

GAY

50¢

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SEX THERAPY CLINIC TO OPEN IN N.Y.C. First in Nation

BY RANDY WICKER

New York, N.Y. Identity House, a non-profit service organization staffed largely by professionally supervised peer counselors which currently uses the Church of the Holy Apostles Rectory at 360 West 28th Street on Saturday, Sunday and Monday evenings between six and ten p.m., is planning to open the nation's first gay sex clinic.

Several dozen sex clinics for heterosexuals are now functioning in the United States. Their success sparked a lengthy front-page article in the Sunday, October 29 edition of *The New York Times* entitled "Clinics for Sex Therapy Proliferate Over Nation."

"Many gays come to us with specifically sexual problems," explains Dr. Charles Silverstein, a Ph.D. in social psychology, who heads the group. "They say, 'I'm uptight about fucking. Fucking someone or being fucked.' 'I'm impotent.' Or 'I come too quickly.' All these kinds of problems are amenable to a behavior modification approach. The research of Masters and Johnson has shown this."

According to the *Times*, Masters and Johnson are the innovators of sex therapy clinics and "the field is too young to have developed a contrasting school of opinion with influence approaching theirs."

Dr. Silverstein says the Identity House Clinic will follow the same procedures used by Masters and Johnson including the use of "surrogate partners" which in the heterosexual clinics the *Times* described as "sexually adept women furnished to single men patients." Masters and Johnson reportedly abandoned the use of surrogate partners because of adverse publicity and lawsuits which threatened the viability of their entire program.

"In sexual therapy you don't 'talk out' your problems like you do in standard therapy," Dr. Silverstein adds. "You have to work out your problem *in vivo*. You must do it in real life."

He says that funding is necessary to do *in vivo* therapy properly. Video equipment, bio-feedback equipment which measures and stimulates alpha waves in the brain, and new offices are necessary before the clinic can really start functioning.

"You need bio-feedback equipment because sexuality is controlled by the autonomous nervous system. Movement of muscles in your body is voluntary but respiration, the beating of your heart and getting an erection are involuntary reactions.

"I can only speak for male homosexuals, not women," Dr. Silverstein emphasizes. "Homosexual men face many of the same problems sexually as do heterosexuals. Impotence is extremely common in all age groups, including young men."

"Usually a gay male is impotent for one act and not for another. Most gay male impotence problems revolve around anal intercourse. They have trouble main-

taining an erection and completing the act. I haven't found very many people troubled by inhibitions regarding oral sex."

Dr. Silverstein says that many gays experience impotence not for a specific sexual act but in a specific place. They can't have sex at the baths, or at the trucks, or in some cases even when they go cruising.

"Another problem frequently encountered," Dr. Silverstein noted, "is some thing I call 'auto-vivisection.' By that I mean you have people who separate their genital experiences from making any contact or relationship with another person. 'Size queens,' for instance, don't have sex with other people, frequently they have sex with a part of the other person's body."

Many of the programs in heterosexual sex clinics stress that the achievement of orgasm should not be considered the goal



Dr. Charles Silverstein: "Gays come to us with specifically sexual problems."

of sexual activity. Rather, they contend, people should devote their attention to the simple pleasures of kissing, holding, stroking and abandon themselves to the
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SINGLES BARS TARGETS FOR "LIBERATORS"

New York, N.Y. Seventeen women from GAA-affiliated Lesbian Liberation Committee and three males from New York's GAA toured the Upper East Side's more popular singles bars Wednesday evening, November 8th, to dance together and "liberate" those heterosexual watering spas.

At Bandy's II the group found the dance floor closed and a folk singing group substituting for entertainment. After announcing that they had come to liberate the place but couldn't since the dance floor was closed, the group proceeded to the Salty Dog.

At the Salty Dog, attendance had been drastically cut by the record rains which had drowned the city that day. The women danced closely, received only a few second looks from the dozen or so customers present and then proceeded on to Barney Google's on East 86th Street between 2nd and 3rd Avenues.

The women arrived without the men at Barney Google's, ordered a drink and commenced dancing together to fast music which was supplied by a band. The men had stayed behind at the Salty Dog to finish their drinks.

After the women had settled in at Barney Google's, been served and danced several fast dances together, Bruce Voeller and Lee Mintz arrived and joined them on the dance floor.

"We don't allow men to dance together," the manager shouted from the edge of the dance floor only to be greeted by a chorus of "Why Not's" from the women.

The manager summoned a large, 6'2", 230-pound bouncer who tried to reach the dancing male couple only to be blocked from doing so by the women who formed a protective circle around them, holding hands and physically blocking the bouncer's approach.

"At that point," Ginny Vida, chairperson of the Lesbian Liberation Committee and one of three spokespeople at the ac-

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WANTED IN CONNECTION WITH FOREST HILLS MURDER



Does this face look familiar to you?

Detective John O'Connell of the New York Police Department has asked GAY's assistance in solving the murder of a man who lived at 110-45 Queens Blvd. in Forest Hills. Other gays living in the building recall the victim as being "very closety." The Police have included neither the victim's name nor any mention of his homosexuality in the following profile because the disclosure and sensationalism regarding the victim's homosexuality in the local Forest Hills press caused "discomfort and embarrassment to several surviving members of his family."

The New York City Police Department seeks your help in locating the male portrayed in the above sketch in relation to the strangulation and stabbing death of a male in Forest Hills, Queens County, New York City, in July of this year.

The individual is not a suspect but may be able to provide the Police Department with information relative to the deceased.

The male in the sketch may have the first name "CHARLIE" and is either dark-skinned Caucasian or Hispanic, in his late twenties, 5'8" to 5'10" in height, 175 pounds, stocky build, dark brown hair cut in a moderate "Afro" style, wears black-rimmed glasses and speaks softly with no accent.

Anyone with information relative to the above is requested to telephone either Detective Gerard Maroney or John O'Connell, (212) 937-8303 or -8304, or by writing the Detectives at the 17th Detective District Homicide/Assault Squad, 108th Precinct, 5-47 50th Avenue, Long Island City, New York 11101.

THE IDENTITY OF ANYONE SUBMITTING INFORMATION WILL BE KEPT STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL.

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 do the same for somebody else. If I find a bar pulling 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 Seir, 40 W. 8th St. (473-9859). Cha-cha palace, mostly Latin. Best sit on the bar during the day. GM & TV
Bonnie & Clyde's, 82 W. 3rd St. (GR 3-9304). Dancing, free buffet on Sundays. Elaine is behind the bar to make you feel at home. GF w/ some GM
Carr's, 204 W. 10th St. (255-9742). Neighborhood bar and crowd. Albie is the only one left behind the stick. GM
Casa 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. Cruiy. GM
Danny's, 129 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 Sheridan Square, 170 7th Ave. So. Young heads and dancing. Buddy the Body is on days, Marvin and Peter, night. Judy will make sure that you enjoy GM.
Deiane's, 72 Grove St. (AL 5-7905). Good food. Joey and Marty 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 Jaime and Philip. GM/Int.
Five Oaks, 49 Grove St. (675-9669). Village favorite off Sheridan Square. Int.
Four Eleven, 411 Bleeker St. (CH 2-2117). An old-time favorite. Int.
Frizby's, 530 Hudson St. (255-9741). My friend Ted has reopened as a restaurant. The menu is extensive and very reasonable. Bring your own wine and enjoy. GM/GF
Gas Station, 70 Grove St. (242-1408). Disco dancing. Say hello to June and Maggi. GM
Gay Switchboard, (924-4036). Gays servicing gays. New to town? Want to rap? Call.
Goldbus, 83 W. 3rd St. (677-9874). Dancing to great sound. Shows during the week. Younger crowd. GM
Horn of Plenty, 353 Bleeker 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 fare 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
Kellen, 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 GM's. Kookie looks like a poor man's Zuzza. GF
Limeight, 91 7th Ave. So. Another disco. Nice decor. GM
Meat Rack, 500 W. 14th St. (989-2649). Big, roomy leather bar. Interesting cruising and types. GM
Mattachine, 59 Christopher St. (691-1066). The new offices are fantastic. Stop in and get an education. Among other services (legal and social) it boasts apartment listings for gays.
Ninth Circle, 139 W. 10th St. Say hello to Ed. GM
One Potato, 518 Hudson St. (691-6260). Frank has been made mgr. Beautiful Nancy Haskell Baring afterwards and my Bill and Peter will be there nights. GM/GF
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, cruiy. Sexy Jimmy and George to tend your needs. GM
Roadhouse, 570 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. (675-9840). Oululent piano bar. Leah is your host. GM
Seashell, W. 10th. Spacious, clean, new on the waterfront. Dono, Janet Joe, Carl and Don will tend to your needs. GM
Tor, 21 Greenwich Ave. (255-1337). Shack shop, cruiy afterwards; find out what is happening all over the Village. GM/Int.
Tr's, 144 Christopher St. Right on bar. San Francisco decor. Humpy Jim and Ed are there nights. Brother Doric during the day. GM
West Beach, Christopher St. If you are like me and like saloons once in a while, this is it.

Wild assortment of people. Int
West Side Discussion Group, W. 14th St. (across from the old Triangle). For over a decade, helping gays. Free VD tests. Just started a theatre group. Interesting people. Try it. GM/GF

EAST VILLAGE, WASHINGTON AND UNION SQUARES
Club Bath, 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, McSeely's, Ale House, 15 E. 7th St. (477-9363). Was very cruiy 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 STIFF. Int.
St. Mark's Baths, 5 St. Marks Place (473-7929). Low prices because they wouldn't dare charge any higher. Run down. GM
GRAMERCY & MURRAY HILL
Barn, 232 Park Ave. So. (19th St.) (473-9080). Bringing leather to the east side. Lots of room. Reminds me of L.A. Netty is your host, with Steve, Tiger and Sky doing the honors behind the bar. GM
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. Cruiy bar. Say hello to Thom and Jack nights, and Chuck and Gene days. GM
Billy's Corner, 696 6th Ave. (929-9571). New at press 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 has my "baby." Greg on the bar along with those beauties, Arty and Bob. A good time. Try it. GM/GF
Uncle Charlie's South, 581 3rd Ave. (684-2170). By says for gays. Always jammed. Truly more of a club than a bar. Bob and Jerry deserve all the success they are attaining. GM

CHELSEA
Eagle's Nest, 11th Ave. & 21st St. If you're not into leather (black) and/or western, don't bother. You won't get in and why hassle the management or yourself. This is for leather people only. GM
Giant's, 53 W. 19th St. If the girls are anything like Holly, Dee and Maria—Go! GF
Nine Plus Social Club, 149 W. 21st St. Exclusive after-hours club for the leather set. You must be sponsored by a member. Nice place.
Spike, 120 11th Ave. (20th St.) Humpy studs come here to relax and groove. GM

Soho
Gay Activists Alliance, Pritchess, 99 Wooster St. Get there early for the Sat. dance. Marvel at the CABARET every other Fri. Lesbian dance last Fri. of the month. FANTASTIC!!! 7th Ave. IRT to Houston; 8th Ave. IND (AA/E) to Spring; 6th Ave. IND (D/F/B) to Broadway/Lafayette; BMT (RR) to Prince; Law. Ave. IRT to Spring. Go AND HAVE A BALL AND YOU MIGHT FIND A FEW OTHER THINGS OUT.
MIDTOWN & MIDDLE EAST SIDE
Beacon Bath, 227 E. 45th St. (687-0322). Take the elevator to 11th floor and groove. Afternoons are a gas and very busy. Free V.D. test 2nd Wed. of the month—4p.m.-6p.m. GM
Candy Store, 44 W. 56th St. (581-6664). No more dancing. And, jackets are once more required. GM
Charlie's Also, 1154 1st Ave. (355-8663). Brand new and, I feel, it's a corner. Pussy is at the helm with my favorite, Joey, and astrologer Bobby Blake behind the bar.
Continental Sauna, 111 W. 56th St. Not as grand nor as expensive as the "Mother Church" on W. 74th St. Good for a businessman's lunch(!). GM
Lib, 305 E. 45th St. (Le 2-0290). The ensemble players, Jerry, Ellie, Lois and Jim, along with Gretchen and Ken, will assure you of a good time. GM, GF
Mayfair, 964 1st Ave. (EL 5-9259). Good food at a good price. They're leading out of their closets. Int.
Roundtable, 151 E. 50th St. One of the biggest discos in town, and the oldest. Still drawing them, Mario and Bobby at the bar. Shows during the week. GM
Sauna Bath, 300 W. 58th St. (PL 3-6880). A small place that closes at midnight. Busy during the late afternoon, tho. GM
Sebastian's, 1068 1st Ave. (355-8052). Zany Sebastian is your host. Bill provides the excellent food. John Weston will whet your appetite. GM
Singles, 951 1st Ave. (486-9833). Johnny Vincent is your host. Fine food and a lot of fun. Say hello to Phyllis and Bobby. GM/GF
Siro's, 58 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-8059). New and quiet. Ralph is on during the day. GM
Sundowners, 309 E. 60th St. (832-0994). Mike Murphy, along with Bill Irwin, and cutie-pie Kathy will make this place go. GM
Troubadour, 1078 1st Ave. (755-1955). Host is Ken Winters. Cruiy and dancing. Humpy Tommy and beautiful Bobby tend bar. GM
Walter's Apartment, 1068 2nd Ave. (371-3374). Wild illusion of a penthouse overlooking NYC. The best manager in town, Tom, has added Bobby Marino to the staff. A definite winner. GM

Yukon 140 E. 53rd St. (421-8123). Roy has given it a new image. Young and vital. Dancing. GM

DANCE BELT & HELL'S KITCHEN
Better Days, 716 W. 49th St. Disco dancing. GM.
Big Spender, 315 W. 48th St. (586-9882). Lots of gypsies from the nearby shows. Some beautiful. Good time. Eric tends to the libations. Brothers and Sisters, 355 W. 46th St. (247-8840). 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. (265-9077). 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.H. 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). Gypsies, name-performers, etc. Gay is the word for the bar while the tables will be mixed. Int.
Leading 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, 236 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 9-2970)
Tomcat Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St.

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 Potpourri. It's dancing and a gas. GM, GF
Cabaret, 1436 3rd Ave. (744-9873). Michael's cooking is unbelievable. Shows and dancing in the 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 cruiy. My man Sam with George and Johnny are there nights. Grandma Lee is on days. Judy is your hostess. GM
Jack & Blue, 230 W. 74th St. 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. (860-4509). 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, cruiy. GM.
Prowley, 1608 2nd Ave. (744-9658). New at press time. I'll let you know.
Uncle Charlie's North, 1049 Lexington Ave. (861-6132). Cruiy help and cruiy patrons. Good crowd. GM

UPPER WEST SIDE
Chipp's, Columbus Ave. bet. 66th & 67th Sts. Popular with Lincoln Center audiences. Int.
Castles Bath, 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. (674-8632). Good cruising and friendly. Try it. GM
Westsider, 2160 Broadway (874-8013). Popular bar with humpy help. Bryan Sturgis and the Westsiders provide the entertainment. GM

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

BROOKLYN
Danz'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 "ditty" Duke and Bruce taking over at night. GM
Man's Country, 53 Pierpont, Brooklyn Heights (624-1362). Masculine atmosphere for masculine GM's. A bath in Brooklyn complete with gym and an enormous pool. I think you'll like this one. GM
Piano Bar, 102 Montague St. Just found this one. Kitty Kelly is M.C. during the day and Mike takes over at night. GM.

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

Highlights (429-6605). Friendly dance bar. Jim and Big Vinnie on the bar. Micky and Pete are hostess and host. GM/GF

Sombrero, 253-32 Northern Blvd. Owned by the people who had Zero's. Haven't been here yet but it sounds nice if you're in the neighborhood. GM

Trysting Place, 120-31 83rd Ave., Kew Gardens (846-8922). Dancing and cruising. A meat rack and balcony. Joey Cord on Wed. nights. GM/GF

What A Dump, 76-07 Roosevelt Ave. Cruiy people in a cruiy setting. Gay owned which is a big plus. Say hello to Don, Vinnie, Chet and Teddy. GM.

WASHINGTONVILLE, N.Y.
Mister G's Round Hill Resort, Rt. 208, Washingtonville (914 496-9845). 25 acres of good times. They will be open all year round. GM

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

NIXON IS ELECTED: THE WAR GOES ON: NIXON PROMISES TO END THE "PERMISSIVENESS" OF THE '60's: And so, fellow Americans, the Big Sleep is over. Mr. Nixon has nothing to fear. He has the mandate of the people! He took in every state but Massachusetts and the District of Columbia. The faint cry of "America Come Home" has been stilled. The incumbent has stayed in the White House while political spies and INCOMPETENT counselors that Senator McGovern listened to cost him an irreparable loss in the presidential election. And, even as I attempt to type this column, the party "pros" are out to do him, and everything that he stood for, in. At this time, and I'm sorry that I didn't come out on this before, I must question the wisdom of those guys that zapped both McGovern and his running mate, Shriver. HOW COME NO ZAPS WERE MADE ON NIXON AND AGNEW??? At least McGovern would admit that we were here. Mr. Nixon, despite stories in his own backyard, wouldn't even think that America would be "plagued" by (ye gads) HOMOSEXUALS. In a previous column, I admitted to working for Reagan (Bless me, Father, for I HAVE sinned!) who would like to "drive the 'queens' into the sea." I find it very hard to comprehend the fact that the gay activists would go after the wrong man. In my humble opinion they did. Now, Mr. & Mrs. America, I believe that we will have to pay the piper. It happened in Germany. Why is it that we believe that it couldn't happen here? The most frightening thought in my mind is that Mr. Nixon has control over the Supreme Court. According to one national paper, this means that he (and God?) has the power to appoint those judges to that

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The Editors Speak

A NEW POPULAR SONG

There's a new popular song abroad in the land, one that caught our attention the moment we heard it. It's hard to escape this song. It's in the air everywhere—it's one of those "consciousness raising" media—the first indication that the equalization of the sexes can speak in contemporary musical forms to men and women on many levels of consciousness.

The song is called "I Am Woman" and it's sung by Helen Reddy. The song's lyrics are worth taking seriously. The vision and insight they project are catching. When Helen Reddy sings we feel that her words are directed not only to women, but to all men as well. What the "woman" of the song experiences—in terms of her self-perceptions against the backdrop of the world—is an experience and a perception that all men could feel with equal fascination. We do hope that headshrinkers will not dogmatically misunderstand this affirmative statement of ours, but *beautiful men and beautiful women are a combination of what we traditionally label "male and female" qualities*. A personal awareness of the great variety offered by both sexes is one of the secrets of the making of the most enticing persons.

ATTENTION ALL LEGAL MINDS!

In New York, Gay Legal Caucus is forming. It is an association of lawyers, law students and those otherwise involved in the legal profession seeking to coalesce a gay legal community.

The caucus envisions activities utilizing attorneys from the entire legal spectrum. Some of its projects will include offering legal advice to the numerous gay organizations, providing a referral mechanism for gay people in need of any legal assistance, fighting homosexuality as a ground for denial of admission to the Bar.

GAY welcomes the advent of such a Caucus and urges those who might contribute to its success to do so, in projects ranging from research to advocacy.

The next general meeting of the New York Gay Legal Caucus will be held December 5, 1972 at the New York University Law Center, 40 Washington Square South, Room 218 at 8 p.m.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY

Two gay liberation groups recently celebrated their first year in existence in the metropolitan area. The Gay Activists Alliance of New Jersey and the Gay Alliance of Brooklyn have both been performing much needed services to the gay communities in their areas.

We were invited and attended GAA-NJ's bash at the Unitarian Church in Paramus, New Jersey. It was the first time we'd gotten out of Manhattan in quite a while to see how gay liberation is moving in the "country." Hundreds of New Jersey folks attended and there were songs, movies and a lavish spread of goodies to eat. There were also speeches by John Gish, GAA-NJ's courageous president, and by Katherine Hughes, the organization's warm, loving vice-president. The theme of the evening was "touching"—and a high point arrived when the hundreds of participants linked arms and sang. Beautiful happenings are going on outside of Gotham! A new spirit is invading the land.

THE ALEX BENNETT SHOW—WPLJ-FM

Our thanks to Alex Bennett, an honest, relaxed and insightful moderator who has hosted us on his program twice in recent weeks. Alex is one of the few moderators in the U.S.A. who has had the good sense to treat us as people rather than as "case history" homosexuals. This way, of course, he finds out a lot more about what we really think and manages to move beyond gay liberation issues altogether into those wider concerns that affect us all and in which our common humanity is rooted.

Alex's program comes on at 2 a.m. (WPLJ-FM) and often runs until 5 a.m. He kept us on the air for a total of nearly five hours.

NEW ENGLAND GAY CONFERENCE

The second New England Gay Conference will be held December 9 in Northampton, Massachusetts and hopes to attract representatives from every gay group in New England. The only state, thus far, missing from the Conference is Maine. Hey, up there in Maine, how about it! Contact Bruce E. McKeon, Director of the Holyoke Homophile League at 484 Chestnut Street in Holyoke, Massachusetts 01040.

IN THE DAILY NEWS?

The Daily News (Nov. 17, 1972—p.6) carried a fair and thoughtful report on continuing meetings between the Mattachine Society of New York and the 6th Precinct police (Greenwich Village). (SEE GAY 90—article on the trucks.) Is there hope for the Daily News? Or is it just a fluke of fate that such a decent article appeared?

GAY CHURCHES IN N.Y.C. COOPERATE

New York, N.Y. Metropolitan Community Church and the Episcopal Church of the Holy Apostles—long a meeting place for gay groups in New York—have begun an experiment in ecumenical gay ministry. Starting Sunday, November 5, the Church of the Holy Apostles has begun offering a 2 p.m. "high church," Catholic-style worship service, followed by MCC's more Protestant style at 4 p.m.

"We're really thrilled to have the opportunity to work together in this new way," says the Rev. Howard Wells, MCC pastor. New York MCC has been worshipping at Holy Apostles since May of this year. Following the departure of the Church of the Beloved Disciple which had been meeting there, the Rev. Robert Weeks, rector of Holy Apostles and a long-time friend of the gay community, encouraged the formation of a gay outreach of his own congregation to fill the religious needs of the many gay New Yorkers of this religious background.

Elen Barrett and Christian Caron, two of the members of the Holy Apostles gay ministry, are active in and serve on the

board of directors of MCC. The actual celebration of the Eucharist at the 2 o'clock service is being conducted by a visiting priest. A coffee hour follows the service and merges smoothly with MCC activities. Says Ms. Barrett, "Since a number of the same people are involved in

both services, this scheduling allows the two groups to get to know each other, with possibilities for joint activities, while still providing distinct services in the style familiar to people of different religious backgrounds. We are very excited about the possibilities," she says.



Rev. Troy Perry and Rev. Howard Wells, MCC-NY.

GAY

Publisher
Four Swords, Inc.

Executive Editors
Lige Clarke
Jack Nichols

Art Director
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Contributors
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Dick Leitsch
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Lige and Jack

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THESE SHOWS OF EAST AND WEST SELECTIONS FROM LEAVES OF GRASS by WALT WHITMAN

ROY BLAKEY IS GAY'S CHOICE FOR THE PHOTOGRAPHER WHO IS DOING MORE TO PROMOTE MALE BEAUTY THAN ANY OTHER. THE SAMPLES OF HIS WORK ON THESE PAGES DO NOT APPEAR IN *HE*, HIS DRAMATIC COLLECTION OF NUDES RECENTLY

PUBLISHED, BUT ARE INDICATIVE OF HIS TALENT. *HE* IS \$16 PER COPY AND MAY BE ORDERED FROM BLAZE ENTERPRISES, INC., DEPARTMENT G, 727 6th AVENUE, N.Y.C. 10010.

*O camerado close! O you and me at last, and us two only.
O a word to clear one's path ahead endlessly!
O something ecstatic and undemonstrable! O music wild!
O now I triumph - and you shall also;
O hand in hand - O wholesome pleasure - O one more
desirer and lover!
O to haste firm holding - to haste, haste on with me.*



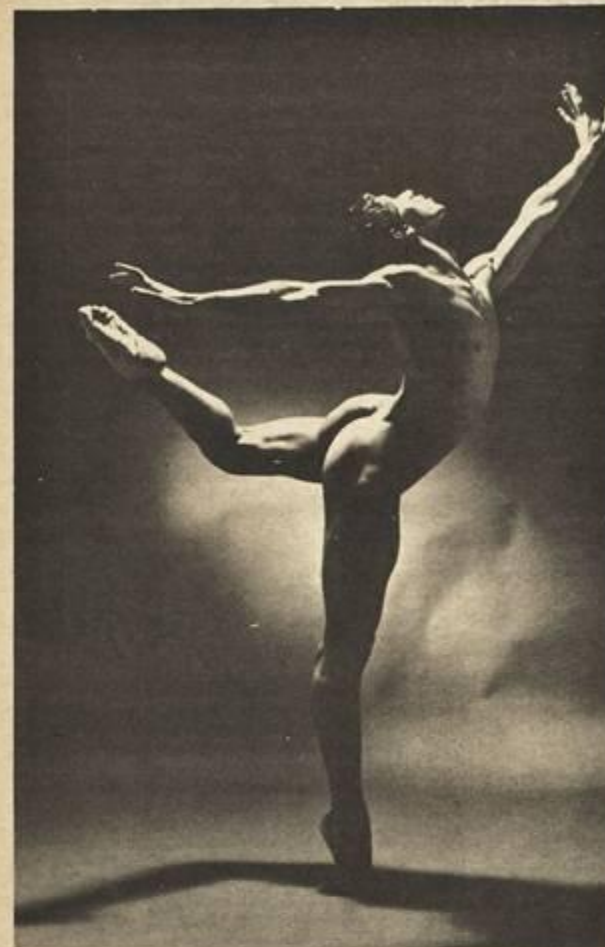
*O to realize space!
The plenteousness of all, that there are no bounds,
To emerge and be of the sky, of the sun and moon and flying
clouds, as one with them.
O the joy of a manly self-hood!
To be servile to none, to defer to none, not to any tyrant known
or unknown,
To walk with erect carriage, a step springy and elastic,
To look with calm gaze or with a flashing eye,
To speak with a full and sonorous voice out of a broad chest,
To confront with your personality all the other personalities
of the earth.*



*Whoever you are! claim your own at any hazard!
These shows of the East and West are tame compared to you,
These immense meadows, these interminable rivers, you are
immense and interminable as they,
These furies, elements, storms, motions of Nature, throes of
apparent dissolution, you are he or she who
is master or mistress over them,
Master or mistress in your own right over Nature, elements,
pain, passion, dissolution.
The hobbles fall from your ankles, you find an unflinching
sufficiency.
Old or young, male or female, rude, low, rejected by the rest,
whatever you are promulges itself,
Through birth, life, death, burial, the means are provided,
nothing is scantied,
Through angers, losses, ambition, ignorance, ennui, what you
are picks its way.*



*Apart from the pulling and hauling stands what I am,
Stands amused, complacent, compassionating, idle unitary,
Looks down, is erect, or bends an arm on an impalpable
certain rest,
Looking with side-curved head curious what will come next,
Both in and out of the game and watching and wondering at it.*



*I ascend, I float in the regions of your love O man,
O sharer of my roving life.*



*From this hour I ordain myself loos'd of limits and
imaginary lines,
Going where I list, my own master total and absolute,
Listening to others, considering well what they say,
Pausing, searching, receiving, contemplating,
Gently, but with undeniable will, divesting myself of the holds
that would hold me.
I inhale great draughts of space,
The east and the west are mine, and the north and the south
are mine.
I am larger, better than I thought,
I did not know I held so much goodness.
All seems beautiful to me,
I can repeat over to men and women You have done such
good to me I would do the same to you,
I will recruit for myself and you as I go,
I will scatter myself among men and women as I go,
I will toss a new gladness and roughness among them,
Whoever denies me it shall not trouble me,
Whoever accepts me he or she shall be blessed and shall bless
me.*

SEX THERAPY CLINIC TO OPEN

(continued from page 1)

consequences, if any.
"I agree with that completely," Dr. Silverstein emphasizes. "You should not have to 'perform' sexually. There are many ways of having pleasure with one's body and only part of it is orgasmic. There are techniques of highly sensual massage which help people relax. Tension is detrimental to sex. People become uptight about performance and sex becomes a rush job."

"We suggest certain exercises, ways of relaxing physically, especially when people are bedding down together. There are certain ways of relaxing the muscles in your body and with a more relaxed body, there is less likelihood of anxiety and inhibition."

Dr. Silverstein says that gay couples seeking therapy, including those seeking the total relationship between themselves and the other person. Single gays have more specific problems of sexual adequacy, frequently complaining they have difficulty in having sex with a person they meet that night at a bar.

The *New York Times* claims "studies have shown that the range of coital time before ejaculation in normal men is from 15 seconds to five minutes."

"Defining premature ejaculation is very difficult," Dr. Silverstein points out. "An orgasm is premature only if it is unpleasurable for the person and his partner. There are a variety of techniques for preventing premature ejaculation."

"We already have our first couple in therapy," Dr. Silverstein observes. "They were both having problems with impotence. But we have a major problem now of getting funds. We're talking to indi-

viduals, planning a few cocktail parties, and things of that nature but we won't be ready to work on a real scale for two or three months. The fees are probably going to be in the range of from \$5 to \$25 or \$30 per session."

Fees at the sex clinics detailed in the *Times* ranged from \$1,600 for two or three weeks at the Sexual Behavior Unit at Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore, to \$200 for twelve two-hour nude encounter group sessions at New York's Anthos center.

"We won't be using the nude encounter group method," Dr. Silverstein explains. "That type of activity is not working specifically on sexual problems. It doesn't have anything to do with sexual training. Anthos is not really like the sex clinics."

"A lot of gay people are very suspicious of some of the techniques and procedures in sexual training," he notes. "Tape recorders, video tapes and the like are very valuable. They enable people to see what they look like and sound like. That is a positive first step to change in some cases."

"Some critics say that we are very mechanical, that nobody knows the 'right way' to perform certain sexual acts, that we're teaching people programmed ways to fuck and suck. That's not so. We're teaching them to have greater control of their own bodies."

"A lot of gay men are in ruts sexually," Dr. Silverstein added. "They either participate in one act and not the other, being active or passive. Many gay males mix up their sexuality with ideas of power, control and dominance. If they're passive sexually, they feel they lose control and it's important to them to have control."

The sex clinic will supplement Identity House's current program of unique low-cost counseling and professional referrals.

Under that program, the group counsels people seeking help without charge

on Saturday, Sunday and Monday evenings. A male and a female professionally supervised peer counselor is on hand each of those evenings at the Rectory at 360 West 28th Street. A 24-hour-a-day answering service handles calls at (212) 675-1226.

People are not directed toward professional therapy unless they feel they need it. Some are handled on an individual basis, such as a person who wants to come out or who has just broken up with a lover. Others with special problems, lesbian mothers or gay men who are heterosexually married, are put into groups with others sharing similar lifestyles and problems.

If a person feels he needs professional help, Identity House has worked out an agreement with several psychiatrists and psychotherapists under which a person is referred to a therapist, goes for an interview and at the end of the first session decides if he wants to enter therapy with that therapist. If he decides he doesn't, there is no charge for the session. If he decides he wants to enter therapy, he pays for the first session. Should he decide not to enter therapy with the first referral, he is sent to another, and another, until he or she finds a therapist who is acceptable. Acceptance works both ways since therapists reject patients about 50 per cent of the time.

Dr. Silverstein says that he doesn't anticipate any problems with the gay sex therapy clinic, that certain precautions will have to be taken such as making sure all those involved are of legal age.

Eric Stephen Jacobs, a photographer, recalls, "the manager told the band to stop playing and called the police."

Patrons reportedly shouted out, "So what's the big deal! Let them dance!" and "Put the music back on!" while waiting for the police to arrive.

When the police arrived, two of the group's leaders went outside to speak with the four officers. Ginny Vida, seeing the other two outside, joined them.

"That was a mistake," Ms. Vida relates, "because it left the others inside without any contact with the three people in charge of the action."

At first the management tried to trick the women by saying their leaders had been arrested and were in the squad cars. Then they said the three wanted to see the others outside. The women wisely ignored the management's ploys to get them to leave. One straight male, obviously in sympathy with the demonstrators, went to the front and returned to inform the women that their leaders had not been arrested, were simply talking with the officers and the management's ploys were a trick.

Dani Cavello, one of the women who was already seated at a table, attempted to order a second drink.

"Sorry, I can't serve you," the waitress told Ms. Cavello. "It's that or my job. Orders of the management."

"I'm ready to carry you out one by one," the bouncer glowered, removing his glasses and putting them in his pocket, rolling up his sleeves as if ready to punch out some of the women seated at the tables.

"Outside, the officers said that it was legal for two men to dance together," Ginny Vida recalls, "but they said we were disturbing the peace and the management had a 'perfect right' to ask us to leave."

While being escorted inside to tell the other women to leave peacefully and to retrieve her coat, Ms. Vida says one of the officers commented: "Why don't you go to New Jimmy's. That's a gay bar."

Outside, the women gave a "Gay Power" chant, shouted "Back to the Gay Ghetto" and then proceeded downtown

to Bonnie & Clyde's, a gay women's bar in the Village.

"Take it as a fact," Bruce Voeller declared several days later, "GAA is not going to leave things at that."

VILLAGE VOICE SUED BY MIKE UMBERS

BY RANDY WICKER

Michael Umbers, owner of the Studio Bookshops on Christopher and West 72nd Streets, has opened suit against the *Village Voice*, Voice editor Mary Perot Nichols and writer Arthur Bell for \$1,000,000.

"Mary Perot Nichols and her husband have had it in for me for fifteen years," Umbers declared. "At that time, she and her husband, who is an architect or something, had designs to build some projects in West Village. I own 714 Greenwich St., 178 Christopher Street and 661 Washington Street. I didn't want anything to do with her projects and I told her to 'fuck off.' She said I was a slumlord because of the way I maintained my buildings which, at that time, had tenants in them that were paying me only \$23 a month in rent."



Michael Umbers

Umbers was arrested on charges of selling John Wojtowicz a gun prior to his attempted robbery of a Brooklyn Chase Manhattan Bank. On October 19th, in Section AP-3 of the Criminal Courts at 100 Centre Street, the District Attorney told the judge that the charges should be dropped because they were based solely on "hearsay evidence."

"Mary Perot Nichols knows a Lieutenant Powers," Umbers elaborated, "and she persuaded him to use his offices to have me arrested. They took the word of this fellow Gary Badger whom I've never met in my life."

Umbers says he served time in prison on "an insurance thing" several years ago but insists he had no connection whatsoever with John Wojtowicz's attempted robbery.

Umbers was asked why John Wojtowicz, known in the gay community as Littlejohn Basso, counter-demonstrated against New York's GAA when that group marched on Christopher's End, an after-hours orgy bar owned by Umbers.

"John was an oversexed boy," Umbers declared. "He was upset that GAA was demonstrating to pull out the bed. He felt that they weren't living up to their commitment to sexual freedom and liberation."

Umbers says he last saw Wojtowicz "two or three days before the robbery" and that he had "begun acting very campy" and was wearing a tiara and rhinestone necklace.

Barrister Burt Goldwater is handling Umbers' suit against the *Voice*.

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THE LAST ESTATE

BY GREGORY BATTCKOCK

I never know what to think about when out jogging in the park. Lately I've taken to composing sonnets to Commercial Aviation while bouncing up and down. No doubt the reader will want to read a few of these ditties:

We flew all the way on Iberia;
A flight that could not have been
drearier.

We got on the plane
at an airport in Spain,
And ended the trip in Siberia!

The domestic, internal carrier in Belgium
is a small government-operated line called
Sobelair.

There was a young stewardess from
Sobelair,
Who wanted to quit but she didn't dare.
She was sullen and proud
And disgustingly loud
As fat and as round as an éclair!

In France the largest domestic airline is
called Air-Inter:

They charted a plane from Air-Inter
To take them all south for the Winter.
A winged chicken coop,
For the affinity group:
A touring production of Pinter!

And that, I'm sure, will do for now.

We did, of course, vote for McGovern
this year (we bet on Dick Gregory last
time. The political candidate we dislike
most is Hubert Humphrey).

I find Nixon an unspeakable creep. I
hate looking at him on the telly, and hate
hearing his oily, sincere tones over the
radio. He has a shitty smile and I don't like
his unimaginative, tasteless clothes, his
wooden posture, his corny grin, his gra-
cious wife and his ugly daughters. Mostly
I hate his continuation of the war and his
hypocritical, Orwellian attempts to end
it.

The scandals that have come to light
during the last four Nixon years have
been quite amazing: from the Pentagon
Papers to General Lavelle, from I.T.T. to
Justice Rhenquist. These are not simply
routine scandals, like Vicuna coats or
deep freezes. These are top policy issues
that represent a shocking degree of con-
tempt for people and legal process.

I, for one, am a conservative. I'm all
for turning back the clock, bringing back
the railroads, reusing old-time values and
reducing the power of the federal govern-
ment, starting with the military. Yet the
Nixon administration is not, as far as I
can see, conservative. It is, rather, irre-
sponsible, contemptuous and extremely



Gregory, a gourmet for McGovern, salvages a foreign candy bar from the campaign's wreckage.

anti-American.

McGovern isn't perfect. His taste in
foods, for example, is to my mind quite
atrocious. For example, I have in front of
me a document entitled *Gourmets for
McGovern*. Before stumbling on this curi-
ous piece of literature, I call the New
York McGovern office and asked a re-
searcher if they had any information on
McGovern's food preferences. "I don't
know. You can call Washington and ask
them if you want. I'm sure as hell not
going to!" was the reply.

I called Washington and they confided
that McGovern is not exactly a gourmet.
"He eats hamburgers and roast beef. He
likes American foods, but he doesn't put
ketchup on his cottage cheese, if that's
what you mean," they said. And they
told me about their booklet *Gourmets for
McGovern*.

of a Che Guevara poster. Julia Child
would show us some crucial stages in the
manufacture of Arabian bread, while
members of the September group looked
on, smiling. What a magnificent idea, this
Gourmets for McGovern! Eldridge Cleav-
er and Craig Claiborne eating cous-cous
together?! The chef and waiters from Sun
Hop Kee posed before their Cantonese
beef with bitter melon, and surrounded
by happy portraits of Lin Poo and Chair-
man Mao. Herman Badillo, in a bathing
suit, posed by a roasting pig and independ-
entista flag on the beach at Rincon; Jackie
Onassis throwing glasses of Retina on the
floor; a group of Young Lords sipping
mave frio; but no.

What came in the mail was a mimeo-
graphed thing containing a bunch of per-
fectly horrendous recipes: something
called "Yummy-Yum Lemon Merangue"
if you can imagine, and, from Gail Haas a
"Peach of a Pie." Majorie Kaplan contrib-
uted "Mexican Druken Chicken"; the ti-
tle is practically an ethnic slur; the recipe
itself is absolute poison.

From Jackie Harris comes "Easy
Chicken Recipe," calling for a bottle of
Kraft French Dressing and a packet of
onion soup mix! Another dish, suggested
by Anne Myers, calls for one can of Com-
stock apples. It's called "Noodle Pudd-
ing." And there's a "Butterscotch Bake
Sole Cake"; "Joan's Instant Cake" made,
of course, with a cake mix and a box of
instant vanilla pudding. It also calls for 1/4
cup of salad oil.

This collection might have been pre-
pared by the Association for Distributors
of Nutritionally Deficient Packaged
Foods; one recipe that calls for nothing
packaged is so appalling that I'm quite
sure almost anything packaged would be
preferable and healthier. I refer to "Car-
rot Cake," contributed by Bess Tracht-
man.

You might get away with this sort of
thing if it were created especially for (and
by) mentally retarded children who could
not be trusted with matches. As it is...
well, who am I to say. If it gets McGovern
elected, I personally will sample each and
every dish...

One of the few remaining pleasures in
life is discovering a new restaurant before
the Michelin Guide ever lists it. Not only
have I discovered a restaurant worth list-
ing in the Michelin, I think I have found a
new restaurant that, before long, will,
to venture a risky prediction, have a star in
the guide.

And so kiddies, we are off to re-test
the Ristorante Villa Gregoriana in Tivoli,
Italy. Our report, assuming we are not
sabotaged by our charming GAY editors,
appears next.

Cheers,
Gregory

PLEASE SEND ALL CORRESPOND-
ENCE to: LETTERS TO THE EDI-
TOR, GAY, P.O. Box 432, Old Cham-
ber St., NYC, NY 10011.

that support for H.R. 13118 (the Bill's
number) would be much appreciated.

Dear GAY,

The election is over and our man is
standing on the dock waving as the ship
sails out of sight. Tragedy, yes; demoraliz-
ing, yes again. As gays, we now have a
choice. We may all climb back into our
closets and wait out the storm which
surely must come, or we can stand taller,
act prouder, and demand as gays our
rights in a free society.

Personally, I have no intention of re-
building my closet. I shall continue to live
my life as a man and maintain those prin-

ciples which make me unique against any
opposition I may encounter from old
"Tricky Dicky's Camp" (of fools), and I
hope my brothers and sisters will join
with me in this goal. For even more than
we are gay, we are free, and it is just
about time those straight perverts realize
we are free.

Personally, if I am to be damned, then
that judgment will come from my heav-
enly father. And no man, woman or child
shall judge me damned before that day.

Love
ETM Jack

P.S. I think you put out a really good
paper. Keep up the good work. Peace.

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respective Congressman saying, "I sup-
port H.R. 13118."

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sounds like a progressive idea to us. We
urge GAY readers to write a letter to
their congressman today and simply say

I'LL TAKE MANHATTAN BUTLEY, BETTE & BIJOU

BY VITO RUSSO

I wish there were some way to see Alan Bates as Butley without seeing Butley. It's a tribute to the unflinching excellence of his performance that he makes Butley so unpalatable. Butley is the kind of character that people love to talk about and hear about but nobody wants to know; an English professor who has turned the tools of his trade, his wit and intelligence, against those nearest him. These Butleys are usually labeled "charming" or "disarming" by critics. I find nothing charming about them. When they occur in real life they have very little charm. Mr. Bates has embodied all the Butleys of the world as they are in real life and turned them loose on the stage of the Morosco Theatre. His performance is deafening. Butley



Bette Midler

parades before us, unkempt, spewing venom, hiding from students, fighting with table lamps that won't light and being mortally frightened of reality. The reality is that Butley is a middle-aged ex-teacher gone to seed by his own hand. Alienated from his wife and daughter, he now lives with his protégé, a gay teacher named Joseph on whom he practices his endless puns, word games and life-destroying revelations and distortions. Joseph has taken up with a Scotsman and is finally, though timidly, extricating himself from Butley's life.

We've all known a Butley or two. He's the genuine wit; you know, the one who has lived in an academic environment forever and has all the answers, always different, always the same. That smirk of self-serving complacency is permanently fixed on his face and is only occasionally betrayed by a trapped, lonely look of desperation. His world, composed for so long of things he's been sure of, is changing and he's either too old, too tired or too sure he's right to change with it. He started out well enough; T.S. Eliot at the tip of a tongue; valid critical arguments; aware, bright, alert; the center of attention. Students followed him about in the hallways and he loved it; they were his lifeblood and his reason to be; he loved to teach. Somewhere along the way, however, he discovered that a witty remark was an end unto itself. He found he could control peoples' lives by his dash and spontaneity. The game of wits became his raison d'être to live rather than what he could do with them. As George says to Nick in *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*, "Martha and I are having nothing. We are just walking what's left of our wits."

So, our Butley, like all Butleys, ends up alone and afraid of losing the few people still left around to feed his needs. When, in trying to get Joseph not to leave him, he lashes out against homosexual relationships ("The law, in making you safe, has made you dull"), he shows his paucity of fullness in life. He cannot attain, so he mocks. His self-destruction is self-fulfilling, exposing him for what he actually is, a fraud. When Joseph begins to catalogue Butley's faults, a list obviously stored up for some time, Butley

spits, "Stop! You rehearsed that." This is the only time we see a chink in the armor. It cannot be rehearsed; it has to be spontaneous, witty, natural; if it isn't, how can he prove he can do it? A magnificent portrait of a sad, sad man. Every time someone like John Simon sacrifices the real criticism of which he is a master for the sake of a cheap one-liner, I'll think of Butley.

Well, the Divine Miss M came home to the Continental Baths last Saturday night and all New York turned out to welcome her back. That was the trouble. At \$7.50 a head, more than 2,000 people jammed into a room with a capacity of 1200. The temperature hovered around what felt like 100 degrees as people pushed, kicked and fought with each other for a piece of floospace near the stage. Those not in towels were carrying sweaters, coats and umbrellas. Walter Kent, of the fabulous new restaurant Walter's Apartment, and I wound up sitting on the stage, facing the audience, practically under the piano. A few thoughts: are there or are there not fire laws in this city? Secondly, the idea of charging \$7.50 and treating customers like cattle instead of having a sensible limit on admissions can only indicate a greater interest in money than one's customers. Lastly, I think it's time for Mr. Ostrow to decide whether he wants to run a nightclub or a bath house.

As for Bette, I am now convinced that Bette Midler is destined to be numbered among the great performers of our time. Under conditions which can best be described as unforgivable, the lady gave a performance of such impact that I doubt if the magnitude of it was felt fully until after the performance was long over. I have heard no one sing as she sang that night; not Joplin, not Garland, not Piaf, not Streisand, no one. The emotion and depth of feeling which emerged from that little person on that stage during "I Shall Be Released" made it a great moment in theatrical history. I am continually amazed at the versatility and power of which she is capable.

A word about the audience; I don't ever want to see Bette Midler at the Baths again. One reason, of course, is that she simply draws too many people now. It's like inviting 2,000 people to come listen

to Joni Mitchell in a phone booth. But the other is that the atmosphere that night turned that audience into a group of mindless cultists. All they wanted to do was get closer to her as she sang. That's OK if she's onstage at Carnegie Hall, but when she's a foot and a half away, surrounded by people on all sides, it's a little dangerous. It was a good thing she had help getting through that crowd.



Mal Holbrook in "That Certain Summer"

As it was, she was practically fainting from the heat and exhaustion after her performance. Still, they screamed for more, regardless of her obvious fatigue, still they pressed forward to touch her regardless of her apparent peril in such close quarters. These people who genuinely loved her became a very real threat to her safety and couldn't even see it.

I'm happy to report that her next concert will take place on New Year's Eve at Philharmonic Hall. Run, do not walk to the boxoffice. It promises to put her among the ranks of the greats.

I have little to say about Wakefield Poole's *Bijou*. I didn't see *The Boys In The Sand* and I'm not much for fuck films, preferring to spend my time doing it. My criticisms, however, stem from the fact that they don't make them as I would like. It's a little like criticizing white for not being green. In *Bijou* we have a guy who fantasizes women, introduced to a gay orgy of which he is the main event. He keeps his eyes closed for about half the film. The people he has sex with emerge from the dark, do their thing and split. It's all a matter of who's going to do what to him next. He kisses some of them mainly when a face puts its lips on his.

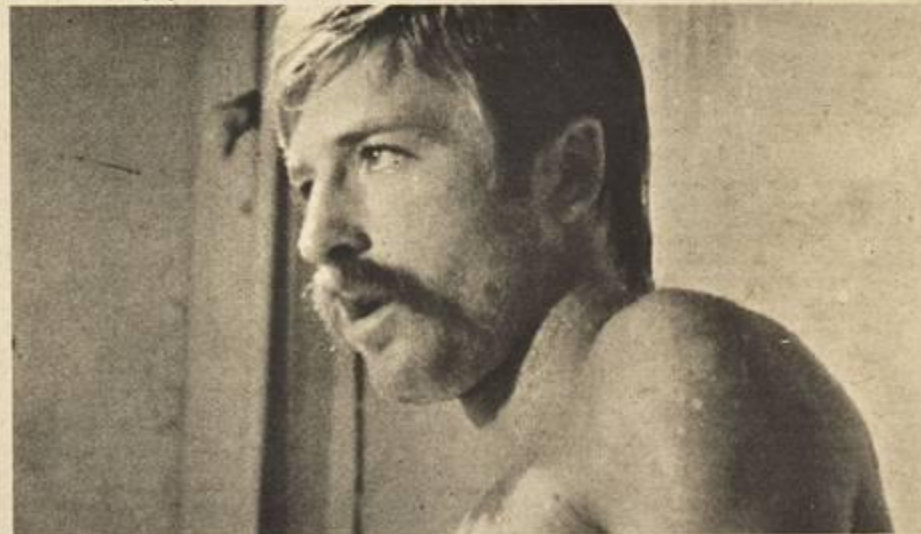
Perhaps that's all OK. Maybe if I want

a film in which the characters discover each other fully, I'll have to make one. The second half of *L.A. Plays Itself* appealed to me in that way. They really seemed to dig each other and have fun. But I guess I want another kind of film altogether. Sort of an all gay Sunday, *Bloody Sunday* with fucking.

If you want to see the biggest cock in the state in endless positions, in gorgeous color, this is the real item. I just wish that that freeze frame smile at the end had occurred when he discovered each of those beautiful guys... but like I said, his eyes were closed.

I got a few phone calls and one letter in response to my comments on *That Certain Summer*. The criticisms seem to center around a few main points: 1) the two gay men were "straight homosexuals"; 2) homosexuality has become just another TV problem like alcoholism; 3) the show, as all TV, deals only with the sadness and unhappiness of homosexuals and not their joys and prides; 4) the father was wrong in admitting that he wasn't sure whether homosexuals were "sick" or not. This, of course, is all nonsense. You know, people who wouldn't be caught dead watching TV because they consider it an idiot box are always the first ones to be appalled when they turn it on and it turns out that they were right. If they never watch TV because the level of intelligence is so low, do they honestly expect it to soar to unknown heights the night they switch it on to watch "what's being done to them"? Television almost always deals with people's troubles. Except for Doris Day and Julie Andrews who have none, all the straights portrayed on TV have problems. That's why they're on. If TV didn't deal with problems, there wouldn't be any TV. I don't think that the gay people's problems in *That Certain Summer* were presented as intrinsic to their homosexuality. What leads any of you to believe that a medium which has treated straight people's problems on a Rod McKuen level for 45 years would switch to Walt Whitman when dealing with homosexuals? A man given the history of Holbrook's character would be unsure about his lifestyle. His remarks to his son are totally in keeping with what

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Bill Harrison in "Bijou". He kisses when a face puts its lips on his.

BY THANE HAMPTEN

My father died in the summer of 1963. It was a painful time for the family. My mother no longer wanted to live in that big house filled with memories. She insisted on living in the town where my sister attended college.

Immediately after the funeral, I began going through the few possessions that I had not yet lugged up to New York over the years. And then I started on my father's belongings. This didn't present a very great problem as my father had little interest in material things, other than his workshop and tools, which he prized above all else.

Being as different from my father as two humans can possibly be, I let my uncle plow through the great assortment of lathes, drills, bits, planes, saws, boxes of ball-bearings, nuts, bolts and watch intestines.

I stayed in his room and went through the clothes, piles of never-used gift handkerchiefs, Masonic pins and rings, ancient pairs of glasses, boxes of brittle photo negatives and the complete collection of *Life* magazine.

Among the curiosities I uncovered were: one Trojan rubber, a pack of nude playing cards, and a tattered copy of the original Kinsey Report. I use the word "curiosities" because I never had given much thought to my father as a sexual being. At least, he never gave any indication to me that he was aware of sex, either in himself or in others, or in me. (I recall the one occasion I heard him utter the term "Son-of-a-bitch." I don't know which of us was more profoundly shocked.)

Also, nestled at the back of his main closet, in a dusty and disintegrating box, were several packs of yellowed love letters he had written to my mother and a former girl friend. This unsuspected trove astonished me more than all the rest. My father was an affectionate man, but formal and not the least bit imaginative. And these letters, while certainly not art, were comparatively ardent.

How many fathers, especially those of gay sons, reveal more of their personality after death—through the various telling artifacts and memorabilia of their brief lives—than they were ever able to communicate while alive? I imagine the number is great.

Those love letters—awkward, stilted and touchingly naive—written when he was several years younger than I when I first read them, lent my dad a dimension and personality of which I had not been aware. And it made me wish he had been willing to reveal more of himself to me.

I've never spent too much time wondering why such a responsible and loving man was never close to his only son. Perhaps one day I will know. I hold many isolated pieces of the puzzle. But the elements that formed me can't be reversed or altered by an exhumation of the past. And I've been content to let these unanswered questions rest within the bronze urn that contains my father's ashes.

On the final day of that journey into the personally prehistoric, I unearthed a carton of dusty books, relics of my father's college days. I brought several of the more quaintly amusing back to Manhattan with me. I intended to read but promptly stored the collect! And there they have lain for a year.

A week ago I got them out. Why, I don't know. One of them is much used and much marked. I think it just might give some clues to my father's character. It not only helps explain his attitudes,

A RATIONAL SEX LIFE? ME?



but—and this is probably more important—the social climate in which he lived as an impressionable young man. As this climate is today indistinguishable from that of medieval times, the book is instructive to present generations.

The Rational Sex Life for Men by M.J. Exner, M.D., Secretary, Student Department, International Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association. Published in 1914.

I think we've all run across one of these old volumes some time or the other. They're read today as an obscure form of rather precious camp. No one takes them seriously, although it is frightening to realize that they were undoubtedly heeded in Wharton's Age of Innocence. The only way this one differs from others I've read is in the absolutely uncompromising demands it put upon young men of that era. Times have truly changed. And to make you grateful that you were not growing up absurd in 1914, let me take you for a mercifully short stroll down a pot-holed memory lane.

Dr. Exner makes it quite clear from the first (and then on every succeeding page) that the only sex allowed is marital sex. There is no excuse for even the slightest, most tentative experimentation with sex before marriage. His favorite words and phrases are such as "clean living," "noble impulses," "pure thoughts," "chaste environment," "self-control" (very, very big on that), and an entire chapter on... *The Continent Life*. (Webster: CONTINENCE: self-restraint; ability to refrain from a bodily activity.)

One who yields even fleetingly to "impure thoughts," mind you, is doomed immediately and automatically to the short, unhappy life of dissipation and degeneracy. As an example of Dr. Exner's stern instruction, and of his marvelously baroque employment of the English language, let me quote the following passage:

... of a chaste life, once blighted by the x of passion or eaten by the worms of lust - y still grow into some semblance of that which nature intended, but perfect fruit it can never be.

According to the doctor, "sex, without marital love, is simply a more disgusting form of masturbation." As for mas-

turbation itself, need I inform the reader that it is "... one of the most base acts of which mankind is capable."

Of course Dr. Exner was modern and sophisticated enough to instruct his youthful students that jerking off wouldn't directly cause pimples or ringworm or total insanity. I think it was his intention that one can engender more fright through abstract generalizations. Therefore: "When all due allowance for exaggeration has been made it must be admitted that the habit is a very harmful one, injuring men physically, mentally, and morally, and bringing many into pitiful and compelling slavery." Doesn't leave much room for doubt, does it?

Exner snugly related how he cured one idle young wastrel of impure thoughts by giving him several acres of lawn to mow. Hard physical activity, cold showers, regulated bowels, occasional nocturnal emissions. That's all you need for a proper life. Except, he rushes on to add, do not ever let your imagination lead to lustful fantasies. I received the distinct impression that the good doctor disapproved the use of imaginative thinking as applied to anything at all. I'm not surprised. Imagination means creative thinking and that leads to... rebellion.

He then goes on to give several case histories of men who were utterly ruined by masturbation. (And I must make it clear that this is occasional whanging as well as the habitual variety.) The cases are without exception perfectly hilarious. Sadly, space only permits the inclusion of one.

Some years ago I attended a YMCA meeting in which the speaker was discoursing on the power of Christ to deliver men from sin. In the rear of the house a tall, old man in ragged clothing, his face distorted in the agony of despair, cried out: "You don't know what you are talking about! What can He do for me, a man sixty years old and a MASTURBATOR!"

I imagine that put the audience into an absolute tizzy, and I pray there were no ladies of gentle breeding present.

Here are some more gems culled from Dr. Exner's immortal words of wisdom: *The wonderful secretion of the testicles, the spermine, holds the key to a man's noble and spiritual destiny. This is why Oriental eunuchs*

are selfish, cowardly and immoral.

There is no reason to be ashamed of nocturnal emission, even though they are a distasteful reminder of our lower animal heritage.

For many, many reasons, it is vitally important that all boys be circumcised at infancy. Otherwise, tragic medical problems inevitably result.

All prostitutes are physically and mentally diseased. There has never been an examination of a prostitute that did not reveal her to be saturated with syphilitic infection.

Prostitution in women is often found to be hereditary.!!!

When either of the parents have led an uncontrolled sex life prior to marriage, the result of their sins is always visited upon them in the form of feeble-minded children.!!!

Sex, without deep and abiding love, is degraded to the plane of the sensual. And this is nothing more vile than the sensual mind.!!!

A very dangerous indulgence is the practice commonly called "spooning." [Note: 1914 slang for "necking.—T.H.] No man who desires to play the part of a real man toward himself and womanhood can afford to trifle with the temptation to "spoon." This temptation calls for great courage and resolute will.

I once knew a very religious young couple. They were engaged to be married, yet insisted on "spooning." I cautioned them about this and they did not heed my advice. Their sorry activities led them into lives of total ruin, and I must say I derived great satisfaction from witnessing their unnecessary downfall. [Why, the nasty old curmudgeon!]

Last year a brilliant student on one of our foremost campuses was unable to concentrate on his studies and his grades were becoming most terrible. He was irritable, nervous, and suffering repeated abnormal emissions. The source was finally discovered. His teacher went to his room and found a picture of a nude female figure hanging on the wall. The teacher tore it to tiny pieces and lectured the fellow in no uncertain terms. The boy fell to his knees, crying: "Forgive me! Please forgive me!"

I object to nude works of art even in museums and galleries. The question of their "artistic worth" is quite open to debate. However, to display copies of these works in the privacy of a student's room is unpardonable. It reveals but

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THE INTERNATIONAL CELEBRATION OF HOMOSEXUALITY

THE WORLD'S FAIR 1992

BY DICK LEITSCH

New Cherry Grove, N.Y., April 2, 1992—The world's fair billed as the first "International Celebration of Homosexuality" opened yesterday on the outskirts of this Suffolk County town. Officials estimated the number of people lined up outside the gate by the ten a.m. opening to be close to a quarter million.

Over a million people, police said, lined the route of the Grand Processional which replaced the usual motorcade of celebrities. King Charles III of Great Britain rode in a golden carriage which had been built for his gay ancestor James II. Pope John XXIV was borne in on his portable throne carried by eighteen Colt models. U.S. President James Foster and Vice President Madeleine Davis arrived in a black landau once owned by George Washington.

Other heads of foreign governments, representatives of the diplomatic corps, members of Congress and the Cabinet, the governors of most states (led by Gov. Alvin Goldstein of New York) and a delegation of mayors following New York City's socialist Mayor Truman Capote, made up the rest of the parade.

Police, who had feared the large assembly of international leaders would attract terrorists, and who had received threats of demonstrations, reported no incidents. George Wallace and Betty Friedan, co-chairpeople of the "Heterosexual Alliance" (HA) said "no comment" when asked why their threatened demonstration failed to materialize. Gay lib leaders, who had been meeting in closed sessions at Manhattan Center for over 70 hours, refused, for perhaps the first time in history, to make a statement to the press. However, a usually reliable source inside the gay movement told reporters the leaders had found nothing to oppose in the celebration. "We'll just have to sulk this one out," he said.

The only opening-day unpleasantness came when the men's rooms became overcrowded and male fairgoers had to wait on line for up to two hours to get into the toilets. Fair officials dispatched security guards, who directed the cruising men blocking the toilets to the near-by meat rack.

Fair director Thomas Hoving, after welcoming the honored guests, told how he had gotten his job. The gay people of Cherry Grove had refused the responsibility of self-government. "Why should we have to worry about sewer lines, garbage pick-up and collecting taxes?" their spokesman has said. "Let the straights do it. They ought to be good for something besides breeding!" Later, when the Foster Administration sought a gay Director for the fair, everyone approached turned down the job, saying "This is going to be the biggest party of the century. I want to be a guest and have fun, not the host and have headaches!"

The International Celebration of Homosexuality, as almost everybody knows by now, resulted from several historical accidents: the destruction of the original Fire Island community of Cherry Grove, the growth of homosexuality, the enormous popularity of the new Museum of American Homosexuality, and the presence of homosexuals in the White House, Buckingham Palace and the Vatican at the same time.

Fire Island was destroyed by hurricanes back in 1979. The loss of the summer business plunged all of Suffolk County into a severe depression, made worse by the bankruptcy of the Long Island Railroad. The situation was made bleaker

by the fact that miles of Long Island's coast, now without Fire Island to protect it from the sea, were washed out to sea.

President Agnew signed New York Senator Gloria Steinem's relief bill without noticing it contained appropriations for the evacuation of Sayville's straight residents to Patchogue and the conversion of Sayville into a new Cherry Grove to attract gay vacationers back to Long Island.

The old Bohack shopping center was transformed into new hotels, gay bars, discotheques, and a chapel for the Church of the Beloved Disciple. The plan for reconstructing the old Cherry Grove meat rack in swamp lands just outside of town almost failed because no photos or surveys were available of that locale. More than 18,000 male homosexuals from all over the world sent in written descriptions, all of which, the computers at Brookhaven Laboratories found, agreed to the minutest detail. Given the fact all correspondents said they had never seen the place in daylight, scientists called this agreement "remarkable."

Ads were placed in *The New York Times*, the *Daily News*, *National Review* and other publications owned by Lige and Jack's GAY empire. "Gay is Gorgeous and We Miss You!" Suffolk County told gay people, who returned by the thousands. Amtrak immediately revived the Long Island Railroad.

To express the county's appreciation for the gay dollars, Suffolk officials donated ten million dollars for the construction of a Museum of American Homosexuality to be erected in the suburbs of New Cherry Grove. Clyde Tolson, long-time associate of the late J. Edgar Hoover, donated, as the first bequest, the late FBI Director's private diaries, personal pornography collection, and monogrammed, sterling silver popper inhaler.

Author Gore Vidal claimed this gave the Museum a right-wing slant and contributed his manuscripts and personal papers, including "mash notes" from Bobby Kennedy and William F. Buckley. Not wanting to be left out of anything, Norman Mailer donated manuscripts of letters he had written, but never sent, Mr. Vidal.

The Mailer Letters, Leslie A. Fiedler wrote in a recent issue of *The New York Review*, were not among Mailer's best writing, but did show a side of the author's character usually masked from the public. The phrases about kicking Vidal in "your lascivious, sperm-filled balls," and his threat to "bash your handsome nose and spoil that beautiful face we all dream about," Fiedler argued, showed "a deeper emotion than the surface violence."

In insure black representation, James Baldwin donated what he said was a shutter from the window of Giovanni's Room. The John Birch Society contributed a photostatic copy of Bayard Rustin's arrest record. These are still on display, as are the other items which have now been attracting millions of tourists for years: pots and pans from Alice B. Toklas' kitchen, Kenn Duncan's first Brownie, Willa Cather's bustle, Rex Reed's old collection of movie star photos, a set of horseshoes from Tab Hunter's stud farm, Ernest Hemingway's phallic shotgun, a steno pad used by Mart Crowley when he was secretary to Natalie Wood, a street-car ticket punched by Walt Whitman's lover Peter Doyle, Jackie Curtis' bra, and other treasures.

The late Mae West misunderstood the purpose of the museum and she willed sixteen of her regular escorts. They now serve as guards and ticket-takers.



Also on display are items lovingly collected by homosexuals: the uniform worn by Robert Wagner in *With A Song In My Heart*, Margo Channing's mink coat, a pair of dirty jockey shorts said to have been worn by Mick Jagger, Marlene Dietrich's eyebrow tweezers, Isadora Duncan's Singer sewing machine, Jon Voight's buckskin jacket, Bette Midler's platform wedgies, Judy Garland's hair-fall worn in *Meet Me In St. Louis*, and, of course, Mix Ellen's green poitiers.

The "lifestyle" wing houses, among other items, plaster reproductions (some gilded, others flopped) of Michelangelo's "David," fondue sets, pink princess telephones, Mark Spitz posters, vases of magnolia leaves, a pair of 13-button, flap-front, white sailor pants, a tuna-noodle casserole, a martini glass from the old Astor bar, a section of the railing from the standing-room section of the old Metropolitan Opera House, bar stools from Mary's on Eighth Street, room keys from San Francisco's Embarcadero YMCA, aviator glasses of all sizes and styles, and a partition containing graffiti and a glory hole, said to be from the old Stage Door Canteen.

As this museum has been a tourist attraction for years, the other pavilions are attracting the most attention at the International Celebration of Homosexuality. Yesterday's crowd seemed to like the British Pavilion, which is approached through a mock-up of Tite Street, from the Embankment to Redburn Street, as it looked in the 19th Century when Oscar Wilde lived there.

The visitor opens the door to Wilde's former residence at Number 16, and finds himself in the huge display area where an exhibition concerning England's gay rulers (Williams II and III, Edward II, James I, Richards I and II, Queen Anne) is staged. A side gallery examines the question of whether Queen Elizabeth I was a man in drag, a lesbian, or really a heterosexual Virgin Queen. (The bias is toward the first possibility; the third is rejected entirely.)

There is a display of memorabilia: a deck of bridge cards which belonged to Somerset Maugham, an arrangement of green carnations worn by Oscar Wilde, the poker used to assassinate Edward II, Noel Coward's cigarette holder, scale-models of the "loos" at Piccadilly Circus, Leicester Square and Hamsted Heath, and many other items.

Multi-media presentations staged by Wakefield Poole on commission of the British Government celebrate the English Gay Renaissance of 1850-97; Carpenter, Symonds and the other fathers of the homosexual movement, and Shakespeare, Marlowe, Bacon, Byron, Sidney, and the other great homosexuals of British arts and letters.

The restaurant, despite Craig Claiborne's negative comments about the food and Gregory Ballecock's scathing attacks on the wine list, is one of the most popular at the fairgrounds. Decorated as a copy of the Savoy at the time Wilde often dined there, the room features a center raised table where life-sized electronic puppets resembling Wilde, Bosie, Robert Ross, Bobby Sherard, and the rest of the Wilde set "dine." A tape recorder blares witty, Wildean conversation.

For the first half of opening day the taped conversation stopped every half hour when a puppet of the Marquis of Queensbury entered and passed "Wilde's" table. The management quickly put the Queensbury dummy in storage as the food and beverages thrown at it by the other diners created a sizable janitorial

problem.

The French Pavilion's historical displays, the mock-up of the Stein-Toklas menage at 27 Rue de Fleuris, the reproduction of Proust's bedroom and Jean Genet's prison cell, even the marvelous restaurant are virtually ignored by the public. Here the features are the productions of plays by the great gay French playwright, Moliere, continuous showings of Cocteau's films, and reenactments of the original repertoire of the original Ballet Russe. Retired dancer Rudolf Nureyev won critical acclaim in his role as Diaghilev.

The Vatican Pavilion, as at the 1964 World's Fair, is the high point of the Celebration. Construction and the installation of the exhibits was supervised by Pope John XXIV's very handsome, young "private secretary." The papal representative was snubbed by Cardinal Cooke who refused to meet him or to attend the opening of the pavilion. The Cardinal's wife said the prelate's "advanced age" prevented him from going out or receiving visitors, but the *New York Post* reported Cooke was angry that the pope's envoy had appeared nude in *After Dark*.

The centerpiece of the Vatican pavilion is the Sistine Chapel ceiling, which the Pope ordered peeled off the Vatican when he heard France was sending the Mona Lisa to the fair. Other treasures include erotic ancient Greek statues from the private papal collection, masses of Renaissance and Baroque art, and the original silk screens from which Cardinal Warhol's portraits of the saints were printed.

GayLand, formerly known as FagLand, has become the Celebration's amusements area and has been linked to the fairgrounds by monorail. This park, it may be remembered, came into being shortly after the Museum of American Homosexuality opened. Residents of Cherry Grove, claiming straight people had come and stared at them in old Cherry Grove, pressured Suffolk County for a curfew. All heterosexuals, other than house guests of gay people, had to be out of New Cherry Grove by cocktail hour.

Patchogue businessmen, seeking to profit from the tourists, commissioned the Disney people to create FagLand. There visitors were whisked from the parking lot to the main area in Volkswagens. ("In the 60s and 70s," commented the brochure, "if you owned a car it might have been a Volk. If you were a lesbian and owned a car, it was probably a Volk.") Women were served a choice of vodka-on-the-rocks or beer from a can. Men were offered bottled beer or a martini.

The advertisements shrieked "See How The Fags Live—Visit America's Only 'X' Rated Amusement Park!" The "Cherry Grove" area featured a mock-up of the meat rack with life-like electronic puppets carrying on in the plastic bushes. The tourists oohed and ahhed comments like, "That's how they do it?" Every twenty-five minutes puppet Suffolk County cops "raided" the "meat rack."

Neither that exhibit, nor "Griffith Park," "Gay Miami," nor any of the others equalled the popularity of "Greenwich Village." There straight couples could stroll past "homosexuals" who would cruise the men, comment on their appearance, masculinity and probable endowments and suggest the women drop dead or do obscene things to themselves. Periodically "lesbians" (played by retired police women and lady gym teachers) would stomp down the sidewalks, pinch

women and beating up the men.

(It was at this exhibit that Dr. George Weinberg, head of the American Psychological Association, was inspired to write his magnum opus, *Heterosexuality As A Masochistic Condition*.)

Most of the snack bars, cocktail lounges and restaurants were located in the "Greenwich Village" area. Tourists could eat and drink while "homosexuals" danced around them and speakers blared bitchily witty conversation and live actors did scenes from *Boys In The Band* and *Some Of My Best Friends Are*.

FagLand was attacked by gay lib organizations. Some of the more violent activists would periodically hide among the puppets in the "meat rack," jump out and attack the visitors. Several straight men were raped in front of horrified spectators before security guards could arrive on the scene.

FagLand's backers met with the New Cherry Grove Arts Project. The latter group expressed gratitude that the amusement park distracted straights from visiting New Cherry Grove at night. But, they added, the promoters should tone down some of the more lurid aspects of their business, re-write advertising and change the name to GayLand.

All of that was done, and a whole new section was added to "Greenwich Village." This was a staging of the Stonewall rioting with booths selling boxes of papier-mache "rocks" which tourists could throw at the "cops." Other modifications were made and all parties were satisfied, though the activists remained bitter that their suggestion of an all-male production of *The Fantastics* to replace *Boys In The Band* was taken seriously.

The all-new GayLand has added international attractions, including "The Spanish Steps," "Gay Morocco" and similar features.

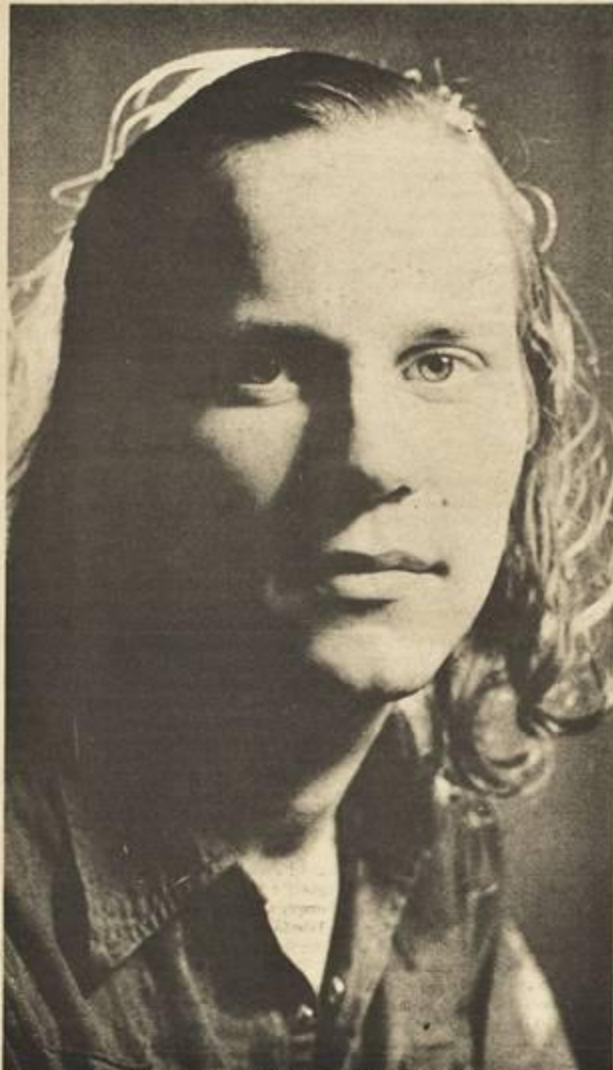
Twenty million people are expected to visit the International Celebration of Homosexuality during its sixty-nine week run, and many local governments are seeking ways to attract some of these tourists to their locales. Arizona, home of the gay erotic artist Quaintance who was popular in the nineteen-fifties, has stamped its license plates with the slogan "Visit Arizona, Home of Quaintance."

Libraries display manuscripts by gay writers. Yale has shown its entire Stein collection, U.C.L.A. is exhibiting its Isherwood papers (which, incidentally, prove that the model for "Sally Bowles" was a man), and the New York Public Library is showing all forty-eight drafts of John Francis Hunter's *The Gay Insider*. U.S.A. Museums are throwing together shows of even the most inferior works by the most second-rate of gay artists. Symphony orchestras are over-playing everything by Tchaikowsky and Beethoven, and light opera companies had scheduled by press time 48,533 productions of Bernstein's *Candide*.

Chambers of Commerce are scouring archives for records of gay mayors, governors, military heroes, civic and political leaders. When they are discovered, their homes are made landmarks and public shrines, their relics and memorabilia are displayed, and tourists invited to come and see.

Historian Noel I. Garde, appointed by President Foster to uncover fraudulent claims, has been kept busy. He recently imposed a heavy fine on Californians who insisted that the late Ronald Reagan had been a closet queer, and he dismissed claims by New York homosexuals that Mayor Lindsay had been gay as "wishful thinking."

Such, I Assume, Are Assumptions!



Rich Wandel was President of New York's GAA during the past year.

Rich Wandel was, for well over a year, GAY's news editor. A year ago he was elected President of New York's Gay Activists Alliance and it was necessary for him to resign from the newspaper. Now, GAY is pleased to welcome Rich back to its pages with reflections on matters which have concerned him during his year at the helm of one of the largest, most active and difficult to manage gay liberation groups in the USA.

BY RICH WANDEL

In college I used to sit on the window sill and write endless reams of ideas and thoughts. The problem was I had nothing to say. My years in the liberation movement have changed that; now I feel that there are many things I've learned worth repeating but it's difficult to put any of it into the narrow confines of a foolish machine making marks on a piece of paper. In college, when the internal dam came near to bursting, it was simple to run out in a storm and roar with the thunder or climb a tree and shout to the chipmunks; eight years later that doesn't seem to be enough. Today I want to experiment with freedom and tell others what I have learned, hoping that then they will tell me what they have learned. If, at this point, I seem a bit pseudo-wise, I hope you'll forgive me. It's hard for me to be

silent and docile when I feel ready to burst.

Being President of an organization such as GAA for a year can't help but leave a rather obvious mark. It teaches one too many things. Art Linkletter was right; people are funny; we're afraid to be free. If I have an assigned role, life is easier. Even if I'm on the bottom rung it's somehow simpler than being free and having to make so many choices. How many assumptions we automatically take as fact: *sex is only for love; monogamy is best; it's impossible to love more than one person at a time; and sex is bad for children.* When I first took office, my lover Hernan was immediately dubbed the "first lady." I laughed at the joke along with everyone else, but what if we look closer? The joke is meaningless unless you first assume that in a couple one is male and the other is female. Secondly, since I'm the one "in power," I must be the male and Hernan is the "first lady." A few months ago I had a love affair with another member of GAA. Before long the rumors were flying about the organization that Hernan and I must be breaking up. It was assumed that I couldn't love two people at the same time. If we want to become a truly free society we had better do a lot less assuming.

Of all the fears that the human animal

is subject to, perhaps the biggest is the fear of freedom. My goal this past year was for the President of GAA to make the fewest decisions possible, to leave most of the decisions to the committee or the people involved. I don't believe it is good for a movement or an organization to depend too heavily on only one or on a very small number of people. The reaction was swift in the early part of the year. People prefer someone else to decide, someone else to praise or blame. It's more comfortable to have a semi-dictator tell you what to do. That way you can complain about your oppression and if you're oppressed, that automatically makes you right. In the course of the year this began to change. We still have a number of people who tell me that I must take a stronger hand in running the organization; we still have a number of chairpeople who like to do all the work and make all the decisions themselves for the committee, but we also have a good number who believe that the better a leader is the fewer the decisions that will have to be made alone.

It's easy to set the goal of Gay Liberation as simply equal rights, the ability to be equal oppressors with everyone else. If we achieve only this, we will have done little either for ourselves or for society at large. Defining a wider goal is a lot more difficult than simply stating a belief in the rights of all people; more difficult than merely shouting about the nature of some vague military-industrial complex. Statements such as these are true enough but are hardly sufficient if we are to be concerned with more than the latest piece of rhetoric. I never cease to be amazed at self-styled radicals who know all the proper language and do their best to write off and shut up any who disagree. I also know many true radicals, very beautiful people who rarely bother to define themselves in one or two word phrases.

If we're really interested in a radical change in this society, we might begin by examining the roles that the society is based on. Everyone plays a multiplicity of roles and undoubtedly always will, but we do have to look at those roles and decide whether or not they have been freely chosen or merely imposed on the basis of society's assumptions and dictates. We have to find the courage to be free. A few years ago I played the role of the slightly eccentric photographer. I threw the cloth over my head with a flourish and attended to every slightest detail of the photograph I was about to shoot. I knew I was playing a role. It was a goof. I was enjoying myself. More recently, I had an argument with my lover about his not showing up to meet me when he was supposed to. I fumed and bellowed and told him how hurt and offended I was, but little of it was real. I simply played the role of an irate lover. It didn't occur to me to ask how I was really feeling. I simply played the role automatically, doing what was expected of me. Perhaps if we begin to seriously question our roles we will be able to act less automatically and more genuinely.

Almost every aspect of our society can be traced to what is expected in terms of roles. This becomes most obvious in the oppression of women. The impact of women's liberation is just beginning to be realized and is felt very strongly in the gay movement. Usually it appears as the man versus the woman. The easy method to adopt is either to mumble a few platitudes about equality or to shout about existing oppression. Neither course by itself can hope to be very productive. If we do little more than shout about how all men are sexist or simply protest our belief in equality we'll get nowhere. The

fact is that it would be a rare person indeed, male or female, who could at this juncture of time escape from being a sexist. The standard argument seems to run with the women refusing to "educate" the men and the men countering with a pious assertion that they are willing to change if only someone would tell them how. I can remember many times in dealing with straight members of our society when I really felt like not bothering. I can remember many times being very cautious of well-meaning straight liberals. Ideally, I should speak with all people; ideally, work with all people but my feelings remain nevertheless. If I can recognize these feelings in myself, it is ludicrous for me to refuse to understand similar feelings among women in their relationship with men.

Perhaps the first and necessary step is a simple admission. Yes, I am a product of my society. Yes, I am sexist in many ways. If we don't admit it, we'll never change it. I remember sitting one evening on Long Island with my uncle and discussing the "Negro problem." His bigotry was a good deal more than simply obvious, yet he was sure that he was completely without prejudice. He'll never change his attitude unless he first recognizes it. We very much like to keep things simple and categorized. It's easy to decide that we are liberated gays and therefore not sexist; it's easy to be oppressed and therefore always right. Unfortunately, such simplicity in human relations rarely conforms to reality.

A basic assumption we hold, sometimes stated and almost always believed, whether we admit it or not, is that "might makes right." If we wish to prove our point, we turn much more quickly to fire power than to ideas. Like most people, I know the right people to win over or the right rhetoric to use in order to win a point. At times, admittedly, I think more of winning than I do of truth, but I can't help wondering if perhaps it wouldn't be better to rely on ideas a bit more and influence a bit less. The women's movement and the gay movement are forever knocking the "macho attitude"; we do it to such great lengths that some even define macho on the basis of clothing and, in the interests of freedom, down anyone who looks a little too butch. We might do better to look at ourselves as often as we look at each other. If we think of winning more than we think of the validity of ideas and feelings, if we attempt to overpower rather than to convince, we're being a lot more macho than another who might happen to like jeans and a denim jacket. If we really want a change in this society, we'll have a better shot at it if we begin to explore, along with the women's movement, new ways of relating and acting, new ways of winning a point.

A year ago I decided to run for President of GAA because I felt that I was capable and for various reasons I did not want to support the various other candidates. I think I made a wise choice. Now it's election time again and another decision has to be made. This year I believe that a very competent person is running and it's time for me to do other things. My hope now is to remain with GAA. The organization has already given me a lot more than I've given it, and I suppose it will continue to do so. My intentions are to spend more time in organizing gays around the country and a lot more time in giving an opportunity for my internal dam to burst into print. Like most people, I'm afraid of talking too much about what I feel, but if I lose that fear maybe I can help people to start throwing around some ideas along with the rhetoric.

CLAY'S CLEARING HOUSE

BY ALAN CLAY

THAT CERTAIN TV MOVIE

Back in August I reported on word received that ABC-TV was preparing a made-for-television film called *That Certain Summer*. I said, with no real knowledge of the production, that I knew it was going to be "the usual apologetic, hypocritical, deceitful pile of straight-oriented cop-out shit."

No sooner had that issue of GAY hit the stands than I received a lengthy letter from a very irate ABC employee who took me to task for my impulsive criticisms. The letter was sincere and so full of well-taken points I apologized to him for my hasty decision. (Although, judging from the past exploitation of gays, I still feel my bitterness was excusable.)

However, I also told him that I would reserve the right to apologize to ABC until after I had viewed the film. I knew it was a safe bet that I'd never have to make that apology.

Me and my big mouth. Well, by the law of TV averages, I should have won the bet.

Okay, ABC-TV, I apologize. I apologize right here in cold print. It's a public apology and it's intended for you to see. (That, of course, is part of the irony. Sensitive as the film was—and I'm afraid that's *Sensitive*, with a capital "S"—it was not made with gays in mind. I'm sure ABC still couldn't really care less whether we approve or disapprove of their treatment of homosexuals. Never occurred to them.)

Yes, I apologize. It was a well-crafted film and often touching. I would think one would have to be an Ultimate Homophobe to have found these two warm, loving and gentle gentlemen "repulsive" and "threatening to society."

The story was at least logical and the dialogue at no time seemed forced, strained or artificial. (Thank heaven for small miracles!) I remain just cynical enough to believe that ABC (and that would go for the other networks as well) did not air this film out of great concern for the plight of millions of misunderstood homosexuals.

I feel they sponsored it, as with everything in videoland, because Gaylife has become newsworthy, and anything newsworthy (especially when it comes to prime time) is a saleable commodity. You don't flirt with Nielsen ratings just out of altruistic concern.

But I must say that ABC thought enough of the subject (or "problem" as the straight folks always tend to say in hushed whispers) to engage good writers, an excellent (but erratic) director, and some of the finest acting talent to be found in this nation. That's got to mean something.

I not only apologize, I congratulate ABC on their efforts. I hope the success of this program will encourage the other networks to sandwich a bit of quality in between the long and sipping stretches of rehash-trash.

Now that I've paid my compliments, may I have a few moments for my criticism?

First and foremost, I know that there must be dramatic tension and conflict in a play. I am also aware that Doug Salter (the hero) was partly responsible, through carelessness and avoidance, for the rude confrontation with his son. I am also aware that Doug and his lover, Gary, were shown to be reasonable and amazingly ordinary people.

They didn't scream at each other in a neurotic, bitchy way. They didn't swish;



"That Certain Summer"—an ABC-TV was watched by an audience of 43 million.

they didn't camp. No arched eyebrows, no limp wrists, no lisping. And they played rock tapes instead of Garland records. Neither fellow is a hairdresser or interior decorator. Doug is a builder and Gary a sound engineer.

Okay, so no stereotyping, right? Many, many thanks. But why—oh, why—must we always have the sad and tearful ending? Yes, it was well done. Hal Holbrook is the one superb American actor I always associate with the word *integrity*. It was, in the context of the screenplay, a logical ending.

But I don't care if it was logical or illogical. I suppose it was too much to hope that the first sensible exploration of homosexuality on television could have ended on a brighter note. Sure, you and I know we have good times, bad times; bad times, good times. We take the rough and ragged along with the rapture.

But the straight public knows positively (in its heart of hearts) that we are perverse and must be punished for our sins. Under our frivolous exteriors, there is nothing but pain. In the case of *That Certain Summer*, the public does not for a moment consider that society just might be responsible for Doug's plight. No. He simply disregarded the rules of God and Nature, and is made to pay for his perversity.

Propagandistic distortions, whether for good or evil purposes, are ultimately harmful to all concerned. I do not agree with those gay militants who insist we always be presented in a favorable light. However, a great deal must be done to counter-balance the image of the sick, sad sinner with which we have been burdened throughout the years. Millions of eyes were probably on this particular program, and I would have been much happier and infinitely more grateful had the ending been in some way genuinely positive.

Please understand me. I don't insist on happy endings. (I believe it was Papa Hemingway who said there are no happy or unhappy endings. There are only logical conclusions.)

It would have been ghastly to have the young son rush back into his father's arms at the last minute and say, "I not only forgive you, Daddy, I want you to teach me to be a wonderful, practicing homosexual like you!" Save that approach for Park-Miller featurettes.

But would it have been too much to have appended some sort of tag (no, not on that fateful evening; perhaps months later) showing that this obviously intelli-

gent and well-balanced boy was capable of some degree of understanding?

I cannot help but feel that the scenarists approved of Nick's rejection of his father and wanted the audience to approve that rejection (as I'm sure they will). We have absolutely no way of telling whether the rejection is temporary or permanent. (Maybe in next season's sequel? ... Or could this possibly be a pilot film for a very updated Andy Hardy series? Interesting ideas, Alan.)

Merle Miller wrote glowingly of the film in the November 5th (Sunday) *Times*. I agree with most of what he said. I also found it somewhat noteworthy that he made no mention of the hero's terribly negative statements concerning his "regrets" at being gay. (These statements also appear, unfortunately, near the summarizing end of the film.) Perhaps Merle omitted reference to the statements as they were (to me) such an exact echo of Miller's own words. ("If I had had the choice..." Etc.) Yes, the ones that offended much of the gay militant population, even after Miller's later clarification.

I also disagree with two of Miller's defenses of the screenplay. First, he defends the fact that there is only one fleeting sign of physical contact between the two men. (This contact was, if you didn't see the film, nothing but a brotherly arm-around-the-shoulder, and even it was inserted strictly as a plot device.) According to Miller, "neither of them is all that liberated." Sorry, Merle. It's rather clear in the dialogue that at least Gary is liberated. And Doug, though inhibited, is entirely too fond of the younger man to not occasionally grab him and plant a kiss on the back of the neck.

No, lack of liberation is not the reason for their rigid purity. Neither is it because the son is visiting. There are many times when they are away from the boy and could be reasonably affectionate.

They never touch because the producers did not wish to (or could not, Mr. FCC?) show the "sordid" side of homosexuality, especially between the golden hours of 8:30 and 10:00 p.m. (Parents have enough to contend with in their kiddies' narcotics addiction. Let's not add to the misery with graphic perversion.) I'll never forget the agonized gasps and titters in my neighborhood theatre when the men kissed in *Sunday, Bloody Sunday*. And New York audiences are supposed to be more sophisticated than in Terre Haute!

Second, when Doug is telling his son

he is homosexual, he says, "... some people say it's a sickness... they say it's something that has to be cured. Maybe they're right, I don't know."

Miller excuses this breach of modern gay etiquette by saying, "... some people do say that, but it seems to me that the point is that Doug and Gary are demonstrably the healthiest people I've seen on television all season."

Well, Merle. "Demonstrably" ... perhaps. But if Doug is still able to entertain any ideas that has to be cured, he is not only unliberated and uneducated, he is certainly unhealthy by my standards.

We immediately regress to *Boys In The Band* *sturm und drang*. ("The guilt! The guilt!") Once again, the producers have simply taken the option of playing it safe. Television never likes to reach definite conclusions if they can be avoided. ("There's always two sides of the story—and always room for doubt, you know." Except where Heterosexuality Inviolata is concerned.)

At any rate, I do hope TV is finally growing up. *That Certain Summer*, while frightfully cautious and pure, is good indication that the idiot box may be coming of age. It took long enough for it to stumble through an embarrassingly gawky adolescence.

My cynicism has not yet been lulled to sleep. A few vituperative letters from backwoods fundamentalists, damning this film and the network to eternal purgatory for its heathen attitude, and that would be the last glimpse of H—sexuality to appear on television for another ten years.

I hope ABC is strong enough to withstand the assault and be firm in their convictions. As Merle Miller says in the ending of his review, *That Certain Summer* "... will surely be repeated, one hopes several times." One hopes. But will it? And will other even more appreciable and courageous gay movies (a nice, new, untapped genre, folks!) appear on the scene?

"Homosexuality is something people never talk about. If they did, this family would never have to face ... *That Certain Summer*." Thus goes ABC's advertising blurb in *TV Guide* last week. Television's greatest fault, and it is an enormous and unpardonable failure, is that this most influential medium in all of recorded history has consistently chosen to follow rather than lead.

It now has one of those excellent and rare opportunities to redeem itself.

JERRY'S SPHERE

(continued from page 2)

court, who will probably control the highest legal decisions until the year 2000!!! Now, the good Lord knows what that will mean. Brace yourselves, kids, the fun is about to start.

I DARE ANYONE TO TELL ME THAT I DO NOT LOVE MY COUNTRY. I've met so many refugees who've told me HORROR stories about what went on in their countries, I couldn't believe it. And that is why I am so frightened at what I am seeing happening to my country. Does power really madden? I've seen a few of my own brothers and sisters to whom it has happened. I pray and hope that we might get it together so that we may become a movement, not only for our own goals, but to assist others in finding that LOVE is not something to be frightened of but to EMBRACE!!! I sincerely hope that some of you will understand what I am writing about. I've heard repeatedly that there is, as is in every "subversive" group, an infiltration of CIA and other "Big Daddy" operators trying to find out what we are all about. Can't they understand that all we want is to be able to love in our way? If more people were able to love freely, they'd be too busy to make WAR. (Pardon me, Billy Graham and Richard Nixon.) I hope that we will be able to wake up all of our sisters and brothers, straight and gay. And I hope that they will not wake up screaming. I hope that the Big Sleep will not wake my brothers and sisters into the living nightmare of 1984 or early Germany!!!

THE BIG SLEEP: Well, we've got "four more years." Mr. Nixon won by a landslide. I am still shaking my head in disbelief. It's obvious to me that the American public is not ready to believe that it is guilty of prolonging an unjust war, of racism, sexism, ageism. It is much easier to tune out the voice of accusation and live with the status quo. A sad, sad state of affairs.

REFLECTIONS IN APATHY: Last time I bemoaned the apathy of a lot of the bar people in this election. As I listened to the election returns, every one of the commentators said that since Nixon took New York, that would show the parties that New York is ready for a conservative mayor. (John Lindsay will not run for mayor next year. Personally I don't like the man, but he did lay off the bars and stopped entrapment.) The Big Apple will be faced with a Marchi or Procaccino running for mayor. Both are homophobes. I'll wager that the next election will see the bars actively involved because it will threaten their pocketbooks. Sorry thing that it has to get so personal before they will act. Had they been more active this year they probably wouldn't be hurting next year.

LESSONS LEARNED: Thanks to GAY, I've really gotten "involved." What started out as idle chatter has mushroomed, for me, into much, much more. Getting a first hand look at a presidential convention and following the entire campaign gives one an entire new outlook on politics. You always hear that politics is a "dirty game." "Dirty" isn't a strong enough word. To be in politics you need a heavy bank book and a strong stomach. I have neither. But, it is time that people with neither got to work and changed the name of the game. I've told you that while I was in Miami I saw bright, well-informed, anxious, determined young people. THEY CARED. The old party regulars were appalled. With McGovern's overwhelming defeat, they will attempt

to wrench control of the party back from the "kids." The fight is on! We must get involved and join that fight!! We have gotten rid of the "bosses." We must make sure that we stay rid of them. I am calling on every man and woman to join in the fight. The Democratic Party, that is the NEW Democratic Party, will be fighting for its life. HELP!!! I will also ask the conservatives to get involved. Get busy in the Republican Party to do what the Democrats have done. There is so much to do to bring this wonderful country back to the ideals on which it was founded. Get rid of the big business interests. Bring the monies back to the people. Stop letting a few make the millions at others' expense. NO, I'm not preaching communism. I'm a first-class capitalist. But, I can not see a few fat cats getting fatter while others go hungry. (McDonald's hamburger chain president gives \$200,000 to the Nixon campaign and gets permission to raise his prices, even though Nixon's price freeze is still in effect. Interesting, no?) This election is over. We have next year to work for, then '74, and finally '76. No, dear readers, the fight is not lost. It is just beginning. PLEASE, HELP AMERICA. Please help your brothers and sisters. Please, help yourselves.

MANY THANKS to Ms. Gwen Saunders for lending her time and energy, her car and public address system to campaign for Bill Maloney. Bill lost his first bid for office (a damn good showing first time out) but it will not be his last. My ideas were sound but my organization was poor. I learned a good lesson. Anyone interested in joining me for next year's election, contact me through the paper.

COUNTRY COUSIN HAD THE BAR AWARDS. It was a gas! The restaurant was decorated with red, white and blue bunting. It looked very much like an election celebration. (Too bad they can't get that excited over the real thing. The "they" being all of the bar people.) Mother Rice was at the door planting kisses on all, not caring about some of the looks he was getting from the people waiting for the bus. Right on, Mom! George Sardi looking fab. Walter Kent (WALTER'S APARTMENT) along with Joe Murphy (BEACON BATHS) enjoying the festivities. Neftly was there and invited me to his new place, THE BARN. (Leather has finally moved east.) Ty was there with humpy Jim Palmero (TY'S). Speaking of humps, Doric Wilson was there looking very pleased. Whassup, doc? THE COUSIN was jammed! I couldn't get back to see who all were there. Did run into Tom Ross (ROADHOUSE) and his boys, Keller, Ron and Tom. Frank Elliot from ONE POTATO. The winners were Roger and Kevin (UNCLE CHARLIE'S NORTH) as better bartender and waiter. Best waitress went to gorgeous Rusty (LIB). Lew and Ralph really did a smashing job. It seems that the smaller the place the more the kids enjoy themselves. It makes for more moving about and you get to meet more people.

GIANNI'S was the site of a BLESSING OF A UNION. The couple involved was Joanne and Nancy. The attendants included Harriet, Myra, Jackie and Sharon. Some friends of Joanne's are in the prop department at NBC and they brought over the cake they used for Tiny Tim's wedding on the Carson show. It was enormous! About five layers (not including the real cake on top) and stood well over six feet tall. There were approximately 200 people enjoying the festivities. And all got a good laugh when petite Joanne had to be lifted to blow out the top candle. May I wish both women all the happiness in the world.

GAY DOLLARS: I understand that gays all over the country are snipping a corner on their paper money to show the local merchants the POWER OF THE GAY DOLLAR. I'm sure that even Mr. Nixon

would appreciate that one, being that he stored the biggest "war chest" of dollars to insure his election. (To all CIA, FBI etc., who may read this column, I'm not advocating defacing U.S. currency. I hereby swear. Thank you, judge.)

CHRISTOPHER STREET PARADE: Now that Mr. Nixon is elected it is more important than ever that this year's parade be the BIGGEST EVER!!! We must have bodies marching in that parade. We must be able to show a unified and massive front. They know that we are here. They just don't know how many of us there are. LET'S SHOW THEM!!! Speaking of the parade, the committee is looking for the design for the poster and button. So, all of you talented gays pick up pen or brush and get busy! Make your design STRONG AND PROUD.

ONE OF THE MOST EXCITING DAYS: A new but already dear friend invited Mike and me to lunch at the U.N. Actually, it was a very great compliment that this distinguished gentleman thought enough of my column to ask me some political questions. Although we differed sharply on some issues we generally agreed on lifestyles, etc. We had the honor of dining with the delegates. Mike's head was going around as if on a swivel. Of course, being that I am a well noted (?) columnist and had been through the mill in Hollywood, I was totally biased. Wow, what a liar! I've never been so awed in my life! The FACTORY did me in a little, the Democratic convention did me in a lot, but sitting in the same dining room with delegates from around the world flipped me out entirely! The lunch was delicious and the service impeccable. But I must admit, though, that it was the discussion with our host and trying to figure out which delegate belonged to what country that made the meal memorable. A subway ride in New York will usually allow you to overhear at least one discussion in another language, but here I can't tell you all of the different languages I overheard. After one of the most fascinating lunches of my life, our host took us on the GRAND TOUR. And grand it was. I'd been on one of the "tours" before but our host took us where the general public never gets to go. (Wish I'd had a camera, Mike looked marvelous at the podium before the General Assembly.) Along with all of the wonders of the U.N., our host took us on a tour of the world press offices. I must admit to a short burst of Walter Mitty and saw myself behind one of those desks. (Our host did introduce me to one woman who asked that I submit some articles for her. (two magazines.) I don't know who was more wrecked, Mike or myself. But I do know that neither one of us will ever forget the day or our kind host for his great compliment and generosity.

INTERESTING NOTE: One of the committees that Michael and I were fortunate enough to sit in on was the first one discussing "terrorism." Apparently all of the new African nations (I couldn't believe all of the new nations I had never heard of) are not going to be of any help in curbing this horror that is being inflicted upon the world. Their attitude is that all of the big powers emerged from revolution and, therefore, they are not going to pass any international law forbidding terrorism. I imagine that means they are leaving an opening for themselves so they will not be censured in the future should they find terrorism useful for their needs. Funny, the Inner Circle thought a mere GAA zap was "terrorism." Hmmm.

PERSONALITY PROFILE: (C.S.D.L. Parade Committee) Fred Pattison is a quiet, unassuming man who is a gay activist. Fred is a member of the West Side Discussion Group and, I must admit, he took me to task for not including that organization in the "Tonight" column. Fred is manning several of the "work groups,"

headed by committee members. A person vitally interested in gays and their problems, Fred has been with the WSDG for well over a decade. A new personal friend and one hell of a person. With people such as this, the Parade promises to be the best yet.

ONE LAST THOUGHT: Please, remember to get politically involved. No matter what your view, we all must get involved in the running of our country. The pros are already at work for next year, '74 and '76. We must make sure that the inroads made this year will not be closed to us EVER AGAIN!!!!

Good luck to us all,
Je

P.S. David, your birthday present may well be the death of me yet. But, I'll never forget it or you for your faith in me. Love and thanks, je.

P.P.S. Any out-of-work bartenders and/or waiters, get a hold of me at 889-5896. Any of you planning holiday parties and need help, please contact me at 889-5896.

P.P.P.S. For all of you visiting New York during the holidays, I shall give you my list of the top ten bars in the city and why in the next column.

BAR AWARDS SCHEDULE

Want to find out where coming monthly gay bar awards ceremonies are to be held? Apparently the only person who knows is GAY reporter John Francis Hunter, who acted as recording secretary at the first affair for '72 last January. This was at New Jimmy's Supper Club, where a drawing for the privilege was conducted under the supervision of the pater familias of Gotham's bar world, Jimmy Meery. GAY herewith offers Hunter's calendar as a service to bar managers, patrons and reporters for other interested publications.

December, '72: The originally scheduled Roadhouse played host in October, replacing now-defunct Victor's Quarters. Thus, Cabaret on the Upper East Side will be the scene of the November awards next Monday, December 4. Ceremonies are held in the month following what is presumed to be careful "caucusing" by bar personnel. In 1973 the hosts will be as follows, with possible changes indicated: January, the Lib (which already took over someone else's slot in the late spring, so this may be set for grab); February, Piper's Lounge; March, Piccadilly Pub; April, the Alibi; May, Harry's Back East; June, El Matador, Astbury Park (which club may have gone straight); July, Danny's Pelisades (site of the ill-fated August awards in September replacing Danny's of Sheridan Square); August, Fritzys; September, The Candlelight Lounge (now closed, perhaps temporarily); October, Singles (formerly Bead-Ed Bag); November, Westiders; and December, Beau Geste.

MANHATTAN

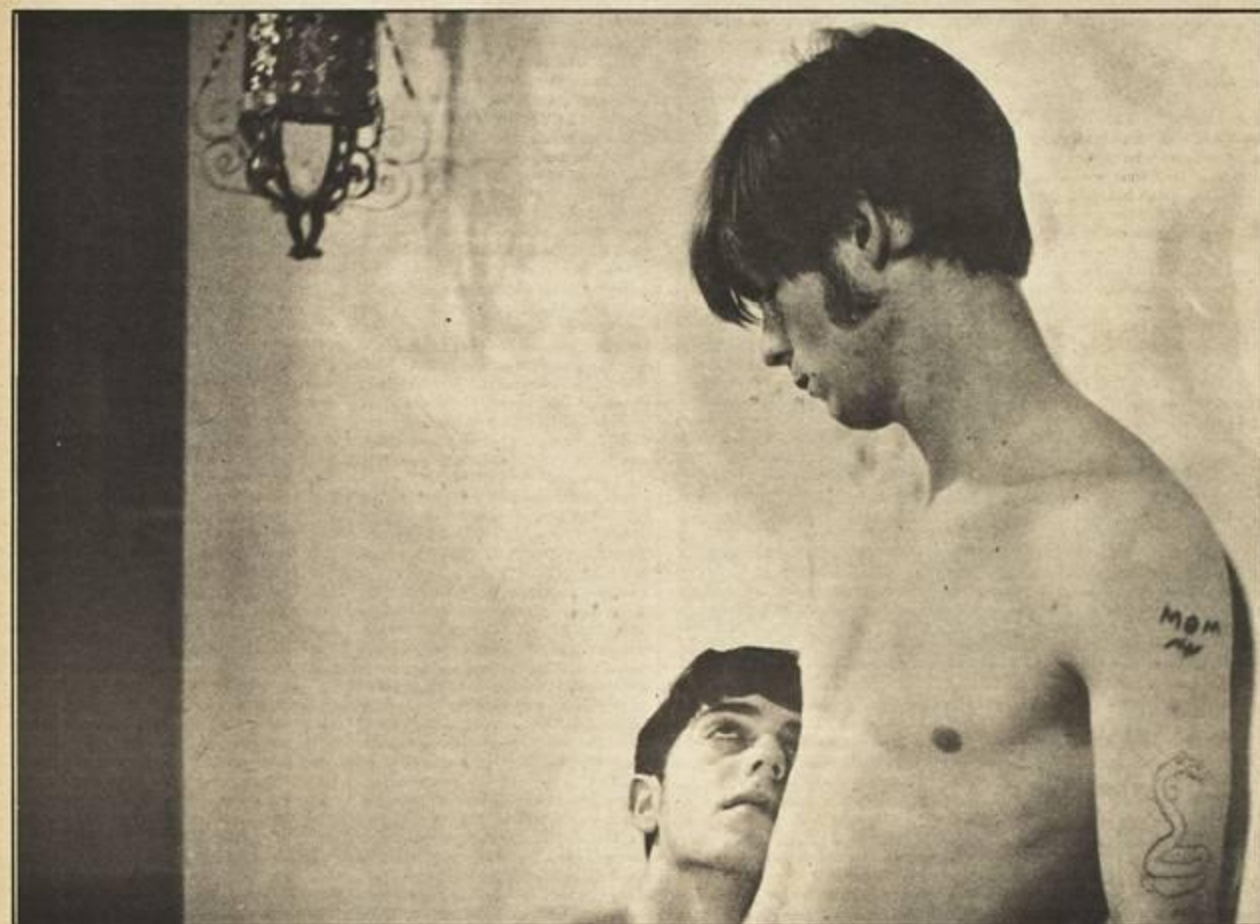
(continued from page 10)

We learn about him. Gay men and women all over the world have problems in their lives. I would prefer to be treated as a real person who sometimes has a problem arising out of lack of understanding than as a person who is a problem.

Still Shots: John Huston's new film *The Life and Times of Judge Roy Bean* stars Paul Newman, Stacy Keach, Ava Gardner, Tony Perkins, Roddy McDowell, Michael Sarrazin, Jacqueline Bisset and... John Huston!... Nobody recognized John Francis Hunter as the Bitch of Buchenwald at the Roadhouse Halloween Party. It must have been the mustache... Swank Motion Pictures is distributing *Boys In The Band* for college audiences with quotes from the *Catholic Newsletter* and *Time* magazine as advertising. "A Landfall of Truths" and "the desolation and waste that chill this way of life" are a few of the choice phrases used... BBC is planning a 90-minute documentary on the life of Judy Garland to be aired in London in mid-December. No plans yet to show it here... Garland is one of the people being considered for a major retrospect at the Cabaret-Theatre-Restaurant. When *We Win*, opening on January 5th. Others being considered for the every Sunday Afternoon program are directors

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MY PREJUDICES ABOUT THE ULTIMATE ROMANTICS



BY SOREL DAVID

S&M, a new perception I had about it the night I was on the subway coming home from somewhere or other when I saw one, a real one. Now there are lots of guys going around New York in leather outfits pretending to be big tough S&M freaks, but this was a real one. I could tell, I sensed it immediately. There's something about them, a look, a certain kind of ill-formed weirdness, the way they wear their hair, an unfashionable-between long and short, like an outgrown crewcut, the way they carry themselves, that hesitant, stiffly unsure way they walk, and the jackets, the ill-fitting, somehow unsure-looking cut of their black leather jackets, like they don't really belong to themselves or something. There's something not quite right, like half-baked looking about them, bogus is a good word perhaps, like they're pretending all the time to be something they're not. While all the fashionable leather boys about town play at being real live S&M freaks, these real S&M types strike me as walking through life desperately trying to seem real, like grown-up, real people, trying to make it as competent, together and reasonably powerful adults in the world. In this there is, I think, a certain key to an understanding of the matter.

When one normally thinks of S&M there is that undeniable quality of evil involved. I'm not saying here that it is bad or evil, only that it is regarded as such for the present. A kind of lurid aura of glam-

our surrounds the thing; it is, after all, considered a perversion. Except for a few isolated and bizarre fetishes here and there, it is probably the very last stronghold of this notion perversion left in America today. I mean, what else is there that a reasonably hip and reasonable man can reasonably condemn in this day and age? An S&M person is probably thought by most to be some sort of weird and unwholesome character, a creep, perhaps, but nevertheless the image carries with it a certain sense of power, a certain frightening, even threatening aspect. One would simply never imagine an S&M'er to be a harmless sort, a quiet and largely insecure, ineffectual type, for example. Yet in some sense, I think, the S&M devotee might be among the most innocuous, the most childlike and innocent of all. Think about it, these are people who take pain and violence, two of the harsher realities of life, and make of them a sexual game—in this way neutralizing, nullifying, in some sense, their reality as harsh facts of existence in the real world. To take something and make it part of your sexual ritual, to personalize it in this way, is to try, somehow, to bring it within the realm of things over which you have power, over which you have control. You make something not real, like a kind of game out of it, for what is sex, really, but a kind of game, a way of playing, a way for two people to play together. Looking at it this way, S&M might be the ultimate in romanticism, the romanticizing of pain and human suffering; it is the ultimate refusal to accept any kind of compromise

ed adult reality about these things, maintaining, by means of sex, a childlike and innocent illusion of omnipotence, control in their regard.

Meanwhile, so what happens: I leave town for a while, I come back and what do I find, a new shock art shop on Eighth Street. Well, that much was predictable, I guess, given all the advance publicity about the degeneration of the Village and all. Meanwhile, all of *Village Voice* reading and liberal New York seems to be plunged into a raging controversy between Jill Johnston and Julie Bovasso, which just goes to show that there is nothing of any real consequence happening in our town. Nevertheless the best goes on. The Grand Union supermarket at Bleecker and LaGuardia now has its very own health food section, one more step in the great commercialization of hip process. Ah well, what are you going to do; that's supposed to be the genius of the American people, you know, their eternal, unending ability to co-opt everything and anything and make it pay. Perhaps you might be somewhat consoled to know that Grand Union's idea of health food runs to sunflower seeds soaked in Tamari sauce and crunchy granola exclusively. And besides, the subways are still underground.

Still, from where I sit, it looks to be a winter of quiet despair in New York. A vaguely crippling kind of miasmic torpor seems to have settled in over the city. Nobody seems inclined, or indeed even capable of getting it up for the presidential election this time around. All of this re-

fers to the populace in general. Lesbianism, on the other hand, seems to be enjoying a small renaissance right here and now. The GAA Lesbian Sunday things are still going strong and of course, there's the new women's firehouse at 20th Street. Also, a new women's book store, Labyris, has opened on 7th Ave. near Bedford Street. And then there's all this talk about the new lesbian novel on the scene, Bertha Harris' *Confessions of Cherubino*, for a delicious title, which has received favorable mention in no less an important spot than the bathroom graffiti at Bonnie & Clyde's *Confessions of Cherubino*—good dyke novel, it says there. Well, I'll buy the sloppily scrawled sentiments of a drunken dyke any day—whatever else, at least you know they're sincere. And finally, I heard something rather good on WBAI the other day, on Martha Shelley's *Lesbian Nation*: she's featuring small ten-minute spots by some bizarre creature who calls herself Mary Flowerpot. They're really quite hysterical little bits of political satire in the manner of the BBC's old *Goon Show* which was done by Peter Sellers and cohorts. On the show I caught, reporter Flowerpot, cleverly disguised as Patsey Flatout, prospective welfare recipient, was busily engaged in breaking and entering City Hall to find out just what gives down there. There's some talk of giving Flowerpot her own show, so if you happen to catch it and like it, you might drop the station a card to let them know. The show is aired on WBAI Friday nights at 8:00 PM.

SCOTT JACOBY TALKS TO GAY



Scott Jacoby starred in ABC-TV's "That Certain Summer."

BY LEO SKIR

GAY remembers back when everyone was Liberal and Kind to Negroes (they were Negroes then, not Blacks). As a matter of

fact, they weren't quite Black then, sort of brown. Well, back in those Liberal days, the pro-Negro films began to come out. Among the first was *Pinky*, played by Jeanne Craine, in *Real Life* a "white" girl (young women were girls then, not women) who got into lots of scrapes because she was a Negro. And certainly the white audience could sympathize with her since she looked white, talked white and was nice nice. You could really trust the Boy Next Door with her (not like Nasty Myra Breckinridge with her deady dildo!).

Well, *tempus fugit* and now, if the wind holds, the movie-makers will be Kind to Gays. And here is *That Certain Summer*, a 1½-hour movie given once on TV (ABC, November 1, 8:30-10:00 EST).

GAY attended the preview at ABC studios where a hand-out read:

That Certain Summer is the story of a divorced man whose failure to discuss his homosexuality with his family makes it necessary for him to explain his life style to his 14-year-old son.

After the film ended, the lights in the screening room went on and there in the row in front was the son, not as infant but as teen-ager.

GAY: How old are you, really?

Scott Jacoby: Fifteen.

GAY: Are you a Los Angeles person like the kid in the movie?

Scott: No. I was born in Illinois. I live in Flushing. I go to Lincoln Square Academy at W. 66th Street.

GAY: What did you think of the story? Its ending?

Scott: Well, I think the kid does think it's wrong.

GAY: If you had to write a sequel, would the kid return?

Scott: Yeah. I don't know how soon,

though, and there would never be that closeness with his father again.

GAY: What would you have done, in reality, in the situation? You find your father's making it with a friend.

Scott: I'd get the hell out of there!

GAY: What's your sign?

Scott: Sagittarius. I don't know anything about them except they're good people.

Scott's mother, a Shelley Winters type lady, was there and said she would drop off some photos of Scott at GAY's house. When the pix didn't come in the next few days, GAY called and rapped with mother-of-son-of-certain-summer, Ms. Dolores Jayne.

GAY: What did you think of the play's ending?

Ms. Jayne: I think the son would have stayed. He had a wonderful father and a good relationship with him.

GAY: Would your son have any knowledge of the gay scene?

Ms. Jayne: No. Of course, he goes to acting school but he's very physical minded, you know, he goes out for basketball.

He's not interested in the things they're interested in.

GAY: Doesn't he have any gay friends at the acting school?

Ms. Jayne: Well, there's one boy but he hasn't confronted him with it.

GAY: The lad in the film was all-American, didn't drink, smoke, do anything. Didn't you think that unrealistic? I mean, I'm not asking for another Portnoy...

Ms. Jayne: Not at all. My son doesn't smoke, not marijuana, tobacco, anything. He takes care of his body.

GAY: Your last name is not the same as his. Is there a divorce?

Ms. Jayne: No, his father died. I remarried. That child who plays the boy when he is younger is his half-brother Billy Jayne. Scott has just discovered girls. It used to be just basketball all the time, now it's basketball and girls.

And that, friends, is the word from Flushing. Scott Jacoby has gone from Basketball to Girls. Tune in next week for the rest of the alphabet.

BLUE COLLARS BLOCK DANCING BAR PERMIT

BY GERALD HANSEN
West Coast Correspondent

San Francisco, Calif. Gays are perceived as precipitating a decline in property values by some members of the lower middle class. They are said to cause unsafe streets and are associated with blacks and hippies.

Such was the substance of testimony heard at a Board of Permit Appeals hearing which denied a dance permit to Toad Hall, a gay bar in the Eureka Valley gay ghetto. The transcript provides an interesting sociological study on the attitudes and fears of heterosexual blue collar workers. Gays sat on one side of the hearing room and non-gays on the other side prompting board chairman James L. Harvey to quip at one point, "How do you so equally divide yourselves in the aisle? This is remarkable." Complaints were heard that gays lure young boys on their way to church. Some of the testimony was humorous.

Despite evidence to the contrary, "we still feel that this is still a family neighborhood," contended Joe Fisher, vice president of the Eureka Valley Merchants Association. "We have a number of schools throughout the area, we have churches within the area. We have a playground which is just one block away from this operation. Since they applied for this license a year ago, we have had additional homosexual bars come into the area, and we feel we have seen at night, when these places close, that it's not safe to walk down the street. Somewhere along the line, if it's not a proposition—"

"Have one of those homos chased you?" interjected Harvey of Fisher, a man in his late 50's.

"That's right, and we are not just talking about the block on Castro Street, but two or three blocks away from their operation after they close and even sometimes on the weekends they are left over from the night before and we have them wandering around the street during the day when we have teenagers going to and from church, which is only two blocks away."

(By contrast, Mrs. Carol Salzman, a resident and shop manager in the area, speaking "as a parent and a responsible citizen" said, "I have been in Toad Hall. As a matter of fact... I would permit my children to go in.")

Perhaps the leading mouthpiece for homophobes in the area is Margaret Crotty of the Eureka Valley Women's Club and her husband Frank, chairman of the Parish Council of Holy Redeemer church and school, a focal point for area bigotry.

"It's still a family neighborhood," she insisted, "and [I] resent the fact that the media has tried... to bring these queers and homosexuals from other neighborhoods... [An] individual... has approached merchants saying if they don't vote for this dance permit for Toad Hall, they will be boycotted by the queer people in the neighborhood..."

In conclusion, "I think it is a very fickle following, homosexual following," added Mrs. Crotty. "I think if they are discouraged in any way, it will not only stem the tide of other dance permits being applied to other bars in the neighborhood, but I think they will get up and move elsewhere and perhaps the media will give us a break and take the publicity away." Undaunted, more gays are continuing to move into the area.

Her husband, who is a highway patrolman and also president of the Parents Teachers Guild at the church, ran for

chairmanship of the Eureka Valley-Twin Peaks Community Relations Unit last year. His supporters at earlier meetings of the council suggested that gays "all be arrested and sent en masse to Atascadero," one of the Dachaus of America. Crotty is opposed even to a couple holding hands. He withdrew from the race in which a gay was subsequently elected.

At the election meeting Crotty expressed outrage because his wife had passed by a gay bar and two guys emerged and one said to the other one, "I love you." He did not want his spouse "subjected" to this. "I [am] fed up with all the hand-holding in the streets. My wife and child can't go outside without being scandalized." Advance planning for the election was kept quiet so as not to arouse the attention of the anti-gay pastor at nearby Holy Redeemer Church. Had he known the plan, the church might well have packed the auditorium with its own parishioners.

When this writer, pointing to an edifice across the street, asked a passerby if it was Holy Redeemer Church, she responded: "Is it so famous that you want a picture of it, or because it is so notorious?"

Another person who insisted that the Eureka Valley is a "family neighborhood" was A.E. Crasak who has lived there 45 years. "These people have homes there and they are blue collar people," he pointed out. "These people invested maybe 20, 30, maybe 45 years or less in property, etc. They have an investment and they do not—I talked to a number of them yesterday coming out of church and what they told me, they say, 'We don't want this place or Eureka Valley to become a second Haight Street.'" Crasak described a return home one night at 2 a.m. and looked into one bar from "across the way." Inside there was "dancing around, two fellows, and I said, 'Holy God, what is this place becoming?' Now, gentlemen, the police department refused the permit... we have to stand in back of our police department."

After concluding, "and that's all I have to say," Crasak went on to add, "... they are having quite a time down there in Redwood City and down at San Jose, also. They are having quite a time, from East Palo Alto, and the people are leaving. (Blacks figured prominently in the news at both cities this year. East Palo Alto is predominantly black.)

Eugene Pellegrini is an owner of Gene and Frank's Castro Club. "I have been there 19 years," he remembers, "and with the element you work at night and you see somebody standing on the corner after 2 o'clock in the morning waiting for somebody to pick them up, the whole neighborhood is going down. It's terrible to see it," he exclaimed. "During the day they have a bench there for the people to wait for the bus, the 33 bus, and they have got all these sitting on the bench. Not even these elderly women can sit because all these bunch of characters sitting on the bench."

"Don't they stand up for the ladies?" interrupted Harvey.

"No," responded Pellegrini. "So far as granting them a dance permit it will be the worst thing for the whole neighborhood."

On appeal in Superior Court, John E. Wahl, Toad Hall's attorney, said the permit denial was "unlawful" and "grounded on the alleged homosexuality of customers in the bar." He added that this is an "infringement on free symbolic expression" in violation of the first amendment. Judge Ira A. Brown, Jr. asked, "Do you really quarrel with the police department's right to deny permits?" Wahl responded that the city code requires the Chief of Police to pass on permit denials which he failed to do.

Deputy City Attorney Phillip Moscone argued, "This is not so much an expression out a recreation" and that a "dance

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BLUE COLLARS BLOCK DANCING BAR PERMIT

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hall in a bar is not compatible with the neighborhood. Strong emotions can be aroused." The bar is "more likely to erupt in a breach of peace when jealousies are aroused. This is what President Harvey had in mind." The jurist has not yet ruled on the matter.

TEACHER-ACTIVIST REMOVED FROM CLASSES

Atlantic City, N.J. On Thursday, November 2, gay teacher-activist John Gish addressed the 125-member Delegate Assembly of the New Jersey Education Association (NJEA) at its annual convention here.

The assembly, a policy-making body of the 70,000 member association-union, heard Gish on a point of personal privilege. Gish recounted the discrimination leveled at him since June 14, the date he was appointed to the presidency of the Gay Activists Alliance of New Jersey, Inc., and on which he announced his intentions to form a National Education Association Gay Teachers Caucus. "Since then, life has been difficult," Gish said.

According to Gish, he is presently removed from classes, having been given the job to review and revise the high school's curriculum handbook. Gish describes the job as meaningful and relevant to his training. "However," Gish went on, "I am denied access to facilities other than board employees are permitted to use."

Gish is not permitted to eat in the high school's cafeteria since the Board of Education's August decision says that Gish's public behavior indicates possible psychological harm to students. Similarly, he is not permitted to talk with students or graduates, since the latter look like students and talking with them might argue ill regarding a pending court decision.

The pending court decision represents an attempt to change state law whereby any board of education may request a teacher to undergo psychiatric examination. The Paramus board requested Gish to do so since his public statements as of June 14 indicated deviance from normal mental health. Gish challenged the order as being discriminatory. At present the Judge has granted a temporary restraining order on the board's request, pending clarification of procedural matters. Anne Elwell, a participating attorney with the American Civil Liberties Union, is handling the case. She is sure the case will result in a permanent injunction against all boards of education.

Also, Gish took the matter of the cafeteria "discrimination by isolation" to his local association (union). The board refused to grant permission for Gish to have access to the cafeteria because of alleged procedural shortcomings. However, the association has filed with the American Arbitration Association for a "demand arbitration." In this case the AAA will have to determine whether the local association violated any procedural matter. Then it must decide whether it is competent to judge (arbitrate) the case. This decision is crucial since it involves the AAA making judgments which have constitutional implications (e.g., free speech, pursuit of happiness, etc.). If the AAA doesn't take the case, it will possibly be

moved into public court.

The result of Gish's talk to the Delegate Assembly here prompted a delegate to move that the NJEA push for anti-discrimination laws in the state assembly. This motion passed. However, a later amendment to the motion, which sought to name the specific areas of non-discrimination (including sexual orientation) was defeated by a narrow voice vote. It is believed a similar, more sophisticated motion is being prepared for the next DA meeting.

Meanwhile, Gish has locked himself in his small office and declared a hunger strike. The self-incarceration began October 31 after he was told not to have students visit the office. Gish, who has discouraged students from visiting, claims that any young people in his office are graduates. Since the personnel in the board office cannot recognize graduates, he has been advised to refrain from "entertaining" them in his office. "I must lock the door in self-defense," Gish relates. "Otherwise, anybody could walk in to see me and it would appear I was breaking a directive." Likewise, on October 31 Gish commenced a hunger strike to dramatize the cafeteria issue. "I've received favorable response from the community regarding this action," Gish says.

PENN SYLVANIANS FORGE "GAY RIGHTS PLATFORM"

Pittsburgh, Pa. Over 200 gays from across Pennsylvania gathered at the University of Pittsburgh's Cathedral of Learning October 27, 28 and 29 to forge the state's first "Gay Rights Platform" and establish a state-wide organization of gay groups.

The convention, coordinated by the newly formed Gay Alternatives of Pittsburgh, was also sponsored by *M Magazine*, Homophiles of Penn State as well as Philadelphia groups, Radicalsians, the Homophile Action League, Gay Activists Alliance, the Homosexual Information Service and the American Civil Liberties Union.

During the three days, delegates met in ten workshop groups to work out platform proposals on mental health services, the Pennsylvania sodomy laws, employment, education, gay minors, religion, economic discrimination, unconventional behavior, the gay family and prison reform.

An impromptu caucus organized midway through the convention by the large number of gay women produced another proposal on lesbianism and feminism.

The strongest note of discord arose over the platform proposal on the rights of gay minors. Mark Segal of Philadelphia GAA's Gay Youth strongly opposed the majority report which calls for the lowering of "age of consent" laws from 18 to 14 years.

Following a stormy workshop session at which Segal walked out, the National Conference of Gay Organizations' Gay Youth Rights Platform, which demands the complete repeal of all age of consent legislation, was added to the convention platform as a minority report at Segal's insistence.

Finally the convention decided to "accept" all the majority and minority reports without approving any individual proposal. The whole Gay Rights Platform was then referred to the Pennsylvania Federation of Gays for further work in resolving majority/minority conflicts and to develop means of implementing the various proposals.

The Federation, created at the last day of the convention, is to be a coalition of gay organizations as well as interested in-

dividuals throughout the state, to carry on the work begun by the convention.

N.Y. ACTIVISTS PROTEST POLICE HARASSMENT

New York, N.Y. Over one hundred men and women demonstrated in drizzling rain outside New York Police Headquarters on Saturday, November 11th, from 11:30 a.m. till 1:00 p.m., protesting police harassment of gays.

The protest was sponsored by New York Mattachine, Gay Activists Alliance and the Gay Alliance of Brooklyn. It was also supported by New Jersey's gay coalition, GAANJ, two reform Democratic clubs—the Village Independent Democrats and the Park West Democrats—and the New York State Americans for Democratic Action.

City Councilman Eldon Clingan spoke to the group from a doorway near the picket line using a hand-held megaphone. He called for "equal treatment for all New Yorkers" and emphasized that the Police Department's leadership lost rapport with all segments of the public by

them and refusing the same favors to that person's associates. When he complained, police arrested Mercado on sodomy charges and held all four overnight in jail. But then in court the Assistant District Attorney agreed to drop all charges against the four if Mercado would drop his assault and robbery charges. He did so.

A second incident specified on the leaflet issued at the demonstration charged that, "A young gay man was held at gunpoint as he unlocked the door to his East Village apartment; he was forced into his room and raped. When he called the police, they told him, 'You're gay? You should be more careful who you bring home with you,' and did not give assistance." Ron Gold, GAA's media spokesman, told newsmen that the police had actually laughed and told the victim, "Gay people can't be raped."

A third incident noted on the leaflet concerned the harassment of *Voice* writer Arthur Bell who was verbally harassed by passing policemen upon leaving Phoebe's on the Bowery holding hands with a male friend. When Bell jotted down the patrol car's number and approached to get the officer's badge numbers, he was thrown up against the car, called names and ultimately given a ticket for jaywalking.

"I was supposed to appear in court on that jaywalking charge two days ago,"



City Councilman Eldon Clingan (left), an onlooker, and Dr. Bruce Voeller of GAA-N.Y. (right).

failing to respond to inquiries and complaints.

"If I, one of the 37 New York City Councilmen," Clingan declared, "can't get an answer from the Police Commissioner, then I can only assume that each of New York's eight million other citizens can't either."

Clingan said that democracy was based on "one law for all" and that when police refused assistance to gays who requested it, as happened at the New York Hilton last spring when Mickey Maye beat Morfy Manfred and other GAA demonstrators, then "you no longer have law governing relations between citizens but individual police officers doing so."

Several incidents sparked the November 11th protest. The first involved Luis Mercado, who was beaten by several youths on Manhattan's Lower East Side after having sexual relations with one of

them and refusing the same favors to that person's associates. When he complained, police arrested Mercado on sodomy charges and held all four overnight in jail. But then in court the Assistant District Attorney agreed to drop all charges against the four if Mercado would drop his assault and robbery charges. He did so.

Thomas E. Sisco II, Executive Director of New York State's ADA, spoke briefly and read a letter ADA had sent to Mayor Lindsay urging that harassment of gays be looked into and that a meeting be arranged between gay spokesmen, Mayor Lindsay and Commissioner Murphy with the press present.

Ron Gold, in broadcast televised statements over Channel 7, also alleged that police "sexually abused" gays as well as physically manhandled them.

Later, Bruce Voeller said that allegation was based on complaints of a friend of GAA member Lew Todd who did not

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FOUR MORE YEARS? YIPPEE!



"We must put an end to permissiveness... to all of this terrible fucking and sucking that's going on!"

BY JOHN FRANCIS HUNTER

I'm looking forward to four more years. For sweet are the uses of adversity.

I see a wondrous chance for gays to emancipate themselves from their real oppressor: the desire to be like straights. And for straights to discover there is a great deal more to being gay than same-sex orientation. If we take the route wide open to us, we shall by our example win more friends and influence more people than we could have thought was possible when Nixon beat Humphrey by a small margin back in 1968.

Those of us who feel that imitating hetero-establishment values and the straight lifestyle is the greatest stumbling block on the road to human liberation, gay style, should celebrate the re-election of Nixon. Considering the reward for personal deception, gross opportunism and public dishonesty which his re-election represents, straight society has clearly chosen to elevate its worst to the highest office in the land—but isn't it the best they feel they can provide? The very mirror of the hetero-establishment aspiration? Then I say "goody!" Having a vested interest in what gays think of themselves and their fellow creatures, am I safe in assuming that no aware gay person

wants to be like this paragon of the straight system? Won't aware gays begin to emphasize the virtues inherent in the New Free Gay alternative?

During these last four years an alternative has emerged, under the dolorous Nixon-Agnew regime, at that, though the seeds were sown during the preceding hippie era and could not be easily rooted out once they had sprouted and taken hold. A real evolution occurs when greater freedom has begun to push up shoots, you know, and seldom at the height of repression unless that height be counter-repression. In other words, if Nixon, feeling clearly mandated now and forgetting the GOP was repudiated in Congressional races, began to grind down and attempt to reverse the growth process, that counter-repression would seem more intolerable by contrast to the fertile climate preceding it. In the early sixties we wouldn't have known Nixon from Kennedy. There was no contrast to be drawn.

CAN'T TURN BACK

But in the last four years we have, despite Nixon, experienced *SCREW, Oh! Calcutta!*, *I Am Curious (Yellow)*, and the Women's and Gay Liberation Movements with the resulting expectation of the right to read, see and share something akin to the truth about our bodies and emotions

publicly, and even benighted straight sheep aren't going to let the wool be pulled back over their crotches, at least, without protest. We gays and enlightened non-gays—with legal status now in six states—must work to keep everybody's eyes and hearts wide open. We can do this by working to urge and help our sisters and brothers to come out gay and proud, wherever and whoever they are. Gay Power begins at home.

During the past three years alone we have successfully challenged all the assumptions traditionally held about homosexuals and homosexuality, and on a very large scale have begun to act instead of just react. While dealing with outside concepts and misconceptions, we have also begun to make decisions about ourselves and our culture that are independently ours. Historian Jim Kepner put it this way in the September 15 issue of *Drummer*, successor to the H.E.L.P. Newsletter:

The term gay, which many do not yet like, is our own word. By fiat, we have liberated it of former trivial or cloistered meanings, as we have liberated ourselves from the case histories of the sexologists. The word gay says that the difference in us touches more than just our sexual activity; that it may precede the discovery of sexual interest, that it may even open up a wide variety of full and rich life contents that differ in subtle or spectacular ways from the hetero

life we were mis-educated for, that it may even transcend simple orgasm-seeking sexuality to a state of generalized eroticism.

Endocrinologists and biochemists are beginning to discover some things about homosexuality in their laboratories, but our gayness can only be discovered in our own souls and created in our nascent community.

It is no longer satisfactory to assert that gay-is-as-good-as. In the coming months and years we are going to be asserting that the gay-lifestyle-is-better-than! Better because it is non-exploitative in its ultimate form, consequently non-violent, and a people who are sharers and lovers, not exploiters and killers are, forsooth, more civilized than all their forebears—provided one's positive definition of "civilized" includes creativeness and productivity sans a master-slave institutional set-up, with greater justice and opportunity for all.

FREE NUMBER ONE

From the urgency of accepting one's self that has been stressed in the past few years we shall proceed to recognition of the urgency to make public declaration as a means not only of greater self-emancipation, but also of dealing more fairly with our fellow creatures as wholly free individuals. Freedom is first a state inside the individual organism, then we proffer ours to others.

In another four years when looking at a TV program like *That Certain Summer*, for instance, we shall be concerned less with whether such a show presents a "fair and favorable picture of homosexuals" and more with whether we are shown living up to our own great potential and the high standards of the New Free Gay Lifestyle.

We shall be embarrassed if the protagonist allows a pretty grass widow to be hung up on him without forthrightly advising, "You have no deficiency, my dear, I simply don't dig you romantically because I dig my own sex more, romantically and otherwise." We shall surely demand such gallantry and nobility of a gay hero in the future.

HIDING'S A BUMMER

Even now the moral of *Summer* is obvious to most of us: "The wages of hiding is tears." Or "Homosexuals who successfully imitate (pass for) heterosexuals in the world at large suffer privately from the evils of dissembling." Or "Great are the perils of integration." We all recognize the truths in *Summer*, such as the ex-wife's admission that she thought "a fuck can cure a fag." And many of us knew that the young lover's statement about its taking longer for some of us to come all the way out than others was accurate—and prophetic.

Summer was prophetic of the trend for homosexuals during the next four years, no matter whether the Chief Executive be an Archie Bunker manqué or not. Homosexuals will become gays in greater and greater numbers as confrontation politics give way to the politics of confrontation.

Confrontation politics—manning the barricades, demonstrating, zapping—have never found great favor with the majority of homosexuals, or even with bona fide gays. While it has proved efficacious in many instances—such as when large numbers of gays appeared before Councilman Sharison's apartment building and prodded him into voting upon Intro 475 in committee—there have been too few dramatic successes to bring lots of gays to an

(continued on page 23)

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EULENSPEIGEL, the society for the needs, interests & rights of "S/M" people, will hold a women's nite (all orientations, but no men) Tues., Dec. 5, 8pm.

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LOOKING FOR SOMEBODY who'll go all out to help you? Try me. Private, group. Send SSE, Charles Hurch (author of "The Feel-It"/Bathroom Books), 210 5th Ave., NYC 10010.

YOUNG MAN, 21, seeks young men. All nationalities welcome. I speak Polish & a little English. Write to: DLD No. 44, 310 Franklin St., Boston, Mass. 02110.

SLAVES OR TRAINEES WANTED for weekend sessions by master, 30, 5'11", 170, blue eyes, blond. I am located in mountains. Photo & detailed letter: Jim, PO Box 71, Boonsboro, Md. 21713.

SINCERE WHITE MALE, 22, slim, good-looking, masculine, college grad. Seeking young man (18-25) for fun relationship. Write (photo if possible): Dept. MCI, Rm. 504, 152 W. 42 St., NYC 10036. Genuine.

LOOKING LOVE FOREVER. Latin, 6'1", 23, interested art, music, books. You must be tall, thin. Send photo. H. Cortes, 337 W. 87 St., NY 10024.

BUSINESSMAN, 47, masculine, desires Akron-Cleveland area discreet contacts. Letters, photos exchanged. Box 3501, Akron, Ohio 44310.

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MANHATTAN

John Ford and Vincente Minelli, and Beatrice Lillie, Martha Raye and Tuesday Weld. Any suggestions? Send 'em in. I'll pass it on... A musical based on the life of Oscar Wilde opening this month. It's called Dear Oscar. I wonder why Jerry Herman didn't do the score? GAA Firehouse is hosting two more All Night Film Festivals. The next is Major Musicals, followed by Homosexuality in the Movies... The Lesbian Liberation Committee will be showing The Shameless Old Lady and Daisies in the coming weeks. Meanwhile, plans for a film festival entitled Great Loose Goddesses of the Screen are at a halt pending reaction of the women in the community. Here we go again... That Certain Summer, according to Variety, out-Neilsoned all the other shows in that time period, getting 41% of the audience in New York and 42% in Los Angeles. It was pulled off the air in Fort Wayne, Indiana, however, and replaced with Luv starring Jack Lemmon. Too many people complained. The next day there were just as many complaints because it wasn't shown... GAA will celebrate its Third Anniversary the weekend of December 1st with dances, parties and special events. Call the Firehouse for details... Hope you had a Happy Thanksgiving with the folks!

YIPPEE

awareness of their own role in forcing their oppressor's hand and facing their own oppression, which must come first. Whereas, in the politics of confrontation—with themselves, their families and friends, neighbors and co-workers—they can perceive at once what individual defiance can accomplish.

SOLITARY STRUGGLE

One citizen proclaiming, "This is what I am, not what you would have me be, so love me as I am," to another citizen, is raising his own consciousness, demanding his own civil rights and leaving himself vulnerable to reprisal. Feeling vulnerable, he may choose to join with others for safety, not by joining first find safety in the anonymity of numbers. By coming out on his own territory in his own manner he will be seizing an initiative that no one can seize for him. He will have learned the truth of what Pythagoras said: "Anything that can happen can happen to you."

During the past four years a few have been acting for the many. In the next four years it will be incumbent upon the many to provide the impetus, setting examples for the straights of what gay self-respect and self-assurance can do.

I think the next four years will find a great groundswell of gay people existentially coming out and paraphrasing, each in her or his own words, the declaration of Bobby Kennedy (a straight but not a lost cause like Nixon): "Some men see things as they are and say why. I dream things that never were and say why not."

Richard Nixon in being the perfect enemy is a figure we can hold up as someone to be as different from as possible. And if he is, indeed, the perfect enj-product of the straight culture, then what a golden opportunity we have of proving that even out of oppression a humane New Free Gay sensibility can produce something finer. Out of evil good. We know who and where the baddies are, now it's the good guys' turn to show themselves. Nixon and their supporters are viable. McGovern was hazy. We tried to bring him out, but failed. That's because we weren't all the way out ourselves. I think, now, we're desirous of

something more beautiful than straight, and that means gay in Kepner's transcendent sense of the word. It means Out of the Closet and into your own plot of sunshine—which is everybody's!

Sex Life

(continued from page 11) one thing, an obsessive, morbid and totally abnormal interest in the flesh.

I must also caution the reader against another social convention that is fraught with danger and temptation. This is the custom of dancing. If you cannot dance and be a real man in thought, in conscience and in conduct, you have no right to dance. Apply these thoughts to your life with the utmost rigor. And please understand that under no circumstances do I condone or suggest that you engage in any of the extreme and vulgar modern dances, such as the so-called "turkey trot." Their gross sexual appeal is so obvious as to require no argument.

Glad to come back to 1972? I thought so. I read parts of this book to a gay contemporary the other day. She and I simultaneously said, "We're lucky to even be here. How on earth did they ever have the guts to finally fornicate?"

Well, I suppose they did because even in that more innocent era, some surely must have taken those dire admonishments with a grain of salt. And the more precocious may even have read with the same detached amusement we have today.

But there were many more (including, I suspect, my own father) who tried sincerely to live by those incredibly perverse and binding rules. They hoped to be rewarded in their efforts by some sort of spiritual gain that would lead them from the stygian into paradise. Instead, the "reward" was a profound sense of loss.

The loss I speak of is the loss of experience and experiences. It is practically impossible for us today to imagine abstaining from all things sexual until that night of marital consummation. Then, to assume nature (interpreted by Dr. Exner) will grant automatic expertise and a half-century of wedded bliss. What does happen? Delusion, frustration, divorce, compromise. ("No, we never were well suited, but we stayed together for the sake of the children.")

I might also add that there is no mention of homosexuality in Exner's treatise. That shouldn't surprise you. Please remember that he is concerned only with the rational sex life for men. He had his poor hands full just keeping youths from dwelling on sex, period. Perversion was quite obviously too unappealing to even contemplate.

I weep (posthumously) for the confused and lonely gay of 1914. What did he feel when he read this book? He was bewildered and filled with self-loathing? A complete sense of alienation? He must have felt particularly elected to eternal damnation.

Yet—man does have that indomitable spirit. It inspires me, after reading Dr. Exner's book, to know that homosexuals of that age absorbed his words and did not immediately commit suicide. They chose to live, to the best of their Exner-impaired ability. I don't know how, as there were no alternatives to the "pure life" at that time.

Over the past three or four years, I've found myself being extremely jealous of the kids who come out into gay life today. How easy it is to blossom forth! And then, I consider the plight of the pre-World War One generation.

I've often felt that my father might have been much happier as a homosexual. (Don't ask me to elaborate on these intuitive feelings.) Thanks to a strict religious background and the guidance of such as Dr. M.J. Exner, M.D., I'm sure the thought of this option never occurred to him. Had he decided upon this course in 1914, it would probably have left me in a most unstimulating void. But this is just

idle speculation—and best left as is, along with the other pieces of that incomplete puzzle.

ACTIVISTS PROTEST POLICE

(continued from page 20) want any publicity that he had "been raped in a culvert near the Eagle's Nest by two uniformed officers" a couple of weeks earlier. Voeller also charged that Sylvia Rivera and BeeBee, two male transvestites, complained to Hal Weiner "over a year ago" of being "forced to suck off two TPF patrolmen at gunpoint." No action was taken on either charge.

Finally, another leaflet issued by GAA charged that Ruth Smith, another male transvestite member of GAA, had been pushed up against a car, handcuffed, taken inside the 9th Precinct Stationhouse at 321 East 5th St. by an officer named M.H. Hughes when Smith objected to patrolman Hughes' hitting a gay woman. Hughes reportedly took off his badge and hat before attacking the gays who were disbanding after picketing the stationhouse. Smith was denied the right to make the legally required phone call and was subjected to verbal abuse and physical threats while helped inside the police headquarters.



The Thompson Gallery at 26 Cornelia Street in Greenwich Village was host to a recent showing of S&M erotic art, billed as "A Touch of Leather." Exhibit was assembled by artist Bill Bixie (who embroidered the famous witch's emblem gracing GAY reporter Jerry Fitzpatrick's Levi jacket from his days as head trencherman at the Cowen, now Frisby, next stop for the best of the paintings). Works on display were by Frank Thompson, Peter Fisher and Tom Neustrath and included, in addition to paintings, such artifacts as cigarette boxes, sculpture and a light show. Among visitors to the gallery during the run were the cast of "Hot Peaches: the Wonderful Wizard of Oz"—mostly in drag.

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