

# GAY

50¢

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## V.D. PROGRAM IS T.V. MILESTONE

### GAY WRITERS INTERVIEWED

"VD BLUES" with Dick Cavett (host), James Coco, Robert Drivas, Marcia Rodd, Severn Darden, Karen Wyman, Doctor Hook and The Medicine Show, Novella Nelson and others. Produced by Don Fouser. Directed by Sid Smith. Written by Gary Belkin, Fouser, Jules Feiffer, Israel Horowitz, Clay Riley. PBS.

"VD CALL-IN" with Geraldo Rivera (host). Produced by Bud Meyers, Peter Lance. Directed by Meyers. WNET-TV, New York.

If the PBS *VD Blues* special aired in the New York-New Jersey-Connecticut area over WNET-TV (Channel 13) turned out to be the sleeper of the season, response to the gay segment of the call-in potpourri specifically and to its handling by host Geraldo Rivera in general indicates the gay rap was the sleeper within the sleeper. In show biz jargon, "sleeper" is the term applied to any vehicle, production or performance that exceeds expectations, capturing unusual public attention and creating a stir out of proportion to its advance publicity and/or budgeting.

For Lige Clarke, Jack Nichols and John Francis Hunter, who represented the gay community locally, appearing on the interview portion with Rivera proved to be an opportunity of much greater magnitude than they had anticipated. Dozens of phone calls came their way, follow-up notices in the straight press singled out the exchange on homosexuals vis a vis VD as being especially straightforward, and from the day following the program to the present there has been continuing "recognition" on the sidewalks of New York.

"By being faggots who had had VD and weren't reluctant to discuss it, we found ourselves rocketed into a peculiar performance," Hunter commented.

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GAY's editors Jack Nichols (center) and Lige Clarke (right) are interviewed by Geraldo Rivera on WNET-TV (Channel 13).

### AUTHOR RAISES MONEY TO BATTLE PUBLISHER

New York, N.Y. "You are invited to come help me kill my baby," wrote gay author/activist John Francis Hunter/John Paul Hudson to some 200 members of the New York gay community in early October. Over a hundred showed up at his "Beautiful People Party and Benefit" at Frizby's Restaurant, 531 Hudson, to help him raise money to go to court to stop publication of his latest book *The Gay Insider U.S.A.*

"Loans" ranging from a dollar to three one-hundred-dollar offerings and one fifty-dollar advance came from prominent gays and non-gay allies, activists, East Side closet types, male and female transvestites, bar managers and employees, fellow writers and drop-ins—adding up to about \$750. Hunter's goal toward paying for legal aid in getting an injunction to prevent a straight publisher from printing



Author John Francis Hunter

an unauthorized version of his hefty overview of and guide to the male gay culture in America was a thousand smackers.

"Due to blunders (deliberate?) of the new publisher, I am obliged to try to go to court to try to stop publication," the form invitation read. "The gross errors and inconsistencies, the clumsy 'editing'

(really rewriting) which has distorted meanings and revealed a profound misunderstanding of, if not contempt for, the male gay culture, the failure to include all credit lines for material quoted from the gay press, for me to declare, 'This is not the book I slaved over.'"

Since June of 1971, when he signed a contract with Olympia Press for a book to follow up on the success of his New York autobio/directory, *The Gay Insider* (GAY no. 53), Hunter has suffered a series of bizarre disappointments and setbacks. During and after the preparation of the 600-odd pager, which was most recently due for a September 30 publication, he has also experienced financial "disaster, because I couldn't go on to anything else until this was resolved. I've proofread the thing six times!"

Expected to be in print by February or March of this year, *U.S.A.* was repeatedly delayed by Olympia as the pioneer erotica house staggered under financial storm clouds, which finally broke and forced them to petition for bankruptcy in June. *U.S.A.* had long been ready for the printers when Hunter was advised by Olympia's president in May that the company could not afford to proceed.

Hunter found another house, then updated and revised the book—which included a digest of the gay press from early 1970 to midsummer of 1972, national directories to gay lib and religious organizations and publications, and a state-by-state overview of the gay scene and personalities in the 50 states, D.C., Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands. By mid-August all but a few remaining galleys of this particular version had been typeset and proofread by the author when the new publisher suddenly decided to reset it, with rewriting and changes imposed despite the author's repeated protests, Hunter alleges.

His elaborate memos and persistent demands that his original text and data be

(continued on page 3)

### DR. SPOCK VISITS 'GAY HOUSE'

—Minneapolis, Minn. Dr. Benjamin Spock sat down next to a fireplace and answered questions from young gay people for 45 minutes Nov. 5 at Gay House community center.

Dr. Spock, 69, a pediatrician and candidate for president of the People's Party, compared the public silence of mainstream politicians to "their hypocrisy on questions of racial justice and peace."

The well-known anti-war demonstrator also spoke of his proposal to end free enterprise and turn industry over to worker committees, and to provide everyone with free dental and medical care.

He made the visit during a three-day campaign swing through Minnesota, accompanied by four Secret Service agents and lawmen, who genially chatted with the gays and picked up gay literature to take with them.



The best photograph of the *Advocate's* Groovy Guy (1972-73 Los Angeles) was discovered in Pat Rocco's *SPREE News*. The new Groovy Guy is Ray Todd.

# WHERE WILL YOU GO TONIGHT?

## A DIRECTORY FOR DISCRIMINATING DISPOSITIONS

**CODE**  
GM—General Males  
GF—General Females  
TV—Transvestites  
INT—Integrated, gay & straight

**BY JERRY FITZPATRICK**  
Because many of your letters have asked how I rate the bars in this column, I shall attempt to tell you. I try to be objective, but let's face it, we are all human and have our own favorites. I realize that what turns me off or on may not be the same for somebody else. If I find a bar that has any kind of rip-off, I'll let you know immediately. Otherwise, I'll attempt to give you as complete a listing as I possibly can.

**WEST VILLAGE**  
**Bon Soir**, 40 W. 8th St. (473-9859). Cha-cha palace, mostly Latin. Bunny is on the bar during the day. GM & TV.  
**Bonnie & Clyde's**, 82 W. 3rd St. (GR 2-9304). Dancing, free buffet on Sundays. Elaine is behind the bar to make you feel at home. GF w/some GM.  
**Car's**, 204 W. 10th St. (255-9742). Neighborhood bar and crowd. Alfie is the only one left behind the stick.  
**Case Laredo**, 551 Hudson St. (989-8520). New management has ruined this place. (My opinion.) Chuck is still hanging in but I don't know how much longer he'll be able to. I guess some GM.  
**Cave**, Bank & Washington Sts. Young leather crowd. Crulley, GM.  
**Danny's**, 139 Christopher St. (929-9321). A very TOGETHER bar. Good conversation, cruising and food. Howie's at the helm with Tom and Jerry on the bar. GM/GF.  
**Danny's in the Hilarious Motel**, 500 W. 14th St. (989-2649). Lefty and Kevin will see that you have a good time. Say hello to Woody. GM.  
**Denny's Sheridan Square**, 170 7th Ave. So. Young heads and dancing. Buddy the Body is on duty. Marvin and Peter, nights. Jody will make sure that you enjoy. GM.  
**Delaney's**, 72 Grove St. (AL 5-7905). Good food. Joey and Martyn will take excellent care of you. Int.

**Fedora's**, 239 W. 4th St. (CH 2-9691). Jack and Larry on the floor to serve you. And Fedora herself making sure that you enjoy your meal. GM/some Int.  
**Finale**, 48 Barrow St. (CH 3-7358). Seems despite some groovy help they are still losing business. Say hello to Jamie and Philip. GM/Int.  
**Five Oaks**, 49 Grove St. (675-9669). Village favorite off Sheridan Square. Int.  
**Four Eleven**, 411 Bleecker St. (CH 2-2117). An old-time favorite. Int.  
**Frizby's**, 530 Hudson St. (255-9741). My old friend. Ted, has re-opened with food. Good food at reasonable prices. breakfast till 6 a.m. Go and say hello. GM.  
**Gas Station**, 70 Grove St. (242-1408). J.L. has taken over this disco. He's got Sy, June and Jigs thrown in on weekends. GM.  
**Goldbug**, 83 W. 3rd St. (677-9874). Dancing to great sound. Shows during the week. Younger crowd. GM.  
**Horn of Plenty**, 253 Bleecker St. (242-0636). Delicious food and they have their liquor license. Int.  
**Jules Verne**, W. 10th St. Jason's place and Jack is there. Fantastic time and food. Int.  
**Julius**, 159 W. 10th St. Hamburgers are great. Drinks are good. Hap, Joey, et al will take care of your drinks. The crowd is pretty, but don't count on making out. They still stare off GM's Kellers, 284 West St. Granddad of the leather bars. Keeping up with the times. Pool and some humpy prospects. GM.  
**Kookie's**, 149 W. 14th St. (242-9226). The bar is clean but they don't encourage GMs. Kookie looks like a poor man's ZsaZsa. GF.  
**Limeight**, 91 7th Ave. So. (255-9379). Newest disco entry. They did a nice job in the decor. Emmy, beautiful Joey, Jess and Jack are on hand. Looks like a winner. GM.  
**Marie's Crisis**, 59 Grove St. (243-9323). A lot of fun. John Michel at the helm. Bobby Spin for cocktails and Micky during the night. GM, GF.  
**Mattachine**, 59 Christopher St. (691-1065). The new offices are fantastic. Stop in and get an education. Among other services (legal and social) it boasts apartment listings for gays.

**Mona's Royal Reef**, 28 Cornelia St. (CH 2-9557). Joe is honcho here even if Mona doesn't think so. He makes the room. He's added Billy and John's superb food. GM.  
**Ninth Circle**, 139 W. 10th St. Say hello to Ed. GM.  
**One Potato**, 518 Hudson St. (691-6260). One of my favorites for lunch with Frank. My favorite. Bill, and Peter take over at night. Food is reasonably priced and quite good. GM/GF/INT.  
**Paula's**, Greenwich Ave. and 7th Ave. So. The food is very good. Chris and Elaine tend bar while Paula supervises. GF, GM.  
**Peter Rabbit**, 305 W. 10th St. (929-9279). Wild mixture of folks, cruising. Sexy Jimmy and George to tend your needs.  
**Roadhouse**, 370 Hudson St. (CH 3-4214). The IN bar in the Village. Jammed any night of the week. Go and have a good time. GM.  
**Sammy's Folly**, E. 15th St. near 5th Ave. (675-9540). Opulent piano bar. Leah is your host. GM.  
**Sea Shell**, W. 10th St. The new STUD. Dino and the sexiest Joe of them all. GM.

**East Village, Washington and Union Squares**  
**Club Baths**, 24 1st Ave. (673-3283). Mr. Clean must work here. Dynamite people in an opulent setting. You'll find someone here. Confidential VD tests Thursdays, 5-9 p.m. Half price for students. GM.  
**Eighty-Two Club**, 82 E. 4th St. (GR 7-1046). Home of the female impersonators. Tourists.  
**McSorely's Ale House**, 15 E. 7th St. (477-9363). Was very cruisy when we were kids; I doubt if it's changed all that much even though Women's Lib got there too. Int.  
**Max's Kansas City**, 213 Park Ave. So. (777-7870). A wild mixture of everything and, baby, the prices are STUPID. Int.  
**St. Mark's Baths**, 6 St. Marks Place (473-7929). Low prices which they wouldn't dare charge any higher. Run down. GM.

**GRAMERCY & MURRAY HILL**  
**Beau Geste**, 239 3rd Ave. (475-9724). Very good food, reasonably priced, served by some of the best looking waiters in the city. Romantic atmosphere. Cruisy bar. Say hello to Thom and Jack nights, and Chuck and Gene days. GM.  
**Blitz's Garner**, 696 6th Ave. (929-9571). New at great time. I'll let you know.  
**Leo's Lion**, 57 Lexington Ave. (686-9608). Nice, friendly atmosphere. Your host is David. Go and have a good time. GM.  
**Our Place**, 381 3rd Ave. (686-9726). Norman Farber has a winner. Neighborhood crowd. My "baby," Greg and Arty, along with Flo, are behind the bar. Joey Cord's there making those sweet sounds. GM.  
**Pal Joey**, 550 3rd Ave. (689-9670). New eatery. A choice of entree along with all you can drink for \$9.95 from 6-10 p.m. Sexy Sam is barkeep.  
**Uncle Charlie's South**, 381 3rd Ave. Three separate rooms allow you to keep making entrances. This beautifully decorated place is always jammed. Bob and Jerry are your hosts while Frank, Ron, Ken, Kevin and Ronnie will keep your glasses filled. GM.

**UPPER EAST SIDE**  
**Alibi**, 1546 2nd Ave. (249-7026). My favorite Ms. Gwen Saunders, will be sure that you have a ball. Monday night is "nostalgia night." Wednesday they have an act called Potpurrie. It's dancing and a gas. GM.  
**Cabaret**, 1436 3rd Ave. (744-9873). Artie's new place. Michael is doing the cooking. Ralph's the maitre d'. Small dining room makes it advisable to call for reservations. There will be shows in the larger back room. GM/GF.  
**Country Cousin**, 1313 3rd Ave. (879-6614). Drop in during the day and say hello to Mother Rice. Crowded dinner hour. Billy and Harry are on the bar. Your hosts: Ralph and Lou. GM, some GF.  
**Harry's Back East**, 1422 3rd Ave. (249-6991). Always cruisy. My man Sam with George and Johnny are there nights. Grandma Lee is on days. Judy is your hostess. GM.  
**Jack & Blue at Three**, 314 E. 72nd St. (734-9303). New management has brought humpy Dennis back to take care of the bar. Dining in the rear, cruising in the front. GM, some GF.  
**New Jimmy's**, 1576 3rd Ave. (660-4509). Carl's food, fine drink and service and the entertainment of Savoy-Sexton-Sardi-Fleming make this place a sure bet. Joe and Don are the hosts. GM.  
**Painted Pony**, 1485 3rd Ave. (744-9580). What more can you say when you say GYPSY? An incredible talent. The beauty behind the bar is Eddie. GM.  
**Piper's Lounge**, 1201 Lexington Ave. (81st & 82nd, 734-9305). Yours truly can be found here standing in for Tony Black Mon-Wed. Come in and say hello. We'll have some laughs. Dancing, cruisy. GM.  
**Prowler**, 1608 2nd Ave. (744-9658). New at press time. I'll let you know.  
**Uncle Charlie's North**, 1049 Lexington Ave. (861-6132). Another cruisy classic. Wally Roger and mgr. Klaus on hand at night, with Billy handling days. GM.

**UPPER WEST SIDE**  
**Chipp's**, Columbus Ave. bet. 66th & 67th Sts. Popular with Lincoln Center audiences. Int.  
**Continental Baths**, 230 W. 74th St., west of B'way. (799-2688). More than a bath-house, it's a totally gay environment even down to a weekend cabaret. Expensive, but worth it. Students 1/2-price with I.D. cards. GM.  
**Picadilly Pub**, 324 Amsterdam Ave. (874-8632). Good cruising and friendly. Try it. GM.  
**Westside**, 2160 Broadway (874-8013). Popular bar with humpy help. Bryan Murphy and the Westsiders provide the entertainment. GM.

**UPPER WEST SIDE**  
**Charade**, 1800 2nd Ave. at 93rd. Where Black is Beautiful, the sex is young, the food and music are soul and the dancing terrific. GM/GF.  
**Gold Rail**, 2850 Broadway (MO 2-4704). Restaurant and bar popular with uptown gays and Columbia students. Int.  
**Mt. Morris Baths**, 1944 Madison Ave. (534-9004). This has a black majority. GM.  
**Pauline's Intelead**, 2267 7th Ave. at 135th St. A Harlem landmark since before most of us were born. Int.

**BROOKLYN**  
**Danny's Brooklyn Heights**, 108 Montague St. (625-8844). Two floors of fun and frolic presided over by Paul. Sal is your daytime host behind the bar with "dizzy" Duke and Bruce taking over at night. GM.  
**Man's Country**, 53 Pierpont, Brooklyn Heights (624-1362). Masculine atmosphere for masculine GMs. A bath in Brooklyn complete with gym and an enormous pool. I think you'll like this one. GM.  
**Piano Bar**, 103 Montague St. Just found this one. Kelly is M.C. during the day and Mike takes over at night. GM.

**QUEENS**  
**Betsy Ross Room**, 73-13 37th Road, Jackson

**DANCE BELT & HELL'S KITCHEN**  
**Belter Dayz**, 116 W. 49th St. Disco dancing. GM.  
**Big Spender**, 315 W. 48th St. (586-9882). Lots of gyrates from the nearby shows. Some beautiful. Good time. Eric tends to the libations.  
**Brothers and Sisters**, 355 W. 46th St. (247-8640). Most of the sisters have left but some of the brothers are worth checking out. GM/some GF.  
**Dirty Edna's Scoreboard**, 264 W. 46th St. (256-9077). Advertised as "The home of the Midnight Cowboys." Some of them look as if they missed the last roundup. GM.  
**Haymarket Pub**, 772 8th Ave. (586-9360). They asked J.F.P. not to list them in "The Gay Insider U.S.A." But they are. Int.  
**Jimmy Ray's**, 729 8th Ave. (582-9507). They won't admit to it either. But you might find what you're looking for here. Int.  
**Joe Allen**, 326 W. 46th St. (581-6464). Gypsy, name-performers, etc. Gay is the word for the bar while the tables will be mixed. Int.  
**Loading Zone**, 586 9th Ave. (563-8212). Some cowboys and lots of TV's. Would you believe GM(?)  
**Tijuana Cat**, 350 W. 46th St. If your taste buds run Latin you're sure to find a tasty morsel here. Dawn Hampton's vocalizing a winner every time. GM.

**GAY CINEMA**  
**David**, 238 W. 55th St.  
**55th St. Playhouse**, 55th St. between 6th & 7th Aves.  
**Jewel Theatre**, 12th St. & 3rd Ave.  
**Park-Miller**, 43rd St. betw. 6th Ave. & B'way (BR 9-3979)  
**Tomcat Theatre**, 424 W. 42nd St.

**JERRY'S SPHERE**  
A black and white portrait of Jerry Fitzpatrick, the author of the directory.

**BY JERRY FITZPATRICK**  
NEXT WEEK is the big day. If you haven't registered, and can't vote, don't complain if any anti-gay legislation is passed. I have found in the past that it is always those people who don't vote who piss and moan when some homophobic official comes along and, "for the safety of the children," or some other old line bullshit, begins legislating to rid society of the Great Homosexual Menace. IF YOU ARE REGISTERED, PLEASE, GET OUT AND VOTE. Study the candidates, find out who they are, what they are about, and where they stand.

**WHY I WILL VOTE FOR GEORGE MCGOVERN:** Although I am not fully convinced that the senator from South Dakota is all that I hoped, I am convinced that Richard Nixon is all that I have feared. I don't believe that I could endure "four more years." Nixon has been a little wary during his first term, knowing that he'd be running again. If he wins his second term there will be no holds barred. God forbid, Nixon gets his landslide, he would set it in his head that America wants him to be her moral guide. (He has overruled on the pot commission and the pornography commission.) "Whatever's good enough for Dick Nixon is good enough for the country." Watergate has proven how ruthless the man is and how eager for power. If he and his aides can get away with bugging the opposition party we may have 1984 in '74. A very frightening thought. Mr. Nixon promised us in '68 that he would "bring us together." The last four years have seen a debacle of more bombing in Indo-China and fear mounting in our own country, pitting American against American. I have run the complete political

**THE CHOICE IS YOURS**  
If re-elected, Richard Nixon has promised to appoint more "strict constructionists" to the federal courts—men like his appointee, Justice Powell, who recently called for an end to sexual "permissiveness." Nixon warns that government should not be "preoccupied with catering to the way-out wants of those who reject all respect for moral and legal values..." He has attempted to play upon the fears of the heterosexual majority with dire warnings about the erosion of sexual morality. Richard Nixon refuses to say where he stands on gay rights, but over the past four years his Administration has systematically fought every attempt to bring a halt to federal discrimination against gays.

**AMERICA WAS FOUNDED ON THE PRINCIPLE OF "LIBERTY AND JUSTICE FOR ALL."** Senator McGovern says: "ALL MEANS ALL." Senator McGovern is the first major party Presidential candidate in U.S. history to speak out for gay people. In his official campaign White Paper on Civil Liberties he has publicly committed himself to work for an end to discrimination against homosexual women and men in employment, housing, public accommodations and services, immigration, and military service. On December 17, 1971, Senator McGovern sent a personal representative to testify on his behalf in support of Intro 475, New York's Gay Civil Rights Bill. He has called for an immediate end to surveillance, collection and dissemination of data on the sexual preferences of individual citizens as currently practiced under the Nixon Administration.

**VOTE FOR THE PROTECTION OF YOUR RIGHTS**  
**VOTE FOR GEORGE MCGOVERN**

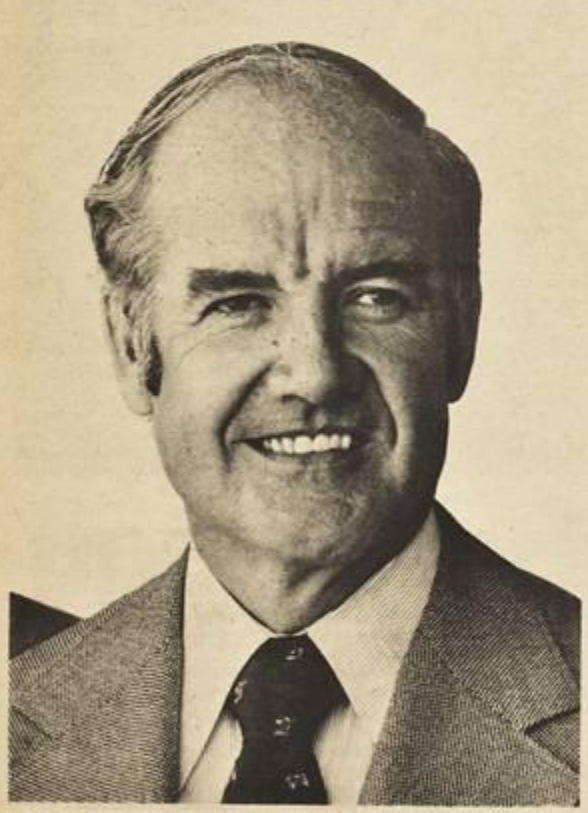
**FRIZBYS**  
A black and white photograph of John Francis Hunter and his friends at a fund-raising party.

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Clip & Mail

# AUTHOR RAISES MONEY TO BATTLE PUBLISHER

carefully adhered to were ignored, he claims, and finally when he warned through his lawyer that he had to see the camera-ready copy reflecting corrections before he could approve publication, his lawyer was told, "Go fuck yourself!" Hunter's counsel is well-known gay-activist defender Hal Weiner, who successfully represented Hunter and four others known as the Gertrude Unser Five when they were arrested at a sit-in at the Board of Examiners in the spring of 1971.

Hunter told guests at his fund-raising party that "since a big distributor is in the picture and some 50,000 books are scheduled to be circulated all over the land, the gay community would be widely affected by what appears in print" under his well-known by-line.



"While style is debatable, accuracy is not. They have told me to my face I can't write and that both my memos (regarding errors) and me 'bore' them. They have attributed things to me that I did not write—sometimes changing whole sections subtly, omitting transitions, removing quotes or maladjusting lines and paragraphs. They haven't been diligent about proofreading or observing my proofing marks and comments. It's a nightmare... and I've endured insults of a homophobic nature."

He singled out a comment by the company's managing editor that he (Hunter) would be "saleable" on TV because "You're not 'kitty' like the others."

"Presumably she meant 'swish,' but whatever she meant she was damning me along with all my people. It was like saying, 'You're black, but you're not a nigger,'" Hunter said.

He contends that the publisher has withheld advance royalties due him, threatened to charge him for necessary revisions, and stubbornly delayed publication, rendering the "highly perishable" book "obsolete before going to press."

"Gays know how quickly our scene changes, especially now that we are in a period of growth and transition, and much of the data and information were amassed in the summer and fall of 1971," Hunter said. "I don't want to be discredited, and I don't want my brothers to be misled. If we fail to get an injunction or if I can't carry on because I'm broke, I'll turn to the community to spread the word coast-to-coast. When I can I'm going to turn back everything I've borrowed thus far."

able to behold straights changing the work of a gay." Certainly not "standing by" was Hunter's former lover, Gerard, the "Other Insider," who traveled with him cross-country researching the book and who helped plan the party.

"They are trying to discredit John by arrogantly putting out their book—not his," the handsome student summed up. "Here's an example of something they deleted, probably because it illustrates our plight as gay travelers in straightsville and arouses sympathy."

He then read aloud the original opening to his and Hunter's Texas story, as follows:

"One advantage of taking a bus," said the Other Insider along about the halfway point of our 24-hr. pilgrimage across West Texas from Phoenix to Dallas, "you can look down and watch people groping each other in the cars alongside."

"We tried to keep each other's spirits up. It's brutal going Continental over such vast dis-

ances, but we tried to emphasize the other advantages: no flats in the heat, you can read and nap whenever you want, and after the other passengers have found the most nearly tolerable of all the intolerable sleeping positions late at night, you can hold hands and let your heads drop onto each other's shoulder.

"While rolling along I had many thoughts about how exasperatingly inhuman it is for Gays to have to be on the alert in public, not touching, not showing affection at all, being separated while together..."

"That's just one small example of what they've done," Gerard said, "in the name of editing, condensing, improving—you name it, I can't."

# MIDWESTERN STUDENTS TO CONVENE

Minneapolis, Minn. A get-together for Midwestern college students from isolated campuses without gay liberation groups has been scheduled in Minneapolis for November 17th through 19th.

Sponsor is Gay Community Services, whose co-directors Cindy Hanson and John Preston will lead personal understanding sessions and workshops on meeting local campus needs, as the participants see them. Speakers will be Barbara Gittings and Kay Tobin, two prominent East Coast gay activists.

Registration is \$2. Details are available by writing Box 3592, Upper Nicollet Station, Minneapolis, Minn. 55403.

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# GAY

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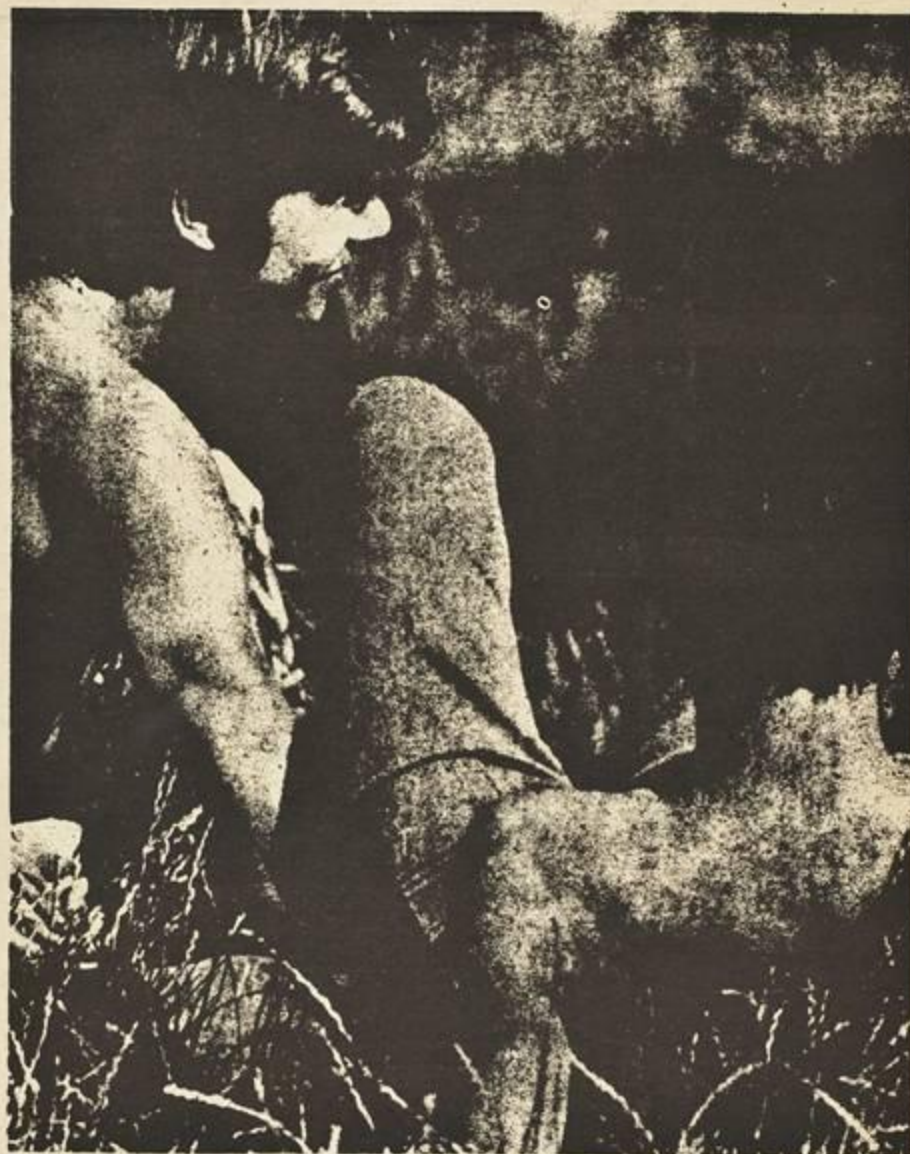
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### V.D. PROGRAM IS T.V. MILESTONE

(continued from page 1)

#### A BIG BREAKTHROUGH

Variety, in commending the show for "breaking many TV barriers of free expression," cited the "problem areas" of "homosexual and lesbian susceptibility."

It was an advance hint that gays would come under the "problem" category which led to the three gays' careful preparation, including pow-wows together over how to field possible hostile queries, chats with other gays over what points should be made for the benefit of the community, and even a phone call to the movement's sophisticated fighter-philosopher Dr. Frank Kameny in D.C. for advice.

Kameny cautioned Jack to "address yourself to gays, not to the straight community," which is always a sound approach that helps a gay avoid defensiveness when he feels "surrounded."

The gutsy Rivera—whom Variety complimented for "working his disarming magic on audience and program participants alike"—did refer to a *Newsweek* poll holding male homosexuals responsible for "40 per cent of the reported cases of VD," and did start out by asking why VD seems to be a "special problem of gay people." Rivera was anything but hostile, but, nonetheless, Jack was ready.

"First of all, it's not a special problem with gay people alone," Jack solemnly asserted. "It's a special problem for everybody. I'd like to rephrase your question and ask instead what is it about society in general... its prejudices, its demands for secrecy, its dishonesty about sex... that makes venereal disease a problem for the gay community."

Jack also suggested gays might be more honest about their sexuality than straights and more respectful of each other, thus accounting for the high reporting ratio.

#### RIVERA VERY FAIR

From that instant on, Rivera, "whose grasp of street language and attitudes opens many avenues of communication normally closed to others," according to Variety, seemed utterly committed to a fair shake for gays and eager to draw the three out. In fact, during the entire show they report that Rivera was warm, alert and respectful of all the interviewees' positions. Noticing that the gays were running their asses off answering calls coming in to the dozens of volunteers perching on the phones on the bleachers behind the moderator's platform, he invited Lige and Jack back a second time to report on the nature of the inquiries, and then had all three spokesmen on again to close the show.

During round one both Lige and John Francis had a crack at the "special problem" issue, too, and Lige apparently jolted a lot of watchers with his confession that he had had VD a half-dozen times, the first souvenir having been presented to him when he was sixteen, "by a girl."

Hunter declared that "like most homosexuals in America," he grew up "imitating straight values and believing in straight myths, such as the virginity myth and the monogamy myth," and therefore had for a long time "maintained a profound and harmful ignorance about VD." He credited the free exchange of ideas and information among his gay brothers and sisters and the maintenance of special centers for "serving each other within our community" for the eventual alleviation of that ignorance.

#### "SYPHILIS, PLEASE"

However, he admitted to recently living for over a month with a sore on his penis ("Do I have to use that euphemism?" he asked Rivera, who replied they could use any word they wanted) before he realized he had not, after all, caught his cock in his zipper. When his doctor advised he

was "ninety per cent sure" John Francis has syphilis, but, if not, skin cancer, J.F.H. exclaimed, "I'll take syphilis, please!"

Assessing the calls they received—ranging from teenagers' complaints that public health centers had turned them away when they were discovered to be gay, to teachers in small Connecticut and New Jersey towns who feared they would lose their jobs, to nervous students up for physicals and suspicious lovers asking about symptoms, and gay sisters wondering how lesbians are treated—the gay reps reiterated that ignorance is part of the "special problem."

John Francis unfurled the PBS poster to make the point that gays were blamed for the results of their sexuality, yet overlooked when the pitch for attention to the special was being made. The male-female sex symbols lashed together took no cognizance of same-sex relationships, as straight society does not wish to acknowledge our existence, he posited, which is willful ignorance. Rivera at once got the point and agreed next time there should be male-male and female-female symbols strung together over the legend "If you're old enough to have sexual contact, you're old enough to have VD."

#### LIKE ORAL HYGIENE

Jack hammered away at the message "If you don't get check-ups every two months it's as bad as not brushing your teeth every two months, and you're just as dirty. What we've got to do is make people realize that having a test is just another way of staying clean."

While on camera all three recommended the free clinics at the local gay baths—Beacon, Continental (uptown), Club and Man's Country (Brooklyn Heights)—as an alternative to the embarrassment and prejudice encountered at public health centers. Also, they urged that gays demand oral and anal smears be taken. Even well-meaning clinicians will generally overlook that investigation because they fear implying the patient is gay, considering it an "insult." (Many straights haven't heard that Gay is Proud in '72.)

On the telephone they stressed the special gay facilities for discovering information about detection and treatment—such as the Gay Men's Health Project. This dynamic, relatively new organization has recently published a "Gay Men's Health Report," with the help of Mattachine Society/New York, which evaluates local clinics, recommends printed material, and points out hazards encountered by gays in "an economic and social system based on the pursuit of personal profit, not social welfare." (The publication can be obtained by writing GMHP, Liberation House, 247 W. 11th St., NYC 10014, or phoning the Gay Switchboard, 924-4036.

Though time allotted to the three gays was limited, though a gay sister should indeed have been a participant, and while the straight publicity did not directly include a pitch to the gay minority, Lige, Jack and John Francis felt some good was done and, as a beginning, *VD Blues* was valuable.

Predicted Lige, "Next time round we're confident that planners of such a program will be wide awake from the outset and there won't be a chance of a sleeper where gays are involved. Our visibility is growing." —S.N.

### CATHOLIC WRITER SAYS CHRISTIANS "NARROW"

Chicago, Ill. A popular Catholic magazine published here has published a lead article that accuses the Christian church of a "narrow and repressive" view of sex that has given gay Christians "an uncalled-for sense of shame."

Father Henry Fehren, writing in the September issue of *U.S. Catholic*, called on the church to take the lead in calming

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"the irrational fears of ignorant people who think the homosexual a social menace" and in repealing sodomy laws.

"A Christian will not sneeringly refer to homosexuals as queers... discriminate against them in any way, in social matters or... in hiring," wrote Father Fehren, a middle-aged priest in a farming hamlet of Minnesota.

As far as gay marriage goes, he wrote "why could the church not witness the celebration of love between two people of the same sex if it means a great deal to them? It would be an act of love on the part of the church."

Past Catholic denunciations of gay people, he said, have "been based on misinterpretations of stray biblical texts written for another age and culture... when the Hebrews were a desert tribe trying to build themselves into a nation (and) it was almost a national obligation to have lots of babies."

To gay people, Father Fehren offered this advice:

"Do not be ashamed, be proud that God has created you... Try to forgive (heterosexuals) when they are stupid and

(continued on page 10)

# Liza With A Z, Indeed!



BY EVAN STEPHENS

One Sunday evening, not long ago, I sat, for what seemed a glorious fleeting instant, but was in actuality an entire hour, in front of the boob tube transfixed by a very special girl in a very special special. The girl: Liza Minnelli. The special: *Liza With A Z*.

Directed and co-produced by Bob Fosse, mastermind behind the film *Cabaret*, he again proves his superability in the film medium. Never before has the TV screen been fulfilled so totally in its graphic possibility. He employed several cameras (film, not tape) at different angles simultaneously recording many movements, many moments, then spliced them together to create a total experience. Also choreographing, he used the dancers to their very best advantage. Resplendent in form and costume, they created a vibrant while not overpowering backdrop for the incredible child/woman star.

Fred Ebb (co-producer) and John Kander, responsible for *Cabaret* lyrics and music respectively, have written some



Liza's new album is on the Columbia label.

wonderfully original musical material. Especially noteworthy are the zesty title song and the marvelously humorous "Ring Them Bells."

Liza masterfully exhibits the extremely varied repertoire. Summed up best by the show's album jacket, "Liza sang her blues and ballads, strutted through spirituals and rock numbers, vamped from Savannah to Muscle Shoals, dropped to one knee for 'My Mammy,' then bounced back for the very best of *Cabaret*." Glowing in her Halston (of course) wardrobe, there is nothing she can't do. The Minelli-Fosse-Kander-Ebb combination seems infallible.

If for some unfortunate reason you happened to miss the show, fear not, for it is tenderly preserved on record (Liza's first on the Columbia label). It's comforting to find a well-produced album in the day of frequent homicidal transposition from original to record. Too often there's unmerciful butchering due to unjustified cutting (as in *Follies* on the Capitol label) and/or unsuitable sound duplication (as in Liza's Olympia concert in Paris on the Atlantic label). But I'm very happy to report there's none of this here. There in its entirety, not a single joyous moment deleted and in superlative sound reproduction, congratulations must be made to Columbia's producer Andre Kazdin.

Liza Minelli has finally come into her own. I'm no longer hopefully searching for those moments (as I did in *Cabaret* and so many instances before) where there was a gesture, a smile bearing resemblance to the inimitable Garland. And that, I suppose, is what the concert was all about. She is Liza was a Z. Enough said.

# PENPOINTS

Dear GAY:

Thank you for your paper. I also take *Gay Sunshine*.

I have hesitated to write fearing my letter may be discouraging.

Yes, I just lost my son and his lover, John, in a double suicide. I had just spent ten days in California with my two men. They knew fully that I loved them not just "in spite of" but completely as they were. They trusted me and we talked freely and fully. They kissed and danced and loved each other with my full feeling that it was good and natural and as it should be. I went with them (since they had the courage to take me) to their own gay world.

The young and the brave are at last fighting back, against all ignorance, bigotry and senseless cruelty. I never will become a "closet mother." I will never betray their trust. On the inside of my door hangs the title *Society and the Healthy Homosexual*. That will never be taken down. They were older and their life was closing in on them. I saw that too. The GAA has come along a little too late to save them. But I will carry on in my own small way. The valiant fight they were a part of. I was never too old if the spirit is strong and totally convinced so men my age will not stop me.

I thank all the beautiful valiant fighters. It's my fight also so long as I live. No, I cannot change the world alone, but GAY tells me each issue that I am not alone. No matter what some of my friends say, there are others I have also won to our side.

So thank you for the paper and keep it coming.

Sincerely,

Sarah V. Montgomery

ED. NOTE: We recall hearing from you, Ms. Montgomery, when GAY was only a few issues old, and at that time you told us with pride about your son. Thus, the news of his death and that of his lover

saddens us greatly, but your gallant, loving spirit is one that will affect GAY's readers everywhere. We speak for the newspaper's staff and, we are sure, for all of its readers in every state when we say that you are a mother whose love should be universalized. You are the kind of parent longed for by literally millions in our gay communities across the land.

Dear GAY:

I'm writing you for some honest advice. Why the fuck is it so hard to find a lover? It seems that making a million dollars or going to the moon is easier. But finding an individual to love, have fun with and identify with is almost impossible. I've been looking for a lover for quite some time now. I go to bars, baths, the Firehouse, take long walks, go to the park and you name it. I go with the intention of finding that guy that I can settle down with—make a home with. I'm 25, quite good looking, have a good solid job that pays well, a beautiful apartment, a good family life; I'm very discreet with whom I have sex, maybe once a month or so, and very sincere with whom I meet. I'm not demanding or difficult to get along with and have no significant hang-ups, except finding a lover. My friends say that I really have everything—looks, money, a head on my shoulders—but they don't believe me when I say I would be happier poor and broke living in a run-down apartment with a guy that I'm happy with.

So what advice am I asking for? What am I doing wrong? Where can I go, who can I talk to, what should I do? I'm looking for a small young guy who wants to have an older hunky lover. I'm well built, around six feet tall and enjoy sex with younger smaller guys. I'm sincere, tired of running around and would like to sit around some evenings and watch good old TV for a change.

Thanks and will be waiting for your answer.

Love,  
Mike

ED. NOTE: Luckily you realize that you do have one hang-up, at least, and that is your intense desire to find a lover and the fact that you spend most of your free time with this one goal in mind. While it is a perfectly fine intention, it comes about naturally and with ease if you don't try too hard. Like floating in water: if you try too hard, you sink. Jesus said that those who try to save their souls shall lose them. Get the point? Anyway, our advice is this: learn to enjoy your own company and yourself first. Strive to be independent, to look independent, to be well-centered in both body and mind. Men are attracted to men who are self-assured. Often, if a person is seeking outside of himself for happiness, others can sense it and are not interested. Stay shy of jealous types (who are insecure) and strike up more than one friendship at a time. A stronger relationship should develop naturally with one of your many friends—the one you get along with best. But don't look for a somebody to sit under the apple tree only with you. If love is as wonderful as you believe it to be, it belongs to everybody. Depersonalize your affection, reach out and touch everyone with loving kindness, enjoy the radiance and strength of your own outgoing feelings, and other men will gravitate toward you like (as Marlene sings) "moths around a flame."

One last word about hang-ups. Don't look for one "type" so specifically. A preference for only a "small young guy" is a severe hang-up that keeps you from enjoying a larger selection of people. Don't think badly of "one-night stands" either. A relationship has to start somewhere, and one night is as good as any other.

PLEASE SEND ALL CORRESPONDENCE to: LETTERS TO THE EDITOR, GAY, P.O. Box 432, Old Chelsea Sta., NYC, NY 10011.

Dear GAY:

You may be interested to know that Barbara Gittings will be the speaker at the next monthly meeting, October 13, of the Delaware Valley chapter of Mensa, the international organization of persons whose IQ's are in the top two per cent of the population.

There are approximately 600 members of Mensa in the Delaware Valley (Philadelphia) area, but the usual monthly attendance is about 100. It will be interesting to see if Barbara attracts a larger turnout than usual.

You may remember that the Los Angeles chapter of Mensa had quite a situation on its hands a few months ago when it refused to run an ad in its monthly magazine for a gay member who wanted to invite other gay members to organize their own meetings. The parent organization's argument was that an ad inviting only gays to a meeting was discriminatory in that it was thereby eliminating heterosexual Mensans.

After the "formal" meeting, those who want to usually adjourn to a nearby restaurant to continue whatever discussions or arguments couldn't be settled at the larger meeting.

Sincerely,  
Stuart Granger  
Ardmore, Pa.

ED. NOTE: Mensa, for readers who are not familiar with the group, is an organization open only to persons whose IQ is in the top 2%. It is of interest to GAY that Barbara Gittings, long-time gay crusader, is addressing this group.

BY JOHN FRANCIS HUNTER

Live entertainment is making a splashy come-back in the only really vital night spots in New York—which means gay, of course. Just as gay and integrated bistros of the early Sixties provided the first big breaks for the likes of Barbra Streisand—at the old Lion on W. 9th Street—there is a renaissance going on suggesting that the contact people of this touch-and-feel decade want to experience the palpable excitement of beholding in-the-flesh artists at work.

The Continental Baths led the way with their Saturday night specials at both the Mother Church off Sherman Square and annex on W. 56th. Now the trend is threading itself throughout the Ultimate Island and reweaving in Queens. From the piano bars of the elegant Middle East Side restaurant Walter's Apartment and the venerable Midtown Candy Store—which returned to its old entertainment policy upstairs in early October with a champagne and Cutty Sark party—to showbar-restaurants like New Jimmy's and Cabaret on the Upper East Side, persons are replacing machines. You can hear such keyboard celebrities as Murray Grand ("Miss Otis Regrets") at the integrated Jack Delaney's on Sheridan Square and Steve Ross' way up at the Painted Pony.



Gwen Saunders at The Alibi

"Institutions" like Dawn Hampton, alternating with the brilliant piano virtuoso and humorist Edward Morris, have been packing in nostalgic after-curtain crowds to the otherwise undistinguished Tijuana Cat in the Dance Belt since last spring. Dawn has been a favorite of nearly a generation of gays, and it's not uncommon during one of her Thursday-Friday-Saturday stints to find such fellow luminaries as Charles DeForrest digging her swing and grooving on her pure emotion in the ballads department. A great spiritual beauty, Dawn has long talked and sung human liberation, from the Village to Provincetown, and recently made a new wave of fans by joining the early bills at the two Continentals.

A RIGHT-ON WOMAN

She holds nothing back—certainly not her forthright endorsement of Gay is Good, an attitude deriving from her heart-felt conviction that oppressed peoples are experts on appreciating the special beauty of each other. Women, blacks, gays? We have in common our oppression, and Hampton's is a poignant cry for a finer kind of human relating in every quiver and shake, snap and recoil. She also demonstrates the virtue of never letting it all get you down, however bad it is, as she went through a long arid period when her voice didn't work, and she lets you know she's glad to be making those sweet sounds again.

Overwhelming with the pyrotechnics of big time show biz are Judy Sexton and Johnny Savoy at New Jimmy's from Wednesday through Sunday, setting the upper reaches of the Silk Stocking district ablaze. This singing duo, with Savoy on the piano leading his light combo and solid musical flights, specializes in lush harmonies, subtle melodies and rich arrangements of newer show tunes. Sexton herself, a handsome-zoiftig blonde leaning toward glamorous pants suits, not only has one of the most splendid set of pipes you've ever thrilled to, but also coruscates with genuine warmth and depth

# MANHATTAN NIGHTLIFE

## LIVE ENTERTAINMENT RETURNS



A new sex symbol—Richard Stack

of understanding of a lyric. Though the Savoy treatments are sometimes complex, Sexton's musicianship is so sure she makes it all seem like caroling for fun. One night recently I ran into a well-known art dealer coming out of an S&S second show who couldn't speak because he was hoarse from cheering. I caught the motel time special and found the two to be just as fresh and thorough as if they were doing a one-shot afternoon gig for the benefit of Santa Claus.



Judy Sexton now at New Jimmy's

NOSTALGIA NIGHT

In the same neighborhood as New Jimmy's is Gwen Saunders' Alibi, where on Monday nights nostalgia reigns as the hearty LaBelle Saunders Repertory Company knocks itself out to records in the back room showcase that makes you think of the time you did your big talent show at the Odd Fellows Hall—and knew theatre was in your blood forever.

Waiting for show time at Gwen's is in itself a happening. You rock with anticipation as the super sound man spins the old show discs, jammed in beneath a ceiling spangled with old forty-fives (well, I'd prefer seventy-eights or some biggies from that stack of thick celluloid platters in Aunt Marie's old Victrola cabinet which included Caruso and Schumann-Heink!).

Some of the Alibi acts-to-record are reminiscent of Amateur Night in Dixie,



Dawn Hampton is at Tijuana Cat

NO MALE SYMBOL?

For some time I have been fretting over the continued phenomenon of gay males creaming exclusively over female singers, wondering whether we'd ever find a male singer to identify with, cheer on and call our own as he began his rise. Not that I don't understand the lure of Hampton and Sexton—or even Bette Midler, though she's not my glass of tea—because of the power of their talent and the impact of their all-encompassing artistry, be they gay, non-gay or straight. It's just that I prefer to be carried away by a male, preferably gay.

Richard Stack at the Downstairs-at-the-Upstairs (in the summer) fills the bill, of course, but he hasn't been seen on the gay club circuit. You couldn't let the world know at the toilet on W. 56th that Stack from opening to closing, battering or bugging with that husky, smoky, rangy voice, had you sitting there with a hardon. "Here's the sexiest, most intelligent and dynamic, well-prepared and non-gimmicky male singer since the young Sinatra," thought I—and if one of the gay club entrepreneurs will give him the right presentation and exposure (no pun intended), he'll probably pull in the reverse of the Downstairs turn-out, which is to say gay majority and non-gay minority.

CORD WILL DO

But meanwhile I've found Joey Cord. His manager, Norman Farber, proprietor of the new Our Place in Murray Hill, made an irresistible invitation to be his guest (why, I felt like free-loading Michael Glammetta) at a Cord "concert" at Cabaret. I stayed for two. Let me tell you that catching two Joey Cord performances in one evening is like going to an orgy after a matinee at the Beacon Baths, or vice versa.

Cord is not a traditional sex symbol, and his voice is not as stunning as Stack's, but he is an extraordinary showman and convinces you that he has everything. Daring to dress androgynous and eschewing all macho pretense, he is a one-person revue, a throwback to all the chic *intime* bistros that ever added up to the Manhattan of your small-town dreams and expectations—and experience—crossed with a total theatre star baby of the space age. Whether it be "The Lady is a Tramp," a medley from *Cabaret*, or some gem designed just for him by his "neighbor," every number is a happening.

Not that I think for a minute that Cord isn't as refined and rehearsed and studied as S&S, he's too self-respecting to be sloppy, too skilled by choice to risk complete improvisation, but he makes you think it's the first time for both of you. Just like the dream lover whose inventiveness never fails to arouse you even after he's proved familiar with every ganglia of your body. Cord works, Cord sells, Cord takes everything he's ever acquired technically and builds on it at the moment to give you all of himself at that moment. That's a performing artist, that's an artist performing.

FUNNY PATTER

When he does schtick he's also brilliant. I (continued on page 14)



George as "Gilda Montezuma"

# SANDY BARON AND GOD'S QUEENS

BY VICKI RICHMAN

A hazy, ill-defined apparition has somehow been confined to the seat opposite me, but his conversation manages to remain unrestrained and nebulous. "But I don't have to tell you that," he takes the trouble to tell me, while squirming in nervous indecision over what he next wouldn't have to tell me.

The only thing he does have to tell me, I decide, is what happened to his mouse-keteer hat. The most innocuous remark can ignite a smile on his face that makes you think he's just discovered the Northwest Passage. That and his perpetual dread of giving offense mark Sandy Baron as the adult most likely to be signed for the next revival of the Mickey Mouse hour.

But instead of waiting for an offer, he went on to deliver Lenny Bruce monologues across Middle America and to work out ten skits for a new long-playing record about fags. (I use that word because it's the only one in any normally communicative vocabulary that he refuses to use.) Well, in these days that's about the equivalent of working the Mickey Mouse Club fifteen years ago.

Sandy Baron came on to me one afternoon like a straight man who keeps forgetting he's supposed to stop occasionally and let the comic make the jokes. So he'd get flustered every so often and finally give me my cue by apologizing for forgetting to give it. But by then I'd have forgotten my punch line, and he'd just have to go on and on about the evils of society and the sufferings of the oppressed minorities, especially the fags (my word again), and if he didn't get around to mentioning dykes, it's only because he didn't think I had any good material available on them.

A lot of people who haven't heard *God Save the Queens* ask me whether the album is really oppressive. I can only marvel at their naivete. You don't make money any more with fag jokes. At least you don't by calling your product *God Save the Queens*. This is the age of irony and irreverence. Seven of the ten skits are satires of the irrational social attitude toward homosexuals, and they generally imply a militancy in changing the situation. Humor, if it exists at all, is only incidental. The other three are genuine jokes, which happen to involve gays instead of straights; they are funny.

As I talk to Sandy Baron, I let my mind wander to a disheveled W.C. Fields pulling the boutonniere out of his lapel, and telling petit and dapper Franklin Pangborn, "Don't let the poxy fool you." I'm tempted to tell Mr. Baron, "Don't let my by-line in GAY fool you. I haven't been oppressed by society at all this week." And when my naive friends ask whether his album is really oppressive, I'm forced to answer, "How I wish it were!" Anything to stop being told how difficult it is to live in straight, white, macho America. It might not have occurred to me otherwise.

The album is a collaboration between Sandy and the Reverend James R. McGraw, a Methodist from Brooklyn. As Sandy and at least half of his twenty pages of publicity releases privately confided in me recently, Jim and Sandy were the best of friends for most of their lives. Jim turned out to be gay, but that didn't stop him from joining his straight friend in social evenings out. Later Jim, as clergyman, joined Sandy and the present Mary Jo Webster-Baron, a "poetess," in marriage, and the three became close friends.

One day Sandy came over to pick Jim



Sandy Baron: "The top comic within five years will be Spanish or gay."

up for an evening out, but this time the normally fun-loving reverend sullenly refused to go. (How queens love to be prima donnas!) He had always gone with the straight couple to their social world, but Sandy and Mary Jo had never seen how Jim and his romantic interests like to have fun. "I never went to a gay bar or a gay restaurant or a gay discotheque," Sandy recalls. (As a matter of fact, neither had I until I started writing for GAY, but Mr. Baron assumes his provinciality is the burden of straights alone.) "I never fully got into the areas of adventure." The two friends sat down—as the official Legend of *God Save the Queens* is now sung—for a heavy rap about their relationship, and out of it emerged the germ of the idea for the album.

"I thought I was so hip that I allowed the friendship, never fully understanding that part of a friendship is based on sharing experiences. Here was a whole beautiful side of human experience that I had shut out from myself. The first time I saw men dancing together—I automatically thought of dancing as something between a man and a woman—I felt something was wrong, something was missing. If I knew that little about gay life, then I felt an album like this was necessary—funny and bitter, yet tasteful and honest."

The material was audited for critical reactions by prominent gay liberationists on the West Coast, including elder spokesman Morris Kight. Some skits were removed, and new ones were developed, until the ideal in nonoppression was reached. The final results achieve a hundred on the raised-consciousness meter.

Interviewing Sandy Baron is a luxury. You don't need to take notes or to record him on tape. Everything he told me could be found virtually verbatim in the releases and the previously published interviews that made up the publicity packet from A&M Records. I should feel flattered that he took the trouble to personally deliver his prepared spiel while pretending to answer my questions. He could have just as easily written up the interview for me beforehand. No matter what I asked, he would always find a way to tell me how dreadfully gay people are treated, and

causing some raised eyebrows. Sandy says—perhaps to gain the sympathy of gay militants—that many of his show business associates now nudge each other and smirk whenever his name is mentioned. Even gays are asking, "What about this Baron character—is he or isn't he?" Lige Clarke and Jack Nichols, our editors, appeared on a Long Island radio show with Sandy, and Jack reports that the comic is "definitely straight" and willing to lay his career on the line by coming out on behalf of gays. I suppose if Sandy wanted to do a male Jane Fonda bit, there are a score of other causes he could have martyred himself to with far less finality than gay liberation. Yet, out of his friendship with Jim McGraw, Sandy chose homosexuality as the theme of his latest assault on the doors of show-business top dollar. It may well be that he'll either make it really big or ruin himself forever.

His career goes back to *That Was the Week That Was* on television. Then he succeeded Cliff Gorman in the hit show *Lenny*. In between there was the nightclub circuit. Sandy has also written the words to a Grammy award-winning song, and with Jerry Schwartz and Bobby Hebb he's just completed *Eskimo*, a musical comedy he hopes will open on Broadway next year with the top male star in films or on the stage.

But Sandy is primarily a stand-up comic, with a face that seems to be considering, even with the broadest smile, what emotion it will next have to display. His body, even as he draws a breath while waiting for the laughs to die down, is forever making the most of its lack of abundance; it jerks and twitches as if eternal labor is the price of the food it gets daily. His clothes are perfect and forgettable; his long fingernails, flawlessly manicured and polished, also deny that he's a clown, as every clown is forever trying to do. If all else fails, his threads and hands will remain irrefutable proof that Sandy is in fact in the Business.

Sandy has a theory that the best comedians come from deprived backgrounds. Originally they were all Jewish, as is Sandy. Then black ghetto humor became big. Now there are a few "chick comics." The top comic within five years, he says, will be Spanish or gay.

"If the guy does it tastefully, he'll sock the audiences dead. I don't mean if the guy comes out—like Rae Bourbon used to do—and makes a few bright remarks about the gay scene. I mean, if a gay guy comes out and says the same things about his life that I say about mine or Dick Gregory says about his. And he doesn't limit to being gay, either; he talks about the war, poverty, the theatre, whatever is current—but from a gay consciousness. His life just happens to be gay, but he stands up there like I do for 45 minutes and does a complete routine. Man, I'd back that guy right now, because he'll be on top."

It was one of the few times Sandy said something I couldn't read in one of his releases (another was when he called Joseph Papp the finest force in the New York theatre), and I found him to have insight and sharp critical faculties. Sandy just sent me a note from his "own home" (owned by Chase Manhattan, that is) in Southern California. The next time he's in New York, he says, he hopes I'll accompany him to the Friday night cabaret at the GAA Firehouse. I'm looking forward to it. He may find that new talent he wants to pour some of his money into. And I may find more of that witty, quick human being, instead of the stand-up comic forgetting that the spotlight is dead, insisting on doing a routine for an audience that's heard the jokes already.

What he actually is on another level is

how he didn't have to tell me that.

But he does have to tell me that. That's what I came to see him for, after all—to hear, among other things, Sandy Baron's opinion of gay liberation. I didn't come to be told I know more about it than he. I'm afraid, despite what Mr. Baron believes, that I haven't been feeling especially oppressed lately—but I'm not so much of a pig as to refuse to listen to what others have to say about it, whether it's Mr. Baron or someone from GAA or George McGovern. I just don't like to be told that my knowledge about it is assumed to be sacred. If it were, I wouldn't sit around quietly listening to him.

I can think of three reasons that Sandy answered my every question with a prepared speech on gay liberation: 1. He's genuinely worried about the oppression of gays, poor man, to the point of monomania. 2. He figures it's the best way to get free publicity for his album in a gay publication. 3. He assumes that I'm incapable of intelligently comprehending any other subject.

Actually a fourth reason may synthesize these three: Sandy is a stand-up comic, which is an actor who is never given a role to play. He's reduced, through his frustration, to playing himself perpetually, and would diminish to nothingness without a lifelong script and a prefabricated character motivation. When he talks to me that motivation is defined—not very subtly, since he has only an hour-into identification with the gay movement; when he talks to the *Los Angeles Free Press*, I notice that the motivation comes out as devotion to the principles and art of Lenny Bruce (with whose mother and daughter he is good friends). No one-dimensional stock figure he!

And he's no hustler either. Really. He's not ripping anyone off. He openly and proudly hopes to sell as many records as he can and to make a bundle playing gay clubs around the country. ("Maybe we'll donate part of the gross to the local gay liberation group.") He's putting his action up front. You can take him or leave him for what he is.

What he actually is on another level is

BY VITO RUSSO

Don't make any plans for Wednesday night, November 1st. At 8:30 pm, the ABC-TV Movie Of The Week will present Hal Holbrook in *That Certain Summer*. In my last column I said that I thought that after 27 years, television seemed to be achieving a topical honesty that the theatre has not yet achieved in 2,000 years and the movies in 70. This film bears me out. *That Certain Summer* is by far the most intelligent, well-written film about homosexuals ever to be put before a national television audience. The story concerns a 14-year-old boy of divorced parents who comes to Sausalito to visit his father for the weekend and discovers him to be a happy, well-adjusted homosexual, living with a lover. The theme of "how do I explain to him" provides what amounts to an excuse for a series of scenes dealing quite truthfully with many aspects of gay life. While the film is not an activist's dream by any stretch of the imagination, there is not a scene which, within the context of the film, does not attempt to dispel myths and present an open case for homosexuality as a valid lifestyle.

Screenwriters Richard Levinson and William Link have touched upon things which need to be said to straight people and gay people alike about the gay lifestyle. The confrontation between Hope Lang as Holbrook's ex-wife and his lover Gary, beautifully played by Martin Sheen, says more in ten minutes than has been said in a thousand discussion groups in the past ten years. An amusing breakfast-table scene between Gary and his "liberal" brother-in-law works chiefly because of Gary's defiance and refusal to accept "acceptance" from an obviously uptight donor—"I have enough trouble with militant straights without being bled on by your acceptance."

In the long run, I suppose that the film is about acceptance. I think, however, that what shines through in the performances of Hal Holbrook and Martin Sheen is an attitude which says "Listen, this is really rough that you have such a terrible time accepting us and we have to deal with it because we love you, but we have a life to lead, so get it together."

I have learned, after almost three years of being a professional homosexual (and I use that term proudly because it's necessary right now), that no matter how hard I fight the world is going to change in its own damn good time. That's not to say that I'll stop fighting; I've just learned not to expect miracles. That's why a miracle, even as minute as this film when it comes along, is so very satisfying. This is prime-time television we're talking about friends. Just to show you what I mean, I dug out my correspondence file from when I was Corresponding Secretary to GAA. In October of 1970, two members of GAA and Dick Leitsch, then of *Mattachine*, were on the Dick Cavett Show. I received the mail he got from viewers all over the country in response to the show. If you think that education on such a basic and tentative level is a waste of time, take a look at this letter from a woman in Tulsa, Oklahoma.

Dear Mr. Cavett,

My seventeen-year-old son and I watched the latter portion of your show last night wherein three men who represented the male homosexual element in our society protested the way they were regarded by the rest of society, particularly by police.

We were both repelled by these men, but like the studio audience, we too were taking it in with profound interest. While it is true that there have been a few notable contributors to the world's vulgate of art, literature and music who were homosexuals, we cannot dismiss what God did to Sodom and Gomorrah for homosexual perversion and perversion with animals. I believe that God's words were that such people were an abomination in his sight and a stench in his nostrils.

Another thing that saddens me is that so many of them try and do enter the teaching profession in order to prey on young boys. They are a threat in our prisons, and from my

## I'LL TAKE MANHATTAN



Diana Ross as Billie Holiday in the nightclubs of the 30's.



Diana's acting is superb.



"Lady Sings the Blues"

late husband I know that male homosexuals will perform their perversions quite openly in public restrooms such as the bus station.

Those men were an interesting psychological study. The one on your left (Dick Leitsch) bore an actual physical resemblance to all the pictures I've seen of Satan, except for his tail. The grubby little man with the beard (Arthur Evans) wants society to allow him to saint his young boys. The man seated in the middle (Marty Robinson) looked like a spoiled rich boy with a tremendous burden of conscience. The life he's living is destroying him. All three men were apt subjects for a painting depicting Dante's Inferno.

I do pity these men for the deep spiritual trouble they're in and will probably die (her italics) in, but even tho we pity a dog suffering the agonizing throes of rabies, we must not dismiss that his presence is a menace either. Our pity mustn't blind us to the facts and the facts are that homosexuality is a danger to the very survival of society.

Sincerely,  
Marion L. Warner

Well, folks, does anybody think we've had enough basic education of the public on television lately? Seems to me that here in New York we sometimes become victims of our environment; we think things are as good all over the country as they're getting here. It's not true; what may seem elementary to us is sorely needed in all parts of the land. There's a lot of work to be done! If you wind up hating *That Certain Summer*, drop me a line and tell me why. I'd rather discuss it with you after you've seen it, anyway.

I think it's worth mentioning that Channel 13's presentation of *The VD Blues* hosted by Dick Cavett and the hot-line that followed, hosted by Gerald Rivers, were handled in the most positive way with respect to the gay audience. John Paul Hudson (John Francis Hunter), who along with Lige and Jack, appeared on

The film doesn't work consistently, but when it does, it is really quite charming. In a scene by firelight, Drew is reading *Jane Eyre* to the group of boys and everyone wants to know what a drawing room is. One boy, the youngest, says he remembers having one once in a house where he lived with his parents. The scene is so beautifully written and played that we get a sense of the loss that the boy feels dealing with a half-remembered time in his life. One of the funniest things in the film is the constant use of Drew's voice over the action to indicate his letters home. His virginal confessions after the gang takes turns with a fascinatingly dull prairie prostitute are really wonderful to hear. Things like "today I resisted temptation..." delivered in the most uncanny Jimmy Stewart drawl you've ever heard. As a matter of fact, Barry Brown, who plays Drew, is so like Jimmy Stewart that it gave me quite a start. I'm glad though, because he's arrived just in time to replace the old one and we should never be without a Jimmy Stewart (politics aside). Jeff Bridges has had a remarkable career in such a short time and seems to get better every time I see him. The spirit of the film is embodied in a remark by David Huddleston as the leader of a gang of bungling bandits: "If I ever catch the son-of-a-bitch who advised me to go West, I'll kill him."

A film I can recommend without reservation is one that you may never see. *The Wild Pack*, an American International Release based on Nobel Prize winner Jorge Amado's *The Sandpit Generals*, is not a cheap cycle-slut film. The sandpit generals are an army of homeless waifs who live together in the ruins of a city on the coast of Brazil. They steal to live, run their own government, and provide the most convincing case for revolution I've seen in years. The film shows how possible it is to be poor in a lovely, rich and healthy country. The children are amazing. A 12-year-old master pickpocket who works railroad stations; a beautiful ten-year-old boy who steals statues from churches and an eight-year-old blind beggar who can spot a sucker a mile away. They elude the police together, nurse each other through the fever, and share the common sorrow of never having had real families of their own. They compensate by forming a family. In a lovely sequence, Dora, the only woman member of the generals, fantasizes a middle-class marriage to Bullett, the group's leader. All the boys are dressed up and healthy looking and wear beautiful clothes. As we watch, her face slowly melts into the face of an old Spanish woman, sad and weary, sitting outside a stone house. Their destinies are obvious. The music is the best I've heard in a film in years. Written by Brazil's leading poet and folk singer, Douval Caymmi, it manages to reflect the violence of the voodoo which is such a part of their culture, the joy of the boys' love for Dora in a song called "Dora," and the sadness of many years of fighting to stay alive. Wouldn't you know that they've decided not to release the soundtrack! Take a cassette to the theatre, it's worth it. If it gets to a theatre, that is. No release date set as yet. All the garbage gets released, right?

Unfortunately, I haven't been able to get to the new Trauffaut film yet. I should get to it by next week along with the new Luis Bunuel. They're two of my favorite directors and I'm really looking forward to those two. Well, I finally did get to a screening of Frank Perry's *Play It As It Lays* that everyone is fighting over. First off, Frank Perry has never been my favorite director. He can convolute an issue as simple as frisbee playing better than anyone I know. I hated *Diary of a Mad*

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### CATHOLIC WRITER SAYS CHRISTIANS "NARROW"

*(continued from page 5)*  
intolerant... Be creative. People not tied down by family obligations are even more free to do works of mercy, missionary work, social work, any work God's love calls them to do."

Father Fehren has written a monthly column of meditations for the magazine, published by the Claretian Fathers, for nearly 10 years. In it he regularly criticizes closed-minded bishops and the mind-set that produces admonitions like these he cited in the September article:

"Kissing the back, arms or legs of someone is gravely sinful... If no sexual pleasure is aroused, watching animals mate is venially sinful," according to a Catholic manual on moral theology used in seminaries only 20 years ago "and at the time considered liberal."

One result of his article was an invitation to appear before the Chicago chapter of Dignity, a Catholic gay organization to which he spoke October 14th.

### SUPREME COURT REFUSES MARRIAGE APPEAL

Minneapolis, Minn. The U.S. Supreme Court refused to consider an appeal by Jack Baker and his lover, J. Michael McConnell, to get a license to marry in Minnesota.

The 30-year-old men, lovers for the past 5 1/2 years, have won national prominence in their 2-year-old marriage campaign, and immediately said they will keep the issue alive by filing a joint federal income tax return next year.

They contend, in a series of lawsuits, briefs and hearings that began in May 1970, that straight-only marriage laws deny gay couples "equal protection of the law" as guaranteed by the 14th Amendment. If tax, property, inheritance and other legal benefits can be extended to sterile or elderly straight couples who can have no children, it is discriminatory to deny those same benefits to same-sex couples who seek to wed.

The Supreme Court, in an announcement October 10th, said it would not take up the Baker-McConnell appeal from the Minnesota Supreme Court "for want of a substantial federal question." Baker described this as language the court uses when it wants to avoid an essentially political question.

McConnell and Baker filed the suit when they were denied a license at the Minneapolis courthouse in May 1970. Their appeal to the U.S. Supreme Court was financed by the American Civil Liberties Union's Minnesota branch.

In a sense the appeal was moot, because they are already married. They succeeded in obtaining a marriage license in Mankato, Minn., in August 1971 and were wed by a United Methodist minister on September 3rd, 1971.

It is that marriage on which their first joint tax return—and the new legal test of a same-sex marriage—will be based, Baker said.

The University of Minnesota law student and student body president said he was surprised only in that the Supreme Court did not wait to consider hearing Seattle, Milwaukee, Louisville, Washington and Texas gay marriage suits at the same time.

"The only thing that really disappoints me is that they provided no rationale for not taking up our case. It makes it difficult for us to plan our next maneuver," he said.

Baker often compares the gay marriage suits with blacks' attempts to desegregate public schools. "It took them three times before the Supreme Court before they won in 1954," he said. "This is only our first time."

### CALIFORNIA COMMUNITY TORN BY GAY-STRAIGHT CONFLICT

BY GERALD HANSEN

San Francisco. A popular after-hours spot here obtained another court restraining order against police harassment while an adverse decision by the City against a nearby gay bar is being appealed in court.

Consequently, several hundred gays danced again at The Shed last Friday and Saturday nights. Previously they had been allowed only to watch television. The restriction cut attendance down to about 25 persons on weekends and as low as three persons on weekdays.

The new restraining order and previous denial of a dance permit to a gay bar is an outgrowth of a long-smoldering conflict over lifestyles in the Eureka Valley gay ghetto. One attorney warned of possible open warfare between gays and heterosexuals. An economic boycott is in progress.



The Shed bar obtained a court order to restrain police.

Far West Associates, Inc., corporate owner of The Shed, had filed suit in Superior Court. Named as defendants were Police Chief Donald M. Scott and Capt. Dermott Creedon, commander of the Mission station, and others. A security officer at The Shed related that "The police department has been trying to close this place down for a long time." Its function is to provide a spot where people coming from nearby bars at closing time can dance. A station spokesman said that "all after-hours places present a police problem."

The suit maintained that beginning July 10 police threatened to arrest employees and to close the business if dancing were permitted after 2 a.m. Because of the threats, W. Dewey Harrington, president of the corporation and owner of The Shed, was forced to discontinue after-hours dancing. Some of the 4,000 persons who paid \$3.50 membership fees were demanding refunds. He noted that only coffee and soft drinks are sold and that there is no "hanky panky" going on.

In a declaration filed in court by Harrington, two officers identified as Sergeant Ware and officer Casey, were said to have entered and instructed the disc jockey to stop the music when he did. Thirteen days later "officers Jimenez and Sanchez rushed through The Shed's doors at 2:45 a.m. shining flashlights everywhere. They stopped and interviewed each of the soft drink bartenders... and one said to the other: 'Let's bust the place—find some grass or anything.' Many of our customers left at this time. The officers said they would be back until they found something wrong."

For the next few days, police were content to cruise by in squad cars all night and plagued The Shed with heavy surveillance. Sergeant Kirby several days later came with several officers in four police cars. "During this visit a number of customers were yelled at and shoved and one of our employees was pushed to the

floor and handcuffed and arrested for alleged traffic violations," states the declaration.

Sergeant Kirby arrived again two weeks later and bragged, "You don't have many people. What's happening to your customers?" According to the court record, he also added, "I will be back at 4 a.m. and I am sure I will find something then." Then "at 3:45 a.m. we closed the premises in order to prevent ourselves from being harassed by Sergeant Kirby." Three days later police blocked all west-bound traffic on 16th St., which faces The Shed. Currently harassment has dissipated because of the restraining order now in effect.

Three days prior to the suit and 1 1/2 blocks away from The Shed, a gay bar lost its bid for a dance permit. Toad Hall had been refused a permit by police even though the department admitted that the bar created no problem. Appealing to the City Board of Permit Appeals was corporate owner, Bollum, Inc.

Epithets were hurled at the appeal hearing resembling a Ku Klux Klan revival meeting. Opponents argued that "their" neighborhood had become a mecca for a lot of people they despised. Joe Fisher,

language in describing the gay community of San Francisco as used by witnesses... (We) demand of the Board of Permit Appeals that the derogatory terms used to define any racia, religious, ethnic or sexual minority be stricken from the records and prohibited in the strongest possible terms."

SIR and other community leaders urge gays to boycott several merchants. They "have openly expressed their hatred for us and would prefer that we leave—if not actually exterminate ourselves," pointed out Thomas J. Edwards, who regularly attends the meetings of the Eureka Valley Merchants Association and who was immediate past president of the Eureka Valley-Twin Peaks Police Community Relations unit. He noted that a similar boycott several years ago proved effective. The businesses are:

Bell Electric Co., Charles Venetian Blind & Shade Shop, The Family Store (which many gays have been seen to patronize), Hibernia Bank, Burton J. Pacioretty (an attorney), and Arthur J. Sullivan & Co. (a funeral parlor). One other business on the list has long been "boycotted" by gays—Gene & Frank's Castro Club—a heterosexual pub.

Meanwhile, Superior Court Judge Ira A. Brown, Jr. vacated a previous denial of The Shed's motion for injunctive relief and reinstated the original restraining order against police harassment Oct. 6. Dancing resumed that night. The case remains on appeal.

### U.S. GOV'T AGENCIES CROSS SWORDS OVER GAY EMPLOYEE

Washington, D.C. In a case which may be indicative of a modification of its policies of unrelenting exclusion of homosexuals from Federal employment, the U.S. Civil Service Commission, on Sept. 28, rescinded its proposed removal, one-year debarment, and disqualification action against George A. Strasser, of Riverdale, Md., a GS-11 Computer Programmer at the Government Printing Office (GPO) in Washington, D.C.

Strasser, aged 30, commenced work at the GPO in August of 1971. He had received a General Discharge Under Honorable Conditions from the Army in 1960 because of admitted homosexuality.

On July 27, 1972, while Strasser was still in his probationary year as a Federal employee, following an interrogation by Civil Service Commission investigators on July 20, he received a letter from the Civil Service Commission, directing his removal from his position, debaring him from Federal employment for one year, and otherwise disqualifying him (all subject to administrative appeal) on the grounds that:

"After carefully considering all of the facts, including your statements, we have decided that you do not meet the suitability requirements for employment in the competitive Federal service under the provisions of Section 731.201 of the Civil Service Regulations because of immoral conduct.

"Official records show that effective October 18, 1960, you received a general discharge under honorable conditions from the United States Army as a result of your statement that you had been having episodic homosexual contacts since early childhood, the last of which had taken place a few weeks before your interview with Army officials. During the interview with the Commission's representative, you again admitted the homosexual acts which pre-

*(continued on page 14)*

BY KATHY BRAUN

Well, it's rather depressing to be back in the Big Apple after so much time in the country. I know I go on endlessly about the awfulness of the city and the wonders of the country but what can you do—it's one of my themes. I guess, I guess the thing is, one of the things, is that the city is so complex and I don't just mean the awful complexities of apartments, streets, jobs, people. I mean the very vibes in the air. In the city one can never really be secure that one is here, alive, in the world. The world seems always to be out there, in the newspapers, on TV, wherever all those people out there on the streets are rushing to. In the country somehow, all that fades away—everything simplifies down, the world shrinks to a few square miles inhabited by a few people and one knows that down the road are a few more square miles with a few more people but its handleable, manageable, somehow easier to me.

Oh Lord, friends, do forgive me my endless chatter about city vs. country but I'm going through what I guess you'd call a crisis. See the situation is this: (do you really want to know all this? all the sordid facts of my crisis? I'm sure you don't but I've been SO depressed and couldn't think of a thing to write and have been complaining to everyone and all like that and Dorothy said well why don't you write about that? So I will, gentle reader.) So. The situation which is that after my fourth and last breakdown, madness, trip, thing, I decided GENUINELY, enough, finito, farewell. ENOUGH MADNESS. It's not the madness mind you that bothers me. It's the hospitals and the incredible, devastating chaos that inevitably ensues from the madness. So this time I said to myself is the last. Now. How to do it, that's the question?

Well, Hillside is one of the better hospitals. They're a little bit condescending in sort of a gentle Jewish liberal way but they do care about the patients and it's all shiny and clean and up to date. Well the doctors and the social workers and the nurses and the aides, my TEAM, as they call it, got together and said Give Up Dope and Take Up Structure. So I Gave Up Dope for a little while and thought about what kind of Structure I would Take Up. Well of course what do you think I came up with? The Classic—I'll Go Back To School. I had left college long

# Back in the Big Apple

ago to study acting and never felt the need to return but this seemed a good time. My adorable Westchester Jewish Liberal uncle, Uncle Seymour, told me about a new college with a terrific arts program and why don't I go and major in theatre? (A word here about my Uncle Seymour whom I love and adore even though he's not gay or black or revolutionary or anything fashionable. On the phone, when I told him I was looking for a place out of the city, he said why don't you live in Westchester? I told him that Dorothy says that Westchester is too bourgeois and she refuses to live there. Tell Dorothy to kiss my ass sez my Uncle.)

ENNYway, that's what I did. Here I am, aged 137, a freshman in a really terrific theatre program. But you see folks everything's not working out like it should. The problem is that everything's different now. When I was younger, 19, 20, like that, the important thing was what I wanted to DO. I wanted to act, I wanted to write, nay, I burned to act, to write, to DO. But alas, friends, time and the Decline and Fall of American Civilization have changed all that. These days and for years now, the only thing I really want to DO is be with friends, make love, live simply. And though it may be sad it's true that anything other than that I do because it's a way to pass the time pleasantly. In short, I am left without ambition in a world that lives by it.

But this is not to say that my mind is free of concerns, nay, far from it. My deep, my abiding concern is the disgust, hatred and general rottenness I feel toward the world I live in. A fine state! you say for a nice girl like me to be in. Well yes indeed, there you have it, a fine state indeed.

So here I am, starting school, surrounded by eager young faces and it should gladden my heart shouldn't it? but it doesn't, it depresses me, knowing what the Real World, as we used to call it, is like.

It's embarrassing to admit it, me the bearer of cheer and good tidings, but everything depresses me around here. The only place I feel good is in the country, on the farm.

Well why don't I move, you say. As in—how can you keep 'em down in Paroo after they've seen the farm. Well the truth is folks, I haven't moved yet because I'm scared. Oh not scared to move out of N.Y.—I'll be doing that in about a month—but scared to make the whole move, eat the whole thing. Scared for one thing of

living on a farm without a man. I know that's shameful to say these days but it's true. By the way, if there are any gay men out there who are thinking of about the same thing—leaving the city for a farming way of life, please write me.

But mainly what I'm scared about is I'm scared. I mean here I am at 32, a sophisticated, verbal, educated city woman—what am I doing thinking of farming? Is it just a fantasy? Would it really make me happy? Tune in next week for the continuing Perils of Pauline. Lordy, I feel such a fool going on like this but gee it do get me down. Brett says I should go ahead and do the farm thing—if I don't she says I'll always regret it. Well I suppose that's true, and I suppose I'm getting closer and closer to it. Oh well enough of all this.

Meanwhile I see things are moving right along here in town. Sidney and Barbara have published *Sappho Was A Right-On Woman: A Liberated View of Lesbianism* (the title is taken from the poem by Susan Schneider which is printed on page 1). I was all set to tell you how interested, intelligent, and truly wonderful it is but Dorothy had to go and say But you didn't read it! Well yes, I have to admit I haven't but Sidney and Barbara are interesting, intelligent and truly wonderful people and they look so happy and glowing on the dust jacket and besides I have skimmed it and it does indeed look i, i, and tw. But the aggravating, the truly galling thing about the whole thing is that to celebrate publication they gave a great big terrific boat party on a boat in the Hudson and invited Everyone (which means I could have gone to go) and there I was in the booni's ignorant of all this, fighting the mosquitos and thinking how lucky I was. Damn. (Well ennyway, I didn't have anything to wear so I suppose it's just as well.)

I haven't read Lige and Jack's book yet but I look forward to it. I'm sure that this year will be a big Gay Year just as 1968 say, was a big Black Year. I see that all the straight men on the streets are wearing what Our Boys were wearing last year and that all the women's fashion magazines are Drag, Drag, Drag. Flip Wilson is telling everyone Don't Fight the Feeling and we gettin' there, kids, we gettin' through.

By the way, speaking of getting through be sure not to miss Mary Flowerpot on WBAL, Friday at 8 p.m., who gets through with the funniest radio program I've heard since the days of Ernie Kovacs. Ms. Flowerpot is a mad English dyke and

a Star.

Oh yes, I knew there was something else I wanted to tell you. I spent a long time reading a book by Doris Lessing called *The Four-Gated City*. It is an enormously long book (about 650 pp.) and for the first 350 of them I couldn't quite get with it, although objectively, if you know what I mean, I liked the writing. But Ms. Lessing eventually gets deeper and deeper into the heart of her subject, which is insanity, and in fact proposes a theory of insanity that was like coming home to me. She suggests that what we call insanity is in fact an embryonic telepathic facility developing in the human species. Considering that I and every other person I've ever talked to who has been insane have felt that they were telepathizing, I think it is a theory to consider quite seriously and not just dismiss as science fiction. The novel by the way is the farthest thing from science fiction one could imagine. I'd be interested to hear from anyone who's read it and has anything to say about it or anyone who's into insanity and what it's all about or in fact, anyone about anything, folks.

If I were Queen of the World Department—Continuing Education Division. If I were Queen of the World and I had to rule on children's education I would rule that children be taught in three main areas right from the beginning and these are reading, medicine, and playing some musical instrument. Reading speaks for itself—it is the key to most learning but once a person (including a child) knows how to read, let it read what it wants instead of wasting 7-year-old people's time with things like history which are meaningless to people who have themselves only seven years of total history. And Lord EVERYONE should know music like everyone should know how to read because it is just too wonderful a pleasure of life not to be universally shared.

And as for medicine, well let me tell you Mary I could go on endlessly about this one and all those fucking elitist doctors it's just not bloody fair that they know how to keep me from sickness and death and I DON'T. I mean there I was in the seventh grade spending all that time in cooking for god's sakes and sewing, things any adult can learn if they want to and when they need to, when I should have been learning what my own sore throat that made me cry was all about.

Ennyway girls I can't go on a moment longer it's all too depressing. Keep ya tits together and I'll see y'all next week.



# CLAY'S CLEARING HOUSE

BY ALAN CLAY

TV-WISE

There was a time, 'way back when, that anything on the idiot box concerning homosexuality was Big News. Via the Gay Grapevine, everyone knew well in advance when these events were to be telecast.

However, times have changed and we are much in evidence in all aspects of the media. (Sadly, though, still as much for our freak value as anything.) This column was (hypothetically) developed to let GAY's readers know about some of the many things happening in and around "our world."

But it's getting harder and harder to plow through the great mass of material submitted to me. I'm having to become quite selective and it ain't easy. Also due to this great amount of action, I'm not always informed of things. For example, I've stumbled, purely by accident, on more than one good TV program with an emphasis on homosexuality. And I miss many others.

One I did catch was the David Suskind show on Sunday, October 8th. (David continues to bug me, but the program is usually literate.) It was, in this case, about five individuals who have attempted suicide and have lived to overcome their problem.

One of the guests was Pete Fisher (*The Gay Mystique*). My first impression was that I hadn't realized he is such a good-looking guy. (I am quite partial to his type of eyes.) Second, I felt that he was the most intelligent and eloquent on the program. But of course I admit being prejudiced.

He wore his Lambda button, plugged his book (totally forgivable), and spoke with bitterness about the magnificent bungling of orthodox psychiatry. (Oh, sweet sounds!) The other guests were most warm to him and Suskind didn't call him sick even once. An enjoyable show.

Unfortunately, I did miss the four-hour VD telethon on WNET (Mon., Oct. 9). I had planned to catch it but urgent matters (I was probably chasing another worthless trick) forced me to abandon my plans.

I'm sure I would have made a greater attempt if my irresponsible editors, Lige and Jackie, had told me they were to be on the program. They told me later (a lot of good that does) that it was a gratifying but tiring experience. They were on for about two hours. The station received approximately 15,000 phone calls. This astounds me. I didn't figure there were that many in the metropolitan area concerned about VD. Encouraging.



Walter in his Apartment

### WALTER'S APARTMENT

Sorry I wasn't in the last issue (as if anybody except my loyal mother noticed). I've had a change of regular jobs—the 9-to-5 variety—and that's always Trauma Time for me. I'm back on schedule now, but in missing GAY no. 88, I wasn't able to make as immediate a plug for Walter

Kent's new pet project as I had wanted. Walter is known to one and all as the genial host of the Beacon Baths.

I was flattered to be invited to the opening night soiree in his restaurant, *Walter's Apartment*, at 1068 2nd Ave. (56th St.). Don't mean to sound like Suzy, but everybody was there. Haven't seen such a collection of Famous Gay Faces since George Weinberg's last bash. I enjoyed the hell out of myself.

If anything, Walter was too generous with his liquor and I became more than a little tipsy, giggle-giggle. The restaurant is warmly decorated and cozy. The food is quite good and the service excellent. The bartenders are angels. What more can I possibly say, darlings?

### DAMN THAT DOGMA

I think I shall always treasure a clipping forwarded to us by a distressed gay in San Diego. It's a portion of a question and answer column from a religious newspaper called *The Southern Cross*. The column is run by a Father Warren Rouse, OFM.

The reason I will always treasure the clipping? Because whenever someone wonders why I find organized religion, Catholicism in particular, so completely odious and despicable, I can simply show them the clipping as a prime example of corrupt Holy Bullshit.

A reader asks about the Los Angeles group called "Dignity" which is formed of homosexual Catholics. The unnamed reader (I assume, since the reader's question is rhetorical and as idiosyncratically faked as those of Dr. Reuben, it is Father Rouse mumbling to himself) wonders if such a group isn't "... by its very nature contrary to natural law and can have no official sanction from the Church?"

Father Rouse nods eagerly to himself and rushes in with the answer. It is indeed not sanctioned by the Church. (And I—well all tremble in fear!) He then goes on to instruct his flock in the origins of homosexuality. (You've all heard of Father Rouse, OFM, famous authority on sexual deviation?)

And then he trundles out all the musty old blather. E.g.: homosexuality itself is not a sin, but homosexual practice is. "A homosexual must follow the same moral principles which apply to any unmarried

person. What others have accepted—a celibate life—by free choice, he must accept as a duty and a cross."

I am sure that Father Rouse would also like to see women still denied anesthesia during childbirth. For is it not true that the pain of bearing children is woman-kind's cross?

Here, for all it's worth (which is exactly zero) are Father Rouse's closing comments:

*Existing homosexual organizations, by and large, do not have Christian objectives in mind; their primary purpose seems to be the legalization of homosexual acts between consenting adults.*

*For example, "Dignity" declares in its Statement of Position and Purpose: "We believe that homosexuality is a natural variation of the use of sex. We believe that sexuality should be used in such a manner that it is both responsible and unselfish."*

*Organizations or clubs advocating such attitudes can never have the endorsement of the Catholic Church.*

I'm sure Father Rouse is confident of a niche in his petty little Heaven. I wouldn't be at all happy in the same Celestial City with Rouse and all the other misguided and obsolete bigots. To paraphrase Shaw's Byron, I intend to go directly to Hell ... where all the best people are.

### HEY, CABBIE!

Not too long ago, a friend wanted to become a taxi driver here in the city. I thought he was crazy. Who wants to risk getting mugged and robbed several times a night? But that's what he wanted. Okay.

Problem: he's one of these gawdarn fairies, you see, and the NYC Taxi Commission don't want none of them tootie-fruities around, contaminating their nice-normal-religious men. (Not to mention the fact that a gay cab driver would obviously proposition any male who entered the cab, no matter how old and ugly the customer. When it comes to sex, homos has no taste. Anything in pants will do. Everybody knows that.)

But GAA has this weird notion that gays have Human Rights the same as straights. I don't know where they got such a far-out, arrogant idea. If God had

intended us to be first class citizens, he would have made us straight, and he wouldn't have put the good Father Rouse here to help us Lear our heavy cross.

Anyway, GAA has been yapping at the heels of Taxi Commission chairman Michael J. Lazar. Despite an administrative order issued last February by Mayor Lindsay, requiring all city agencies to end discriminatory practices against gay people, the Taxi Commission continued its policy of discrimination. Honestly, some people just love to be mean!

According to GAA, "The immediate impetus for the action against the Commission was a complaint from Geoffrey Swearington, 21, whose qualifications for a job as a taxi driver were unchallenged, but whose homosexuality was ascertained by the Commission on the basis of his draft status. Swearington, as a matter of conscience, refused to submit to a psychiatric test." (For "conscience," I would personally have substituted the words "dignity" and "pride.")

Swearington no longer needs to swear at the Commission. Three days after the GAA demonstration, his license to drive a cab was issued. And now my friend can also hack away in the metropolitan area.

I wonder if they'll paint their cabs lavender so we'll know who to throw our business to, hey? I'd like to get in a taxi tomorrow night, say "The Roadhouse—570 Hudson, please," and not have the cabbie reply, "Where duh hell is dat?" At any rate, another stupid barrier down.

### A MUTUAL UNDERSTANDING

Went into a Chock Full O' Nuts the other day. Wanted a regular coffee to go. On the counter I put my newspaper and a book with the word "Homosexuality" visible on the cover. The young black waiter brought my order, eyed the book and looked up very suspiciously at me.

"Are you a queer?" asks he.

"Are you a nigger?" retort I.

For a second there was a twitch of anger on his face, then he slowly grinned and scratched his head. "I mean ... uh, are you ... gay?"

"Sure," I replied. I go in there frequently now and Herbie never fails to come over and say hello. Another stupid barrier down.

BY THANE HAMPTEN

*Note: As GAY's readers may recall, I wrote some months ago in this column about the visit to New York of my Swedish friend, Michael Holm, editor of the magazine Revolt. Michael is very active in all aspects of Scandinavian gay life and keeps me posted about developments there. As I have said before, American gays are rather ignorant of gay scenes abroad—primarily because we have enough to contend with right here on the home front. And because of this, I intend to quote Michael's letters from time to time.*

*I have just received a letter which I feel is important enough to include here in full. It is quite interesting and—I'm sorry to say—very disturbing. Americans who do know anything about the Scandinavian attitude toward homosexuals are jealous of the kind and liberal views of those civilized people. Gays and straights generally co-exist with a minimum of problems. "Live and let live" is not an exception but the rule there.*

*Alas, there are apparently no utopian societies; the symbiosis is not complete—yet. And even in the best of the enviable societies that man has to offer at this time, violence of the ugliest and most retrogressive sort can unexpectedly erupt.*

*Michael's letter and my column this week are both warnings that paradise is not just around the corner. New Yorkers had no reason to be even mildly surprised by the brutal turn of events at the Inner Circle zap. It is much more significant to realize that the worst possible kind of homophobic barbarism is still to be contended with in what we have (yearningly) assumed to be a much more advanced social climate.*

Dear Thane:

Many thanks for your letter. I am sorry it took me so long to reply, but I have not been able to write. The cause for this will come further in the letter. You speak of your concern for the continuing violence in American life. It's true that Americans seem to glorify it much more than most other countries but there has been some of it over here as well, and a great deal of talk about it.

There was a meeting from the 9th thru the 11th of September in Arhus, Denmark. It was arranged by the Students Union at the University. The Union is run for six months by one of the groups at the University and for the past six, the Gay Activists have been in charge. They had arranged a Sex Festival and invited many groups from all over Europe: organizations that are fighting sexual oppression.

With few exceptions however, only the gay groups came. Participants were: the Unions from Denmark, Norway, Sweden; Gay Activists and Sexpol in Denmark; GLF from Berlin, Hamburg and Hannover; NVSH, Holland; MAHR and International Homosexual Revolutionaries from Belgium; FHAR from France; FUORI from Italy; CHE and GLF in England. Thus it was the biggest meeting there ever has been between European gay groups—and it was of course very exciting.

It started Saturday evening with a Festival, a great official party at the main hall of the University. Mixed homo/heterosexual—(some 800 guests). There was dancing, live shows and "sex happenings." Many of the couples danced naked, but as a girl pointed out—it is typical that only those who are young and good-looking undress. There were exceptions, but few. Most of the nudes were very well-built and young.

# SCANDANAVIAN Scuffles



Clipping from a Swedish newspaper shows Michael Holm's broken jaw.

The next day, a two-day conference started. It was somewhat complicated as proceedings were in both English and French and everything had to be translated. The Danish organizers had made up a fine and interesting program with varied topics and a couple of lectures. But they lost control of the situation immediately when they showed the German film, *It Is Not The Homosexual Who Is Perverse But The Situation In Which He Lives*, by Rosa von Praunheim. I remember reading in GAY that you detested the film. I agree with you—as did most of the groups and individuals at the conference. [Thank God!—T.H.]

For some reason the version shown here was in English and although the Italian group did not understand it they reacted violently, banging the desks and shouting "Facist!", etc. Afterwards they stated in a communique that they would accuse the filmmaker of "being an offense against the respect for human beings"—to the Bertrand Russell tribunal. The whole remainder of the day was spent discussing the film and the strong feelings it provoked. Almost all were against it, apart from some girls in the Danish Union. But they also criticized it for not even mentioning female homosexuality.

I was against the film as it showed such contempt for certain homosexual patterns of behavior. Any behavior can, of course, be ridiculed and it's a pity that people try to conform to any behavior that doesn't suit them. But there are lots of people who enjoy transvestism, leathersex, tearoom sex, etc., and I feel they must be allowed to do as they wish.

I am afraid the film's director just

wants to exchange the present moral valuations for others just as discriminating. This will result only in trading one set of victims for another. [My main objection was that besides being ideologically narrow-minded and heavy-handed, it was technically wretched cartoon travesty.—T.H.]

Those most violently against the film were the Southern European groups which call themselves revolutionists. It was very difficult to grasp what they stood for though, as they talked much about violence and destroying the present society, but extremely little of what they wanted to achieve in a positive way or how to do it. [So what else is new?—T.H.]

The only group from Southern Europe which wanted really sensible discussion was the French. So, in fact, they took over the whole conference from the Danish organizers and they did it well. [Leave it to the French...—T.H.] Many of the other groups seemed more intent on discussing Vietnam than gay issues. And it was made even more frustrating because they all talked constantly but never listened to one another. [So what else is new?—T.H.]

Rather late in the evening on Sunday, something happened to loosen the tension between Northern and Southern groups. Some of the Italians spoke out, without shouting or reading longwinded communiques (!) They told in few words, and in very low voices, about the frightful difficulties they personally have in their society, and how long the road is to self-acceptance.

I think all of us understood this message and felt great sympathy for them.

One of the Danish participants tried to use this opening of contact and asked the Italians what visions they had for the future; what they wanted of a better society. But the Italian leader ruined it by replying only, "Destroy all churches!"

As far as I could understand, the Southern European groups are not even to the point of imagining the personal sexual freedom that we generally have, but they are trying to get it in a great degree. They are brought up under the strong and authoritarian domination of the Catholic church and don't even have the idea of personal freedom and integrity. They seem somehow to be trying to exchange the authority of the church for some other kind that would be just as cruelly dominating.

All this was most interesting for the Danish Sexpol group which is not gay but is simply fighting for sexual liberation in general. They are convinced the German psychiatrist from the 30's was right when he stated that sexual oppression gives birth to the authoritarian man. Sexual oppression made Nazism possible—as well as Christian fanaticism and Communist fanaticism. They had extensive studies on this theme at the University of Copenhagen last year.

Our own Swedish proposal for a joint action to strongly protest the horrible laws in Spain was also accepted. Now we'll all collect material on these prosecutions in Spain and this material will be put together and handed over to Spanish embassies in our countries as well as given to the press. [Right on!—T.H.]

There will be a huge meeting on the 15th of October in Milan between the Southern European groups and also the Women's Liberationists. Then the next all-European conference will be next Easter in Berlin.

At last it was decided that we should go out that evening to dance at the regular discotheques in Arhus. This had been tried once before by the local Gay Activists and they had been thrown out as the owner of the discotheques had not wanted them there. (This man, Enud Nielsen, is very powerful as he owns most of the discotheques and restaurants in Arhus.) With eleven others, I went to a place called Karvalien. A rather tough place, but the atmosphere was quite good. We began dancing and it was obvious that the other straight guests had absolutely no objections. But a guard came to us and told us to leave as we were not allowed to dance man-to-man. Some of us continued to dance. I didn't, because my partner had left.

A few minutes later, some thugs entered and they were guided by the guard to the dance floor. The guard pointed to the gays. One by one our boys were brutally pushed from the dance floor. The guard pointed to me and said, "Him, too!" and I got a slap on the back. I said I could walk by myself and went out.

There I was, waiting with a couple of the others when one of the thugs appeared at the doorway dragging and beating a boy from Berlin. The man followed him into the street and, for no reason at all, gave him a severe beating. [Does all this sound familiar, Morty?—T.H.]

The boy's collar-bone was broken! I could not just stand by and watch, so I tried to stop the man. He slugged me so hard I was unconscious in a flash. Woke up with my jaw broken in two places and my wrist badly damaged. One of the Danes phoned the police and when the thug heard this, he just laughed. He knew more than we did. The police refused to

(continued on page 14)

# U.S. GOV'T AGENCIES CROSS SWORDS

(continued from page 10)

ceded the Army discharge and subsequent perverted acts, the most recent occurring in the several weeks prior to the interview. You further stated that you consider yourself to be bisexual.

"Since your admitted history of acts of sexual perversion is both lengthy and recent, the Commission has determined that your continued employment in the Federal service would not promote the efficiency of that service."

The GPO exercised not only its option to retain Strasser on an active-duty status during the administrative appeal procedure, but also elected to file an agency appeal on his behalf.

Additionally, in a rare show of "rebellion in the ranks" (of Government), the GPO also made it clear to the Commission, informally but unmistakably, that even if the Commission ordered Strasser's removal, the GPO would refuse to dismiss him, and the Commission would have to take the GPO to court (the Commission has the legal power to direct an agency to fire a probationary employee). The Commission muttered about having the GPO's funds cut off, but it seems unlikely that this could have been accomplished.

Strasser's counsel, Dr. Franklin E. Kameny, also commenced preparation of an Appeal on Strasser's own behalf, by presenting the Commission with a list of preliminary questions relating to the Commission's view of the nexus between the conduct alleged and the efficiency of the service, the equation of homosexual conduct with sexual perversion with immoral conduct, and the relationship, in turn, between immoral conduct and the efficiency of the service and eligibility for Federal employment, the Commission's right, in the light of recent court decisions, to make the inquiries which it had made in regard to Strasser's sexual activities, and so forth.

The Commission never replied to Kameny's letter (the Director of the Personnel Investigations Bureau assured Kameny, by telephone, that an answer was being formulated, but it never appeared). The agency's appeal (stating that in their view Strasser's conduct raised no problems for the agency, that he was a good employee, that he was desperately needed, that he had a letter of commendation in his file, that his personal life was his own affair, etc.) was filed in mid-September. Apparently retreating from potential multiple confrontations (with the agency in a clash on authority and power; with Kameny on basic policies) the Commission almost immediately notified Strasser, the GPO, and Kameny that its earlier decision had been reversed and rescinded.

This seems effectively to foreclose all future action against Strasser, whether from the Commission, from the agency, or from elsewhere in the government, on the basis of his homosexuality, barring some egregious mishap such as an arrest.

The case is noteworthy in that no effort was made to evade or avoid the fact of Strasser's ongoing homosexuality (it was Kameny's intention to stipulate to it, and the Commission was so informed). Nevertheless, in a possibly unprecedented action, the Commission did not disqualify him.

Whether this case is simply a unique aberration on the Commission's part, precipitated by the agency's strong opposition, or whether it represents a backing off from the policies of at least two decades will be shown in the next several

weeks and months, when action by the Commission is forthcoming on several other pending cases (both at the administrative and the judicial levels) and the Commission's long-promised revision in policy finally appears (or clearly is not going to appear).

## Nightlife

(continued from page 7)

gawfled at his monologue about the sham of the hetero-imitative dating game and prom night. Camille Cacciatore is bound to remain in my album of favorite characters along with Lily Tomlin's Madame Lupe and Joanne Beretta's chantoosie from the Bronx groaning out "Dem Wattum Leafass."

And Cord has got a manager with know-how in the person of Farber. The star baby would be fine even without an outfit like the Moving Company (who are non-gay) backing him up, but with them he can't miss being great. They never do. All will be holding forth on Wednesdays at the Queens Trysting Place by the time you read this.

Accompanists, light and sound persons, waiters who respect the performer and the customer's rightful desire to see and hear while the inevitable business of service proceeds, and club managers who know when they've got a good thing going—that's where the gay clubs have it all over the straight. Look, these spots may be a long-long way from the liberation alternative, they may indeed be into payoff and protection, but when they are at least giving gays and hip non-gays a place to be themselves and make spirits soar, they are providing a service for us we still need. The places may often as not look like the Fifties, smell like the Sixties and cost like the devil, but there's the difference that we now go into them demanding our right to show affection, demanding to see and hear the best and not be insulted by homophobia, sexism and racism. The blacks are flocking to the movies to see blacks in black dramas. We will only go in significant numbers now to applaud gays or those of sufficient artistry to appeal to the gay sensibility—and this is just the beginning!

Next issue let's go on with the show at the one-of-a-kind genuine alternative—the Friday night cabaret at the GAA Fire-house, where Gay is not only Good, but Better. And live entertainment means you're in the act as a really first-time-out discoverer.

## Scuffles

(continued from page 13)

come. The thugs left in a cab, after waving a fond goodbye to the discotheque's guard.

We went to the police station where they refused to take our report until we could show medical certificates that we were hurt! After I had been beaten, a Danish boy and girl (!) had protested and had also been beaten. We had lots of witnesses and even had taken the number of the cab in which the thugs left. The police even refused to phone a cab for us so that we could get to a hospital. We had to hunt one in the dark street.

I was hospitalized for a week in Denmark and then a few days more in Sweden. My mouth is "tied" together, so I won't be able to do much more than grunt, until they open it up on October 18th. And I can't eat—just soup and milk and things that can flow between the teeth. So I am losing weight!

One of the girls who worked at the discotheque quit her job immediately when she saw how we were treated. There had been much publicity about this affair and I'm enclosing a couple of pages from a Danish daily for you to look at.

The owner of the discotheque of course

stated that we were beaten by guests who don't like queer dancing in there. That is not true. Those thugs were called in by the owner. The staff of the discotheque readily admitted that. There is a big investigation going on now, as this is such a serious matter. The townspeople claim that there is a corrupt agreement between Nielsen and the police. [So what else is new?—T.H.]

Even the staff at the hospital said they often have victims of Nielsen's "life guards". This is really a great danger to a democracy and the Danish Union has brought the matter to the attention of the Minister of Justice.

I think that gives you enough news for one letter! I hope things are going well in New York now. Take care and write when you get the chance.

All the best, my friend—  
Michael

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### THE WESTSIDERS

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BY SOREL DAVID

Walking down the street the other day, a new woman friend and I engrossed in conversation and each other, she reaches out for me at one point, a tentative, hesitant, exploratory kind of movement, one arm resting lightly on my shoulder for just a minute or two. Out of the corner of my eye I see an old man, shrouded in the grimness that besets the elderly in this country, pick up on this fleeting, shy gesture. Lesbians! A bright smile lights up across his wrinkled face, what a thrill to see a couple of lezzies in action right here on Mission Street. It's obvious we've made his day. Oh Lord, this world is so mean and complicated I can't hardly understand it at all.

On the one hand it's evil for this old man to be getting off on us like that. Prurient interests and all, a symptom of the deep sexual sickness that grips this country by the balls and squeezes the life out of it. I despise the way men are excited by love, affection and sex between women as some kind of lurid depraved lust. At the same time I don't think the whole burden of this evil, or even a large part of it can, in truth, be assigned to the old man. There is, of course, the notion that he is only a product of his society, but this is just so much rhetoric by now. Peeking behind the line of reasoning to some level of human reality in the situation, there probably isn't much else that can arouse the old guy by now. Repression is so much the American way of life, it takes nothing short of some evil and perverted notion of what Lesbianism is all about to jolt the old sexual muscles into action. There is some level on which I just can't think it bad to have brought a smile to an old man's heart and a small spring of life to his gonads. Note, however, that none of this last would in any way be a consideration were the old man, being old, alone and miserable, not such a sympathetic figure.

Meanwhile, as you can see, we're still here in good old S.F. Been trying to get out for almost two weeks now. First the car we were to drive across the country developed a mild species of brake failure, and we, a mild case of heart failure on one rather large hill, all of this fortunately still well within the city limits. Next we tried a ride in a truck, a step-van they call it, about the size of a mail truck. Nine adults, three kids, a dog and a like amount of baggage were crammed into this thing, traveling cheap was the name of the game. No such luck. A faulty exhaust system nearly killed us all with carbon monoxide poisoning and to complicate matters, poor Billie came down with tonsillitis as a result of the ordeal. After limping back to San Francisco via Greyhound, here we sit doing the chicken soup bit and resting up for our next attempt. Maybe we're supposed to stay here. No, no, I feel the message in all this has to do with cars, another anti-technology rap, far more than leaving town. Well, but then you can read the cards any way you like, can't you. Me, I think it's time human kind mastered the art of mental teleportation. Until then, next time out, a plane will have to suffice.

I'm coming back to New York one way or another, but before I go, here's one last look around. Sitting around the house on 24th Street watching the sun go down just to pass the time. Me and Bruce and Susan in Susan's room, Billie with tonsillitis sleeps back in our room. As al-

# DOMESTIC ROMANCE by THE GOLDEN GATE



ways with me, the main thing with the San Francisco trip has been the people. Places, things, beautiful sights have a very vague and indefinite location in my mind. For me, human drama is everything. Most of my time here, most of my soul life energies have been taken up with this household of lesbians and one beautiful gay boy we've been staying with here in San Francisco. What it's been is a romance with stars in my eyes from start to finish. I don't know, maybe San Francisco is conducive to this sort of thing, I can't remember when I've sort of a group of people I've become so fond of in so short a time.

As sunlight fades, the evening household sounds begin to take precedence. Marge and Jackie fighting in the next room, Susan and I exchange looks. It's

S&M, she says, see we even have that here in S.F. They are all constantly pointing out to me the virtues of the place, while I counter by playing the disgruntled and grumbling New Yorker to the hilt. The quarrel next door grows louder, Susan begins to look seriously dismayed. Beautiful Bruce trying on clothes and dancing before the mirror, is oblivious to all but his own image. The fighting, very nearly a constant occurrence, like almost everything else around him when he dances is just background music for his parade.

Susan is dismayed, Bruce mildly interested, but I am slightly charmed. Susan's too close to the situation, being Marge's big sister and Jackie's good friend, as well as having the room next to, to see this fighting as it is. Bruce natural, intuitive genius and myself the ob-

server know that it's just love. Pure love heaving in the breast and bursting up out of the throat, Marge yelling at Jackie. The fight ends in the kitchen, hunger drives them in there. It's a temporary halt due to the beginning of a new activity—dinner. Marge explosive among other things, is the house initiator. In between destroying Jackie with kisses to the head, the face, the ears, she exhorts Bruce to make pasta-fazool. Susan and I, more passive, less socially involved types, don't begin to wander in till later when the making of dinner is well on its way. It's the sound of Bruce's frantic, Marge, Marge, you don't have the right spices here and finally the smell of the sauce that brings me around. First, some chicken soup for Billie and then dinner is served.

# JERRY'S SPHERE

(continued from page 2)

gamut, having campaigned for Goldwater in '64 and, would you believe, Reagan in California. Yes, I voted for Nixon in '68. I have seen what has happened to these people. It nauseates me. We are living in perilous times. But the peril is not coming from anywhere but the White House. Our personal liberties are in grave danger. If we are to be truly free we must have someone who will take care of the citizens of this country. George McGovern may not be all that we would have wished but I'd sure feel better with Nixon out and somebody else in. I urge you all to give Nixon the final "kick around." Let him retire to San Clemente or wherever. He has had four years and hasn't shown much with them. Let's give McGovern a chance. Let's give America a chance. Let's give ourselves a chance. Please, please vote for George McGovern November 7th.

**ON THE LOCAL LEVEL:** Blitzing with Bill Maloney: In my last column, I urged East Side New Yorkers to vote for a life-long friend, Bill Maloney, for State Senator. If you were in any of the bars last Sunday you probably got a chance to meet Bill as we hit every bar from JIMMY'S at 89th St. to BEAU GESTE on 19th St. (Ironic note: the ONLY bar that refused Bill entry was the LIB. They don't want to get "political.") When we began, I thought that I'd have to field some questions for Bill. I had forgotten that he's known that I was gay since age 17 and it hadn't mattered or changed our friendship in any way. The ease and confidence with which Bill handled himself made me very proud. (Not even the incredible Gypsy ruffled his feathers.) Bill is concerned, as I am, with human rights. As he put it, there is no reason why a person's sexual orientation should come under the scrutiny of the legislature except in the case of statutory rape. As I wrote before, Bill Maloney is an honest and good man. We need Bill Maloney in Albany! Vote for Bill Maloney on November 7th.

**SOME MORE GOOD MEN AND WOMEN:** Ed Koch has been there every time we've needed him. He is an outspoken critic of the war and a staunch backer of individual liberty. Congressman Koch has been good to us, let's show him that we don't forget. Vote for Ed Koch November 7th. The East Side has three assemblymen running who have already proven that they will protect our liberty. I refer to Messrs. Olivieri (who, by the way, donated his headquarters to E.G.O. when it began), Berle and Stein. Again, I urge you to return these men to office. Vote for Olivieri, Berle and Stein Nov. 7th. Over on the West Side, we have a very interesting race for U.S. Congress. I believe Ms. Abzug made a mistake in going after Bill Ryan and not Murphy in the primary (undoubtedly she feels the same way now). But, with Ryan's unfortunate death Bella has another chance. I know that she turned her back on us at the convention but I sincerely believe that she learned an important lesson. While I can't empathize with Ms. Ryan, I feel that Bella is better known and certainly has a name for herself. I believe that Bella would be able to get more accomplished, and for this reason I urge you to vote for Bella Abzug Nov. 7th.

I've said it before and I'll say it again, I hope that all of you all over the country have looked at your local office seekers, found out who they are and what they are about. It is only by electing local officials that we will make this the land of the free and the home of the brave.

I had the honor of sharing the stage at

the ROUNDTABLE with VICKI RICHMAN a couple of Sundays ago. (Vicki is a fellow columnist and, in my eyes, certainly one of the most brilliant writers I have met or read.) The occasion was the presenting of special awards to the LaFleurs and the rest of the cast of THE LA-FLEURS IN CONCERT AT TOWN HALL. It was a festive evening (I even got gussied up in jacket and tie in deference to Vicki, who looked smashing in a low gown) and an enjoyable one.

**IT'S ABOUT THAT TYPESETTER:** In my last column I ended the "personal" paragraph "I am not alone and bent on self construction." It came out "self-destruction." Mr. Typesetter, please, take note. [OK, Je, but the sentence read (to me) that you were not bent on self construction. Careful, luc, or I'll put your copy through exactly as you hand it in, and you wouldn't want that, now, would you?—Mr. Typesetter]

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**CHRISTOPHER ST. LIBERATION DAY PARADE:** Mattachine's Don Goodwin and my old friend Jean Devente told me that they would be electing the parade committee last Saturday. Curious as to what would be happening after last year's factional split, I got my tired ass up, took Mike and went down to the FIREHOUSE. Much to my amazement, I ended up on the committee. The committee immediately adopted a mandate stating that "all Gays will be asked to participate." The committee is still in its embryonic stage but I am sure that we will work for the biggest and best Gay Pride Month and Parade ever. Gays that stick together win together!!

**GOTHAM GAMBITS:** My personal thanks to the bar owners, managers, staffs and, most of all, customers for allowing me to bring Bill Maloney around to meet and greet you. Please excuse, but I must single out Jim Merry for allowing Gypsy (who made a deal with Bill—if he won he'd have to go to bed with him. As a matter of fact, if he loses, God forbid, he has to go to bed with him.) to interrupt the show, introduce Bill and have him say a few words; Micky, at PIPERS LOUNGE, for feeding us (we started at 2:45 p.m. and finished at 3:15 a.m.); SUNDOWNER'S Mike Murphy for offering another night for Bill to come in; Gwen Saunders (ALI-BI) for asking Bill to come to the show to address her customers; Norman Farber and Joey Cord who also interrupted his show so Bill could talk and offering his services for a benefit; and, Bobby Blake, Grandma Lee, Ken Winters, Sebastian, Roy, the La Fleurs, Bob Sloate, David Nelson, Stanley Franks and, please, forgive me if I left somebody out. I appreciate you all and will not forget it. Thank you very, very much... Tom Deveney is the new manager at WALTER'S APARTMENT. Go over and say "hi"... SUNDOWNER having an "Irish Wake," complete with free beer and corned beef and cabbage, Nov. 15th... Stella now at what used to be "Howie's Hideaway" (sorry, Stel, I forgot the new name)... My Mike working the floor with me Wed. nights for the movie at PIPERS... Bryan Murphy at WESTSIDERS a SMASH-

EROOO with his new Tina Turner revue. Don't miss it... Next Bar Awards at COUNTRY COUSIN... Mother Rice looking simonational... ditto, Phyllis (SINGLES) and her Holly (GIANNI'S)... Maloney still talking about the super talents, Savoy, Sexton and Cord and Roy's memory (they met when the YUKON was the COAT OF ARMS)... Little Joe (remember the STUD?) opening the SEA SHELL with Dino and the sextet Joe of them all. It's opposite PETER RABBIT which should make that some corners... Sexy Rex (ROADHOUSE) making the uptown scene with Marvin (DANNY'S SHERIDAN SQ.)... My Ted lent John Francis Hunter FRIZBY'S for his legal defense fund party. J.F.H. fighting to stop publication of his new book, *The Gay Insider, U.S.A.* after publisher cut it to ribbons, even to the point of editing quotes!! Bobby Shea into TROUBADOUR... John Weston (SEBASTIAN'S) to be a DAVID centerfold... Have to get over to TJUANA CAT and see Don... Doric Wilson back at the SPIKE... Bob La Courte to be DAVID'S Christmas cover boy... Jerry at DANNY'S CHRISTOPHER ST. (not part of the "Danny" chain, by the way) has a very kissy mouth... Related birthday greetings to Eric's Phillip...

**PERSONALITY PROFILE:** (I shall endeavor to introduce in following columns the members of the C.S.L.D. committee.) Jean Devente is a woman who has been active in the movement since its inception. Anyone who has ever been to Riis Park during the summer months will recognize Jean as the "Lady of the Softball Field." To tell you what kind of a woman Jean is, I'll tell you that she quit as a manager of a bar on the west side when her "bosons" started watering the booze. Her brothers and sisters always come before her own interest. She has fought against discrimination of any kind in the bars and in previous parades. Jean is a woman who feels at home equally among men and women and, like me, feels those among us who would separate us according to sex are missing a few screws. Jean Devente is a warm human being, a fine woman and a credit to her sisters and brothers. Avanti, Devente!

I hope that I shall see you all at the polls next Tuesday. DON'T FORGET TO VOTE!!!

POWER IN THE BOOTHS! Je

## MANHATTAN

(continued from page 9)

*Housewife*, suffered through *Last Summer* and thought that the best thing about *Trilogy* was that Truman Capote wrote it and Maureen Stapleton and Geraldine Page were in it. *Play It As It Lays*, however, is not so cut and dried. Some of it, especially the last twenty minutes or so, is the most shattering stuff I've seen on the screen in a hell of a while. But mostly, it is a very hard-to-take look at the mental breakdown of an actress who has just been through an abortion and a divorce. Superficially, it's about the actress and her problems, but ostensibly it's a film about dealing with the concept you have of living. Tony Perkins plays a homosexual who has discovered that "it's nothing" and not worth playing the shifty game required to stay alive. He tells this to Tuesday Weld whose reaction is that she doesn't ever want to be where his head is at. Eventually, however, she comes to realize that he is right. "It's nothing," she admits, "but I'm still willing to play." By the time she says this, though, she's out of the game and incapable of handling anything at all. It is that realization by the audience that makes the film so interesting. It is by far the best performance Tuesday Weld has given in what amounts to an outstanding career of sleepers. Tony Perkins has given up his harried psychopath act for a harried homosexual. The part suits him. My feeling is that the film should be seen but will

probably do a disappearing act right after it opens, so hurry up.

I was going to talk about *The King of Marvin Gardens* and a few other things, but I've seen a film tonight I've just got to tell you about. I approached *Lady Sings The Blues* with great apprehension. First, I've never particularly liked films about entertainers. Remember *Jeanne Eagles* with the unforgettable Kim Novak? Second, the last time two versions of a star's life-story opened at the same time, they were *Harlow* and both awful. Third, I love Billie Holiday and fourth I don't love Diana Ross. Well, I take back everything I was thinking. *Lady Sings The Blues* boasts a performance by Diana Ross the likes of which I seldom, if ever, expect to see again, especially by someone in a debut role. True, the film has all the cliches and tired conventions associated with the "rise and fall of the great star" syndrome, but there is such inventiveness in its outlook that the good obliterates the bad. The film covers the period up until 1939 when Billie Holiday played Carnegie Hall for the first time. The use of color, especially whites and browns, in the film is a contributing factor to the overall feeling of authenticity. Although the studio sets for Harlem streets are tacky and unbelievable, the photography and other settings as a whole are very effective, especially when Ms. Ross is performing. The close-up shots of her at the microphone are sometimes frighteningly like Billie Holiday herself. It is Ross' performance, however, that holds the film together and makes it work. As a child, she's touching and defiant in her love of the blues and contempt for her way of life. Her performance builds steadily until, at one point in a Harlem nightclub, she is singing *Nobody's Business If I Do* and suddenly, her whole being seems to radiate the soul of Billie Holiday. When she thanks the audience after the song, she's so much like *Lady Day* it gives you chills. Her scenes just before the Carnegie Hall concert, after her friend piano-man has been murdered before her eyes, are so controlled and so filled with a sense of real feeling and freedom of expression that it makes you wonder how so much could be inside such a little person. I especially liked the way the director, Sidney Furie, handled the ending. When I'd heard it was covering the period until 1939 I remarked that he was probably being dishonest in presenting her only in the midst of triumph. I was wrong. The use of the newspaper clips announcing her decline while she sings *God Bless The Child*, and the final, small announcement of her death transcends the usual bullshit ending always given this type of film.

So, Liza Minelli has some real competition at Oscar time. Well, we do live in strange times, don't we? Diana Ross with an Academy Award? I never thought I'd say it, but I hope so—the kid really deserves it. Diana Sands is going to have to pull a few rabbits out of her hat to top this one!

Still Shots: Jim Owles is travelling around the country with former GAA Vice-President Arnie Kantrowitz, visiting gay organizations in the hopes of rounding up workers from every state to come here and work for Mike McPherson, gay candidate for City Council against Carole Greitzer... Don't miss Jean Genet's *Chant D'Amour* at the Players Theatre... John Francis Hunter is being harassed royally by the publishers of his new book, *The Gay Insider, U.S.A.* They've been altering it according to their whim and have given evidence to being extremely anti-gay. I think a royal zap is in order. Details next issue... There will be a series of poetry readings on Saturday afternoon, November 11th, at the GAA Firehouse. Everyone is welcome to read or listen... It's good to see people like Bruce Voeller, activist extraordinaire, back at the Firehouse. He's one of the best we've got and is bound to boost the morale and direction of the organization... That's all folks!

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