scene depicting the traumatic homosexual assault is the only real clue given to us in order to comprehend the workings of our hero Marcello's mind. A morphine-addicted mother and an insane father are thrown in, apparently for the grotesque fun of it. In the novel, the parent-child relationship was elaborately explored. Marcello's childhood penchant for sadism is also uncovered, culminating in the shooting of Lino, the chauffeur. Marcello's secret fears of abnormality and his need to compensate (or overcompensate) for this state by destroying anything he considers deviant becomes clear. The movie Marcello, deftly acted by Jean Louis Trintignant, remains a puzzlement—on



The tango: "I'm a new liberated woman and this is Paris."

that requires a great deal of hit-or-miss interpretation on the part of the viewer.

The film's ridiculous ending, in which Marcello in one breath denounces Fascism (since it is no longer in vogue) and in the next, gives in to his strange sexual urges (a la Vivien Leigh in *The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone*) is more snicker-provoking for the gay viewers who don't know any better. The use of male homosexuality as "the fate worse than death" may also be offensive to many gay people, but I suppose it can be justified when it applies to the Italian

# How Molested Boys Grow Up To Be Policemen!



Marcello: a chicken who became a cop.

macho syndrome in which (I am told) it still exists.

If male homosexuality suffers in this picture, lesbianism does not. When Marcello receives instructions to assassinate anti-Fascist Professor Quadri (Enzo Tarascio), little does he realize that he will become totally fascinated by Quadri's wife, Anna (luscious Dominique Sanda) who has certain propensities of her own. Anna finds herself infatuated with Giulia (Stefania Sandrelli) who just happens to be Marcello's bride—an apparently witless, middle-class girl who conforms to Marcello's sense of normalcy. While on a crowded Parisian dance floor, the two ladies dance a joyous tango which not only shocks the French, but bewilders Marcello. But wife Giulia soon sets things right again when she boisterously declares, "I'm a new liberated woman. And this is Paris!" In reality, Giulia finds Anna's attraction for her slightly peculiar. In the girl's naivete, she wonders how ladies can feel such mutual passions for one another.

Anna, meanwhile, realizing that Marcello is a spy and possibly an assassin, begs him not to harm the prof or herself. He promises her nothing, in spite of his fascination, and does nothing to prevent a chilling ambush of the unfortunate couple. Once again Bertolucci muddles Marcello's motivations. Since Anna's lesbianism qualifies her (in our hero's eyes) as an abnormal person and since his whole schtick happens to be destroying abnormality, his final decision to participate in the ambush that will destroy the woman he loves should have given a horrifyingly pathetic glimpse into Marcello's character. Since none of these

motivations was clarified on the screen, Marcello emerges as a totally despicable monster instead of the tragic figure he could have been. (Moravia himself helped make the point by naming the prof's wife Lina, rather than Anna, in the novel—thus subtly paralleling her "abnormal" yearnings, with those of Lino, the chauffeur.)

At any rate, the ambush scene, though different in meaning to what it could have been, is so horrifying that it will haunt you years after you have forgotten the rest of the movie. It has all the

ill-fated lesbian, Miss Sanda brings to her role beauty, elegance, sensuality, and rare acting ability. As the giddy, fun-loving, devil may care Giulia, Miss Sandrelli gives her best characterization to date. (You may recall her in *Divorcee Italian Style* and *Seduced and Abandoned*.)

Thanks to her acting skills, a final confrontation with her husband in which she discloses that she is not really such an innocent child-woman, works splendidly. All of the lesser parts are equally well-drawn, making Bertolucci's failure with Marcello even more tragic.



THE CONFORMIST reveals a bit of lesbian leg fetishism.

impact of certain scenes in Luchino Visconti's *Rocco and His Brothers*. In fact, when Bertolucci is most brilliant as a director, he seems to be influenced a great deal by the work of Visconti.

In case this review may seem too negative, I must state that the acting is totally superlative. This movie could easily catapult Dominique Sanda as "Anna" to international stardom. As the

Credit must also be given to the gorgeous 30's costuming, the lush decors, the exciting cinematography, and to Georges Delerue's haunting musical score. (Mr. Delerue has been a favorite of mine since *King of Hearts*.) It's rather frustrating to see what could have been a brilliant motion picture fall short—but Bertolucci's attempt to succeed is definitely worth the price of admission.



Debbie: It's just like any other.

# FIRST PHOTOS OF NUDE TRANSSEXUAL PUBLISHED

Photo by Peter Brennan

New York, N.Y.—Issue No. 109 of SCREW carried a photo-exclusive story on Debbie Hartin a 38-year-old transsexual. These are the first nude photos of a transsexual to be published. "People have a misconception that the vagina is all scarred and looks horrible, and it's really beautiful," Debbie explained, and she feels that visual proof is the strongest way to clear up the fear and prejudice the public has toward transsexuals.

Debbie was born a male and lived the first 37 years of her life as a male before going to Casablanca for a sex change operation. She had tried living as a heterosexual, a homosexual and a transvestite before she learned about sex change operations, and found that none of these sexualities was satisfying to her. She wanted to be a woman, and despised her male sex organs (so much so that she tried to castrate herself several times). Her operation took years of

preparation—she had to find a doctor in New York to prescribe the necessary female hormones, a doctor abroad to perform the operation, and of course, a sex change operation is both financially and emotionally strenuous.

Debbie is now a decidedly attractive woman. She feels that she has made a successful emotional adjustment to her new sex, and loves her woman's body and her woman's role. She is now trying to publicize the plight of the transsexual, and dispel the myths. Transsexuals are often erroneously considered homosexuals or transvestites when, in fact, they are a unique sexual phenomenon. The SCREW interview presents the transsexual's own analysis of her situation.

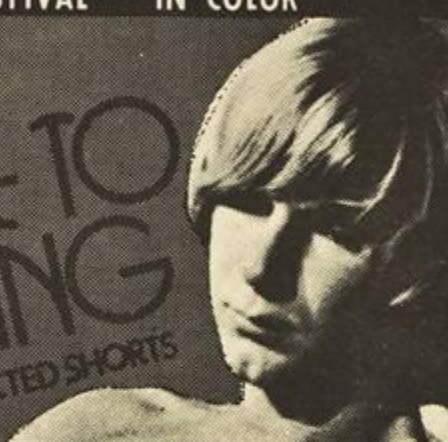
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# THE LAST ESTATE

BY GREGORY BATTCOCK

**"CLUB BATHS"**

I have been informed (by Charlotte Curtis in the Times) that Romance is back, so there's no excuse for not knowing. Therefore what better place for a party than CLUB BATHS? I got invited to the "Champagne" (read "domestic bubbly wine with pineapple juice and ginger ale") reception and, at least, you wouldn't complain about the "same old faces."



Battcock chats with bartender, Tony.

"Who are all these people?" somebody asked. Well, there was Mark's father, Richie's mother, sister, brother-in-law, aunt and (twice removed) cousin from Philadelphia, Mark's friend Fran (from Brooklyn), the GAY editorial board, a gentleman from the Mayor's "task" force, some militant lesbians having an argument in the sauna that had been turned off for the gala occasion, a photographer from GAY (you had to pry

toothpicks under his fingernails to get a picture) and a lot of rich people who left their chauffeurs out in the cold and their limousines double-parked on 2nd Ave. Jill Johnston, who was expected to repeat her "swimming pool" event, didn't show because "...my camper got frozen at Stony Point where I was visiting John Cage."

**MORE TO STORY**

There is, I'm afraid, more to this story than meets the eye. As a matter of fact, you could write a book. For example, why do several young, attractive, sexy and (probably) former "friends" get together, put up (or raise) a lot of money, slave night and day, to open up a palatial orgy place, the likes of which hasn't existed in the Western world since Caracalla (they modeled the old Penn Station after HIS fantasy)? The imagination boggles. When you were little, did you ever imagine, plan out and fantasize about an orgy place that would be perfect, have everything and, at the same time, would be COMPLETELY under your control? Sure, it's only one step after playing "doctor."

**ST. APOLLONAIRE NUOVO**

Club Baths is such a fantasy. Theater, fantasy and reality blend into a single, incredible and perfectly reasonable institution that, in its historical precedent, good taste, sociological innovation and "management enthusiasm" ranks perhaps with the early stages in the development of the single most important institution of the Western tradition—the Catholic Church. Where is the sociologist who will discover and identify the parallels between the new phenomenon, represented in this instance



Jill Johnston with crack Village Voice photographer, Fred McDarrah.

by CLUB BATHS, and, on the other hand, by St. Apollonaire Nuovo, or Santa Maria in Trastevere? What art historian will articulate the remarkable parallel between the architectural pragmatism of the early Christian basilica and the new pragmatism of the modern, comfortable bath house, with its combination of American and European influences?

Will Ada Louise Huxtable come to the baths? Where is Bucky Fuller? Dear Margaret Mead, don't miss out on the birth of an institution. Yes, I must be drunk. But you know, we are experiencing something fantastically new—the architectural documentation of an attitude that deserves the scrutiny and energy of intellectuals. Alas, they are perpetually entangled within the tentacles of scholarship.

**WHY NOT?**

Oh well, why not? The sociological implications appear endless. Institutionalized SEX is a highly civilized and cultured phenomenon and when it is offered within a sophisticated apparatus like Club Baths, you think that maybe America might survive after all—even though it certainly doesn't deserve to.

Though the originators of Club Baths—our fantasizers—deserve the "elevated" status of authentic social innovators—artists, in other words, they'll probably get arrested.

There were, at the opening party, people I didn't know but would have liked to. I arranged to interview one young celebrant: "How do you do? I'm Gregory Battcock from GAY. Now, what's your telephone number?" Unable to remember it, he fled.

**ANOTHER PARTY**

If it's not one party, it's another. I co-hosted a little celebration for Jill Johnston (upon publication of her book *Marmalade Me*). Practically nobody showed up because Jill couldn't bear to send out the invitations. There were, of course, the same old faces: John Perreault, Ira, Lil Picard (feeling put-upon), David Bourdon (natch), Dick Leitsch (natch), the militant lesbians again, Pierre Restany (from France), Fred McDarrah, the crew from the *Voice*, Jill's kids (Winnie and Richie) and our charming bartenders—Tony and David—who both attend high school in Queens and were very adept at making the drinks once they learned to distinguish between Bourdon and white wine. Tony (who got 65 in Earth Science but pulled an 89 in English) had difficulty in deciding what should go in the glass first—the ice cubes or the Scotch. Everybody agreed they did a "good job."

And everybody agreed that the list of people that didn't show was distinguished. It included Ti-Grace Atkinson, Charles deGaulle (grandson of the General), Gregoire Muller (from ARTS MAGAZINE), a whole bunch of militant lesbians, and, of all people, Ali McGraw. At the last minute, I invited the delivery boy from the liquor store. He said he'd come back when he finished his rounds, but we never saw him nor hide of him.

BY DICK LEITSCH

I hate to admit it, but it seems woman's lib is right about *Playboy*. It is a sexist magazine, and Hugh Hefner is a heterosexual, woman-loving, male chauvinist pig. He wouldn't let me pose for the centerfold picture for the April issue of *Playboy*.

What could be more logical than a male pin-up for an issue containing a *Panel on Homosexuality*? Since the April '71 issue is the first one I can recall that didn't contain at least one hilarious gay-oriented cartoon, the least we could have gotten was a male nude fold-out. I suppose the sexually priggish male old-maids who object so much to anything as sexual as a nude photo, and the editors shied away lest GAA march on the Playboy Building.

When the issue came out, I called an editor I knew at the magazine and told him I'd even had my pubic hair shaved off in anticipation of a call from *Playboy's* photographer. He said he'd heard that from someone who saw me at Continental, and that's why he didn't call. If I really read *Playboy*, he told me, I'd have noticed they now show pubic hair in their center spreads. I replied that I was a homosexual male chauvinist pig, and the only *Playboy* pictures I ever noticed were those of the male models in the men's clothing ads. Women are all right in the kitchen, the office, Congress, woman's lib demonstrations, or as customers in hair-dressing salons, but only a really perverse man would see a woman as a sex object.

I'm not really going to review the panel discussion on homosexuality here. I was part of it, and I lived with it from the time of its inception back in the fall of 1967 through several re-writes and the many complications until its appearance on the stands in mid-March. For me to review the panel would be like an actor reviewing a show in which he was appearing.

I do recommend that you read the discussion. I believe it contains some of the best things said about homosexuality in a long time. My favorite person on the panel is Kenneth Tynan, the creator of



LEITSCH: rejected as playmate of the month.

Oh! *Calcutta*, who turned out to be the most sensible of us all. It was he who, when old Irving Beiber suckered us into a long debate over whether homosexuals should or should not be "changed," brought us back to reality with two short sentences: "We may invite homosexuals to try making love to women, but it would be impolite to insist. No purpose is served by forcing a poker player to play bridge."

It's easy to knock the panel's "bad guys," Irving Beiber and Richard Kuh. A



Hugh Hefner: Chauvinism is big business

## Why Won't Hugh Hefner Play With Boys?

number of people have called me up to do just that (they should call Beiber, Kuh, or write to *Playboy*). We needed the "bad guys." Without them, there would have been no conflict and we'd probably have ended up sitting there agreeing with one another.

Good "bad guys" are hard to find. Bill Simon and John Gagnon, who put the panel together, had a hard time finding any at all. Everybody hears that there are many people who think homosexuals should be put in jail, the laws shouldn't be changed, and that homosexuality is "bad." That may be true, but finding somebody with those opinions who will state them in public, and who is at least semi-literate and vaguely rational, is not easy. Bible-thumpers, paranoic latent homosexuals and Rose Franzblau-like Freudian liberals are a dime a dozen, but not very interesting.

I seem to recall that I found Richard Kuh for the panel organizers. I met Kuh before he'd written his book, during a debate on a Barry Farber Show. I was impressed by him because he's one of the few anti-homosexual spokesmen who

doesn't say "ain't."

Beiber, of course, has been around for what seems like centuries. Lately (since about 1964), he's been a "closet shrink," refusing to appear on any platform where a homosexual, or a doctor who doesn't share his somewhat unusual views, is present. Presumably, he came out of his closet in the hope that Hugh Hefner would let him pose for the centerfold.

I haven't read the published panel discussion. I got tired of it during all the re-writing, editing, galley-reading, etc. How it was put together from dozens of hours of tape, and the backstage political maneuvering over the article at *Playboy* makes a fascinating story, which is not mine to tell. I hope that Bill Simon and John Gagnon tell it someday. I worked so hard on the drafts that I can recite whole passages of the article; I'll bet Bill and John can recite it from beginning to end, without notes, by now!

Judge Plowcosco was a surprise to me. Eight or nine years ago, he was considered a wide-eyed radical on the subject of homosexuality, and I'd come to remember him that way. Considering

the decision some political hacks named to the bench because they were evidently too dumb to do anything else handed down in the SCREW trial, I suppose Judge Plowcosco is still very avant-garde for a judge. By comparison with others on the *Playboy* panel, Judge Plowcosco's views seem as dated as an Eisenhower campaign poster.

It was too bad that John and Bill couldn't have gotten Gore Vidal, rather than Paul Goodman, to participate. Why settle for a writer when there's a genius around? Besides, I've not liked Paul Goodman since he began blaming all of his failures on his homosexuality and in the process discredited homosexuality as a life style.

If the Lord really is my shepherd, I wish he'd spare me from the Paul Goodmans and Merle Millers who shuffle center stage for a brief number entitled, "Yasshu, you're right, straight people. Homosexuality shore is a sad, miserable life, and I sho wishes I was like you'uns!" For a finale, they smile one of those "Pardon me for living" grins and hum a few bars of "Nobody Knows The Trouble I've Seen." Disgusting!

As much as I like and admire Phyllis Lyon, I couldn't help but feel that male and female homosexuality shouldn't be discussed together. Either of them has more in common with heterosexuality than with the other gender of homosexuality. That's an unpopular thing to say in these days of political alliances, but I can say it, as I'm a-political (if not anti-political).

Writing in the November issue of *Evergreen Review*, Dodson Rader (correctly, I think) noted that gay lib and woman's lib are mutually antagonistic. Male homosexuality and lesbianism are more so.

Certainly males of my kind are irrelevant to lesbianism, and women have no real place in the male homosexual world. Male homosexuality is sexual; lesbianism is very passive and private. (These are generalizations, of course.)

Lesbians, as Del Martin perceptively noted in an open letter to all gay organizations, feel left out of the movement. Of course they do. The movement is concerned with changing laws, protecting the community from the police, from harassment, from negative social attitudes. All of this is primarily a male homosexual problem. Society is much more tolerant of lesbianism, the cops hassle them less, the laws frequently ignore them, and lesbians are usually hassled, not because they are gay, but because they are women.

Male chauvinism also gives lesbians some protection. If two men live together, they are called queer; if two women live together, society says, "Poor dears, they couldn't get a man!" If two men are accused of having sex, there's all hell to pay. If it's two women, the reaction is either that of Queen Victoria, who said, "Nonsense! Ladies don't do such things," or that of the hard-hat: "Without a cock between them, what on earth could they do?"

Another advantage to being a lesbian is that Hugh Hefner gives you, for the low, low price (as they say in television commercials) of only one dollar, full color, lavishly-printed, fold-out masturbatory stimuli. The male "jerk-off" books cost five bucks on 42nd Street! Is Hugh Hefner a male lesbian chauvinist pig?

## Citizenship Granted To First Gay Alien

New York, N.Y.—A Federal District Court Judge, Walter R. Mansfield, has ordered that a Cuban homosexual, Manuel Labady, be granted United States citizenship. Judge Mansfield's ruling took place March 24 in spite of the opposition of the U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service.

Judge Mansfield stated that Mr. Labady's private homosexual acts did not bar him from citizenship, although past applications from resident aliens have been denied because of homosexuality. Immigration authorities said they would study the Judge's ruling before they decided to appeal it, and that they did not know for sure what effect it would have on their policies concerning homosexuals.

"Without condoning the purely private conduct here involved," said the Judge, "we accept the principle that the naturalization laws are concerned with public, not private morality."

The Immigration and Naturalization Service contended that Mr. Labady had not established that he was a "person of good moral character" because of his homosexuality.

Judge Mansfield ruled that Mr. Labady met the requirements because he led "a quiet, peaceful, law-abiding life as an immigrant in the United States." Mr. Labady informed Immigration authorities that he was a homosexual when he entered the United States in 1960 at the age of 14.

"Under all of the circumstances," the Judge said, "setting aside our personal moral views, we cannot say his conduct has violated public morality or indicated that he will be anything other than a law-abiding and useful citizen."

## Bonding Now Available To Known Gays

New York, N.Y.—Homosexuals, people who have been judged poor credit risks, persons with past arrest records, and others unable to obtain bonds through ordinary channels, will now be covered by bonds guaranteed by the United States Department of Labor. There is no fee for the bonds, either to the employee or the employer.

The program, which is being handled through the New York State Department of Labor, provides bonds up to a maximum of \$10,000 for each person. To be qualified, the applicant must have a job requiring a bond, the job must be a full-time one, and there must be a barrier—homosexuality, poor credit rating, etc.—which makes bonding through regular channels impossible.

The Mattachine Society of New York has opened liaison with the appropriate officials in the New York State Department of Labor, and has ascertained that homosexuals are covered without prejudice in this government program. Any person who has a full-time job which requires a bond and has been unable to be bonded for any reason, is invited to call Mattachine at 799-0916 any week night after 6 p.m. for referral to the appropriate official in the New York State Department of Labor.

## NYU Class Told: 'Straights Will Accept Drags Before Gays'

BY LEO SKIR

New York, N.Y.—On Monday, March 29, four members of the Queens Liberation Front presented themselves and the cause(s) of the transvestite and the transsexual at Rosalyn Regelson's class on Homosexuality at New York University.

They were introduced by D.D. columnist from Gay Scene. (Earlier in the class, poet Taylor Mead, one of the innovators of the underground cinema, had shown his "Rainy Day Women," in which he had figured as transvestite, and photographer Bruce King had discussed his film-making, which had begun with covering drags.)

The four representatives were: Lee Brewster, chairman of Queens Liberation Front, Kay Gybbons, a 40-year-old homosexual transvestite, Bunny Eisenhower, a 30-year-old heterosexual transvestite, and Barbarella, a pre-operative transsexual in her early 20's. Lee, Kay and Bunny wore dresses and Barbarella wore slacks, but, having long blond hair and being buxom, she looked like a very ordinary NYU student (female).

Lee Brewster explained the function of Queens Liberation Front as that of a civil rights organization working for the passing of legislation legalizing cross-dressing which would leave the transvestite free from the harassment she/he at present suffers. The organization operates by having the transvestites go before the public to present themselves at discussion groups; by active correspondence both with the hidden transvestite population and the public (the mailing list has over 1500 names); by alliance with and action within the general homophile movement. She noted that the original militant action at the Stonewall which had started the Gay Revolution had been on the part of the drag queens, not the leather types who had stood by passively as the police moved in. Again, a year later, 20% of the funds for the Christopher Street

Liberation Day parade had come from drags.

Kay Gybbons asked the class to recognize that there were essentially four types of drags: the heterosexuals, most secretive; the homosexuals, who wore drag to attract men essentially; the drag queens who wished to be seen; the transsexuals who wish for complete deep full-time female (or male) identity.

D.D. asked the four representatives to detail their emergence into drag. Bunny claimed to have started at the age of 3 with a little help from his sister. Kay started in grade school with proper Public School supervision; Barbarella came out only when she entered into a gay alliance during leave from the army. Her lover had taken her to drag balls. She dug the scene, began to take hormone shots and was quite chasty by the time the FBI came to pick her up. The Army, incensed at the extra chest inches, charged her with "damaging government property." Lee Brewster claimed to have come out only when, as a Mattachine official, she had gone to a Mattachine ball in drag on a dare. "But I think it was always in me subconsciously all the time," she said.

Two transsexuals, a former male and a former female announced themselves from the audience. The former male, Debbie (in current SCREW No. 109) had been operated on in Africa and now planned an additional operation for an implantation of a uterus and ovaries. "It may cost me my life," she said, "but someone has to be first."

Taylor Mead objected to this. "This is what Nixon wants, for us to cut ourselves up to fit his pattern. We should cut him up."

Debbie explained that she wanted the freedom to do as she wished with her body.

Lee Brewster noted the continuing anti-transvestite and anti-transsexual feeling within the larger homosexual



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community and that QLF was fighting to secure Gay Unity. Lee has spoken in the Albany March representing the drag queen. Now she commented bitterly, "The straights will accept the drag before the gays will."

Asked to comment on Women's Liberation objections to the flashy "show-girl" type of dress used by drags, she accused Women's Lib of draggism. "They want to dress like men," she said.

Copies of Lee's magazine, DRAG, were given out. Sample copies can be obtained by sending \$2 to: Queens Publications, P.O. Box 538, NYC 10009.



Nikos and Evangelos in a new film, *Johnny Minotaur*, written, directed and photographed on the island of Crete by Charles Henri Ford opens Thursday, April 15 at the Bleecker Street Cinema, 144 Bleecker Street (Manhattan). *Johnny Minotaur* is an art film replete with male beauty and straightforward eroticism. "Greek statues have come to life," said one reviewer.

When GAY was young(er), barber shops were on street level, run by Italians, and had red-and-white poles in front that spun merrily to attract your attention. You had a haircut once a month or once every three weeks. If you went a week beyond the deadline, your parents and friends began to make witty comments about violin lessons. You combed your hair with green goo bought at Woolworths.

Tempus fugit! Tempus fugit! This year 600 barber shops have closed down. I have been doing little self-hair-cuts with one hand and the scissors. Whenever something seems to be getting too long, I just grab a handful and cut it off. But Lige and Jack called me over, explained that gays are into high class razor-cuts and sent me to M. Jacques, 14 E. 56th Street, 4th floor.

(Scene at M. Jacques)

Lady behind the counter: Yes?  
GAY: I came to speak with M. Jacques. I'm from GAY...  
MME. JACQUES: I am Madame Jacques. Did you see the article about me?  
GAY: No. I came to speak with Monsieur Jacques.

MME. JACQUES: (Shows me the New York Times article by Craighourne) I do Moroccan-French cooking. Monsieur Craighourne—my husband is his barber. He loves my cooking. My son won't eat it! He likes American cooking!

M. JACQUES: (coming over) Can I help you?  
GAY: Yes, I'm from GAY and—  
M. JACQUES: I'll be right back. I have to see... someone is being finished...

MME. JACQUES: (from New York Times to PENTHOUSE article framed on wall) This is about my husband.

GAY: Interesting. (Article is about M. Jacques' shampoos concocted from natural sources, mostly vegetables: green peas, string beans, cabbage.)

M. JACQUES: (returning) You have heard of Georges Hardy?  
GAY: No.

M. JACQUES: (points to emblem of store, a straight razor, opened) He is our hero. Listen. In 1939 Georges Hardy invented the razor-cut. He was unable to interest barbers. Then the war came. After the war, he started again. He would open Monday schools. On Mondays the barber shops are closed. The barbers would get together and take a class each Monday, sharing the expense of a teacher. Once a month they would hold a contest. The barbers formed clubs. Now we have certificates, a magazine. The razor-cut is established. A wet wash, a cut, a teasing with a brush under the dryer. But when I came to America, it was still unknown here.

GAY: You came from France. But your wife says she does Moroccan cooking—  
M. JACQUES: I was born in France, raised in Morocco. I went to Israel in 1948 to fight. Should we mention this? Perhaps it will be read by anti-semites.

GAY: Do not worry, M. Jacques. GAY has few anti-semitic readers. Continue—  
M. JACQUES: In 1954 I returned to France, now with my wife whom I had met and married in Israel. I re-entered barbering. I worked in Marseille, entered the course of straight-razor-cut with M. Georges Hardy in 1962, won a contest (points to certificate on wall), and came to America in 1964 when the razor-cut



## Gay Gets A Haircut

was unknown. By 1969 I was able to open my own shop.

GAY: When all the barber shops were closing down?

M. JACQUES: They were closing because they wanted to cut men's hair short when men wanted their hair longer. I had no such wish. I wish to cut men's hair the way they wish it cut. And as for length, hair properly cut and shaped can appear longer.

GAY: Do you recommend long hair for all men?

M. JACQUES: Of course not. No. Sometimes it is necessary to tell a man there is not enough on top of the head to have long hair on the sides. But not often. America's great crime has been short hair. I can remember when I first came here, seeing the Academy Award presentations on television. A man in a tuxedo would be escorting a star to the stage. He had a superb tuxedo—and a crew cut! No! No! A thousand times no! I tell my customers, you can go without anything else, you can have a shirt and pants instead of a tuxedo, but you cannot go without a proper haircut.

GAY: You say haircut, I was wondering about something else. Most conventional barbers refuse to dye hair. How many of your customers have their hair dyed?  
M. JACQUES: I use a tint without peroxide. It can last through shampooing.

GAY: How much does that cost?

M. JACQUES: \$16.  
GAY: What is the most popular color?

M. JACQUES: Almost always dark brown, except for actors who have special requirements. Sometimes men with gray don't want it covered by only a more natural, less "yellow" look. We can take the yellow tints out.

GAY: What, exactly, is the essential cut? How does it come in?

M. JACQUES: The first time we examine the hair, the scalp. We take a hair and examine it under the capilloscope. (Note: He takes tweezers, plucks out GAY hair—one places same under capilloscope.) Then we can see the condition of the hair and what sort of shampoo we should use. The hair is shampooed, then cut when wet, then dried with an electric dryer while it is being combed. We use natural proteins for the shampoo. It is made here (indicates liquidizer). Green peas for split ends, string beans for dandruff, eggs and celery for dry hair, carrots for greasy hair.

GAY: What about wigs?  
M. JACQUES: We have them natural and synthetic. Switzerland has been sending us wonderful wigs. Look at this! The cloth is made so that the skin of the scalp can breathe!

GAY: That's nice, I mean breathing skin. Where did you get the idea of vegetables for shampoo?  
M. JACQUES: In the Middle East women

use herbs and olive oil. In France peasant women use vegetables. It's natural protein.

GAY: Why don't other people use it?  
M. JACQUES: In Europe they do. I was the first in the United States. Since I began, others have followed. (Note: Plucks, looks at, examines GAY's hair, makes shampoo in liquidizer with carrots, cabbages, ois. Shampoo is done by girl who does manicure, pedicure, sweeps floor. This turned me off, but I asked friend—female—later—one who knows beauty parlors well—and she said that in beauty parlors, the girl who does floors and nails is also the shampoo girl. Shampoo girl giggles, washes my ears. Sexy.)

M. JACQUES: Now you are beautiful!  
MME. JACQUES: Jacques! How many times must I tell you! Do not tell men that they are beautiful!

GAY: It's all right M. Jacques. I haven't heard it for a long time. Say it again.

M. JACQUES: You are beautiful.

GAY: Your English is very good, M. Jacques.

M. JACQUES: Now for the aesthetician—  
GAY: I'll just talk to her. (Note: GAY is led to booth in front of shop where is Sigrid Konrad, Kosmetikerin [German for "aesthetician"] from Frankfurt.)

SIGRID: Let me look— (Note: Looks.) You have an oily skin. That is good. It doesn't wrinkle as fast. Oh! But look! Here dry! And here! What kind of soap do you use?

GAY: Laundry soap. It's strong and cheap and really cleans—

SIGRID: (Note: Is giving GAY funny look.) No, if you want a deep cleaning, we can give you an astringent but then you need a salve afterwards. You should see me once a month, get a thorough cleaning. We brush away just the top layer of old dead skin with this brush. (Note: Shows GAY something like round shoe-shine brush.) Then, 2 or 3 massages and in between, treatments with the miracle mask. (Note: Starts to stirr the skin-brush.)

GAY: (gets up) I'll be back for the miracle mask some other time. I must interview the other barber. He's French too, isn't he?

SIGRID: I'm not French; I'm from Frankfurt.

GAY: Is this treatment a German one?

SIGRID: No, it's from an American school run by Christine Valmy. It's mostly used on women!

GAY: How much is a facial?

SIGRID: Twelve dollars.

GAY: And how long does it last?

SIGRID: One hour. (Note: Henri, the other barber, has come.)

HENRI: I am Henri Bennattar. I was hairdresser to the King of Morocco.

GAY: And you're Jewish, like M. Jacques?

HENRI: Yes. This is no difference to the King. He loves the whole world. (Note: This is all in French. Henri has just come here.) I had a barber shop in Casablanca and sometimes accompanied the King to his residence in Rabat. Morocco is paradise, beaches with sand like gold...

M. JACQUES: Enough about Morocco! He doesn't want to know about Morocco! He wants to know about haircuts!

HENRI: You are from a homosexual newspaper?

GAY: Yes.

Continued on page 16



The Reverend Perry plays with a balloon

BY THANE HAMPTEN

Friday evening, March 12, 1971. Horace Mann Auditorium on the Columbia campus. It's the first time I've visited this hallowed hollow in several years. I wonder, as I approach, if there will be any remaining visible signs of revolution's aftermath. No, the library is intact; there aren't any obvious machine gun bullet holes or broken windows. Peace. Tranquility. Still impressive, and it gives me a momentary twinge of guilt at having abandoned so many scholarly pursuits. (Maybe I could take an evening course on the gothic symbolism of Edgar Gueist.)

I enter the auditorium where Gay People at Columbia and GAA are holding court. I'm a bit late, but it doesn't matter as the meeting won't decide to start itself for another forty-five minutes. I pass the time by trying to balance my notebook, tape recorder, weeds, flask of Southern Comfort, and raincoat on one of those hateful seats that automatically slams shut and shifts your belongings on the floor. I also wander around, accepting broadsides which I know deep in my heart of hearts are really aimed at causing the downfall of my sacred country. I look over the audience, amazingly varied in age and life-style. ("Golly gee, Velma, they look almost like the...normal folks back home!") I see familiar faces, some of them already legendary in East Coast gay circles.

At 8:20, Marty Robinson mounts the podium and brings the meeting to disorder. "Give me a 'G' Give me an 'A' Give me a 'Y'!" Etc. The letters are thrown back at him, ending with "Gay Power!" I like it, but why don't they have real cheer leaders? Six strapping lads, dressed in exclamation points. I'd

like that. I'd also like it if Marty would smile more. I miss a lot of his opening statements because three cassettes, my pen, and *The Greening of Amerika* clatter to the floor. By the time everything is artistically arranged again, Jim Owles is speaking. I also wish he would smile more. I miss his remarks because several urgent conferences are going on around me. And I can't see too well because of the cat onstage who is video-taping (Posterity, or next Wednesday's Dick Cavett?) Coming up: Miss Liz Torres, fresh from the Continental Baths. She is grotesquely pregnant and the sight of her bloated tum-tum hilariously juices up the McCartney-Lennon *Yesterday*. After enthusiastic applause, she returns, sans fetus, to give a few minutes of professional patter and two more songs. This girl is funny and can sing up a storm. Best regards for your future, Liz—wherever the sauna; whoever the saunée.

Marty stands to speak again. Sudden Commotion! Marty is forced aside by Eben Clark of "BEYOND." (Beyond the blue horizon? Beyond the valley of the dolls? Nichols insists an even more revolutionary faction has splintered from the parent group: "BEYOND BEYOND.") Clark and supporters are in a tizzy because of all the plentiful gay entertainers being ignored. (Well...) Marty requests that he go stand in the corner until his turn comes. Applause and hissing. Clark does return later in the program with the same complaint. Applause and hissing. He is angry that the Torres and Perry appearances are financed by baths and other exploitative sources; dark hints of Mafia control, etc.

In order to stress the universal importance of his statements, Mr. Clark opens his fly. Interesting, but with all due deference to present company, I prefer

# "SAY IT PROUD, I'M GAY AND LOUD!"

Joe Dallesandro. Or even Liz, if she were so inclined. (Anyway, I lost much of the spectacle as my microphone and Old Maid cards fell to the floor. There is an argument behind me and someone is gnawing feverishly at my ankle.)



Liz Torres: "He's surer I'm straight than I am."

A GLF'er gives a pep talk and we are promised there will be help for "our oppressed brother and sisters in Cuba." (How the hell can you cut cane and

council the oppressed at the same time? Or is this a policy shift? Anyway, fella, you're scything sugar in Oriente and the really oppressed are incarcerated many miles away on La Isla de Pinos.)

Now it's movie time. The lights are put out. My notebook and *The Sensuous Invert* by Q fall to the floor. The film concerns Washington demonstrations and Frank Kameny's run for Congress. It is interesting but the sound track appears to be courtesy of Vitaphone Pictures (c. 1930) and I content myself by wondering if that is really Peter Ogren in the picket line. There is applause for Father Robert of the American Church when he appears. After the movie, Kameny's representative, Jim McClard, speaks of the plans for our durable and noble friend in Washington. (I have my big red "KAMENY" button on, as do many others.) McClard is followed by Breck Ardery, chairman of the State and Federal Government Committee of GAA. A personable guy; a fine, sincere speech. I will think of Breck the next time some straight or senile closet case whines about the impulsiveness and destructiveness of young gays. I will beat the crap out of the straight or senile closet case.

Movie time again! The first time I've had a chance to see Lilli Vincenz' films on our parade and Gay-In last June. Hot damn. It's good to review it all again.

("...men will still say: This was their finest hour.") My own films aren't as comprehensive as Lilli's. I ran out of film during the second hour of the kissing-and-taffy-pull contest, but mine are in color. One just doesn't photograph orgies of love and mass hysteria in black and white. Ah, the excitement. What exaltation! It all began that day. There was nothing before. That was Day One of Year One, buster, and don't you forget it. Memo to super-clods: If you missed it last year, do yourselves a big fat favor and show up this June. No, I doubt if you'll lose your job and I'm sure Mother will understand, after a while. Your wife is welcome to march too. Children under five admitted free.

The lights go on and I hunt the floor for my left shoe, my lighter, and an honest man. The Reverend Troy Perry is now onstage. No. Change that to *On Stage*. With a vengeance. He may not be the honest man I'm looking for, but he is one hell of an evangelist. Billy Sunday filtered through Elmer Gantry, portrayed by Andy Griffin imitating Jim Nabors. If you've followed any of my writings for this paper, you may be aware of my carefully nurtured contempt for organized religion. (No, I am not one of Jack Nichols' sycophants. We were independently cutting our teeth on Robert Ingersoll at thirteen.)

Troy Perry (or "Reverend Mary Perry," as he called himself during the recounting of a genuinely hilarious anecdote) is an evangelist. That's rock bottom stuff to this scoffing of debbil. He comes to us

via rural Florida and the Pentecostal Church of God. Bible belt... Hell-fire and Daaaaaaamnation! You don't give away the Lord like a cheap and plentiful commodity. You sell. Let me hear ya, loud and clear. Roll up your shirt sleeves, clap your hands together and say: "Tell ya what I'm gonna do for ya, brother. I'm gonna bring you... back into the fold!" Amen! Stomp!

That's Perry's heritage and it's an indelible heritage, never any further away than the fingers of his hand. And he'd probably still be right back yonder with that wife he married at eighteen, nine or ten kids tearin' around the house, community leader and all that. BUT.

"At twenty-one, I turned on to... gay!" He found Donald Webster Cory—(remember when that's all there was?)—and he was off and running. Whooooo! And it wasn't much later that he told a church elder he was a wee bit different. The elder made poo-poo on the floor and ran to share the Awful Truth with the bishop. It's good-bye of Troy; see you in hell. BUT. Troy's not about to be stopped by clerical gnats. When you've been Called, you've been Called. "The Lord is my shepherd, and He knows I'm gay!" And what that signifies, friends, is his own Metropolitan Community Church in L.A., Conferences, Councils, marching, picketing, fasting, parading, lecturing—and all the while, spreading



Eben Clark: Beyond straight entertainment!

The Word. And you better just believe he's performing gay marriages, too. (GAY

No. 45)

Perry shouts. If it's worth saying, it's worth saying loud. He tells you all about his Life and Times. Gospel. Louder! If you shout, they believe! It's a curious and affecting voice, hoarse and with a sibilant sting to it. He doesn't speak of religion, per se, but you know what side he's on, brother. And as with others before me who have come to bury and not to praise, I leave that hot revival tent with my priorities reversed. I'm not converted, but I am... moved. Bring back the Chautauqua circuit. Troy Perry is here! You don't have to "believe." (He feels homosexuality is biologically inspired, which is convenient; he makes excuses for St. Paul, which is despicable.) But this man is alive, and in a nihilistic and aimless

PHOTOS BY KAY TOBIN



The Reverend Troy Perry at Columbia University



GAA's Marty Robinson MC's the Rally

world, it's nice to see that much outrageous confidence in one man. Wild applause. I stoop to pick up my worn hymnal and can of Mace. There is an attempt at folk-singing. We are supplied with song sheets, but the singing is weak and self-conscious. After Perry, any act other than a rosy crucifixion and resurrection is morosely anti-climactic.

Most of us leave. In the lobby, I find Lige and Jack, being entirely too blasé about the whole thing to match my childish (and fetching) enthusiasm. It has begun to rain. Nuts. There is a reception for Perry in some baronial hall across the way. We decide to go. Screw the rain. We appear to be tardy and the wine is almost gone. I hedge a drop. (Straddling generations, booze is every bit as vital to my peace of mind as is pot.) There are also cookies. I am reluctant to mix vin rose and Nabisco—(I sense Gregory Battcock frowning down upon me)—so I put one in my pocket to nibble coquettishly on the subway later.

We shed our damp wraps and circulate obliquely. The editors of GAY know far more people than I. They are kind to make occasional introductions, but I still feel unwanted and unloved and frightfully insecure. So I give the editors their daily ration of Half and Half cigarettes and leave to entertain an outfr group with my impressions of Diana Lynn and Mona Freeman.

I am immediately expelled and so I go searching for the Reverend. His entourage is on the opposite side of the room. I simply follow the voice. (Does the man ever tire?) He sits on a sofa, disciples clustered at his feet. A miniature Sermon on the Mount? Blessed are the Gays, for they shall inhabit the kingdom of the Lawmakers. Perry plays with a deflated balloon, wrapping and unwrapping it enthusiastically around his fingers. One young man takes rapid notes on a steno pad. Another knits. When Perry increases the volume, the guy knits. When Perry makes a point, the guy KNITS!

Kay Tobin is taking pictures. Lige and Jack have theirs taken with the Rev, as do several others. Linked arms. Broad smiles. Curtain calls. Perry is shortly off to the Beacon Baths where, presumably, he will make drastically secular use of the water bed. (Relax, relax, my honorable friend.) I am off to my ordinary mattress. I collect my parchesi set and *Everything You've Never Wanted To Know About David Reuben, M.D.* by Erich Segal.

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Hi Lige and Jack:

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Right on,  
Conrad Balfour  
Commissioner  
State of Minnesota  
Department of Human Rights  
State Office Building  
Saint Paul, Minnesota

WHERE IS LOVE?

Dear GAY:

After upchucking over the "marriage" spread in current GAY, it was good to read CAN LOVE SURVIVE? by John LeRoy. Reminds me of the guy who asked how could he know his 'true' love until he'd sampled more—and more—and more. He's still sampling, last I heard. And most of the long-term 'marriages' I hear of remind me of Oscar Levant's definition of marriage: The triumph of habit over hatred!

The question is not "Is God Dead?" but "Is Love Dead??"

NYC

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

GAY GETS A HAIRCUT

Continued from page 13

HENRI: I do not understand this, the homosexual. I can go with a woman nine times in one night and still be hard as a rock. But with a man, hard? Never!

GAY: It is a loss for homosexuals, sir, but a gain for all womankind.

M. JACQUES: Enough sex!

HENRI: Never enough!

GAY: I forgot to ask your prices, M. Jacques.

M. JACQUES: For a first time, examination, prescription, \$12 for long hair, \$10 for short. After that, \$10 for long hair, \$8 for short. And we keep a record of your shampoo. You must never cut your own hair again! You must come back to us!

MME. JACQUES: When I saw his hair, I was angry with him, so angry!

M. JACQUES: Do not worry. He will come back to us. Others will tell him how he looks now.

Note: GAY did not take kindly to this talk, but later that night had his hair and self looked at by friends who knew haircuts and they all told him it was a very good haircut. Will GAY return? Pay \$8 for a haircut (call it styling and shaping and razor-cut, it's still a haircut). Vanity of Vanities, all is Vanity, saith the Preacher.

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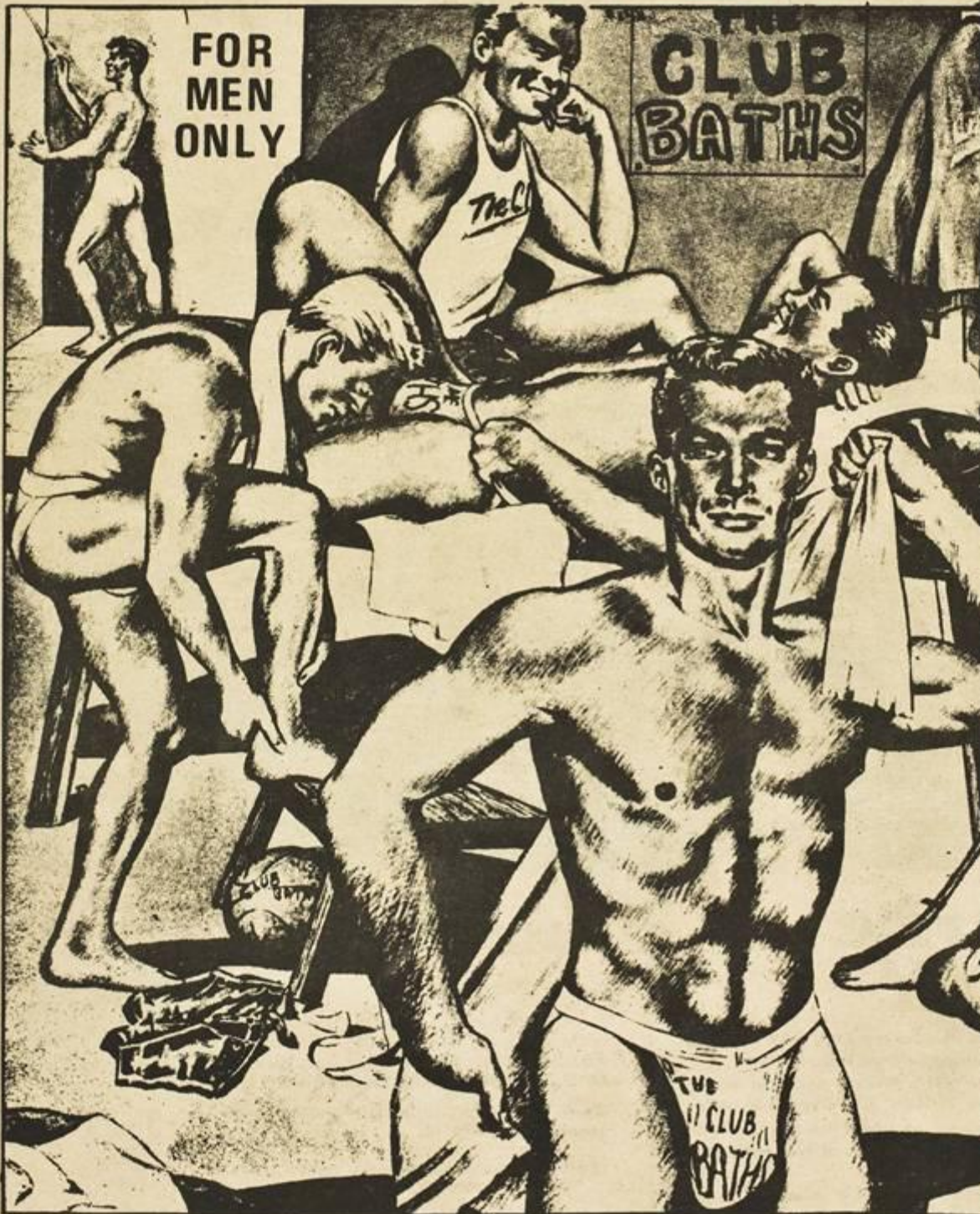
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