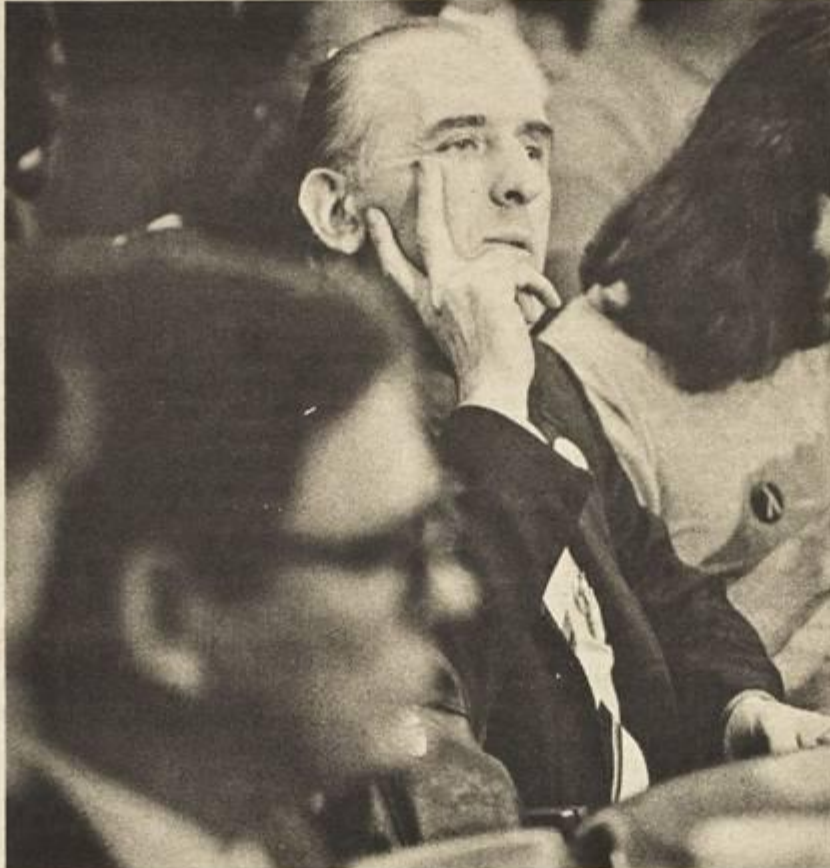


Gay America Plans For '72 Elections

BY MORTY MANFORD

Chicago, Illinois—84 delegates from Gay Liberation groups all over the country met here February 11 to February 13 to plan an activist role in the 1972 elections. Day-long meetings facilitated extensive exchanges of information between organizations attending; the delegates listened to an address by Dr. Benjamin Spock, Presidential candidate of the People's Party; a point-by-point Gay rights platform for the United States in 1972 was drawn up; plans were made to take an activist role in the upcoming Democratic and Republican national conventions; and a resolution by a minority of the convention against United States imperialism was issued.

Hosting the convention were the Chicago Gay Alliance and the New York Gay Activists Alliance. John Abney, president of CGA, explained that the convention was called because "the 1972 elections have come at a time in the history of the Gay Movement when we can finally, by unified effort, make our voices felt." He went on to state: "The groups attending are those that are more or less involved in political activities." Looking beyond the convention and into the awaiting election campaigns, GAA president Richard Wandel asserted: "We expect and demand to get endorsement by every candidate, large or small, for the civil rights of Gay peo-



Dr. Franklin E. Kameny listens to reports on the political front.

ple." "Regarding the Democratic party," Wandel continued, "under their new rules, there's a new rule that each delegation must represent the various minorities. One possibility . . . is in states where this isn't done, or at least in selective states, take them to court over it."

NYGAA reported on the responses by Presidential hopefuls to questionnaires they sent out: McCarthy and Spock "responded immediately without pressure"; though Shirley Chisholm has not yet returned the questionnaire, she sometimes speaks favorably on Gay rights along her campaign trail; McCloskey "gave us a very satisfactory questionnaire with the exception of the question on the armed forces . . . he doesn't think we belong in the armed forces because of our gayness"; McGovern did issue a statement to the New York City Council in support of Intro 475, but his office has thus far delayed in returning a questionnaire completed by McGovern; "Humphrey totally refuses to answer any questionnaires." John Lindsay's inaction on Intro 475 was discussed. The directive he issued to city departments banning discrimination against Gays is, according to Richard Wandel, "so weakly worded, and so much of a non-entity that even Intro 475's biggest opponent says he supports the personal directive . . . What exactly the personnel directive amounts to is 'you won't

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Hoods Crash Midwest Gay House

BY ERIK LARSSON

Minneapolis, Minn.—"I want to talk to a reporter," the young male voice said over the telephone, proud and eager.

"You're talking to one," the Minneapolis journalist said wearily. It was nearly 1 a.m.

"I got a story for you. You gotta put it in the paper. Me and my buddies just went over to Gay House and wrecked the place. We really tore it up good," the teen-ager said proudly.

Gay House is a gay-run community and social-service center at 216 Ridgewood Ave.

Like gay centers in New York, Los Angeles, San Francisco and other cities, Gay House offers young people telephone counseling, a variety of clubs and activities, or just a place to sip coffee, play Monopoly and share thoughts.

It opened in March 1971 with a \$2,000 grant from the Joint Urban Mission Project of the Minnesota branches of the United Methodist, United Church of Christ, United Presbyterian and Episcopalian churches.

On the telephone, the proud young man explained his midnight bravery.

"A few hours ago, I saw these two gay guys walking down the street, holding hands—right there on Lake Street. They accosted me—well, they approached me, and said why didn't we all go over to Gay House and have a gay time.

"Well, I'm not gay, see, so I got three of my friends and we went over there and



Cindy Hanson, Gay House Administrator

busted up the place.

"I figure I was justified, because I'm not gay.

"There they were, walking right down the street in public, holding hands, at Lake Street and Hennepin."

It was, he added later, "right in front of the Home Bar, and they said we should all go over to Gay House and have a gay time," the young man repeated.

He was, of course, lying.

The Home Bar is located a dozen blocks from Lake St. and Hennepin. And nobody, not even in Minneapolis, cruises by saying "Let's have a gay time."

Sex at Gay House is strictly forbidden by house rules, rules repeated often enough so even newcomers quickly learn they have to take new friends elsewhere.

"You should see what was going on in that place," the teen-age caller continued, his attempt at disgust mixed with what sounded like fascination. "They were

(continued on page 8)

Clergyman Draws 40-Day Jail Term

Los Angeles, Calif.—Friends in a municipal courtroom gaped in horrified disbelief as a Unitarian minister convicted of trying to proposition a vice cop was handcuffed and led away to begin a 40-day jail term.

Sentence imposed on Richard Lee Nash, 37-year-old gay social welfare leader, was so severe as to raise questions by civil liberties lawyers and others as to its constitutionality.

Judge Mary E. Waters, a Roman Catholic spokeswoman whose disdain for Nash was undisguised throughout his trial, sentenced him to the 40 days in lieu of \$180 fine he had said he could not pay.

In addition, Nash was put on three years' summary probation with provisions that he keep out of public parks and the streets and sidewalks around them, avoid places where "known homosexuals" congregate, and subject himself to police search and interrogation "at any time of day or night."

The conditions were evidently designed to prohibit Nash from taking part in gay church services or in resuming his volunteer work as a counselor for the Gay Community Services Center, a county-supported agency aimed at helping young homosexuals ill or destitute on Los Angeles streets.

Nash was convicted January 28 after his second trial for "solicitation to prostitution," a misdemeanor morals charge customarily applied to whores. A vice squad plainclothesman said Nash accosted him last summer in downtown Pershing

Square and offered him a few dollars "if you will fuck me."

Nash, a popular and respected figure in both Protestant and gay circles, envisioned his defense as a "show trial" which would prove that the Los Angeles Police Department systematically preys on homosexuals even to the point of fabricating unlikely charges against them.

An earlier trial in December resulted in a hung jury.

His claim in his own defense was that he was approached outside a Pershing Square toilet only minutes after he had returned to Los Angeles from a Unitarian welfare seminar in Berkeley. He said the plainclothesman, a young Negro, had indicated interest in "going some place for a drink" with him, but that Nash declined because he was burdened with luggage from his bus trip and was due to visit a friend immediately.

Nash said that when he broke off the encounter, the Negro and another man chased him to the sidewalk, where both identified themselves as policemen and arrested him. Nash said he was told that he was charged with "either lewd conduct or prostitution, either way you like."

Friends of Nash, aware of both his principles and his sexual proclivities (Issue No. 71), summoned up a rare display of gay unanimity in his defense. Contributions nearly paid the \$750 required for his first defense by young movement lawyers Earle Tochman and Carson Taylor.

Attempts to subpoena police officials

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WHERE WIL YOU GO TONIGHT?

A DIRECTORY FOR DISCRIMINATING DISPOSITIONS

BY JERRY AND STEVE

WEST VILLAGE

Boo Seltz, 40 W. 8th St. (473-9839). One of the few groovy dance palaces left. Mostly Latin. Great Sunny working days. GMs and TVs. **Bonnie & Clyde's**, 82 W. 3rd St. (GR 3-9304). Right-on bar. Mostly GPs. GMs very well accepted. Dancing, free buffet on Sunday. Your hosts Elaine, June, Millie. **Carr's**, 204 W. 10th St. (255-9742). Still there and probably always will be. Stop in to see Bob, Larry & Alfie. Damned good drinks. **Casa Laredo Restaurant**, 551 Hudson St. (989-8520). Lunch, noon-3pm, brunch, Sat. & Sun., noon-4pm, dinner 5pm-1am, closed Mondays. A mixed clientele, gay & straight, all ages. Typical intimate Village surroundings. **Danny's** or **Sheridan Square**, 140 7th Ave. So. Dancing, clientele not unlike that of old Stone-wall. Opens at noon! Festive help, including Joe, Marvin, Kevin, Pete, Jody, et al. **Fedora Restaurant**, 239 W. 4th St. (CH 2-9891). As usual, always good food and service, congenial waiters, Fedora herself keeping everyone happy. A little mix, mostly GM. **Finale Restaurant**, 48 Barrow St. (CH 3-7358). It looks as if this once noted restaurant is having problems & business is stacking off. Int., but much GM.

Five Oaks Restaurant, 49 Grove St. (675-9669). A Village favorite just off Sheridan Square, int. **Four Seasons Restaurant**, 41 Bleecker St. (CH 2-2117). Another well-liked oldtimer. **Gold Bug**, 83 W. 3rd St. (677-9874). Flashy decor. Fun bartenders. Dancing, more or less young set. **GM** **Heaven of Plenty Restaurant**, 353 Bleecker St. (242-0636). Lunch, Wed.-Sun., noon-2 pm dinner, daily 5:30-11 pm, till midnight Sat. \$2 dinner minimum, \$1 luncheon. Bring your own wine till they get liquor license. Int., much GM. **Julius**, 159 W. 10th St. (929-9672). Hamburgers & sandwiches still can't be beat. Neighbors say it's still very popular, especially Sunday afternoons. Pretty people. **GM** **Keekie's**, 149 W. 14th St. (242-9226). Clean bar & Kookie, known as Zsa Zsa. GF, males not encouraged.

Men's Royal Root Bar & Restaurant, 28 Cornelia St. (CH 2-9557). Warm welcoming atmosphere, food 5pm-4am. Piano bar on weekends. Int., mostly GM. **Tor**, 21 Greenwich Ave. (255-1337). Popular snack shop, information exchange center. Some mix, mostly GM.

CASBAH

(Hunter's designation for the area south of 14th St. & west of 8th Ave., towards The Trucks & Warehouse area, on and beyond colonial Hudson St. Exciting.)

Cell Bleep, 372 W. 11th St. You wonder what all those husky daytime customers think of the exotic collection of posters & toys, etc., covering the walls & suspended from the ceiling! At night it's leathery. **GM**

Coven, 531 Hudson St. (242-6769). A fine-looking duplex bar. Pool table below, lots of cruising up & down. Complete with fireplace & groovy help. Win a trip to Puerto Rico every Monday night. Fashion show every first Sunday, 3pm.

Danny's, 139 Christopher St. (929-9321). Another oldie still there, but with a lot of changes. Crowded coming back. **GM**

Danny's Hideaway, 500 W. 14th St. Scheduled for a March 1 opening, something to look forward to. To be reviewed.

Gay Dogs, 180 Christopher St. A 24-hr. gay hot dog stand & snackery. **GM** **Inca Restaurant**, 399 W. 12th St. (242-9722). Serving great food 6pm-1am. Alluring mixture of people, much GM. **Keller's**, 384 West St. nr. Christopher (CH 3-1907). The first & always will be one of the best leather bars in N.Y. Together crowd. Always something going on. **GM**

Ninth Circle, 139 W. 10th St. Former straight bar, just came into the fold with a big opening. Will check it out & report. **GM**

One Potato, 518 Hudson St. (691-6260). Step into your choice: Fire Island or Provincetown. Lunch specialties are excellent, dinners always good. Friendly help, reasonable prices. The bar is a fun place to meet the crowd. Say hi to Frank on day shift, Bill & Pete at night. (5 ft of the March bar awards, see "The Gay Insider," coverage issue no. 71.) **GM**, non-gay couples welcome.

Peter Rabbit, 305 W. 10th St. (929-9279). Well laid-out bar, rather cruisy. George & Jim doing their thing behind the bar. **GM**

Roadhouse, 570 Hudson St. (sign says Restaurant Francals) (CH 3-4214). Sawdust on the floor, pool table, plus the greatest dinners. Lots of French cooking by Pierre. Cruisy. Meet Sy, Ronnie, Tom, Steve & Co., during the day. **RM** **Silver Dollar Cafe**, 163 Christopher St. Straight

by day, everything by night. **Stueb**, 733 Greenwich St., corner of Perry. Unfortunately no liquor, but don't let that stop you. Great variety of juices, soda, hot coffee & sandwiches, plus very good cruising. **GM**

EAST VILLAGE, WASHINGTON & UNION SQUARES

Branding Iron, 165 Avenue A (228-9984). Yet to be looked into. **Club Baths**, 24 1st Ave. (673-3283). Lavish, with up-to-the-minute facilities, including that famous carousel shower. Open 24 hrs. Students half-price with IDs. Free, confidential VD tests every Thursday 5-9 pm. And where do you think the bartenders & waiters go when they get off duty? Come see. **GM** **Eighty-Two Club**, 82 E. 4th St. (GR 7-1044). Home of female impersonator reviews in N.Y. Tourists. **Hip-drome**, 165 Ave. A (bet. 10th & 11th Sts.) (228-9984). Gay center of the East Village & haven for the young radical chic set. Free movies Thursday. **GM**

McSorley's Old Ale House, 15 E. 7th St. (477-9363). They don't admit they're intolerant, but don't let the post fool you. Males will be males—even now that females are allowed in. **Max's Kansas City**, 213 Park Ave. So. (777-7870). Wild mixture of people & very stiff prices. **Phoebe's Restaurant**, 361 Bowery or 48 E. 4th St. (473-9008). Sard's of the East Village & a real theatrical hood. Int.

St. Mark's Baths, 6 St. Mark's Place (473-7929). Low prices, active, though run-down, premises. Home of the long hairs. **GM** **Shaft**, 181 2nd Ave. Also to be looked into. **Spoofties**, 232 Park Ave. So. (475-9759). New, big, saloon atmosphere. All the draft beer you can drink in the afternoon for \$2. **GM** **Squire's Steak Restaurant**, 18 E. 13th nr. 5th Ave. (255-4744). Noon-midnight service, solid mail, describes itself as having "a liberated atmosphere for peasants with money." Int.

GRAMMERCY & MURRAY HILL

Beau Geste Restaurant, 239 3rd Ave. (475-9724). Shades of the Foreign Legion! Delicious continental food whipped up by Ireland's Jerry Fitzpatrick, served by pretty waiters. Libations served by Thom & Jack. **GM** **Leo's Lion**, 57 Lexington Ave. (686-9608). Neighborhood bar with friendly customers. Paul entertains behind the bar. Open 11am-late call. **GM**

Uncle Charlie's South, 581 3rd Ave. N.Y.'s newest. Just opened with a smashing first-night party. Boasts three separate rooms. Frank & Ronnie on the bar. Hosts Bob & Jerry. **GM**

CHELSEA

Eagle's Nest, 11th Ave & 21st St. Super-popular leather bar hard by The Trucks. Dress code enforced when they wish to keep someone out, and certainly GPs aren't welcome any more. This is a gathering place for a subculture within a subculture, so if your thing is not machismo, don't go. Needless to say. **GM** **Everard Baths**, 28 W. 28th St. (684-8935). Known as Our Lady of the Vapors, it is something of a miracle with alternatives like the Club people still come here! There is a certain depraved allure about its catwalk layout, the miles of corridors, the smell—and there is the steamroom. **GM**

Fireisle Inn, 411 W. 24th St. To be visited. **Nine Plus Social Club**, 149 W. 21st St. Very exclusive afterhours club, accessible only to leather loving members. If you don't belong, you will simply have to be sponsored. Remember the fraternity was and blackmailing. We don't know who you have to talk to get into this one. **GM**

Spiks, 120 11th Ave. Down the block from the Eagle and catering to the same clientele. Much friendlier reception the rule. Opens 10am. Very busy. Very GM.

SOHO

Gay Activists Alliance Firehouse Saturday Night Dance, 99 Wooster St. Get here early or you'll not be able to wedge your way in. Four floors of fun. Excellent discotheque on one, rathskeller, lounge for rapping, three, videotapes of militant actions on four. You find here what J.F.H. calls a rock-throwing, tree-climbing, snort-flying good time. Take the 7th Ave. IRT local to Houston/8th Ave. IND (AA/E) to Spring; 6th Ave. IND (D/F/B) to Broadway/Lafayette; BMT (RR) to Prince/Lav. Ave. IRT to Spring. These are all local stops. **GF**, **GM**

MIDTOWN & MIDDLE EAST SIDE

Bacon Baths, 227 E. 45th St. (687-0322). Take the elevator to the 11th floor & enjoy the many clean facilities & all the varied opportunities for a good time in what is known variously as the Host to the U.N. & the Brooks Brothers of the Baths. Free, confidential VD tests every Wednesday from 4-6pm. The people here are more than willing to rap with you about the city if you're new to town and non-gay benefactor of gays Walter Kent is an institution in himself. **GM**

Beaded Bag, 951 1st Ave. (486-8832). You just can't beat the food here. Beautiful Bob tending bar is worth a trip in himself. **GM** **Candy Store**, 44 W. 56th St. (581-4664). Stewart Frankie still tending bar at this out-of-towner's haven, it often looks like a wax museum, but they have started having live entertainment. A jacket-tie place, but not obligatory. **GM** **Continental Sauna**, 111 W. 56th St. Not at grand (and also not as expensive) as the Mother Church on W. 74th St. Neat for a businessman's matinee. **GM**

Lib, 305 E. 45th St. (LE 2-0290). This bar did for the girls' bars what the Continental did for the bath scene. Great dinners by Ernesto, drinks concocted by Jimmie & Ellie. On the floor, Ken & Gretchen. Hosts, Lou & Miss Bull. (Make that Ms.) **GF**

Mayfair, 964 1st Ave. (EL 5-9259). Rather classy in the bygone East Side way, but splendid food & fun atmosphere. Int.

Roundtable, 151 E. 50th St. (758-0310). Still drawing crowds. No-call liquor at \$1.50 a throw makes it, well, you-name-it. The sound system is one of the best, however, as is the dance floor. Joey & Marco at the bar. **GF**, **GM** **Sauna Baths**, 300 W. 84th St. (PL 5-6880). A small place which closes at midnight, it's busiest between 4:30-11pm & on Sunday afternoons. **GM**

Victor's Quarters, 984 2nd Ave. (359-9453). Pleasant neighborhood bar, with some Midnight Cowboy. Steve is on the bar. **GM**

Yukon, 140 E. 53rd St. (412-8122). Almost scary flight back to the 50's, but flash! — no ties and jackets. Good place if you want to feel like an ingenue. Some of the best drinks in town. A camp, rather high. Dancing. Ask for Roy.

DANCE BELT & HELL'S KITCHEN

(The Dance Belt is roughly the area of the West Forties & early Fifties, encompassing the theatre district & environs; Hell's Kitchen times where Chelsea leaves off & includes the Times Square section. Theatre gyms in the former, Midnight Cowboys in the latter.) **Big Spenders**, 315 W. 48th St. (589-9882). Lots of performers from nearby shows, some of them beauties. Fun place. Eric is busy behind the bar. **GM** **Brothers & Sisters**, 355 W. 46th St. (247-8840). A mixed bag with everyone happily doing his own thing, including lots of rapping. Boys & girls together & enjoying it. But why not, it's one of the most attractive & inviting bars in all of Gotham! Two floors. (See "The Gay Insider," issue 71.)

Dirty Edna's Scoreboard, 264 W. 46th St. (265-9077). As they say here, "This is the home of the Midnight Cowboy," and you'd better believe it. **GM** **Haymarket Pub**, 772 8th Ave. (586-9360). They need not be listed in "The Gay Insider," U.S.A.—so we'll mention them here. They are not like it, but their clientele is mostly gay & theatre, which is redundant. Int. (?) **Jimmy Ray's**, 729 8th Ave. (582-9507). They don't admit it either, so you dare not hold hands. We're not free & equal yet. Int. **Joe Allen**, 326 W. 46th St. (581-6464). The bar is as gay as in town, but there's that mix at the tables which puts it into the category of Int.

Loading Zone, 586 9th Ave. (563-8212). If you can't find 'em at Dirty Edna's, you'll find 'em here. Fun. George at the bar. **GM** **Sanctuary**, 407 W. 43rd St. (247-4210). It's still here, and if you haven't seen it, you must. Fruit juice discotheque, young crowd. Not the super-popular dance palace that ushered in the 70s, but a trip. Int., but mostly GM.

UPPER EAST SIDE

Alibi, 1546 2nd Ave. (249-7026). Gwen's new discotheque. Former Hot Line. Fine sound system & dance floor. Big nostalgic night on Mondays complete with Congo line. **GF**, **GM** **Country Cousins Restaurant**, 1313 3rd Ave. (879-6614). Dining in a rustic atmosphere, 4pm-midnight, bar open till late call, of course. Sunday brunch at 1pm. Good food & drink. Ralph's your host & Mother Rice reigns during the day (see "The Gay Insider"). On the bar: Johnny, Billy & Eddie. **GM** **Four Seasons**, 99 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-4300). Or, Monday nights, to remove them from his mailing list. OK, but that cocktail hour scene is gay whether they'll own up to it or not. Int. **Harry's Back East**, 1422 3rd Ave. (249-6991). One of the cruelest bars in the city. Everyone makes it here. Lovely Lee is the day barmaid (see "The Gay Insider"), with Judy, Jerry & George taking over at night. **GM** **Mildred Pierce's Restaurant**, 1229 1st Ave. We've got there anon, watch for our review. **New Jimmy's**, 1576 3rd Ave. (860-4509). Opulent setting for fine dinners prepared by the inimitable Carliotta. Hosts: Tom & Joe, two of the best. On the bar: George, Kelly, Ed & Denis. **GM**

Oak Room Bar, Plaza Hotel, 5th Ave. & Central Park South. World famous, though not the climber's pickup place it used to be. It's getting on toward that time when you'll want to dress & have Sunday brunch at the Plaza, with Bloody Marys, etc. Why not? Int., mostly straight. **Painted Pony**, 1485 3rd Ave. (744-9580). Piano bar is so popular it's always jammed. Gypsy (see "The Gay Insider") holds court on the floor, with Ralph & Mike dispensing the spirits. **GM** **Piper Lounge**, 1201 Lexington Ave. (734-9305). Comfy, intimate & cruisy. Dynamic entertainment starring Judy Sexton, Johnny Savoy, George Sardi. **GF**, **GM** **Poutassa**, 1234 2nd Ave. (734-9368). New discotheque, successor to the ill-fated Tamburlaine. Int., but much GM.

Three Restaurant, 314 E. 72nd St. (734-9303). Good food at a fixed price. Excellent drinks. Boys & girls mixing happily by fireplace. On the floor, Michael & Patti. **GF**, **GM** **Troubadour Restaurant**, 1078 1st Ave. (755-1955). Going through some changes at present. Friendly atmosphere with Joey Dennis and Tommy doing their thing behind the bar.

Uncle Charlie's North, 1049 Lexington Ave. (861-6132). Crowded with friendly, humpy males. Good make-out bar. "Bib" Klaus is behind the stick (see "The Gay Insider"). **GM**

UPPER WEST SIDE

(Bars in this neighborhood will not be revisited. Listings held over, will be altered next issue.) **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 B'way (799-2688). Much more than a bathhouse, "Connie" is a total gay environment, complete with weekend cabaret. Expensive, but worth it. Open 24 hours. Students half-price with student ID card. **GM** only. **Pleadilly Pub**, 324 Amsterdam Ave. bet. 75th & 76th Sts. (874-8632). 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 Westsider, 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. Tommy, 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 B'way (874-9833). A crowded, very friendly dance bar where Blacks, Latins and Whites mingle under the approving gaze of West Side liberals. **GM**

LOWTOWN

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 outta-sight! **GM**, mostly. **The Gold Rail**, 2850 Broadway (MO 2-4704). Restaurant and bar popular with the uptown gays and Columbia students. Mixed straight & gay. **Mt. Morris Baths**, 1944 Madison Ave. (534-9004). This is the only bath house in town with a black majority. **GM** **Peasie'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.

BROOKLYN

Danny's in Brooklyn Heights, 108 Montague St. (625-8844). A social center in this veddy social and sociable gay ghetto. Piano bar. **GM** **Man's Country Baths**, 53 Pierrepont St. This brand new, handsomely decorated bath house located in the Hotel Pierrepont is easily accessible to Manhattan just across the East River. Quite a significant bit of progress to have tubs in another borough, especially this one. **GM**

GAY CINEMA

Davis, 236 W. 55th St. Quite a surprise to be walking up a Midtown street to see signs proudly displayed proclaiming gay movies shown within. And they are, very. Long on sex, short on plot and characterization. **GM** **55th St. Playhouse**, 55th St. bet. 6th & 7th Aves. Soon, Wakefield Poole, the producer of "Boys in the Sand," may very well own the theatre. Whoever does, they're doing well at five bucks a head. **GM** **Jewel Theatre**, 12th St. & 3rd Ave. Continuous performances from 11:30am of full sound with dialogue films, selected male shorts, etc. **GM** **Park-Miller**, 43rd St. bet. 6th & Broadway (BR 9-3970). Showing all the best from the Coast. Comedious balcony one of Midtown's must-stops. Continuous shows from 9:45-midnight, midnight showings Fri., Sat. **GM** **Tomcat Theatre**, 424 W. 42nd St. Male burlesque here, plus sexy films. Doors open at 9am, first live show is at noon. Color and sound movies, by the way. **GM**

The Editors Speak



WHAT CAN MAYOR LINDSAY DO? We were talking with Jim Owens the other day and he dropped an idea which seemed eminently sensible: "If the Mayor really wants to do something of substance for New York's gay community, he should appoint a gay member to the Human Rights Commission," he said. A fantasy? If so, it shouldn't be. The gay subculture deserves legitimate minority-status recognition, and with the constant erosion of human rights in the gay community, such a position would be a "natural" for the Commission. Other minorities each have their paid representatives on the Commission. If the Mayor appointed a homosexually-inclined person, it would be the first appointment of a public official known to be gay. It would signify the city's recognition of the gay community as a conglomerate of citizens whose autonomy over their own personal/affection lives, counts, somehow, as rational grounds for the protection and extension of civil liberties and human rights. GAY calls on Mayor John V. Lindsay to take this step, one which only he—as Mayor—can take, and one which would put clout behind his graceful, but so far meaningless, nods in our direction.

Intimacy is missing from many peoples' lives—the sort which makes it fun to be with another person; to share confidences, to touch and feel, with delightfully spontaneous tingles, to laugh and look together at our crazy, awesome world. We receive many letters from men and women who wonder what they can do to bolster flagging relationships. *What can I do to get on the right track with my lover? How can I relax and enjoy my sex life? How can my lover and I have more fun?*

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Order your copy of *Intimacy* directly from the publisher, or ask for it at your local bookstore. It is subtitled "Sensitivity, Sex and the Art of Love." The publisher is Cowles Book Company, Inc. (114 West Illinois Street, Chicago, Illinois 60610). Price: \$6.95. 260 pages. A bargain.

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GINA ALLEN & DR. MARTIN

GAY

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John P. LeRoy
Gregory Battcock

Leo Skir
Aaron Bates
Sorel Davis
Thane Hampton
John Francis Hunter
Vicki Richman
Ian and Daniel

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Women In Revolt



Candy Darling



Holly Woodlawn

BY VICKI RICHMAN

Women in Revolt is dedicated to the proposition that men can do anything better than women—even be better women than women.

It would be quite easy to avoid the transvestite theme in this Andy Warhol flick; at least it would be the hip thing to do. Holly Woodlawn and Jackie Curtis have long been accepted by the sophisticated public as clever female entertainers who just happen to have been born male. Talking about it is as much in bad taste as unnecessarily referring to someone's race or religion. Giving them feminine pronouns is a limitation of our language and values, and not a forced response to a drag act. As a matter of fact, Holly and Jackie are never in drag; they wore clothes, more often severe than frilly, to suit the ways in which they relate to the world.

And *Women in Revolt* is a film of such craftsmanlike humor that one has enough to admire in it without needing to be sidetracked by the drag angle. Still, I think a naive, and perhaps oppressive, refusal to avoid it would best serve the interests of honesty.

One reason is that Warhol himself calculatedly dwells on the fact that his stars are—you should pardon the expression—men disguised as women. From the very beginning he has been getting rich on the titillation of digging female impersonators and androgynous indefinables, and if Jackie and Holly have been able to transcend the superficial drag label, it has been on the strength of their rainbow individualities shining through the black and white lens of Andy Warhol sensationalism.

This new release is a tribute to his exploitative genius, which, as an art form itself, rivals that of P.T. Barnum. He casts three transvestites as women's liberationists, frustrated by men and unable to free themselves.

You laugh merely at the idea of it, before even going near the movie theatre. And the knowledge that the Politically Involved Girls (PIGS) are men between

their legs makes every joke, when you see the film, funnier—in fact, makes almost every joke, period! There's Jackie ruthlessly dominating a consciousness-raising group with a militant attack on the insensitive brutes (male) who have wreaked havoc with her clitoris. There's Holly undergoing a slow change from a man-worshipping pussy cat to a shoulder-shrugging, chin-thrusting bull dyke, and you laugh a little at anyone so helplessly feminine trying to be so grossly macho, and a little more when you remember what's hiding in her crotch. There are Jackie and Holly trying to make it as Lesbians ("Not Lesbians," Jackie proudly corrects, "just a schoolteacher and a model!"), and you think if one of them weren't female, how perfect they'd be! Does the fact that neither of them is female make them doubly perfect?

The possibilities are endless, and Warhol, a humorless deadpan who has survived by finding humor in the rest of the world, tries to go after them all. His camera fights against Jackie's and Holly's satirical and dramatic efforts; it will constantly expose them, intent on the central theme of the film, as drag queens, no matter how well they deny it. Relentlessly the lens searches for the schoolboy-bully expression in Jackie's squinting eyes and jutting jaw, and for Holly's waistless, hipless muscles mocking the lost-little-girl whine of her buck teeth and press-me nose. The dignity of a creative, self-made woman, to which the stars so naturally lay claim, is itself made the grandest joke of all by the scientifically neutral fact of male genes, to which the world is blissfully blind, but to which Warhol's grinding reels become a biologist's microscope.

That's why the real star of the film is Candy Darling, who happens to be the only female impersonator in the film. Her entire role is pure parody of Hollywood-ania—Bette Davis, Joan Crawford, Marilyn Monroe, Kim Novak—and she is at the top of a grand theatrical tradition. Unlike her co-stars she never attempts to develop a personality. Every gesture, pose, and tone is borrowed from already caricatured women. Virtually every female impersonator has been male—the exceptions

are Streisand as Fanny Brice and Mae West as Mae West—and so Candy is the most easily clocked of the three, despite the fact that nature has endowed her with the most magnificently feminine body of them all. The camera never has to sneak up on her to expose her; we know already. The irony of a man becoming an impotent woman just to be fucked over by other men lies entirely in her illusory quality, and never needs the tension of camera vs. artist.

Jackie struggled to come up with her own vehicle. The Warhol method is to give the actors the premise and the desired effect, to let them work details and schticks out for themselves, and to record, for better or worse, the half-improvised, half-choreographed results. Genuine wit goes side by side with missed cues and mumbled inanities; at times you wonder if the film is ever going to leave some ego-tripping maniac's head, and at other moments you're overcome by the inventiveness of a turn in the plot. Jackie obviously wanted the freedom to develop her own satire of a Bronx bagel baby somehow permitted to grow up; indeed she can be as good as Lenny Bruce or Jean Shepherd. She delivers an enema to a tantrum-throwing, hard-hatted flag-waver; she is converted by a muscle queen from Lesbianism to the straight life of unwanted babies and missing husbands; she's a gem. But her talent is otherwise destroyed in her bouts with the camera and with Holly.

Holly fares the worst. She's basically an actress—that is, she's meant to respond to direction, not to initiate movement herself. Although the same technique was used in *Trash*, she was obviously guided in her every action; here, she is left alone most of the time, and she can't compete with Candy's painfully real parody or with Jackie's literate satire. Holly and Jackie could easily become the closest thing to Laurel and Hardy the world will ever see again; Holly would have to be told what to do, however, and Jackie would have to remember to play straight occasionally.

Women in Revolt doesn't ridicule Lesbianism and women's liberation for what

it is, which no one but a humorless female obscurist could object to, but for what it hopes to be, which is pulling the ladder out from underneath women and gay people struggling to keep their balance. It is built on the premise that the movement can be attractive only to frustrated old maids wanting to get laid, to self-destructive glamour girls, and to maladjusted winos. I myself have never objected to Shylock or to Conrad's *Nigger of the Narcissus* or even to Amos 'n' Andy; I enjoy the joke and ignore the social implications.

But at least I recognize that, in using transvestites, Warhol is saying that no woman would touch the role, but, never mind, he's got something even more ridiculous than women—drag queens! Transvestites, who have rivaled homosexuals in developing an alternative sexual identity, have never been permitted to regard themselves as better than clowns. While homosexuals, no matter what the rest of the world is saying, have had enough self-respect to produce masterpieces of art and literature, drag queens have dressed like Christmas trees and behaved like escaped lunatics. To avoid this stigma, professional female impersonators used to insist they indulged only on-stage and were perfectly "normal" at other times.

Then along came Jackie Curtis and Holly Woodlawn. They dressed like people, behaved creatively, and just happened to have lifestyles off-stage that could be associated with women. People began to realize that transvestites could be wits or anti-establishment personalities, or anything else for that matter. Many closet drags came out because Jackie and Holly gave them images they could identify with.

Women in Revolt destroys the pioneer work they have done for transvestite liberation. It will raise the old cry that drag queens are men who want to make fools of women. Perhaps Jackie and Holly have realized by now how important their work has been to an oppressed minority—and to themselves—and will in the future refuse to allow themselves to be exploited in a way that denies everything they have accomplished in the past.

Who Is Lola Pashalinski?

BY SOREL DAVID

"I may say that only three times in my life have I met a genius and each time a bell within me rang and I was not mistaken and I may say in each case it was before there was any general recognition of the quality of genius in them." (from *The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas*—Gertrude Stein)

Lola Pashalinski, actress and member of The Ridiculous Theatrical Company, the company that brought you *Bluebeard*, among others, is the sort of person I am immediately taken with. There is a certain calm, a stillness about her. She has that kind of quiet but strong and definite presence which is immediately impressive. When I hit *Black-Eyed Susan*, another member of the company, with the inevitable "what is she really like," her answer was, "Oh say she's a diva, a great diva, say we're both divas and we won't go on without each other." Adding after a brief silence, "It's true, you know." Lola merely smiled, quietly amused and would neither deny nor confirm this. Silence is a defining quality. There is a kind of genteel reticence about her, the gracious modesty of real grandeur. She isn't the sort of person who is given much to talking about herself. Her bearing and incredible face, a broad, serene but powerful visage surrounded with a corona of blond frizz, is that of a great lady. One thinks of the great distant reserve and beauty of a Marlene Dietrich. It's high fashion forced by circumstance to make it in the non-discriminatory, democratic milieu of the East Village. Nothing to do with the fashion of *Vogue* or *Women's Wear Daily*. This is high fashion and style of the future, the underground, the avant garde, choice mediated by necessity. Lola Pashalinski comes to us live dripping fine veils and wrapped in real dyke.

I first thought of doing this article because Miss Pashalinski interested me tremendously. An interview, I thought, was a perfect excuse to ask her a million or so questions. After I found out all about her, I figured the two of us could sit down and making up a bunch of questions, concoct an interview. It turns out that she wasn't going to let me be so lazy and so I was forced to plunge in cold, way over my head.

SOREL: First some background. Where do you come from? Where did you go to school, etc.?

LOLA: I come from Brooklyn. Then we moved to Jamaica. I went to Jamaica High School and that's where I first fell in love with one of my teachers. It was awful, I followed the poor woman around, she was very nice considering the great problem I was to get rid of. Oh well, I guess the reminiscing of a 36-year-old woman isn't very interesting.

SOREL: Oh no, go on.

LOLA: Well, that's all there is really.

SOREL: What about college?

LOLA: No, I never even finished high school. I was what you would call an under achiever way before there was such a thing. I had to sit around being unhappy for years until the emergence of some kind of a sub-culture I could identify with and then I suppose I became what is known as a drop-out.

SOREL: Oh, then how did you get to be so cultured?

LOLA: Cultured? Oh, I should hope not.

SOREL: Well then, how did you get into the theatre?

LOLA: Well, I sort of fell into it. I was friends with Ronnie and Harvey Tavel of the original ridiculous company. They were doing this play one time and they

asked me to come help out, be a script girl or something. Then one time when somebody was missing at rehearsal I stood in and then a little later Ronnie asked me to do the role.

SOREL: That was it—a star is born—think of all those hundreds of kids hanging around waiting for that one big break!

LOLA: Yes, it was lucky, I discovered that this was what I always wanted to do, also that I have a talent for it.

SOREL: How did you meet the Tavels?

LOLA: I met Harvey standing on a line outside the Metropolitan Opera, actually.

SOREL: See, I told you they were cultured.

LOLA: (laughs) Oh well, I guess it just happened, I grew into it hanging around over the years.

SOREL: You mean if I just hang around and live long enough I'll get cultured too?

LOLA: Oh, I'd avoid it. I'd skirt it if I possibly could.

SOREL: So tell me about the ridiculous theatre companies.

LOLA: Yes, there are so many ridiculous around now it's just, well, it's ridiculous is what it is. I guess you could say it started out with the Tavels. Ronnie would write the plays usually and John Vaccaro was directing them.

SOREL: What did Harvey (Tavel) do?

LOLA: Oh, I don't know. Directed sometimes. I sat around collecting welfare checks the rest of the time.

SOREL: Sort of the government being forced into supporting the arts.

LOLA: That's right. I don't know of any artist in New York who hasn't been on welfare at some time in his life. It's the only way to survive as an artist. I think before long everyone in New York City will have the same lifestyle. No one will work, that is. Some because they're very rich and the rest will be on welfare. Of course the rich will all live in nice places, clean neighborhoods, while the rest of us live in the slums with the garbage. But essentially the lifestyles will be the same. No one will work in New York.

SOREL: You mean New York will become the first leisure city, pointing out the way, as usual, to the rest of the country?

LOLA: I think so. Something like that.

SOREL: Very interesting. Miss Pashalinski. Very interesting. But back to the theatre.

LOLA: Well, now I'm with Charles Ludlam and *The Ridiculous Theatrical Company* is what we're officially called. We split off from the original company. At one point Charles was having trouble getting along with John (Vaccaro) and so he left. Most of the company went with Charles and we've been together five years now.

This line of questioning seemed to be going nowhere, largely due to Miss Pashalinski's acute modesty, I think. I tried a new tack, more successful as it produced a bit of controversy.

SOREL: Are you at all involved with the gay liberation movement?

LOLA: Oh, not really. Just socially, I would say.

SOREL: What do you think of the movement?

LOLA: Oh, I think it's good, it's just that I'm more involved with the company.

SOREL: Do you see any relation or connection between the ridiculous theatre and the gay movement?

LOLA: Well, the theatre of the ridiculous is certainly liberating if nothing else. In the beginning we worked from a position of contempt for the audience, a position of wanting to smash all existing values of (continued on page 18)



Lola Pashalinski

Cruising Off Broadway...

BY IAN AND DANIEL

Grease, a musical by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey; directed by Tom Moore; music and dance staging by Patricia Birch, with Adrienne Barbeau, Don Sillert, Walter Bobbie, Mim Borelli, Barry Bostwick, James Canning, Carole Demas, Katie Hanley, Tom Harris, Inna Kriker, Dorothy Leon, Timothy Meyers, Kathi Moss, Alan Paul, Marya Small and Gern Stephens. At the Eden Theatre, 2nd Ave. and 12th St. Reservations: 260-5200.

Y'see, there's this girl named Sandy Dumbrowski and she's OK-looking, y'know, but about as swingin' as a flat coke, y'know? And she falls for this guy named Danny Zuko, see, and he's cool, right? And he sorta digs her, sure, but he likes pussy, y'know, and she ain't puttin' out. So they wrote this musical about it called *Grease*.

What's really great about *Grease* is that it takes the old record-hop-beach-party-movie crap and tells you what really happened. The girl doesn't worry about getting his ring—she worries about his rubber breaking, which seems a lot nearer the truth. Then too, the production crew has taken pains to include all the painful little details of dress and environment that made being a teen-ager in the fifties such a treat.

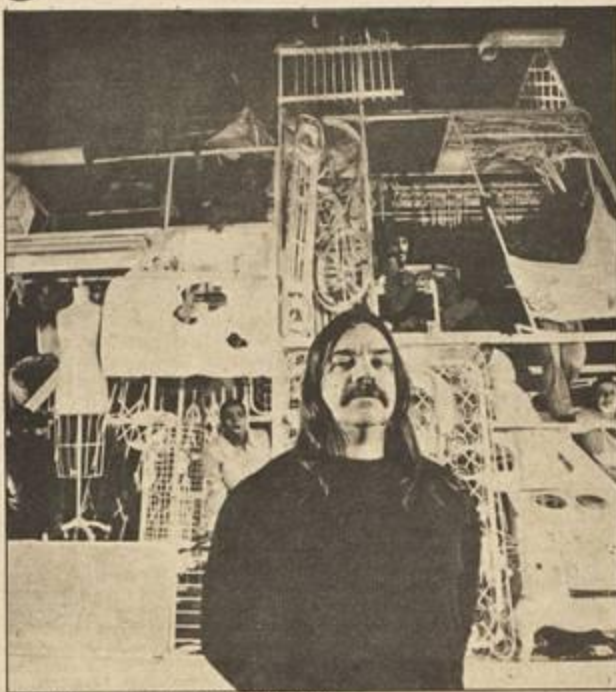
Authors Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey have captured the era very well in their songs, maybe a little too well. Most of the songs are so much like the originals they parody that when one tries to remember "Freddie, My Love," which Katie Hanley sang so well in the show, all one can recall is "Eddie, My Love" from the fifties. Seems they settled for a surface giggle from a spoof when they could have written "in the style" and created songs that could stand on their own.

The cast is a blast from the past. Each one manages to capture a type while creating an original character. Carole Demas is my favorite as Sandy, the good girl. It's not easy to play Sandra Dee and be likeable, but Ms. Demas does it. My only complaint is that the plot keeps pushing her off into corners while the raunchier characters do their turns. At least she gets one of the best songs—"It's Raining on Prom Night"—and when she's allowed to, she walks off with the show.

Barry Bostwick is the epitome of the long tall stud with the greasy pompadour. He's at his best singing "Alone at a Drive-In Movie" (Sandy wouldn't give him any) and dancing in the single most exciting number in the show, "Born to Hand Jive." Patricia Birch's dance staging goes all out on this number, and if it had gone on much longer, the audience would have joined in and we'd all have forgotten the show. Mr. Bostwick is featured in some wildly athletic rocking, along with Kathi Moss (your typical doggy blind date) and Dorothy Leon (your typical spinster English teacher).

Everybody gets a good bit. Adrienne Barbeau is a knocked-up Connie Francis type, tough but achin' inside, y'know? She has the one serious song in the show and is the only performer to venture beyond parody. She makes you care for her. Alan Paul shows off a good voice in "Beauty School Dropout," but Marya Small, as the dropout, dominates the number without singing a note.

Carrie F. Robbins has created costumes that are disgustingly faithful to the era, right down to the net prom dresses with the white ankle socks. Her masterpiece is a pink felt crinoline skirt with a pink poodle applique. Douglas W. Schmidt's sets are similarly reminiscent. He even recreates those ugly "rumpus rooms" with the pine panelling, cork ceil-



Tom O'Horgan conceived and directed INNER CITY

ings, lineoleum floors and the tiny horizontal windows so right up against the ceiling. The dear dead days—thank God they're gone.

Grease is a gas. Just hope it doesn't trigger a fifties revival.

Riiiiight On! (Repeat 9 or 10 more times with vocal inflections on that first syllable—and if none of what I've said makes any sense, see the show!)

Inner City—A Street Cantata—with music by Helen Miller, lyrics by Eve Merriam and conceived (mmmm) and directed by Tom O'Horgan (again). With Linda Hopkins, Joy Garrett, Carl Hall, Deloris Hall, Fluffer Hirsch, Paulette Ellen Jones, Larry Marshall, Allan Nicholas and Greta Cummings. Call 246-0390 for reservations.

Has anyone been wondering whatever happened to David Merrick? Why not! Yes, I agree. He was the only man I ever "knew" who had great difficulty executing a simple smile. It always came out a sneer. Yes—well, I suspect he has died, gone to that part of purgatory reserved for Broadway producers—repented for his smile/sneer and has returned triumphantly (he might say) to earth as Tom O'Horgan. No! you say. I'm tempted to give considerable credence to all of the above when you realize that D.M. was the only producer (in recent memory) who had multiple hits running concurrently on Broadway—ditto Tom O'Horgan. Not only that, but I think he (Tom) has gone the old hat trick (if there is such a thing for Broadway) one better. Three of his current hits (*Lenny*, *Hair* and *Inner City*) are playing at theatres all on the same street (47th) within a literal stone's throw of one another. Now put that in your smoke and pipe it. His other smash hit, *J.C. Superstar*, has managed to get stranded up on 51st Street somehow—but let's wait and see.

At any rate—this time our tickets said—*Ethel Barrymore Theatre—Inner City—A Street Cantata*. It's based on Eve Merriam's dynamite book *The Inner City Mother Goose* which I first saw about a year ago (thanks to E.B.). The show is as good as you've heard and it's even better than that if you happen to be a native of

this mass insanity we live in called New York, as well as various other things behind closed doors. With absolute bullseye zing (riiiight on!, riiight on!, riiight on!, right on!, right on!, right on!), the cast proceeds to tear through all of the things which make "Fun City" vicious, beautiful, cold and unfeeling, exciting, savage, impossible, alive and frustrating (a number called *Statistics* deals in part with that monopoly we all know fondly as "Ma Bell," with words like—"I'm Sorry, this operator is temporarily out of service; or—this universe has been temporarily disconnected"). The words are funny, but not really ha-ha funny when you think about it.

There are so many kudos to hand out—the show is about 95% singing and dancing and the cast is well up to it, though Greta Cummings, who was singing the role normally done by Florence Tarlow, was having a bit of trouble with some of the dance numbers now and then. Only some of us have rhythm ya know! Miss Cummings had one of the funniest bits in the whole show as a middle-aged strap-hanger named Urban Mary, reading some of that really marvelous N.Y.C. subway graffiti like—"George Washington High School sucks!—and I'm black with 12 inches—followed by I'm green with envy."

The show chorally is really a cantata and it finally dawned on us that the shorter numbers were in fact recitatives leading into major numbers. There were quite a few which stood out among them:

"Hushabye Baby/My Mother Said" and "Wino Man/Man in the Doorway," all sung by Paulette Ellen Jones; "Half Alive," "Law and Order" and "Starlight, Starbright" sung by Deloris Hall, who came on like gangbusters. Linda Hopkins absolutely stopped the show with "It Is My Belief." But as soul-satisfying as it was, we were really knocked out when she sang "One Man/Deep in the Night." Some of the cast numbers like "Shadow of the Sun," "There Was a Little Man," and "Who Killed Nobody" were fantastic.

Larry Marshall's number called "Numbers" was good and Carl Hall brought the house down with his "Street Sermon" especially when he took on an audience heckler (we're convinced it wasn't a plant) and on three separate occasions proceeded to demolish him completely—the perfect squalor. "Lawd his moicy—dey is ugly when dey sittin' out dere in da dark"—unbelievably brilliant.

The show is an absolute must for anyone who has spent any time at all in New York. The show is well conceived, well paced, and goes like a bullet. The music/lyrics and the performers bring it all off very convincingly with all the excitement and verve you could ask for. And as if to add some frosting to the cake, the top price during the week (Mon.-Thurs.) is only \$5.50 and on Fridays and Saturdays, it's \$7.50. I'm not certain how or why they're charging such reasonable prices, but with three other shows going, perhaps O'Horgan and his backers didn't feel that the regular rip-off prices were in order, especially if they are getting a piece of the action from the other three shows. Seems fair! The house was about 75% filled which would indicate that tickets are available during the week.

So git it on, kiddies and hie yo' asses on over to the Ethel Barrymore to see a first-rate production of this mass insanity we live in called "Fun City." It has always bothered me—fun for whom? Certainly not the people who live here—but that's another story.

MAN'S COUNTRY REVISITED

A few issues back we did a report on Brooklyn's new bath house, Man's Country. Well, the other day we got a call from their new and (as we were to find out) good-looking manager, Gene Chandler, to fill us in on their new expansion and activities program. By the time you read this several of the new programs will have become realities.

On Valentine's Day, appropriately enough, a new "two-fer" night was inaugurated. The idea is to bring a buddy and get special "two-fer" rates on private rooms (\$12 for two rooms; \$6 for two gym lockers; and \$5 for two mini-lockers). The rates are good from midnight Sunday until midnight Tuesday. From Wednesday through Friday is the "businessman's special" from 8 a.m. until 4 p.m., private rooms are only \$5.

Other activities being inaugurated during a new weekly schedule are: Monday night is "leather night"—with leather-type movies. Tuesday night will feature all-male hard-core skinflicks. And starting sometime this month, Thursday night will be set aside for body builders who will come in to pose for photographers and sketch artists—or whatever. On Friday and Saturday nights there are now go-go boys dancing featuring the winners (2) of a new go-go boy dance contest held every Sunday night. The winners are put on the payroll for the following weekend and they get to dance their thing for some bread. A really neat idea.

Also on the agenda will be a Health Club membership which will entitle its user to the use of a gym locker, sauna, pool (when it's opened later in the spring), steam room (when completed) and the gym. There will also be a Penthouse membership plan which will include the use of all facilities except the gym.

Gene brings with him a solid background in management with stints at the *Jewel Box*, *82 Club* and the ever popular (continued on page 18)

The New Nude



These photographs are the work of Roy Blakey, one of New York's most successful and imaginative photographers. Roy is currently assembling a book of nudes—black and white photographs of the male nude in an infinite variety of moods and positions. The book will be called HE and is being published June 1st by Blaze Enterprises, Inc., 727 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10010. Order by mail today. \$15.00 per copy. HE contains a new and exciting approach to the male torso.



California Democrats Urge Gay Rights

Los Angeles, Calif.—A "grass roots task force" of 500 California Democrats February 19 urged a national party platform which would forbid discrimination against homosexuals in government jobs and in the armed forces.

The 500 are all potential delegates to the party's national convention, where California's voice, strengthened by a heavy registration of new young voters, is expected to be powerful.

Recommendations of the newly created California Commission on Platform and Policy were termed merely "input" to the national platform committee, not binding on the party or even on the delegation finally selected to represent it. They were put forward as an expression of political demands by an estimated 15,000,000 Americans who are openly or secretly gay.

Decisions of the unprecedented gathering in the Convention Center here were heavily slanted toward liberal and progressive social aims. Among platform planks urged by participants were abolition of laws against abortion, against availability of contraceptives, and those laws permitting wiretapping and "repression" of women and homosexuals.

Jim Foster, political chairman of San Francisco's Society for Individual Rights, persuaded participants in a screening panel regarding "Individual Opportunity" to approve this proposal, which originated in the campaign platform of Sen. George McGovern:

"Sexual orientation or preference should cease to be a criterion for employment by all public and governmental agencies, in work under federal contract, for services in the United States armed forces, and for licensing in government-regulated occupations and professions.

"Sexual orientation should cease to be a criterion for immigration into the United States.

"Federal and other investigatory agencies should cease to collect data on the sexual preferences of individuals.

"Individuals previously given less-than-honorable military discharges solely for sexual relations between consenting adults or for allegations relating to sexual orientation should have the character of those discharges changed to honorable."

Signatories to the accepted petition were gay activist leaders, some of them college students, from both male and female groups throughout southern California.

A proposal to abandon prosecution of "victimless" crimes—including acts between adult homosexuals—was received for consideration by another committee panel weighing the national Democratic stance on "Public Safety and Law Enforcement."

That group's decision was put off until a further public hearing in San Diego March 7, when homosexual activists were expected to make an imperative demand for inclusion of gay civil rights in the Democratic Party platform.

Jim Kepner, representing himself and virtually every established gay group in this area, warned Democratic candidates and potential convention delegates that the party has yet to recognize gays as among the minorities whose rights they traditionally support.

Nevertheless, he found a ray of hope in the simple fact that he was allowed to address a statewide group of people who ultimately might affect the Democratic position and, thus, federal law.

"As recently as two months ago," Kepner told the law enforcement conference, "we thought we might make a presentation to the Democratic Party in 1980, and to the Republicans about 60 years later. But, by a miracle, we have

your ears now. You will hear a great deal more from us in the coming campaign."

Kepner's "gay position paper" was distributed among those attending the general gathering as a matter of information. It carried no more—or less—endorsement than did the campaign literature of

McGovern, John Lindsay, Henry Jackson, Sam Yorty, Shirley Chisholm and others who hope to affect the decisions of the state's national delegation.

The "miracle" to which Kepner referred may not have been one of tolerance for himself and his 15,000,000

brothers. It may actually have occurred hours later when the conference cheered its large women's caucus on its strong position for the "rights of women and gay people."

Women are powerful in the Democratic Party.

Hoods Crash Midwest Gay House

(continued from page 1)
making out all over."

Making out—you mean necking?
"Yeah, that and a lot more. They have one room upstairs, they were making out right in the room."

Making out?
"They were having intercourse right there," he said.

"You know, like they talk about all the time on WLOL Radio, how Gay House wants \$1,000 from Model Cities for a recreation program. You know what their recreation is. It's free."

So that's where he got the idea.
WLOL runs a "phone-in-your-bigotry" talk show 24 hours a day. Its evening hours have boasted some of the Twin Cities' less restrained racists for several years, egged on by a right-wing host.

The Model Cities grant—to finance coordination of ski weekends, social outings, a softball team and other jaunts to provide gay teen-agers with an alternative to bar life—were a provocative topic for WLOL listeners during an alderman's brief attempt to stop the money in January.

The brave, fag-hating teen-ager identified himself with a phony name he couldn't spell, and a non-existent address. He said he was 22.

The reporter cheerfully suggested that the young fellow find himself a good psychiatrist so he can get rid of his problem.

"Oh, you're gay too," he said.
"Sure, sure, all the time," was the reply.

"Well, I'm probably biased, but you gotta put it in the paper, cuz it's the news."

It was, alas, long past deadline for the last edition, and he hung up.

A phone call to Gay House confirmed that there had indeed been a trashing, "but a fairly crude job, if you're going to trash," volunteer Gary Johnson said.

The TV set had been smashed, some coffee cups and glass broken, furniture overturned and a little toothpaste dribbled on a wall. Total damage: \$89.

A dozen young gay people were in the house when the brave foursome entered around midnight. They stuck close together for 30 minutes, exchanging nervous glances and whispers that raised immediate suspicions. They refused to join the rapping, and when they headed for the second-floor office, the whole gay retinue followed.

After 20 minutes or so, the gays confronted them.

"We all hate queers, you know," one of the visitors replied.

"That's what we figured. The house will have to ask you to leave," Johnson said.

The four stayed. Johnson phoned the police to eject them.

Five minutes later, still no police. Gays and fag-haters both were getting nervous. Johnson heard the sound of crashing glass in the TV room, some thumping and clatter, finally a fist through the window in the front door as they left.

Five gay guys followed in hot pursuit. The four trashers split up. So did the pursuers. Within 10 minutes one was cornered, hustled into an apartment lobby—



Gay House, Minneapolis (Photo by John Hustad)

"I'll stand quiet. Don't touch me, don't touch me"—and held for the police.

It all happened in the wee morning hours of Saturday, February 12th. Later in the day, Administrator Cindy Hanson issued an angry statement denouncing "the hate-mongering reactionary stances advocated" over WLOL Radio that "have indirectly led four young men to violent acts . . . (They) deserve the gay community's sympathy."

The rest of the weekend left no time to moan over the damage. Hanson was trying to track down a rumor that the ambitious city comptroller, wavy-haired bachelor Earl Arneson, was having lawyers go over the Model Cities contract with a fine tooth comb, looking for a flaw. It was Monday before she could confirm that Arneson had sent the contract to federal officials in Chicago asking if the locally-approved grant is "appropriate."

She also learned that the Saturday night gay Alcoholics Anonymous group at Gay House had had a particularly productive meeting. She did some preparation for the gay women's meeting the following Thursday night.

The weekend also required last-minute arrangements for the Gay House benefit following Friday of the talented, radi-

cal Alive and Trucking Theatre Company's successful satire, "Pig in a Blanket."

At least that would produce some money—always a hassle, with \$500 in monthly expenses just to keep Gay House open, and no regular source of income.

Drop-ins at the house—about 150 a month, usually—included a normal weekend's allotment of the stranded or visiting, looking for a place to crash.

Gay House's corps of 20 volunteers put in their assigned stints at the telephone, taking calls inspired by underground newspaper "help lists," word-of-mouth and free "ads" over KQRS Radio, the local acid-rock outlet.

Calls like, "I think I'm gay. What do I do?"

Or, "I've got VD. Where do I go?"
Or, "Almighty God will deliver a terrible vengeance upon you filthy, perverted, communistic queers."

Or . . . just silence and breathing, with no way to tell whether it's another hate call or a closet case who's too frightened to speak.

The volunteers' training—five hours from Youth Emergency Service, Suicide Prevention Center and other professional counselor bureaus—helped.

Gay House was founded a year ago by sometime seminary student John Preston, 26, who rooted out the original church grant and got other monies from The Enablers, a circle of well-to-do, cause-oriented suburbanites. Like Hanson, Preston found finances a repeated challenge and last fall left Gay House to devote his time to counseling on a more intensive basis.

It was December before the house committee persuaded Hanson, 25, a former social-welfare major in college, to take the full-time, unsalaried job of administrator.

David Christian, 34, is her assistant, and will run the Model Cities program—when the money finally arrives—for \$125 a month. Volunteers like Johnson and J. Michael McConnell, who is setting up a speaker's bureau to raise money, do much of the work, too.

It was a long weekend. On Monday Hanson talked with Municipal Court probation officers, whom she knows well from a long experience in counseling their referrals to Gay House.

The trasher caught Saturday identified himself as Jim Beveridge, 18, who has a reputation as a trouble-maker in high school but hasn't been in serious trouble before. He was the short stocky fellow who hadn't said much, or even done much of the trashing.

He refused to identify his companions, apparently classmates.

"He's very uptight about the gay thing, too. He won't discuss it at all," Hanson said.

On Tuesday, Beveridge was given a 90-day suspended sentence, ordered to pay one-fourth of the damages, and placed on probation for a year.

In her statement, Hanson asked that he be "given professional counseling so that he may overcome his problem."

"The whole community suffers when hatred overrules tolerance and understanding," she said.

Life Is A Cabaret Old Chum!



Even the "girls" are beautiful.



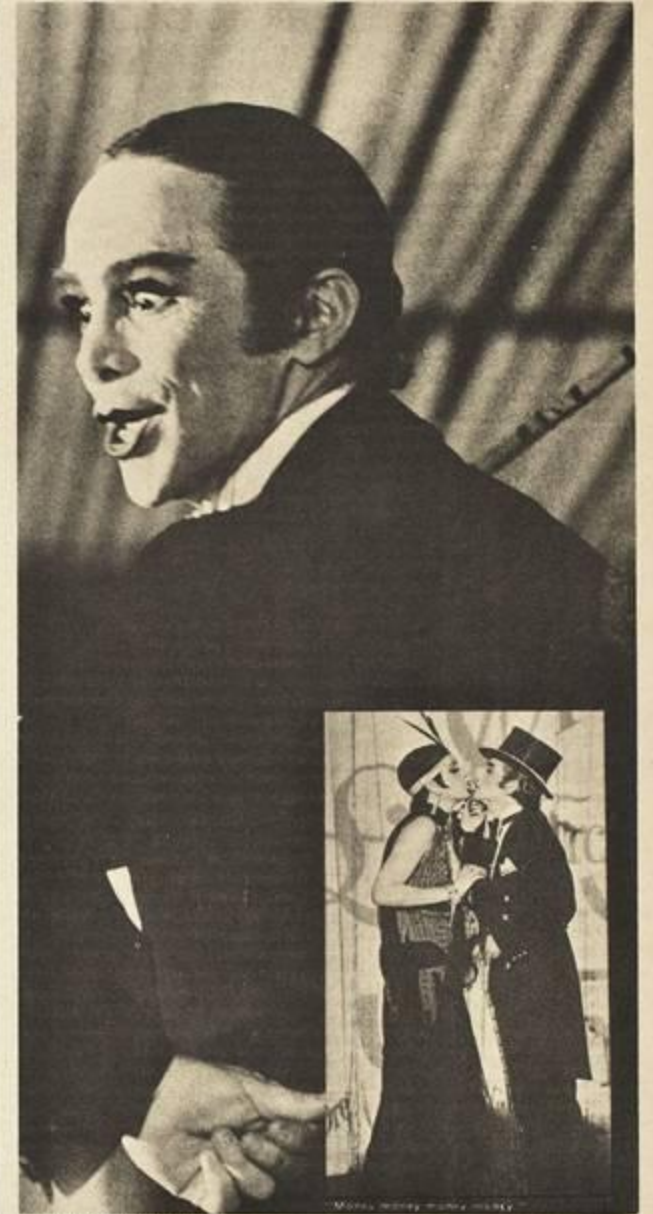
"So I do what I do, inch by inch . . . men by men."

BY EVAN STEPHENS

Cabaret, now playing at Manhattan's Ziegfeld Theatre, had caused more anticipation and excitement than any other movie musical in recent years—and there's reason.

I rushed to the ticket line on the opening day and crowds were outrageous. I overheard: "My dear, half of Seventh Avenue is here!" It was true. Nevertheless, the chorus line in the men's room, as enticing as it was, could nowhere compare to the show on the screen.

Not since movie musicals began over forty years ago has there been one so clearly defined in its purpose. Director Bob Fosse has masterfully reproduced the Berlin of the thirties, splashing the foreground with the song, dance and glitter of a decaying society and mixing frightening glimpses of oncoming Nazism.



"Where are your troubles now?"

orating social conditions no healthy relationships could grow or survive. As the story progresses it is Brian alone who exits complete with promise of any kind for his future.

Joel Grey recreates his stage role as the gloriously painted MC. Decadence personified, he is "simply marvelous" as he comments and guides us through the action.

Still, it's Liza Minnelli's movie. Her performance is a vital one. She sings broadly, with an incredible intensity and energy I couldn't get enough of. Inescapably, the similarities to her legendary mother jumped to my mind. The exaggerated gestures, the building anticipation, that smile, and even the sound itself, were all there. However, to compare would be unfair to both, since they flourish in totally different contexts.

Fosse also manages fine characterizations from the otherwise pedestrian subplot. Marisa Berenson, an incredible

beauty, plays the wealthy Jewish girl and Fritz Wepper is the gigolo.

This multi-level musical is a visual feast. I was impressed with the quick cutting from the cabaret raunch to the Nazi brutality, possibly a bit obvious, but well executed.

A great breakthrough is made in this film in that every musical moment is logically justified. Unlike many of its predecessors, no orchestra ever comes out of the wall. Those songs deleted from the show are cleverly retained as background music as Sally plays her victrola. All other numbers are confined to the cabaret stage itself.

Cabaret sequels are so well realized graphically that you're forced to become involved. Just like Sally Bowles, I too unconsciously became entrapped by the glamorous appeal of decadence. I hated to see it end as I made my way back to the men's room.

Screening The Sexes

BY THANE HAMPTEN

SCREENING THE SEXES—Homosexuality in the Movies, by Parker Tyler, Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 358 p., illustrated, \$10.00.

Odd. Concurrently, I've reviewed two very disparate new books for GAY that both insist gay is good; homosexuality is healthy. In the last issue (no. 71), I basked in the strong and shimmering sun-rays of Dr. George Weinberg's *Society and the Healthy Homosexual*. And now, it's Parker Tyler's quite specific volume of film criticism. (See above information.)

Why should a treatise by a psychotherapist share this common bond with a film critic? In the past, two such authorities would neither have thought to waste their time nor expose a personal advocacy of such an unpopular matter. I assume (from what I've recently heard) that other prestigious authors have "affirmative" tracts in the works.

Do I sense a trend? And if so, why? Is it because they have become excited by the quasi-liberal (and definitely revolutionary) temper of the times? Or could it be that they are just jumping into the handwagon in order to cash in on the fun? (Yes, I know, I'm just a nasty ol' cynic.) Well, only time, and the quality of the literature (sincerity and validity vs. unmitigated and blatant opportunism) will tell.

I have no doubts about Weinberg and Tyler. Good guys. On the right side. (And their thinking is amazingly similar.) I was hardly surprised that Tyler would finally get around to a definitive survey of homosexuality in the movies. When I started to read, I simply expected a thorough and objective analysis—and that's all. I was certainly not prepared for the positive and aggressively free championing of gay rights that permeates the pages of this book. Please study carefully the succinct and succulent paragraphs given in their entirety below:

It is time to answer the question, not what does determine the "natural" condition of heterosexuality, but what does not—and what does not is exactly what the anthropological school of thought presupposes as the groundwork of anything goes...



A thermometer 4/100

its contranatural criticism of homosexuality. What could this be? It's fantastically simple. It's the function of the penis and the vagina as reproduction organs rather than pleasure organs. The very nature of the proposition, as viewed empirically (that is, how it works), compels such reasoning to discount the pleasurable in favor of the reproductive. Psychologically, ideologically, ethically, it is plausible to maintain that if the sexual organs in their reproductive capacity should be supreme icons if, and only if, the exclusive heterosexual heterosexuality is socially established as a "supreme" will only through a statistical majority of opinion and not through any "natural law" residing in the male and female organs. It is the strategy of proheterosexual psychiatry to shift the focus of homosexuality, therefore, onto mental sickness and even "uncleanliness."

Conceiving homosexuality to be a social phenomenon and a social problem, the hardest thing about it is to persuade the man in the street to realize how varied is the range of homosexuals (male and female) from masculine to feminine types, and in turn, the range being so great, to grasp that sex, far from being simply one of nature's things, is a phenomenon of human metaphysics. In other words, a homosexual has the identical problems, the same exaltations, every other sex has. There's no reason to think the mere word "metaphysics" a snag to the common sense of understanding this point. The tendency of our age is more and more to recognize the validity of the stark-naked fact as superior to the "invalidity" of suppositions, fancies and speculations. The current emphasis, I grant, is legalistic, scientific, ethical, well and good. It is no speculation or fancy that millions of men sleep with other men, millions of women with other women, nor is it the result of some absurd, unhealthy, or impractical illusion that makes them so sleep. Abundant! Anything in the world can be made to seem absurd! Reliable statistics can disprove that, in the mass, the homosexuals are either unhealthy or impractical.

Right on, Parker! I've never heard it said more eloquently. I only wish I could have concentrated more on the analysis of the films (and their incredible reflection of the society they represent). But the passages I marked to remember were primarily such as this:

In a political climate which, for all its ambiguous wars is democratically live-and-let-live, homosexuals, long viewed as a minority, are in fact letting the world know what a major human capacity they have always represented. Homosexuals tend to represent the free libido. And the free libido—make no mistake—is a human majority, not a human minority!

No, I must stop this lengthy quoting. I underlined half of the book and the publishers might frown upon the total reprinting of their copyrighted property in this newspaper. (After the Hughes-Irving snafu, everyone is nervous...) I will risk one more quote in order to give the author's reason for the book. Thusly, it is that:

... film, being so recent an art form, had to educate itself and its public anew into the behavior patterns of sex. The movies had to fight all over again the old civilized fight of elite in-



Who is riding whom?

telligence against official taboo—the taboo of the bourgeois establishment with its hypocritical moral codes. Official, formal censorship of the movies has been simply the cover for unofficial, informal censorship: the instrument of society's paranoid fear of the true nature of the libido, whose genders are so variable.

As Tyler sees it, the movies are "a vulgar orgy of the emotions" and that "what today we rather facetiously call the Sexual Revolution can be located centrally in the movies." Therefore, what better place to study the many patterns of homosexuality, especially as seen through the eyes of bourgeois society, than on film? For purposes (perhaps of continuity, Tyler has invented for us a rather neat and sexy god of homosexuality, Homeros. We observe this sty fellow as he dons his various masks to fit and flit in each social era.

Of the many films discussed by the author, he uses—as recurrent focal points—Myra Breckinridge, The Christine Jorgensen Story, Fellini-Satyricon and The Boys in the Band. The first two are given, along with a host of lesser films, as examples of the great preoccupation (on the part of straight audiences) with drag/transvestitism. Until recent years, this was the main form of homosexuality in movies. Drag has always been acceptable, you know. As have been trained seals, and chimpanzees who ride tricycles.

In connection with this, is Tyler's questioning of transsexualism. I was vastly amused by his attitude toward Christine's alleged (pre-operational) purity. About that line of dialogue, he says: "Goodness me, if I were a woman trapped in a man's body, I'd be the proverbial caged lion till I got out of there, and then—but Christine is as patient

throughout as Job, and, after and before, as pure as Deanna Durbin surrounded by those hundred men."

He seems to actually prefer Myra to Christine as Myra was at least human in emotional response. (You knew damn well Myron sucked before the switch-over.) And—oh, yes—there are marvelous insights into the Mae West—"Mother Superior of the Faggots" and archetypal drag queen. (Her appearance before 1971 cameras is, to Tyler, "... a bit ghoulish.")

Satyricon illustrates absolute freedom of homoerotic inventiveness (and, I might add, to give Tyler a chance to suggest that Fellini, and certain other directors, may

personally at least have "fantasy-homosexuality" tendencies). As to Boys, which in many respects is a model commercial film and play, Tyler's reservations do not keep him from announcing that it "... joins the realm of enduring Human Comedy."

You might also be interested to know that due to the total absence of female involvement or motivation in *The Great Escape*, it is a homosexual film. As part of the deduction, he thinks one might "... consider the tunnels as excretory passages and the escape itself as an anal climax." Tyler's detective work in this chapter (*Four Homosexual Mystery Stories*) is clever and a gas.

There are discussions of *Midnight Cowboy* (which he despises as viciously dishonest), *Death in Venice* (which he appears to have liked more than most), and *The Killing of Sister George*. Of the latter film, the author says: "I hope I'm not betraying any male chauvinism in saying that lesbian antics tend to sound notes sour and gritty rather than gay and fluent." Is he a chauvy, girl? Huh?

He thought *Staircase* (mainly due to the miscast superdupers) to be a dud, and unnecessary. *Boom!* was not to be believed—and I think that Tyler and I are surely in agreement that it could have been a fine play if poor Tennessee had originally made the protagonists the gays they were meant to be.

As Tyler and Charles Henri Ford are friends of very long standing (see the author's *The Divine Comedy of Pavel Tchelitchev* or my review of same in GAY issue no. 61) I was surprised by Tyler's harsh evaluation of Ford's *Johnny Moustache*. Perhaps Tyler's most interesting (continued on page 18)

Wanted

BY AARON BATES

An Al Carmine musical is always bound to be an experience. *Wanted*, now playing at the Cherry Lane Theatre at 38 Commerce Street, is no exception. When theatre-goers lament the staleness of today's musicals, they need only turn to Mr. Carmine for reassurance that better days are coming.

Wanted's book is by David Epstein and it mildly satirizes the American past, the present and that middle-ground where the myths of the past and the present are the same. Since America cherishes its outlaws and gun-slingers, the audience is handed a motherly Ma Barker, a lovable Billy the Kid, a pacifistic Jesse James, and a boyishly tender John Dillinger. Well, why not? They're regarded as heroes of a sort in spite of their actual bloody rampages through the pages of history.

The villain of the piece is a man named Jacob Hooper (who bears more of a resemblance to George Wallace with a Nixon nose than to J. Edgar). Instead of communists, the country's number one threat to Jacob are the Indians and the Indian sympathizers (who, coincidentally, happen to be the outlaws). The final confrontation is planned at the Biograph Theatre "where the Indians hold their balls" and the outlaws are gathered together for a fund-raising benefit to help their anti-Hooper friends. In the end we discover that Hooper, like the bandits, is only trying to do the best he can, and on that note of moral anarchy (which I thoroughly approve of), I'll let the matter rest.

The satire is as harmless as a gentle pat on the buttocks, which is not to say that it's bad. It's merely light-hearted and entertaining. Carmine's music fits perfectly, from the melodious ballads to the country and western foot-stomping songs. The musical abounds with burlesque-type skits and one-line gags which joyously cover up the show's darker and more serious implications. Even death becomes subject to humor. When an outlaw's girlfriend lies dying in his arms from an arrow inflicted by Hooper, he tells her, "Try not to sing," but it is too late. When the outlaw escapes and Hooper finds that he has killed the wrong person, he looks at the girl's body and rationalizes thusly: "Well, she probably wasn't a very nice person anyway."

Oddly enough, the show-stopping number comes from an incidental character named Susannah Figgitt. In a song entitled "Outlaw Man," she belts out her love for men who live by the gun and her references to firearms are a bit phallic, to say the least. When she starts bumping and grinding to "I'm Miss Susannah Figgitt—dig it—the horny golden goddess of the West," the house comes down.

Wanted also abounds with love stories. Poetry-reading Ma Barker fawns over her idiot boys. John Dillinger loves his gun as well as a poor-little-rich-girl, college dropout revolutionary named Shorty (who sings a marvelous number called "I Want to Blow Up the World"). Billy the Kid loves "fuckin' and suckin'" with his tomboyish girlfriend Starr Faithful Brown, while Jesse James seems to have a yen for



America cherishes its outlaws and gun-slingers. Yes?



Jerry Clark and Mervin Goldsmith: Charlie McCarthy was never like this! (Photos by Friedman-Abel)

Indian maiden Sister Powhatan Lace. Even Jacob Hooper manages to find love with his male assistant Babycakes, even

though he still dreams of finding the perfect woman. He finds her in Ma Barker, although Ma doesn't at first understand.

She thinks that he is merely making fun of her moustache. Besides, it's difficult for Ma to change her opinion of Jacob Hooper, especially after she has warned her offspring: "There's nothing more dangerous in the world than a power-hungry fruit."

Like all the shows that Carmine's name has been linked with, *Wanted* is an experiment, and like all experiments, it doesn't always work. Occasionally, characters begin sprouting speeches instead of dialogue and although the moments of "seriousness" are often knocked down by a comic line, the action of the play has been temporarily and unnecessarily halted. The character of Jesse James seems to be burdened with most of the unsatisfactory lines, which is a pity since actor Peter Lombard seems like a very apt leading man type. Luckily, the musical's non-profound "profundities" are few and far between. In contrast, Jacob Hooper's exaggerations of middle-American platitudes are in context and work beautifully.

Wanted is deliciously absurd in many ways, other than chronologically. It is best to view it with a feeling of acceptance and passivity and thus be thoroughly entertained. The "meaning-seekers" amongst us who adhere to strict laws of logic had best keep away. When author Epstein allows himself the freedom to be frivolous, he is most entertaining. True, he has borrowed comic routines from Shakespeare to Ma and Pa Kettle, but he has skillfully incorporated them into the whole.

Director Lawrence Kornfeld also deserves credit for getting the most out of his actors, and an extremely talented group of people they are! I adored Gretchen Van Aken as the sensual Miss Susannah Figgitt who has the ability and stage presence to capture an audience, no matter who else is on stage. She can also belt out a song with the best of them.

Aside from being a very gifted comedian, Merwin Goldsmith makes the villainous Hooper quite lovable. His rich tenor voice is a definite asset. Baritone Peter Lombard as Jesse is also powerful in the voice department. Come to think about it, everyone in the show is more than adequate in putting a song across. There are no "talkers" here.

Reathel Bean (Billy the Kid) and Andra Akers (Starr Faithful) are extremely attractive as young lovers. Frank Coppola (John Dillinger) is charming as he sings his little ditty, "Guns Are Fun," and works well with June Gable as Shorty.

Ever since I saw *In Circles*, I've admired the work of Lee Guilliaut. Now as Ma Barker, she is given the chance to prove her comic abilities. Her timing is impeccable and every line hits home.

As Hooper's love interest, Babycakes, Jerry Clark is most endearing when he sits on Hooper's knee and the two of them sing a romantic duet, "Whispering To You."

In other words, Al Carmine has done it again and provided me with a very entertaining evening in the theatre. I totally forgive him for *Promenade* which left me cold and wholeheartedly recommend this, his latest venture. Besides, it makes one feel good to see a little adrenalin pumped into the arm of the American musical theatre.

Draws 40-Day Jail Term

(continued from page 1)

(including anti-gay fanatic Police Chief Edward Davis) failed, but strong character testimony by heterosexual Unitarian colleagues worked well enough for Nash that the first, all-white jury split "irreconcilably" on his guilt.

The second jury, which included four blacks, and which was coaxed along by a whiplash prosecutor who kept assuring a smiling judge that the work of the Gay Community Services Center would be implanted in the trial record, came in for guilty.

Among the services offered GCSC's wayfarers is advice on how to spot a possible entrapment and how to avoid arrest. Nash was said to have been an instructor in that subject. So why, the prosecution asked, did Nash go to a T-room he knew to be the most heavily observed in town?

A. I felt the need to relieve myself before I caught the (local) bus to Beverly Hills.

Q. You could have done that in the Greyhound bus station before you were burdened with your luggage.

A. These things can come upon you suddenly. Besides, I wanted information about which bus I should take to Beverly Hills. The route number is 4, but I wasn't sure where it left from.

Q. Didn't you notice in the Greyhound bus station that there's a Travelers Aid booth? And that the RTD (the local Los Angeles bus system) had maps available everywhere around?

A. I saw two girls reading an RTD map and I looked over their shoulders. But I couldn't see a Route 4 on it.

Q. Do you see a Route 4 on the map I show you now?

A. Sure. There it is. (He singles out the southeast corner of Hill and Sixth Streets, where he was arrested.)

Q. Then why did you have to ask a stranger? It's the same map. You know that when you board a city bus you have to give the driver the exact fare, that there is no change being made?

A. Yes. The fare from downtown to Beverly Hills would be 38 cents.



The Rev. Richard Lee Nash

Hills would be 38 cents.
Q. How did you know? You didn't even know where the bus stopped? But you say you knew you had the exact money. How much change did you have on you when you were arrested?

A. I don't know.

Nash, shaken and dispirited by infectious hepatitis, was a weak witness in his own behalf. So were his Unitarian colleagues, Rev. Ernest Pipes and Mrs. Leona Light, the latter of whom Nash was supposed to visit on the night of his arrest.

In the first trial, both appeared as enthusiastic witnesses for the defendant's morality and character. In the second trial, they were people who knew him socially and in church matters but who conceded, under sharp questioning, that they might not have known him at all.

Following Nash's sentencing, friends in the gay community moved to free him by writ of habeas corpus from the queens' tank of Los Angeles County Jail to the jail ward of Los Angeles County General Hospital.

Another action, in which the ACLU has expressed interest, is that probation terms be modified because Judge Waters' restrictions violate Nash's rights of association as well as his rights to freedom of speech and religion.

ACLU Takes Marriage Case To Supreme Court



Jack Baker and Mike McConnell sign up as "marrieds." (Photo by Paul R. Hagen)

Minneapolis, Minn.—The Minnesota branch of the American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU) has taken the Jack Baker-Mike McConnell gay marriage case and is appealing it to the U.S. Supreme Court.

The celebrated case was begun by the two lovers on their own when a Minneapolis courthouse clerk refused to grant them a marriage license in May, 1970.

The two were turned down by District Judge Tom Bergin seven months later, and by the Minnesota Supreme Court last October 15th, on the basis that boy-girl weddings are "as old as the Book of Genesis."

The case, paralleled by other lovers' attempts in Los Angeles, Milwaukee, Seattle, Louisville and elsewhere, now goes before the country's highest court with the backing of the prestigious civil-liberties group.

"Prejudice against homosexuals, which tends to be phobic, is unlikely to be cured until the public acknowledges that homosexuals, like all people, are entitled to the full protection and recognition of the law," argues the legal brief filed Feb-

ruary 11th by lawyers R. Michael Wetherbee and Lynn Castner.

"Only then will the public perceive that homosexuals are not freaks or unfortunate aberrations, to be swept under the carpet or to be reserved for anxious fantasies about one's identity or child-rearing techniques."

The brief argues that the 29-year-old lovers are denied their constitutional rights to due process of law and equal protection of the law, and that "the state has not shown any reason, much less a compelling one, for refusing to sanctify the marital relationship."

Last August Baker, the student body president at the University of Minnesota, and McConnell succeeded in getting a marriage license in Mankato, Minn., and were married in Minneapolis September 3rd by a United Methodist minister.

That marriage will be tested in tax and other arenas, and the Minneapolis license pursued, Baker said, to make sure the principle of legal gay marriage is established.

Good Vibrations

BY BRIAN HILL

There is such a glut of new records on the market these days that it is impossible for anyone to listen to even a fraction of the material coming out. I can't pretend to cover the whole range of new records that come out each week, but I have my favorites and my prejudices. I'll try to focus on things I like, because so frequently what one doesn't like, one has merely not understood. I'm sure my biases will be apparent. This week I will start by writing about my favorite rock performer of this or any other year—Neil Young.

NEIL YOUNG

I've been waiting for almost two years now since his last album, and it's finally here. It's called *Harvest* (Reprise MS 2032) and you'd probably have to be deaf, dumb and blind to have missed the enormous publicity surrounding its release. Well, for once the hype and superlatives are not misplaced. I was disappointed with Neil's last album, *After the Gold Rush*. It was a bit facile and lacked the emotional depth of his first two albums, *Neil Young and Everybody Knows This Is Nowhere*. The first was issued right after the breakup of Buffalo Springfield and is just about my favorite album of all time. It is brilliantly arranged and every song is perfect, but it was not a big seller. The second record got more attention and is just as good as the first, though it is very different in style. It features a much more electric sound and Young is backed up by a group called Crazy Horse, which has since put out two good albums on its own. But *After the Gold Rush* was the first one to sell well and, as often happens, it was the least interesting one of the lot—but its imagery was more obvious and the production was much smoother, so that a mass audience could get into it. *Harvest* has much more depth and variety and should give all those who first heard of Neil Young when *After the Gold Rush* came out a much better idea of the complexity of Young's personality and interests. The album features two songs recorded live with the London Symphony orchestra, one poignant song ("The Needle and the Damage Done") recorded simply and beautifully live with just Neil and his guitar. The rest were produced in the studio, usually with a group of sterling Nashville back-up musicians, called here the Stray Gators. There's a new version of Neil's single hit, *Heart of Gold*, which is infinitely more alive and resilient than the single version. But most important, the emotionality that is the essence of Young's special approach comes through pure and strong. His live performances are the strongest, most moving experi-

ences I have ever had at a rock concert. I've never seen an artist with such total control over his audience, with the ability to play the emotional chords of the crowd as though it were an instrument. He's made me cry every time I've seen him. In short, he's a lot more than a performer—he's an innovative artist and an incredible person, and seeing him in person is far more than going to hear some pretty songs. He seems to have a magic ability to relate to an immense range of human experiences and to make the listener profoundly aware of sadness and hope.

TRANVESTITE ROCK

There's a new album by a British rocker named David Bowie. He would seem to be a transvestite, and a lot of his material revolves around topics familiar to the Gay community. This is about his third album, but his previous ones have been very loud and metallic rock with a rather poor production that has obscured his voice. Here he sings clearly and his music is free and flowing and he is good. The album is called *Hunky Dory* (RCA LSP 4632) and the P.M. single hit from it, called "Changes," is a brilliant commentary on the problems of change and impermanence in his life. He's clever and witty, but his songs have substance. For those who admire John Lennon's pursuit of himself and his humanity, I think you will find David Bowie a fascinating troubador.

RECENT RELEASES

I would like to mention quickly a number of other recent releases which I especially enjoyed. The new Traffic album, *The Low Spark of High Heeled Boys* (Island SW 9309), is more of the swirling hypnotic semi-jazz that the group has been pursuing lately. It winds and turns and builds and like the best of the jazz world, it cooks. Dave Mason, who used to be a member of Traffic, has a new one out too, called *Head-Keeper* (Blue Thumb BTS 34). It's not as good as his staggering earlier record—*Alone Together* (Blue Thumb BTS 19), but it has some good things on it, and his guitar work is still some of the most exciting I know of. Laura Nyro probably needs no introduction. Her latest, *Gonna Take A Miracle* (Columbia KC 30987), is a favorite of mine, though many of her regular fans may not like it as much as her earlier work. This one is quite different. It features Patty Labelle (remember Patty Labelle and the Blue Belles?) and is a reworking of a lot of the great old Motown classics, like "Nowhere to Run," "Jimmy Jack," and Smokey Robinson's "You Really Got A Hold On Me." So if you related to the early sixties soul stuff and you want to

hear Laura Nyro's "roots," you'll probably dig this record too. And the title song is a super soulful number that could teach a lot of the slick "pop" singers what a gutsy ballad could be like. In the soul area, I would also strongly recommend Al Green's *Let's Stay Together* (Hi SHL 32070). This is his second straight near-perfect record. Every cut a gem. Wilson Pickett's *Don't Knock My Love* (Atlantic SD8300) is excellent, as is the Detroit Emeralds' *You Want It You Got It* (Westbound WB 2013), if only for the incredible song "Feel The Need In Me."

Finally, here are a couple of "sleepers," excellent releases by people you may never have heard of. First is *High, Low and In Between* by Tommes Van Zandt (Poppy PYS 5700). He's got a wonderful lary masculine voice with great warmth and sings lovely tales of love and life. His previous album, *Townes Van Zandt* (Poppy PYS 40007) is even better. Carol Hall's *Beats and Feathers* (Elektra EKS 75018) features some wonderful Nashville backing to her sweet/sour southern tales of "Hard Times Lovin'." Finally, if you haven't heard the inspirational duo of Seals and Crofts, pick up on their latest and best, *Year of Sunday* (Warner Bros. WB 2568). [They belong to the Baha' Faith and they have a great deal of beautiful, bouncing music—often keyed to the simple optimism reminiscent of the golden days of "Flower Power."] They are a melodic delight for the ears and perhaps a perfect "up" for those mornings when it's particularly hard to get up.

UPCOMING CONCERTS

There are a number of concerts coming up that are of note. Dave Mason and the Byrds are going to be at Howard Stein's Academy of Music on 14th Street. The atmosphere is slightly hostile and the place is filled with some of New York's most spaced-out kids, but the sound is just about the best around now that the Fillmore is gone, and I'd go just about anywhere to see Dave Mason. [And I saw the Byrds a few weeks ago at the Ritz Theater on Staten Island. The theater was a delight—a relaxed and informal setting that is most refreshing after the harshness of most New York rock palaces, and really fairly easy to get to. Though the Byrds rely a bit too heavily on their old material and some of their new material is rather weak, when Roger McGuinn is in the mood, the Byrds can still give a great concert.]

ALICE COOPER COMING

The following weekend at the Academy, Alice Cooper will appear. I find the fake drag act, replete with loads of violence and bizarre ef-



Alice Cooper

fects, rather phony and harsh, but it is the ultimate in decadence for "decline of civilization" freaks. Also, don't plan to go to the Academy if you don't like being pushed around in a large crowd. Their crowd control methods are pretty primitive. Carnegie Hall has become another of the major watering holes on the rock circuit now. Delaney and Bonnie will be there on March 16th and on March 20, 21, 22, the marvelous Beach Boys will be there, still doing the old goodies like "Help Me Rhonda" and "California Girls" as well as smooth singing new material; they just keep rolling along, getting better and better and their concerts are always great fun.

think

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Pen Points



LICK LINDSAY

Dear GAY:

Congratulations upon your strong editorial concerning John Lindsay, Intro 475, the Gay Activists Alliance, and Dick Leitsch. Your editorial stance is one in which you should take great pride, because at heart it is about the most essential spirit of gay liberation: self-respect, the prerequisite of freedom.

At a time when Lindsay and several of the City Councilmen are attempting to make political capital by smearing GAA and the rest of the gay community, you do well to expose their tactics for what they are. Thanks for calling a spade a spade and a crumb a crumb—none of us should be satisfied with the crumbs tossed our way from City Hall, whether they are called a "personnel directive" or an "executive order." Gay men and women are entitled to the full protection of their full civil rights. Only the passage of Intro 475—not amended to exclude any segments of the gay community or any types of employment, but as is—will represent a meaningful step in this direction.

We're glad that you point out the key reason why Lindsay must not be allowed to coast out of his responsibilities to his gay constituents, who tipped the election his way. When Lindsay leaves office not personnel directive or executive order issued by him will be binding on his successor. Only the clearcut fact of a city law can provide New York gays with the protection they need. We heard talk of "detention centers" for gays and "pervert purges" from some of his opponents in the last election; these are the men we may have to deal with when John Lindsay leaves City Hall.

Reliable sources inside the Council, including some present opponents of the bill, indicate that Lindsay can effect its passage if he is willing to cash in a few of the political debts owed to him by members of the Council and come out strongly in favor of the bill himself. His aides claim that he can "work miracles" in the Council—why should he not do so for the gay people of this city?

We all know why. The Mayor's presidential ambitions mean more to him than the welfare or rights of the people of New York City—especially the homosexual people. Lindsay is busy polishing up his national image and shows few scruples in the tactics he is willing to use in doing so. He has blamed the defeat of 475 on GAA, conveniently forgetting that the bill would never have been introduced without months of lobbying, research, and planning by GAA members with Councilmen Clingan and Burden; it would never have come to hearings without the pressure applied by GAA, other gay organizations, and individual members of the gay community; the vast amount of

testimony in support of the bill at the three days of hearings would never have materialized had devoted gay women and men all over the city not worked for countless hours to contact speakers, coordinate testimony, and organize all the details that went into making those hearings one of the proudest moments that gays in this country have had to date.

Lindsay's cynicism and hypocrisy are shocking. His attempted manipulation of the press is more than simply misleading, it is just plain dishonest. To accuse the gays at the hearings, members and non-members of GAA, of disruption and of "damaging their own cause" merely adds insult to injury. It was a moment of pride when gays at the hearings refused to be called "homos," "fairies," and the like by the representatives whose salaries they pay in taxes. It was a moment of pride when gays refused to sit quietly and look the other way while transvestites were being barred and roughed up by the City Hall police.

We had our civil rights before we walked into the Council chambers; the Constitution of this country guarantees them to us. What we sought was much-needed and long-overdue protection of those rights under law. We left City Hall without that protection. We received insults rather than respect at the hands of city government. But we left City Hall and all it represents with our self-respect and basic human dignity intact. There are no compromises to be made where our rights as gay men and women of all types are concerned. Thank you for the commitment to self-respect and the dedication to our full equality which stand forth in your editorial.

Sincerely,
Marc Rubin
Pete Fisher
NYC

LOVE LINDSAY

Dear GAY:

Although Mr. Leitsch and I may have serious organizational differences, I nevertheless consider him to be an expert and knowledgeable in the field. While it is unfortunate that his attitude is that the movement is his personal property, he knows whereof he speaks. Mr. Leitsch is entirely correct, and the editors of GAY are wrong to put down Mayor Lindsay! Sure, Mayor Lindsay could have done more. Who couldn't? But who in a similar position has done more? If one goes out to destroy the Mayor's presidential campaign, who does he hope to elect? I believe that it is time for both GAY and Richard Wandel to consider the alternatives. While it is true that several announced and unannounced Democratic candidates for president have had a kind word for the principle of Gay Liberation, what have any of them actually done? What will they do?

Though I doubt that any one incident changed the minds of the committee members voting on Intro 475, what was actually accomplished by zapping City Hall? What was gained by parading in the Council Chambers in drag? Did these activities get votes for the bill? Might some have been lost? Will uncivil treatment of the Mayor make him feel more kindly toward gays? May he become hostile?

Sincerely yours,
Henry Messer
The Mattachine Society
of New York

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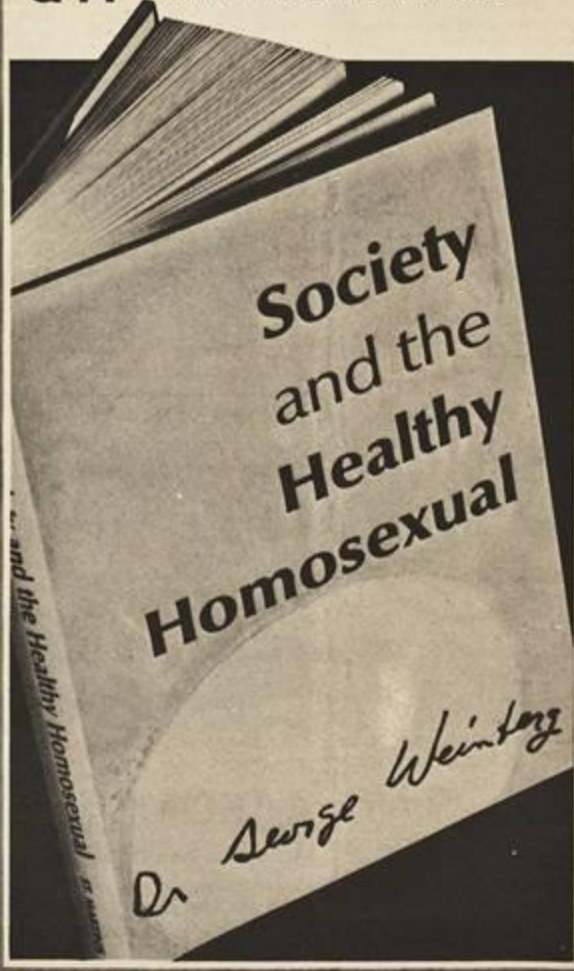
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Judgement Day



Dr. George Weinberg

Dr. George Weinberg is an outstanding New York psychotherapist and author of "Society and the Healthy Homosexual," published (February 1972) by St. Martin's Press, 175 5th Avenue, NYC, \$5.95.

BY DR. GEORGE WEINBERG

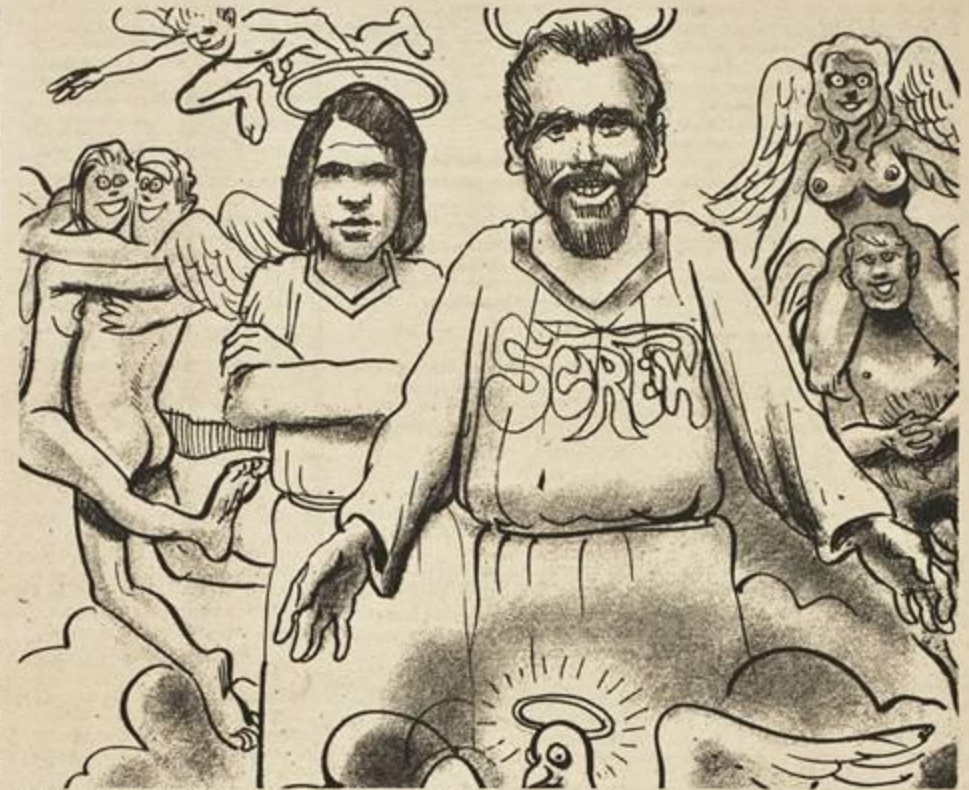
It's Judgement Day, calm and brisk. The stern recorder has put down his scroll and is scratching his chin. From above, the noise of the trumpets has stopped. Drifting across the sky are the cherubim, darlings, fleshy but lighter than air, greeting each other and waiting for further instructions.

Down here, on the ruddy sands of time, the great horde of us—pirates and Roman Centurions and slaves and Chinese matrons, and all the rest of us—wait to be judged; and it is only natural that as persons of every historical period, varying in height and color and age, we jostle waiting for our verdicts.

Christ, handsome Christ, his muscular arm raised and bent in fury, has just revealed his verdict to a middle-aged man in a brown suit. While listening to Christ, the man nodded and mumbled and often patted his face with a handkerchief; he was too nervous to unfold. I think he was a city councilman. They were over across the hot sands and hundreds between us, or I would have rushed to him to ask what Christ said. He slumped when Christ stopped, and he stepped down slowly, so I guess it was bad. But to my mind, this was a good omen, since I believe we are destined for opposite fates.

There are hideous fiends with horns among us. (I have already seen three or four of them, and one in a zany, red, one-piece outfit, like pajamas.) But so far I have not seen any dragging out persons sentenced to stand in flames forever.

I very much admire the madonna's purple gown and shawl. She sits watching Christ as he judges each candidate, the madonna fully clothed and apathetic, Christ half-naked and full of wrath. I would like to move closer to see exactly how the diamond-shaped design was stitched into her shawl. But I am afraid she will single me out and tip the balance against me with Christ, leaning forward in her director's chair and whispering to Him, as she just did when the woman in the hot pink miniskirt was talking. The truth is that I never hit it off too well with madonnas. They dislike me on sight—even before they find out my name is Weinberg. And frankly, I feel frightened, at the edge of collapse. But don't push or I'll knock you down. Now that the recorder has stopped taking his notes, I can do that, you know; and there'll be no one to hold it against me. I don't care if you are a genital female. Give me room. By the way, do you know the rules on sex



The publishers of SCREW have their own peculiar vision of Judgment Day.

play while we're waiting?

I admit it. This is blustering. I can stand nearly anything better than waiting, especially in a throng like this with people from every historical period and every culture. And I admit too that even though I haven't been sentenced yet, I don't like standing too close to those three-foot-high demons from Hell with their raging eyes; they look like midget wrestlers with horns.

I think I'll go closer to the high carpeted purple steps to see better who is receiving what sort of sentence. How are the Jews doing, for instance? Maybe I'll have to make my getaway even before my trial. I think I could hide interminably, losing myself in this throng. From here, I can discern individuals walking up to Christ and his whispering something to each, and I can tell by their faces when they leave him how well each has fared.

Isn't that my high school English teacher, Miss Phelps, with her squinty eyes and squinty glasses? Everyone used to laugh at her for not getting married. She smiled broadly walking down the two steps of the judgment platform. I guess she did pretty well. I'm glad. I always liked her. She was generous. She once added two points to my mark by mistake and I knew when I brought the paper up to her she would praise me for honesty and not lower my mark. But does this mean her celibacy paid off? And if so, where does that leave me? Maybe I should borrow her glasses when I go up there. No. He'd consider me a hypocrite.

There goes my friend Robert Henry, the magazine writer who spent Saturdays and Sundays being drunk and eating pretzels in a gay bar and the rest of the time

pretending that he wasn't homosexual and was wealthy, and wearing college sweaters to look younger. Good luck Bob. O my goodness, he's crying. What did Christ tell him? What did he do so awful? I'll call him. Bob! Bob! He's sobbing uncontrollably, and now he's disappearing in the crowd. I can't reach him without losing my choice position. I wish I could make sense out of all this.

I'm next! The message has wafted to me magically causing my temples to throb. Get out of my way, you punk in that army uniform, I've got to get to Christ to hear my outcome. This happens only once in a lifetime. It's my turn. Dammit. Wouldn't you know it. Just like the supermarket, whenever you're in a hurry and trying to get past people, there's always some aged person and you've got to go slow and be kind. "I'm sorry mister. Christ called my name, you see, so that if you please move forward a little bit and I could get past you. All right, Thank you."

Now I can sprint—right to the steps. Should I compliment the madonna on her outfit? I'd better not. She might take it wrong.

"All right. Here I am. Thank you for calling me before most of these people, Sir. I have done my best in life and I stand before you, awaiting your mercy."

"What is it that you want?" His eyes are soft and yet aflame, like emeralds. Quite beautiful. I looked like that for a while, when I was about twenty-two.

"Sir. I just wanted to know about my future. I guess you can understand that."

"Step up, my son. You must hear your verdict alone. I will whisper it to you."

"Yesir."

"There is no Judgement Day. That is a myth."

"What?"

"That is why some cry and some are happy when they leave me. Those who enjoy their lives have gambled on this, they have gambled on the value of life, and they walk away happy. The others have renounced, have brought themselves needless pain in fear of Judgment Day—all for naught, and they are wretched."

I was free to go home, to finish my life, to seek pleasure and beauty wherever I wanted, and with half a lifetime left.

But I did not go immediately. Suddenly Christ looked mortal to me, even unfortunate in having to spend all His time with this motley crowd, conveying the same fact to one person after another. In a burst of sympathy, I extended my hand and when he took it, I grasped his. "You mean you, a young fellow, have to put in all this time standing here in front of the madonna and talking to individuals, telling them this?"

"Don't pity me," he said. "This is my pleasure. You, who say you respect people's right to pleasure in many forms, must understand this form of pleasure too."

"I see," I responded. I was beaming as I went down the steps and through the crowd. Then I thought of Miss Phelps, the so-called spinster English teacher. She too had been delighted. In fact, the same prejudice in high school condemning her for being different was the one that brutalized nonconformists of all kinds. By doing what she wanted to do, in spite of it, she had risen above it. Our smile was similar, and then, though I was too far away to tell, I imagined I saw Christ smiling too.

Gay America Plans For '72 Elections

(continued from page 1)

be fired as long as you're still in the closet.' It's a meaningless piece of garbage, designed to split the Gay community by keeping the Gay community thinking that John Lindsay's such a beautiful, wonderful man." Muskie "refuses to speak out in any way on the Gay issues."

Ron Alheim of the Tri-Cities GLF, Albany, N.Y., urged Gays all over the country to take an active role in pressuring political candidates to speak out on Gay issues. Just asking questions of a political candidate on Gay civil rights issues when they appear in public, he emphasized, makes a positive impression on the candidate as well as the audience.

Morris Kight, representing the Gay Community Services Center in Los Angeles, introduced Dr. Benjamin Spock, People's Party candidate for President. Kight stated that Spock has been credited, or perhaps condemned "for having founded the permissive society. I'm sure that Dr. Spock would probably feel honored to be called the founder of the permissive society; but that's hardly true. Several thousand years of oppression, exploitation and repression had ultimately come to an end at some time." It was Dr. Spock's awareness of the diminution of oppression, exploitation and repression, Kight continued, which he articulated, that brought him public attention in the 1940's.

"Why a new party?" asked Spock. Answering his own question, Spock said that the Democratic and Republican parties are "tweedle-dum, tweedle-dee." No significant social and political changes will come about under the Republicans or Democrats. "We believe the only way we can build a strong and permanent new political movement is from the grass roots all over the United States." He went on to call for "an immediate end of all laws discriminating against people because of their sexual inclinations. We say there must be laws to make it impossible for industry, for government and for universities to discriminate against Gay people."

The great bulk of Spock's speech was an indictment of the war-faring, imperialist, discriminatory and elitist bureaucratic government in Washington, D.C. In the question period, Spock stumbled and fell a bit; when Dr. Franklin Kameny of Washington Mattachine asked why no openly Gay candidates are slated for the Presidential cabinet of the People's Party, Spock answered that Gays should take an active part in the work of the People's Party convention: "It's up to the people to join and to provide such things that they'll be voted on." When Jim Fouratt of the New York Purple Star Tribe pressed Dr. Spock on the sexism he presumes Gays will have to face when they work with heterosexual aides in the People's Party, Spock yielded the question to Chuck Avery, national secretary for the People's Party. Avery, a Gay activist himself, pointed out that a number of delegates to the People's Party convention were Gay. All in all, Dr. Spock finished by receiving a long, standing ovation from the convention.

For the first time in the history of the Gay Liberation Movement in this country a national Gay civil rights platform was prepared. This platform, an indice of the social and political directions of Gay Liberation in the U.S. 1972, reads as follows:

1972 Gay Rights Platform in the United States

Millions of Gay women and men in this country are subject to severe social, economic, legal and psychological oppression because of their sexual orientation.

We affirm the right of all persons to define and express their own sexuality and emotional

ity and to choose their own lifestyle, so long as they do not infringe upon the rights of others. We pledge an end to all social, economic, legal and psychological oppression of Gay people.

We demand the repeal of all laws forbidding voluntary sex acts involving consenting Gay American women and men in private.

Laws prohibiting loitering for the purpose of soliciting for a homosexual liaison are vague and unconstitutional. Nevertheless, they are frequently used as the legal cover for police entrapment of Gay people.

We demand the repeal of all laws prohibiting the solicitation for a voluntary private sexual liaison.

Prejudice and myth have led to widespread discrimination against Gay people.

We demand the enactment of civil rights legislation which will prohibit discrimination because of sexual orientation in employment, housing, public accommodations, and public services.

Demands:

1. Amend all federal civil rights acts, other legislation and government controls to prohibit discrimination in employment, housing, public accommodations and public services because of one's sexual orientation.

2. Issuance by the President of an executive order prohibiting the military from excluding persons who of their own volition desire entrance into the armed forces for reasons of their sexual orientation, and from issuing less-than-honorable discharges for homosexuality, and the upgrading to fully honorable of all such discharges previously issued, with retroactive benefits.

3. Issuance by the President of an executive order prohibiting discrimination in the federal civil service because of sexual orientation, in hiring and promoting, and prohibiting discrimination against homosexuals in security clearances.

4. Elimination of tax inequities victimizing single persons and same-sex couples.

5. Elimination of bars to the entry, immigration, and naturalization of homosexual women and men aliens.

6. Federal encouragement and support for sex education courses prepared and taught by qualified Gay women and men presenting homosexuality as a valid, healthy preference and lifestyle, and as a viable alternative to heterosexuality.

7. Appropriate executive orders, regulations, and legislation banning the compiling, maintenance and dissemination of information on an individual's sexual preferences, behavior and social and political activities for docters and data banks, and ordering the immediate destruction of all such existing data.

8. Federal funding of aid projects by Gay women's and men's organizations designed to alleviate the problems encountered by Gay women and men which are engendered by an oppressive, sexist society.

9. Immediate release of all Gay women and men now incarcerated in detention centers, prisons and mental hospitals because of sexual offense charges relating to victimless crimes or their sexual orientation, and that adequate compensation be made for the physical and mental duress encountered, and that all existing records relating to the incarceration be immediately expunged.

State:

1. All federal legislation and programs enumerated in Federal Demands 1, 5, 7, 8 and 9 above should be implemented at the state level where applicable.

2. Repeal of all state laws prohibiting private sexual acts involving consenting persons; equalization for homosexuals and heterosexuals of the enforcement of all laws.

3. Repeal all state laws prohibiting solicitation for private voluntary sexual liaisons and those laws prohibiting prostitution, both male and female.

4. Enactment of legislation prohibiting insurance companies and other state-regulated enterprises from discriminating because of sexual orientation, in insurance and in bonding or any other prerequisite to employment or control of one's personal demands.

5. Enactment of legislation so that child custody, adoption, visitation rights, foster parenting, and the like shall not be denied because of sexual orientation or marital status.

6. Repeal of all laws prohibiting transvestition and cross-dressing.

7. Repeal of all laws governing the age of sexual consent.

8. Repeal of all legislative provisions that restrict the sex or number of persons entering into a marriage unity, and the extension of legal benefits of marriage to all persons who co-habit regardless of sex or number.

(Note: It was not until after the convention that the inconsistency between no. 4 of federal demands and no. 8 of state demands was recognized. While no. 8 state calls implicitly for tax privileges for Gay couples, no. 4 federal calls for an end to tax privileges to couples. A number of Gays polled since the convention feel the federal demand should pre-empt the clause in the state demand.)

It was decided at this convention that Gays are to take an active role in the upcoming national conventions—the Republican convention in San Diego, and the Democratic convention in Miami. Mobilization of Gays will be implemented by five regional centers. Organizing centers for the conventions will be in the north-west, the south-west, the north-central, the north-east and the south-eastern U.S. Hopes of getting many Gay delegates into the Republican convention are not strong. However, since the Democrats, by law, must represent all minorities within their electoral wards in percentages equal to that of the minorities' populations within these wards, the chances of having large numbers of Gay delegates at Miami

are great. In both San Diego and Miami Gays will be encouraged to make their presence felt and their issues known.

At times the convention became bogged down with the question of what general issues a Gay convention should address itself to; while most delegates insisted on the importance of directing themselves to Gay Liberation only, a vocal minority of the delegates pressed for involvement in anti-war, racial and other issues. Morris Kight presented an anti-United States imperialist resolution on behalf of that minority. Kight's resolution, delivered extemporaneously, was adopted by the convention as a minority statement of the convention. His resolution read as follows:

That the United States has been quietly seized by highly-paid agents engaging in protection and serving the enormous, almost untaxed profits of a vast burgeoning industrial complex. That this complex is supported by a world-wide military complex engaged in the business of guaranteeing those almost untaxed profits. That the domestic police establishment is in the business of protecting those interests and not protecting and serving the people. And that we as Gay peoples within this country oppose this since it affects us very directly as Gay people.

That in the pursuit of our world-wide imperialist stance the United States has installed dictators in numbers of countries around the world who seek self-determination for their own peoples. That we have established industrial control in many countries of the world almost making those countries colonies of the United States. That the United States has over 2,000 military bases around the world designed to protect those dictatorships and those governments not respecting the right of self-determination of their own people. We as Gay peoples within this country oppose this since it affects us as Gays too.

Moreover, our government in Washington has become totally unresponsive to the needs of all peoples. It has assisted in the institutionalization of racism. It has assisted in the institution of institutionalized sexism. It has by its benign neglect of the very old, assisted in the institutionalization of ageism. It has, because of its encouragement of inadequate education, assisted in the exploitation of the very young. Because

our government has reversed the priorities from the people, it has, among other things, caused this country to have one of the worst health-care programs in the world. Because the government is protecting and serving the interests of the imperialist class, the poverty class in the country is increasing—not decreasing. And that we as Gay people, since we have a stake in all those things, oppose these policies.

It would not be enough just to oppose; we should in all cases offer a positive response; and our positive responses are as follows:

That the United States be immediately ordered to dismantle its world-wide military-industrial-police complex. And that all police agencies operating outside the United States in the behalf of that industrial complex be ordered to come home.

Beyond that, that power in the United States be once and for all returned to the people and to the person; and to do that, we would say that the Constitution and the Bill of Rights must once again be activated, and made viable, and have life breathed back into them. And to do that we would suggest that the members of the Senate and the House of Representatives demand immediately a Constitutional reconvening of their own power as the elected representatives of the people.

We also demand that all personal power be returned to the people for the self-determination of their own destinies and their own existences.

Before adjourning, it was established that a second national Gay convention will be necessary shortly after the national party conventions have met. Minneapolis was agreed upon as the city of National Gay Convention II for the Labor Day week-end. There, it is hoped, Gays can re-evaluate the hard work that will have been done between now and then and plan for future struggles in our common quest for justice and freedom.

Dr. Franklin Kameny, Homosexual candidate for Congress from Washington, D.C. in 1971, commenting on the impact Gays will have on the '72 elections, said: "Realistically, we probably won't have the impact that all of us would like to have, but I think we will have enough so that it will be lasting and will lay the groundwork in terms of '76."

Long-time Gay activist Morris Kight was favorably impressed with the growth of pride and sense of liberation among Gays as indicated by this convention: "I see an enormous radicalization of the Gay community and I think that's good because I think that the correct definition of radical is that a radical seeks the root cause of oppression, repression, expectation. And this conference defines that root cause and is moving closer to getting to it. Beyond that, I see an enormous politicization of the Gay community—and that's only positive, because it is a political society. And this move toward politicization is a healthy sign. We will force this country to deal with us as a political people."

Richard Wandel, president of New York Gay Activists' Alliance, co-host of the convention, was pleased with the outcome of the convention: "I hoped for another small step in getting Gay groups together and other steps specifically in terms of Presidential campaigns. What we got, I think, was a large step in terms of Presidential campaigns and a phenomenal step in terms of getting a national Gay Movement."

The convention met for 2 full days. When it ended Sunday night, delegates returned to their homes in Madison, Wisconsin; Minneapolis, Minnesota; Hempstead, Long Island; San Diego, California; and on and on. They returned home to begin the work of Gay Liberation for elections '72.

Offensive Ad:

"You Don't Have To Be Gay To Like Office Furniture"

BY FERRIN SHAFFER

Washington, D.C.—An office furniture ad appearing in *The Washington Post* (Jan. 5) brought protests from GAA-DC. Both the furniture company and its ad agency have apologized for the ad, which GAA had considered offensive.

The ad showed a drawing of a man with long eyelashes and long wavy hair. Like other ads in the series, this one was headlined "D & F did it to me." The ad copy below this read:

My name is Reuben Cheeks. I used to be a hair-dresser, but now I am a successful businessman because D & F Did It To Me. You see, I wanted to start a franchise of Beauty salons, "The Home For Wayward Curly," but with the costs of franchises being what they are, I didn't think I'd have enough capital left to set up a business office.

Until I Went to D & F. Their prices were so reasonable... for absolutely divine Desks and Office Furniture... that I had enough money left over to have my very first hairdryer bronzed and sent to my Mommy. Oh, I'm just so thrilled that D & F Did It To Me.

D & F Did It To GAA, also, GAA expressed its indignation to the *Post*, D & F and to other local newspapers. To the *Post* Letters to the Editor Dept., GAA wrote, in part:

The Post is (at last) reporting some news of the gay community in Washington accurately and impartially. We find it strange, therefore, that after refusing dignified ads from homosexual groups for years, you now accept ads containing vicious, inaccurate, "funny," stereo-

types of us-like Reuben Cheeks—and expect no one to notice.

We noticed. Cut it out.

Writing also to the *Post*'s advertising director, GAA asked him to "... prohibit crude, stereotyped advertising material offensive to homosexuals, just as it prohibits such material in the case of Jews, Blacks, Spanish-speaking peoples, women and other unusual classes of people."

GAA pointed out to the general manager of D & F that approximately 250,000 of Washington's three million residents are gay: "They are your customers—and they are fed up with allegations such as yours that 'if even a faggot can make it using D & F equipment, so can you.'" GAA asked D & F "Why did you not use a Sambo caricature of a garbage man who wound up with a fleet of garbage trucks because he purchased D & F furniture and was able to have his first garbage truck monogrammed for his 'Mummy' as a present? Or an Indian chief sending his first blanket embroidered in gold to his squaw now that he owns a textile mill thanks to D & F? Is it because your public bigotry lies only in 'safe' areas?" GAA threatened review by the Federal Trade Commission and legal and political action, unless it received a written apology "suitable for publication" and an apology in D & F's next ad.

GAA wrote to *The Evening Star*, *The Washington Afro-American* and *The Washington Daily News* about the incident. GAA enclosed a copy of the ad and of the letter to D & F, stating "We trust

that your own advertising policies... are more enlightened than the *Post*'s."

decided that the series might offend other groups as well, so he had cancelled the rest of the series. Being Jewish, he concluded with the wish that he'd had the courage to protest anti-semitic ads before, and would probably do so in the future. A later letter from Allen R. Weitzman, president of D & F's ad agency, Weitzman Associates, also apologized and vowed that future ads would be inoffensive.

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PARIS THEATER
9103 Santa Monica Blvd.
488-9475



"I see myself. I am a star."

Lola (continued from page 5)
straight society, for ourselves, for our own needs as much as anything else. Doing the plays was a kind of catharsis, we turned the world upside down, men playing women, women as men, we flaunted the sex roles. In the beginning, when I went on stage I would reach these great ecstatic heights, all of us did, a kind of religious, almost, ritualistic, beatific release. Now it's changed somewhat.

SOREL: Do you see any reason for certain factions of the movement to object to some of the things you do in the theatre?

LOLA: Well, Martha Shelley came to see us once and she liked us very much.

SOREL: Well, that's certainly something.

LOLA: Yes, but then right after that she had a fight with Charles in the Paradox about welfare.

SOREL: Welfare? What about?

LOLA: Well, Charles said that welfare recipients should eat better food and transcend but Martha said he had no right to ask a starving Puerto Rican woman and her children to transcend.

SOREL: Transcend, ah ha, the very word I've been looking for. Do you think that where you're at, the consciousness level of the ridiculous theatre say, turning the world upside down and flaunting the sex roles, transcends that of the gay libbers who are still hung up on gay is good and distinctions between straight and gay, men and women?

At this point Flavia, who can best be introduced to this article as one of Miss Pashalinski's more prominent passions, was unable to remain silent any longer and burst into the discussion.

FLAVIA: I think you're making an artificial distinction between two groups where there really isn't any. The theatre and the movement are really part of the same thing and you lose something by not emphasizing the gayness of the ridiculous companies. You talk about contempt for audience, most of the people in the audience were, in fact, gay and we knew it was contempt for a straight audience, for straight society. We shared in that contempt and that was a big part of it all.

LOLA: Our main obsession has always been our homosexuality, well no, sexuality, I would say. Our main obsession has always been with sexuality.

SOREL: Don't you think that some parts of the liberation movement, the women particularly, would object to your presentation of sexuality? I'm thinking chiefly about the idea of drag queens putting down women here.

LOLA: I don't know, they say that the queens trash women and all, but I've always been a sucker for drag queens. Something about them, it's much more than just dressing as a woman, I think. It's a whole personality they get into, that kind of wonderful bitchiness, a terrific wit unlike anything else. And the defiance, I admire their great defiance, an absolute refusal to submit to what society expects of them. They will be whatever they want to be and to hell with everything. I think they're wonderful.

SOREL: I guess you're a sucker for drag queens alright. *Turds In Hell* was one of your productions, wasn't it?

LOLA: Oh yes, I really liked that one.

SOREL: I remember reading the ad for it in *The Voice* and I used to think turds? I don't want to go to the theatre to see turds. If I want to see turds, I'll look in the toilet.

LOLA: Oh, but not like our turds. You should have seen our turds, they were the most beautiful, radiant, glowing turds imaginable.

SOREL: What about this obsession with sex. Doesn't it get boring after a while?

LOLA: Boring? No. What do you mean?

SOREL: It seems to me that after you flaunt the sex roles a few times, after you turn everything upside down, there's no point in continuing to present it upside down.

LOLA: Oh no. People will always be interested in sex, people have been interested in sex since the first amoeba dot, dot, dot. But we have changed somewhat since the beginning. We've moved beyond our original sort of free contemptuous of everything style. The plays are more structured now. Farce is an important element. Working close together for about five years now, we've evolved into a modern day Commedia Dell'Arte, or maybe Commedaise Francaise kind of thing. *Bluebeard* was like that.

SOREL: What's the new play about?

LOLA: *Eunuchs of the Forbidden City*. It's about sex, I guess, sex and power. It relies less on farce than *Bluebeard* I think. Wit, fine wit is the thing with this play.

SOREL: Since it doesn't look like Lola is going to, I guess it's up to me to tell you all to be sure to see it—*Eunuchs of the Forbidden City* opening sometime in March, watch for it! One more question, Miss Pashalinski, how do you see yourself? As an actress? When you look in the mirror, what do you see? Do you see a star?

LOLA: I see myself—I am a star.

Screening

(continued from page 10)

chapter is the one on beaver films. There have been many keen analyses of standard commercial ventures, but when he has a critic of the author's standing taken on the porno? Never I daresay. (And perhaps never again...) He is, as one might expect, as curious about the audiences as the films themselves. Warhol's funky cine-matics fare best and our critic has scant praise for such as *Song of the Loon*. ("... the Muse of Penisology [has been] cheated by this hifalutin prick flick...") But he loved the original Amory Loon trilogy and quotes that author's comments on porn-producers in the GAY interview.

There are comments on Garbo's sadly missed chances to play lesbians. There is the symbolism of military uniforms and sexual fetishes. There is kinky sex: Mick Jagger, Jean Genet, Kenneth Anger, von Stroheim and even Eisenstein; *Rope*, *Compulsion*, *Psycho*, *In Cold Blood* (and a strong slap on the wrists to Capote). There are the comedians who have made much professional employment of effeminity. In addition to Franklin Pangborn,

Grady Sutton, Edward Everett Horton and Taylor Mead, Tyler doesn't hesitate to include Bob Hope, Jack Benny, Jerry Lewis, Red Skelton and Crazy Kat. (You slipped, Parker. Or didn't you ever carefully observe Bugs Bunny?) As for the other side, there's always Bea Lillie and Margaret Rutherford...

I just realized this is a stinkin' lousy review of a fine book. I have not been able to speak of even a third of the material Tyler has utilized, nor the reason why. Perhaps I have at least tantalized you enough to give you the impetus to read *Screening The Sexes*. I guarantee it would be worth your while, for the author's liberated and liberating statements alone. As I've said, I was surprised and pleased, and I'd like to end with words from the book's final chapter, *All the Sexes: Their Power and Its Possibilities*.

The extent and implications of this book's inquiry have prompted me to assume that, in the truly realistic sense, there are as many sexes as there are individuals; that sex, empirically, is an infinitely variable spectrum; that the seeming neat correspondence between male and female organs is not the end, but the beginning of sexuality.

Cruising

(continued from page 6)

Continental Baths. He and his staff (which he said were groovy and really great kids—and they are too) have developed a nice easy rapport with one another, which makes for a smoother operation because people are really trying to communicate with one another, and that is what it's all about, isn't it?

At any rate, Gene is bursting with enthusiasm and ideas about making Man's Country second to none—and with the pool and penthouse/sundeck scheduled for a summer opening, as well as breathing some decor and style into the private rooms and preparing some very private rooms complete with double beds and private baths, not to mention taking over the bar in the Pierrepont for Man's Country and turning it into a casual *Bon Soir*-type affair, the new generation baths will be getting it on in style thanks to Gene and his able staff (Herman, Jerry, Leo—just to name a few).

We'll keep you abreast of all the doin's goin' down at Man's Country. We'd like to thank Gene for his really super hospitality. It's nice to walk on a "red carpet" once or twice in one's life.

AND FURTHERMORE...

Pick up on "Conversations with Playwrights" at the 92nd Street YM-YWHA for five Sunday evenings beginning March 5th with Tennessee Williams; April 16th with John Guare; April 30th with Neil Simon; May 7th with Edward Albee; and May 21st with the redoubtable Arthur Miller.

A young man whom we reviewed in these pages an issue or so ago named Dave Bromberg has just had his first album released. Based on what we heard at *Folk City*, get his album before it sells out—like today, baby!

Westbeth Show: We got a call the other day from Barton Benes, one of the participating artists in what sounds like an interesting series of eleven one-man shows dealing with various aspects of gay oppression, life and liberation. The show is collectively called "Everybody's at Westbeth" and it opens March 4th through the 26th, Fri.-Suns. from 2-6 pm at Westbeth Galleries, 155 Bank St. in the Village. We'll check it out for the next issue.

New seasons: Both the Joffrey Ballet and the New York City Opera begin their new seasons on February 23rd and run through April. They will be at the City Center (55th St. betw. 6th and 7th Aves.,

phone 246-8989) and the New York State Theatre at Lincoln Center (TR 7-4727).

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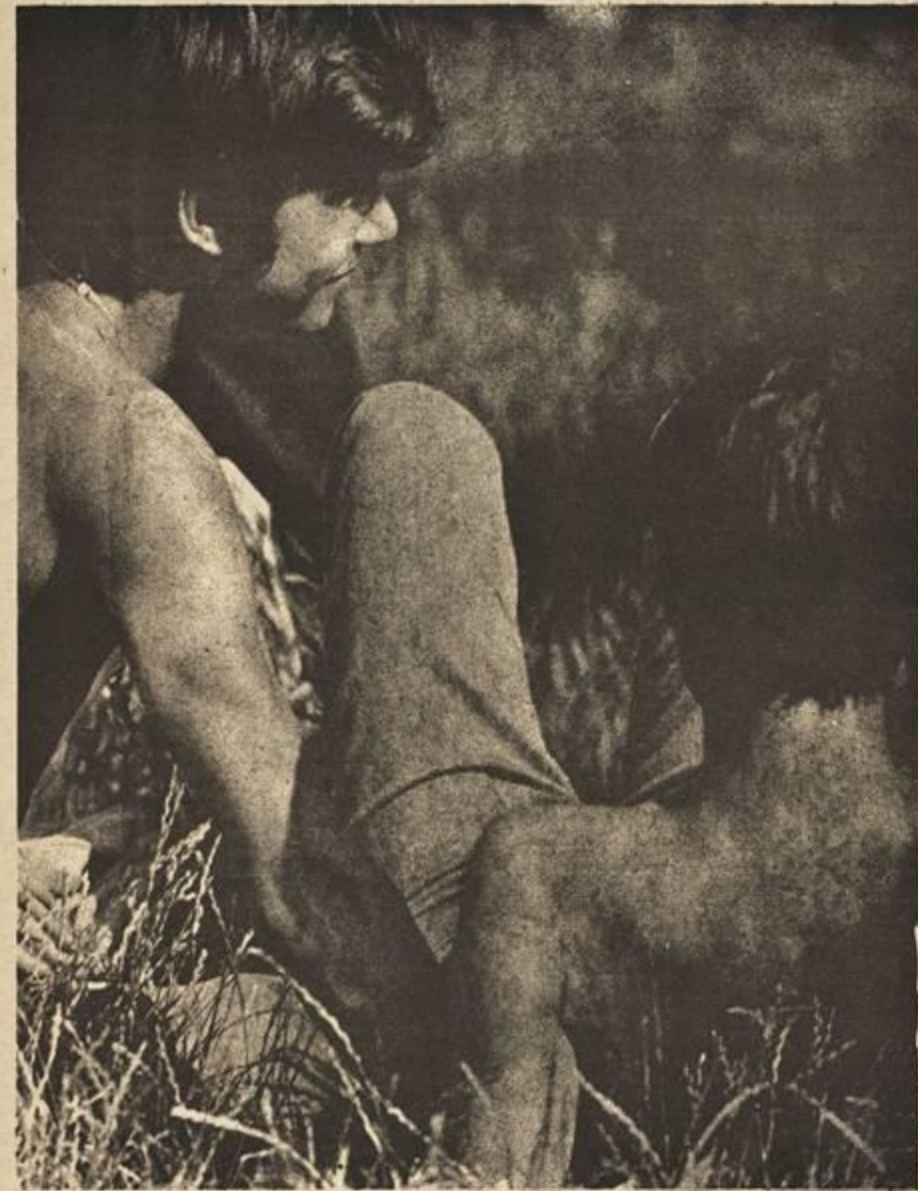


Photo by Roy Lugh

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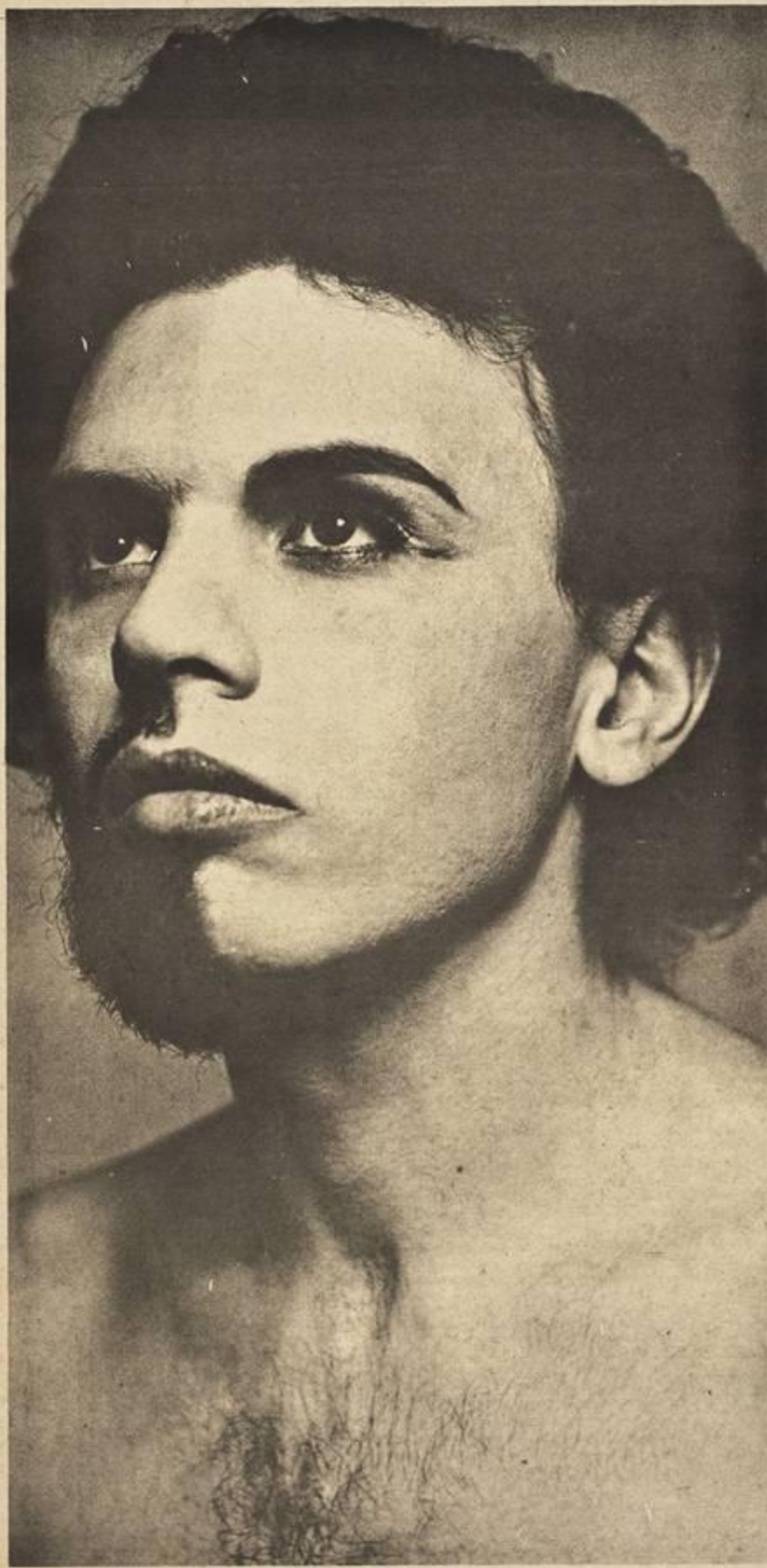
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BY MARCO VASSI

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If you would understand ease marjually into these words drift solemnly into small heavy rooms where headless bodies are buried shallow exposing knee buckling flesh crannies where thigh and hair and buttock curve force vacuums of lungs in licking consciousness sending rippled salutations to penetration

If you would take the trip lean yearningly into these descriptions sigh stumbling into closet lockers and sink before the bristling thighs the dangling cock with pulsing intelligence put the soft insolence into your mouth to start a conversation without distance where touch and touch and simply touch contains all language to talk about the stars

If you would strike the pose suck with silent passion find nobility in lax jawed slobbering send distinctions scampering give until your heart bursts with giving heap pleasure upon the upright man abandoning all asking for return until the shower of his gasps bathes your ears his hands cup your hair in resonance the silver sperm glides into your throat and all the images of life dance for your awareness as you feel cold concrete hard beneath your knees

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FROM THE AUTHOR OF the 1969 best seller "Tigers on the Prowl" (thanks to SCREW) comes a new exciting, trashy, vulgar gay guide, "The Wonderful World of Cruising," listing whorey U.S.A., queenly Canada, uncircumcised Puerto Rico & the non-Virgin Islands. Send \$2 to: J. Stuart, 8200 Blvd. East., North Bergen, NJ.

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GAY DANCE! Gay Alliance of Brooklyn invites you to a dance, 99 Clinton St., Brooklyn. \$2 donation. March 11 & every other Saturday.

SENSATIONAL NUDE PHOTO SETS of muscle star Paul. Send stamp for free sample photo. Paul, Van Brunt Sta., Box 358, Brooklyn, NY 11215.

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HOW ABOUT IT? We need versatile male models to appear in a private collection of video tapes! Experience not necessary! Submit a photo, with name, address, age & telephone no. David Productions, Ltd., Merchandise Mart Sta., PO Box 3962, Dept. 3G, Chicago, Ill. 60654.

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STRUGGLING, DEPENDABLE, adaptable drama student, 21, desires steady, hopefully permanent, legit employment with livable salary & flexible hours by nice person(s). Anything considered. Am in school Mon.-Fri. 9-1. Write: RLT, 245 E. 24 St., Apt. 14 L, NYC 10010.

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GAY MALE, 27, 5'10", 155 lbs., average build, average looks. Wants to meet guys 21-30. I want a permanent lover, not a one-night stand. I have my own pad in NJ. Mr. Frederick Hemmer, 377 So. Harrison St., East Orange, NJ.

W/M, 30, youthful, versatile, varied interests. Own pad. Can travel. Desires intimate meetings for fun & games. Permanent relationship possible. No correspondence established without mutual exchange of recent photos including full statistics. Occupant, PO Box 4, Framingham, Ma. 01701.

HURRY! Last chance to send \$1. Send to: M.P. Associates, PO Box 77, Meriden, Conn. 06450.

WHITE MALE, 40, dark brown hair, 5'8", 150 lbs., sincere, seeks permanent relationship with fem male who is willing to relocate, age 18-35. No hustlers. Photo first letter. Honesty & sincerity more important than looks. PO Box 8792, Cleveland, Ohio 44135.

BODYBUILDER, 25, 5'9", 180, 47" chest, 31" waist, seeks same for posing, oil, 5/M. Photo appreciated. Rick Alexander, 152 W. 42 St., Suite 504, NYC 10036.

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BLONDE CHICAGO MODEL, 6', 154 lbs., young & attractive. Writer-Erich Speck, 451 Wrightwood, Apt. 810; Chicago, Ill. for evening appointments.

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GAY MALE SEEKS SAME. 11155 Northlawn, Det., Mich. 48204.

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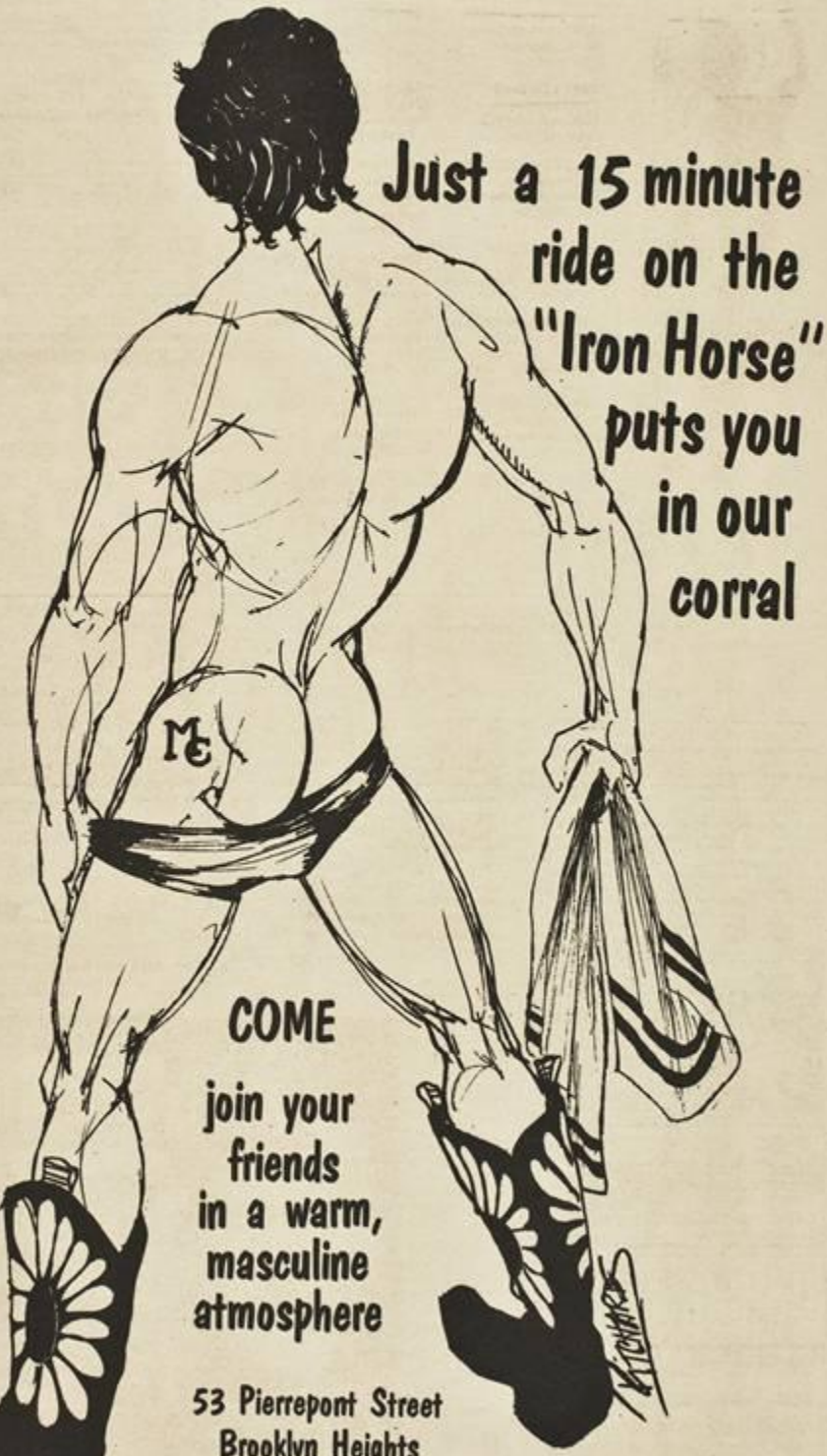
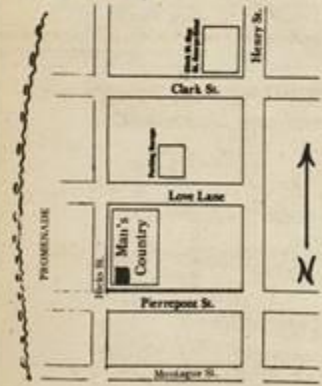
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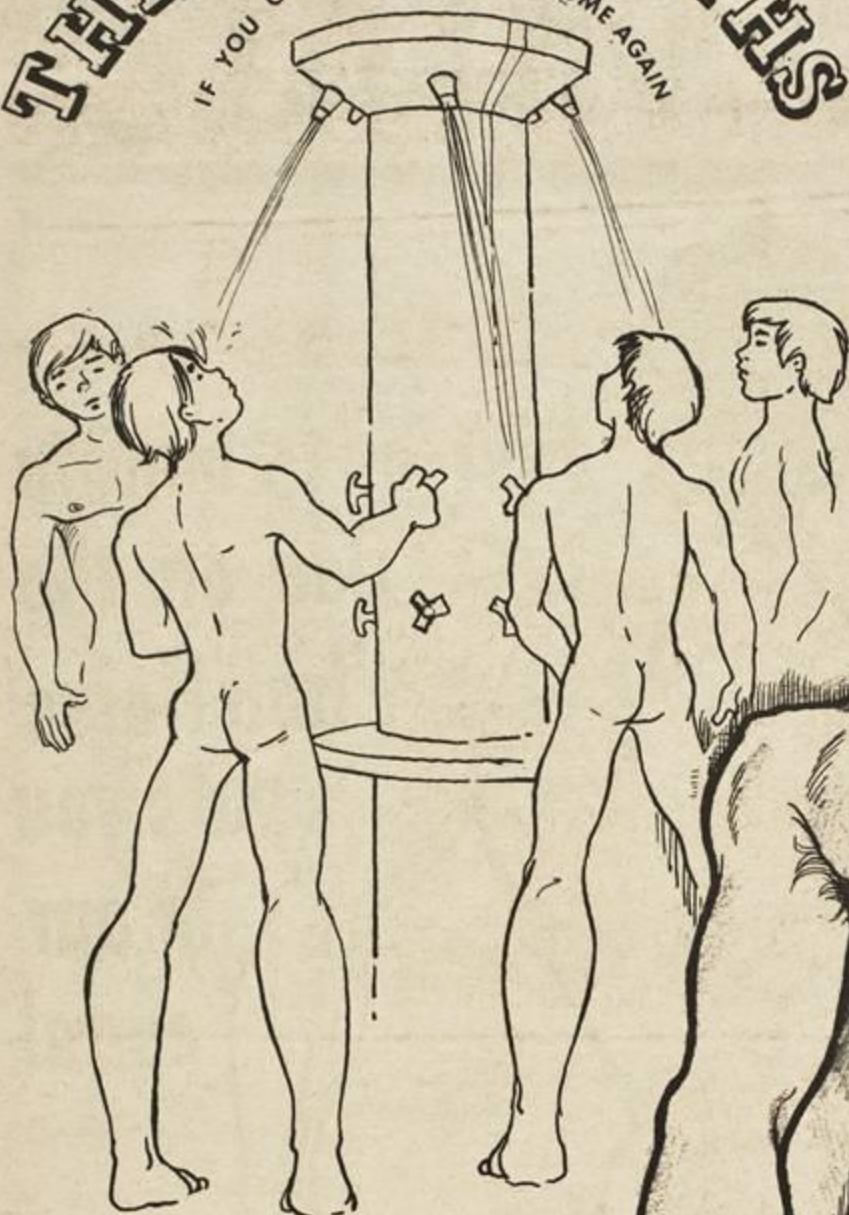
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