

GAY

50¢

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TEACHER SEEKS MARYLAND ACCREDITATION

BY RICHARD A. RUSINOW
Philadelphia Correspondent

Philadelphia, Pa. Joe Acanfora, who became in September the first self-acknowledged homosexual to win a teacher certification in Pennsylvania (see GAY no. 84), is now facing a similar battle in Maryland.

The young earth and space science teacher, who now lives in Washington, D.C., was here November 22nd to speak

about his continuing, two-state battle for certification.

authorities transferred him from his classroom position to a non-teaching job. The suit seeks reinstatement to his eighth-grade science class.

Ironically, Acanfora's victory in Pennsylvania led directly to his transfer in Maryland. Shortly after a newspaper story appeared on Pennsylvania education secretary John Pittenger's announcement

that Acanfora would be certified, he was moved into the central curriculum office and investigate the facts in Pennsylvania." The transfer took place September 27th.

"I'm sure this is the first time they've had to deal with the issue of homosexuality," Acanfora said. "They don't know how to respond."

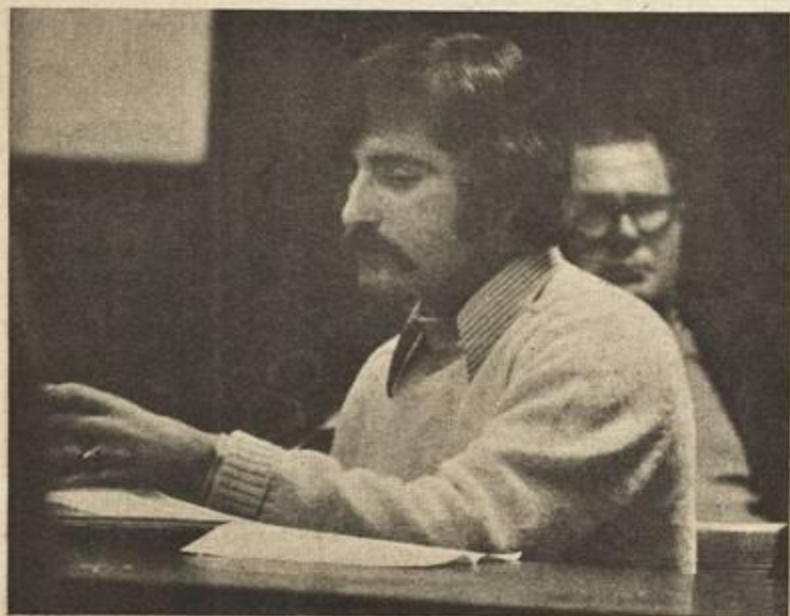
Andrews said the transfer was solely on the grounds of homosexuality and had nothing to do with Acanfora's ability as a

teacher. "As for his teaching, he was doing OK," Andrews said.

Regardless of the outcome of the Maryland court case, however, Acanfora doubts his contract will be renewed next year because he doesn't have tenure. "Even more ironic," he said, "if I don't get transferred back into class, I'll only have four weeks teaching experience."

Acanfora has a provisional teaching

(continued on page 5)



Joe Acanfora, accredited in Pennsylvania, now seeks a Maryland teaching post.

The 27-year-old Acanfora, who took a junior high school teaching post in Rockville, Md., because his fight in Pennsylvania continued beyond the start of the school year, filed suit in Federal court in Baltimore in mid-November, after school

HOMOSEXUALITY THE ISSUE

Edward Andrews, associate superintendent of personnel of the Montgomery County (Md.) school system, said, "We reassigned him, with full pay, in his area of specialization until we could look into

RESEARCH BIOLOGIST ELECTED PRESIDENT GAA-N.Y.

New York, N.Y. Dr. Bruce Voeller, a research biologist and author of five books on scientific subjects, was elected December 7, 1972 as president of the Gay Activists Alliance, the largest gay-liberation organization on the East Coast and—considering that active participation is a membership requirement—perhaps the largest militant civil-rights group of any kind currently operating in the United States.



Dr. Bruce Voeller

Dr. Voeller, former chairperson for GAA's State and Federal Committee, has played an active role in the group's fight for sodomy-repeal and civil rights legislation in Albany, as well as in its sometimes stormy confrontation with political figures ranging from Nelson Rockefeller to George McGovern. He takes office January 1, 1973, as the third president in GAA's history, succeeding Rich Wandel, who in turn succeeded two-term president Jim Owles.

Ginny Vida, an editor of grade-school textbooks, and current chairperson of GAA's Lesbian Liberation Committee, was elected Vice President, succeeding Nath Rockhill. Other new officers are Dan Giddings, treasurer; Hernan Figueroa, delegate-at-large; and John Ferra, re-elected to a second term as secretary.

Noting that the gay liberation movement has made enormous strides in the three years since GAA was founded, from no more than 20 groups around the country to the present total of more than 500, Dr. Voeller said, "Our principle success

thus far in the movement has been to awaken a new sense of pride and purpose in the hearts of this country's twenty million homosexual women and men, and to impress the public at large with the force and seriousness of our demands for first-class status as citizens and taxpayers. Our work for the future will be to concretize this achievement in the form of legislation designed to end forever all public and private discrimination against gay people, and to once and for all remove from the public consciousness those myths and stereotypes which have been used to deny us our full rights and dignities."

WEST COAST ACTIVISTS CONFRONT MA BELL

BY GERALD HANSEN
West Coast Correspondent

San Francisco, Calif. Gay activists here are planning strategy after the city attorney stated that San Francisco's anti-discrimination on sexual orientation ordinance cannot be enforced against Pacific Telephone and similar monopolies.

The declaration has far-reaching consequences. Laws enacted at Ann Arbor and East Lansing, Mich. and a proposed similar ordinance in New York City could be affected.

The gist of a memorandum from City Attorney Thomas M. O'Connor released at the most recent meeting of the Human Rights Commission here was that anti-discrimination laws cannot be enforced against monopolies because the law of contracts provides that "the consent of the parties must be obtained on the basis of willingness." The phone company is an involuntary contractor in that it is required to furnish telephone service. O'Connor argued that for the City to require the firm to sign a non-discrimination contract would amount to coercion.

O'Connor also stated that "Pacific is a 'public utility' as defined by . . . the Cali-

(continued on page 5)

WEST SIDE DISCUSSION GROUP CONTINUES TO GROW

BY RANDY WICKER

New York, N.Y. Every Wednesday night around 8:00 over a hundred non-political, non-activist gays get together in the new West Side Discussion Group center at 37 Ninth Avenue, just south of 14th Street,

to socialize, shoot the bull and cruise. By eleven, when the local gay bars are just beginning to fill, the WSDGers have finished their dancing and are heading home.

"WSGD took over their 4800-square-

(continued on page 5)



An actor speaks out in one of the West Side Discussion Group's many plays.

(Photo by Eric Stephen Jacobs)

WHERE WIL YOU GO TONIGHT?

A DIRECTORY FOR DISCRIMINATING DISPOSITIONS



CODE
 GM—Genital Males
 GF—Genital 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
Ben Soir, 40 W. 8th St. (473-9859). Cha-cha ballroom, mostly Latin. Bunny is 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.

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. Nasty 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. Cruisy bar. Say hello to Thom and Jack nights, and Chuck and Gene days. GM

Leo's Lion, 57 Lexington Ave. (686-9608). Nice, friendly atmosphere. Your host is David. Go and have a good time. GM

Uncle Charlie's South, 581 3rd Ave. (684-2170). By gays 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

Gianni'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.) Humby studs come here to relax and groove. GM

SOHO
Gay Activists Alliance Firehouse, 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 Hudson, 8th Ave. IND (AA/E) to Spring; 6th Ave. IND (D/F/B) to Broadway/Lafayette; BMT (RR) to Prince; Lex. Ave. IRT to Spring. GO AND HAVE A BALL AND YOU MIGHT FIND A FEW OTHER THINGS OUT.

MIDTOWN & MIDDLE EAST SIDE
Beacon Baths, 227 E. 45th St. (687-0322). Take the elevator to the 11th floor. Fantastic for a matinee. Lots of humpy businessmen on the prowl. Free VD tests 1st and 3rd Wednesdays of the month—4pm to 8pm. GM

Candy Store, 44 W. 56th St. (581-4664). Spiral staircase that can turn you on. Some beauties. Jackets required. GM

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

Godmother, 309 E. 60th St. (832-9094). Sebastian is here and Pussy is with him. Dinning. GM

Lib, 305 E. 45th St. (Le 2-0290). The ensemble players, Jerry, Elise, Lois and Jim, along with Gratchin and Ken, will assure you of a good time. GM, GF

Mayfair, 964 1st Ave. (EL 3-9259). Good food at a good price. They're leading out of their closets. INT.

Regent of Tokyo, 251 E. 53rd St. Japanese restaurant. Elegant. GM

Roundtable, 151 E. 50th St. One of the biggest discos in town, and the oldest. Still drawing the crowds. Meris and Bobby at the bar. Shows during the week. GM.

Sauna Baths, 300 W. 56th St. (PL 5-6880). A small place that closes at midnight. Busy during the late afternoon, tho. GM

Sebastian's, 1068 1st Ave. (355-8052). Jerry Sebastian is your host. Bill provides the excellent food. John Weston will whet your appetites. GM

Singles, 951 1st Ave. (488-9832). Johnny Vincent is your host. Fine food and a lot of fun. Say hello to Phyllis and Bobby. GM,GF

Wid 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. Interested people. Try it. GM,GF

EAST VILLAGE, WASHINGTON AND UNION SQUARES
Club Baths, 24 1st Ave. (673-3283). Mr. Clean must work here. Dynamic 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.
McSweeney's Ale House, 15 E. 7th St. (477-9363). Was very cruddy when we were kids; I doubt if it's changed all that much even though Women's Lib got there too. INT.

St. Mark's Baths, 6 St. Marks Place (473-7929). Low prices because they wouldn't dare charge any higher. Run down. GM

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winner. GM
Yukon, 140 E. 53rd St. (421-8122). Roy has given it a new image. Young and vital. Dancing. GM

DANCE BELT & HELL'S KITCHEN
Bitter Days, 716 W. 49th St. Disco dancing. GM.
 why. GM

Spender, 315 W. 48th St. (580-9882). Lots of gypsies from the nearby shows. Some beauties. 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.M. 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 tabs will be mixed. Int.
Leading Zone, 586 9th Ave. (563-8212). Some cowboys and lots of TV's. Would you believe GM(!)

Penny Lane, 220 W. 49th St. New. Don't know that much about it. 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.

UPPER EAST SIDE
Allie, 1546 2nd Ave. (249-7026). Show nights are Mon. & Wed. with the sparkling Ms. Saunders. Dancing. 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). Cruise haven. Say hello to Johnny and George. Grandma's there days. Your hostess is Judy. GM

Jack & Blue at Three, 314 E. 72nd St. (734-9303). New management has brought humpy Dennis back to take care of the bar. Dining in the rear, cruising in the front. GM, some GF

New Jimmy's, 1576 3rd Ave. (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 GVPY? An incredible talent. The beauty behind the bar is Eddie. GM

Piper's Lounge, 1201 Lexington Ave. (734-9305). Dancing & cruisy. Tony Black and Bill Laney are on the bar. Say hello to Micky. GM

Uncle Charlie's North, 1049 Lexington Ave. (861-6132). Cruisy help and cruisy patrons. Good crowds. GM

UPPER WEST SIDE
Chipp's, Columbus Ave. bet. 66th & 67th Sts. Popular with Lincoln Center audience. INT.
Continental Baths, 230 W. 74th St. west of B'way. (799-2688). More than a bath-house, it's a totally gay environment even down to a weekend cabaret. Expensive, but worth it. Students 1/2-price with I.D. cards. GM

Picadilly Pub, 324 Amsterdam Ave. (874-8632). Good cruising and friendly. Try it. GM

Westsider, 2160 Broadway (875-8013). Popular bar with humpy help. Bryan Murphy 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.
Mr. Morris Baths, 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
Denny's Brooklyn Heights, 108 Montague St. (623-8844). Two floors of fun and frolic presided over by Paul. Sal is your daytime host behind the bar with "dizzy" Duke and Bruce taking over at night. GM.

Man's Country, 53 Pierpont, Brooklyn Heights (624-1262). Masculine atmosphere for masculine GMS. A bath in Brooklyn complete with gym and an enormous pool. I think you'll like this one. GM

Piano Bar, 103 Montague St. Just found this one. Kitty Kelly is M.C. during the day and Mike takes over at night. GM

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

Heights (629-8605). Friendly dance bar. It really hops on weekends. Beautiful Jimmy, Big Vinny and Bobby will tend to your needs. GM,GF

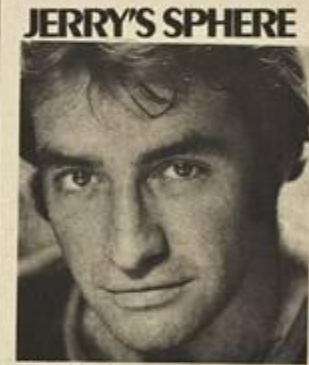
Sombrero, 253-32 Northern Blvd. Owned by the people who had Zero's. Haven't been here yet but it sounds nice if you're in the neighborhood. GM

Trysting Place, 120-31 83rd Ave., Kew Gardens (846-8922). Big and roomy. Lots of happy faces. Meatrack and balcony. Good snacks. GM,GF

What A Dump, 76-07 Roosevelt Ave. (429-8249). Despite what you may have read elsewhere, it's tries gay. Very cruddy. Chet manages things for Don and Vinnie. A hump named Steve is behind the bar. GM

WASHINGTONVILLE, N.Y.
Mister G's Round Hill Resort, Rt. 208, Washingtonville (914 496-8845). 25 acres of good times. They will be open all year round. GM

GAY CINEMA
David, 236 W. 55th St.
55th St. Playhouse, 55th St. between 6th & 7th Ave.
Jewel Theatre, 12th St. & 3rd Ave.
Park-Miller, 43rd St. betw. 6th Ave. & B'way (BR 9-2970)
Tomcat Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St.



JERRY'S SPHERE

BY JERRY FITZPATRICK

"YOU SOLD OUT FOR A PIECE OF ASS." This was an admonition that I received recently from a woman bartender. She claims that since Mike came to New York, I've given up on the "bar people."

"You were saying things and trying to get things started. I followed you. We were talking about the stuff that you were writing and as soon as Michael came you stopped." My retort was that I hadn't stopped because of Mike. I had stopped because I had received no backing from the bar people who I was trying to help.

Even a negative response would have been welcomed. I received none. It gets very discouraging when you are trying to do something and the people you're trying to do it for don't give a damn. Well, it was the very next day that I received a letter from a reader who had apparently gone to a hell of a lot of trouble in investigating different ways that the bar people could help themselves. As the reader wrote, "holst the idea on the flag pole and see if they do more than salute."

Here is the idea, kids. Think about it and if you want to do anything about it we will. If the bar people get together, they could form a corporation as a pension fund. A certain amount of money would be contributed each and every month to the fund. The equity would be invested as in a mutual fund. Each person's equity proportionate to the amount of his or her premium. A board of directors would have to be elected. A person could withdraw only after a six-month waiting period so as to insure against someone withdrawing for a quick trip or some other reason, thereby keeping the equity of the corporation at a prescribed level. Of course, there are a lot of details to go into but that, basically, is the idea. Well, kids, that is it. Anybody interested

(continued on page 16)

The Editors Speak

MURDERS IN GREENWICH VILLAGE

The major news media have focused recently on the murder of an attractive 28-year-old schoolteacher on the Upper West Side of Manhattan. They have not, however, seen fit to cover four murders during the past week in Greenwich Village—all involving single gay men, all grisly in the extreme—and all—evidently—committed by the same deranged person.

As we go to press, GAY has not yet been able to gather a sufficient amount of information about these murders. The first one took place in the vicinity of Keller's Hotel and the victim's throat was cut, his room set on fire. The second and third murders—on Varick Street—were a double slaying. One of the victims was stabbed 52 times. Again, the room was set on fire. Details on the fourth slaying are not yet available. GAY will publish what its reporters discover in the next issue.

In the meantime, we would advise caution to those who are in the habit of taking strangers home from the Greenwich Village bars. Also, if anyone has any information about these murders, such information will be kept strictly confidential. Call 989-1660.

THE NEW YORK STATE BAR

It is the hallmark of any so-called civilized geographical location that it treat its minorities justly. The climate of a given area can be gauged, to a certain extent, by the decisions emanating from its courts, its city councils, its mayors.

Recently Jack Baker, long-time activist and gay spokesman in Minnesota—and winner of his school's student body Presidency at the University of Minnesota, was given the "all clear" sign by the Minnesota State Bar Association to apply for his right to practice law in Minnesota. The climate in that state appears civilized enough to grant such a right to this young man—who is widely known for his efforts to improve the status of homosexually-inclined people.

In New York State, however, we are still faced with barbarism—with a Nixon crony who is a pathetic schmo for Governor and a State Supreme Court—three of whose members have a sadly warped sense of justice.

The Court has denied admission to the bar of a 47-year-old man who was enticed and entrapped 16 years ago in Florida (the homosexual's Mississippi) where entrapment was—particularly in those days—a daily threat. Being charged with "sodomy" as a result of his entrapment in Florida, Harris L. Kimball was guilty (according to Justice James D. Hopkins—author of the majority decision) of a felony which would have resulted in his immediate disbarment at the time. According to the New York Bar's regulations, no person guilty of a felony is deemed fit to be a member of the New York Bar.

"Our Legislature," wrote "Justice" Hopkins, "still considers consensual sodomy an act of 'deviate sexual intercourse' and, and, as such, a Class B misdemeanor." As long as this statute is in effect, says the "Justice," anyone who lives a fulfilling homosexual lifestyle will have his eligibility to the New York State Bar militated against. The "Justice's" attitude is clear when he speaks of those who would "pursue this way of life in disregard of the statute."

The New York State legislature is dominated by repressive "religious" Republicans and as long as this is so we can't hope for much of a change. Until then, every time we who are attracted to our own sex make love it is an act of political defiance. It isn't likely that we'll be thinking of it this way at the time, but it is nice to know that there are so many hundreds of thousands of these "Class B Misdemeanors" taking place in New York State at every hour of the day. Bugger - Thy Congressman! Suck a Catholic Cock!

ACTIVIST GROUP FORMS IN HUDSON COUNTY NEW JERSEY

Jersey City, N.J. — On December 12, Gay Activist Alliance of Hudson County held the official lighting of the Christmas display decorating their headquarters at 101 Hancock Ave., Jersey City.



Hudson County's headquarters was decorated at Christmastime with a huge lambda.

Decorating the headquarters in holiday lights were a large lambda, symbol of Gay Activist Alliance, below which was hung an imposing print of two clasped hands. "Hold hands," said John Thiel, organization president, "is a theme we will share with all homophile groups in the state this year. It takes prominence because it is a theme that we hope will give a feeling of togetherness to not only the different gay groups, but to all minorities."

As the signal for the lighting was given, a cheer arose relieving the momentary tension. Roger Porto, who resides in the two-family home with Thiel, remarked, "I hope this lighting will be the first step toward bringing Hudson County out of the closet."

Attending were local clergyperson, representatives of other gay organizations, Hudson County GAA chapter members, and friends.

During a speech delivered at the social hour following the lighting, Thiel said that this was an historic occasion for the county organization. It was also the occasion of the last general membership meeting of their novice year, 1972, and the last meeting at 101 Hancock Avenue.

Although the house will remain as the

organization's headquarters, beginning on January 9, 1973 (after three months of struggle to procure a more amenable meeting place) the new year will begin with a "new home," the Faith Van Vorst Reformed Church at 132 Bergen Ave., in Jersey City. The group may be contacted by writing GAA of Hudson County, P.O. Box M-767, Hoboken, N.J. 07030, or by calling (201) 795-4736.

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Tricks & Numbers FROM MY JADED PAST

BY KATHY BRAUN

"Chaos is the score upon which reality is written." Henry Miller, *Tropic of Cancer*. Isn't that lovely, folks? That's the profound thought for the day.

Anyway, this time around I shall tell you nice boys and girls something about my numbers. Mother has had one or two adventures in her time.

Lessee now (or should I say Lezzie now), it all started with Martha. Actually, it all started with Mary Jane, my good old pal whom I met when I was 16 hanging around in The Bronx and Westchester and then all of a sudden one day, in the front seat, was Martha. dadAH! Well anyway, it all came out, didn't it! Martha was a lesbian. Mary Jane was a lesbian. Sandy was a fairy. Holy smoke, everyone is QUEER. Terrible terrible, Martha, sez I. Rant and rage, sez I. Snickers from Mary Jane and Martha unknownst to me. But of course, a few months later seems me and Martha sitting alone one afternoon and she kisses me. When the kiss is done I find something nasty to say to her but to myself I say SO SOFT. A few months later finds me on the couch with Martha DOING IT. FOR THE FIRST TIME. YAYYYYY!

Several months later finds me talking to Sandy and Tony, respectable married fairies. I think this girl in my acting class is gay I report. I'm getting pretty friendly with this girl in my class I report. We went down to Philadelphia last night, I report, stayed up all night, I report, laughing, giggling, but nothing. How do I get to DO IT with her I entreat. Watch her with her sandy advises. Perfect.

We walk to my house at night after class. "I have a good idea," sez I. "What do you say we pick up a TV Guide and see if there's a good movie?" "Oh wonderful," sez she. "Oh look, here it is—*The Light Of The Silvery Moon* with Doris Day." "Goody goody," sez I.

"Goody goody," she sez. "Let's get a bottle of Scotch and some popcorn." "Goody goody," sez I. We repair to the renovated 3-room. We get in and set the clock for 11:15 so anxious are we not to miss *By The Light Of The Silvery Moon*. (For you accuracy fans, in them days there was only fifteen minutes of news and *The Late Show* started at 11:15.) Then we put the clock on the table and sit and play chess. Right?

11:15! Goody! Goody! The movie! We go into the bedroom. We watch. Silence, Thick, thick air. Years pass. Decades. I can't breathe. She gets up, touches the top of my head, and goes out to the bathroom. The top of my head is burning. She comes back in. We stare at the set. I curl up in one corner of the bed terrified because the air is so thick and I can't breathe and I can't move. "Do you want a massage?" she asks.

I COULDN'T BREATHE, I COULDN'T MOVE. THANK GOD, I said to myself. "Yes," I mumbled, a massage.

She massaged my back and then of course we kissed. And we kissed. We kissed and kissed my dear for hours, real hours, literally we kissed until about three or four in the morning and then finally we touched each other's bodies. It was divine. Annie G. The first time for both of us.

Well, of course there had been Martha. And George and Joe and Sandy. And Ann had had a few but it was the first time for both of us, girls, if you dig me.

Annie G. It's really not nice

for me to call her a number because she was my first love of Annie but I know she'll forgive me because she always was great camp, a true faggot. We giggled around a lot and did funny gay improvisations. Ann: Of course I'm butch. Can't you tell by my pink motorcycle jacket? Silly stuff.

Of course I used to spend a lot of time being angry at her and critical and insisting that I wasn't gay. (Oh dear friends, the time we wasted.) Anyway, it was all very nice and sweet, that number, and the next time I see old Annie's face I'm gonna squirt her with a water gun.

Let's see, I'm not going to go in chronological order because I couldn't bear it, it would be too dreary. Whither shall we fly? Well, there was Z, who shall remain unnamed since it's just too dangerous to tell. Z sat with me in coffee shops and in her car telling me how much she didn't want to sleep with me. I kept telling her she wanted to. I was right. My dear, for someone who didn't want someone, she was without question THE BUTCHEST number mother has ever met. Girls, that woman whipped me around that bed like there was no tomorrow (it didn't even seem like there was a today, somehow... madness!).

And in her car, my dears, in full view of midtown traffic, carrying on with me like a slut. Lemme tell ya!

Well dears, of course she was STRAIGHT as an arrow so of course you know THAT number. Bye Z.

Oh God, it's all so marvelous! My past, my past, girls, I'm on, it's me, I'm a STAR!

Well, there was Ina who was so fat and I don't think she really wanted me either, but we were the only two dykes in a partyful of fairies and I guess it was expected of us.

And then there was Karen whom I met at the bar who was kind of goofy looking but nice. From Illinois and she was a Goldwaterite. A Goldwaterite! Merciful heavens, I'd never met one of those. But to top it all off and what made it imperative that I sleep with her was that she had belonged to the 4-H Club when she was a kid. And she had had a treehouse and the whole NUMBER Mary! Well, you know I had to give her the old New York Funky Special No. 9 Comin' Down the Track Blues. Hands, Heart... look at that! I forgot what the other two H's are. Shit.

And then there was No. 32. Ah yess, a pretty lass! Will I ever forget her? No, but if I could just remember her name or her face I could give you a hint... But there had to be a 32, folks. Yes indeed. Because one boring February I wrote them all down, gave the list to Mary Jane and told her to keep it for future reference; but then, a couple of years later,

like a stupidhead I got it back from MJ and of course lost it. Drag. Oh well. Yes, there had to be a 32. Now my friend Joe counts his male friends in the thousands. He would lie around the house pretending to be a mild-mannered gay boy and he would lie around for weeks, girls, reading and dishing with me until the sun came up and getting up at 2 in the afternoon and like that and then all of a sudden he wouldn't be home for days. Eight people a night! Twenty-eight people a night! Eighty-eight people a night! Men, men, men, thousands, hundreds of thousands of pricks and mouths and assholes, all belonging to Mild-Mannered Homosexuals. Wow!

Anyway, Mother could only hear these adventures in wondrous fascination as you can well imagine.

Anyway, here I am; it's two o'clock in the morning, I have to get up early because I have to get this bloody article to bloody GAY before I go to bloody school which means 6:30 and I'm fucking out of cigarettes and Jack and Lige, your friendly editors, tell me I have to have just so much copy so they can use a picture just such and such a size. But it's too wearying, everybody. Mother is going by-bye. No more copy this week, everyone. If you have some blank white space down at the right-hand bottom of the page, put a small picture of Marlene there.



Is it Martha? Or was it Mary Jane? Perhaps this is No. 32!

TEACHER SEEKS MARYLAND ACCREDITATION

(continued from page 1)

certificate in Maryland, just like any new teacher. In Pennsylvania, the question of Acanfora's certification hinged on the requirement that a teacher be "a person of good moral character."

Maryland has a similar clause in its regulations and, according to Andrews, a school district lawyer is examining the certification laws to see whether they apply.

WIDELY SUPPORTED

Acanfora has received financial support from the National Education Association and its state and local affiliates. And 81 of the 83 teachers in Acanfora's school have petitioned for his reinstatement, as have more than half of the school's 300 eighth-grade students.

"I've had overwhelming support," Acanfora said. "I've also received personal assurances of support from two other gay teachers (in Rockville, Md.), but nothing public unfortunately."

Acanfora's homosexuality became public when his name appeared on a request for a charter for a gay group at Penn State University. Shortly afterward, he was ordered to stop his student teaching, but he sued and was quickly reinstated.

"I never raised the question of homosexuality, in Maryland or in Pennsylvania," he explained. "But when it became an issue, I pursued it, first because I wanted to be a teacher in Pennsylvania, and later because of the issue involved."

WEST COAST ACTIVISTS CONFRONT MA BELL

(continued from page 1)

fornia Public Utilities Code and, as such, is subject to regulation by the California Public Utilities Commission... When a potential customer desires to utilize the communication services of Pacific, it is the general practice to sign a standard agreement which has been filed with and approved by the Public Utilities Commission. This agreement then governs the relationship between the customer and Pacific."

San Francisco's ordinance provides that any individual who desires to do business with the City and County must agree to incorporate in the contract or franchise, language to the effect that they will not discriminate in employment on the basis of sexual orientation.

H.R.C. looked into the matter at the behest of Don Jackson, a writer for several gay and underground publications. He had noted at previous meetings that Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Co. has openly admitted that it will not knowingly hire nor retain homosexuals. Also a company official sent Jackson a letter indicating that Ma Bell does not intend to abide by the ordinance. A spokesman reiterated on Dec. 1 that the statement was made and that it "did reflect" still the firm's policy.

O'Connor stated that "at the present time there are no contracts in force between the City and County of San Francisco and Pacific which contain the non-discriminatory provisions and Pacific has taken the position that they would not be

parties signatory to such a contract.

"Obviously," added O'Connor wryly at the commission meeting, "we can't stop doing business with the phone company."

Jackson quipped that "the Mayor should call Ma Bell and tell her to disconnect San Francisco" after noting that the law contends that the City should cease doing business with non-complying firms. "She'd sign an agreement fast," added Jackson, "because the loss of revenue would be too great."

Although the ruling was on the specific complaint against the phone company, it applies to all public utilities—railroads, motor carriers, trucking firms, bus lines, water, gas and electric concerns. In San Francisco and New York City, an inordinant proportion of jobs are connected with utilities because they are the administrative headquarters of many statewide or nationwide public utilities.

Pacific Telephone has said in the past that it will not comply with the law because gays would be offensive to customers, gays would create a morale problem with straight employees and that phone company jobs involve national security and gays are a security risk. Ma Bell's prestigious attorneys, Pillsbury, Madison and Sutro, then changed lines, saying that P.T. would not abide by the law because it is a monopoly, requiring it to sign a non-discrimination agreement would amount to coercion and that local government cannot regulate a utility.

O'Connor said those with complaints could still take them to the State Public Utilities Commission or to the State Fair Employment Practices Commission. Larry Littlejohn, former president of the Society for Individual Rights, Chuck Schneider, S.I.R.'s job counselor, and Jackson have decided that the Public Utilities Commission will be asked to amend its regulations to prohibit anti-gay employment discrimination by public utilities in San Francisco on grounds that discrimination violates the city's public policy. Schneider said he would refer the matter to S.I.R.'s attorney to see what legal steps can be taken.

The prospect for obtaining favorable action from the P.U.C. is gloomy. The commission, in December, 1970, upheld P.T.'s refusal to place an ad in the yellow pages reading:

HOMOSEXUALS—Know and protect your rights. If you are over 21, write or visit the Society for Individual Rights, 83 Sixth St., San Francisco 94103, (415) 781-1570.

The P.U.C., by a 3-2 vote, ruled that the ad was "offensive," and that refusal to use it did not impair free expression or equal protection. There also have been recurring complaints that the P.U.C. is "too beholden" to the corporations it is supposed to regulate.

WEST SIDE DISCUSSION GROUP

(continued from page 1)

foot community center in March '72, after accumulating nearly \$5,000 to finance the move. The loft had been an unlicensed orgy bar called the Second Stop, a competitor for the overflow crowds going to the Barn just across the street.

Now the Second Stop's orgy room is a piano lounge sporting a sign, "Quiet Room." Where bodies used to hunch in the darkness musicians now play while

(continued on page 7)

A personally autographed copy of the book that answers the question:

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who is JOHN LEONARD? A MAN With SOMETHING TO FEAR

BY LIGE AND JACK

The *New York Times* book reviews have almost always been retrogressive. The *Times* panned our favorite book, *Leaves of Grass* (by Walt Whitman), a century ago by saying that Whitman was "a pig among a rotten garbage of licentious thoughts." More recently, in its review of *The Greening of America* by Charles Reich (a book that Justice William O. Douglas called "a first-rate piece of creative thinking" and Senator McGovern said was "the most gripping, penetrating and revealing analysis of American society I have yet seen"), the *Times* reviewer insisted that Reich's analysis was "simplistic, misleading, presumptuous." He also claimed that Reich's "neat insights obscure the truth." (Whatever that is.)

Thus, we can't be too surprised at the manner in which John Leonard, the *Times*' book review editor, treats the whole question of homosexuality. John Leonard, in our opinion, is one of the most nefarious influences in our culture; a pedantic, life-denying, closety frump. The subject of homosexuality frightens him to such a degree that he has embarked on a deliberate campaign of obscurity, distortion and lying to push this feeble subject into nether-regions.

A brief history of John Leonard's methods is in order. Last year, when the famed novelist E.M. Forster's posthumously published book *Maurice* hit the stores, John Leonard was faced with the fact that Forster was a homosexual. He was also faced with the fact that Forster is considered one of this century's greatest stylists. To circumvent this frightening

(to Leonard) dilemma, he appointed Joseph Epstein to write the *Times*' (book review section's) front page summary. For those of you who don't recall, Epstein was the fellow who wrote the hysterical anti-homosexual diatribe in *Harper's* (God rest its failed soul) in which he said that if he could, he'd "wish homosexuality off the face of the earth." Needless to say, Epstein didn't like Forster's posthumous novel. Leonard, no doubt, scratched his balls in grisly satisfaction.

Early in 1972, three major gay books were published, two of which were truly significant contributions to the literature of gay liberation. (Dr. George Weinberg's *Society and the Healthy Homosexual* and Dennis Altman's *Homosexual*). John Leonard lumped these books together. Still smarting from gay lib darts thrown at him because he'd allowed an anti-gay bigot to review *Maurice*, he gave them to the hysterical man-hating, lesbian pretender, illiterate and socialite Jill Johnston of *Village Voice* (ill-fame) who, instead of doing a proper review of the books, simply raved about how the books had failed to mention women to her satisfaction. The one interesting fact about Jill Johnston's review was this: for the first time she was faced with writing for a publication that required a degree of clarity and it became obvious, as a result, that she was not only a lousy thinker, but that she couldn't write a clear paragraph.

In the meantime, while gay liberation surged ahead during 1972 and a series of fine books appeared one after another, the *Times* book review editor maintained a strange silence. We'd already criticized him harshly in *SCREW* and *GAY* after reading the review of *Maurice*. Thus, we never expected Leonard to allow any of

his lackeys to say anything nice about a book we might write. Our book appeared in May. The months rolled by and the *Times* failed to take note. It was no surprise. But what about the other gay books? Why wasn't the *Times* taking note of them? As each one of the hardbacks appeared, the *Times* book review editor continued to ignore them. Pete Fisher's *The Gay Mystique*, Murphy's *Homosexual Liberation*, McCaffrey's *The Homosexual Dialectic*, Abbott's and Love's *Sappho Was A Right-On Woman* and Lyon's and Martin's *Lesbian/Woman* went unmentioned. Even Merle Miller (sometime *Times* writer) was ignored when his gay novel *What Happened* came out. Later he got a paragraph in the *Times*' mini reviews. Poor Miller had received only three reviews of *What Happened* in the entire country! McCaffrey (see above) had received only four reviews. By comparison, we felt fortunate indeed. Our book (*I Have More Fun With You Than Anyone*) had been reviewed in 18 publications. In spite of the *Times*' deliberate negligence, it became one of the up-front sellers and is now in its second printing. Thus, we could care less, really, what Leonard had to say about us.

But now, at the year's end (December 10th, far enough in advance of Christmas so as not to spoil Leonard's holidays) Leonard has seen fit to slip under the fence with one review of "homosexual literature" and has assigned the task to a homosexual lackey, Martin Duberman, a history professor and a poor man's scholar at Lehman College (C.U.N.Y.). Duberman's reviews are one-sentence liners (for the most part) that pass over most of the important books that have been pub-

lished with condescending shittiness that sounds like scholarship but is, in truth, slaphod work. Just the sort of fellow-Duberman—that John Leonard needed to do his dirty work. No doubt he dumped the whole bunch of books on Duberman's lap and instructed him to make note of them quickly and uninterestingly and with phony erudition. Duberman, obviously, didn't read the many books he reviewed. Of our book, he gave the wrong title, "I Have More Fun With You Than Anyone" (sic) and of Dr. George Weinberg he wrote that the good doctor is a psychiatrist (he is a Ph.D. in psychology). Twenty-five books (think of it, man, 25!) were lumped into the "review"—most of them getting only a word or two or, at best, a sentence. About three books, ours among them, got a paragraph or two. Of the 25 books mentioned, at least five were published between five and 10 years ago. Any homosexual like Duberman who thinks that Arno Karlen's *Sexuality and Homosexuality* is "indispensable" is a nerd. That particular book is anti-gay in the extreme, and dumbbell Duberman didn't even realize it.

Anyway, as we said, we were not surprised. As long as John Leonard remains in his position, gay literature and gay culture will be given short shift. And not gay culture only, but any culturally advanced tome will be knocked by his henchmen. Of our book, Duberman said that it was "nonchallant" and he quoted us out of context to accuse us of "sexism" and "smugness."

If the *Times* had said something nice about us, frankly, we'd be worried. We'd know, in fact, that we'd done something wrong.

Dick Leitsch Adds His 2¢

BY DICK LEITSCH

Jill Johnston, ace reporter for that weekly journal for middle-aged hippies, the *Village Voice*, was quoted recently in another newspaper as saying lesbians are political, not sexual, beings. A woman of my acquaintance who claims to have been to bed with Miss Johnston says that is very true: Miss Johnston is NOT a sexual being.

It was Jill Johnston, the Alice Cooper of journalism, who was responsible for my being able to kick the *New York Times* habit. The "newspaper of record" has been declining in quality rapidly lately. The Sunday edition is especially terrible, full of cutesy articles about young couples who destroyed the architectural details of brownstones and Georgian mansions and made their interiors look like an office in the Pan Am building. The amusement section is cluttered with articles on women's lib and celebrity interviews written by tenth-rate Rex Reeds. (Mr. Reed himself is with the *News*.)

Most offensive of all is the Sunday *Times*' "Book Review Section." It is edited by people who would rather compile the television listings, and they vent their frustrations at being assigned to something as passe as books by giving serious works to imbecilic reviewers and hiring an author's worst enemy to criticize his latest work. Evidently unable to read, and having nobody to read to them, these reviewers criticize the authors and ignore the books.

The whole tone of the "Book Review Section" is that of a put-on, perpetrated

by supercilious editors on writers too dumb to realize that books are dead and writing irrelevant. Sometime during the past year they staged the ultimate out-on (or put-down) by hiring Jill Johnston, who once read and didn't understand Gertrude Stein, to review some gay books, including George Weinberg's *Society and the Healthy Homosexual*. I decided I could thereafter do without the Sunday *Times*, thank you.

Now someone mailed me a copy of the December 10, 1972 issue of the "Book Review." In it was an article on "Homosexual Literature" which, of course, had nothing to do with "literature." Instead, it covered "scientific" (if one can elevate psychology to a science), polemic and political books about homosexuality. These bear as much relationship to Literature as medical texts on amputation or photos of Vietnam wounded do to Tennessee William's *One Arm*.

The author of the essay was a Martin Duberman who, the *Times* claims, teaches at some institution known as Lehman College, wherever that might be. The man states he is gay, and to his credit doesn't seem to expect a medal for that. (Ever since Merle Miller, anyone who admits being gay in the *Times* does so with a slight pause, as though expecting a great round of applause for his sexual orientation—rather like those Catholic ladies who expect to be congratulated for having had sixteen babies.)

Professor (Mr.? Dr.?) Duberman, one suspects from his plugs for that organization and implied denigration of any others, must be a member of GAA. He hews

to the unfortunate view of gay life I have found characteristic of that organization. Any author who doesn't hold the Great Protestant View of Homosexuality as what Raymond de Becker called a "vast, suppurating wound" gets short shrift from Duberman. Lige and Jack's *I Have More Fun With You Than Anyone* (sic) is dismissed as "self-congratulation," and put down as "sexist" and "smug."

Bigoted heterosexual ministers, psychiatrists, lawmakers and the like must dote on the Duberman approach and the whole current line the gay lib movement follows. For centuries those creeps (Dr. Weinberg prefers "homophobe," but "creep" is much better) have tried to put us down and make us feel guilty. To their chagrin, gay men and women went right on being gay and obviously loving it. How frustrated the ministers and shrinks must have been! How delighted they must be with the Merle Millers, the Martin Dubermans, and the others who demonstrate that the puritans succeeded in making some of us unhappy.

Objectively, I suppose, one should be sympathetic toward those gay people who have allowed the preachers and psychiatrists to brow-beat them in feeling guilty and unhappy, who vent their frustration in a "Gay is Angry" movement. Emotionally I feel not pity but contempt for them: the same contempt I feel for those who allow anti-marijuana laws to keep them from smoking grass, or those straights who let Pope Paul's injunctions against the Pill or the Catholic Church's opposition to abortion keep them sexual-ly uptight.

(continued on page 17)

Human beings do have free wills, and we have not only the ability, but the obligation, to chuck aside ridiculous ideas. Perhaps most of us were raised to think that homosexuality was somehow dirty and awful, but we were also raised to support our government. Do we all then back the Vietnam War? Do we feel guilty if we don't? I think not, and the reason is probably that anti-Vietnam sentiment has pervaded our society and given special approval to anti-war sentiment.

It should be the function of the gay movement and the philosophy of gay writers that gay is glorious, and that any other attitude is ridiculous. The constant reiteration of the theme "We are oppressed, we are unhappy, homosexuality is a vast, suppurating wound" encourages and supports that feeling among gay people. The reaffirmation of the old Middle-Class Protestant Ethic, our heritage from the 17th century Puritans, is what the gay movement and most of Professor Duberman's "homosexual literature" is all about.

Duberman puts down two books, John Murphy's *Homosexual Liberation* (which I've just ordered; if Duberman hates it, it must be good, the gay writing of the future) and Lige and Jack's radical book, *I Have More Fun With You Than Anyone*, which follows the tradition started by Angelo D'Archangelo's revolutionary *The Homosexual Handbook*.

I've known Lige and Jack for ten years or more, and it's often occurred to me how untouched they were by the Protestant Ethic. They are much more men of

WEST SIDE DISCUSSION GROUP

(continued from page 5)

others enjoy a game of checkers or a hand of hearts.

During the Wednesday night discussions, some of the fifty volunteers who staff the center run a thrift table, a literature table, serve coffee and cake, check coats, see that each new arrival receives a name tag, and act as "official hosts."

In a room set off at the rear, a free confidential blood test is given to anyone wanting one. They are given a number and the next week receive the results in a sealed envelope.

The group pays its \$400 monthly rent by asking a \$1.50 donation at the door which also covers all refreshments. Recently, members interested in the theatre have commenced presenting plays and poetry readings. The women, who are greatly outnumbered by the men, are planning regular Tuesday night socials.

At other times, panel discussions on special topics are sponsored. A talk by Dr. George Weinberg drew over 300 people and filled the hall. A panel on S&M drew a smaller crowd although it was jointly sponsored by WSDG and the Eulenspiegel Society, a straight and gay S&M Lib group.

"We average over a hundred people every Wednesday," Steve West, one of the group's eight directors, explains. "We have about fifty or seventy-five people who come regularly every Wednesday and then another fifty who are usually new faces."

The weekly discussions, which run from around 8:30 to 10:00, are moderated by active members with the general audience taking part in an exchange of views and information on the evening's chosen subject.

Two recent topics, "How To Be A Happy Gay" and "The Steam Baths Revisited," drew some lively discussion.

"You have to work at happiness," one young man declared. "I think it's better to be single. It's easier. Your happiness is within yourself. You're on your own. Someone else is not necessary to be the center of your happiness."

"Many people search frantically," another added, "believing that they won't be happy until they find someone. People who aren't happy don't allow themselves to be happy."

"I disagree," someone else interjected. "Happiness is another person. I did the single scene of bars, streets and trucks. Then I met a lover and settled down. Because I had a lover and didn't have to spend my life running around looking for conquests, I was able to get my college degree and then go on for my masters. I was able to do all the other things I wanted to do, things I didn't have time for while I was single and running around looking all the time."

"Every morning," someone noted, "I decide to be happy or unhappy. In order to avoid being lonely, I've discovered you have to build bridges to other humans instead of building walls. You have to accept what people have to offer rather than write a script as to what you want them to give you."

"Don't you think most people would be happy if they had money, the esteem of their fellows and some missionary zeal about something they cared about in life?" another asked.

"No," came the reply, "my best friend doesn't need any of that. A couple of drinks and a lay and he's happy."

"I don't like this emphasis on lovers," another emphasized. "I see all types of people with lovers running all over the map. Most homosexuals blame their unhappiness on their homosexuality. That's their mistake. Your unhappiness may be caused by any of a thousand things besides your homosexuality."

"It may be that homosexuals have reasons to be happy. We have less responsibilities, no families, no putting kids through college, mortgages, etc. The gay people I know travel ten times more, have more to spend on clothing and entertainment than most straights. It all boils down to a state of mind."

"I disagree," someone chided. "A gay who loses a job for being gay has a reason to be unhappy. Most unhappiness is caused by economic insecurity. The Oriental philosophy looks at life as fitting into an environmental pattern and simplicity. The work ethic in our society leads to early death for a lot of people."

"Four years ago," one young man reflected, "I had a bad accident. I crawled for months. The doctors said I could never walk again. But I kept working at it and now I can not only walk, I can twist and my back is almost perfect. I am happy every day that I can walk. I am happy when I see the sun is out and I know I can be out in it. We all have more reason to be happy than we realize."

"Going to bars is a big waste of time," someone else complained. "It's nice to go to bed at 11:00 p.m. and not stay in a damn bar until 3:00 a.m."

"If you go to concerts, opera and ballet," another rejoined, "you can make out fine without going to bars."

"New York City is a very unhappy place," someone else volunteered. "It's full of go-getters. The elevator on my floor is like the subway. You go to get off and others are pushing you back to get on. I wouldn't be in New York if I weren't gay."

At this point the moderator took a poll of those present who would like a lover and those who would prefer staying single. Of the hundred or so attending, an overwhelming 85% indicated they preferred being single.

"You can't wait for the world to come to you," one fellow summarized, "you have to go out to it. You've got to give yourself a social life. You'll never be happy sitting at home and watching TV."

After the discussions end, everyone lines up for coffee and cake and a social hour, with dancing, commences. WSDG hosts circulate, introducing newcomers to others. Because of its ingrown nature, WSDG is infinitely more friendly than any gay bar.

The group is mainly middle-aged with a sprinkling of those in their twenties. Many members have been active for years. At one recent meeting pins were given to the more active members who had served for from one to fifteen years. Anyone attending a meeting can have his name placed on the mailing list to receive WSDG's monthly newsletter which lists the discussion topics and other activities for the coming month. Currently, four to five hundred people receive the newsletter.

Some topics draw strong partisan differences among those attending. "The Steam Baths Revisited" was a case in point.

"Many baths, the Beacon, Continental and Man's Country, will let you leave and then come back," one person explained. "It depends on the time limit they have. Man's Country has a 24 hour time limit so it's very nice for those in the neighborhood. You can take people home with you if you live nearby and then come back with them after you've finished."

"I don't like those carousel showers," another complained. "They have central plumbing and if one of three other guys

(continued on next page)

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WEST SIDE DISCUSSION GROUP

(continued from page 7)

showing with you changes the water, you have to watch out and jump or else you'll get your prick scalded."

"A lot of baths are that way," someone chimed in. "They flush in the john and all the cold water goes there and you only get hot water in the shower."

Someone complained that the layout of most baths made it necessary for people without enough money to settle for the orgy room. Debates raged over which bath had the roomiest walk-in lockers with some noting that two could hardly fit into the cubby-hole lockers in certain baths.

"I understand," one patron volunteered, "that the Continental Sasuna on 56th Street between 6th and 7th Avenues is going female for one month on a trial basis to see if they can interest gay women in coming to the baths."

"The sauna opposite the Coliseum," another noted, "is filled with married men around six o'clock who stop off on their way home for a little quick action."

"The Everard used to be a dirty, filthy, smelly place but they've remodelled and hired some gay people and it has a much nicer atmosphere nowadays," another volunteered.

"I like the St. Marks," one elderly gentleman declared to a chorus of hisses, "their lockers are bigger. They're more reasonably priced."

"Well," a younger fellow retorted, "I think other considerations are important too, like the stale smell of a place, the lack of any carpeting, the absence of toiletries in the bathrooms."

"I caught the clap four times out of seven," someone else volunteered. "Everyone I know who has ever gone to the St. Marks has come down with something. That place is a disease palace."

"I used to have that trouble," someone else added, "but I've discovered that if I take a tetracycline pill after each and every contact, maybe a total of four or five in an evening, I never catch anything anymore. It's a good prophylactic."

"As a bacteriologist," another gentleman elaborated, "I think we would be making a terrible mistake to encourage people to use tetracycline as a prophylactic. Because when you take small doses of drugs over an extended period of time, the bacteria build up an immunity and if as a group gays start using antibiotics in that fashion, then we will end up creating a strain of VD that will be immune to them."

"If you go to the baths," someone else countered, "when you come out you should just figure you have something."

"That isn't so," someone else shot back. "I've been going to the baths for twenty years and I've only caught something on two occasions."

"It all depends on what you do there," yet another announced. "If you fuck, you're going to catch something, but oral sex is much safer. If you don't want to catch anything, limit yourself to oral sex and you'll be much better off."

"Yes," a comic interjected, "the moral is: fuck certified friends and suck potential strangers."

"I used to go to the Deville Hotel in Atlantic City," one fellow recalled, "and I never knew they had a sauna there which was free to registered guests until this past summer."

"On that note," someone else interjected, "The Luxor Baths in midtown don't like to be known as gay but they are at least 50% gay and for \$8.50 you get a full-size hotel room."

"I don't know what's happened to the baths lately," one fellow complained. "I never went to the baths for social contact, I went there to dine. I don't even

like hearing people talking in the next room. The other night I was there working my head off and out in the lounge some loud-mouthed queen was talking about some concert she was going to and it almost drove me crazy trying to listen to what she was saying while I continued to have sex."

"West Side Discussion Group welcomes everyone," one member emphasizes. "It's a great place to come on a Wednesday evening. You can have an early evening of socializing and talking and still get home, with or without a friend, in time to get a good night's sleep. There are always new faces. Even though many of our regulars are older, I've never had any trouble making out with good-looking numbers under thirty on a regular basis here."

West Side Discussion Group's phone number is 675-0143. They're located at 37 Ninth Avenue just south of 14th St. Their various activities are listed with the Gay Switchboard. Anyone wishing a sample newsletter should write: The Westsider, Box 502, Cathedral Station, NYC, NY 10025.

PUBLISHER IGNORES COURT RULING ON "GAY INSIDER"

New York, N.Y. "I'm damned if I do and damned if I don't!" declared gay author John Francis Hunter in reference to discussing for publication the fate of his new autobiographical superguide to and overview of the male gay culture in America, *The Gay Insider U.S.A.*

"If I say too much, that might enhance sales of the book; yet, after the community and GAY have helped me out, I feel obliged to bring everyone up to date. The most exciting chapter is the most recent one."

"The helping out Hunter was referring to came in the form of cash loans from more than 135 gay and straight friends from Manhattan to San Francisco, loans made to him to provide a retainer for gay defender Hal Weiner so that Hunter could attempt to stop publication of an "unauthorized, mutilated, bowdlerized and inaccurate" version of *U.S.A. GAY* front-paged news in Issue No. 92 that Hunter had "won" his case when, in fact, what he won was a temporary restraining order based on the use by Stonehill of fraudulent cover quotes by Merle Miller and Lige Clarke and Jack Nichols.

"The court forbade the book's being sold with the present cover, but the honky publisher got around the order by supposedly taping over the offending quotes," Hunter acknowledged. The "most exciting chapter" of his long struggle to have the book properly published

which he spoke of has to do with the fact that "hundreds of books that we know of have been sold without the tape-over!"

In at least four New York stores activists and friends of former GAA officer Hunter have bought copies with the prohibited quotes clearly visible, secured receipts and provided the author with affidavits which will be submitted in an effort to prove Stonehill and possibly others in contempt of court.

"It was the dealers who are selling unlabeled copies—perhaps unaccounted for between Stonehill and the official distributor, Dell—that Jerry Fitzpatrick was talking about when he called for a boycott of dealers selling *U.S.A.*," Hunter explained. Fellow GAY columnist Fitzpatrick asked gays in the year-end Issue No. 93 not to patronize stores carrying the book.

"I can't ask legitimate dealers to forego a legitimate source of income," Hunter said. "Both Craig Rodwell of the Oscar Wilde Memorial Bookstore and Rick Nielsen of Legend Gallery offered to keep the book off their shelves if I wanted them to, but why should the Mike Umbers of this world exclusively make money off the inevitable sales?"

Umbers is a controversial Village character whom the *Village Voice*, for one, has labeled a racketeer, and he runs the two Studio Bookshops where Hunter alleges many friends have bought the book with "uncovered covers." Hunter says it's Umbers' stores Fitzpatrick had in mind.

In the December 4 issue of *Publisher's Weekly* it was announced by Stonehill that *U.S.A.* has enjoyed a healthy advance sale of 50,000 books, suggesting that whether the author likes it or not the book may be destined to become the best selling non-fiction gay title to date.

"However, it's not moving nearly as well as the original *Gay Insider* in New York itself," Hunter insists, attributing the lesser sales to 1) reluctance of gays to buy it after he's been "ripped off" (not paid all his advance royalties nor heeded when he asked that massive corrections be made on the page proofs); 2) absence of reviews in both the gay and straight press (GAY and the *Voice* gave Hunter's first book lots of favorable publicity, and the first printing was gone in three weeks); and 3) the straight publisher's "incompetence" in reaching the gay consumer and promoting a gay commodity.

"However, I don't want to put down the readers who dig *U.S.A.* despite the gross errors," Hunter said, pointing out that "rave" fan mail has begun to arrive from beyond New York. "I just want my brothers to know that I myself wouldn't buy it as a guidebook, that it's missing a lot of things I wrote and that the thousands of insulting typos and misspellings resulted because the publisher ignored my careful proofreading."

What's the "worst" thing about *U.S.A.*? The table of contents doesn't match the interior, and Hunter's original table of contents guide to each section is missing, so that it's difficult to find anything in the 628 pages.

"I'm just as concerned about the subtler errors—and they are legion," Hunter laments. "My 'favorite' of these appears on page 502 in the New York directory—which, incidentally, omits every city in the state from Albany on down until New York City, including Fire Island and Long Island!"

The paragraph reads: "Walter (Kent) made the first substantial contribution to the treasury (?), hopes only to be remembered in their (?) future sanctuary (whose?) with a little plague (sic) that designates him as a 'honorary homosexual!'"

Hunter was referring to MCC/NY, which Walter Kent's arbitrarily helped to get started. Stonehill arbitrarily took out the MCC/NY antecedent, Hunter alleges.

"You could introduce a new game in referring to *U.S.A.*, one called Find-the-Antecedent," Hunter wails, shaking his head, "but it's the only book yet that gives gay giant Morris Kight his due, that combines an organizational directory with a catalogue of bars, et cetera, and so it's too bad I can't be proud of it. There's so much of value, I think."

He's calling for gays who come across books without tape-ups to write him at Box 439, Ansonia Station, NYC 10023, if they are willing to send him their affidavit.

"But for God's sake, don't buy it for that reason!" he admonishes. "And don't give anyone the impression I condone sales of this Frankenstein's monster."

GAA-N.J. ELECTS NEW OFFICERS

Hackensack, N.J. — The Gay Activist Alliance of New Jersey, Inc. (Bergen County) during its traditional midnight installation of officers on New Years Eve installed Jerry Purpura, an auto mechanic, as President of its 334-member organization. Purpura, who was elected in the group's November 17 elections, defeated presidential candidate Peter Lukasiewicz.



Jerry Purpura



Veronica Kiernan

Purpura replaces teacher-activist John N. Gish, Jr., who declined to run in order to devote more time to National Education Association's Gay Teachers Caucus, which he co-chairs with teacher-activist Joe Acanfora of Washington, D.C.

Veronica Kiernan, a secretary by profession, was elected Vice-President. She was opposed by Dave Hartman and C. "Mac" Farland, both accountants. She replaces Kaye Hughes.

Herb Young, also an accountant, was elected Treasurer, replacing Hartman; and Bob Hardy, a teacher, was elected secretary, a post he had held for eight months.

Purpura, together with Gish and John Thiel, President of Gay Activists Alliance of Hudson County, conceived of GAA-NJ's "Hold Hands" campaign which will be launched later in January. The campaign seeks to demonstrate "the togetherness and love that must be shared by all minorities," says Thiel. The "Hold Hands" symbol replaces the "a" in "hands" with a lambda.

"We hope to have a chain of people Hold Hands across the George Washington and Golden Gate bridges on May 13," Purpura relates.



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LESBIAN/WOMAN



Del Martin and Phyllis Lyon

BY DON CLARK, Ph.D.

LESBIAN/WOMAN by Del Martin & Phyllis Lyon, Glide Publications, San Francisco, 1972.

PENPOINTS

Dear GAY,

I am 18 and gay and I have put several weeks of thought into this letter wishing to sound neither maudlin, self-serving, nor self-pitying. Since I do not possess the ready wit of a Kaufman, nor the fiery oratory of a Maier, nor the eloquent and steady pace of Miller it will be only by the charity and good will of GAY's editors that this letter may sound odd to you in that I am a homosexual with an urban consciousness captive in a rural environment.

Now before the quick-witted urbanites yell, "What cause does he have to complain, we're all oppressed!", I'd like to write about what it's been like to be gay and live in rural Kentucky.

Merle Miller had it right when he said, "I started packing to leave Marshalltown when I was two." Though admittedly an exaggeration it seemingly captures the mood of rural homosexuals, or rather mine at least. I can't truthfully speak for other rural homosexuals, having never knowingly met one. I don't know, I may be brushed alongside one on the sidewalk, maybe looked one in the eyes, maybe actually met one and talked to one, but as I said, never knowingly. You see, no one here admits to sexual unorthodoxy. If one did one would well be burned at the stake for sexual heresy.

This part of the country and its people are somewhat unique and may some day become famous in that it will undoubtedly be the last stronghold of the Archie Bankers of this country. Assuming, as Merle Miller did of McCarthysism, that Bunkerism will ever subside.

There aren't any Jews here so people don't get a chance to call them "kike," but perhaps that's because they wouldn't know what that meant. There are blacks though and to the people they're "niggers." Women's liberation is a joke—to the women. Homosexuals? Well, a friend of Merle Miller said as related in his book, "Straights don't want to know for sure, and they can never forgive you for telling them. They prefer to think it doesn't exist, but if it does, at least keep quiet about it." As far as I can tell, and I have lived in one county for 18 years, everyone here is straight. Homosexuality? All is quiet on the central front. It is possible that I was the only person in the county voting for George McGovern.

I have read extensively on the subject of homosexuality and a brief bibliography would include Dr. Eustace Chessler's *Strange Loves* from England, the brilliantly conceived and superbly executed *Sexual Politics* by Kate Millett, the exhausting yet informative Arno Karlen's *Sexuality and Homosexuality*, two issues of *Liberating GAY*, and my favorite, Merle Miller's *On Being Different: What It Means To Be A Homosexual*. I am looking forward to reading E.M. Forster's *Maurice*, Lige and

283 pages, \$7.95.

This is a book written by two honest people who are women and lesbians. By the last page the reader knows them as human beings. They try, bumble, succeed, and fail like the rest of us. But, like the honored few among us who are blessed with a sense of humanitarian mission, they try again, re-examine, question, and plod in quest of truth and humanity because they must.

There is no attempt in this book to shock, entertain, or in any other way to control or manipulate the reader's reaction. The authors have wisely chosen to steer clear of the "best seller" style of journalism in order to present an honest document. This means that the reading will be slow for some readers and at times may make the book easy to put down. But when the book is put down you will know that these two honest people are

waiting for you to hear the rest of their statement and you will pick up the book again.

It is a tribute to them that they do not claim to have found "the truth." They do not try to determine your thoughts or feelings. They offer only to share their own lives and their knowledge of the lives of the women/lesbians whom they have known over the years.

This book is the insiders' view of what it means to grow up, live, and attempt to survive with integrity as a lesbian/woman in America today. For anyone who is gay the battle to survive the onslaught of subtle arrows aimed at one's basic sense of worth is a difficult battle indeed. We live in a culture that pays lip service to creativity and diversity but shames and punishes anyone who dares challenge the code of conformity through sexual be-

havior that expresses individual integrity and diverges from the "norm." Such a person is quickly labeled "deviant," "immoral" and "sick." Trying to be a friendly, productive citizen, while living through days and years of unintentional, sometimes malicious, insults is a hardship known to members of most minority groups in our conformity-oriented society. In this book, the authors testify to just how difficult it can be if you are gay, and in addition, a second-class citizen known as woman.

On behalf of other readers, I would like to thank Del Martin and Phyllis Lyon for opening their lives to us through the printed page. Thanks to them for sharing the sad, funny, difficult, unique, maddening, joyous, frustrating, liberating, and satisfying experience of being persons who try for truth and integrity as lesbian/women in America today.

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

gay people there. I went to a state college about sixty miles from home (too close) and majored in English and journalism. I liked it reasonably well and did well, but I began to realize I was in for another disappointment—no gay life. Besides, I wasn't ready to come out of the closet and I lacked the courage to do little more than stare at the graffiti on the walls of the men's room and wonder if what was scrawled there was a lonely and desperate cry or merely a prank by heterosexuals to get a laugh when the telephone number was called.

I live at home with my mother which makes my involvement in the gay world very risky. She doesn't know I'm homosexual but she has a suspicion since I read so much about it. We have talked a lot about homosexuality and I know enough that I can never reveal to her what I am. I've wanted to move from Kentucky for some time and since last fall I've had my hopes set on New York City. However, finances have kept me from it and it will keep me from it. As of now, I have been unsuccessful in finding a job. The best one can hope for around here is \$1.60 an hour.

I'll be 19 next month and my lottery number is 34. I'd like to tell the army I'm a homosexual but not here. Not in this state. The result would be scandalous and I do not want my family to suffer because of my sexuality. Don't get me

wrong, more than anything else I want to come out of the closet. I want to become involved in the movement in the gayest sense of the word. But first I must move to where the movement is. I have to leave this part of the country before long. I have to join the movement, I have to come out of the closet. Perhaps I'll come back when family situations are different and call other gays out, but first I must leave. How I don't know because that takes money and right now this all looks like a hopeless dream.

But now I've done what I hoped I wouldn't—sound self-pitying. So cheers, I'm coming out. I'll get there somehow but I'll be there to give a hopeful credence to "Gay is Good," "Gay is Proud." And also to Forster's words: "I believe in aristocracy... Not an aristocracy of power, based upon rank and influence, but an aristocracy of the sensitive, the considerate, and the plucky. Its members are to be found in all nations and classes, and through all the ages, and there is a secret understanding between them when they meet. They represent the true human tradition, the one queer victory of our race over cruelty and chaos."

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GAMES PEOPLE PLAY AT THE BATHS

BY JOHN P. LeROY

There was once a time when I thought that everyone who went to the baths did so for sexual gratification, to meet new friends, find a new mate, and, in general, to enjoy the steam, shower, sauna and pool facilities. Now, I know better. There are some gays who frequent bath houses for none of these reasons. They are there to use sex as an instrument for fulfilling some sort of ego need, usually in an irrational way. Here are some examples:

1. *The Shopper.* You'll find him peering into every room, and sizing up every passerby. He has to sample every available specimen on the premises, and only when he has finally found the very best to be had will he deign to have sex. For him, the height of humiliation is to accept something less when he might have gotten something better. Since even under the best of circumstances there are only a limited number of Adonises to go around, he goes home frustrated most of the time.

2. *The Vacuum Cleaner.* This character stays up nights practicing his oral technique. His *raison d'être* is to fellate. When he is in a bath house, he is in heaven, and his chief ambition is to go down on everyone. He'll work his way through the orgy room, down the corridors, and into the steam room, and is not content to go home until he feels certain he hasn't missed anyone. The only part of your anatomy that interests him in any way is your penis, and should you have the temerity to refuse him, his ego is shattered.

3. *The Voyeur.* He spends most of his time in the orgy room, but he's not there to participate in random or group sex. He's there only as a spectator, and takes a vicarious interest in the proceedings the way a football fan avidly follows the Rose Bowl. Don't try to approach him, for if you do, he'll walk away and situate himself atop one of the bunk beds in order to get a grandstand view. If a lot of action is taking place, he'd rather jerk himself off than ever dream of participating, for that might divert his attention.

4. *The Performer.* He's the very opposite of the voyeur. In fact, he's the one the voyeur has come to see. He is not happy unless he can be the star of the orgy. He can't stand being upstaged by anyone. He'll writhe, squirm, jerk, yell, scream, dance, and carry on while engaging in the most exhausting sexual acrobatics imaginable, not so much to gratify himself, but to gain your attention. These people are usually frustrated dancers or models, and should you try to have sex with them, they'll go along with you only to the extent that you follow their implied directions. They have the entire scene orchestrated and choreographed in their own minds, and subconsciously audition all their partners. To win a round of applause after their "performance" is, for them, their reason for being there.

5. *The Statue.* This cat is enamored of looking at himself in the mirror, and has truly fallen in love with his own reflection. He hasn't come to the baths to have sex. He's come there to pose and be looked at. He carefully rearranges his room like a department store window, wrapping his towel around the lamp so that he can display himself under the spotlight. To watch people stare at him as they go by is the thing he really grooves on. Should you walk in, he may have sex, but he's anxious to get back to his posing. When he's in the steam room or in the



"Look, man, I didn't come to this bath for anything but a game of pool!"

corridor, he'll assume the position of a water nymph, a loiterer, or a sergeant at arms. You've got to pull his dog to bring him back to life.

6. *The Couple.* They are always in pairs, and they are lovers. They go into jealous rages over each other, but are determined to prove to each other that they can remain faithful by going to the baths to have sex together. One will never let the other out of his sight, not even at the toilet bowl. Should you show an interest in either partner, you'll get a detailed demand that it be a " threesome."

7. *The Rejecter.* You'll find him displaying himself seductively in his room, but unlike the statue, he's there to en-

courage you to walk in for the exquisite delight of throwing you out. He'll use excuses like, "I'm just resting," or "not right now." Of course, I have nothing against refusing those you don't want, but the rejecter doesn't want to find anyone acceptable. He only wants to put people down. He feels good when he does, but then wonders why he goes home empty-handed and depressed.

8. *Cinderella.* He's something like the rejecter. He'll also make a big display of himself in his room, not so much because he likes to reject them, but because he's waiting for Prince Charming to walk in, sweep him off his feet and into his Cadillac coach waiting outside, and to carry



"You won't believe me, but I'm really here for the steam!"

him off to his high-rise castle where he'll live happily ever after.

9. *The show-off.* He's there to let you know that he could make out with just about anybody if he wanted to. He'll find the best-looking guy on the premises, and parade with him up and down the halls, the lounge, the restaurant, and pool side, the steam room, and the dormitory. He doesn't necessarily want to enjoy him sexually. He wants to be seen with him and incite the envy of everybody else.

10. *The Jaded.* He's had so much sex so often, he's there more out of force of habit. He sees the bath house as a place in which to speculate and philosophize on the nature of the human condition. He doesn't want a sex partner or even a new friend. He wants a listener, preferably a captive one, upon whom he can expound his depressing and nihilistic philosophy.

11. *The tiger.* He considered himself the height of virility. He'll slam you down on the mattress, throw your legs into the air, pump away as if there were no tomorrow, and bite, scratch, and claw until you are bruised and bloody. More important to him than enjoying your touch is to convince him that he is a pure raw primate animal, untamed by the conventions of civilization, and he'll put his marks on you to prove it.

12. *The record setter.* He's not there so much to enjoy sex when it feels right and natural to do so. His ultimate goal is to hold the world's Olympic title for achieving the greatest number of successive orgasms in the shortest period of time. No sooner has he finished ejaculating when he's already jerking himself off again or chasing after another partner, so as not to lose any time in between. Should you find him later, dead from exhaustion, his penis shriveled and bruised, he'll feel it was all worth it if he came more often than anybody else.

13. *The gourmet.* Like the jaded, he too is bored with ordinary sex, but unlike him, he doesn't come to the baths to philosophize. He's there to find new partners, new techniques, and new positions. He'll give you poppers, start licking you between your toes, under your armpits, and other less used erogenous zones like a master chef trying out a new sauce. He'll perform fellatio on your left testicle because he's tired of cock. Whether or not you or he really enjoys it is beside the point. He has himself a new delicacy.

14. *Superstud.* He considers himself the great All-American he-man, usually is quite muscular, but is there not so much to have sex with you as to dominate you. Like the tiger, he may be quite violent, he may be quite wild, but unlike him, he wants to let you know who's the boss, and you'd better submit if you know what's good for you. It goes without saying that superstud will never assume any passive roles, and the thought of reciprocating is totally anathema.

15. *Superfemme.* He's the one most compatible with superstud, for he wants nothing more than to be dominated, flung about, and penetrated, orally, anally or both. He walks about as if he were a combination of Mae West, Tallulah Bankhead, and Joan Crawford. Instead of towels, he will sometimes wear panties.

Of course there are many more types who play all sorts of other games. After all, a bath house strips us all down to a towel or a robe and makes sex the common denominator. How we think, act, and feel when in that kind of environment tells us a good deal about who and what we really are. If you're really a healthy, together person, you won't need to play any games.

OUT OF THE CLOSETS AND INTO YOUR SELF



Photo by Eric Steinhilber (JACOBI)

Rich Wandel (right) marches with his lover Herman in the Christopher Street Liberation Day Parade.

BY RICH WANDEL

Ah, the joys of Flatbush! Real trees and real people sitting on the doorsteps and wishing each other a Happy Chanukah. Two years ago I moved in as the only visible gay in the neighborhood, but times are changing. The neighbors have become accustomed to seeing my lover and me walk hand in hand and it's even possible that the silence due to liberal guilt has given way to simply not caring about my sexual preferences. More interesting are the increasing number of identifiable gay men (no women yet) who can be seen roaming the streets of Flatbush. The young boys who, two years ago, called out "fag" as we passed now stop us to ask what's new in the movement. Many closets are opening but, unfortunately, many still remain. Hiding has always been difficult for me to understand. I was fortunate enough to come out right into the movement and to learn early that being open is a lot more agreeable. As I go about my business and sit or party with straight friends downstairs, I often forget that many gay people are still frightened and hiding. Closets are numerous and intriguing. A few weeks ago I attended a party which can best be described as a closet ball. The sports editor of the newspaper I work for was there. Andy is the quiet type unless he's talking about football or his vast collection of school athletic shirts, but at the party he was a different man. He came in after already finishing a bottle of Gordon's Gin and mingled with the crowd of newspaper workers and friends of the feature editor. Apparently, Andy was also horny. I've never particularly objected to being cruised, but it is a bit much when the sports editor stops to French kiss you and then proceeds to pull you into the

bathroom. Meanwhile, in the background, the copy editor was trying to kiss a very confused managing editor as another man, doing his best to look like Paul Newman (his wife was doing her best to look like Mia Farrow), spent most of the evening staring at my lover. I just love these straight parties! Smashing closets is a hobby of mine, a real challenge dealing with the complications of the human mind. Some people stick to the safety of closets, we're told, because being out would destroy their jobs or horrify their friends or landlords. That type of closet is easy to deal with. It's relatively simple to play the game of City Council politics in an effort to pass a closet-smashing bill like Intro 475. (Remember that bill; it's still alive and kicking with stalling tactics again being used by Councilman Saul Sharison). The machinations of hack politicians can be entertaining. But when 475 passes, and it will, we'll still have many closets to deal with. Intro 475 will give protection to people who already have jobs and are afraid of being fired. It will help folks to find apartments or to stay in the public accommodations of their choice, but it can't by itself change the fear locked into people's heads. A friend of mine has an interesting closet. Paul's been gay for years and shares with me my straight friends downstairs. The straight couple don't care at all about who I or anyone else sleeps with and yet Paul still feels he has to hide his gayness from them. Time after time Paul will come to the apartment but he never stays very long. He can't be comfortable as long as he continues his charade of being straight, a charade which no one really believes anyway. Openness would lose him nothing, risk him nothing, and gain him a great deal. Yet he still hides. There are a lot of people like Paul. The only

explanation for their closet is in their own heads. When I was in grammar school I was told that a certain corridor had a bogey man in it waiting to capture and devour unsuspecting students. I avoided the corridor. Even after I had come to realize that ogres didn't exist, that corridor still made me feel uncomfortable. I'd been taught well and I believed my indoctrination. Most of us have been taught well, taught that gay is evil or gay is sick; many of us believe our indoctrination. Paul's closet isn't rational, no closet is, but his closet is very real. I want to smash that closet. I also want to smash yours. Why do we always think our situation is so radically different from everyone else's? "Sure, that's alright for you but it wouldn't work here where I am." Someone once told me that in Chicago, I was smart enough not to believe him. Instead, I went to the beach and walked hand in hand with Herman, my lover. It's strange but believe it or not, the sky didn't fall; I'm still alive and so is Chicago. Closets are irrational. Stupid even. There's really only one statement I'm trying to make. Closets aren't really made by employers, landlords or police; they're custom-made in our own heads. But Chicago is still a big city, you say. How about Des Moines or Cleveland? Still big cities? Okay, try Suffolk County or Lancaster, Pennsylvania. The sky is still holding up in all of those places. Perhaps you live in a smaller place still. Tell me where it is and given the time and the transportation, I'll be there too if that's what it takes to convince people of the absurdity of closets. I once sat in a public park in Cleveland at three o'clock in the morning, working to convince people that it's time to come out; I guess I like to preach (I admit it, that's what I'm doing), I like to tell peo-

ple that all it really takes to be free is the decision that you're going to be. Like everyone else, there are times that I'd rather forget about freedom and just settle down into a nice job and regular meals and sitting quietly in front of the TV perhaps just holding Herman's hand in the privacy of our own apartment. But every time I start feeling that way, every time I start dreaming of quiet cabins in the woods, I remember Paul and others like him. I remember how hiding makes him uncomfortable with his friends. Occasionally Herman and I go to his mother's house, the one vestige of a closet which still remains for me. We sit together all day without touching. By the time we get home we're impossible to live with. Closets do terrible things to the head. It would be so easy to fall into at least a semi-closet and pretend that all was well, but some small part of me would still be crying for freedom. Closets are amazingly diverse just like any custom-made article. Some can't find room even for self-knowledge. Others simply exclude certain friends and associates. Some are even clever enough to enlarge a closet to the extent of going to Gay Liberation meetings but still remaining well hidden and "safe." But closets are still closets, no matter what the shape, size or design. Most of us have some degree of closet. This column is as much talking to myself as to anyone else. Let's dream together a little bit. Suppose closets were totally destroyed. Suppose, for example, that you could be totally free even in your own neighborhood. It's a beautiful dream and it's also already a reality in as many places as people choose to be free. Flatbush is nice in the fall. Perhaps this afternoon Herman and I will take each other's hands and do some window shopping.

FREDA PAYNE simple fashions



Freda Payne: Innocence and simplicity.

BY LEO SKIR

Freda Payne is there, a presence, October 7th, at New York's Continental Baths. She seems more there than most people as, in dreams, the fairy godmother has to come and tell the child or children that she really does exist. So Freda Payne now. She is not a record. She is not a record cover. She is. And is loved. The boys in the baths love her. As

they have so many of the women who have sung there. One thinks of the psychologists/psychiatrists who assure a straight audience that homosexual men hate and fear women. Not true. They respond, positively to the reality of each of the entertainers. They even seem to change their own natures to get into the world that each entertainer projects. So—Bette Midler makes the tubs into a pound of lost young canines. And Freda Payne? Ah—this is a strange world she takes us into! Glitter. Tinsel. Chrome. Shining lights. Velvet blackness/shining metals. It's all rather odd. And pure. And artificial—in a special way. She has come—she knows this—to the audience from the world of Dream, from the radio, the juke-box, the television screen. Now she's in 3-D but still an idol. The amount of things about her person reminds me of a male transvestite. The eyebrows are drawn in, there is a wig, one is aware of shaved armpits, platform shoes, rings, terribly long nails. "I was a picture," everything says. "I can become a picture again." Holding the mike she sings "Don't Break The Strings Dear" and goes on into medleys and finally the hits she made famous—"Bring The Boys Home" and "Band of Gold." Her delivery is perfect but curiously monotone. There is a curious feeling that, magically, she has brought a phonograph record into projecting a person. Her virtue and her vice are as one, a smooth professionalism. "Band of Gold" is not about heartbreak. It does not project heart-

break. It projects an absolute control of voice and harmony. Freda Payne opens each song strongly, raises it more strongly and pours on in. It's like seeing a flood go over a series of floodgates, knowing all the time this is a movie, the tidal wave is a model and no one is going to get hurt, that the people running from the flood are paid extras. And it's nice and reassuring and you don't have the feeling (as you do when Bette M. gets going) that things might—just might—get out of control. Freda Payne just once tries to get into a more personal, "intimate" note, singing "If You Go Away" ("Ne Me Quitte Pas")—and here, starkly, her "controls" all show through, as startling and disconcerting as the dancing woman showing she is a robot in Fritz Lang's *Metropolis*. Her songs ending, she moves closer to the audience, finding individuals to sing to—in each case a black guy—and you are conscious, as she sings Nina Simone's "Poppies," that she's truly black and into black soul and that this glitter, this love of luxury, has something to do with blackness and knowledge of poverty. She winds up getting stronger in singing but her face is a little girl's growing tired, even as the drums get hotter and higher and she holds forth like Costliche over a human sacrifice. The audience rises as one, applauding. It's all heat now, the steam, the human bodies, and her heat-brightness. And she runs off...

er, Lennie Blecher. I quiz him. "How old is she?" "Twenty-seven." She was born in Detroit. She's a born singer, got into professional clubs when she was 19, lying about her age. By 23 she had hit the Pesian Room, the Copacabana. "What's her best-selling record?" "Band of Gold." "Is she married?" "No. She's been going with Richard Roundtree." "What do you mean, going with?" "Dating." (I stare at him. I have not heard the word "dating" since the *Saturday Evening Post* went out of circulation. "Dating" was what Michie Rooney did with Judy Garland. I think it ended up with the two of you sharing a soda—two straws, one each—at the local "drug store.") "She's just an innocent young girl. That dress she was wearing with all the swinging tassels isn't her. She had a very simple Grecian thing (note photo) but they wanted something flashy at the baths." "I'm sorry about that," says GAY, "we are a simple homey folk, though New York is a big city. We need no flashy clothes. Innocence and simplicity such as Freda's are what we seek. Where does she—innocently and simply—live?" "Hollywood." From which city comes her first movie, *Book of Numbers*, with Raymond St. Jacques. It does not deal with innocence and simplicity.

THE LAST ESTATE



Meat or grape juice?

BY GREGORY BATTCOCK

"Here are the keys," said Simone, offering me a bunch of keys. "If there's no water it's because the squatters stole the water pipe. You have to find Mr. Cariera, the caretaker, and together go to the hardware shop and buy new sections of pipe. Then have Mr. Cariera round up the workers and they can replace the missing sections of pipe. It's easy to see where the pipe is missing because it's all above ground. Just follow the pipe along from the house until it stops and that's where it's missing. People keep stealing it. They should have put it underground. That pipe cost two thousand dollars." Simone had graciously offered me the use of her lovely waterfront house near Rincon on the Western coast of Puerto Rico. It was a four hour drive to Rincon from San Juan. It was a harrowing drive. Tony and I sat in the front. In the back

were Tony's "friend" Milton and a big police dog. "We'll need it for protection." The dog stank and hairs constantly blew all around in the car. I drank rum right out of the bottle. At the house there was no water. The "pipe" had been broken at several places. There were no clean towels or linen. A storm had disrupted electricity. And there were the mosquitoes; and Tony and Milton and their uninterrupted babbling in Spanish. I sent Tony out to the liquor store in Mayaguez to get groceries and wine. He came back with canned corn, a tin of Spam and a bottle labeled "Vino El Canario: Substandard American Raisin Wine." While they were out, I washed towels and sheets in the sink. Two days later we returned, in silence, to San Juan. When I got back to New York I found in the mail a copy of Yoko Ono's latest single, *Now or Never*. It was hopelessly warped. There was yet another letter from Welch Foods, Inc. Welch produces the famous grape juice. Another and lesser known product of theirs is tomato juice. And that's what this column is about. The Welch Company is owned by Mr. Kaplan, of the Kaplan Foundation. They financed the artists' housing project at Westbeth. During the recent tenants' protests at Westbeth, one sign hanging from a window read: "Kaplan Welch's on Westbeth." Back in November I wrote a letter to the Welch company. Following is the text of that letter, and two letters they wrote me:

about how tomato juice in jars has a better taste than tomato juice in cans. After trying my first jar of Welch's, which was the only brand of tomato juice they had at my market that came in jars, it was immediately apparent that it was much better and had a much nicer taste and texture than the canned brand I used to buy. It was rich and thick. Because it was so nice I started buying it all the time and never bought any more Sacramento cans. In fact, everybody seemed to like it and people were always saying, "My, what nice tomato juice!" However, you'll never guess what we found floating around in the tomato juice that I bought yesterday! Resting on the top of the juice (or should I say swimming) are several worms. They are, to be sure, rather small worms. Perhaps they aren't worms at all, but they look for all the world like worms. They are quite thin, at thin as pieces of brown string. They are one-half to one inch long and are surrounded by grayish "pools" that look funny. Now before you start getting defensive let me state that I understand that, in all probability, you put these things into the juice to improve its flavor or provide enrichment or something. However, I never noticed them before and I think I would have because I have been buying Welch's for months and these animals weren't in any of the other jars. In fact, I think I should state quite firmly that there is no possibility whatsoever that the worms were in other jars because, on several occasions, I emptied the entire jar into my blender (and added other ingredients to blend a "special" drink that is a house secret and unfortunately I cannot reveal the recipe) and thus had the chance to examine the whole thing. The other jars did not contain the worms. I suppose you are wondering why I didn't take the jar back to the market? There are several reasons why such a step would not have been such a good idea. Firstly, I live several crooktown blocks from the store and, as a rule, I do my marketing on my way home from work. In order to return the jar I would have had to take it to work with me, which means dragging it on the subway to the Port of Authority bus

station and onto the bus to New Jersey, then back on the bus to the Port of Authority and onto the subway again, changing trains at 176th Street. And then to the store. All that is too much trouble, too much dragging around of a quart of tomato juice to be worth the 39¢ refund—if indeed I would have gotten the refund in the first place. You see, I know the people at my market and I anticipated what would have happened had I tried to return the juice. Perhaps it would have sounded something like this: Me: I want to return this jar of juice. Manager: Ya buy it here? Me: Yes, I bought it last week. Manager: Ya got the receipt? Me: No, but I'm not lying to you. I bought it here. Manager: What's wrong with it? Me: It has worms in it. Manager: What do you mean? I don't see any worms. Me: You can't see them unless you open it. Manager: Did you open it? Me: Yes, that's how I know there are worms in it. Manager: We don't take back things that have been opened. Me: Do you think I put the worms in it? Manager: What are you, some kind of nut? Get out of here. We don't want any trouble. Me: Well, you shouldn't sell tomato juice with worms in it. Manager: Hey, are you the nut who complained about the cockroach spray that didn't spray? So, gentlemen, had I brought up the question before the management, I may have been permanently barred from shopping there and I then would have had to buy everything in New Jersey, taking the merchandise back with me in the bus across state lines. As it is illegal to transport alcoholic beverages across state lines, I would have been liable for arrest or have to do without beer. Now gentlemen, please understand that I do not want any free gifts from you. I abhor cops and courtrooms and will not ever entertain it (continued on page 17)

IN THE DAYS WHEN MONKS WERE MAD (ABOUT EACH OTHER)

BY RICTOR NORTON

The poetic Muses would have preferred a rose garden to the cloister, but life in a medieval monastery was as often gay as solemn. The scholarly monks pored over their ancient manuscripts every morning—but each afternoon they recited Latin epigrams with their young pupils, and in the evenings abbot and novice together learned the more subtle realities of brotherly love.

"Here's Death twitching my ear. Live," says he, "for I'm coming." So runs the earthly wisdom which prompts drinking songs and love lyrics addressed to men as well as maids. "I wrote to maids, and wrote to lads no less. Some things I wrote, 'tis true, which treat of love; And songs of mine have pleased both he's and she's," proudly boasts Baudri of Meung-sur-Loire (1046-1130), abbot of the monastery of Bourgueil, Archbishop of Dol in Brittany.

In the shadow of the risen Christ the brotherhood glimpsed the risen Gany-mede—were not both of them shepherds, and had not both ascended directly into heaven? The love of Jesus for John, of David for Jonathan, were but manifestations of the love of Achilles for Patroclus, of Corydon for Alexis. The austere moral fibre of Christianity would not bloom till the late twelfth century, and from 400 to 1100 A.D. the new religion was still quite pagan. Surely Bacchus still revelled near the wine-press whose amber liquid brought money to the abbey. And surely Eros still shot his arrows from the plant-trees in whose cooling shades wandering scholars rested with wandering minstrels.

It is merely a matter of cultural prejudice that the love of Abelard for Heloise is better remembered than the equally poignant love of Ausonius for Paulinus of Nola. Ausonius (310-395), professor of rhetoric at the University of Bordeaux, tutor to the Emperor Gratian, Consul of a province, loved above all others his pupil Paulinus, his younger by some forty years. But Paulinus suddenly and without explanation left for Spain, where for four years he answered none of Ausonius' imploring letters. Finally he replied, with great compassion, but still declined to return to Ausonius. Ausonius wandered in the fields of sorrow, "in deep woods, in mournful light, And lakes where no wave laps, and voiceless streams, Upon whose banks in the dim light grow old; Flowers that were once bewailed names of kings and boys," like Apollo lamenting his Hyacinthus. Paulinus protests that "though a world shall under me and thee, Thee shall I hold, in my mind embrace thee. O there's no end of Love, we'll safely find, When there's an end of earth." They corresponded for three more years till the death of Ausonius, where in heaven he awaited the reunion with his beloved Paulinus.

Meandering across the Continent, Venantius Fortunatus (530-603) chanted Virgil rather than the Psalms as he lay at night under the open sky, till he stopped at Poitiers in 567 and became Bishop. He writes to his friend Ruco, deacon in far-away Paris, "Swift as the waves beneath an east wind breaking/ Dark as beneath a winter sky the sea/ So to my heart crowded memories aushing/ So dark, O



love, my spirit without thee." The pangs of separation, caused by pilgrimages, appointment in a new bishopric, and so forth, is a frequent theme, as in these lines from Colman the Irishman to a younger man of the same name: "If this white head of mine were dark again, I too might go your ways/ But all those far seas and shores that must be crossed, They terrify me. Yet go thou, my friend, swift be thy cleaving prow, And do not quite forget me."

Hrabanus Marus (776-856), abbot of Tours, writes to Grimold, abbot of St. Gall: "Earth's self shall go and the swift wheel of heaven/ Perish and pass, before our love shall cease." Grimold was also the friend of Walafrid Strabo (809-849), a pupil whom he sent to the bitterly cold abbey of Fulda to study under his friend Hrabanus—who received a better messenger than the usual letter. But Walafrid, displeased, wrote back to Grimold: "Fool that I was, a scholar I would be, For learning's sake I left my country, No luck have I and no man cares for me."

Even in the house it is cold as snow, My frozen bed's no pleasure to me now, I'm never warm enough in it to go/ To quiet sleep." And to some other cleric he also left behind: "Thy lover's eyes in vain desire thee, Seek for love's face, and find that face denied."

The patron saints of the monastery of Gembloux were the entire Sacred Band of Thebes, the ancient army consisting of 150 pairs of homosexual lovers. They were the bravest soldiers of all time because none would dare disgrace himself before his lover. Siegbert (1030-1112), lover of the Abbot Olbert, wove in memory of this army a garland of lowly privet blossoms: "Clumsy the work, a silly weight to carry, And yet resist it not, for it is love."

Anselm, later sainted, like Richardson's Pamela, had a passion for writing letters—to men, of course. To Gondulph, "soul most beloved of my soul," he declares, "withersoever thou goest, my love follows thee; and wherever I remain, my

longing embraces thee." Medieval epistolary passion finds its epitome in his letters to William, "My most dearly beloved" (*mi charissime*) appearing more than a dozen times in one letter. Supposedly Anselm was trying to convert William to the Christian faith, but his clearer desire was for William to come live with him at the Abbey of Bec: "delay not thy so great good, and fulfil my yearning for thee, that I may have thee for my companion in following Christ." Such subterfuge is permissible when the goal is to strive together on the road to the heavenly Jerusalem.

From about 1150 onwards, anti-homosexual prejudice usurped the humanistic throne of Greek love. By the fourteenth century Chaucer would portray the homosexual as an immoral debauched sycophant, in the person of his Pardoner, who sings "Come hither, love, to me" to the Summoner, and is threatened with having his balls crushed by that amiable chauvinist tavern-keeper Harry Bailey. And in an early mystery play, *The Killing of Abel* (1450), Cain is depicted as having an affair with both the Devil and a cute trick named Garcio (who unfortunately does not figure in the biblical myth). It is implied that Cain killed Abel because Abel rejected his advances. In many of the mystery plays, Herod is portrayed as the archfaggot, just as in the recent *Jesus Christ Superstar*.

In the twelfth century it became fashionable—and politic—to repent one's wanton youth, as did Marbod, Bishop of Rennes: "My mind did stray, loosing with hot desire, both men and maids were dearer to me than sight itself; but distasteful to me now is the embrace of either sex." This confession, of course, was written in his old age. More typical of the earlier centuries was the anonymous Veronese cleric who in the ninth century wept for "that boy who disdainfully/ Scorns the entreaties I utter, and for my fawn like a stricken deer sorrow." The poem's later erudite allusions to Greek mythology do not hide the reality of the sentiment—which is timeless.

Fortunately the graceful lyrics of the Veronese cleric, the sorrows of Ausonius, the passion of Anselm, the snappy quatrains of Walafrid, have a vitality which prejudice cannot discolor. And from the ruins of manuscripts destroyed or defaced by later zealots, we now and then can retrieve a fragment of ageless beauty, such as Hilary's unblushing plea to his beloved, in about 1125:

Hair of gold and face all beauty, neck of slender white,
Speech to ear and mind delightful—why, though praise for these?
For in every part's perfection, not a fault hast thou.
Except—protesting chastity jars with forms so fair!

Ah, believe me, were the Golden Age to come again,
Ganymede should no longer slave to highest love,
Thou, to heaven ravished, should by day his cup refill,
Thou by night shouldst give him kisses, nectar far more sweet.

[Note: The translations are from Helen Waddell, *Wandering Scholars and Medieval Latin Lyrics*; D.S. Bailey, *Homosexuality and the Western Christian Tradition*; E.R. Curtius, *European Literature and the Latin Middle Ages*; and P.S. Allen, *The Romanesque Lyric*.]

BY VITO RUSSO

Three films this week have started me thinking about the quality of film adapted from another medium. Why don't they work as well and as consistently as they should? I think that there is a basic difference in intent. The language of film and the language of literature achieve their ends by appealing to us in different manners. The film, directly, through visual perception and literature indirectly through mental perception. What most people don't realize is that when a filmmaker sets out to film a novel or a play, he is creating an entirely new work of art with its own set of rules with which to measure its success or failure. Cinema is almost always inadequate in re-creating the emotional intensity of a literary work. That is because that emotional intensity came from the feel-



Sir Laurence Olivier relates to a forefather in "Sleuth."

ings the reader conjured up in his mind in response to the words he read. The film, however, presents a set of images to the viewer which he must accept. Almost always, that set of images is not what the viewer had in mind when he read the play or the book. The ones which have worked, have worked almost always on their own terms. 2001: A Space Odyssey works principally because Kubrick knows how to let the viewer's imagination take over. *Fall Safe* works for the same reason. These, by the way, both adapted from rather mediocre sources. Great books or plays are more likely to fail as films than small, modest novels which can be used as stepping stones to a new concept. There-



In "Child's Play" James Mason portrays a Latin professor in a Catholic boys' school.

i'll TAKE MANHATTAN

MASON & OLIVIER:

THE RETURN OF THE GIANTS

fore true adaptations work only as new creations on their own, owing very little to their sources. *Gone With The Wind* and *The Godfather* work beautifully but that's because they are taken from popular, almost universally commercial books and couldn't miss. Let me tell you, they're not exactly masterpieces either, those two books, popular as they are. Films like Olivier's *Othello* and Long Day's Journey Into Night survive because they preserve monumental performances. Also, of course, they are both taken from claustrophobic plays which benefit rather than suffer from the constrictions of the camera's eye. For the most part, however, Virginia Woolf hit the nail on the head in 1926 when she wrote in *The New Republic*, "Even the simplest image: 'My love's like a red, red rose that's newly sprung in June' presents us with impressions of moisture and warmth and the flow of crimson and the softness of petals inex-



Why is he the heartbreak kid?

edge of my seat. I was having such a good time trying to figure out what was going to happen next that I didn't realize until it was over that there were some shadows of people which appeared in windows which were maddening red herrings. Also, if you watch carefully, there is literally a red herring towards the end of the film. The entire action is shot in and around the mansion owned by Andrew Wyke (Olivier) who loves games and toys and oddities of all sorts. His home is a collection of tricks and mechanical beings, all of whom take on co-star billing before the film is over. Milo Tindle (Caine) has come to see Wyke, a famous write of whodunit novels (!) whose wife (Channing) he plans to marry. Wyke has other ideas, however, and before the maze comes to an end you'll be marveling at how many times they manage to fool

Play is unremarkable excepting for one performance by James Mason. Mr. Mason plays Jerome Malley, teacher of Latin in St. Charles Catholic School for boys. A strange series of events is taking place at the school. The boys are inflicting injury on one another for no apparent reason. Joe Dobbs (Robert Preston), the English teacher, a favorite of the boys, wants to take Malley's place some day soon and regards him as a paranoid, embittered old man. Malley is universally hated by the students, and blames this on Dobbs. He also blames Dobbs for the obscene mail and phone calls he's been receiving lately. Actually, it's not a bad idea for a story. Unfortunately, it worked only sporadically on stage and even less in the film. There are things, as we have said, that can be accomplished better through mental rather than visual communication. There



"Child's Play" is based on a play by Robert Marasco.

each other and you. Olivier is magnificent. Watching him in the film makes you wonder how a younger man could ever have played the part. He's himself one moment, Margaret Rutherford the next, changing from one of the characters in one of his books to one of the victims and back again before your very eyes. Michael Caine finally gives a decent performance; after all that fuss over *Alfie* a hundred and fifty years ago, he has consistently disappointed me. He comes back in this one, though, and holds his own with Olivier and then some. I think you'll be very amused by newcomer Eve Channing, obviously a discovery of Mr. Mankiewicz; and Alec Cawthorne as Inspector Yard. Go—enjoy, be mystified. You'll love it.

David Merrick's production of *Child's*

is a chapel scene in which one of the boys is found beaten and tied to a cross on the altar. In the film we see the other boys dragging him into the chapel and tying him to the altar. On stage, the second act curtain rose on the chapel scene and the brothers are coming in. Our attention is focused on them. Suddenly there is a low moan from the wall stage left. The brothers on stage and the audience look up in unison and discover a bloody body of a young boy, tied to a cross. Everyone in the theatre reacts together with a scream, actors and audience alike. That's what it's all about. That is only one of the reasons the film doesn't work completely. Beau Bridges is miscast as Paul Reis, the gym teacher who discovers the truth. Ken Howard played it very well on Broadway without all that *Father Knows Best* fresh-

(continued on page 16)

JERRY'S SPHERE

(continued from page 2)

interested can reach me through the paper, through 889-5896 or at FRIZBY'S. I believe that it is a super idea and could be just the beginning of a lot of good things. Instead of going to watch an old hat drag show once a month get together and discuss problems unique to bar people. God knows, we've got enough of them. It's about time that we started doing something about them and stopped talking about them.

PEACE IS AT HAND: Two months ago that message gave us all hope that the hideous war in Indochina would, indeed, be ending. But then there was Thieu who wouldn't go along with any truce agreed upon by Washington and Hanoi. (I can't really blame him there. Who the hell is Richard Nixon that he presumes to negotiate a truce with an enemy of another country? Because we are in a war that we have no right to be in. Because it is U.S. monies and material keeping it going. Because young Americans have been maimed and killed in a war that has never been declared. Because of these and other factors we still do not have a "divine right" to interfere in the internal affairs of another country.) Then Nixon started getting flak from hawks on capitol hill concerning Thieu. (Do they—the hawks—have more than a vested interest in wanting to continue this debacle?) So, Mr. Nixon decided to go for more than was originally agreed upon. Hanoi told him where he could go so he took Herr Kissinger out of the game and decided on a power play. BOMB, BOMB, BOMB more and more. Who are those little chicks anyway. WE will show them just how POWERFUL and HONORABLE WE are. We will devastate. What the hell are a few POWs. Just let the BOMBS fly. WE will show them. We will lay the country in ruins. WE will end the war with a JUST and HONORABLE peace. Yeeeh!!!!



At New Jimmy's: Johnny Savoy and Judy Sexton

MORE NIXON APPOINTEES: I have to ask once again, what price a mandate? Mr. Nixon now wants the president of Litton Industries to take over buying supplies for the military. Cozy? How much will Litton make on the deal? How much did Litton give for the Plum? When are Nixon's "children" going to grow up?

FREE IN '73: As we begin the new year, let us reflect on just how free we, as Americans, are becoming. The First Amendment guarantees freedom of the press. By that freedom, reporters have been allowed immunity from testifying against or revealing the identity of their sources of information. In recent decisions, judges of Nixon's Supreme Court have upheld that reporters could be held in contempt for not revealing their sources. Last week the Washington head of the *L.A. Times* was jailed for refusing

to hand over tapes of an interview with an informer on the Watergate Affair. The ruling was quickly overruled, but the seeds have been planted. With the security of a newsman's rights of silence gone, how many people will take the chance and come forward with information that the public would not otherwise receive? How many will take the chance to write against the injustices apparent to his eyes? As I am writing this, there has developed still another ploy of the Nixon administration shrewdies. Out of the blue comes an announcement that licenses to TV stations would be renewed only if the news coverage reported on the station was equal. In other words, should "Tricky Dicky" try some way-out stuff and the TV stations report it, license renewal would be questionable. I suppose that the Watergate bit, PepsiCo's Soviet franchise, the incredible bombing of North Viet Nam, etc., etc., etc. should not be covered. Nixon's dancing with an 11-year-old girl in Miami would be all right. (I wonder if it is all right to mention that the President's close friend, Bebe Rebozo, was once as close with Myer Lansky and together they appropriated the Biscayne Bay property that made Nixon a millionaire. Or, if because of this, Lansky will ever be prosecuted? Any President that could parole Hoffa, for how many million dollars in ransom, could hardly be expected to prosecute a man who aided him in becoming a "self-made" millionaire.) Watch out Ms. & Mr. America—if Nixon succeeds in suppressing the media, can the concentration camps be far behind? KEEP THE FAITH AND MAKE SURE THAT WE STAY FREE IN '73. (Many thanks to Cele for that one.)

PERSONAL CONVERSATION: Recently one of my best friends sat me down to give me some "fatherly advice." He told me that I was making a lot of enemies through the column. He advised me to go back to the original format of a "campy gossip column." I was quite shaken by this. Only a few days before I overheard a long-time "friend" saying how "pom-pous" I'd become, writing about politics, etc. and that I had no business doing what I was doing. Well, being an Aquarian, I am very anxious to please people. My first fight with my ex was over just that, trying to please people. I've done my level best. But I've changed. I am also interested in pleasing myself for the first time in my life. I have no wish at all to sound or act pompous. I do not intend to sound like an authority on life. I write about what I know and about what I feel. There are certain things that I feel need to be said. There are questions burning in my heart that I have to ask. I'm quite sure that Mr. Nixon will never read anything that I write but from the letters I've received I know that I am at least giving a lot of you food for thought. And that is my fondest wish. For if we do think about things and ask questions, hopefully we as Americans will wake up and not allow a 1930s Germany to happen here in our beautiful country. We will fight a military-industrial takeover of our government. It is not my intention to offend; however, I'm not afraid of offending. As long as Jack and Lige will print what I write, I will write. I will ask questions that I hope to find answers to. Life is a short trip. I would like it to be as pleasant as possible for myself, my loved ones and for all people. This is the only way I know of that I might be able to be of some help. I am an Aquarian and we like to help. I'm sorry if you are offended but as long as I receive such beautiful letters I know that I'm helping somebody and I shall continue doing what I can.

This column marks the end of my first year with GAY. It has been one hell of a year and I am very grateful to Jack and Lige for their help, their confidence and, most of all, their friendship.

CHAT-CHAT: Did Jeff (MEATRACK)

really make his number walk home the other night??? TY'S had an open house the other day. Ty set a precedent. Although he had a highly spiked punch and buffet set out, he decided that most of the bartenders weren't drinking the punch so all their drinks were on the house! And, the liquor strike was still on at the time. He could have been wiped out. But the "bar people" there really appreciated the gesture. BRAVO, TY'S... Tony (cover boy) Collado (FRIZBY'S) has a certain columnist that we all know and love in a dither. Seems said columnist has taken up photography on the side. Hmmm... Sorry that OUR PLACE has shuttered. It was a nice room and Norman was a good boss... Jim Merry hosted the annual employees' Christmas dinner at NEW JIMMY'S. A warm tradition that has become part of the yule season... Stanley Franks (BEAU GESTE) hosted a fabulous buffet for his regular customers. Must say that his decorations were the prettiest we saw... Johnny Vincent looking happy, happy these days over at SINGLES. Could it be because his partner behind the bar, beautiful Ralph, is also his amore??? Same place has a new slimmer Phyllis loving Christmas because of Holly (Gianni's)... Brother John Francis Hunter and I to co-host the opening party at FRIZBY'S for my favorite innkeeper Ted Kall. Very happy to see he's doing so well. Drop in and say hello to Tony and Ms. Jan Wallman... Marty Denley's kitchen at MONA'S ROYAL ROOST is a smash. Couldn't get in the

other night. Jammed... Mike and I stopped over to the PICADILLY PUB after taping two shows on gay night life for cable TV... Joey Cord has to be a super star in the very near future. You have to hear his version of Christ's lament in the Garden of Olives from *Superstar* to believe it. The man is incredible... Be on the lookout for Ms. Nancy Parker around town. She is the fantastic talent we first saw at GAA Cabaret. She rocked them in the aisled at OUR PLACE... Wish you'd see Mike's eyes when we went to see the tree at Rockefeller Center. They outshone the tree... Happy about the "togetherness" of my favorite songbird and favorite Ma... Our favorite Joey (Micolli) returned to SEBASTIAN'S as barkeep. Stop by... The sexiest Joe (Knoff) and Peter celebrating the new year at RAM-ROD... Ms. Kitty, Dale, Richie, Cathy and Bob (ROADHOUSE) terrorizing Deric over at TY'S... Stella packing them in at SUGAR'S at cocktail time... Walter Kent (WALTER'S APARTMENT) and Joe Murphy (BEACON BATHS) making the rounds... Edward Morris off to Atlanta for *Jacques Brel*. He'll be hosted by Jerry (COVE)... Thanks to Mike for making this the happiest holiday season ever... Tony Black (PIPERS LOUNGE) looking dapper... This will be a shortie as I'm recovering from too much holiday cheers... Hope that you all weren't offended... Be good and take care of each other.

Peace & love, je

MANHATTAN

(continued from page 15)

ness. Robert Preston is just barely bearable, mainly because he plays the kind of character everyone thinks he is anyway. But James Mason is superb. At that age, you'd think an actor would fall back on little tricks and mannerism and affectation. Not him; he's always fresh, always interesting to watch and does fascinating things with his face and his body. He's one of the few actors in screen history who can move in character and still move well. The man is wonderful. Go see it just to watch him.

I simply cannot believe that the man who made *Born Yesterday*, *Camille*, *A Star is Born*, *The Women*, *My Fair Lady*, *Put and Mike* and *Philadelphia Story* made *Travels With My Aunt*. George Cukor should be ashamed of himself and his film. It is without a doubt the worst piece of shit I've seen in years. *Travels With My Aunt* is the supposedly simple story of Aunt Augusta (Maggie Smith) and her nephew Henry (Alec McCowen) and how she takes him along to help her swindle half of Europe to get her old lover-husband out of the grip of a group of kidnappers in Africa. Once done, however, Aunt Augusta finds that her lover boy duped her to get \$100,000, and Henry finds that Aunt Augusta is his mother and the old coozer his father. Along the way we get Aunt Augusta being eccentric. She swills champagne, her manservant mixes pot with Henry's mother's (he thinks she's his mother) ashes after the cremation, she barges in and out of countries and hotels, says witty things and remembers her tacky past as if it were glorious and appealing. With this kind of a story you've got to have two things. First, the old lady had better be charming and endearing, she isn't. Second, it all has to move like a house on fire; it *cracks*. Cukor should know better, dammit; he's directed some unbelievably funny things. And Maggie Smith! Don't let me start on Maggie Smith. For an actress of her talent, beauty, range and power to turn in such a phony, ill-timed, overacted, ridiculous performance is criminal. She's a grotesque Auntie Mame without the heart, humor or charm of the original. The perfor-

mance is all mugging; there's not a hint of subtlety in it. Alec McCowen should be equally ashamed; he does his timid boy act and makes the picture seem 12 hours long. And the plot! Since when is smoking pot funny in the movies anymore. It's not even funny anymore in real life. They camp it up with the old joints as if they'd all started an old Woody Allen script and lost their way. Nothing is funny, nothing is human, nobody is good, it's a colossal waste of time and money—stay away. Oh, by the way, I saw it at a screening at the Playboy Theatre for members and the Directors Guild. They thought it was a scream. Convinced?

I see by *The New York Times* that Maude's abortion upset a lot of people. Sure, they want situation comedies where the burning issue is whether or not Sue Ann's hair will be dry by six o'clock. I thought it was terrific. It's nice to see adults acting their age on television for a change.

If you get a chance, pick up a Dell paperback called *Sticks and Stones* by Lynn Hall. It's the story of a gentle boy in a small town and what happens to him when the bored townspeople construct some stories about him because they have nothing else to do. It's a nice little book with a message that is universal. It's also very liberated and straightforward. The best part about it? It's marketed for young readers. Get it. It'll take you an hour. You won't be sorry.

Still Shots: Father Berrigan has offered to speak at the GAA Firehouse. Did anyone know that he started the first student gay group at Cornell?... *The All Night Film Festival* at the Firehouse was a smash. The next one (Homosexuality in the Movies) is January 16th. Don't miss it... Larry Paulette and Alaina Reed were at the Continental last Saturday night. They were both great. The Continental, as usual, was a bad trip... Mario Biaggi was forced into a statement in favor of Intro 475 by tapping activists last week. Hope the pressure keeps up... The advance word is that the musical version of *Lost Horizon* is awful. Honestly, Liv Ullmann??? Bye, gang.

ESTATE

(continued from page 13)

idea of using you, I will not respond favorably to a candy-gram from your office, or to telephone calls from sales people offering me free coupons. I am wiring the infected jar as a decorator item.

Sincerely yours,
Gregory Battcock

Well, despite my request they did send me some free coupons. And they sent the following letter:

December 3, 1972

Dear Mr. Battcock:
We were indeed sorry and most concerned to learn of your recent experience with a purchase of our Welch's Tomato Juice but do appreciate your writing to us about it—we particularly enjoyed the manner in which you reacted to this incident.

We hasten to assure you that the only thing we add to our Welch's Homogenized Tomato Juice is salt—at least it is the only object that is deliberately or knowingly added! And if you found something else in it (which you certainly have) we want to know about it. Furthermore, we want to be able to investigate the matter and determine exactly what the object is and how it got there.

The only way we can do this, of course, is to have the bottle of Tomato Juice with the material found in it for examination in our laboratories and in that connection we are enclosing a self-addressed label and postage to defray mailing costs and we would appreciate it very much if you would send this to us so we might look into the incident.

Thank you, Mr. Battcock, for your interest in our Company and our products which prompted your letter. In this regard we are enclosing coupons with which you may secure two 32 oz. size bottles of our Welch's Tomato

Juice at your local food store with our compliments.
With kindest regards.

Very truly yours,
F.J. Guthrie
Senior Vice President

I put the jar of juice in a Bisquit Cognac box, stuck on the label and stamps, and dropped it in the mail box in front of my building. "You just dropped it in the box. It probably broke," advised a neighbor.

Well, it didn't break because another letter arrived from Mr. Guthrie:.....

December 15, 1972

Dear Mr. Battcock:
Thank you for your cooperation in returning to us the bottle of Tomato Juice with the foreign material which you wrote to us about earlier.

Laboratory analysis reveals that the product has now fermented and further that in straining it, it was found to contain a large piece of stringy mold. We are very happy to report that the "worms" appear to be pieces of mold.

However, examination of the container reveals no defects but it is believed the package was subjected to rough handling in shipment which would loosen the cap just enough to permit air to enter the bottle. This would result in spoilage and the mold formation noted.

Thank you again, Mr. Battcock, for taking the time to send us the material and you may be sure this is a very unusual situation and one that is not likely to occur again.

With kindest regards.

Very truly yours,
F.J. Guthrie
Senior Vice President

Cheers,
Gregory

TWO CENTS

(continued from page 6)

the Renaissance than of the Reformation. This doesn't always come across in their editorials in this paper where they often assume a Protestant pose and go off on a "how sad it is" tangent. That happens, I suppose, because it is the form expected in a gay newspaper, or because of the pressures of deadlines and shouting gay libbers. In person, the philosophy of both Lige and Jack is invariably that of the very un-Protestant Christopher Marlowe: "He who does not like boys and Tobacco is a fool."

"Reactionary garbage" is the phrase which probably best sums up the writings Duberman likes. Peter Fisher is obsessed by sex roles, Merle Miller by guilt and The Protestant Ethic of the small-town 1930's, and most of the rest feel put upon by an unhappy fate which placed them in the sad, miserable class of homosexuals.

Only Lige and Jack, of all the authors mentioned in the *Times* article, like being gay and view their homosexuality as an advantage, a joyful experience they wouldn't exchange with any of those smug heterosexuals. That, I suspect (and hope) is the wave of the future. Deep down inside every homosexual moaning his fate and adopting the martyr's pose lies the realization that homosexuality is a very positive thing offering many advantages over heterosexuality and its obligations.

It would kill the oppression-oriented to admit it, but secretly even they know that homosexuality offers a freer, in many ways better, life than heterosexuality. Each of us has far more freedom of choice and a wider option of life styles than anyone involved in heterosexuality, surrounded as that is by laws, traditions and social strictures. If our parents wanted us to be heterosexual and that bothers us, suppose we had been. Then we'd have been coerced into narrow forms of heterosexual expression.

I Have More Fun With You Than Anybody has now gone into its second printing. Even bookshops which ordinarily don't stock hardcover books carry it by popular demand. Everybody seems to have read it, or to be reading it; meanwhile, who has read Tobin's *Gay Crusaders*, Teal's *Gay Militants*, or Herbert Marcuse's communist/Puritan views of homosexuality? Puritanism, communism, Protestantism and all those other dreary philosophies are dead. Lige and Jack have struck a chord which appeals to gay people of our time. Life, particularly gay life, is worth celebrating.

The day is not far off when gay men and women will increasingly tell politicians (gay and straight), preachers (gay and straight) and psychiatrists (gay and straight), in the words of pre-Puritan Richard Barnfield, "If it be sin to love a lovely lad, Oh, then sin II!" If this be "nonchalant... self-congratulation," "sexism" and "smugness," Mr. Duberman, then right on!



LIGE & JACK

ERIC STEPHEN JACOBS
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RIO CARNIVAL OUSTS GAYS

Rio De Janeiro, Brazil — The traditional costume parade at the Municipal Theatre Ball here, considered by tourists and natives alike one of the highlights of the world famous Carnival in Brazil's old capital, is threatened with extinction as government censors seek to oust homosexuals from it.

During last year's 1972 Carnival, theatre authorities first prohibited men from participating and then banished them "forever" from the parade.

When hundreds of men protested claiming they had spent months rehearsing their dances, preparing costumes, and then demanded reimbursement for the money already used to purchase material for the costumes, authorities seemed to relent.

However, shortly before the celebrations began, the banishing decree was enacted again. This apparently resulted from the pressure applied by censorship authorities who were allegedly "embarrassed over the procession of transvestites who wore lavish costumes." Authorities seem to believe that all transvestites are homosexuals and that has resulted in the desire to "oust all homosexuals" from the parade.

Although celebrations last for weeks, the core of the Carnival this year is slated to begin on Saturday, March 3 and end on the dawn of Ash Wednesday (March 7) with the traditional Christian-Vudu ceremonies in Copacabana and Ipanema beaches.

The men involved in the controversy have apparently exerted some pressure themselves because in late December Jose Mauro, the Theatre Director, simply said the ball may be cancelled. He refused to elaborate and offered no details.

DUTCH GAYS PROTEST MILITARY POLICY

BY DR. KO STERKEN

Amsterdam, Holland — The Dutch Society for the Integration of Homosexuality (COC) has presented a bill to the Minister of Defense, entitled "Homosexuality, the Armed Forces and the Medical Examination." The presentation was performed by a delegation of COC committee members, two of whom appeared as reserve officers in Royal Army uniform.



Two appeared as reserve officers.

By doing this they wanted to express the fact that there always have been

homosexuals in the Armed Forces and there always will be, even though the army executive staff maintains that there are no homosexuals in the Armed Forces. Over the past years Dutch society has on the whole shown an increasing positive appreciation of homosexuality. In the Penal Code homosexuality is no longer mentioned. The Minister for Social Affairs recently declared in Parliament that discrimination against homosexual men and women in industrial life must be condemned.

However, in the Medical Examination Regulations of the Armed Forces, homosexuality is still described as an illness or a deficiency that must lead to rejection. According to the COC these regulations need adapting to the latest developments. In the present system the very homosexuals who would be able to cope with military service are rejected. But those who dare not come out pass as fit.

The bill stresses the need for a new kind of examination. It is not important to consider whether someone is homosexual or heterosexual, but whether or not he is fit to function in a social group. COC thinks that the Armed Forces are characterized by a very authoritarian structure; military discipline violates the principle of equality.

COC does not express an opinion about the use of the Armed Forces as such. It is, however, convinced that an army has no use if it will not protect the rights of minorities when necessary, or even worse, when it will tread on the rights of those minorities.

In the bill, COC concludes that an independent institute would have to set up a scientific investigation into views and sexual experience within the Armed Forces. On the ground of such data one would have to strive at obtaining a more positive appreciation of (homo-)sexuality. This would be possible if the social training of conscripts and professionals were intensified. COC will do everything possible to give advice and information in the camps themselves. For this reason COC has contacted the VVDM (Society of Conscripted Servicemen). A national project group is formed by COC committee members who will occupy themselves with this task in particular. The group will start with an orientation weekend at which many military authorities will be present.

NYU CONTINUES "HOMOSEXUALITY" COURSE

New York, N.Y. Rosalyn Regelson, who originated the first course on homosexuality with a strong positive viewpoint in a major university at New York University back in 1969, will conduct a new course there this spring on "The New Sexuality: Tradition and Change." The course runs for 10 Monday evenings from 6:10 to 8 P.M., starting Feb. 5 in the School of Continuing Education.

The questions of sexual identity and sexual choice, crossing the sex lines via transvestitism and transsexualism, and genital and "polymorphous" eroticism will be studied. The way the term bisexuality is used to cover many opposing viewpoints will be analyzed. The feminist movement's analysis of the male role in society and of lesbianism will be examined, as will the rhetoric and goals of the Women's Liberation and Gay Liberation movements.

The philosophical, psychological and aesthetic purposes of pornography and sado-masochism will be studied in historic and contemporary terms.

An important aspect of the discussions will be the exposure of anti-homosexual attitudes embedded in seemingly pro-homosexual statements by psychologists, sociologists, biologists and people engaged in sexual politics.

John Nichols and Lige Clarke of GAY

will be among the guests representing various aspects of the new sexual scene. Others will include Barbara Gittings, Randy Wicker, Pete Fisher, Leo Skir, Jim Owles, Liz Eden (formerly Ernie Aron whose alliance with gay bank robber Littlejohn made the front pages last summer).

Regelson is completing a book on "Sex and Revolution."

Registration is now on and information may be had by calling 598-2111.

X09.9250. The New Sexuality: Tradition vs. Change. \$40. Rosalyn Regelson. Mon. 6:10-8 p.m., Feb. 5-Apr. 23 (10 sessions)

In recent years, sex roles and mores have undergone a rapid transformation. Sex may now be separated from procreation, and many are challenging traditional assumptions about male and female life styles. How do these changes affect individual identity and the social fabric? Does sexual freedom correlate with potential liberty? Is sexual freedom a diversion from increasing regimentation in other areas of life?

In this lecture-discussion course, students explore these and other issues of the sexual crisis which is confronting our society. The class also evaluates traditional family patterns in the light of the challenge to them from alternate life styles. The aim is to give students a better understanding of their own sexuality, as well as current socio-sexual forces that influence it.

Male and Female: Is sexuality a social myth or is it innate? Are we heading toward a unisex world?

The Nuclear Family: Is it an anachronism?—Is it a breeding ground for mental illness? Is monogamy obsolete? Motherhood without marriage; childless marriage—group marriages and communes.

Genital sex and polymorphism: salvation through the orgasm—Reich, "Function of the Orgasm"; freedom from genital tyranny—Marcuse, "Eros and Civilization"; vaginal and clitoral orgasm, touch eroticism, the mechanics of orgasm.

Crossing the sex line: homosexuality as a valid life style, lesbians as vanguard of the liberated women, bisexuality, transvestitism and transsexualism coming out of the closet, rock music superstars.

Fem-Lib: women as a separate class—Firestone, "The Dialectic of Sex"; subjugating the male—Solinas, "Scum Manifesto"; male-female equality—Friedan, "The Feminine Mystique"; the single sex—Heilbrun, "Androgyny."

Male-Lib: beat and hippie male-lib life styles, male consciousness-raising groups, the female oppressor, male impotence.

Pornography: counterculture degeneracy, capitalist dehumanization—Marcuse, "One Dimensional Man"; woman hatred; healthy stimulus to dull life styles, liberating fantasies of repressed desires—Peckham, "Art & Pornography."

Sado-Masochism: a healthy detuning in a negative society, or a sick model for traditional sex—Millet, "Sexual Politics."

Sex and Religion: sex as a demonic force requiring strict social control, new clergy who treat sex as just another aspect of interpersonal relations, sublimating sex in the new spiritual mysticism, celibacy in the post-Freudian age.

CONTROVERSY SURROUNDS PHILADELPHIA ACTIVIST

Philadelphia, Pa. Mark Segal, who in the past half-year has emerged as this city's most controversial, most criticized and most widely publicized gay activist—both locally and nationally—now has the unique distinction of being the first self-acknowledged homosexual to be nominated for the Philadelphia Jr. Chamber of Commerce (Jaycees) "Outstanding Young Leader of the Year" award.

Segal, 21, a Philadelphia Gay Activists Alliance member and founder of Gay Youth here, has been interviewed in all three major daily papers in the city and is now making the rounds on most of the local radio and television "talk shows."

Segal first came to city-wide attention here this past summer when he and a loosely formed group of gay women and men, calling themselves the "Gay Raiders," walked in on a live broadcast of WPVI-TV's "Action News" program to present their grievances against that sta-

tion's treatment of gay people. Following the news coverage of the disruption, Daily News columnist Tom Fox interviewed Segal, dubbing him "Prince Valliant."

In rapid succession, the Evening Bulletin and Philadelphia Inquirer also interviewed Segal, as his "Gay Raiders" continued to make news by showing up where least expected or wanted during the busy presidential election campaign.

Segal's Raiders made national news following a zap here of Democratic vice-presidential hopeful Sargent Shriver. That zap has been Segal's most significant and most controversial to date because of a brief but heated exchange during which Segal screamed to Shriver, "You're a fucking oppressive pig to gay people!" to which the former Peace Corps director responded, "To hell with gay people."

Amazingly, while little attention was paid to the Shriver comment itself, Segal's tactics fell under widespread criticism, which he promptly and thoroughly ignores.

Giving "equal time" to the Republican party, Segal next showed up at a \$100-a-plate GOP dinner here in early November to disrupt a speech by Clark MacGregor, national chairman of the Committee to Re-elect the President. "Mr. MacGregor," Segal shouted in front of 3,000 dinner guests, a "Gay Power" banner waving in his hand, "there are over 20 million homosexuals in this country. What about their civil rights? What is President Nixon going to do for them?"

As the staid Republican workers looked on in shocked disbelief, Segal was dragged from the floor and MacGregor, trying to dismiss the incident, said, "We don't need those kind of people." Within a few days, the White House also issued a denunciation of Segal as well as demonstrators in other parts of the country.

More recently Segal has been keeping before the public eye with guest appearances on WCAU-TV's "What's Happening" and WTAF-TV's "News Probe" where co-hosts Bob Gale and Frank Carter called him "intolerant" for his statement that "all heterosexuals are sick—anyone who hasn't tried at least one gay experience is sick."

Segal, who quickly acknowledges that his behavior and tactics are "outrageous," said he had "no idea" how or why he was nominated for the Jaycees' award. "It's amazing," he said. "I'm really astonished they would even acknowledge the nomination."

The letter informing Segal that he had been nominated reads as follows:

Dear Mr. Segal:
The Philadelphia Jaycees wish to commend you on your recent nomination for the Outstanding Young Leader of the Year award. Although you did not become a finalist, I'm sure that it is gratifying to know that your associates selected you for this recognition. Your contributions to your profession and our community are greatly appreciated by the Jaycees.

Sincerely,
Philadelphia Jaycees (signed) Thomas S. Rittenhouse, President

The Philadelphia Jaycees describes itself as a "service organization composed of young men between 21 and 35 pledged to seeking the welfare of (the) community while at the same time providing leadership training for its members."

A spokesman for the Jaycees, while declining to comment on any specific nominee for the award, said, "We do keep local newspaper records, and nominees are checked against those records to see in what context the individuals have made news." The spokesman, who asked not to be identified, also said that although the Jaycees had no "official policy" on gay rights, "we do consider civil rights work a valid criterion for nomination to the award."

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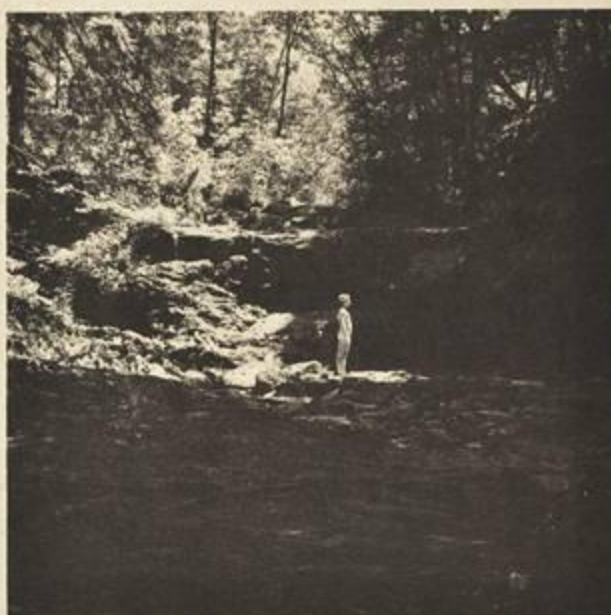


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LIBRARY SERVICE, INC. Offering quality adult gay fiction; has a new brochure. Write today for an immediate reply. Write: Library Service, Inc., Dept. G, PO Box 20308, San Diego, Calif. 92120.

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GAY WHITE MALE, 21, needs ride to Calif. in middle of January. Ed, PO Box 2715, Phila., Pa. 19120.

START THE NEW YEAR with your own pair of Screw-jeans. Now available in the latest styles. Write Jemm Industries, PO Box 642, Coral-Gables, Fla. 33134 for free information.

EULENSPIEGEL, the Society for the needs, interests & rights of "S/M" people will hold a GAY NITE (gays & bisexuals of both sexes) Tues., Jan. 16 at 8 p.m., Church of the Holy Apostles Rectory Office on 28th St. at 9th Ave. Discussions, social refreshments. Don. \$1.50.

CASTING two gay films, all types needed including females, actors preferred but not necessary, send photo or letter: PO Box 12, New York, NY 10472.

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YOUNG WRITER/POET struggling for a voice—am 21, w/m, boyish with long hazel brown hair, blue eyes, 115 lbs., 5'5"; seeking young, sensitive companion from around area who is w/m equally slender at about same age or under & into blue jeans & writing or some other creative self-expression & willing to share life needs together, maybe forever. Write & send photo if possible to: Thomas Nash, 411 Edmund Ave., Paterson, NJ 07502.

YOUNG BLACK from West Africa, 24, is looking for Puerto Rican or Spanish lover: must have own apartment. I am very handsome. If you are Puerto Rican, and want a good lover, get in touch with me, and I'll do whatever you want. No hustlers, liars or queens please. Send photo to: Maxwell, 4510 Snyder Ave., Brooklyn, NY 11203.

O.M. BOX 94: Convinced letters not forwarded to you. Friendship? Box 438, Mid VII Sta., Flushing, NY 11379.

VISITING MIAMI THIS WINTER? Have more fun in the sun with one of our versatile young models. Write P.O. Box 642, Coral Gables, Fla. 33134 for information.

CHUBBY CHASER, 40s, handsome, seeks men over 300 lbs. Steve Randolph send address, phone, photo. Box 34, E. White Plains, NY 10604.

YOUNG DOCTOR, W/M, would like to meet young people 18 to 23 for fun & friendship. Write: Gary Hadley, PO Box 8544, Baltimore, Md. 21234.

INTO ROUGH, NUDE, no holds barred wrestling? Muscular, 24, 5'8", 145 lbs., seeks same. Box 553, Canal St. Sta., NYC, NY 10013. Frank letters answered w/photo.

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