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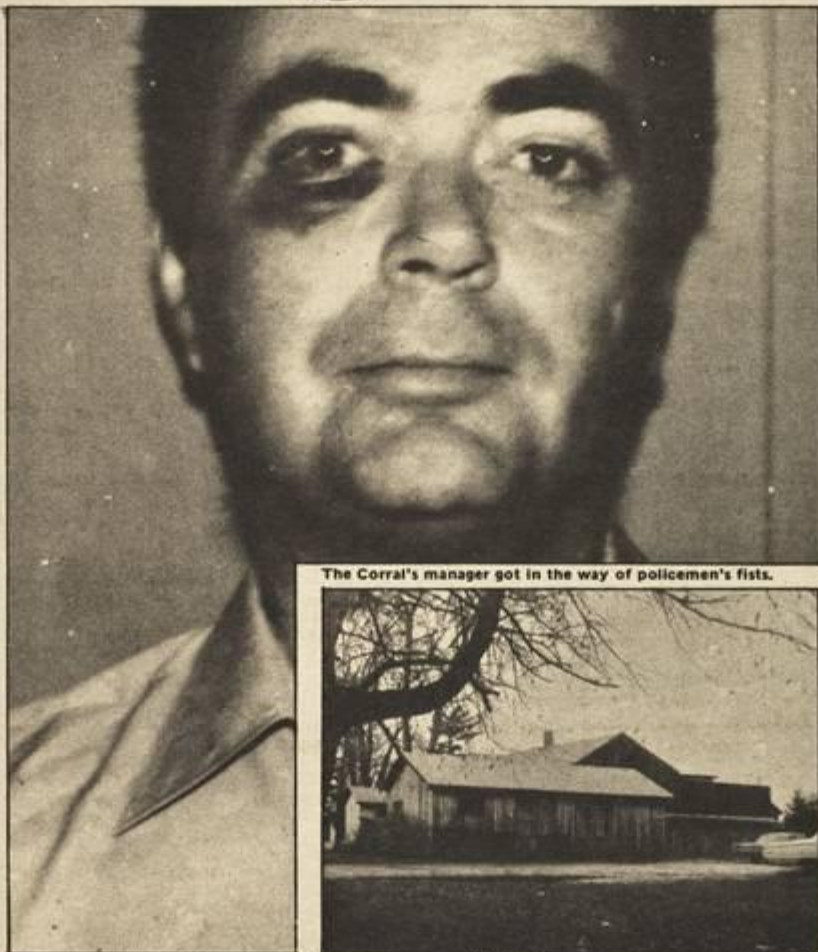
Suburban "Stonewall" Shakes Long Island

BY NICHOLAS MARTINO

Holbrook, Long Island, N.Y., a dull, dreary whistle-stop totally undistinguished save for the existence on its main thoroughfare of the Corral bar, a well-attended gay watering spot and gathering place.

On the night of Friday, November 19, Suffolk County Police, not previously noted for their generosity, gave local gays the gift of their first bona-fide raid. Hohum, the reader may say, another raid, but the almost unbelievable stupidity and viciousness of the pigs involved, and the commendable reaction of the bar's management to the incident, endow this particular bust with special distinction.

Indeed, were it not for the signed, sworn written statements of approximately forty eyewitnesses, testimonies which substantiate and complement each other very well, one might find this writer's account of the events on that night quite unbelievable. Even in light of the testimonies one might still find the account a little preposterous if he were not somewhat familiar with Suffolk County, the county which claims the distinction of giving Richard Nixon his largest plurality of any county in the nation. This is also the county which arrested birth control advocate William Baird on the charge of corrupting the morals of a minor because he held up a package of contraceptive pills in front of a local audience, the minor in question being an eighteen-month-old infant reposing in her mother's arms. Even now Suffolk's police commis-



The Corral's manager got in the way of policemen's fists.



The Corral bar in Holbrook

sioner is wasting many precious taxpayer's dollars testing in court his edict that officers cannot wear sideburns below the ear lobe, nor mustaches extending beyond the corners of the mouth. In response to the argument that officers were members of the community who should attempt to relate to it while on duty and who wish to appear in fashion while off duty so as to enhance their social life (with women of course) Commissioner Barry replied that this argument was invalid, for the police were a "para-military" organization. The following report of the details of the Corral bust proves him to have been correct.

A little after 10 P.M. two men, one estimated to be well under thirty years of age, the other pushing forty, entered the bar. One of the bar's managers, Don Doyle, sits at the door during weekend nights, and also Wednesday nights, these being the nights when the bar is almost exclusively gay, and attempts to screen out people he thinks are not aware of the bar's orientation and might be offended by same or cause trouble, a gay bar out here being somewhat of a novelty to too many people. He let the two gentlemen pass because he remember they had also been in the bar the night before, a Thursday, an off night when anyone's patronage is welcomed. Even on off nights, when there's almost never any dancing, the bar's gay orientation is still more or less obvious, and Mr. Doyle therefore presumed that these men knew what they were doing, returning a second time to

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Gay's News Editor Elected GAA President

BY ROBERT RAFFONE

New York, N.Y., December 2, 1971. In an unprecedented five-man race for the leadership of the Gay Activists Alliance, Richard C. Wandel, GAY's East Coast News Editor for the past year, successfully wound up a strenuous campaign in a run-off election. His upset victory by a 5 to 4 margin over four of GAA's founders dealt a severe blow to the "old line" leaders.

After the first ballots were counted, Wandel was leading GAA's Delegate-at-Large, Arthur Evans, by a vote of 71 to 64. Jim Owles, who has maintained the presidency of GAA since its formation on December 21, 1969, ran third with 55



President Wandel

votes while Marty Robinson, another founder and leader, followed with 12 votes. Trailing with 2 votes was Richard Flynn, a founder and former Treasurer of GAA.

Since the constitution of the Gay Activists Alliance requires a majority vote for election of officers, a run-off between Wandel and Evans was held, with Wandel attaining 103 votes to Evans' 82.

When asked what his goals as President-Elect for 1972 would be, Wandel replied, "I see several things in store for us now. I see a real beginning for new groups throughout the country as well as an expanded coalition of existing groups. I also see a year in which we will more seriously be seeking alternate lifestyles."

In other races for offices within GAA, Nath Rockhill won the Vice-Presidency over past Treasurer William A. Chalson. Douglas Edwards, who ran unopposed, will become Treasurer while Philip Eberle captured the Secretary's seat over Paul Stack. The office of Delegate-at-Large was taken by Hal Offen who opposed Guy Charles and Ruth Smith.

With the exception of the Delegate-at-Large, who assumes office immediately, the new officers will officially take office on January 1, 1972, at which time all other Executive Committee members will hand in their resignations. In the meantime, President-Elect Richard Wandel will have his hands full with choosing his new Executive Committee, which now, under GAA's highly structured organization, is composed of 22 Committee Chairmen.

Photo by Harold Forbes

Kate Millett Raps Violence

New York, N.Y.—Kate Millett, the leading ideologue of the Women's Revolution, came out against the "male left" and its feminist camp-followers in an interview with radical feminist Claudia Dreifus. (Note: this interview first appeared in the English magazine *Penthouse* and has now come out in Claudia Dreifus' new book *Radical Lifestyles*, a Lancer paperback, \$1.50.)

"Violence just makes more of the same shit," Kate Millett declared. "I really don't think you could pull off a violent revolution in this country anyway."

Declaring violence a male trip ("Women aren't acculturated in violence and that's a plus for women.") and "a sick trip too," she added, "... going out and killing somebody does not free us and it kills somebody too. This is real male shit. You know, I get so terribly fed up with the male left. Many feminists are into

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WHERE WIL YOU GO TONIGHT?

A DIRECTORY FOR DISCRIMINATING DISPOSITIONS

MANHATTAN

MIDTOWN

The Beacon Bath, 227 E. 45 St. bet. 2nd & 3rd Aves. (647-0322). Take the elevator to the 11th floor and enjoy the many clean, modern facilities. Reasonable rates, popular, open 24 hours. Free, confidential V.D. tests every Wednesday from 3pm to 8pm. GM only.

The Beaded Bar, 951 First Ave. bet. 52nd & 53rd Sts. (486-9832). Super drinks and excellent prix fixe Italian dinners. Your host: Sonny. GM.

The Big Spender, 315 W. 48th St., west of 8th Ave. (586-9880). Popular place for before and after theatre drinking; also the watering spot for the gay theatrical crowd. Here's where you'll find that glorious drunk who's third from left in the chorus line. GM.

Brothers & Sisters, 355 W. 46th St. bet. 8th & 9th Aves. (247-8840). A two-story haven perfect for after-theatre fun, Hamburgers and light snacks, turntable and record jock instead of juke box. Boys and girls together. Fun.

The Candy Store, 44 W. 56th St. bet. 5th & 6th Aves. (581-4644). Piano bar, very popular with out-of-towners; hence a good source for new faces. Jackets required. GM.

The Continental Sauna Club, 111 W. 56th St. Operated by the Continental Baths management. Elegant, but less grand (and less expensive) than the "mother church" on 74th St. GM only.

Dirty Edna's Scoreboard, 264 W. 48th St. east of 8th Ave. (265-9077). An unpretentious gay "saloon" where it's easy to score. Some "business boys" hang out here. GM.

The Four Seasons, 99 E. 52nd St. The very elegant ones cruise here—cautiously, as it's integrated. GM.

Geraldine's, 36 W. 48th St. bet. 5th & 6th Aves. (255-2291). Inexpensive dining in luxurious surroundings—perfect for before or after the theatre. There's also an intimate bar and dancing on weekends. Fred's your host. GM & GF.

The Lib, 305 E. 45th St. bet. 1st & 2nd Aves. (LE 2-0290). A whole new scene for gay men and women. Cocktails, dinner and dancing with hosts Lou, Katie and Jerry. GM & GM.

The Loading Zone, 548 9th Ave. at 41st St. (563-8212). The front is a gay saloon, full of those campy, raucous denizens of 42nd St. In the back, a cabaret with delightful live shows. Mostly GM, some GF.

Menasha Bar, Hotel Allerton, 132 E. 57th St. at Lex. The place the over-30 crowd retreats to when the Youth Culture gets too cloying. GM.

The Roundtable, 151 E. 50th St. (758-0310). Dancing and live entertainment. Some say it's like dining and going to heaven. GM.

The Sanctuary, 407 W. 43rd St. bet. 9th & 10th Aves. (247-4210). A church converted into a mad discotheque. Dancing, juice bar (no liquor). Int.

Sauna Bath, 300 W. 58th St. at Columbus Circle (above Child's) (PL 5-6880). A small place which closes at midnight, the Sauna is busiest between 4:30 and 11 pm and on Sunday afternoons. Few facilities. GM only.

Tambourine, 148 E. 48th St. near Lex. (PL 1-0030). The current "in" spot. Groovy guys and gorgeous girls, all so fabulously dressed. Dancing. GM & GF.

The Troubadour, 1078 1st Ave. near Lex. (755-9555). Sebastian hosts this beautiful (but inexpensive) restaurant. Busy bar, groovy people. GM.

Yakov, 140 E. 53rd St. bet. Lex. & 3rd Ave. (421-8122). Where the older set gathers and the Midnight Cowboy scores. GM.

NOTE: If you work in midtown, both the Troubadour and Geraldine's serve excellent, inexpensive lunches.

UPPER EAST SIDE

Britt Top East, 1716 2nd Ave. at 89th St.

The Country Cousin, 1313 3rd Ave. bet. 75th & 76th Sts. (879-6614). The "in" eatery of the gay set. Excellent food and all the beautiful people you could want to see. GM, some GF.

Harry's Back East, 1422 3rd Ave. bet. 80th & 81st Sts. After all these years it's still the busiest bar in New York any night. Don't miss it. GM.

The Jungle, 303 E. 60th St. bet. 1st & 2nd Aves. An out-of-sight juice bar with dancing. One of the few after-hours places left. GM, some GF.

Piper's Lounge, 1201 Lexington Ave., bet. 81st & 82nd Sts. (734-9305). Fire Island's own George Sardi presides over this "live musical happening" bar. You'll love it. Mostly GM.

The Painted Pony, 1485 3rd Ave. at 84th St. (744-9580). Piano bar patronized by very friendly people. GM.

New Jimmy's, 1676 3rd Ave. bet. 88th & 89th Sts. (860-4509). Excellent gay restaurant with pleasant atmosphere, great food and charming clientele. Recommended: Sunday Brunch (1-5 p.m.) \$2.50, including drink. Mostly GM.

UPPER WEST SIDE

The Candlelight Lounge, 309 Amsterdam Ave. bet. 74th & 75th Sts. (874-9607). A landmark bar that's been around forever. Now getting a face-lift. Neighborhood crowd; much socializing, lots of cruising. GM.

Chipp's, Columbus Ave. bet. 66th & 67th Sts. A pleasant bar/restaurant popular with Lincoln Center audiences. Mixed.

The Continental Baths, 230 W. 74th St., west of 8'way (799-2488). Much more than a bath-

BY IAN AND DANIEL BEJART—20th CENTURY, PERHAPS!

With all of the controversy arising over this Belgian dance company when they made their debut here a few months back, I wasn't quite sure what to expect. Somehow billing themselves as "Gallie of the 20th Century" left me with the nagging feeling that they thought of themselves as being the only company that was offering a dance repertoire relating distinctly to this century.

For me, at least musically, the evening was pure ambrosia, if one can lay this term on music by Stravinsky, "Renaud" ("The Fox"), "Firebird" and "La Sacre du Printemps"—an all Stravinsky program—right on!

"Renaud" is more of a comic burlesque than a ballet as such. It is the story of a fox who tries with all his cunning to win the cock (and, I suspect, eat him in the bargain), but the latter's friends, the goat and the cat, keep saving him from the fox's clutches. The "Firebird" is the phoenix reborn from ashes whose strength, grace and splendor remain indelible. The King of the Ring and the "La Sacre du Printemps" ("The Rite of Spring") is the story of a woman who, in the case, the city of human love, their union and spirit.

I wasn't particularly moved by the dancing. It was all technical, it seemed to me—nothing wrong with that, per se. I suspect that I'm really used to the aggressive approach American dance companies have. In fact, with the notable exception of the Metropolitan Dance Company, whom I saw two years ago and whose approach it much like our own, the foreign companies all exhibit a very soft approach. Technically, everything is in place, but the very is missing, and quite simply it does nothing for me. I don't dislike it, just find that it's not my *pas de deux*, as it were.

There were some lovely bodies and wonderful firm and full ass—especially on the men—umm, yum! I suspect I'll probably go see them again, should they return, if only for Suzanne Farrell, who at one time was the lead female dancer with the Joffrey Ballet. She's as lovely and leggy as ever, but it seemed to me that her dancing had lost the "gut-level American" style and replaced it with the soft, almost lumpy-toe approach. Oh, well, *tant pis* aren't everything, are they? (IAN)

SODOM & GOMORRAH

This strange play at Dramatic Personae is a logical perversion of the old DeMille Bible epic formula. G.B. took your basic mud and porridge Old Testament melodrama and threw in a few female bellydancers for spice. Dramatic Personae concentrates on the bellydancers and occasionally throws in a puny potato of self-righteousness. You can't make a stew with just pepper.

Actually, playwright A.R. Bell does try to relate S&G to contemporary gonzo-porn (Houma, Tex from heaven—get it?) but subverts his [her?] own intentions. When not quoting directly from The Bible, he insists on writing King James Version dialog which not even King James could have pulled off, much less the apparently untrained actors in this production.

Only Amy Belle, as Lot's wife, seemed to know what she was doing. I occasionally believed Jeff Chait and Susan Jess as Lot's daughters, although their bedroom scene with Daddy (Steven Baker, who also directed and produced) was embarrassingly bad.

The nude dances, choreographed by George Stevenson, were fairly interesting if unoriginal. The scene in which Mrs. Lot turns into a pile of salt would have been great if it hadn't been lost behind still another orgy scene. If naked amateurs turn you on, you might like "Sodom & Gomorrah," otherwise read the original story. At Dramatic Personae, 675-9922.

KOUTOUKAS & BROOKS

Two names to look for: H.M. Koutoukas and Donald L. Brooks. Koutoukas' "Christopher at Sheridan Square," recently at the Performing Garage, is Aristophanes after acid, a psychic tour of the state of mind called Christopher Street. He may ingeniously bring poetry back to theatre. Brooks wrote and directed "Kixcut" earlier this year. "Kixcut" also explores the deep psyche—then suddenly shoots into the sunny places past Pluto, leaving the mind bogging somewhere in between. I recommend either or both trips. (DANIEL)

house, "Connie" is a total gay environment, complete with weekend cabaret. Expensive, but worth it. Open 24 hours. Students half-price with student I.D. card. GM only.

Reading Pub, 324 Amsterdam Ave. bet. 75th & 76th Sts. (84-8632). Jimmy Sheppard, one of the most fabulous bartenders in town, presides over this, one of the most attractive bars on the West Side. All the sociability doesn't ruin the cruising. GM.

The Westside, 2160 Broadway at 76th St. (874-8013). One of the newest and most exciting bars in the city. Dining room and bar on street level, pool tables, etc., in beer bar downstairs. Yummy, Frank, Brian, Johnny and Billy work hard to insure everyone has a good time. GM.

Willie's West Side, 224 W. 82nd St., east of 8'way (874-9833). A crowded, very friendly dance bar where Blacks, Latins and Whites mingle under the approving gaze of West Side liberals. GM.

UPTOWN

The Charade, 1800 2nd Ave. at 93rd St. Where Black is beautiful, the age is young, the food and music are Soul and the dancing out-right! GM, mostly.

The Gold Rail, 2850 Broadway (MO 2-4704). Restaurant and bar popular with the uptown gays and Columbia students. Mixed straight & gay.

Pauline's Interlude, 2267 7th Ave. at 135th St. A Harlem landmark since before most of us were born. Mixed, but widely known as a gay watering spot.

CHELSEA

The Cell Block, West Street and 11th Ave. We haven't seen this one yet, but with that name and in that location, we'll bet it's a new leather lounge.

The Eagle's Nest, 11th Ave. & 21st St. You won't be allowed in without leather or western gear. If you do slip in, they won't serve you. GM only.

Everard Baths, 28 W. 28th bet. 8'way & 6th Ave. (684-8935). Old, raunchy and with an air of marvelous decadence, this place goes on and on with its band of devoted patrons. Open 24 hours. GM only.

Gianni's, 53 W. 19th St. (675-9809). A dancing bar for women only.

Nine Plus Social Club, 149 W. 21st St. (924-9377). A private club exclusively for lovers of leather. GM only.

The Stockade, 120 11th Ave., at 20th St. Genial Sid Wender ("The Hardware King") hosts this new leather and western spot. No admission without appropriate attire. GM.

GRAMMERCY PARK

Beau Geste, 239 Third Ave., at 20th St. (475-9724). A split-level bar and restaurant featuring good continental food reasonably priced (\$2.50 to \$5.95). GM, mostly.

Leo's Lion, 57 Lexington Ave. at 25th St. (686-9608). Paul hosts at this friendly, reasonably-priced neighborhood pub. Nice people. GM only.

LOWER EAST SIDE

The Branding Iron, 165 Avenue "A," bet. 10th & 11th Sts. (228-9984). A new leather/western bar, the first to venture out of the "leather ghetto" of the extreme West Village and Chelsea. GM.

The Club Bath, 24 First Ave. bet. 1st & 2nd Sts. (673-3283). A lavish bath with luxurious, thoroughly modern facilities. Open 24 hours. Students half-price with student card. A best bet. GM only. Free, confidential V.D. tests every Thursday from 5 to 9pm.

The Shaft, 181 2nd Ave. bet. 11th & 12th Sts. The old Planetarium, redone and seeking a new image and new clientele. Mostly GM.

Hip-O-Drome, 165 Avenue "A" bet. 10th & 11th Sts. (228-9984). The gay center of the Lower East Side and haven for the young radical chic set. Free movie Thursdays. GM.

St. Mark's Bath, 6 St. Mark's Pl. bet. 2nd & 3rd Aves. (473-7929). Rather rundown and a bit seedy, but the prices are low and the place is active. Open 24 hours. GM only.

QUEENS

The Alley, 63rd St., off Roosevelt Ave., Woodside (429-9542). A friendly dance bar with nice extras such as a 3-5pm cocktail hour and 6pm buffets.

Ev's 11th Floor, 193-14 Jamaica Ave., Hollis (HO 5-9846). Very friendly neighborhood bar. Fountain Blue, 69-05 Queens Blvd. at 69th St. (429-9593). Dancing to live rock music, free movies on Tuesdays, champagne buffets Sunday nights.

Love, 73-11 Yellowstone Blvd., Forest Hills (268-9355). Live stage shows, dancing, free Sunday buffet.

60-05 Club, on corner of Metropolitan and 60th Avenues, Ridgewood (265-5351). Popular neighborhood dance bar with a free Sunday buffet.

Three Jolly Pigeons, 37-21 Greenpoint Ave. near 38th St., Sunnyside (937-0189). The newest in the growing list of Queens spots—and the first to serve the Astoria section.

Trypating Place, 120-31 83rd Rd., off Lefferts Blvd., Kew Gardens (846-8922). Very popular bar with a restaurant on a balcony overlooking the dance floor. Free Sunday buffet. Lots of girls.

Goldenrod, 83 W. 3rd St. (677-9874). A dancing bar for the young set. Features include buffets and live stage shows. GM.

Kelley's, 384 West St. near Christopher (CH 3-1907). The mother and father of New York's leather bars. The Landmarks Commission ought to put a plaque on the front of it. Still popular. GM.

Kookie's, 149 W. 14th St. (242-9226). Still the most popular of the girls' bars, Kookie's packs them in every night.

Julius, 159 W. 10th St. at Waverly Place (929-9672). Internationally famous as NYU's local gay bar and for hamburgers. It's popular, and was popular even before the owners fought one of the landmark cases which helped "legalize" gay bars. GM.

Luigi II, 104 W. 13th St. (929-9568). An intimate restaurant with a pleasant piano bar. GM.

New Danny's, 140 7th Ave. South bet. Charles & W. 10th Sts. (691-8373). Dining, dancing and drinking in attractive surroundings. Open at noon for day drinkers. GM.

One Potato, 518 Hudson St. at W. 10th St. (691-6260). Reasonably priced restaurant/bar with very good food. Int.

Paula's, 64 Greenwich Ave. (691-3360). A mixed bar with something different: Mexican food, a welcome change from all that Italian cuisine. Sunday brunch, too. Int.

Peter Rabbit's, 305 W. 10th St. at West. A new addition to the Village scene which we haven't checked out yet.

Royal Roost, 28 Cornelia St. (CH 2-9557). Small, intimate restaurant with a tiny bar. The

perfect place to go with someone you love. Int.

Squire's Nook, 18 E. 13th St. east of 5th Ave. (255-4746). A luxurious, but moderately-priced, bar/restaurant with, as Lige & Jack put it, "an atmosphere for quiet romance." Lunch: 11:30-3; dinner 9-10 (midnight on Saturday). Mostly GM.

The Den, 835 Washington at Little W. 12th St. (989-8999). A very crussy leather lounge. The boots and jackets are often just costume here, so if you see someone you like but don't dig the S&M scene, suggest alternatives. GM.

The Roadhouse, 570 Hudson St., at W. 11th (CH 3-4214). Give this new friendly Village bar a try. You'll like their wonderful ambience and the great food they serve Monday through Friday from 6 to 10pm. GM.

The International Stud, Greenwich & Perry Sts. The best make out bar in the Village. GM.

The Triangle, 43 Ninth Ave. This very popular bar of the sort where one is expected to be, or pretend to be, very butch (for cruising) is undergoing remodeling. Cruising goes on during renovations. GM.

The Wine Cellar, 531 Hudson (242-6769). An inexpensive, and very popular, dining place with excellent food. Int.

12th Night, 281 W. 12th St., corner of W. 4th St. (989-9303). Intimate, very friendly bar presided over by Dee. Fantastic for their good food and famous for their kenoistic noon to 4pm Sunday champagne brunches. Int.

Village West, 40 Bedford St., corner of 7th Ave. The manager declares this is not a gay bar, so you can assume all those gay people inside are really straight. GM.

The Circus Lounge, 1369 Flatbush Ave. at Beverly Rd. (BU 4-9022). Live shows Fridays and Saturdays, free buffets every night. Danny's in Brooklyn, 108 Montague St., Brooklyn Heights. A piano bar, one of the focal points of this very gay neighborhood.

Beachhouse, Seaside Ave., Midland Beach (351-9625).

Burdy-Burdy Club, 1400 Clove Rd. (447-0033).

Caroline's, 86 Mills Ave. (442-9146).

The Mayfair, 3 Hyatt St., St. George (447-9771).

The Editors Speak

(Don we now our GAY apparel... tra la la la la la la la.) Once again the season has come for us to ignore the world's problems—gargle with eggnog—and get a bit tipsy. For three whole days there'll be a ceasefire in Vietnam. On Xmas Eve, Tricky Dick will push a button and light an Xmas tree in Washington. The tree will be a giant—not plastic like the President—but green, fresh, alive; felled in one of America's rapidly vanishing forests. Citizens everywhere will share the wonder and excitement of Xmas shopping during a national depression.

Well, at least we've enjoyed sending out our Xmas cards this year. A puff or two helped. The hard part begins when we get cards from folks we've overlooked. It means we make another trip to Woolworths; that we stand in line at the Post Office again, waiting for stamps. Joy to the world.

If it weren't for conservationist consciences, we'd have a real tree this year. Our papier-mache one is starting to look a bit cloyety. We'll pull out our well-worn copy of our favorite Xmas record: *More Songs You Love* sung by Elizabeth Schwartzkopf (translated she's Betty Blackhead) and a glass or two of liebfraumilch ought to do.

A \$25 contribution to our super will keep her on our side for another year. It would be a pleasure giving it to her if she'd only refrain from sending her son around with parochial-school-affle-tickets off season.

Perhaps—if Bell Telephone permits—we'll get through to our families this year. Last year "all the circuits were busy," and we got billed for long distance calls we didn't make.

But what's life without a little struggle?

VICTORY IN MIAMI

Miami Municipal Judge Donald B. Barmack has dismissed charges (see GAY Editorial No. 66) against four bartenders who were accused of serving alcoholic beverages to homosexuals. Judge Barmack also declared unconstitutional the 1954 city ordinance under which the four men had been arrested.

The code would abolish "sodomy" penalties for "deviate intercourse" between consenting adults. The only penalties of sodomy under it would be those who forced their partner into participating or had such intercourse with a person who, because of age or mental condition, was unable to give his consent rationally.

New Sex Codes For New Jersey

Trenton, N.J.—The state criminal law revision commission in New Jersey has recommended a model New Jersey penal code which will abolish most sex "crimes" between consenting adults and do away with mandatory sentences.

The commission, which has spent the last three years working on what could become New Jersey's first penal code, will ask for reform in a number of areas touching on sex and the law.



"If I permitted this, then who knows," said the Judge, "tomorrow they may pass a law that people with blond hair cannot be served."

Well, it looks as though Florida is turning its face toward the future. We thankum Judge Barmack. He heap big chief, honest man. He know homosexuals behave when bartender serve firewater.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

GAY is getting off the ground in '72 with a new schedule at the printers. This means that we must hold off for a week in order to fit into the printer's new schedule, and that the first issue of GAY in '72 will arrive a week later than it usually does. Don't be alarmed.

Presently there are gross inequities in

Kate Millet Raps Violence

(continued from page 1)



Claudia Dreifus, author of "Radical Lifestyle"



Kate Millet: "Women aren't accustomed to violence."

that very same male-macho trip too. The male left is just into that whole violence/death thing: black leather jackets, berets, bandoliers and sten guns. They think if they've got that outfit and they've killed themselves a few people they're 'real' revolutionaries. A little blood on your fingers and you're in, brother. I'm sick of that! It can make me puke my guts out! ... You'll never catch me on the barricades for a male-led revolution. *Neter!*

Women have been pulling that trip for centuries. We've bled for them and gotten nothing for it. Nothing. This time women are going to defy history and make things different.

On the issue of sex-orientation she declares: "Bi-sexuality is what people ought to be about. It would be a happier world if people were bi-sexual."

The other radicals interviewed in the book include Dr. Howard Levy, who refused to teach the Green Berets; A.J. Weberman, the man who tried to "Free Bob Dylan"; John Wilcock, who spark-plugged the *Village Voice*, *EVO* and the *L.A. Free Press*; Flo Kennedy, the black lawyer; and Susan Schnall, the first woman military officer to be court-martialed for her opposition to the Vietnam war.

The book can be ordered from Lancer Books, 1560 Broadway, New York City, N.Y. 10036. Include 10 cents for postage.

GAY

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The Gay Insider

BY JOHN FRANCIS HUNTER

Arthur Bell, how did you do it: dance your way, keeping step every measure, through a whole year (1970) of Gay Lib and love, satisfying us, quite, that we, too, were participating in that year's most important configurations, and yet keeping it so short and sweet? Just trying to do a digest of the highlights of 1971 for an end-of-year (and two-year anniversary of our association) column for GAY, I reached about 331 long-hand pages before I got near the ballroom floor!

Maybe it's that you know who you are better than I do, I mean, if anyone asked you what the highlights of your past year were, wouldn't your selections be somewhat consistent with your together image, political and social? You wouldn't list being a judge at the Groovy Guy contest in Hollywood, would you?

Well, now, take me, part hedonist, part sober and concerned civil libertarian, part raised consciousness, part retarded male chauvinist, part ex-starlet, part New Free Gay activist, part jealous lover and part liberated libertine, plus a lot voyeur. Referring to the last, I find myself as a journalist always observing and making notes, much of the time an apostate gay jerking off while everybody else fucks. Or jotting notes while the rest of you Spanish Panic or tip-toe-truck until you're wet and spent (or vice versa). When I posed some hypothetical questions, as if I were being interviewed (which I never was this year except by a reporter from *The Post* on call services in N.Y.), I responded at sixes and sevens. A scattered man...

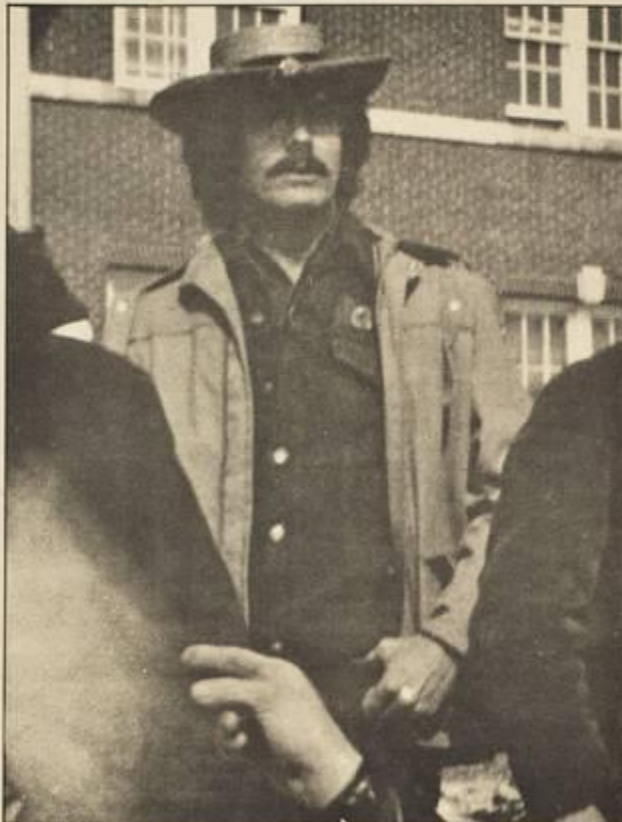
WHAT EXPERIENCE STANDS OUT?

For instance, when I asked myself what the highlight of my journeys across the land researching a new book were, I got very hedgy. As a responsible Gay Libber I replied: The visit to Liberation House at 1168 N. Edmont in Los Angeles, project of the admirable new Gay Service Center there, where an experiment in building the groundwork for a new gay culture is very much underway. Don Killefner, former GLF firebrand and one of GSC's guiding geniuses, proudly delivered us (the Other Insider, my then lover, and me) into the hands of the housemaster/mother, who took us on tour of the rambling frame where troubled street people nest and find companionship and caring. Summed up Don, who is able to put things succinctly, "This program is going toward internalizing what has been learned in the Gay Liberation Movement." Right on (you hear that less frequently than you did a year ago, when the revolution seemed imminent).

When I glance over the above, seeing GLF and GSC, I think: You know you're intimate with the Movement when you start dropping initials, such as: "I attended an organizational meeting of the GSC at MCC in L.A." And you know you're talking with another intimate when you don't have to spell out Gay Community Alliance (the GAA of So. Cal., led by Jim Kepner) or Metropolitan Community Church. My mental and actual notes are a jumble of initials, and I know what they all mean—even GLAD (Gay Lib, Arizona Desert), even AND/OR (Androgynous Organizations—of transsexuals, natch—in L.A., led by David Helfner).

LIKED JUDGING BEEFCAKE

GG, of course, means Groovy Guy, and I have to admit being one of the contest



John Francis Hunter, the GAY INSIDER, travelled everywhere in '71.



Jimmy Hughes: Winner of the 1971 Groovy Guy Contest (photo by Fred Townsend)

judges was also a highlight of my year, of the old facadist's year. The pageant was spectacularly staged, a full-scale Hollywood extravaganza at the posh Sheraton-Universal (equivalent, in terms of commercial status in the "larger" society, to the Americana here). Being a fool for the stars, whether they be those of GAA nominations night or a march on a state capital (I attended two in '71, one in Albany, one in Hartford), I dug the show.

An Austrian blind accordioned itself upward in a light-defined archway on the platform at one end of the ballroom. A spotlight hit the opening, and out strode a contestant. First wearing jeans and a tee shirt, each paraded down an aisle among the tables to the bandstand in the center of the hall, where he then posed on a revolving disc as the crowd cheered. It went on for hours, the GG's in turn freezing numbered stars before the judges' table—which could have been a replica of the one in *The Last Supper*—then chatting with us in the Groovy Judges' room in trunks, finally appearing before the multitude in the swim suit competition for the semi-finals, then the big moment.

HOLLYWOOD IS HOLLYWOOD

Hollywood has always been into this sort of thing, just as it has been into unorthodox religious sects. Miss Universe gave rise to the Groovy Guy, and Angelus Temple was an ancestor of MCC. Some Movement people in San Francisco hooted at my participation, protesting that "It is the arch-superficial, anti-liberation thing to compete for a brawn title, entirely counter-revolution." My defense: 1) I enjoyed it; 2) the 1200 gays present enjoyed it; 3) the Groovy Guys enjoyed it. I was dismayed that a super-butcher, scrubbed short-hair would prove to be the obvious crowd choice—though most of the selection was pretty musclebound boy-next-door—and that he and two inflated muscle types should so captivate the other judges. Where were the femmes, the cross-dressers, the hirsute and the outer "losers" with the inner light? Where was the articulate one who had more to offer when you asked, "What do you think of the Gay Liberation Movement?" than "Fantastic!"? No place, yet, for diversity, even color-wise, in the GG contest, though no one is banned by the sponsor (except genital females, I guess). Not really the place for me either, apparently: my first three choices didn't make it—the ones who talked of social service and pursuits other than body-building or revealed a special human sympathy, Bob Nelson, Tom of San Diego, Thom of San Francisco. But I was conscientious, and I was pleased to judge, and I still defend the right of gays to hold beauty contests, get married legally, refer to each other with ambivalent pronouns implying a put-down, or devote themselves to poodles, if they so desire.

NOTHING LIKE COCKETTES

My heart lies with outlandish cultural renegades, though. With the likes of the Cockettes, whom I interviewed at the Palace in San Francisco weeks before they opened at the Anderson here. Their non-rehearsal was a gas. But I could have predicted then what would happen here. Agosteo Machado, who went from Jackie Curtis' *Vain Victory* into the Cockettes' turn here, tells it better than I could: "It was sad... to dash to the Anderson to witness the most hostile, vulgar and disgusting audience reaction. True, the

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The Movie Critic's Taste: Ushers in the Balcony

BY AARON BATES

Last night it dawned on me that the time has come for all good (and bad) movie critics to take a stand and produce from their bogged minds a list of this year's ten best films. Of course, a few of the biggies won't be released until just before Christmas, but unfortunately I have a deadline to meet.

Anyway, it came as a shock to me that this was a mediocre year indeed. In 1970, I had about eighteen movies to choose from and it took hours to narrow the list down. This year it took hours to think of ten good films and even now I am not satisfied. Even more odd was the fact that I couldn't come up with a list of the ten worst films. Most of them fit into the wispy-washy grey area. You don't hate 'em; you don't love 'em—you just forget 'em.

Actually, there were only three atrocities that stuck with me. (Granted, there would have been more, but since I'm not Judith Crist, I didn't have to sit through Troy Donahue's final comeback and exit from the screen as an imitation Charles Manson. Nor did I have to tolerate the entirely intolerable *Sweet Badass*, a movie that could single-handedly give a Ku Klux Klan member ground for the suppression of blacks.) However, I was fascinated by the remake of *Julius Caesar*, which, if it played New York at all, lasted for such a short time that most people were spared from it. After watching Jason Robards sleep-walking through Brutus, I was convinced that Dame Judith Anderson could have done a helluva better job.

And speaking of remakes, who could ever forget American International's *Dorian Grey*? If anything could get Oscar Wilde to do hand-stands in his coffin, this soft-core exploitative adaptation of his book was just the right thing. From start to finish, Helmut Berger's ass could not save this grindhouse flop. An ass, no matter how pretty, is not a substitute for non-existent scripting, acting and directing.

Luckily for the movie-going public, the above-mentioned movies are no longer playing around town, and unless some sadistic distributor manages to resurrect them, we are all pretty safe. One really nasty picture, to be on guard against, is still packing in the simps. Its title is *Cry Uncle* and it purports to be a sexual satire in the James Bond tradition. Unfortunately, it's humor is almost as heavy as its leading man, that is "heavy" as in forced, leaden, witless, vulgar. Now I have nothing against vulgarity in the Belle Barth tradition (because the late Miss Barth was a funny lady), but *Cry Uncle*'s humor is akin to an oft-told dirty joke that bombed the first time and got worse after each retelling.

I'm sure my readers could add greatly to my list of losers, but as I said before, I went out of my way to avoid anything that could jar my weakened constitution. Now for the good pictures, doubtful though I am as to their overall quality.

I have no qualms whatsoever about naming Ken Russell's *The Music Lovers* in spite of the movie's lack of success at the box office. Though misunderstood by many of the New-generation, this opulent and often bizarre fictionalization of Peter Tchaikovsky's life manages to make a defi-

nitivestatement about romanticism with its glories overshadowed by its inherent evils. This is not the mawkish Hollywood corruption of romanticism as seen in *Love Story*, the actual "philosophy" that governed and destroyed people's lives. Though intentionally exaggerated and caricatured, the action parallels the romance of a Tchaikovsky symphony, and although the purists may wish to quibble about the liberties taken with historical facts, the end result is justifiable. I might also add that Glenda Jackson's performance is deserving of another Academy Award, but chances are she will be nominated for *Sunday, Bloody Sunday* instead.

I'm not complaining. Miss Jackson deserves an Oscar for this performance as well. *Sunday, Bloody Sunday* is next on my 10 best list although I have several reservations. Basically, the movie had too much padding, which I don't find objectionable in itself if the padding fits. And it did fit. What do I mean by padding? Unnecessary footage that though interesting would not harm the whole if cut. What I do object to is the skeletal characterization of the artist (well played by Murray Head) that Glenda and Peter Finch jointly love. Why do they love him? He's handsome, true, but is that enough? And why does he love them?



A religious circle jerk in "The Devils."



Sunday, Bloody Sunday: Does Peter love Murray 'cause he's handsome?

For security? Your guess is as good as mine. But why should we have to guess? Why is it that the roles played by Finch and Miss Jackson are so skillfully, lovingly, and warmly drawn when the object of their love should remain such a total mystery? If only some of that padding had been changed to an exploration of the artist, I would consider *Sunday, Bloody Sunday* a great film. Yet it remains a solidly good film with great moments.

Third on my list is a delicate little movie called *Summer of '42* about three adolescent boys awakening to those funny sexual urges (or more accurately, two of them awake and one hides his time). Were it not for the skilled, reserved direction of Robert Mulligan, this movie could have sunk into that well-known Hollywood abyss known as cutesiness. I don't know whether or not Mulligan was responsible for the casting as well, but whoever chose the three boys for their roles hit the mark. Ever since Shirley Temple, youthful actors in Hollywood have been characterized by so much sweetness, spice and hamminess that otherwise great movies have been flawed by the stickiness that oozed from those freckled little faces. Not so in *Summer of '42*. Gary Grimes, Jerry Houser and Oliver Conant can all act and deserve to be recognized as

award-winning time. The movie's only real flaw was a narrative device used to set the scene and close the movie, in which the grown-up hero managed to sound like an Edgar Lee Masters' obituary. It was a totally unnecessary device and the movie was far too good to warrant its inclusion.

Fourth of the goodies is another Ken Russell epic, *The Devils*, about funny goings-on in a 16th century French convent. Russell sets out to camp and to shock and he succeeds perfectly at both while caricaturedly delving into the lives of hysterical nuns and power-hungry churchmen. Although no deep insights are to be gained from *The Devils*, the black humor is so skillfully handled that many straight people and a few dull queens don't realize that there's any humor there at all.

For my fifth movie, I think I'll choose a comedy (although *Summer of '42* certainly contained a number of hysterical sequences). I'd pick *A New Leaf*, the success of which is due to Elaine May's writing, directing and acting. It is also due to the choice of Walter Matthau as her leading man. The two of them work cinematic miracles together, and although I am not normally on the Matthau bandwagon, he assuredly has my vote this time around. The plot centers around a bankrupt spendthrift's plan to marry a wealthy neurotic and then murder her. This gives rise to the type of slapstick comedy team movies have been lacking for a few decades. However, the first part of the film, before Miss May's entrance, falls flat, because acting-wise, Matthau without a strong leading lady is like Adam without Eve—he loses his sense of timing and he overacts. But once Eve enters Eden, it's "bravo" from then on.

For the sixth movie, I'll pick something for the children (and who among us is totally grown up?). Therefore, let me praise *Bedknobs and Broomsticks*, not only because Angela Lansbury stars in it (which is in itself a recommendation) but because it happens to be a delightful fantasy about a scatterbrained apprentice witch who defeats the Nazi army single-handedly. It's the perfect entertainment for people who are tired of dreary message pictures (and most of them are dreary) and who just want to relax and be entertained.

Seventh, I'll pick a weird little number called *The Go-Between* with Alan Bates and Julie Christie. After all, one can never go wrong with an Alan Bates movie since Mr. Bates has never appeared in an altogether bad movie. Now *The Fixer* left a lot to be desired as did his worst movie *The Running Man*, but every other movie he's done is a respectable addition to anyone's 10 best list. In this movie about a rather off-beat courtship, Alan Bates continues to be one of my favorites and is always worth seeing.

Eighth, I'll pick a sci-fi thriller, *The Andromeda Strain*, not only because I've always loved actress Kate Reid, but because it's the only thriller I've seen this year whose climax lifted me off my seat. *Willard* failed to budge me as did *What's the Matter With Helen?* (although I milted over the costumes). Although a bit heavy on scientific jargon to suit many people, *The Andromeda Strain* manages to create a sense of realistic horror which built up to nerve-shattering suspense. As I left the theatre, my poor gay

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Suburban "Stonewall" Shakes Long Island

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the bar. Indeed it seems they did—only he didn't.

Witnesses assert that the men acted tipsy upon entering the bar; there is no question whatsoever that they drank copiously while there. The Corral's concise daily inventory, and the testimonies of bartenders and patrons, all indicate that one man consumed at least seven shots of Fleischmann's rye, with beer chasers, while the other had five glasses of Southern Comfort. Neither of these items is hardly ever ordered at the Corral.

Said two men moved into the rear dance hall around 10:30 and there asked several males to dance with them and were seen dancing with male patrons. One of them was seen by witnesses kissing a male patron, with whom he was dancing slow, on the neck. They both "felt up" and "groped" (the genital area) of several male patrons, who are generally young, reserved suburbanites who live with their parents and are somewhat shy in a local bar. Patron Rich Romain signed a statement saying "I was groped by the blond guy. I told him, 'Buddy, keep your hands off my cock.'" Several of the younger patrons complained to the managers about the groping, this being the kind of place where such behavior is frowned upon by patrons and management alike, and around midnight manager Jimmy Duffy came from the front bar into the dance hall to look the situation over. As he was so doing a uniformed fuzzman entered the premises, told Mr. Doyle at the door that he was "looking for someone," and quickly moved to the dance hall, where the two men previously referred to immediately joined him. Two more uniformed men then entered the premises, also making their way to the rear. The two undercover men proceeded to point out various patrons to the uniformed piggies, yelling such things as "get that one." One of the patrons so designated, David Boyce, had previously danced with one of the men, but had spurned his advances when they became increasingly aggressive. The pig who nabbed him ripped the shirt off his back.

Both of the undercover men have been described as wobbling unsteadily on their feet, perhaps due to the amount of liquor they'd consumed, and two girls whom they attempted to grasp eluded them. Their uniformed buddies had to lead them around, and piggies' progress back toward the front barroom was haphazard. Patrons who inquired as to what was going on were answered by the civilian-dressed piglets with such phrases as "shut your fucking mouth," this said to a young girl, "Smart ass, you want to go next?" and "anyone want to say more?" None of the patrons responded physically.

One of the plainclothesmen then whirled around, screaming "be kicked me," and repeatedly hit patron Louie Montana, knocking him over. Manager Duffy, who was immediately behind Montana at the time, says he clearly saw that Montana had not in any way touched the piglet, and has expressed a willingness to give such testimony in court. Montana is considering initiating a suit.

The other piglet in civvies went behind the bar and yelled to manager Doyle, who was still at the door, to "get the fuck down the other end." Doyle responded by asking the man whether he was a police officer, and telling him "we don't use language like that in here. There are ladies present." Piglet, from behind the bar, again yelled at Doyle, who, from the other side of the bar, posed the demand to "see your badge," three times. On the third time, pig grabbed him at the Adam's



After the raid: Corral employees and friends discuss strategy over a Schaeffer Beer.

apple, digging his fingernails into the surrounding area and drawing blood, and with his other hand, grabbed Doyle's shirt, by which he pulled two thirds of Doyle's body over the bar. Pig punched Doyle in the face three times and then banged Doyle's head against the edge of the bartop. During an interview with this writer, Doyle says he was greatly angered by this violence being perpetrated upon his person, and was very tempted to retaliate in kind, but refrained from so doing. Pugilistic piglet, after completing the acts of violence just described, shouted to uniformed piglet to "take him too."

One of the two piggies in civvies suggested to a uniformed accomplice that the bar's liquor license be confiscated, ostensibly "for photostating," but uniformed piglet advised him that the license must remain on the premises at all times. Plain clothes pig then suggested taking license and closing bar for not having a license on the premises, but uniformed pig discouraged that course of action.

Pigs moved out into parking lot with their collection of prisoners, consisting of manager Doyle and two patrons, David

Boyce and Gregory Berna. At this time it was learned that the men in civvies were from the Sixth Precinct, while the bar is located in the Third. Uniformed boys in blue had come from both the Third and Sixth. An argument, lasting over a half-hour, ensued as to which precinct station house the prisoners should be taken to. The uniformed men representing the Third, the logical choice since the bar is in that district, declined the honor. Meanwhile the undercover men found they could not locate their car in the parking lot, and witnesses overheard them describing its make and color to one of their uniformed buddies, who located it for them. A little before 2 a.m. the entourage finally got under way. The prisoners rode in a patrol car driven by a moderately sober uniformed pig, and were accompanied by a less sober undercover man, who repeated the phrase "I am sorry," four times to Doyle during the ride.

At the station house Doyle was asked, as were the other two prisoners, to empty his pockets. He was carrying over \$100 in fives and tens, and received no receipt for his belongings. The other, older, undercover man arrived, and brought a six-pack of beer with him into the station house. An officer in civilian clothes who was waiting at the station house when the troupe arrived undertook the responsibility of fingerprinting and photographing. After a short time he voiced the intention of going to an all night deli to purchase beer, the six-pack brought into the station

house having been consumed by thirsty piggies. Manager Doyle noted the time at 3 a.m. It is illegal to buy or sell alcoholic beverage in Suffolk County after 2 a.m. Doyle, in what surely must have been a grand and elegant gesture, offered to pay for the beer, but the offer was declined. The officer left the station house and returned in approximately twenty minutes with two six-packs. A can was offered to Doyle, who accepted and drank same. Two piggies proceeded to fill out forms, apparently making mistakes, as they discarded forms and started with fresh ones eight times. At 5:30 a.m. all prisoners were released on bail, the bar's management offering financial and legal help to the two patrons. When Doyle's belongings were returned to him, he found himself to be \$30 short, "all in fives," and now quips that "I guess I paid for the beer after all."

So ends the account of the events of the night of November 19-20, a date which is fast becoming legend within the local gay community. On Tuesday, November 23, the prisoners were arraigned in front of Judge Marquette Floyd. The charge against Doyle was that of obstructing governmental administration and harassment, while Berna and Boyce are charged with committing a lewd public act. Specifically, the two undercover men, who showed up in court and were identified as Detective Lewis Gentiles (note name) and Detective Peter Geoghegan, claim that Berna stood upon the juke box and exposed his private piece while Boyce masturbated same. All suspects pleaded, and indeed asserted, their innocence.

This writer, being a regular visitor to The Corral, though not present on the night in question, can assure readers that (unfortunately) no such colorful shenanigans have ever embellished The Corral's nightlife. Several friends who are of AC-DC inclination have stated that there is far more "action" at some local straight dance places than at The Corral. Both patrons and members of management, who are all gay, are rather restrained, conservative country folk, who will dance close within the bar, but always reserve any further activities, including even passionate kissing, for more private surroundings. In fact, the staidly-attired, closely-cropped management has a very strict sense of propriety, speak with a horrense of "lewdness," in good Salvation Army tradition, and carry this conviction with them into their personal lives.

In addition, we have, as an example of scores of written testimonies, that of Miss

Virginia Mary Marks, a legal secretary, who was standing close to the juke box when the alleged act supposedly occurred: "Dave never made out or touched Greg. In fact, the guy in the striped shirt (undercover man Geoghegan) was groping Dave, in the area which I believe is known as the crotch."

The fact that the supposed masturbator is black, and had danced with one of the undercover men but rejected his further advances, may or may not have motivated the fuzz to choose him to be one of their prisoners and to press this proposterous charge against him.

During the arraignment on November 23, a protest demonstration, called by Long Island GAA and the Suffolk Gay People's Group at Stony Brook, gathered outside District Attorney Aspland's office. The cry of "Remember the Stonewall!" was heard several times during the proceedings. Four representatives, including GPG guiding light Brian Campbell, were allowed to enter Aspland's office after a long wait. Campbell asserts that the DA, who cautioned that his statements were not for publication, stated that the State Liquor Authority could be encouraged to investigate the bar's license, and also stated that he was only interested in statements regarding the bust from "prominent citizens," which, he claimed, regular patrons of the bar definitely were not. Urbanized gays may better understand why local gay activists are so concerned with fighting to keep The Corral open and unharassed if they are informed that it is Suffolk County's only full-time gay bar and meeting place.

Curiously, most of the local isolated suburban gays were initially quite surprised by the police action and its concomitant brutality, during which a total of at least five patrons were physically abused by police. Many patrons, including, sad to say, one of this writer's acquaintances, are still scared to come forward and give testimony about what they saw. Manager Duffy states that "I've read about such things in the papers, but never really thought they happened." Duffy, however, quickly learned to utilize such current phrases as "fascist police tactics," and has pledged that "Corral is making a substantial donation to start off the ball fund for L.I. GAA."

GAA, meanwhile, according to representative Vicki Sarafino, is posting members in the bar every night who stand ready to come forward and absorb the brunt of any further police action. It should be noted here that many months ago The Corral's management, their conservative demeanor notwithstanding, began allowing GAA and GLF groups to display literature within the bar and use the P.A. system, and, happily, now both businessmen and activists are enjoying an unusual alliance, an alliance which hopefully will spell success for the forthcoming legal battle. Manager Duffy states that "I will never stop fighting this thing to the very end. I have an obligation to myself, and also, I have an obligation to the people who come in here, decent persons, all of them, my friends, and to all the decent people who comprise the gay community." Brian Campbell released a similar statement, quoting Duffy, to local radio and newspaper reporters, who publicized it.

Up till now gay activism, and even personal gay pride, have been confined to the Big Cities. Now we grass-roots suburbanites have our very own Stonewall, and a few days ago this writer heard The Corral's rustic walls reverberate with chants of Gay Power! for the first time. It would seem as if The Movement, as it is sometimes called, is spreading.

After All The Loves of My Life I'll Still Be The One

BY DICK LETTSCH

I detest newspapers. Survival is easier for me if I'm not aware of today's war, political crisis, famine and dismal prophecy of impending doom. Every newspaper worth its salt seems to consider a daily dose of such as necessary as every sudsy soap opera does its quota of incurable disease, unwanted pregnancy, marital crisis and bouts with alcoholism and/or drug abuse.

Like soap operas, newspapers (and radio and TV newscasts) give the appearance that things are really happening. Those of us who aren't regular viewers realize that things seldom actually happen; the situation is always the same today as it was last month or last year: critical. The daily crises of Richard, Indira, Golda, Mao and the lot of them are as unbelievable as the exigencies of Rodney, Betty, Allison and the other denizens of Peyton Place.

I live in the real world, accepting the things I cannot change and trying to change the unacceptable (to me) things over which I can exert some control. For escape, I turn, not to soap operas or newspapers, but to good fiction. The reality of Heathcliffe, Becky Sharpe and Myra Breckinridge are so much easier for me to accept than a belief in the existence of Nelson Rockefeller, Bella Abzug or Madame Nu.

Yet I do buy newspapers. I'd hate to miss the delightful Christopher Lehmann-Haupt or the charming Clive Barnes of the Times. The Post brings me the sharp wit of William F. Buckley, and regular reading of his columns does expand one's vocabulary. Harriet Van Horne's ideas are usually as peculiar (in a different way) as Mr. Buckley's, but her columns are well-constructed, complete with beginnings, middles and ends; literary allusions, charm and wit.

I miss the old Herald Tribune, for which I paid a dime and got Judith Crist, Miss Van Horne and the gentleman I always envied, Jimmy Breslin. Mr. B. used to issue an annual list of "People I'm Not Speaking To This Year," an idea Al Goldstein and Jim Buckley appropriated and turned into SCREW's "Shit List."

Campy old Cardinal Spellman once said, after hearing Margaret Sanger lecturing on birth control, "I'd be in favor of birth control if it could be made retroactive." I suppose we all have lists of people we'd like to see retroactively birth-controlled, though we'd settle for putting their names on a public "Shit List." I've got a list and a column, and here come the baddies.

HERE COME THE BADDIES

Leo Skir, my colleague at GAY, deserves a case of galloping heterosexuality for saying rude and crude things about Bette Midler, Superstar, in a recent GAY. Furthermore, Leo didn't like *The Wrong People*, Robin Maughan's magnificently chilling novel about gay people. That shows such a lack of taste that I'm beginning to wonder why I liked Leo's novel, *Boychick*.

SCREW's Jim Buckley has refused my sexual offers so often that I'm beginning to hope that he meets a fate similar to Sebastian Venable's—but at the hands of a clutch of women's libbers in heat. On the other hand, Jim's partner, Al Goldstein, is kind, sweet and cuddly, a delight-



Jim Buckley, SCREW's publisher, reads GAY.

ful libertine who doesn't expect you to slip a ring on his finger before he'll undo his zipper.

Bob Milne of Mattachine/New York is a dead-head who provided the model for the recent South Vietnamese "elections" by rulling off the ballot all of the opposition candidates. Yes, I know I quit MSNY before the elections and have no right to complain, but I did hope the members would have the option of voting for an effective leader instead of being stuck with the gay answer to Southeast Asia's Number One Ass.



Angelo: Is he really an angel?

Boring old Arthur Warner rates a high place on my "Vanish, Bitch!" list, too. He's been a fusty curmudgeon as long as I've known him, but I always liked him anyway. So long as I was useful to him in his ambition to out-Kameny Frank Kameny in the homosexual movement, Arthur pretended friendship for me. When I quit the movement and went off on holiday, Art smeared me in the tacky pages of that scandal-rag called *The Advocate*. When I heard about the charges, I challenged Warner and his minions to prove the charges or withdraw them. Seven months have passed and no effort has been made to either substantiate the accusations or to apologize to me. Nobody likes a fusty curmudgeon who's also a blackguard, Arthur!



Arthur Warner

Angelo D'Aragelo is a bad guy, too: not because he said hateful things about me in his *Love Book* (saying nasty things about me has become a cliché in gay lib circles), but because he committed the unforgivable sin of borrowing a book from me and not returning it. May he fall hopelessly in unrequited love with John March!



Merle Miller: \$4.95 for "On Being Different?"

Merle Miller wins the Irving Beiber Award for 1971 for his *New York Times* articles (now in book form for you masochists) in which he told young gay men and women how sad gay life really is. May the fear and anxiety he fostered rebound on him.

A large heap of fairy vanishing dust is reserved for all politicians everywhere. I hate them all, except for William F. Ryan, who is unique for being honorable, and John V. Lindsay, who is stunning. I only hope Mary Lindsay loves John as much as I would if he were mine instead of hers.

The rest of my ire is directed particularly at gay lib freaks, but generally at all "community leaders" without followers, radicals, activists and other out-of-office-but-tusting-to-get-in politicians who ignore Christopher Isherwood's sage advice that "you must never provoke anyone to commit an injustice against you." There's plenty of injustice and hate in the world without you people creating more to further your private ambitions.

I could extend the above list, I suppose, but anger is such an exhausting emotion, and I am very lazy. Love is nicer, especially at this season of good will. Here's a list of nice people.

LOVE, PEACE AND GOOD SEX TO YOU

First, there's a lady I never heard of until I picked up a copy of *Prettybelle*, one of the funniest novels I've ever read. Her name is Jean Arnold, and her outrageous book now sits on my library shelves with those of George Baxt, Louise W. King, Ronald Firban, and others whose writings are sure-cures for the blue funk, guaranteed brighteners of the darkest days.

E.M. Forster, bless him, gave us a marvelous gay novel in *Maurice*. I hope he's found that greenwood "for those who wish neither to reform nor corrupt society but to be left alone." While I'm at it, happy holidays to Christopher Isherwood, Mr. Forster's friend. If I could be somebody else, anybody—past, present, real or fictional—I'd choose to be Christopher Isherwood without hesitation, so much do I admire him.

How can I send out good will without directing some to GAY's own Lige and Jack? I love them both because they, along with my "dearest friend in the whole world"—Em, are the only people I've known so long who wear so well and get more delightful every year. May Oscar Wilde shower them with blessings from that great gay bar in the sky.

Here's to the campy Billy Kamp; Nancy and Cynthia; Regnier, Bob and The Group, Rick the stunner, and all my kind and gentle friends who help make this evil and aggressive world a tolerable place in which to live.



Bobby: What does the inscription say?

Most of all, here's to Bobby, who loves me enough to put up with me even when I'm bitchy, petty or silly. Our good times through the years have been doubly marvelous because we shared them; the bad times were bearable because we had one another. May the inscriptions on our rings always be true of us, Bob.

And here's to you, dear reader. Thanks for putting up with my diatribes, my fantasies and my ravings in these columns. Thanks also for your letters. When you agree with me I glow like Tinkerbell after the applause; when you disagree and lay me out to fifth—well, it helps keep me somewhat humble.

May your holidays be filled with love and good sex, and may the New Year be everything you want it to be. May your dreams come true, your ambitions be realized, and your ships come in. May grace and peace fill your days and nights, and may the most you wish for in life be the very least you get.

Happy holidays.

California Sex Suit To Reach State Court

Los Angeles, Calif.—A class action lawsuit designed to overthrow statutes forbidding "unnatural" sex acts has been tossed out of Superior Court here.

Judge Robert Wenke's refusal November 29 to accept the petition brought about exactly what its sponsors aimed at: an appeal of his ruling to higher state courts, ending in the liberal-dominated California Supreme Court.

Beverly Hills attorney Barry Bernstein had told GAY earlier that his locally unprecedented maneuver would finally be decided in the supreme court "in about two years. And in our favor."

Bernstein filed on behalf of five plaintiffs, two of them women. Each attested that his civil right to conduct his sex life in the way he wished was being violated by the three penal code sections forbidding penetration of the mouth and the anus.

The suit is being followed carefully by gays here who think it has a better chance to get through than have two previous actions which hit a dead end in the United States Supreme Court.

Each of those actions—one from San Francisco, one from Dallas—got entangled in legalisms which obscured the basic point. Bernstein feels his own case is fool-proof. Its strategy is based on keeping it on the statewide level, avoiding a collision with a hostile, Nixon-leaning federal court.

Judge Wenke rejected jurisdiction in a half-hour courtroom explanation which made it clear that he didn't want to oppose two of the most powerful men in the area. Named as defendants in Bernstein's suit were Los Angeles Police Chief Ed Davis, an anti-homosexual of virtually paranoid proportions, and County Sheriff Peter Pitchess, an old man who knows better than to rock the boat.

(Pitchess was thrown into the case by a fluke of urban expansion. West Hollywood, full of gay residences and non-establishment activities, is unincorporated county territory.)

The suit refused in Superior Court would have enjoined Davis and Pitchess from enforcing four sections of the penal code which gays find discriminatory. They are:

Section 286: "Every person which is guilty of the infamous crime against nature, committed with mankind or with any animal, is punishable by imprisonment in the state prison not less than one year."

Section 287: "Any sexual penetration, however slight, is sufficient to complete the crime against nature."

Section 288a: "Any person participating in an act of copulating the mouth of one person with the sexual organ of another is punishable by imprisonment in a state prison for not exceeding fifteen years or by imprisonment in the county jail not to exceed one year."

Also under plaintiffs' fire is Section 290, which requires registration, mugging and fingerprinting of anyone charged with any of those offenses.

Plaintiffs are a male gay, a straight male who goes down on females, one bisexual of each gender and a straight woman whose bedroom tastes embrace the exotic.

Don Slater, guru of the quasi-educational Homosexual Information Center, deposed: "... I engage in homosexual activities with other consenting adult males. These activities have and do include oral and anal copulation."

Gary Gordon Taylor and Susan Howe volunteered that they swing both ways. George B. Pettit and Dana Dianne Dorne signed on as straights who go orally and orally.

Bernstein's current move is for a tem-



Don Slater: the "male homosexual" in the group

porary injunction. A permanent injunction can be issued only after a trial. Bernstein's big ammunition is aimed at that eventuality.

"The key to it," he told GAY, "is that we're going to attack establishment of religion. We'll trace those California laws all the way from the Old Testament through medieval England and into the U.S. by means of the Puritan Settlers."

He charges that "... said statutes are unconstitutional as a violation of the Ninth Amendment right to privacy, the First Amendment right to privacy of association with others, and the First Amendment prohibition on establishment of religion."

Bernstein's case was constructed with an eye on what went wrong with the attempts from Dallas and San Francisco to outlaw anti-homosexual laws at the federal level. Briefly, what went wrong was this:

Alvin Leon Buchanan, a Dallasite who was 32 years old at the time, was busted two years ago in a Sears Roebuck men's room when he was discovered with his penis in another man's mouth.

While he was out on bail for that number, he was busted again, this time in a cruise Reversion Park, again in a toilet and again getting blown.

Buchanan was convicted on both counts: one-to-fifteen apiece, as in California. His legal appeals drew nationwide attention from such weighty groups as the North American Conference of Homophile Organizations (NACHO), which went so far as to solicit funds for what was regarded as a classic test case.

A three-judge federal court in Texas last spring found Buchanan halfway innocent, ruling that he had a right to expect privacy while he was being serviced with in a locked toilet stall at Sears Roebuck. But the outhouse at Reversion Park provided no such privacy, its occupants being

visible to anyone who might walk in.

Buchanan's lawyer took the Reversion Park conviction to the U.S. Supreme Court, which found no reason to intervene. Buchanan faces a five-year prison term for his injudicious scene in the park.

Meanwhile, a class action suit similar to Bernstein's current one was filed in San Francisco by E.J. Beckwith, who sometimes represents the gay Society for Individual Rights in its steady onslaught on the California anti-homosexual statutes.

Beckwith, in a letter published in the October issue of *Playboy*, conceded that the Supreme Court's coolness to Buchanan may have doomed his own action's chances there.

Bernstein, however, is content to rest at the state level.

Admittedly, his case lacks a piece of muscle lawyers know as "standing." That means a degree of urgency with which petitioners require a ruling on their plea. None of Bernstein's plaintiffs faces court action as a result of his sexual proclivities. None has ever been arrested for anything.

(Don Slater, the male homosexual of the group, later altered his deposition to insist that the California laws caused him anguish by making him a criminal day in and day out. Judge Wenke was unimpressed.)

While his temporary injunction suit goes its long route, Bernstein is frankly seeking something with "standing."

"What I'd really like," he told GAY, "is a nice clean 288a. A young fellow who swung on a joint and who had no prior. He'd get the most beautiful free defense you ever heard."

He was assured that should a nice clean 288a come to GAY's attention, he would be the first to hear of it.

Tennessee Williams Talks Peace

New York, N.Y.—On the night of December 6th Tennessee Williams stood on the raised platform in the Church of St. John the Divine in New York City and while thousands cheered announced his adherence to and involvement with the cause of ending the war in Vietnam.

"War is nothing but destruction and failure," he noted. "I believe the first great revolutionary was Jesus Christ our Lord—and he paid his dues... I am too old to march—"

(There were cries, "No! No!")

"But I will march on paper. We've got

to get the young people out of the jails and into the streets."

Nothing that those who had lost legs could not be given them back, he said we must concentrate on the major re-assembly, of freeing those crippled by confusion.

Regarding the funds needed, he told the audience he had been called by phone during the recent Washington May demonstration and told that 2,000 had been arrested and would need \$50 each for bail.

"I told the young lady who called me

that my financial resources had been considerably exaggerated. She asked me of names of some people who might help.

"I suggested Ted Kennedy."

The house cheered. Ruth Ford, who had introduced Tennessee, hugged him. He promised the assembly that a poem of his about "Mrs. Martha Mitchell and her luggage" would be coming out.

Mr. Williams was followed by the Chambers Brothers and Norman Mailer, but to many in the audience the most impressive part of the evening had been the appearance of Tennessee Williams as a peacenik.



Non-American Gothic from *Playboy*

Can A Young Woman From The Bronx Find Happiness in the Big City?



BY SOREL DAVID

And now an incident from the real life of my friend Patty:

PATTY: Well, I was supposed to meet Reggie at the bar, at Kooky's.

SOREL: Reggie was that woman from the Bronx.

PATTY: Yeah—I hate that word "Bronx." The Bronx, I'm from the Bronx.

SOREL: No, you told me, remember—Moshulu Parkway.

PATTY: Oh yeah, right, well anyway, Reggie was THAT woman from the Bronx. (We both laugh) Yeah—it was at the end, near the end of our thing, she was giving me a hard time, boy was she really giving me a hard time! (A movement with the mouth now, she presses her lips together combining a grimace with a smile, causing the skin to stretch tight over her molded, angular, big Irish jaw, as she looks down shaking her head.)

You know what she did Sorel? She said I had to leave my mother's, I had to move out and go live at her place, and you know what else, I had to sleep with her husband too, otherwise she wouldn't see me anymore. Well that was too much, that was too much for me. I stopped seeing her but I called her, I called her all the

time. Finally she said I could meet her at Kooky's, at ten o'clock she said. It was about 8:00, I had just come out from my shrink's, I remember walking around the city by myself for about two hours, then I went over. She was already there. She was sitting in the back with this other woman, an older woman. She was sitting there with this big butch. I went over and said hello. Hello Patty, she said and they both laughed. So I sat down and ordered a drink, then they looked at each other and she said, Reggie said, okay Patty, you have to leave now. They both laughed again. Okay you have to go now, goodbye, goodbye Patty.

I went and sat by myself at a table in the corner, by the side. I'll show that Reggie, I'll show her, I said to myself. Who does she think she is, sitting there with that big butch. I'll show her. I drank my drink down real fast and quick got another. Then I looked around. I was trying to decide who to ask to dance when who should come bopping through the door, in her little purple sneakers and purple pants, but Jai.

PATTY: No, not a hippie, she was more like, she was a bohemian, that's what it was. She was a bohemian. I remember those purple pants, a navy blue turtle

neck sweater, and the little blue jacket. That's the one, I said, I'm going to ask her to dance.

SOREL: You picked her right out?

PATTY: Yeah, that's the one, I said, and then I had to have another drink, for courage, you know. I kept drinking (her voice gets softer here, confidential, conspiratorial almost), waiting for the right moment, I was waiting for a slow song to come on. I couldn't dance fast then, and besides, she didn't look like the fast dance type either. She was just standing there at the bar, looking cool, watching everyone. Every time I finished my drink, I would think, okay now, the next slow one, but always all fast songs would play. I was half smashed by the time I danced with her. Finally there was a slow one and I walked up to her. Would you like to dance, I said. I'll never forget what she said. "Why not," she said, I didn't like that, why not?

SOREL: And then after that you started talking to her?

PATTY: Yeah, she came and sat with me at my table. We talked the whole night till the bar closed and then she said would I like to come have a cup of coffee with her. Well I thought that was really something exciting, going over to her place for coffee at three in the morning. Heavy, you know.

SOREL: She was old?

PATTY: Yeah, about twenty years older than me. She was about forty. She said she liked me because I reminded her of herself, the way she was when she was young.

SOREL: She was old?

PATTY: Yeah, about twenty years older than me. She was about forty. She said she liked me because I reminded her of herself, the way she was when she was young.

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SOREL: The big time.

PATTY: Yeah, but it was scary too. I was scared. I didn't know what to do. I thought, she must come down here all the time to pick up young things and take them home. I thought if I said no, well that would be the end of it, but I couldn't just go home with her. I was afraid, I was so young then. You know what she did, you know where she took me Sorel? Right next door to Bickford's.

SOREL: And then what happened?

PATTY: Oh nothing, we talked some more, or rather I talked. She mostly just sat there, drinking her coffee and listening. Then at the end, at the very end, just when we were leaving she asked me if I'd like to give her my number. I remember, she wrote it down on a piece of soiled napkin and stuffed it away in the pocket of that little blue jacket. Oh she'll never call, I thought. It was nice, it was really nice, but I'll never see her again.

SOREL: But she called.

PATTY: Oh yeah, it was about a week later, I picked up the phone and a voice said, Miss Doyle, please. Miss Doyle! Hah, I freaked, nobody ever called me that. Miss Doyle, I couldn't quite relate to thinking of myself as Miss Doyle, but I said yes, anyway. Yes, this is Miss Doyle, I said. She invited me over for dinner.

SOREL: She was old?

PATTY: Yeah, about twenty years older than me. She was about forty. She said she liked me because I reminded her of herself, the way she was when she was young.

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The Wit and Wisdom of Oscar Fingal O'Flahertie Wills Wilde



"Whatever is popular is wrong."

BY THANE HAMPTEN

I knew him well and am proud to have been his friend. He has become the symbolic figure of his age, which he summed up completely. He made dying Victorianism laugh at itself and what serious reformers had labored for years to accomplish he did in a moment with the flash of an epigram, gaily, with humor and wit for his weapons.

Richard Le Gallienne

The editors of this newspaper are quite fond of Whitman, that most native of Americans. Personally, I have always admired the gentleman far more than I have loved him. There is something in his often cumbersome style that alienates rather than attracts me, even though some of his poems are among my favorites. His works are considered, by nature, timeless, and as pertinent today as they ever were. Perhaps more so. His homosexuality, which was at one time seriously damaging to his reputation, is now forgotten except by those who wish to remember—and remember with pleasure.

Oscar Fingal O'Flahertie Wills Wilde, a British contemporary of Whitman—and one with whom I have always shared a greater affinity—is, on the other hand, now thought of by many as little more than a dated eccentricity, a superciliously superficial esthete who hung himself with his own arrogance and intemperance. Sadder still, he is remembered by gays basically as a pitiful joke. (One is rarely moved to lavish sympathy on court jesters.) For many decades, he has been simply an... embarrassment for us. To homosexuals of past years, his clumsy indiscretions were justly rewarded. The gays of this age couldn't care less if he screwed mares or went down on his own marmalade-covered cock. And, generally, they haven't even the slightest idea who the hoary old bastard was, anyway.

I thought of all these things this spring when I stood before Wilde's tomb in the

Pere-Lachaise cemetery on an atypically wet and cheerless Parisian morning. I thought of them again this afternoon (on a typically wet and cheerless New York day). In the context of a phone conversation, I had used one of those familiar quotes that one always attributes to The Bible, Shakespeare or that very prolific Mr. Anonymous.

The source of the quotation—"Nowadays people know the price of everything and the value of nothing"—was elusive and that bugged me enough to look it up in my Bartlett's. Wilde. Might have known. I read a few more and marveled once again at how adroit the man was and how pertinent he, as well as Whitman, still is. And, my friends, in an age that puts little value on articulateness, not to mention elegance or style in speech, Wilde is even more an oasis in the parched desert of pedestrian prose. (Among the few contemporary wits, perhaps only Dorothy Parker was as consistently devastating a conversationalist. I will hold her memory dear if only for the reason that she named her pet canary "Onan" because he spilled his seed upon the ground.)

I began thumbing through some old volumes I had by and about Wilde. Not only was he damned funny, he was a much more serious social critic than I had remembered. And after the incarceration at Reading Gaol, he became even more acutely conscious of the relentlessly inalterable fate of the lower classes. More than personal humiliation eventually broke his spirit and led him from absinthe to amnesia to the cerebral meningitis that killed him.

I am sure he would have been astonished and bewildered by some of today's revolutionary actions, but I doubt if he would have found great objections to voice. He once said, "It is absurd to talk of the ignorance of youth. The only people to whose opinions I listen now with any respect are people much younger

than myself. They seem in front of me." I suspect he could have admired Gay Liberationists (especially if they would plan their assaults with dramatic flair and ingenuity). If alive today, he might have joined gleefully in a good zap, complete with maroon velvet suit, white lily, and gold-crested walking cane. And I daresay he would have demolished the Common Oppressor with one corosively impromptu phrase.

My only contempt for Wilde stems from his insistence in being a gentleman of impeccably good taste. This was obviously a delusion. A person of even ordinary taste would never have found Lord Alfred Douglas remotely attractive. Judging by his looks—that of a dissolute mole suffering pernicious anemia)—as well as his actions, li'l Bosie was the degenerate's degenerate. Wilde deserved much better. But sad is the destiny of the closet queen who blossoms late in life. Either by necessity or ignorance, he often compromises his integrity and desire by tricking with a total inferior—and I am not speaking of class distinctions).

Ah, well. I forgive. And I am not alone. Andre Gide said "... that in spite of his many defects, I never for a moment doubted his greatness." (It's a pity that Gide did not learn more from his mentor.) George Bernard Shaw, not known for lavishing praise upon any except himself, called Wilde "... incomparably the greatest conversationalist of his time—perhaps of all time."

Frank Harris, much more of a professional sexual scoundrel than poor Oscar could ever have dreamed of being, claimed "... I have known no more charming, no more quickening, no more delightful spirit." And Robert Sherard, a young and suicide-prone queen before

meeting Wilde, put it perhaps most satisfyingly of all. "The man who was afterwards branded as a corrupter of youth exerted in me, as a young man, an influence altogether beneficial. If he had taught me nothing but the great value and happiness of life, I should still owe him an unpayable debt."

I wish he were alive and corrupting us today. In lieu of that, I've picked out some of his most engaging and imperishable epigrams. Several have been personal favorites of mine for years. I'd like to share them, and others, with you. They are timeless; they are as appropriate for 1972 as they were for 1892. Memorize a few and try them on your friends. I guarantee they will encourage others to think you have far greater intellect and wit than you actually possess. Don't knock it. In this day and age, we need all the help we can get.

(Note: None of the following epigrams have anything at all to do with homosexuality. That's a relief.)

I'll begin and end with two of my favorites. The one below is from *The Critic as Artist*. Living as he did in a time that had seen only isolated battles rather than worldwide conflagration, Wilde did not often speak of the cause and effect of war. But he made one statement that I feel should be written in lightning on the side of the United Nations building. (I have it etched in the blood of the lamb on my living room wall.)

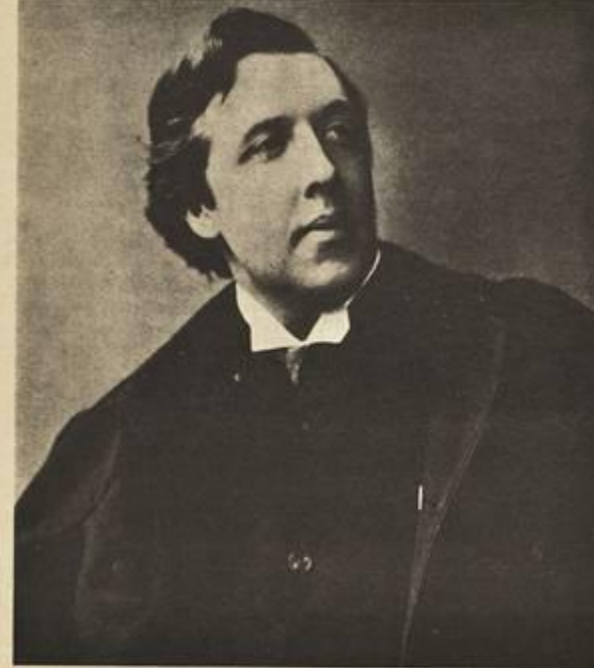
As long as war is regarded as wicked, it will always have its fascination. When it is looked upon as vulgar, it will cease to be popular.

In conjunction with his, I submit:

Patriotism is the virtue of the vicious.



Oscar (upper right) and his creoles at Oxford (1876)



Wilde at the height of his career (1887)

Wilde had only intense disdain for what is best termed "popular morality." He ignored it brilliantly. However, sunk to the neck in the mire of Victoriana, this disdain was his undoing. The following is from *The Picture of Dorian Gray* which was used (as a proper instrument of the Devil) by the prosecution in Wilde's first trial. Gore Vidal is fond of this quote, of course.

There is no such thing as a moral or immoral book. Books are well written or badly written. That is all.

I agree with him about books, in general. But *Dorian Gray* is an exceedingly immoral book. That is why its truths will always delight so many and why it will last so long. Among Wilde's other comments on morality are these, which I send as a Christmas present of support and succor to Al Goldstein and Jim Buckley of SCREW—and for all other unjustly maligned pornographers).

A man who moralizes is usually a hypocrite, and a woman who moralizes is invariably plain.

Men who are trying to do something for the world are always inoffensive; when the world has done something for them, they are charming.

The only difference between the saint and sinner is that every saint has a past, and every sinner has a future.

And as the absolutely final word on this subject:

There is no sin except stupidity.

Amen. Nichols and Clarke are currently stressing the importance of our own individuality in society, especially in opposition to the compulsively conforming joiners of current gay life. Here is my Widdian Christmas gift to them:

If you wish to understand others you must intensely your own individualism.

The true perfection of man lies, not in what man has, but in what man is.

Regarding the art of living, Wilde said:

Nowadays most people die of a sort of creeping common sense, and discover when it is too late that the only things one never regrets are one's mistakes.

To live is the rarest thing in the world. Most people exist, that is all.

To believe is very dull. To doubt is intensely engaging. To be on the alert is to live; to be lulled into security is to die.

And on the living of art:

Paradox though it may seem—and paradoxes are always dangerous things—it is none the less true that life imitates art for more than art imitates life.

Popularity is the crown of laurel which the world puts on bad art. Whatever is popular is wrong.

That last quote, from one of Wilde's American lectures, may help to explain why you and I watch increasingly less television each year.

Wilde also wrote many fables of the foibles of men and women. Regarding that once (allegedly) fairer sex, there was more than a hint of chauvinism in evidence. To wit:

I am afraid that women appreciate cruelty, downright cruelty, more than anything else. They have wonderfully primitive instincts. We have emancipated them, but they remain slaves looking for their masters all the same.

Men marry because they are tired; women because they are curious; both are disappointed.

Women give to men the very gold of their lives. But they invariably want it back in small change.

Sex, as such, did not exist in Victorian England. However, I'm sure the protocol of cruising must have been uppermost in Wilde's mind when he wrote:

Whenever people talk to me about the weather, I always feel certain that they mean something else.

He was undeniably at his best and cleverest when being the bitch. If only he had had the sense to come out sooner, he might have worn the mantle of Royal Bitch Eternal. (Think, if he had written *The Boys in the Band!*) Only Wilde would say, so impertinently, of Charles Dickens: "One must have a heart of stone to read the death of Little Nell without laughing." Among his other unkindest cuts were:

Mr. George Moore leads his reader to the latrine and locks them in.

When her third husband died, her hair turned quite gold from grief.

Naturally, he did not exempt himself, entirely...

I always pass on good advice. It is the only thing to do with it. It is never any use to oneself.

...nor humanity in general...

The world is a stage, but the play is badly cast.

...and in speaking of humanity and humor...

Humanity takes itself too seriously. It is the world's original sin. If the cave man had known how to laugh, history would have been different.

Laughter is not at all a bad beginning for a friendship, and it is far the best ending for one.

It also occurs to me that Wilde was giving marvelous ammunition to the critics of Richard Milhous Nixon when he wrote (interestingly enough in a work entitled *Phrases and Philosophies for the Use of the Young*):

Ambition is the last refuge of the failure.

In the same way that Wilde found popular morality offensive, he also had little use for organized religion. And I cannot imagine Wilde's pious and prudish peers enchanted by such as:

Most religious teachers spend their time trying to prove the unproven by the unprovable.

To die for one's theological beliefs is the worst use a man can make of his life.

When the gods wish to punish us they answer our prayers.

Religions die when they are proved to be true. Science is the record of dead religions.

I am much more prone to believe in the barbed realities of Oscar Wilde than in all the ambiguous tenets of Biblical prophets. And I do indeed believe the savage truth of my very favorite example of Widdian persiflage:

I sometimes think that God, in creating man, somewhat overestimated His ability.

Boom! And as that is possibly too pessimistic and cynical an ending for an article appearing at holiday time, I'll propose an additional Yule toast. May the Ghost of Christmas Past totally avenge dear Oscar; may the Ghost of Christmas Present allow me to win the December lottery; and may the Ghost of Christmas Future grant you a long one. See you in '72!



"The only thing one never regrets are one's mistakes."

The Gay Insider

(continued from page 4)

Cockettes were ill-prepared (one technical and dress rehearsal, bad audio equipment, no light cues, etc.), but, oh, it broke my heart to see these lovely, charming individuals treated (that way). The show improved, with cuts, tightening, etc. It was too late. They aren't up to New York's vaulted standards, New Yorkers having become jaded on Ludlam, Vaccaro, Curtis, etc., and their excellence... But, again, they (the Cockettes) are liberated and have liberated heads all over western U.S.A. and gave all of us these past months dreams and myths, excitement and hysteria. I love them for that." (They closed here November 28—still themselves, giving the traditional theatre of predictable form and hyperbole the middle finger, anti-authority and anti-convention, children who refuse to raise their hands in a classroom to speak or go piss. Male actresses.)

Oh, I answer myself with lots of other major and minor recollections when I ask what the precious public moments of 1971 were in my bag. Some that I dredge up like beads broken from their string are hardly worth mentioning, I suppose, but...

MEMORABLE EAVESDROPPING

Overheard at the Swinger in Dallas, a wiry leather lover in jeans with keys dangling existentially on the right, to a man-mountain with sinister eyes: "Don't let your mouth write any checks your body can't cash."

The Other Insider, observing singles in a straight bar on Esplanade in New Orleans: "How can straights on the pill argue that homosex is unnatural because procreation can't result?"

A TV at the Exile in Houston, where superbitch and cross-dressers freely mix, not intimidated by each other as they are here: "The trouble with going home with one of you rough types is that the next morning a girl can't locate where you hide the hair spray."

Danny Windsor at Fort Pitt in Atlantic City, where he presented his splendid Funstactics: "My father thought there was something strange about me when I had my wrists pierced so that I could wear cufflinks with short-sleeved shirts."

OUTSTANDING BARS

There are some unforgettable bars Out There, too, and some comparisons to New York's scene bubble up in my mind. While we have bade good-bye to our orgy bars, San Juan recently opened a new one, Hollywood's Handlebar pulsates on Sunday afternoons, the Covered Wagon (complete with outdoor pool) and Rainbow Grocery and Talk of the Town demonstrate that San Francisco will always have something we don't. Including the organic feel, with rough timbers, candles, earth and plants, soft music and smiling heads.

The Palace in Houston is atop a solid, relatively new office building, with panoramic view of the city through glistening glass, where you can string yourself out on cushions, making you long for the return of Tommy Dowling's old Penthouse. (His latest is Sugar Man, 350 E. 81st St., by the way.)

Lots of places in the rest of the country, such as Park-West in Hartford, where the Kalos/GLF picketed until they dropped dress regulations for women,



The Reverend Troy Perry hobnobs with Barbara Nichols and Judy Canosa (photo by Pat Rocco)

harmoniously integrate GMs and GFs. True, in Houston at the King and Queen of Clubs you can't drift from one into the other without "proper" escort, but it's an unusual rigidity. The most integrated place in Manhattan, aside from the genital jumble at Tamburaine, which attracts lots of non-gays, too, is The Lib, Jimmy Merry's new dining-and-dancing palace that replaces Stage 45.

A PARTY FOR TRIPPERS

Speaking of The Lib, I went to a really fun cocktail party there before Thanksgiving where three of my favorite New Yorkers—Jimmy, the gorgeous Jerry Fitzpatrick and sultry Valerie Perez—played host to Val's new travel club, Gypsy Feet. She swept a hundred-ten gays from here, Boston and Philadelphia away to London for the long Thanksgiving weekend (\$199, including parties, round trip fare, hotel, meals and sightseeing!). She'll host another bunch December 23-January 2 to London for a gala New Year's Eve, in case you have some Christmas stocking money already and she has an opening left. You can definitely get in on tours to Rome, Africa, Athens and Mexico by calling (212) 249-8471, provided you become a member (for ten bucks). This is not a commercial, I just happen to know Val cares about her sisters and brothers, and I believe if there must be capitalism, let it be gay.

UNFORGETTABLE TRIVIA

Don't ask why the following bits pop up, they just do, as I review '71: Eighteen-year-olds can drink in Michigan as of New Year's Day, and Kalamazoo is at the forefront of Gay Lib in that uptight Midwest state... Chuck's Rathskellar in Atlanta probably takes the prize as the largest gay bar in America... At the Baroque in Chicago, whites who like to be fucked by blacks congregate... New Orleans bars can stay open twenty-four hours a day, management option, which makes it a real drain on the stamina and energy of

those indecisive types who are always watching the door for more. "It's a wonder anyone makes out," observed the O.I. while we were there. But they do, the French Quarter being the cruelest plot of ground in America—equal to the West Village and surpassing it for friendliness. On foot, that is. By car, it's a toss-up between so-called Homo Heights in Houston and the Pansy Patch in West Hollywood... The rugged San Francisco call boy who picked me up on his night off (a free-bee, it's known as) at the glorious Stud there gave me one of my best laughs one morning as we waked in his workshop, heavily-curtained, with black light, popper containers in a pipe stand, and neat array of dildoes and instruments of torture. On two stereo sets he played simultaneously the pleasure/pain groans, cries and whimpers, plus crunch of truncheon and chains, of an S&M drama and the ingenious tremolo of Julie Andrews singing "The hills are alive with the sound of music."

AND ALWAYS TROY

One more heart-warmer: Troy Perry, when he was my house guest here in March for the Festival of Gay Unity at Columbia and Albany protest, slipped away from the hour-by-hour royal itinerary prepared by hyper-organized Morty Manfred of GPC to see the Easter Pageant at Radio City Music Hall and allowed as how it was one of the most moving experiences for him of all his tours to date. Troy is, quite simply, God's child.

See how impossible it is for me to accomplish what you do so smoothly, Arthur? If there weren't space limitations I'd be going on and on—about the first rest stop west of Topeka with its famous tearoom; about the rock opera Tommy I saw at last in Golden Gate Park and which offended me because the only homosexual portrayed is a child molester; about the O.I.'s winning a naked go-go dancer contest at Goliath's our last night in Hollywood; about leaving our shoulder bag full of grass and identification in the

lobby of the Lee Circle Y in New Orleans; about the busy men's rooms and parking lots of gas stations on the Connecticut Turnpike (U.S. 95), particularly in Orange, Fairfield and Norwalk-Darien (with the best times in Fairfield being Monday and Tuesday evening right after dark or on Thursdays after 1:00 a.m. in the eastbound station men's room); for uplift, something from the mouth of Morris Kight, titan of the Movement, who ruminated: "A friend of mine told me during the summer of love, 1967, in Haight-Ashbury, 'the hippies are going to give the queers their freedom.' And I think that's poetically true. The fact that the hippies were a genuine behavioral minority, that they kept love up front, is represented in Gay Liberation because we, too, are a behavioral minority... This (along with the black struggle and the peace movement) was a source of our liberation. Then there was the presence of a handful (maybe at the most 50,000) of Gay Liberationists around the country, really dedicated people, who thought changes were in order. And they have brought about a change. This is why I think we are reaching the end of a chapter, if not half of a book, book one of volume two..."

Reaching the end of something more, surely, than simply a walloping good year for gays, all in all, bar raids in Hollywood, clubbings on Long Island, and retrogressive Supreme Court appointments notwithstanding. I wish I could capsule it with clarity and style. Be concise. I am reminded of Madame de Stahl's apology to her daughter for writing a long letter: "I didn't have time to compose a short one." Maybe that should be my defense, that in trying to do so much, be so many places, and gather so much information about gay life this year I just haven't had time to sift the wheat from the chaff. Also, I guess I dig both, groove on everything gay except the oppression. Next year maybe I'll become a writer and select...

Meanwhile, Merry Christmas, sisters and brothers, from a fellow traveler.

Pen Points

NORTH CAROLINA'S FIRST

Dear GAY:

We're sending this letter to announce the founding of North Carolina's first gay liberation organization, the Triangle Gay Alliance.

We had our first meeting November 7 and have been meeting each Sunday afternoon. We have a house in Raleigh to use as a place for parties, meetings, dinners, quests or whatever. It is now a nine room house, but we're converting the attic into more space and the garage may become a print shop.

We have not yet adopted a formal structure. The feeling is to steer a moderate road between traditional "officers" and no structure at all.

TGA will primarily draw its members from North Carolina's "Triangle Area": Raleigh, Durham and Chapel Hill. Nearly half a million people live in this area and there are many universities, including UNC at Chapel Hill, NC State, Shaw, Duke and NC Central, with a total college population of around 70,000.

We would like to hear from you, especially those groups which publish newspapers, newsletters, etc. We'd especially like to hear from other groups in the South about getting together a regional conference/festival/party. None of us could make it up to Wisconsin for the Gay Thanksgiving and we'd like to exchange ideas, plans, fantasies and love with others. Those of us who have jobs don't have time to go far and those of us who don't hate winter hitchhiking.

Anyone who is coming our way is welcome to stay with us. We'll take you out on the town and show you all of the Triangle sights: one bar and two bus sta-

tions. We have room for at least two more people to live in our house. The living situation is quite pleasant and each person is assured a reasonable degree of privacy. Please contact us if you're interested.

We have a lot of love and warmth here, both mental and physical, and we believe our group will be really great.

TRIANGLE GAY ALLIANCE
412 Kinsey St.
Raleigh, N.C. 27603

INTRO 475 DRAGS ON

Dear GAY:

I remember the night the Feds raided the Stonewall. How thrilling it was to see the victims of super oppression clench their limp wrists and say "We've had enough!"

Oppression against transvestites, discrimination against transvestites, is an issue that must be dealt with by the Gay Community.

Equal rights and opportunities for women, Gays and transvestites is the logical goal of all who oppose forced conformity to roles on the basis of one's sex.

Intro 475 proposes insertion of the words "sexual orientation" into the omnibus civil rights law of New York City. It does not propose to insert "attire" or "sex" into the law (certain sections of the law already prohibit discrimination on the basis of sex). This is extremely unfortunate. Transvestites should have whatever protection the law can provide.

Councilman DeMarco has been capitalizing on hate and prejudice by his continual flow of invidious cracks against transvestites. Quite simply, he is trying to kill the bill by appealing to those who are afraid of transvestites and claiming Ho-

mosexuality is the same thing as transvestitism.

The one transvestite who testified at the second hearing for the bill, Bebe, stated that this bill covers him as a Homo-sexual but not as a transvestite. This is unfortunate, but true.

Accordingly, when Richie Amato charged Councilman DeMarco was trying to confuse the issues at the hearings, he was correct. Transvestitism is not the same thing as Homosexuality.

In GAY, Volume 3, Number 66, both Dick Leitsch and Leo Skir attack Richie Amato for not insisting that the bill apply to transvestites.

As I have already indicated, sexual orientation and transvestitism are related issues, but not the same one. Strictly speaking, and as a matter of definition, Intro 475 does not protect transvestites.

Richie Amato was correct in his attempt to put the arrogant councilman in his place. Leitsch and Skir were wrong to criticize Amato as they did.

Richie Amato as they did.

We say over and over: "We want our rights, and we want them now!" As it stands, Intro 475 is not the answer for all of us; in fact, it's not all the answer for any of us.

If the Gay community demonstrates that Intro 475 is where we shall take our stand, where we shall demand all our rights for all of us, then I say right on! I personally hope this will be the case. But, until the community does this, we must accept the letter of the bill as it stands. We should not criticize a brother for not fighting hard enough. He is fighting hard, and to fight much harder he will need all of our help.

Liberation and Love,
Morty Manfred

ED. NOTE: What ever happened to uni-sex fashions?

Critics Choice

(continued from page 5)

heart was still pitter-pattering with fear, not because of the movie but because of the possibilities explored therein—namely, what idiotic germ warfare experimentation could lead to!

At this point, I'm getting very hard up. I'd like to choose *Long Ago Tomorrow* but I haven't seen it yet, so it would only be guesswork based on my knowledge of the director and the actors in it. I suppose for number nine I could select *Man in the Wilderness* with Richard Harris, but my heart's not in it (nor is my head). Though extremely well done and entertaining for an adventure film dealing with survival, it doesn't quite make the grade.

I know. Number nine will be *The Conformist*, an Italian movie based on the Moravia novel of a wartime fascist who manages to destroy all that doesn't conform to society, including the lesbian be-

loves. A cheap sensational ending in which the hero's latent homosexuality erupts, and a certain lack in the actual scripting do not destroy the few great (though initiative of Visconti) moments. Maybe director Bertolucci will do better the next time around.

I'm going to cheat a bit on number ten and choose *King of Hearts*. I'm cheating because the movie opened in New York around 1967 but lasted such a short time that very few people got a chance to see it. However, as a result of playing college film festivals, word got out and just this year it has been revived and is playing to good houses. First of all, it's the only anti-war comedy I've ever really liked. Done by Philippe (*Man From Rio*) deBroca, it concerns a bomb-threatened French town inhabited by the inmates of the local insane asylum. A British soldier is sent to set things right. After a while, the mad folk seem much more sane to him than the sane folk who go around shooting rifles at one another. It's a delightful fantasy and I'm pleased that someone was sane (or insane) enough to bring it back.

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The Last Estate

BY GREGORY BATTCOCK

The only way to survive the long, dismal stretch between Thanksgiving and Christmas, those two depressing and embarrassing challenges, to say the least, is to sneak away. I chose Edinboro, Pennsylvania (to give a lecture) and San Juan (to pull the spirit together). I also prepared a little list of the twelve worst things that happened to me in 1971.

Some of the obvious "worst's" aren't on the list—ordeals such as John Lennon's birthday party in Syracuse; perpetual squabbling with the landlord and the phone company; and abusive and ill-considered letters to the editors of GAY from Aaron Bates (and others) driving me to despair.

THE TWELVE "WORST'S" OF 1971

1. A first class AIR INDIA flight from London to Kuwait. They put canned pineapple in the Champagne.
2. The ill-fated participation in Charlotte Mooman's "Avant Garde Festival." My mayonnaise got ruined and my booth fell down, with Jill Johnston in it. Lil Picard, standing nearby, claimed: "It almost killed me."
3. Sitting through "afternoon tea" four days in a row on the QE 2, just to steal a glance at some stupid waiter who had captured my eye.



Award-winning News Photographer Fred W. McDarragh (Village Voice) captures Gregory on film.

4. Marianne Benedikt, after being nudged in her elevator, called to say that they have my picture in the mug-shot files at the 24th precinct.
5. The publisher who, in rejecting my proposal to print a collection of these libelous columns in book form, wrote: "... you are not exactly what could be called a household name. Why should (anybody) be interested in your columns about what is actually your own intimate circle of friends?"
6. That memorable Sunday luncheon at restaurant Lucas Carton in Paris with my dear friend Joe Wallace. Joe ordered a COKE to go with his Delices de Sole Lucas! (Well, in fairness, he WAS on the wagon. I had the Becasse Flambee with a charming Burgundy.)
7. I'm reduced to tears every time I think of how I fell asleep in the middle of my panel discussion of "The Primitive Artist of the Future" at the College Art

8. Association meeting in Chicago.
8. And there was the polo shirt I bought at an elegant shop on the Via Independencia in Bologna. It cost 11,000 lire. I couldn't wait to model it for Dr. Ruitenbeek, back at the Baglioni Majestic Hotel where we were staying. "Isn't it nice?" I said. "Well, you better take it back because all the buttons just popped off," informed the good doctor.
9. Overcooked asparagus and domestic Champagne on an Eastern Airlines first class flight to San Juan.
10. Oh yes. There was the time the "demurrer" burnt out in my MGB. About to pull out of the courtyard of the two-star Hotellerie de la Poste in Avalon, I waved goodbye to the line-up of chef, femme da chambre and three blushing kitchen helpers when there was a sudden puff of smoke from the motor. Everybody stared, astonished. The smoke was followed by a blinding flash and a

terrible noise. Two Porsches in back couldn't get out of the medieval gateway until the tow truck came.

11. I still can't walk down the street without being accosted by people. "Weren't you on the David Suskind show?" they query. There was, of course, the 18-year-old Cuban dockworker from Hoboken who called to say he had seen the show. I was kind enough to invite him over for a drink but he didn't show up. I can't imagine why. He said he comes to New York every Saturday. "Do you go to the museums?" I asked. "No. I have a few beers at the bar across the street from the Port Of Authority bus station," he said.

12. Lastly—ah, there are so many abuses. What shall I list? Getting arrested on a pot bust? The MGB totally wrecked on the Garden State? Taken into custody by Italian police for strolling on the private beach of the king? Sending back an ice cold Mousse de Rascasse at La Reine Pedaque? Being chased off the sidewalk in front of King of the Sea on Third Avenue where I was waiting for David Bourdon? Helping disentangle Alazar Marberger's balloon from the chandelier of the bar on the Pza. Santa Maria in Trastevere? The time I tried to swipe an ice bucket from the Hassler Medici, only to find that my car had been towed away? Or the atrocious Wurst at Weiserwald on Fifth Avenue?

Things, alas, will get worse.

Merry Christmas to all and good night.

Cheers,

Gregory

In 1970, Al Goldstein, the Editor of SCREW, made predictions about the fortunes of homosexuality during 1971, with comments on future years as well. We are pleased to re-run Goldstein's

prophecies so that future historians can refer to them and realize that the World's Most Lovable Vulgarian is, in fact, Jeanne Dixon in drag.—The Editors

In K-Y We Trust

BY AL GOLDSTEIN

Homosexuality is flourishing like the political fortunes of Spiro Agnew and this one-time perversion and disease is heading for the big time with newspapers, shows and movies singing its praises and practices. It seems like the advent of a daily TV soap opera called "Can a Small Hustler Find Happiness in the Big City?" is only a blushing breath away, and one can expect Ed Sullivan will shortly be booking "The Continental Bath Fairies" dancing on the head of a penis for his CBS variety show. Who knows what degrading lusts remain in the pained breast of man?

Nichols will run on a "two fags in every bed" platform and will also live up to his campaign oratory by outfitting the marines in Chantilly Lace and codpieces. Another "first" will be his replacing the eagle with the bunny at America's vixity symbol. All postage stamps and courtrooms will have the slogan "in KY we trust" posted, and god will be dropped to the rank of closet queen.

In 1978, the first homosexual astronaut couple will be ejaculated into space. Poppers will be the propellant and the red-tipped cocklike missile will be complete even to "his" and "hers" guest towels. Unfortunately, this will be the first failure of the Nichols administration since orbiting Henry (etta) will disappear from link-up by opting for a cruise of the moon for some out-of-this-world one night stands and the whole project will probably end in disgrace when the heartbroken Senior Stud destroys his craft because of grief.

The Mattachine Society will start "war trials" for straights in 1975 in the hope of ending the polarization that FAG (Foppishly Aggressive Girls) brought Nichols into the political arena. Using TV with genitalia make-up Nichols will beat (many, many times) the vitality of Democratic and Republican candidate John Vleet Lindsay.

The show business event of the gay 70's will be the J. Edgar Hoover and Tiny Tim elopement and the subsequent honeymoon festivities on the Joany Carson show. Yes, baby, it will be a mind-blower as will the whole decayed decade.

Only this writer does as he prophesizes the fate and state of

homosexuality in the 70's.

One of the most important breakthroughs will be the perfection and wide use of anal transplants of fetuses for future rectal pregnancies. In the 70's these operations will only be performed on married homosexuals but the more militant fag groups will press for this operation for unmarried queers. The Church will be appalled and the Pope will say that childbirth outside of gay marriage is a further breakdown of old style virtue. He will remain adamant that single and divorced homosexuals not be allowed to be parents.

The operation will have been successfully completed by Dr. Duddycocky at Timothy Leary Memorial Hospital in downtown Burbank, Calif. The surgical procedure will be to take a three-month-old fetus from a cow or a woman, and insert it into the passive (female) partner's rectum. Packaged in Saran Wrap, the fetus is flash frozen until the warm blood of the recipient revitalizes the fetus, and after six months of careful, prenatal nurturing, the infant will be spit out by the "mother!" All donors will be paid \$5,000 check drafts from the Chaste Manhattan Bank.

By the end of the decade such homosexual births will account for a majority of pregnancies in the United

States as the newly-liberated woman seeks equality in the coal mines and battlefields of the world and thusly, will have no further time for the childbearing chores of yore.

Jack Nichols, the coeditor of GAY will have been elected to the Pink House in 1976 with Steve Reeves as Vice President and the first lady will be that infamous transexual, Pudgy Roberts.

Nichols will create the famous scandal of 1971 by divorcing Lige with Buckley named as corespondent and the "other woman." It was last reported that Buckley and Lige were running a finishing school for Boy Scouts on Staten Island.



Al Goldstein

Do Homophobes Have Hemorrhoids?

The Strange Case of Arlo Karlen

BY JOHN P. LE ROY

Sexuality and Homosexuality: A New View, by Arlo Karlen, W. W. Norton and Company, Inc., New York, 1971, 618 pages and bibliography. \$15.00.

I was very curious about this book when I first picked it up. The jacket called it definitive. The blurb told of all sorts of new and obscure information being brought together and being freshly interpreted. The self-effacing preface confessed "This book is an act of presumption. I can only plead at first it was the presumption of ignorance."

After having plowed through its 618 pages (and that was a considerable chore), I can state unequivocally that it is still a presumption of ignorance, only with a lot of careless scholarship, unfounded presumptions, virulent anti-homosexual bias, leaden prose, inconsistencies, gross inaccuracies and phony erudition thrown in. No doubt Karlen, a magazine writer and editor, woke up one morning with the feeling that homosexuality is about to take over the world. Having read a lot of gay literature, from Plato to Gide, he writes as if he were panicked by the idea that homosexuality might be a natural impulse every man should express, and that exclusive heterosexuality (including his own) might be a damaging repressive myth.

So, off to the libraries, the universities, the laboratories, the offices of psychiatrists and the chic cocktail parties he went, holding his notebook and tape recorder with one hand, and his nose with the other. The first two hundred pages are consumed with a history of homosexuality, from ancient Greece to Victorian England. If it were a good history, it might have been worthwhile, but Karlen can't help imputing wrong motives to the sources he dislikes, and noble ones to the sources he favors. He can't bring himself to believe that homosexuality was approved of in the upper classes of Periclean Athens. He quotes widely from quite a bit of classical literature in hopes of proving the opposite, citing passages where effeminate homosexuals were ridiculed and transvestitism was denounced.

Nowhere does he mention the well-known fact that the ancient Greeks were fond of great heroic deeds, and did not like effeminacy. They praised homosexuality where it strengthened the army, gave rise to companionships and freed them from the drudgery of wife and family. They denounced it where it led to useless indolence or bad character. Karlen

confuses effeminacy with homosexuality and concludes that in Greece homosexuality was considered a deviation. "... it was given positive value only by a minority of homosexuals, bisexuals and apologists," he asserts as if subjecting the Greek population that existed twenty-four centuries ago to an imaginary Gallup poll could prove anything substantial.



Arlo Karlen: A pontificator who sat too long on the throne.

Not even Dr. Gallup would attempt such a survey.

But Karlen loves to play psychiatrist and adopts the twelve Caesars as his patients. "Suetonius' biographies of the twelve Caesars from Julius Caesar through Domitian is a catalog of astounding psychosexual disease, from incest to transvestitism," he writes, with all the gusto of a gossip columnist savoring the latest juicy morsels. Most psychiatrists worthy of the name would not dare to make a diagnosis of anyone without seeing them and interviewing them in depth. Perhaps Mr. Karlen hired a medium and is now giving Nero, Caligula and Tiberius intense "treatment." The Emperor Caligula,

who gave Rome its highest degree of grandeur and who was the most nearly perfect embodiment of the philosopher king, is hardly mentioned, but the much more flamboyant Eglabus, one of the biggest drag queens in history, gets several paragraphs. Karlen can't afford to notice any homosexuals in history who were too praiseworthy.

Karlen's treatment of the dark and medieval ages is superficial beyond belief. I found myself putting question marks after every statement that should require some form of proof or documentation. The margin became so crowded with question marks that it became useless to continue the practice. Footnotes are nonexistent. Instead we have, in the smallest readable type face at the end of the book, a bibliography in alphabetical order giving a wealth of reference material, but making it impossible for any reader to verify his facts. We get accounts of the sex lives of various notable kings, popes, clerics, artists and nobles, together with unimpressive assessments of the psychosexual state of entire nations.

He calls the Renaissance a time of anxiety, confusion and contradiction, and conveniently misses or refuses to acknowledge the overwhelming evidence that Michelangelo and da Vinci were both bisexual, and that homosexuality was important in both their lives. He rather ad-

mires the Puritans. Since they managed to make their morality last for so long, Karlen reasons, they can't be all that bad. In the eighteenth century, when libertinage and homosexuality were quite common, especially among the aristocrats, "the apparent increase in homosexuality was only part of a general efflorescence of psychosexual deviation." So much for the eighteenth century. And, speaking of the sexual mores of Victorian England, he has a pedantic way of saying nothing: "The association of England with whipping was probably as real and unreal as previous linkings of homosexuality with Italy."

In carrying over his argument into modern times, Karlen becomes just another straight hatemonger. He pads dozens of pages with scientific, anthropological and clinical literature, only to conclude that Women's Lib goes against the roots of biology, homosexuality does not occur widely in lower mammals, not much is known about sexual practices among the Orientals, Moderns or American Indians, but homosexuality is not dominant, though often present. He hates hippies, seeing them as the children of thwarted feminists, and is equally contemptuous of sociologists like Hoffman and Weinberg who make homosexuals look too much like normal people.

But Karlen doesn't want anyone to believe that he is lacking in decency and humanity. In his final chapter on homosexuality and the law, he pleads for legalization for private acts, confident that "daily snubs, mockeries and humiliations are enough to make the prospect of being homosexual unappealing and to prevent most homosexuals from flaunting their prosperity." Under those conditions sexual freedom is all right with him.

This book does have a few things of value, in spite of itself. At the end of each chapter there are interviews with all sorts of diverse personalities, gay couples, avowed transvestites, sociologists, anthropologists and a host of other professionals. The things they have to say are more interesting than anything Karlen has to say. From De Voce, the Harvard anthropologist, we learn: "Many human societies have no word for boy. They have one word for men and another that includes women and children, the non men." And from Dr. Robert Stoller, author of *Sex and Gender*: "... I sometimes wonder whether, if they (adjusted homosexuals) were pressed in a way they couldn't avoid—say, in therapy aimed at heterosexual adjustment—they might not blow up. Would the same thing happen to some heterosexuals if in treatment they were forced to believe homosexuality is the only way to practice sex?"

It would certainly be interesting to see what would happen if Mr. Karlen were to enter that kind of therapy. If the therapy doesn't blow him up, a good fuck up the ass might. Perhaps, then, he won't write long-winded books on homosexuality, a topic on which he tried to read everything, but understands nothing.

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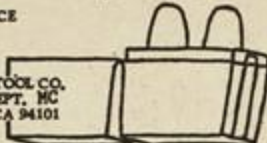
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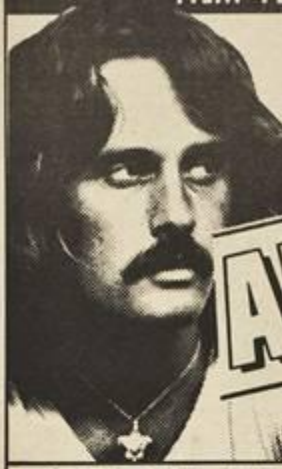
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