

GAY 50¢

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HOMICIDAL MANIAC STALKS GREENWICH VILLAGE

BY RANDY WICKER

New York, N.Y. — On January 3rd or 4th, Ronald "Pepe" Capo, male, white, 29 years old, 5'9" tall, 145 pounds, was stabbed to death in his apartment at 234 Thompson Street in the Village. Police investigating the incident found approximately fifteen stab wounds in Capo's body. His neck had also been cut. After the murder, a fire was set in Capo's apartment.

On January 7th or 8th, Donald MacNiven, male, white, 41 years old, 5'10" tall, 150 pounds, and John Beardsley, male, white, 53 years old, 5'1", 200 pounds, were stabbed to death in MacNiven's apartment at 11 Varick Street. Together they had eighty stab wounds, all over the body, front and back, with no area receiving any particular mutilation. Their necks were also slashed. After the murders, turpentine was splashed around the apartment and a fire was set.

All three men were known to be gay, frequently cruising and making pick-ups on Christopher Street. They frequented Danny's bar on Christopher Street and Peter Rabbit on West Street.

Detective Vuotto, who is investigating the murders with Detective Martini, both of Manhattan's 4th Precinct, which covers lower Manhattan, says no drugs appeared to be involved in the slayings and that none of the victims was known to be "leather boys." However, because all three killings involved multiple stab wounds and a fire being set immediately thereafter, Detective Vuotto says that they suspect the murders were possibly committed by the same party. Otherwise, the victims were not socially or sexually related.

There were no signs of struggle, leading police investigators to suspect that the victims had picked up somebody in the early morning hours. All were described as locals of the West Village.

"We showed photos of them in bars in the area and everyone seems to know them," Detective Vuotto noted. However, he declined to make any photos

available to either the gay or straight press because "people who are involved down there know who we are talking about, and also we have the family to consider here and they are pleased they didn't get a big story in the press."

Capo was believed to have been in either Danny's or Peter Rabbit the night he was killed but that has not been definitely confirmed. Dets. Vuotto and Martini say they are trying to get further information through the bartenders and patrons of the bars.

"Our number here is 674-0771," he continued. "If someone called and said they had information, it would be strictly confidential. They would either leave a message for us to call them back, for Det. Vuotto or Det. Martini. We would either call them back and if they didn't want us to do that, they could just leave the information and somebody would relate it to us."

"What does 'confidentiality' mean?" I pressed. "What if someone know something but didn't want to be subpoenaed to testify. For instance, what if someone, say an NYU professor or someone with a vulnerable job, came to you and said he'd walked one of the victims home with another person he believed to be the assailant but that he couldn't afford to testify and be publicly identified as a homosexual by testifying, what would you do then?"

"Confidentiality means no one knows who they are but us, and possibly the District Attorney's office," Det. Vuotto replied, "especially if it was anything substantial. We're definitely not going to go around and say, 'Joe told me this.' It's not done this way."

"In a sense they would be legally bound to testify. It would be their moral obligation. That's one thing, we'd have to speak with the party and assure him that. If he had anything definite, enlightening, he'd have to go with us to the District Attorney's office."

Det. Vuotto said that so far gays who knew the victims had been very coopera-

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Discrimination in the public schools? Gay Activists meet at a special conference at Public School 41 to discuss the problems of gays in various levels of public education. (Photo by Bettye Lane)

TELEPHONE COMPANY WARNED BY ACTIVISTS

BY GERALD HANSEN
West Coast Correspondent

San Francisco, Dec. 21 — Representatives from the gay community warned Pacific Telephone Company officials in a stormy meeting at the Human Rights Commission here that their policy of refusing to hire or retain gays must change.

The company, a subsidiary of IT&T, sought to bar reporters from attending the meeting, or demanded, at least, that no publicity be given to the event. The theory among gays is fear by Pacific Telephone & Telegraph that mounting coverage in both the gay and straight press will force the firm to change its discriminatory practices. Most of the gays who attended the meeting, however, are willing to reveal what occurred. Through corroboration with these sources it has been possible to piece together an account.

Duke Smith, acting secretary of the Society for Individual Rights issued the following summary to GAY immediately after the closed door meeting: "Today (Dec. 19) certain individuals of the gay community met with representatives of Ma Bell specifically to discuss its refusal to hire Don Jackson as a known homosexual. PT&T went in, agreed to a meeting on condition that there would be no press coverage until results were reached."

"Two members of the gay community present refused to adhere to this request and PT&T refused to make any statements or have any discussion because of this. They did, however, listen to all rep-

resentatives. PT&T has agreed to future dialogues under the no-publicity conditions requested."

He was referring to Nick Benton, who writes most of the gay news in the underground *Berkeley Barb* and to Rev. Ray Broshears of Gay Alliance. Benton wrote acidly in the *Barb*, released Dec. 21, that "What they (PT&T representatives) want-

(continued on page 5)



The Return of Jim Owles: GAA-NY's first (two-term) president is in the lime-light again as he prepares to open his campaign for a post on the City Council in Manhattan. New York's gay community is organizing to give his candidacy a meaningful push. (See story on page 6.)



SCREW's Film Is Here! *It Happened In Hollywood* opened at Manhattan's Orleans Theatre on January 17 (241 West 47th St., telephone 757-3503). Pictured here is GAY's wizard, Jim Buckley, and the film's star, Felicity Split.

WHERE WILL YOU GO TONIGHT?

A DIRECTORY FOR DISCRIMINATING DISPOSITIONS

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
Don Seir, 40 W. 8th St. (473-9859). Cha-cha palace, mostly Latin. Bunny is on the bar during the day. GM & TV
Bennie & 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

Bunk House, 551 Hudson St. (989-8520). The defunct Casa. Good luck. GM
Carr's, 204 W. 10th St. (255-9742). Neighborhood bar and crowd. One of the oldest. GM, Carr, Bank & Washington Sts. Young leather crowd. Crusty. GM
Delaney's, 72 Grove St. Good food. Joey still behind the bar. INT

Fedora's, 239 W. 4th St. (CH 2-9691). Jack and Larry on the floor to serve you. And Federa herself making sure that you enjoy your meal. GM/some INT
Flames, 48 Barrow St. (CH 3-7538). Old establishment under new management. We'll look for the changes. GM
Five Oaks, 49 Grove St. (675-9669). Village favorite off Sheridan Square. INT

Four Eleves, 411 Bleeker St. (CH 2-2117). An old-time favorite. INT
Frisby's, 530 Hudson St. (255-9741). Intimate cocktail bar upstairs with a cozy dining room downstairs. My friend Teddy will see that you enjoy. Coverboy Tony Collado is on the stock. GM/GF

Gay Switchboard (924-4036) Gays servicing gays. New to town? Want to rap? Call.
Goetebug, 83 W. 3rd St. (677-9874). Dancing to great sound. Shows during the week. Younger crowd. GM

Horn of Plenty, 353 Bleeker St. (242-0636). Delicious food and they have their liquor license. INT
Jules Verne, W. 10th St. Jason's place and Jack is there. Fantastic time and food. INT
Julius, 159 W. 10th St. Hamburgers are great. Drinks are good. Hap, Joey, et al will take care of your drinks. The crowd is pretty, but don't count on making out. They still stare off GM
Kellers, 284 West St. Granddad of the leather bars. Keeping up with the times. Pool and some humpy prospects. GM

Kookie's, 149 W. 14th St. (242-9226). The bar is clean but they don't encourage GMs. Kookie looks like a poor man's ZsaZsa. GF
LimeLight, 91 7th Ave. So. Another disco. Nice decor. GM
Mark's Crisis, 59 Grove St. (243-9223). John Michel heads the merriment. Bobby Solain is on days so there's always a good crowd. Try it. GM

Meat Rack, 500 W. 14th St. (989-2649). Big, rocky leather bar. Interesting cruising and types. GM
Mattachine, 59 Christopher St. (691-1066). The new offices are fantastic. Stop in and get an education. Among other services (legal and social) it boasts apartment listings for gays.
Mena's Royal Roost, 28 Cornelia St. (CH 2-9557). My Martyn was taken over in the kitchen and I suggest you call for a reservation. Joe and Bill still knocking them dead behind the bar with Ronnie White at the keyboard.

Ninth Circle, 129 W. 10th St. Turned disco. GM
One Petate, 518 Hudson St. (691-6260). Frank has been made mgr. Beautiful Nancy Haskell during afternoons and my Bill and Peter will be there nights. GM/GF
Paula's, Greenwich Ave. and 7th Ave. So. The food is very good. Chris and Elaine tend bar while Paula supervises. GF, GM

Peter Rabbit, 305 W. 10th St. (929-9279). Wild mixture of folks, crusty. Sexy Jimmy and George to tend your needs.
Ramrod, W. 10th St. Leather & western a la S.F. Sexiest Joe along with Carl and Don will see to libations. Dino is host. GM
Roadhouse, 570 Hudson St. (CH 3-4214). The IN bar in the Village. Jammed any night of the week. Go and have a good time. GM

Sammy's Pooey, E. 15th St. near 5th Ave. (675-9840). Opulent piano bar. Leah is your host. GM
Sabe Strawberry, Bleeker and B'way (254-1760). Huge disco. We'll see what happens with this one too. GM/GF
Sugar's, 185 W. 10th St. (675-9477). Stella is on the bar and that makes it worth the trip. GM

Tor, 21 Greenwich Ave. (255-1337). Snack shop, crusty afternoons, find out what it's happening all over the Village. GM/INT
Ty's, 144 Christopher St. Right-on bar. San Francisco decor. Humpy Jim and Ed are there nights. Brother Doric during the day. GM
West Beach, Christopher St. If you are like me and like saloons once in a while, this is it.

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

EAST VILLAGE, WASHINGTON AND UNION SQUARES
Club 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 crusty when we were kids; I doubt if it's changed all that much even though Women's Lib got these 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

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. Neffy 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. Crusty bar. Say hello to Thom and Jack nights, and Chuck and Gene days. GM
Lee's Lion, 57 Lexington Ave. (686-9608). Nice, friendly atmosphere. Your host is David. Go there early for the Sat. dance. Marvel at Jackie Charlie's South, 581 3rd Ave. (684-2170). By guys for guys. 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
Queen's, 53 W. 19th St. If the girls are anything like Holly, Dee and Maria—Go! GF
Nine Plus Social Club, 149 W. 21st St. Exclusive after-hours club for the leather set. You must be sponsored by a member. Nice place.
Spike, 120 11th Ave. (20th St.) Humpy studs come here to relax and cruise. 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. 1RT to Houston; 8th Ave. IND (AA/E) to Spring; 6th Ave. IND (D/F/B) to Broadway/Lafayette; BMT (RR) to Prince; Lax. Ave. 1RT to Spring. GO AND HAVE A BALL AND YOU MIGHT FIND A FEW OTHER THINGS OUT.

MIDTOWN & MIDDLE EAST SIDE
Season 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. Dining. GM
Lib, 305 E. 45th St. (LE 2-0290). Girl's dancing bar. The best of its kind. Say hello to Jim, Ellie and Lois. GF/some GM
Mayfair, 964 1st Ave. (EL 5-9259). Good food at a good price. They're leasing out of their closets. INT

Regent of Tokyo, 251 E. 53rd St. Japanese restaurant. Elegant. GM
Ronnie's Supper Club, 324 E. 49th St. Another elegant eatery. Charles De Forest at the keyboard. Jackets are a must. GM
Roundtable, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310). First N.Y. disco. Bigger dance floor came with new decor. La Fleurs are still here. GM/GF
Sauna Baths, 300 W. 58th St. (PL 3-6880). A small place that closes at midnight. Busy during the late afternoons, tho. GM

Sebastians, 1068 1st Ave. (355-8052). My favorite Joey has been added. Along with John on the floor and Bill in the kitchen, Sebastian has a popular place. GM
Simples, 951 1st Ave. (486-9832). Johnny Vincent is your host. Fine food and a lot of fun. Say hello to Phyllis and Bobby. GM/GF
Sire's, 58 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-8059). Alan is the host. My man Sam along with Ralph will take care of your drinks. GM
Troubadour, 1078 1st Ave. (PL 3-1955). Humpy help and good food. Ken is here as your host. GM

Waiter's Apartment, 1068 2nd Ave. (371-3374). Wild illusion of a penthouse overlooking NYC. The best manager in town, Tom, has added Bobby Marino to the staff. A definite winner. GM
Yukon, 140 E. 53rd St. (421-8122). Roy has given it a new image. Young and vital. Dancing. GM

DANCE BELT & HELL'S KITCHEN
Better Days, 116 W. 49th St. Disco dancing. GM

BRONX
Big Spender, 315 W. 48th St. (586-9882). Lots of guys from the nearby shops. Some beauties. Good times. 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
Golden Grapes, 719 8th Ave. New disco in this part of town. Some familiar faces and some wild bods on the dance floor. GM
Haymarket Pub, 772 8th Ave. (586-9360). They asked J.F.H. not to list them in "The Gay Guide U.S.A." But they are. INT
Jimmy Ray's, 729 8th Ave. (382-9507). They won't admit to it either. But you might find what you're looking for here. INT
Joe Allen, 326 W. 46th St. (581-6464). Gypsies, name-performers, etc. Gay is the word for the bar while the tables will be mixed. INT
Loading Zone, 586 9th Ave. (563-8212). Some cowboys and lots of TV's. Would you believe GM/GF?

Penny Lane, 220 W. 49th St. Reminded me of the old Kelly's. Some good-looking kids. Say hello to Chop Chop. GM
Tijuana Cat, 350 W. 46th St. Lots of Latin talent hangs in here. Don is the singing bartender. Ms. Dawn Hampton's vocalizing has to be heard. She gets better and better. A winner. GM

WASHINGTONVILLE, N.Y.
Miller G's Round Hill Resort, Rt. 208, Washingtonville (914-496-9845). 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 3-3970)
Tomcat Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St.

UPPER EAST SIDE
Alibi, 1546 2nd Ave. (249-7026). Show nights are Mon. & Wed. with the sparkling Ms. Saunders. Dancing. 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
Forest, 1436 3rd Ave. (744-9873). Interesting decor. Frank is on days and Jerry nights. Disco. GM
Harry's Back East, 1422 3rd Ave. (249-6991). Crusty 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. (860-8509). First New York supper club. Exciting food and drink along with fine entertainment. GM/GF
Painted Pony, 1485 3rd Ave. (744-9580). What more can you say when you say GYPSY? An incredible talent. The beauty behind the bar is Eddie. GM
Piper's Lounge, 1201 Lexington Ave. (734-9305). Dancing & crusty. Tony Black and Bill Laney are on the bar. Say hello to Mickey. GM
Uncle Charlie's North, 1049 Lexington Ave. (861-6132). Crusty help and crusty patrons. Good crowds. GM

UPPER WEST SIDE
Bike Stop, 230 W. 75th St. (874-9014). New entry. Looks like fun. GM
Chipp's, Columbus Ave. bet. 66th & 67th Sts. Popular with Lincoln Center audiences. INT
Continental Baths, 230 W. 74th St., west of B'way. (799-2688). More than a bath-house, it's a totally gay environment even down to a weekend cabaret. Expensive, but worth it. Students by-price with I.D. cards. GM
Pleasure Pub, 324 Amsterdam Ave. (734-8632). Good cruising and friendly. Try it. GM
Westside, 2160 Broadway (874-8013). Popular bar with humpy help. Bryan Murphy and the Westsiders provide the entertainment. GM

UPTOWN
Andy's, 125th & 8th Ave. Crowded bar. Black is beautiful and gay here. GM
Chrysal Ballroom, 125th St. & 8th Ave. Another gay bar for this neighborhood. GM
Cherise, 1800 2nd Ave. at 93rd. Where Black is beautiful, the age is young, the food and music are soul and the dancing terrific. GM
Gold Rail, 2850 Broadway (MO 2-4704). Restaurant and bar popular with uptown gays and Columbia students. INT
MT. Morris 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
Danny's Brooklyn Heights, 108 Montague St. (625-8844). Two floors of fun and frolic presided over by Paul. Set is your daytime host behind the bar with "Mizzzy" Duke and Bruce taking over at night. GM
Gracie's Manhole, Henry & Clark Sts. Bklyn. Heights. I hear it's doing quite well. GM
Man's Country, 53 Pierpont, Brooklyn Heights (624-1362). Masculine atmosphere for masculine GMs. A bath in Brooklyn complete with gym and an enormous pool. I think you'll like this one. GM
Monte's of Henry St. Bklyn. Heights. Another new entry. 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.

JERRY'S SPHERE



BY JERRY FITZPATRICK

BAR AWARDS: The January awards were held at the ALIBI. Ms. Saunders went all out with a great spread. Judy Sexton and Johnny Savoy entertained with their customary professional aplomb. Johnny did a take-off of Fanny Brice while Judy did one on W.C. Fields. The capper was an appearance by Lynn Carter as Betty Davis. The winners were: Best Barmaid, Lee Schwartz (she must be as embarrassed as I am—I've lost count and it seems that there must be some more barmoids out there); Best Bartender, Billy Herna (Country Cousin—a long overdue nod); Best Waiter, Michael Gonzales (Harry's); and Best Waitress, Rusty (LIB) another repeat, repeat. Biggest hands of the day went to Mother Rice on his entrance and to my brother Carl who received a special award. There seems to be another shrim beginning between the upper east side and the west Village. I'm sorry to see that, especially now that the bars from Queens and Brooklyn have started to come to the monthly meetings. It seems that once again the awards themselves are to blame. I've said it before and I'll say it again, forget the awards and just have the meetings. If they won't talk seriously, just have a party. Enough!

The grand opening at FRIZBY'S was a smash! Many thanks to J.F.H., Frank Underwood (they teamed up and did a few of their old numbers from past shows they were in), Nancy Parker, and a very (continued on page 16)

The Editors Speak



Ronald Capo



Donald MacNiven



John Beardsley

—THE MURDERS—

The moral stance of the deranged murderer loosed on Greenwich Village is no more peculiar than the anti-sexual laws and religious proscriptions adhered to by public men who are considered sound. The murderer, perhaps, has carried these laws and proscriptions to an extreme, but his acts, nevertheless, are simply a reflection of the laws of Moses, of St. Paul, and of benighted state legislatures.

The police department in New York City needs hip, homosexually-inclined personnel in its employ. Why? Because it would be so much easier for the police to catch a murderer on the gay scene if there were more law enforcement personnel who knew substantially more about the city's gay community. It is our understanding that the police department, although it has stepped up its campaign to find the murderer, is sending policemen home with Greenwich Village bar patrons in hopes of running into the killer. Nobody denies that the police are having a very good time socializing, but it seems likely that they are hobnobbing with potential victims rather than with the killer!

Without doubt there needs to be more cooperation between the police, the gay press and the mass media. The reporting of muggings, murders and the like would be a good place to start, since it took nearly a week and a half for the stories about the Village murders to hit even the concerned and thoughtful pages of the *New York Post*.

Besides the murders (performed by the same maniac) covered thus far, two more have occurred in which the bodies of both victims were found floating in the Hudson River. One of the victims, it is reported, was the Vice President of *Homosexuals Intransigent*, a gay separatist organization operating in Manhattan. No explicit connection between the murders in which the victims were stabbed in their apartments and those in which the bodies were found in the river has been established.

PULL OUT THE BOOB TUBE

Dust off your TV on Sunday evening (10:30 p.m.), Channel 4, when NBC's *New York Illustrated* will present a documentary on New York's gay community. Scenes in Uncle Charlie's South, at the Gay Activists Alliance dances, in the Lesbian Liberation Committee, the Church of the Beloved Disciple and the Gay Legal Caucus. There are interviews with Marsha Sloane, lesbian-feminist, New York City Councilman Eidon Clingan and GAA President Bruce Voeller. Legal expert Michael Miller will also say his say.

JIM OWLES FOR CITY COUNCIL

Jim Owles, founding member and president (2 terms) of the New York GAA, has revealed his plan to run for City Council against Carol Greitzer. We learned to like Jim Owles because, besides being a fireball activist who got things done, he also took time to be a person. He's actually a very diplomatic soul, warm, good natured and determined, certainly a welcome change from lackluster Carol, whose do-nothing posture and bland whiny voice have helped irritate the New York scene for too long now.

If you have even one political bone left in your body, remember that Jim Owles needs your help. Spread the word that helping him win and voting for him is in good taste. If you're looking for excitement and fellowship, involve yourself in his campaign. During the short time we were involved in Dr. Franklin Kameny's campaign for Congress in Washington, D.C., we experienced some of the happiest gatherings of humans ever! Not serious, joyous! Not ideological, adventurous! That's what Jim's campaign promises to be too: lots of people pulling together to make some decent aspirations materialize for the first time.

Send in your donations. Every campaign needs them. Make checks or money orders payable to: Committee for an Effective City Council c/o James F. Jacobs, Treasurer 186 Spring Street New York, N.Y. 10012

WHEN WE WIN

The new West Village night spot, *When We Win*, reports that it has been unable to open (see GAY no. 93) due to the unusually difficult situation that was created by The Haven (remember The Haven?) at the same location over a year ago. A delay in granting the permits for *When We Win* thwarted the plans of their board of directors to open on January 8th. Hopefully, within the next month or so, *When We Win* will pass muster—as it should—and will be opened to the public.



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Why I Would Have Preferred a Hatchery

BY MICKIE BURNS

I have never had much use for family life. I try not to go around saying that all the time because when I do women always say that that's a dykey and anti-human thing to say. I'm sorry, but I never can quite get down the idea of deep-in-my-heart wanting to join a commune or become a lesbian mother because I can't see how these two institutions can help resembling family life or my home town. However, I believe that whenever I perceive that most people around me do not feel as I do about something, I feel I owe them some explanation.

A few years ago when I was back home for a visit, all my aunts and uncles and grandparents were in a hustle, coming into our house and going out to another aunt's house and congregating and dividing off and forming new nuclei and discussing the "situation" (as it came to be known), in the living room and in back bedrooms and in the family room after *As The World Turns* and in much the same manner. (By this I mean that in my family I have actually seen very little action, but I have overheard a great many conversations between the principals much in the same way as in *As The World Turns* one never sees, say, an automobile crash but hears the doctor and nurse discussing it together in the hospital scene afterwards.)

It seemed that my grandfather, being the patriarch and 72 years old and widely admired for his folksy witticisms, had recently been obliged to sit down himself and discuss the "situation" with little Aunt Ann herself and render unto her his solemn view of the matter with a folksy witticism thrown in. Then little Aunt Ann came to discuss her situation with my own mother, the head aunt, the chief of all the aunts, the Great Butch Aunt, together with my uncle, a doubly wise and spiritual man, having been both a Baptist preacher and basketball team captain in high school. Mother often chides her brother, the preacher, fondly reminding him that while he never went to dances as their religion prohibits, he used to neck with Norma Jean in his truck on country lanes before they got married. That's supposed to make him sound human to the rest of us, Mother seems to think. Well, you can imagine that after all this discussion and numerous soul-out-pouring encounters and other such like, little Aunt Ann's feelings and thinking on her situation were by this time beginning to be a lot more sensible.

"Well, she just doesn't have any business going out with a man that's got four children."

"It can be a terrible thing, raising some other woman's children."

"Couldn't never work out that way."

"The good lord didn't plan nature that way."

"Better off just like she is."

"She's got that little house all paid off and them two boys pretty near raised."

"Just no sense in getting too involved with something that's bound not to work out in the first place."

From remarks similar to the above we begin to perceive the crux of the matter, from these and other such tidbits passed between my mother, the Great Butch Aunt, and Aunt Avarine and Aunt Juniper and Aunt Sally Jo, and several heavy consultations between the almighty and Uncle G.T. (of the gospel of the lord),



"Don't know as there's a word of truth in it, but that bunch of girls has caused strange talk!"

From all these and other small conversational glimpses, I was able to piece together that little Aunt Ann's problematic situation was as follows:

Ann had been the youngest of ten children born to an affectionate and happy but poor farm family when my own mother, the eldest, had been sixteen. As I remember, Ann had been a cute and popular teenager at County High. I have a favorite memory of her in a brown bathing suit with a matching beach towel with brown polka dots trying to pretend not to get her hair wet as her boyfriend at the time was pretending to dunk her in the Central City pool. They had let me come along and bought me lots of popsicles and I thought them very wonderful indeed.

Not long after that little Aunt Ann got married, when she was nineteen, to a boy from an adjacent farm that she had never dated back home but had started dating on a trip to California that she took with his sister, her best girlfriend. Norman had been stationed there and was about to finish his hitch in the service and come back home. After that, we all went out to visit her on the farm and she had a new little bitty house and pretty soon two darling baby boys and her husband had won some kind of big prize for his steers and the farm was doing well and we sat on the concrete stoop and looked at her bride's book showing the wedding in California. However, it occurred to me that Ann wore bermuda shorts most of the time now and not a satin dress. Then one afternoon when I must have been twelve her husband kissed me on the mouth and I pretended not to notice and sort of tried to make out he had accidentally brushed me because we had been sort of scuffling around the way he always did with all of us kids whenever we came out to visit. A while after that I heard from my mother that he was going out with women and mother said he had taken to flirting with any strange woman he saw and charged up a fancy car and was getting into debt and running around and having Time Payments.

After that little Aunt Ann got herself a divorce and I always wondered what she did with her bride's book and the medals for the oows and the baby pictures with the father in them—whether she just kept everything the same or what. By then she was twenty-two. Her husband remarried

to one of the women from the same factory as Ann had started working at after the divorce. "Just like trash," my mother said of this second union. Ann was making \$75 a week welding lightbulbs. She even had, during these troubled times, to borrow one hundred dollars from Granddaddy. I remember, at Eastertime little Ann always bought her Easter outfit at Sears & Roebuck and other times she wore my other aunts' things but she fixed them up like new and she still stayed very thin and cute and finally the two boys were big old good-natured clumsy teenagers and she had paid off a house worth \$10,000 all by herself and she was 36 and had never had sex to the family's certain knowledge since she was 22. (Their house being very small and the bed that my mother had contributed being very squeaky and whatnot and the two boys being there and all, and her having to get up at 5 mornings to drive to the G.E. factory in Central City. The whole time remaining ever bright, energetic, alert, good-natured and well-groomed and never complaining.)

Then some notion got into her head, because she was still very cute and she always kept her clothes so cleverly and neat and her hair always attractive over to the side and up sort of to show off her frosting job to advantage so that she would start dating again.

From the conversations and just the parts of them that I overheard, I had the idea that what was wrong that was so terrible about the man that the family had seen Ann out with was that he was probably Catholic. But what was wrong with the man was not that he was Catholic, and he was not divorced either, but that he was a decent enough sounding widower with four children. These facts were, by a miraculous information complex, made available to the family within an hour after Ann had been seen in his company. Aunt Ann had had, in fact, one date with this gentleman prior to the aforementioned confessional conference with Granddaddy as on that one date the well-multipled widower's automobile had been observed in Ann's driveway by the girl across the street who happened to mention it (by the way) in a telephone call principally concerned with a Jello recipe to Ann's sister in Livermore who passed it on to the other aunts and Grand-

daddy who had already heard about it as Ann had on that first date actually been seen in an establishment where they serve beer with the gentleman (if he can by now be called that) in question. In other parts of the world there was that year concern with the use of hallucinogens by pre-teenagers. But not in Livermore that night.

The next day everybody concerned got to talking to Ann this way about it and that way about it and explaining to her and pointing out to her what good sense she had always had and how well she'd managed and how well off she was just like she'd better stay and keep along doing and what a terrible responsibility it was to raise somebody else's kids. And it was decided and little Aunt Ann agreed that she was just as well not to go out on a second date with the dubious widower and that no one meant to be critical or mind her business for her.

A couple more years passed and I was home for another visit and then there was some more hubbub and great exchanging of views and opinions having to do with little Aunt Ann again. This time the whippers and the innuendos were considerably more hushed. It took me a while to figure out what was going on this time, wondering what kind of trouble someone as quiet and sensible and sweet as little Aunt Ann could possibly be into now. I was quite surprised that my aunt had ever caused anyone trouble twice in her life.

"Well," I heard my mother say to someone on the telephone, "it seems that there's this bunch of women over at G.E. that tends to hang around together and they all meet at this little hamburger joint after work and they like to drink beer and well, they have a reputation for things. Now, Avarine, I don't know as there's a word of truth in it, but that bunch of girls has caused a lot of strange talk. It seems like they get a little friendly and kinda silly. With each other. And you know a woman like Ann who's divorced and although Ann has all of us she might get to feeling a little lonely and sorry for herself and she's always been that kind that lets people talk her into things. Poor girl has no mind of her own. Well, she's been seen with that big one, the one they call Murine—around town lately. Maybe Ann just needs to hear some of us talk some sense..."

HOMICIDAL MANIAC STALKS VILLAGE

(continued from page 1)

When asked if the fact that the two victims, 150-pound MacNiven and 200-pound Beardsley, were found together indicated the killer might have been immensely powerful, Det. Vuotto said they "had a theory" that MacNiven was being assaulted and Beardsley, who lived in an apartment next door, went out and into MacNiven's apartment at which time he was attacked as well.

No evidence of bondage or anything else which might indicate S&M sex has been found on the premises. Both MacNiven and Beardsley were in night clothes.

When asked of the attempt to set a fire which had highlighted the crime and brought firemen and police to the scene quickly, thereby enhancing the chances of capture, Det. Vuotto said that it was also possible that the murderer hoped to destroy all the evidence of the crime by setting the fire.

Capo was a hairdresser and more feminine. MacNiven was more masculine and wore a beard. Both had long, dark brown hair.

"There was nothing masochistic about it," Det. Vuotto replied when asked if any of the victims had cigarette burns on their bodies. He added that the victims were known to pick up people on the streets but "were not known to pay anybody."

"We don't have any leads that look promising at this point," he emphasized. "We're hoping to get some information. We've got the feelers out down in West Village."

Det. Vuotto said that at the beginning of January, in just the area of lower Manhattan where he worked, there were seven homicides in eight days. He said the percentage of murders solved was "good" and that it all depended on "the kind of breaks we get."

Det. Vuotto also noted that he had been getting excellent cooperation from those in the gay subculture, that he was aware that the murders were the talk of the town, but that "some of the stories got outlandish, guys say 'their heads were cut off' and things like that, which just aren't so."

"We would really appreciate information," Det. Vuotto re-emphasized. "Our number, 674-0771, is a 24-hour-a-day number."

TELEPHONE COMPANY WARNED BY ACTIVISTS

(continued from page 1)

ed was to woo a handful of (gays) with a 'we're just chums' apologetic pitch... With this kind of unmitigated bullshit these characters had been assigned to pour forth, no doubt they didn't want to be caught in the act. This kind of con game, of course, has to be 'off the record,' because it's offensive to have to look at puke, even if it's your own, staring you in the face in the form of newspaper. Rev. Broshers is submitting his version of the meeting for next week's *Bay Area Reporter*. Another reporter is sending copy on the meeting to another homophile newspaper.

Following approximately one-half hour of wrangling that ensued when Benton strongly objected to the no-publicity restriction, several gays rebutted arguments that Ma Bell had raised against

gays. Her representatives were observed to be taking notes on some of the discussion. Officials there, according to Benton, included one whose title is a misnomer, L.G. Entekin, equal opportunity compliance director, and another bearing a "sexist" title, R.H. Ward, manpower planning director.

Larry Littlejohn, former SIR president, told Ma Bell officials that "it is inevitable that Pacific Telephone would have to change its policy." He pointed out that in the past, the firm has said that it has an image to protect. Littlejohn asserted that in order for Pacific Telephone to continue protecting that image in the future, it must change policies because of pressure from the Board of Supervisors and the Human Rights Commission. This was in reference to the fact that the board approved an ordinance by a vote of 10-1 forbidding discrimination on the basis of sexual orientation at all firms which do business with the City and County of San Francisco. It became law on May 21, 1972.

Del Martin, representing the Daughters of Bilitis, Lesbian Mothers Union and the National Organization of Women, educated the male officials of PT&T to the fact that many lesbians are also mothers and developed this theme.

Smith rebutted an argument by PT&T officials that homosexuals are unstable. "Exception is taken to this argument," he said, "by the most august bodies: e.g., The American Mental Health Foundation, the Group for the Advancement of Psychiatry, the National Institute of Mental Health's Task Force on Homosexuality and many equally responsible organizations and professional groups. He went on to quote U.S. Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas in a dissenting opinion in the *Boutiller* immigration case (1967), "It is common knowledge that in this century homosexuals have risen high in our public service, and have served with distinction in both Congress and the Executive branch."

Jackson told Ma Bell representatives that PT&T already has gay employees as has been the case for many years. Failure to change its policy toward them, "would, in effect, be pushing gay people up against the wall and we would be forced to retaliate with stronger measures."

Reading from letters by officials in the personnel department at American Telephone & Telegraph Company and Western Electric, was Dick Gayer, religious chairman of SIR. The communications stated that in these companies sexual orientation is not an employment consideration.

Also attending were two other SIR officers, Frank Fitch, public relations director, who could not be reached for comment, and Chuck Schneider, job counselor, who did not speak at the meeting.

FIRST REVERSE SEX-CHANGE REPORTED

Stockholm, Sweden. A 29-year-old Swedish woman has become this nation's first sex-change case to turn back into a woman after living the last decade as a bearded, goodlooking man—including the last two years in what she earlier described as a "happy" marriage with a younger woman.

Marianne Hersegard, a hospital worker in the small, southern Swedish city of Vaxjo, said she felt more like a boy than

(continued on page 7)

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BY ARNIE KANTROWITZ

GAY POWER 1973 Jim Owles: CANDIDATE FOR THE City Council

Where does the gay liberation movement go now? After we've picketed, petitioned and pounced on the establishment, where are we, and what's next? If we look back a couple of decades to the world confronted by the first brave Mattachine Society members, we can see we've come a long way in a short time, from self-destructive invisibility to the love that finally dared to speak its name.

And look at what's happened since the Stonewall explosion of 1969: we've been through a revolution. Many of us not only dare, we now insist on speaking our names as well as the name of our love. But some of our people have been repelled by the loud strength of our protests and have remained in seclusion, accepting the condemnation of our rich human experience by an ignorant society, without protection of law.

Still others disappointedly refuse to struggle any further if they can't be part of a glamorously bloody battle from whose ashes will spring a utopian new order. In at least the forthcoming Nixon years, a long lethargy is more likely than armed uprising, and for us neither would be productive until we prove our community real to ourselves and to the rest of society.

With the revolution of the last few years, we have begun. We have declared our existence and been heard by the media, the government, the clergy, the police, the public. We have been heard, but we have not been answered. Even though the legislation that would protect those of us in New York still languishes in city and state legislatures, we have already produced something with our revolution: our own sense of being a definable people with common oppression and common aspiration.

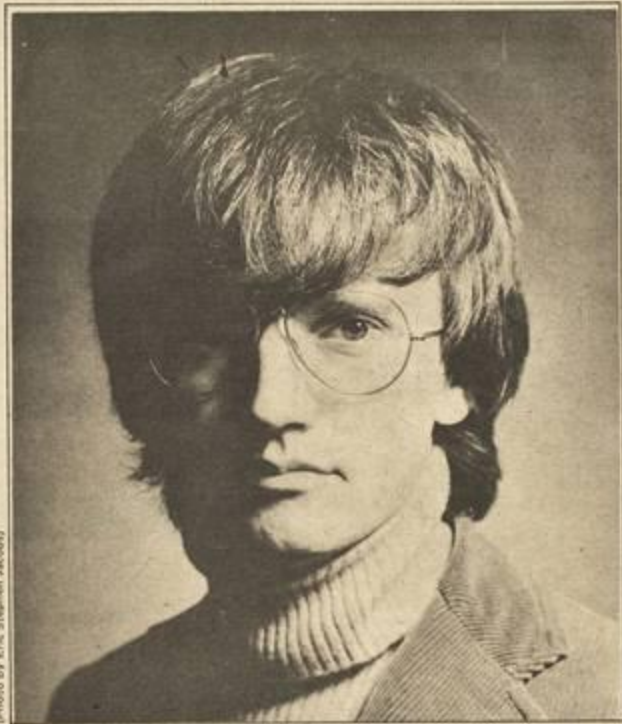
By declaring ourselves openly, the people of the gay liberation movement became an outlaw class challenging the citadels of power, demanding recognition, demanding response, demanding change of people whose codes and values are based on those of the heterosexual majority. That is good work. It must and will continue. But the real revolution, the quick and compelling change in society, is nourished not so much by blood as it is by sweat.

What next? *Doing it for ourselves.* Both in the world at large and in our own population, the work of making ourselves into "real" people is just beginning, and only we can do it. While we are knocking at the gates of City Hall, while we are making demands of its tenants, we can be doing something further: beyond using gay power to force straight politicians to act in our behalf or to elect sympathizers, we can use gay power to elect our own representatives, to put gay power not only at the doorstep but in the seat behind the desk inside the office where the decisions that affect us are made.

In areas that boast large gay populations, there should be gay representation not just in the voting booth but on the ballot. Several attempts have been made before, but without the attendant publicity and possibility that this year offers in New York City's second councilmanic district. (Even the name tells you where things are currently at.)

Councilwoman Carol Greitzer offers at best a lukewarm support for our civil rights. I was there when she had to be forced by angry members of GAA to even accept the petitions we had so laboriously gathered for months. I'd rather see the same effort we spent in stopping her from "cleaning the streets" (of us) go to electing a gay representative of one of the largest concentrations of gay people in the world. The district includes Greenwich Village, Chelsea and parts of the Upper East Side.

All it takes is someone to challenge her



Jim Owles will not be a "one issue" candidate. He is pledged to represent all the people.

and a little of that sweat I mentioned earlier. That someone is present in the form of Jim Owles, who has announced his candidacy in the June 19th Democratic primary for the second councilmanic district. Jim Owles is well known to anyone who reads this paper. From the earliest days of the current movement, he has been an active participant in our struggle.

The challenge is not only to one councilwoman. It is to us. Do we have the energy and the cooperation necessary to organize ourselves and spread the word enough to elect one of our people? I think so. Jim Owles is real to us. He helped to found GAA, the largest gay organization in the East, and was its first president. Can we make that experience—our experience—count in the world at large? I hope so. Is the courage it takes to confront lines of police, or hostile politicians, needed in New York's limp City Council? I know so.

The campaign opens the possibility of a very public dialogue between homosexuals and New York City. And the rest of the country will hear all about it. A homosexual will have to show voters of all sorts that he is serious and competent enough to tackle the many difficult problems that make this city a tragic giant. Gay rights is only one of the many issues a candidate for City Council needs to deal with, but gay rights isn't the one that gets forgotten after the election if the candi-

date is gay. For both straight and gay voters, in the privacy of the voting booth, it's a matter of conscience, of not rejecting a candidate simply because she or he may be gay. It means looking at the real qualifications. If action has been missing from the City Council, action is what's needed. Does anyone seriously believe that gay liberation has been a mere game, that a gay activist is not a better candidate than a straight inactivist?

1973 is the year when Gay Power means it's no longer chic to deny your own reality if you're gay, or to deny gay reality if you're straight. It's the year to stop living in a world apart and to make yourself a part of the world, to stop saying everything is hopeless and to begin solving problems. Wouldn't it be a good change from complaining about distant and unresponsive politicians to discover a neighborhood office where you could walk in and address your elected official? And if your problem related to being gay, wouldn't you be a little more hopeful if your councilperson were gay, and competent as well? Being gay and being competent are very compatible.

All this happens only if we do it for ourselves. Many fearless straight people will support a candidate like Jim Owles. Only a stubborn refusal of self-respect will prevent the gay constituency from making their voices heard in their own behalf and from learning that together they do make a difference. And that means work for each of us: in supporting the campaign with volunteer time and funds, in registering and voting, and in telling our friends.

The changes we have made in ourselves have to be made tangible and visible, extended to as many gay people as possible and revealed to as many straight people as possible. This is one of doing it ourselves for 1973. By devices like talking about Jim Owles' campaign, gay people will be discussing the legitimacy of being gay with each other.

Much liberation happens on a one-to-one level, exhibiting and sharing the pleasure of self-acceptance with everyone you meet. Don't keep the joy to yourself: spread it around! And much liberation happens on a group level. Think how instrumental a gay councilperson might be in helping to set up gay community centers like those in Los Angeles or Minneapolis, or in setting up halfway houses for gay alcoholics, drug addicts, former prisoners, like the Stonewall Houses of Seattle.

A city like New York is a combination of many communities. Every gay person is also a member of geographical, ethnic, racial, religious, economic and occupational communities. But his or her needs as a member of the gay community must be addressed as such. We need more counseling, more information, more centers, more services, more opportunity for gay employment and gay businesspeople, more housing. It's the same as with political power: we have to do it for ourselves.

This is the revolution that's in progress. It may not look like much, but when it's finished, we will be amazed at how far we came so fast. 1973 is a year of realization: no one will do anything for gay people until they act for themselves. It's not a year to rest on our laurels or to bemoan our fate: it's a year to work, each of us and all of us, not to reform our world, but to transform it into something better.

This is the year when we learn to believe in our own validity and to teach it to others, gay and straight. It's the year when we learn that silence is not security and that struggle doesn't happen in technicolor. This year we will see neither Oz nor Armageddon: we will see plain hard work and hopefully a measure of achievement: a successful candidacy by Jim Owles, a spreading of the word, the opening of more avenues of self help. 1973 is the year that gay is real.

It's not simply a matter of supporting

FIRST REVERSE SEX-CHANGE REPORTED

(continued from page 5)

a girl in her early childhood, and spent most of her time playing soccer, ice-hockey and riding a motorbike with the boys. Near the end of her teens, she wanted to become a jockey and with the urging from a horse ranch owner she contacted a psychiatrist.

After two years of observations, Marianne was given permission to have a partial sex-change operation. She was given hormone injections at Stockholm University's Karolinska Hospital and her breasts were removed.

Her menstruation stopped, a beard grew, her voice deepened and her body became heavier and more muscular. Marianne changed her name in the official Swedish registry to Mikael, and the lawyer who handled her case wrote to her foster parents that they had "received a son."

But her sex change was only partially complete, since she still was a woman from the waist down, with a vagina and normal female sex organs. Nevertheless, she met a young woman, fell in love, and the two were married in 1970, moving to Vaxjo with the bride's young daughter.

After an automobile accident, Mikael was shocked to discover that her menstrual periods had started again. New hormone injections did not help, and he found himself under enormous mental pressure, with even less ability to maintain a sexual balance and preserve his role

as a man in society.

Despite the emotional support from his wife, Mikael decided to separate and return to his life as a woman. Still having trouble with facial hair and possessing a voice that is likely to remain deep and masculine for the rest of her life, Marianne has applied for permission to have a new breast operation.

She said that she is disappointed with the doctors and psychiatrists who advised her to undergo the operation in 1963. She added that today she clearly sees that one born as a woman can never be satisfied in a man's role and advised all others thinking of changing sex not to go through with the operation.

—Kurt Schiller

F.B.I. MOVES AGAINST SKIN FLICKS

BY CADE WARE

Washington Correspondent
Washington, D.C. — Denying that there is any crackdown, U.S. officials have launched a nationwide drive against hardcore flesh films, which, if successful, could do major damage to America's gay hard-core film industry. Citing a little-used federal statute against interstate commerce in obscene materials, FBI agents have overreached local police to seize so-called pornographic films in California, Tennessee and Washington, D.C.—and in this city, at least, though the films seized have been straight, not gay, gay film exhibitors are scared and running for cover.



A pervasive air pervades box offices in the nation's skin flick theatres.

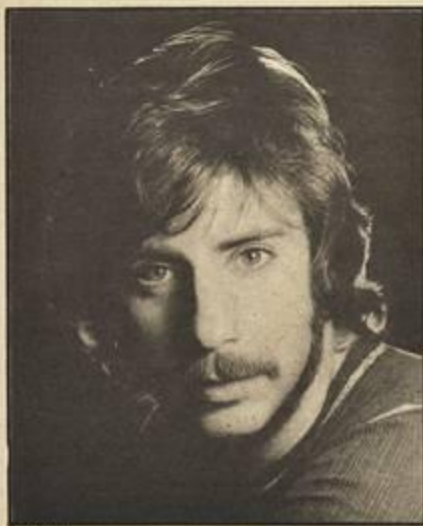
Agents entered the Trans-Lux and Plaza Theatres in downtown Washington November 1. Showing warrants, they seized *Hot Circuit* and *Distortions of Sexuality*, both straight X-rated sizzlers, under strength of U.S. Code Title 18, Section 1465, which prohibits the interstate transportation of obscene material for the purpose of distribution. The two theatres are owned by the New York Trans-Lux chain.

Three weeks later, agents entered the locally-owned Janus Theatre on elegant Connecticut Avenue and seized Alex de-Renzy's *Little Sisters*, also X-rated and considered straight, although it features

the Cockettes, who aren't exactly straight. Despite protests of Justice Department officials that the FBI actions are "purely routine," representing no significant crackdown, the effect has been to chill D.C.'s hot film scene.

With each seizure, U.S. Magistrate Arthur R. Burnett ruled that the films showed probable cause of violation. He referred the matter to a grand jury for investigation and possible indictment. No individuals are charged so far, and authorities are mute about when the grand jury may make a determination. Those charged would not necessarily be the less-

(continued on page 21)



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i'll TAKE MANHATTAN Miss M. AT PHILHARMONIC HALL

BY VITO RUSSO

Sometimes I think that January through March should be flushed down the toilet. Not only is it as cold as Pat Nixon's side of the bed, but there is nothing happening. Everyone is waiting for summer, hollering in bars and baths and other places which offer closeness and comfort instead of warmth of the sun from Fire Island. In the meanwhile, console yourself with the thought of how you'd feel if you lived in Strawberry Springs (an invitation to my next private screening of *My Name Is Barbra* to the first person who can tell me who lived there and in what movie). Speaking of which, I just cannot get up enough interest to go out and see *Up The Sandbox*. Maybe next time, I'd much rather talk about Miss M at Philharmonic Hall. Now, if you read this paper, chances are you were there. It looked like a sale at Bloomingdale's. Old Philharmonic was filled to its functional little rooftop with arched eyebrows and sequin pantaloons. It's too bad Bette couldn't catch the show in the lobby—she'd have had enough material for a year of routines. The class entrance of the night (low-class, that is) was made by the publisher of America's number one heterosexual magazine, *After Dark*, Jean Gordon, who sa-shayed in on the arm(s) of six—uh—shall we say "employees." Well, if you think she was a hoot in her Lane Bryant after-sixish white satin gown, complete with fake chubby, you should've seen her escorts in their let's-dress-straight-enough-to-take-the-boss-out-outfits, reeking of Aramis. After that number, no wonder Bette had to come out in a sedan chair.

There's no need to re-hash how sensational Ms. Midler was, as you've probably read about it in every paper in town by now. Suffice it to say that all those people who said she was a fad from the tubs are now eating their words. She emerged as a solid, versatile, serious artist with a hell of a lot going for her than the "camp" routines which made her famous.

It was quite a night and luckily I got it all on tape from my little vantage point over the stage. Good thing too, because it wasn't taped professionally and Bette said she couldn't hear a thing from the stage. After the fireworks, there was a party on the Promenade deck with people as varied as Vic Damone and Alice Cooper paying their respects at Bette's table. Alice Cooper looks like an unburied cadaver, I wonder what kind of people go for that look? Necrophiliacs, maybe. Anyway, he sat down and Bette said in her best Barbra Streisand Jewish, "So—what do I call ya besides Alice?" The party lasted until about two, after which we adjourned to Reno Sweeney's, a new club on 13th Street where there was a party for Bette, given by a friend of hers. Bette spent the night rapping with friends and eating like a house on fire, having starved herself all day. By six a.m. she was exhausted and leaning her chair up against a mirrored wall, very happy and very tired. Right now she's in Hawaii, visiting her parents, and then she comes back to do a one-night stand in Rochester, N.Y. and then to New Orleans and then to L.A. to take over Hollywood again. For the moment she's turning down all film offers, the latest having been *Ruby Red*, a script sent to her by Mel Brooks about a country western singer. You know, I think I liked it better two years ago when you could sit at the baths with forty or fifty other people and listen to her sing for three hours and then spend the rest of the night playing. All those people at Philharmonic

Hall have put their chic stamp on her and although I've no doubts about her staying the same, her image is changing into something I'm not sure I like.

A note on the baths, lately. It has now gotten to the point where you almost feel that you have to dress for the show on Saturday nights, according to those who've been there recently. They've taken out the hot room near the pool and moved the Johns so that the people in for the entertainment have to put up with as little exposed flesh as possible. That article in *New York* magazine, while a very honest and well-written piece, scares me a little. He was just writing about his feelings on being straight in a gay environment and all, and he did it very well, but it occurs to me that we may see more of

this. I personally don't need straight guys swimming in the pool, trying to get up the guts to peek at somebody's ass and then analyzing their reactions, no matter how well, in print the next day. Pretty soon we'll have a rule that nobody undresses in front of the paying customers and after that they'll separate the loweled from the untoweled so that the straight patrons don't have to put up with the sight of an erection or two. New Freedom, indeed!

Jean Claude Van Italle's *Mystery Play* was at once fascinating and disappointing. It was disappointing only because you watch a play like that and know that it won't run because of a few things which

it didn't have that people have come to expect from the theatre. *Mystery Play* is more a play that is a mystery than a mystery story. Seven people at a cocktail party, one of whom is a bisexual son played by two different actors, get bumped off one by one and wind up littering the apartment with bulbous red noses on their faces to indicate their demise. The mystery writer, a lady from next door, directs the action and plans what will happen next, deciding who will live and who will die until only she and the butler are left. She accuses the butler. The play is punctuated with speeches by both living and dead members of the cast which tell us little about the present situation but quite a bit about the characters and their creations. One of the best epi-

sodes is one in which Nancy Charney as Laura, a actress who may or may not be everyone's mistress, does a mental strip, divesting herself of everything she is, right down to the marrow of her bones. There was more fire and wit in this sequence than in almost anything else presented that evening. After it's all over you realize that the mystery was not who killed but who dreamed it up, who made it happen and for what reason. Shami Chaiken is a great actress. She makes the mystery writer a little like Inspector Gooole in Priestly's *An Inspector Calls*; someone perhaps not of this earth and yet very much involved in the things that go on here. It's a shame that *Mystery Play* closed. Perhaps if Mr. Van Italle had written something with a middle, a beginning and an end, people would've loved it, but he wrote something that continues after you've left the theatre and people can't cope with that.

They're writing all kinds of interesting things for young readers these days. It's a far cry from when I was a kid and we got *The Hardy Boys Get A Hickey* or some nonsense like that. There are two books out now which you should get immediately. They're both published by Dell and both in paperback at less than a dollar. *Sticks and Stones* by Lynn Hall is a short novel about a young man who lives with his divorced mother in a small Iowa summer community. He is devoted to her and to his music, aspiring to be a concert pianist, and spends most of his time helping in the Antique Shop which adjoins their house or practicing his music. The story tells how the bored, uninteresting lives of the people in the community give rise to a lie that almost destroys him and his chance for a career. It is written with such refreshing honesty and lack of pretense and such simplicity and beauty that it gives a new hope for understanding and

respect for different lifestyles by young people. The outcome of the book is so natural and free that I wondered if Lynn Hall had any trouble with her publisher, knowing how reluctant publishers can be when it comes to things like honesty.

I'll Get There, It Better Be Worth The Trip by John Donovan is the story of a

boy and his dog—with a new twist. The boy lives in Chelsea in Manhattan and has a friend other than his dog. They talk a lot, the two friends, and I think that you'll find their conversations quite interesting, especially when they discuss whether "what they did last night" was wrong or not. It is a book full of sur-

prises. We've become so used to books with bullshit endings and cop-out moralistic views, that it's a real surprise to find one that just lives with us as we do. You'll find *Davy's* life in New York and his problems with his mother very familiar and very sad. You'll also find them very heartening. A talk with his father at the end of the book is one of the most positive discussions I've ever heard of the subject of homosexuality—and I never thought I'd find it in a book directed at a teenage audience. Bravo! If you can't find the books, I'll loan you my copies.

There are two new places to visit around town. One is *The Patient Earth* at 68 Greenwich Avenue right next to the Bellybutton. It's a nice, pleasant little shop run by people who obviously don't believe in selling garbage or ripping people off. You can buy all kinds of little things for the house and especially for your kitchen, but don't expect to find yourself in Macy's—this one is strictly real—no plastic bullshit. They're open every day except Monday from 12 to 8. Andrew's *Greenwood* is a florist—but what a florist! The place looks like the main greenhouse at the Botanical gardens in the Bronx. It's worth the trip just to walk in and take a deep breath. Run by Larry Fought and Andrew Kuhn, two longtime Village gay personalities, the store is one of the most accommodating, friendliest places in town. You know, you never feel like you can walk into a florist and look around; there's always someone saying "Cash or charge?" That's why I was so happy when I found this place. It's the kind of shop that makes you feel like you live in a neighborhood. The hanging plants are beautiful and it's really a switch to see cut flowers that don't look sick. They have beautiful things and beautiful prices and will make suggestions for the kind of accommodations you have in your apartment. Their Village store is at 21 Abingdon Square, and their uptown shop is at 957 Park Avenue at 82nd Street. I've always believed that if you're going to spend your hard-earned money, you may as well spend it at legitimate gay businesses and get better treatment, higher quality and more satisfaction. Speaking of better treatment and higher quality, ask for Little Joey at the Abingdon Square store. He'll be happy to help you.

Still shots: Catch Jerry Fitzpatrick in his latest film *The Female Response*, soon to open at local theatres. I'll get even for that night at Frankie Quinn's yet! . . . The Museum of Modern Art is planning a Raoul Walsh retrospective and a Warner Brothers retrospective at which they promise to show the uncut print of *A Star Is Born* which has finally been located. . . Jim Owles is running for City Council against Carole Greitzer. Jim is the best thing that could possibly happen to the City Council. Aside from his obvious advantage with respect to gay issues, he's an intelligent, hard-working civil libertarian who would be an asset to the entire community. He should be sure to win, even the women's vote. After all, what true feminist would vote for a pig who calls herself Councilwoman and professes a hatred for lesbians? It would be like Indians for Custer. I've been a little tired this week, so if I'm a bit lacklustre chalk it up to the weather and the time of year. Wait until you catch my act from Fire Island this summer—Hot!



Bette Midler: Three years ago GAY predicted her upcoming stardom.

Photos by Eric Stephen Jacobs



Bette is now appearing at hot spots throughout the nation.



"The Divine Miss M," Bette's album, has already sold 100,000 copies.

The Wonderful World of Timothy Leary

BY JOHN P. Le ROY

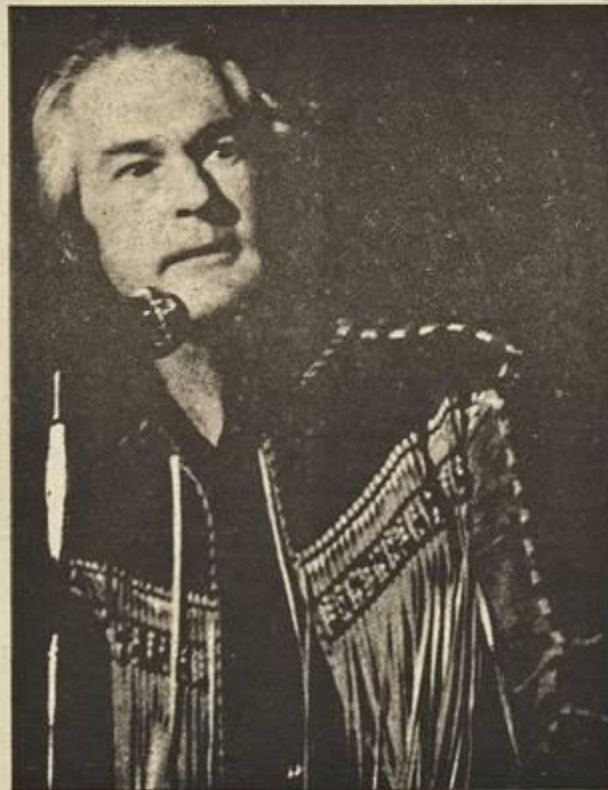
Among psychologists, psychiatrists, educators, clergymen, law enforcers, politicians and other such professionals who try to tell us what is and what is not "normal," "proper" behavior, the name Timothy Leary must make them see red and turn purple. Over the last decade or so, Leary has proclaimed that through LSD and other hallucinogenic drugs, liberty, ecstasy, spiritual awakening, artistic creativity and sexual freedom are at hand. As a result, he was fired from the faculty of Harvard for giving LSD to graduate students, was arrested, convicted and sentenced to 30 years' imprisonment for possessing small amounts of marijuana, then escaped, fled to Switzerland where he now resides because the Swiss won't let the Americans extradite him. They see nothing wrong with carrying a little grass. He tried to start his own foundation, his own religion, his own tribe, his own magazine, his own country and his own private war against the U.S. and all other duly constituted authority and failed, but successfully remained in the public eye, allying himself with the rich radical-chic with-it in-type celebrities of the counter-culture, and maintained a steady image of a patron saint among all those who believe that the American Protestant work ethic is a crock of shit. He earned the undying enmity of clinical psychologists everywhere by showing that, no matter what theory of mental disease and treatment a therapist might follow, one-third of the patients will get "better," one-third will remain the same, and the other third will get "worse," with the aid of the therapist, or entirely without it.

Leary firmly believes that the psychologist of today should be using his expertise to make the rest of us feel good, rather than to make us adjust. When I was a student at Colorado University in the 1950s, I was taught that the more we know about how we really are, the better our lives can be made to be. Over the years, I sadly discovered what a betrayal that justification turned out to be. The more we have learned about the human organism, the more we have used that knowledge not to make people happier and lead better lives, but to condition them, manipulate them, bamboozle them and browbeat them so that a select oligarchy can get richer, an exclusive power elite might become more potent while the rest of us are further impoverished.

According to Leary, the human animal naturally seeks freedom and pleasure, but that impulse has been curbed so that man would not go hungry. All that is now changed because technology, automation and scientific progress are presently capable of granting everyone's material wants and of giving every human being a life of gratifying productive work and/or unlimited leisure so that we all can do just what we please when we please without any penalties. This hedonistic pleasure-oriented psychology of Leary assumes that pleasure is an unconditioned state—wild and natural, with plenty of play, dropping out and doing your own thing, and complete liberation from the reward-for-being-good and punishment-for-being-bad patterns of our elders. People must be taught to "eroticize every aspect of their behavior" for the ultimate enrichment of our sexual, esthetic, bodily and spiritual experience. This very much includes homosexuality. Of it, Leary is quoted as



The Acid Generation: Is LSD a key to de-conditioning our emotions?



Timothy Leary being interviewed by GAY prior to his imprisonment/flight.

saying, "It's about time the most articulate, artistic, literary, wise and holy homosexuals give us the perspective of the homosexual trip." Allen Ginsburg "made

ple and controlling the pleasure principle imply that only the current social order is real, while natural pleasure is seen as a psychotic hallucination. Categorically, he states, "In order to study the human situation it is necessary to have systematic knowledge of the varieties of natural, hedonic, unconditioned responses and how they interact with conditioned responses in experience and behavior." Leary classifies hedonic responses into seven levels of pleasure. Counting backwards, they are:

7. Sleep, with little behavior except random movements.
6. Conditioned emotional behavior like fear or rage leading to excited explosion.
5. Conditioned social behavior leading to reward, like when you get a pat on the back for doing what you're supposed to do.
4. Sensory behavior leading to delight.
3. Bodily behavior leading to rapture.
2. Genetic behavior leading to transcendence.
1. Neuroelectrical behavior leading to ecstasy.

If you don't understand numbers 4, 3, 2 and 1, don't worry about it. I can't say I do either and I doubt if many others can make too much sense out of it. Leary does give us a few clues, however.

He believes that only when we have stripped away our conditioned emotions and social reflexes can we begin to realize what and who we are all about. When we do, we can get down to the genetic basics of what we were originally designed to do and be. Our true natures or, as Leary puts it, our "mythic personalities" can emerge in their pristine states, free and pure.

This state has been disparaged by the establishment as being psychotic, or epileptic, behavior, and praised by the yogis as cosmic consciousness, ultimate reality, and nirvana. I cannot say who is right, for, with me, if I can become delighted once or twice a week, I feel supremely satisfied, and to achieve a state of modified rapture is to live up to my highest expectations.

Spending an eternity in ultimate ecstasy is so far removed from my own, and I guess most other people's lives, I could hardly imagine what it would be like. Seeing how I must struggle from day to day in order to pay the rent, do the shopping, and support the Chase Manhattan Bank, Master Charge and B. Altman and Company in the manner to which they are accustomed, getting high and simply relieving day-to-day anxieties on certain evenings and week-ends are as far as I've been able to go. To even begin to follow Leary's philosophy without paying any penalty, you would have to be so rich you could afford it, or so poor, you might as well as forget all those middle-class aspirations. Seeing that I'm too old to let myself get poor, I'd have to get rich soon before I could even get ready to go beyond rapture, and I haven't found any legitimate means of doing that yet, but I'm working on it.

But just because I'm not ready for Timothy Leary doesn't mean that a select few might be, and that he might very well be a true genius far ahead of his time, with whom the rest of the world may never catch up. If we're even in a position to truly evaluate him on his own terms, we might then discover how stupidly cruel it is to try and lock somebody up simply because he seems to have found answers the rest of us wish we had. It only serves to prove that the authorities cannot tolerate the specter of others enjoying themselves without guilt, shame, or penalty, and that is the biggest crime of all!

it all come true for me. He is really an eloquent man, honest poet and beautiful person."

For Leary, accepting the reality princi-

ONSTAGE OR OFF: I'M STRAIGHT!

BY VITO RUSSO

Everybody knows that there are more homosexuals in the theatre than in any other profession. Almost everybody, that is; take the audience for example. Do they know? Do they care? Does anybody care, really? Gotcha! Yes, it is really important and no, it isn't important at all. No, it's not important as long as the person in question is a straight-homosexual who plays the game (which is peek-a-boo, by the way) and yes, it is very important as soon as he becomes "obvious"—after all, you're doing OK; a commercial once in a while, a chorus job in a musical, things are fine. People like you. They don't care what you do in bed. They don't ask and you don't volunteer the information. Why should you? Right? Wrong. Let's back up a little and look at a few examples.

Two years ago while working for *After Dark* magazine I had my first in a series of rude awakenings to just how much people really do care. Those were the early Gay Activists Alliance days. Days filled with zaps, picket lines, petitions—boy, were we busy. All that and working for America's number one homosexual publication. Perfect? Well, not exactly. Very soon after securing this coveted position, it became painfully obvious that the game was hide-and-seek. My first inkling that all was not well was one sunny afternoon when my lover came up to the office to meet me for lunch. "Hi" and a quick kiss on the cheek and we were off. Well, let me tell you that when I got back to the office the temperature was zero. Finally the receptionist called me over and wised me up, "Lissen, Vito, don't kiss Steve when he comes into the office, it doesn't look right." I was genuinely bewildered. Why, I wanted to know. She looked at me with the patience that comes only from fear and hiding and having learned to live with daily hypocrisy and said, "You don't shit where you eat, understand?" Yes, I understood perfectly and it made me sick. In the few short months I was there, I saw more self-hate than I think I shall ever see again. The incidents continued. Small, seemingly insignificant things but very telling. Whispers by the water fountain, "PSSST, are you going to F.I. this weekend?" "F.I.?" "SHHHH—Fire Island!!!" There wasn't a soul in sight. The mind boggled. Finally, the last straw—*The Advocate* submitted an ad for publication and was turned down. Once again, I popped the question "Why?" I was sternly and patiently informed that *After Dark* was not a homosexual publication—it was an entertainment magazine and that it was not their fault that homosexuals read it. "If we allow an ad like this, it will open the doors to all kinds of filth like in *SCREW* and *GAY*." Well, that did it. I wasn't there very long after that. That was two years ago. *After Dark* has changed quite a bit since then, hasn't it? No, my friends, it hasn't. *After Dark* is still the magazine Aunt Harriet can pick up off the coffee table without losing her dentures. It's "safe." So? What's the point? The point is that I resent being sold popper power by people who equate kissing someone you love with "shitting" and I don't like seeing ads for an 18-karat gold lambda sign for only \$30.00 run by people who are totally against what it means. In addition to ripping off our heads, now they're ripping off our wallets. If you ask me, *After Dark* magazine is still passin' fo' straight.

Which brings me to the other "let's



Rudolph Valentino

pretend" crowd, the theatre—uh—"folk." The myth that homosexuals are accepted in the theatre is the joke of the world. If ever a group of people lived in a plantation of the mind, it's the gypsies, actors and writers of the show business world. These people extend the falsity of the stage to their private lives with such a sad fervor that just to be in their company is to live through endless auditions for *Boys in the Band*. There are few sadder things in life than watching a middle-aged gay actor roll over and play straight for a producer who calls him a fag behind his back; unless of course it's listening to that same actor tell you how much his straight friends like him "in spite of what he is." Any why do they do it? They do it because we live in a straight society which will accept gay people as long as they "know their place." "Their place" is definitely not holding hands or kissing in public, not acknowledging their lovers on the same social plane with straight husbands or wives and certainly not looking too gay for a certain role. The whole world is built on a lie. They must play heterosexual men offstage for the privilege of playing heterosexual men onstage. If they do play homosexuals onstage, they must, in many cases, invent families in the program notes. You'll hear them say things like "Oh, it's nobody's business what I do in bed—what's the difference if I'm gay or straight? Nobody asks me and I don't volunteer the information, though I certainly don't deny it." OK. What about that? How many actors would object to being "called" a heterosexual in print? Now—how many actors would ob-

ject to being "called" a homosexual in print? That's right, baby, and why? I'll tell you why; because they really believe that it is wrong to be gay and right to be straight—otherwise a few of them at least would have the guts to stand up for a lifestyle in which they truly believe. So they resort to desperate rationalizations like "I don't present myself as a homosexual—I present myself as a human being whose gayness is only a small part of all the things I am." They're absolutely correct, of course, but what they neglect to mention is that they actively conceal that "small part" of themselves by never mentioning it except in gay circles. These same people will tell you that they are against kissing in public, gay or straight, because they deplore public displays of affection and think a person's private life should be private. They don't even see (or pretend they don't) that this is not even the issue. Have you ever stood in line on Third Avenue, waiting to get into a movie? See the straight couples holding hands? This is perfectly acceptable behavior—for straight people. Gay people, however, are forced to dream up false moral outrage to justify the locks they've placed on their minds and their closet doors. Men and women kiss each other hello all the time at Joe Allen's but men shake hands whether they'd prefer to kiss or not. You'll find a chorus girl saying "Lissen, I know you're gay—we all do. We love you. But do you have to kiss around us? I mean, really." Does any actor or dancer ever say to one of them, "Listen, we know you're straight." We love you. But do you have to kiss around us?"

Damn right they don't—straight people are supposed to hold hands and kiss anytime, anywhere, but gay people have to be content to exchange fleeting glances until they can get away to the safety of the Big Spender or Brothers and Sisters and be with "their kind"—the other niggers. If they really believed that they are people, then human beings are "their kind" and they have the right as such to practice the lifestyle they choose like other human beings. That goes for the super cop-outs who are so immersed in self-hatred that they resort to "I'm not a homosexual—I'm a human being." Sure they are, but they are also homosexuals. Unfortunately, human beings are acceptable in the theatre and homosexuals are not. Since most performers have a basic need for acceptance above all else, it's easy to see why they order their priorities in such a manner. Sounds to me like the 1950's anti-Semitic Jew saying "I'm not a Jew—I'm a human being." Sure, so the Jew straightens his nose, the black straightens his hair and the homosexual straightens himself. Easy, right? So how do they wind up? They wind up as homosexual dancers dancing love duets with women instead of men, actors saying lines foreign to their experience, and gag writers writing fag jokes for Jack Paar and Alan King. It's such a shitty, dishonest game which simply can't be rationalized away. Last week, Arthur Bell took me and a few others to a party at Betty Jane Raphael's house. She's the editor of *Forum* and her sister Phyllis is one of the *Village Voice's* liberal establishment writers, as was almost everyone else at the party. As we walked in I heard one of the Raphael sisters whisper, "Oh my God, it's the Boys in the Band." Then in a loud voice, "Hi there! Come on in!" This, my friends, I do not need. Obviously theatre people do. They revere bigots like Jack Paar and Johnny Carson who treat gay people like darkies and make snide comments about us on television and then they shrug it off with "If you can't laugh a little at yourself..." Let me tell you something, kids, you don't have to be able to laugh at yourselves. Your straight club owners and producers are doing it for you. If you really try, you might even convince yourself that they're laughing with you.

Is it so hard for actors to see what it is that they're perpetrating by hiding? Doesn't it occur to them that there is something basically wrong with a gay actor becoming a national symbol of fag-hating heterosexuality? Now for all I know, Rock Hudson may be perfectly straight. There are always rumors about a lot of actors. But if he is gay, then given his career, what could be more misleading and dishonest? Producers and writers use gay actors to sell a straight lifestyle to a straight public which in turn keeps the gay lifestyle in "its place." Now, nobody has a right to force a person out of his closet. Or to tell him how to lead his life. But just think of what could be accomplished if one actor had guts... just one. It would open the door and make it easier for others to follow. We would no longer read interviews in the *Sunday Times* with actors who are currently playing gay people on the screen and are so uptight about it that they come off as psychotic, paranoid caged animals, pacing around trying to avoid telling the truth; professional successes but human failures at forty years old. I used to think that it was alright for a performer to protect himself. I no longer believe that. Now I believe that it's alright for him to fight for himself. I think that national figures who are gay

(continued on page 16)

THE LAST ESTATE

BY GREGORY BATTCKOCK

Epidemic raged throughout first class. Everybody had a cold. Some people thought they were seasick but they weren't. It was the flu.

Following are a few items pertaining to a mid-winter Atlantic crossing on Italian Line's lovely T/N Cristoforo Colombo that will surely prove of interest:

1. Our ship sags a little and is getting droopy. She was an extraordinarily beautiful boat, all wood and linoleum and decorative glass. Everything is beige, brown and worn-out green. In the cabins are lamps with light bulbs and lace shades, bunk beds and oversize bathtubs. QE2 and the France were never like this.

2. The entire transatlantic voyage, from New York to Venice, takes two weeks. There are stops at Lisbon, Malaga, Naples, Palermo, Messina and Piraeus. Our "Barone" got off in Lisbon. (There is always a "Barone" in first class. Usually they ride for free. Apparently as part of the entertainment staff.)

3. The storm was a scream (if you were in first class) and passengers nearly drowned on Vintage Moet and Piper "Gold." The poor down below spent the night on the stairs, in their life jackets. They were visited by ship's priest who sprinkled holy water around.

4. "The Company is losing money hand over fist," claimed our MIT economist. "Even if it were full, with everybody paying full fare, they wouldn't get enough to pay for the oil," he declared.

5. Our "Barone" caused a scene in first class.



Angry was kept tourist classes in their places: on the stairs in life jackets.

dining room by complaining to the head-waiter about a fellow passenger not wearing a jacket. "Your girl friend's dress offends me," he was told by the improperly clothed diner.

6. The "Barone" got off at the first stop, leaving the "Baroness" on board to fend for herself (not a baroness really, just an American floozy picked up along the way). Immediately after his departure she picked up with two antique dealers from New Jersey. "The baroness has come up very rapidly; from a baron to two queens" became a standard joke in first class.

down" was the general consensus. The crew, much wiser in such matters, was

7. Storm at Sea. First class lounges under tons of water. Promenade deck smashed in. Crew terrified. Passengers, dressed to the nines, drunk. Furniture smashed. Broken glass and water sloshing everywhere. Boat practically tipped over. Dinner, for the first time in history of transatlantic navigation, cancelled.

8. Despite the fact that the ship was, indeed, in grave danger there was not that sense of terror one gets in an airplane that loses an engine or overshoots a runway in a snowstorm. "If we go down, we go

barely functioning.

9. The ship's photographer had taken pictures of the damage and flooding. "I have to get permission from the captain before I can sell any," he said. Permission was not forthcoming; the captain confiscated the pictures.

10. It's worth anything to go First Class. They really respect you down in Tourist. "First Class passenger" they mumble and everybody stares.

11. I met Lucas at the tourist bar. "Come have dinner with me in first?" I suggested, and he readily agreed. Everybody in the first class dining room stared. Where did he come from, they wondered. Lucas, bright-eyed and bushy-tailed, played it for all it was worth.

12. The ship's newspaper reported the resumption of saturation bombing. A glassy-eyed dowager, sipping champagne and hanging onto the bar for dear life, fur stole askew, declared, "Good. We need more of the spirit of 1776. And I don't want to ever see another movie about lesbianism or homosexuality."

13. Venice. Fourteen days later. Cold. Sunny. Christmas eve. The boat docks practically at St. Mark's. The dozen or so remaining passengers straggle off, trailing porters; they vanish into Oriental portals of deserted hotels.

14. Next: a solitary New Year's at Restaurant Fassetto; two guide books that are indispensable; the Settebello from Rome to Milano.

August,
Gregory

PENPOINTS

Dear GAY:

The recent review by Vito Russo of the film *Blow* was right on target. I wish I had seen it before I saw the movie... which was a bomb. I agree with Russo on most every point and respect his perceptions. There was no fun, no passion, no personality, no one to identify with... and what's more, that huge dog simply did not/could not redeem the film. We can see or set up light shows most anywhere, and we can even fantasize 20 minutes of introductory nothingness; but when you pay \$5 for that, and then get a movie with little action and no sense of humor, you realize you've been had. For me, that movie was a prime example of exploitation, SCREW's raving review notwithstanding. Good luck to GAY, to Russo, and to us who ought to be in a position to define somewhat the content of what we're willing to pay for.

Sincerely,
Roy Bronson
Durham, N.C.

Dear GAY:

I'm turning to you desperately with a ridiculous problem. I'm a butch-bi, extremely romantic guy who rarely makes out because I'm attracted to a very rare type. Now that I've finally found him, I don't know what to do. In a current cigarette ad, there's an unbelievably beautiful guy holding a bowling ball next to a broken cigarette. I can't get him out of my mind! I know this is stupid, but can you or your readers suggest how I can meet him without making a fool of myself?

Gio from Jersey

[Call the cigarette company's advertising agency and ask for his name. Tell them you've got a "modeling" job for him to do, and that your cigarette is a silly millimeter longer.—Ed.]

Dear GAY:

I thought that you would be interested in learning and sharing with your readers the news that the situation has begun to deteriorate badly in Indianapolis.

Flushed with its recent triumphs over the nasty people who smoke marijuana and drink bootleg liquor on Sundays, the "nice-nellies" that gave the Nixon-Bowen party such a sweeping victory in local elections is apparently going to begin to crack down on "deviants."

The first place hit was the most venerable institution, The Alps, which has gone its gay way for years right across from the main police station. The Alps is doomed anyway, however, for the whole block of buildings it is in is coming down to make way for another one of the tributes to our ambitious mayor's monomania for throwing up civic monuments that will never pay for themselves. Apparently as a kind of last stand, the proprietor installed a go-go boy, who, it is rumored, really went all the way. I didn't get in to see the act myself, but it was apparently too much for the authorities, for the go-go boy and all his congregation were run in for patronizing a "dive," as Indiana statute so quaintly characterizes a disreputable place.

Then the next night the Deja Vu, which I not long ago described to you as the new "in" place in the city, was hit for selling to minors. Only four offending minors were actually run in, but the name and address of all the patrons were collected for you can imagine what purposes.

Since all this has just happened, I don't know yet what it portends; but I will keep you posted. Anyway it looks like the Nixon sweep has really turned on the bigots, and gays may have to be alert for new harassment.

Love,
Don

Dear GAY:

Am I wrong in thinking that all I see is white nudes in your publication?

I am emotionally hurt and it makes me a little mad when I see that white is quite bright in your paper and in motion pictures for gays.

Roy Blakey is a great photographer but this is ridiculous as I see the straight type men and white skins in front of my brown eyes.

Thank you
Black and Gay
Elbis Cia

P.S. Your paper is great.

[It's an interesting question: why have most of the gay liberationists been white middle class? Do gay blacks identify more with the black movements? In any case, we do run pictures of nude blacks when we print nudes. In one of the latest Roy Blakey photo spreads (GAY no. 86) a black appears.—Ed.]

Dear GAY:

It seems I write you often. I think I'm very lonely for my son.

But this letter is to say I liked Rich Wandel's article. He is so right. We can never learn anything until we first admit we can never really know. I am white—how arrogant it would be of me to say I know what it's like to be black in a white man's world. Just because I was oppressed as a woman. It only gives me the right to try to build bridges. Bridges across religious, racial, and different lifestyles. But we can not even lay the first brick of understanding until we admit honestly we can never really know.

Yes, we can build bridges of the mind and heart if our search is honest. And always we must be ready to accept a new stage of ignorance if we are to add another brick to that bridge of mutual respect

and understanding.

A year before my son died, in one of his many letters, he said, "You have added another dimension to my thinking—you have your own particular problems as the mother of a gay. I had forgotten that." So one more step was taken between us. But one false note and the bridge collapses.

On a lighter note, I got an enormous kick out of Thane Hampton's article in the same issue. Yes, I grew up in those "so pure" days. When my brother was a man and we were chatting one day he told me how bewildered he had been at 15 when our father said to him that he must never do anything to a woman he would not do to his mother. Isn't that a gem?

Sincerely,
Sarah V. Montgomery

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Richard Goldstein, You're My Boy

BY JOHN FRANCIS HUNTER

Put out the files on the Harper's protest of 1970, fellow militants, alert Peter Fisher to tune his guitar, run off some handbills distilling the grievances to a few indignant phrases that will inflame the unwitting oppressed emerging from Bloomingdale's on a Saturday afternoon. Let us girl ourselves for a rock-throwing, tree-climbing, snot-flying ZAP. Where and of what? Over on East Thirty-second Street, I suppose, if that's where the offices of New York magazine are located. We gonna git 'em for publishing Richard Goldstein's subversive piece in the January 8 issue entitled "A Night at the Continental Baths."

This is surely the most subversive bit of journalism written by a proclaimed heterosexual and printed in a hetero-establishment periodical since that thing in *Esquire* in late 1969 about the so-called New Homosexual which made us appear more "in" than the Black Panthers and granted us, as latter-day hippies with bisexual leanings, the premature stamp of Radical Chic. Mr. Goldstein, if taken seriously, could undermine the Movement by giving us into thinking that the Utopia of the New Order has arrived, when insouciant machos will not lie down with the femmes, but rather invite them to poker or to meet the folks.

In a scintillating review of a night with Bette Midler at the Uptown Continental off Needlepoint Square that springs as many pithy and apt surprise figures of speech as an anthology of the best images of John Updike, Dorothy Parker, Emily Dickinson and all that crowd, Goldstein tells us how it feels to be recognizable to one's self in a fun house mirror. To be "a stray body to whom nobody is offering any nitrile"—even correctly spelling it "nitrile," while the most popper-orientated gay swinger mistakenly refers to it as nitrile, quite another compound.

Though having established from the opening of his charming reflection that he is a heterosexual in "jeans which are baggy in the rear," and "too-snug Western shirt with "over-hanging sleeves" that a clerk at the Wrangler Wranch on Greenwich Avenue looked at in horror as if they were "sanitary napkins," Goldstein does not put down the gay milieu at the Continental on a mixed Saturday night. Rather, he uses the experience as a means of getting into himself, examining his conditioned assumptions and reflexes, and engaging in some of the most provocative printed self-analytical consciousness-raising since that collective of nine straight men snipped themselves in 1971 in the astonishing pamphlet entitled *Unbecoming Men*.

His word pictures about all and sundry as well as himself are dazzling in their flashing brevity. About the ladies present, for instance, he observes, "They do seem a bit peripheral... clinging to their men like folks from Indiana hoping to be mugged." He describes the sometimes ponderous Continental impresario Steve Oestrow as "... imperious and vaguely Viennese, like an old torch lamp you sit under to read *The Saturday Evening Post*. The Divine Miss M herself be envisions as a Bathgate Avenue chippie "who lost her own outstanding cherry one tarry night, and came down from the roof to find her mother sitting at a table with a cup of

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JANUARY 8, 1973

NEW YORK



A show at the Baths. Tully Brown stage out.

A Night at the Continental Baths

By Richard Goldstein

"...In the past year, the Baths has emerged as New York's most Weimarian nightspot, a sort of City of Night à gogo..."

New York magazine has finally printed its debut article about the gay community.

coffee and a cigarette, wizened, waving her daughter off to sleep with a tender, "Welcome to womanhood." Midler also inspires this self-portrait: "My brain is the whole grain, with all vitamins restored. I am striving. I am driven for. I am instinctive, but I am also a pro./ Which is how I would describe Bette Midler." He senses "the audience at the Continental loves her... because they know she is Right." (I personally find Midler as Right as grape-flavored Tang, but, then, I was one of those who said back in 1961-63 that Tiny Tim would never make it.)

Does all this pithy writing make the Goldstein piece subversive? No, that's what makes it so readable that a writer like me all but decided to give up the pen and learn how to upholster bidets. The danger lies in the singularity of Goldstein's fervent grasp and embrace of what Gay Liberation at its most visionary is all about. This remarkable loner admits that "... I sometimes wonder whether the limits of my own sexuality aren't really based on the fear of being mocked, turned down, or tossed away." He perceives the master enslaved by his own system!

Ruminates the renegade Goldstein further: "I start thinking about the number of guys in that room who are touching each other, and how little it means, thinking how much it means when a straight man touches another man, how loaded a gesture that is, even among those of us who believe people should touch each other... I have never touched another person without feeling at least a bit momentous about it, like it's more of a landmark in my crawl toward liberation just to reach out in affection or anger or sympathy and touse someone's hair."

Elsewhere he probes the business of the gay "threat" to the straight insularity, the Byzantine straight protocol of the sexes and role-playing by daring to find in

himself this rationale for its continuum: "The thought that I must suffer the same uncertainties here as I would at any fraternity dance seems insufferable! From a woman, I can receive such treatment with a surface equanimity, although it has taken me years to adjust to the immense power I have always felt women possessed; that is, the power of rejection. To extend to men as well as women that power over your esteem is to open yourself to much more than the guilt which your first homosexual encounter is supposed to invite. It is to widen your range of suspicion indefinitely, to include the whole of humankind as the object of uncertainty."

Goldstein, more outrageously, considering that he is straight, declares, "I do not believe heterosexuality is a 'natural' state. Most people win their status as heterosexuals after profound inner struggles." (Just like gays?)

But I cannot go on quoting chunks of Goldstein, either because it would be an unprincipled appropriation of his thoughts or, worse, a distortion of them piecemeal and out of context. He has to be read in entirety to be appreciated—and fairly denounced as a siren.

For reading a curiosity like this, who does not reward a harmless grope at the baths or a proposition "by someone really ugly" on Riverside Drive with a bust in the mouth, verbal abuse, or, like many of his less sensitive, less humane and intrinsically less secure brethren, castration, can lull an unsophisticated gay into feeling there's hope for mankind. That is, hope that man—the chauvinistic, the repressed, violent, competitive and persistently bellicose—may of his own volition, by silent self-appraisal and, out of noble voluntary concern for the future of this torn and tortured species, come to the simple philosophy of "live and let live" and "to each his own." We run the risk,

in celebrating the few Goldsteins of the rarified atmosphere of this Golden Gotham, this futuristic Ultimate Island rising ever radiant above its own poisonous excrement, of giving up the Revolution and believing we have won our status without it.

Richard Goldstein is as rare a "man"—which is a political and restrictive definition of a kind of thwarted creature which a male adult in our society must become—as he is an unusually gifted writer. He is not truly straight, he is not a total heterosexual, politically speaking; he defies pejorative labeling, will not be injected with nuclear family preservative and placed in a jar for the comfort and consolation of his classified peers with their reliable dog tags. Nor should we consider him in any way a dependable forerunner of that wondrous non breed, a New Free non-gay hip to the jive. He is one, perhaps a mutation which some of our tenth of the population (he acknowledges our numerical probability) has by its spiritual and intellectual fertilization and gestation helped to produce, but will he in turn inseminate others in significant enough numbers for us to expect we shall find our peace, through allies, without continuing to strive alone? Unlikely.

That *Certain Summer* was a mass market palliative for gays easy to melt, e.g., integrate as consumers. It was an obvious soap opera busing attempt, but it proposed nothing new except that if we are hetero-initiative enough we may be "allowed" to play physically un molested among our neighbors at our neighbors' games while dying of self-denial. "A Night at the Continental Baths," on the other hand, appraises one of our freakier milieus and suggests that, in our separate Harlems and on our own ground, we may have something attractive/life-giving that the true straights need. It suggests they, not we, are deficient. But how many, in ermine and pearls, surveying us in our bath towels, react like a Richard Goldstein, who felt "oddy provincial and amazed?"

The straights won't tolerate Goldstein if he keeps on like this. They will reject him as not being one of them, and like a child of a Jewish father and a gentile mother, he will have no people. We, too, must ceremoniously reject him, for the present, at least as a credentialed spokesperson for the greater part of his readership and his publication, because he is a false prophet, only one still voice, and until there is a resounding chorus of Goldsteins, we must beware the siren song of token acceptance.

However, Richard, I would like to run my arm around your shoulder and call you "brother." Just person-to-person. Not polemicist to reporter. Forgive me if, as a militant whose shoulders have been flailed raw by straights, that when you write in the vein you have thus written, symbolically embracing me, "I feel myself stiffen up, and I don't return the gesture..." Or have I already, in the spirit of gay love that is perhaps suicidal, flown in the face of my own counsel not to take you seriously?

When we zap New York, don't you be there. It's them we're zapping because their corporate monstrosity can't and, yes verily, won't produce or tolerate others as exceptional as you. You'll get yours, I fear, because you're vulnerable, and the straight world, the true straight world, hates vulnerability.

Is This Woman A Nurse?

TALLY BROWN THE MAGNIFICENT

BY LEO SKIR

When I heard Tally Brown was to play the nurse in the new *Medea*, I had to talk to her.

"Not a nurse, Tally," I said. "You couldn't be a nurse."

Tally Brown does not look like a nurse. She looks like one of the characters in Dick Tracy who will give Dick a hard time for many weeks on end. There is a massive head of hair that looks wiglike, huge fake eyelashes, and a very real huge fleshy figure. And a voice. The voice is extraordinary also. Very. But again, not a nurse's voice. A witch's perhaps.

"I play a nurse," she says. "But *Medea's* nurse. She's no more a Greek than *Medea*. They come from the north, from Colchis. She's more like a witch..."

"Now that sounds like you, Tally," I say.

She smiles. Tally Brown is a very odd person. She's now one of the "bath people," also one of the Warhol people. She's a little bit of a puzzle. I'd like her to have the "fat person" package, to be jolly, insecure, eager to please, self-indulgent. But she's none of these. She's sort of "jolly" but the "jolly" is a chosen "jolly," as if she had said, quite firmly to herself, a la Queen Victoria (or rather contra Queen Victoria), "We shall be amused; we shall be amusing." And lo! She is "jolly."

I decide I want to find out what's behind the "jolly." She can always tell me to stop asking questions.

"I've seen your act at the baths a few times, Tally," I say. "Black magic a la *Medea* isn't far from you. You're not a jolly good-time fat lady, are you?"

She smiles. "You've seen me. I give the kids a little trip. They can take it. A little pity and terror is good for the soul. I'm into catharsis. That's why I like the Continental. I can do it there."

"What did you do before the baths?" "Straight stuff. Musicals. I was in *Pajama Game*, *Mame*."

"Are you gay?"

"No. But I would be if my body wanted it. The tubs are more than gay. They're free. I believe in Freedom, whatever it is, wherever it is. I've been free. I want others to be free. So I've always been there, getting into it. Not building fences around myself. I've never been married. I never wanted to. I wanted love and I wanted freedom."

"And your folks?"

"My mother told me recently that when I was ten she knew I was my own person and she couldn't hold the controls anymore. Ten. She only told me now. But I gave them a hard time. They—both my parents—went south, to Miami, to live because of my mother's health. Then I got into civil rights. When it was dangerous. Before the Supreme Court decisions. I organized the first mixed theatre in the south. Blacks were meeting in my house, which was my parents' hotel. And this was Dade County, Eastland country, where blacks weren't supposed to be around without papers showing they were working for someone. My parents were afraid. But they loved me."

"What made you get into this? Were you a leftist?"

"I was a human. I did it because I wanted to. I wanted it a lot. I kept it up for three years. I went on the road doing night clubs to get the bread to support the theatre."

"I don't see how you could do it,



Tally Brown at the Continental

Tally. If radio were still big, with your voice you would be a sort of Kate Smith. They would play down your weight. But going out on stage in the straight south!" "It was a challenge. I took it. I won." "All the time?" "No. Once I stepped back. But it wasn't because I was ashamed of being



That's funny, you don't look like a nurse.

called my agent. It was the first time I begged out on anything. I told him 'I can't sing to these people with love. Get me out of this.' He did. I had sung there one night. I can't remember the name of the place. It was on Victory Boulevard." "And you left the South?" "I had to. I was going to be busted. About 30 friends of mine had been busted."

"And the integrated theatrical company?"

"The Freedom Players became the basis for the First Fine Arts Conservatory. I paid for Brecht plays by doing work at Jacksonville strip joints."

"But you're not a strip singer. Your delivery is classical."

She smiles. "Julliard. It still shows? I have a degree in dramatic art from New York University. I've directed opera at Tanglewood."

"But you didn't want to be an opera singer?"

"No. I wanted to do what I've done. I wanted to live. Love. Make other people live, love. I paid. My voice is an octave lower. *Mame* was 8 shows a week. I'm a Leo. I love a social life. I love parties. Before my life was split. I had to support my 'art' with things that weren't me. Now it's all together. Warhol, *Medea*, the tubs. It's me."

"I want to go into your un-jolly thing. You come onstage a jolly fat lady and then you get deep and bitter and it's a special gay bitterness, especially like that of drag queens, as if their life, their feminine life, has been stolen from them and they know when they reach out to get it it's going to be taken again and you really get that big bitterness into your songs—"

"It's not gay. It's human. I'm near Holly Woodlawn, Candy Darling, Jackie Curtis. I don't study them. If you feel it in me, it's unconscious."

"But it's very heavy stuff."

"I know. They're not expecting it but they can take it. I've gone straight through to Portuguese fishermen in New Bedford. If you go on straight through on an emotional level you can take people with you."

"What about women's liberation?" "It's not my part of the revolution. I'm breaking down fences, stereotypes. Right now I'm into sadness. *Sad is beautiful*. You can't say that in a Broadway musical. I want to say it."

"We go over her program for the 23rd of December at the Continental Baths. She opens with *Bessie Smith's* 'Young Woman Blues,' goes into 'Love in Vain,' 'Satisfaction.' Then Brecht-Weill material: 'Surabaya Johnny' and 'Alabama Song'; then from David Bowie 'Star' and 'Rock and Roll Suicide,' ending with Coward's 'Mad About The Boy.'

I am there the night of the 23rd to see her in action. The place has been redecorated, becoming more "natural" (lots of real-life plants) and un-natural (a sort of odd blue coloring that soaks into the place). Near the stage there is a hanging cloth painted with a demonic sun-figure ringed by zodiac figures. The cloth shivers continually as winds play on it.

The posters show Tally in an enormous wig with lights in it. When she comes out her wig does light up as if inhabited by static fireflies.

The beat of the orchestra rises. The audience goes wild. Tally smiles. She looks like a witch. *Medea* has a nurse. Her name is Tally Brown.

monsieur jacques

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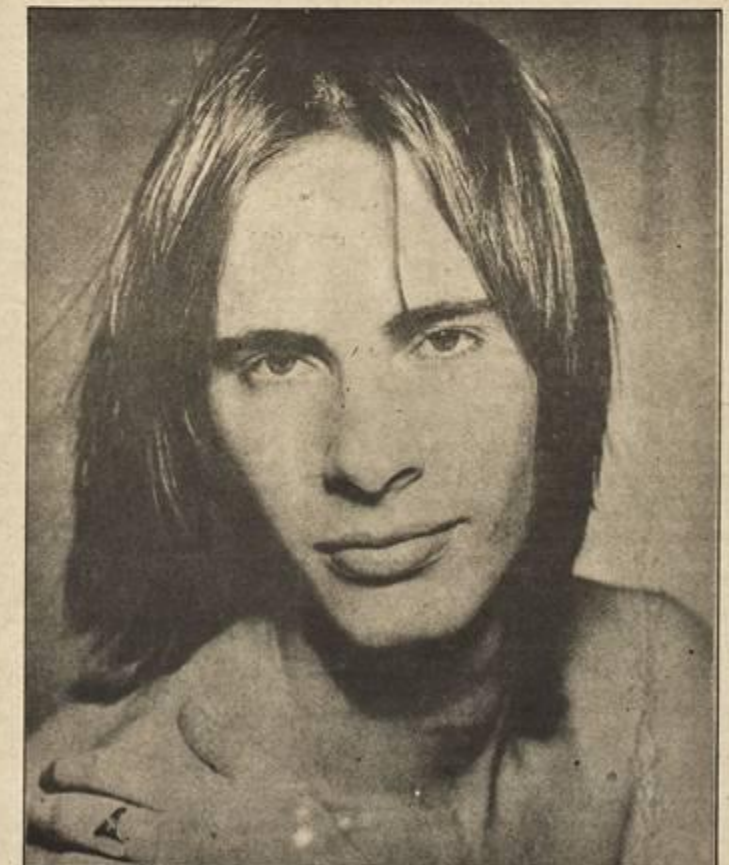
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Richard Rheem

JERRY'S SPHERE

(continued from page 2)

special thanks to Joey Cord and David Burke (WALTER'S APARTMENT). I was very flattered that Micky and Pete along with Jim and Sean (BETSY ROSS) came all the way in from Queens. And, of course, brother Carl, Johnny Savoy, George Sardi Oscar, and Bobby Sousa (NEW JIMMY'S) and zany Gypsy



Green Saunders gives Carl a special award.

(PAINTED PONY), all of whom made the day exciting and memorable. The crew from the ROADHOUSE including Rex, Tom and Keller were there as were the friends from MONA'S, Marty, Philip, Bill, beautiful Ronny White and Mona herself. Thanks to all of you.

WEST SIDE: Did a few places in the dance belt the other night. MS. DAWN HAMPTON at the TIJUANA CAT flipped me out. The lady is incredible!!! With all of the recent publicity over Billie Holiday, I'm surprised that Dawn's magical voice isn't receiving more attention. I can't write enough superlatives about this gracious and talented performer. Catch her any Friday or Saturday night... BROTHERS & SISTERS still remains the finest conversation bar in the city. The



Best Waiter Mike (Harry's Back East)

bar was packed with very interesting types... the new bar, PENNY LANE, is very similar to the old Kelly's. (There I go again dropping my age.) There were a few good lookers at the bar and at the pool table in the rear. Chop Chop was on the stick... Moved over to the GILDED GRAPE for a look-see. Another disco. I flipped when I saw Tim and Bob. I understand Alberta Peaches is on the bar Mon. & Tues. A lot of hunky bodies on the dance floor with a smidge of voyeurism. Interesting... BIG SPENDER is still the gypsy bar. The other night there were some beauties in there...

"I DON'T FEEL OPPRESSED." If I've heard that once, I've heard it a few times. Then you pick up a paper and read that a lawyer is admitted

bar because he is homosexual and homosexuality is a crime so how can a criminal practice law? To all of you indifferent, smug men and women out there who aren't "oppressed," get out of bed and WAKE UP...



Best Bartender Bill Hanna (Cousin)

LESBIAN MOTHERS GAIN CUSTODY OF CHILDREN BUT LOSE EACH OTHER: Ms. Sandra Schuster and Ms. Madeleine Isaacson went to court in Seattle, Wash. to gain custody of their children. The judge ruled in favor of the mothers on the condition that they separate and maintain separate living quarters. Still more evidence of oppression: If the mothers were proven fit, why should they have to split? Sexuality is not a basis for determining ability to love and care for a child...

SUPPRESSED MEDIA??? How come most newspapers have buried the Watergate trial in the middle of the paper??? Surely this sordid affair deserves front page coverage and in-depth coverage. It is certainly of more interest to the people of the United States than Super Bowl VII. I urge you all to write to your local paper and demand more information on WATERGATE. END APATHY IN AMERICA...

PEACE??? Pres. Nixon and Kissinger are talking peace again in Paris. All reports seem to indicate that there has been nothing significantly new added to the agreement that was talked about in October. Is "Tricky Dicky" getting tired of his game of "bomb the hell out of them" or is he afraid that the American people will stand for no more multi-million dollar planes lost, to say nothing of the crews who've been killed, captured or missing in action? One can only hope and pray that the man is finally coming to whatever senses he has left...

CONGRESS REACTING: Instead of acting, congress is again reacting to the executive branch of our government. After allowing that branch to far excel in its powers granted by the constitution a number of senators and representatives have vowed a fight on cabinet appointees and on the new "super cabinet." I trust that all of you have written to your senator and congress person regarding this matter. If the system of checks and balances is not equalized and damned soon, the next inauguration in this country may well end up becoming a coronation.

MORE ON THE INAUGURATION: Admittedly more money is being spent on Nixon's inaugural than ever before in the history of this country. It had been pointed out that the ceremony itself could be held at a fraction of the cost. But what the hell, it's not coming out of anybody's pocket but John Q. Public, so go ahead and waste the bread. What if more people are going on welfare? What if the air we're breathing is slowly killing us. The pageant is the thing. Full speed ahead on the wasteful spending...

SPENDING: Congress has allocated money for the fight on pollution and other

NECESSARY EXPENDITURES. President Nixon has seen fit to block that money from distribution. BILLIONS OF DOLLARS NEEDED TO IMPROVE THE VERY AIR THAT WE BREATHE ARE BEING KEPT FROM THE PUBLIC BY ONE MAN. Does Mr. Nixon believe that he will not have to breathe the polluted air himself? Or is he figuring that it won't really get that bad in his lifetime and he does owe a few favors to the industrial giants who are the country's worst offenders in the war on pollution? Or, is Nixon some sort of demonical robot void of feeling and, in truth, not programmed to need air to sustain life???



Gypsy greets Lynne Carter

R.L.P.: Doug Stormes, a fellow columnist who wrote for GAY SCENE, was killed in an automobile accident last week. Doug had come to me twice in my life. Once in a personal matter and, again, recently in a professional matter. He was as innocent as I over the rip-offs on the gay community. He told me of a bookstore dealer who printed 5,000 copies of Larry Townsend's new book Run No More. It was his contention that we should get together and form a group to combat this man and others like him. Douglas is gone now but he and his words will not be forgotten. We'll try, Doug, sleep well.

STRAIGHT

(continued from page 11) have an obligation to come out. An obligation to themselves. The first benefit would be (and I hate to say it) one of lending credence and respectability to the gay lifestyle. Simply because there are so many of us—doctors, lawyers, teachers, actors, artists and especially television personalities who are gay. The public would be forced to realize that not all gay people are the ones they've been told about—the hairdressers and the decorators. They would no longer be able to sit in front of their TV sets and lie to themselves.

Oh, I know—why should these people sacrifice their careers? First of all nobody can convince me that they'd be sacrificing anything. Sure it'd be rough, what isn't? Oh, I can talk, right? I've got nothing to lose. Do you think that gay activists were born with nothing to lose? We had something to lose once too, you know: our fear, our double lives, our pretense and a few dozen phony friends who fled as soon as the news was out. And it was difficult, dammit!, but it got easier and easier by the day as the truth replaced the lies. The sense of freedom in knowing that no one could hurt you or blackmail you or fire you or call you names anymore. You can't blackmail someone who's proud of what he is. You can't whisper behind someone's back if the person you're whispering to has already heard it—from the person you're whispering about. You haven't won if you've succeeded in hiding. You've won if you've succeeded in being a human being with nothing to hide, least of all that most beautiful part about you—your homosexuality.

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THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF CONFRONTATION TACTICS

BY MORTY MANFORD
AND ARTHUR EVANS

The authors, both long-time architects of strategy for the gay liberation movement, have submitted the following thoughts on activism to GAY. Their thesis will appear in three installments, and its original title is "The Theory and Practice of Confrontation Tactics in the Gay Liberation Movement." GAY's editors are pleased to publish Messrs. Manford and Evans' work.

The purpose of this paper is to describe and analyze the "zap"—a tactic of confrontation politics developed since 1970 by the Gay Activists Alliance (GAA) of New York City. Combining as it does disparate elements now used throughout the straight left, the zap nonetheless has an identity of its own. To explain that identity, an account will be given of zaps under three general headings: 1) The purpose of zaps, 2) Kinds of zaps, and 3) Methods used in zapping.

GAA was founded in New York on December 21, 1969. In contrast to its gay predecessors, it is a one-issue organization (i.e., its only concern is the liberation of gay people) and does not involve itself with the straight left. Secondly, it was the first gay liberation group successfully to employ the tactics of confrontation politics on a large scale. All gay groups which now use such tactics derive either directly or indirectly from GAA.

For two reasons this paper is not heavily foot-noted. First, there are no authoritative sources (the gay liberation movement is only three years old and has created itself *ex nihilo*); and second, the authors themselves, being gay militants, have first-hand experience of the bulk of the story told here.

I. PURPOSE OF ZAPS

The most important purpose of zaps is to get sensational publicity for the gay liberation movement in the mass media with the least investment of time or money. Publicity is needed for several obvious reasons: a mass movement requires knowledge on the part of the masses affected that there is in fact a movement; the anti-gay propaganda of heterosexual churches, psychiatric institutions, universities, etc., must be countered with a pro-gay propaganda; heterosexual ruling circles must be intimidated with the specter of a widespread gay revolt; gay people themselves must be purged of guilt feelings forced on them by heterosexual media and must be positively motivated toward direct personal involvement in political struggle.

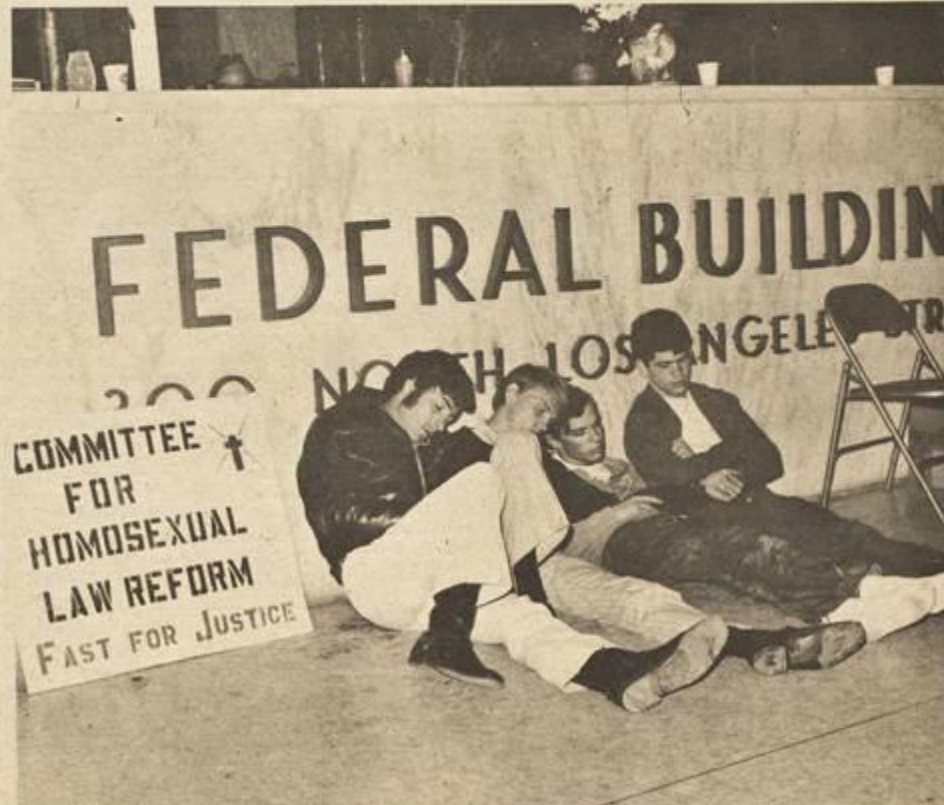
Publicity must be *sensational* because otherwise it is ignored by the media.

PUBLICITY FUNCTION:

The publicity function of GAA zaps has a twofold thrust: A. toward the gay masses; and B. toward heterosexual oppressors. In what follows each of these thrusts is discussed separately.

PUBLICITY FOR GAY MASSES:

1. GAA zaps are always carried out to serve as examples of the possibility of collective action by gays. Because most gay people are in hiding (and in constant terror of being discovered by their heterosexual friends, family or employers), they are often inclined to underestimate the magnitude of their own numbers. Because such hiding over the years creates intense feelings of loneliness, many gays find it hard to believe in the possibility of any collective action. For example, many gays have no contact with other gays except through furtive, non-repeated sexual en-



A different kind of zap: fasting at the court house.

counters. Wide publicity to a gay zap lends credence in the gay community itself to the idea that gays can relate to each other openly and with noticeable political impact.

An example of breaking down this mutual political isolation of gays is the first zap conducted by GAA: an attempt in January 1970 to enter and disrupt proceedings at City Hall to protest the failure of the Mayor and City Council to end police harassment and support municipal civil rights legislation for gay people.

When GAA members emerged from the subway station with picket signs and banners, they were accosted by a group of mounted police who announced that City Hall was closed. Members of the press, who had been tipped off about the action, hurried up close behind the policemen. Since it had previously been decided to invite arrest, the President of GAA hurled himself against a line of foot patrolmen which had formed on the steps of City Hall. He was rebuffed and pushed around, but not arrested (for some reason the police were reluctant to arrest that day).

Although neither prime objective of the zap was realized (getting into City Hall or getting arrested), the action was covered in the New York gay press (which before had largely been devoted to pornography). Thereafter, GAA experienced a noticeable increase in its membership, as gays began to realize that united action was now happening which they had never previously imagined or else thought possible.

2. Zaps are always designed to invite united action by demonstrating that gays have one important trait in common: a repressed, but powerful, rage at heterosexual oppression.

Every gay person has experienced ear-

ly in her or his life the chagrin of being called a "dyke" or a "faggot," of hearing effeminate men or masculine women ridiculed, of hearing stories of heterosexual abuse and torture of gays. In addition to this contemptuous treatment, gays are often sexually repressed: any solicitation runs the risk of exposure, violence, ridicule, or arrest. As a result of these circumstances, every gay person develops a profound hatred toward heterosexual oppressors. But since (prior to the gay movement at any rate) there is usually no way to give vent to this anger, it generally turns inward, and the gay person develops intense feelings of guilt and self-loathing.

Zaps are often conducted as a form of mass theatre: a horde of angry and righteous homosexuals, fists raised, rush into an office and shout into the faces of their heterosexual oppressors. When guilt-ridden gays, who have internalized their hatred of oppression, see this spectacle on television, they are often profoundly disturbed and begin to feel anger coming to the surface.

Sometimes this anger is at first misdirected at the gay militants themselves for "rocking the boat." But this misdirection of anger is of no concern since the zap has "got to them" emotionally—the first step in the long process of politicizing the gay masses.

The surfacing of repressed anger through witnessing of zaps has a twofold function: cathartic and political. It is cathartic in that the festering wound of anger is lanced, and the gay person takes the first step toward questioning her or his heterosexual environment rather than her or his own adequacy or "normality." It is political in that it becomes, when fully expressed, the motive power of the movement. Time and again internal rifts within the gay movement have been com-

pletely forgotten in the face of a great collective hatred toward an act of heterosexual oppression.

As a result, zap publicity generates a heightened sense of gay class consciousness. Most gays unacquainted with the movement have a "people are people" attitude: they think that in some final sense it doesn't matter whether a person is gay or straight, but that "people are people," and each person should be judged individually. After being involved in heavy zapping, on the other hand, many gays begin to feel that most heterosexuals are infected with anti-gay prejudice and that the crucial thing is for gay people to "get their heads together" among themselves.

Witnessing zaps on television encourages class consciousness because the zap is a drama of polarization. A group of people loudly proclaiming that they are gay begin an action which is then responded to (usually with little intelligence and even less wit) by another group of people who are straight. The heavy-handed response of the heterosexuals usually makes them end up looking like fools (thus encouraging gays who witness the zap on television to identify with the militants).

A good example of this phenomenon is a zap that occurred in the summer of 1971 in the office of Herman Katz, City Clerk of New York. Katz got wind of the fact that a gay priest was performing "holy union" ceremonies for couples of the same sex at a church on 28th Street and 9th Avenue in Manhattan.

The City Clerk was concerned, because his office is responsible for issuing licenses for heterosexual marriage ceremonies in New York City. In an interview with the *New York Post*, Katz made unpleasant remarks about gay people and threatened criminal prosecution of the priest.

A few weeks later, about a dozen members of GAA stormed into the office of Herman Katz with a coffee wagon and a large wedding cake. They handed out leaflets to people waiting in line for heterosexual marriage licenses and to office workers. The leaflet invited all to a gay wedding reception then being held in the private office of the City Clerk.

of a City Clerk to the greatest infamies of the age—Vietnam, Auschwitz, Buchenwald, etc.

People who would never individually dream of oppressing anyone contribute their share to institutional oppression by companies and governments. Their labors are then an abstraction, barely felt, easily rationalized. The zap personalizes ab-



Los Angeles: Protecting police entrapment of gays.

Gays took over the phones and told callers that the City Clerk was only giving licenses for gay marriages that day. When a large and not very articulate heterosexual functionary began shouting uncontrollably, an invitation was thrust into his hand with the comment, "Here, you want an invitation to our party?" Finally, the New York City Police arrived in force, armed with clubs and guns to protect the heterosexual establishment, and ordered the gays to leave, cake and all.

The gays left, but they didn't lose. When videotapes of the action were later shown at New York GAA's Saturday night dances attended by between three and four thousand gays each month, the heterosexual oppressors came out looking like heavy-handed dullards. The militants came out looking vibrant and witty. Every gay who saw the tapes went away with some idea of the polarization between gay and straight and with contemptuous feelings toward the latter.

In summary, the publicity function of zaps is to encourage united political action by breaking down mutual isolation of gays, surfacing repressed anger, developing class consciousness, shocking the sensibility of non-movement gays, and depicting militants as high-principled, dramatic, and witty.

PUBLICITY FOR HETEROSEXUAL OPPRESSORS:

The second thrust of GAA zap publicity is directed toward heterosexual oppressors. This works in two ways: immediately on oppressors who are actual targets of the zap; mediately on oppressors who witness zaps on television, or read about them in newspapers, or hear about them from brother or sister oppressors.

1. Zaps immediately shatter the bureaucratic barriers which protect oppressors from the consequences of their oppression and from most human feeling in general.

No public or private office could long survive without what is politely called "office etiquette," i.e., deference to those with high titles, standing at a certain distance when speaking to superiors, avoidance of shouting or loud noises, aversion to displays of intimate affection, etc.

"Office etiquette" is of enormous importance for gay liberation, since the evil people do these days is largely institutional and bureaucratic: routine-minded functionaries execute orders from often unknown superiors. The efficient, colorless, and bureaucratic nature of evil in modern times extends from the petty harassments

abstract issues by completely disrupting the tedium which separates oppressor bureaucracies from the consequences of their actions.

An example of this phenomenon is a series of zaps conducted in 1970 by GAA's Fair Employment Committee, which attempted to generate publicity concerning a bill then (and now) pending



Household Finance Corp. officials face angry gay liberationists.

in New York's City Council. The bill is Intro 475. It would outlaw discrimination against gays in the areas of employment, housing, and public accommodations.

The Committee discovered that Household Finance Corporation has a policy against giving loans to known gay people and that it will not knowingly hire gays. On the basis of this information, GAA conducted a number of hit-and-run raids on local HFC offices in midtown Manhattan. The militants would suddenly storm into an office, shouting at the top of their voices, "GAY POWER!" or "JUSTICE!" When the head bureaucrat appeared, a GAA member would stand nose-to-nose in front of her or him, and shout out the bureaucrat's crimes as loudly as possible: complicity with an oppressive institution, oppression of gay people, etc.

Leaflets would quickly be distributed to HFC office workers, and GAA members tried to involve them in conversation concerning the company's policies. Often the workers, who hated their bosses anyway, would agree with the militants. When the oppressor moved to call the police, the militants quickly left, heading to the next office on the list, frequently passing the arriving police. When the series of reprisal actions was completed, the HFC office workers were personally

aware of gay people's wrath. Furthermore, in each case, the head bureaucrat felt wrecked, like a pile of shit.

Sometimes the assault is conducted in a lighter vein when circumstances seem to require it. An example is a zap of *Harper's* magazine which took place early in October, 1970. The occasion was publication of an anti-gay article by Joseph Epstein which called homosexuality "a curse to be wished off the face of the earth."

About 25 GAA members showed up at *Harper's* at 9:00 one morning and proceeded to take it over. In this case, however, the mood was festive—one GAA member strummed his guitar; others sang gay liberation songs. The militants brought their own coffee machine and a large supply of doughnuts, they handed out leaflets throughout the building, inviting everyone to join a gay liberation party at lunchtime. In mid-afternoon, curious throngs came into the office, and GAA militants carefully explained the oppressiveness of the "liberal" magazine. Like many "cultured" people, the magazine staff members had deeply repressed resentment of the bureaucratic value system and actually voiced approval of many GAA arguments.

2. The second effect of publicity is to frighten or anger oppressors who learn of zaps through news media or their "colleagues." If oppressors are frightened by what they hear, they often capitulate early to avoid similar humiliation. If they are angry or recalcitrant, they may take a public stand against gay liberation—which is of enormous value to the movement since

An example is the zap conducted in May, 1971 against Saul Sharison, Chairman of the General Welfare Committee of New York City Council. For five months, Intro 475 had been languishing in Sharison's committee, which had never met during that time to consider it (or any other bill referred during the same time). After many fruitless meetings with Sharison, it became apparent to GAA that he would not budge.

Sharison's own council district includes most of the East Village in New York. He himself resides in a high-rise super luxury building on East 10th Street, which covers a whole city block. By chance, Sharison's building is within walking distance of GAA headquarters where a dance attended by one to two thousand gay people is held every Saturday night.

Although Sharison didn't realize it, the weekend night life of many gay people is much different from that of straights—it starts and ends much later. If a gay person wants to "have a night on the town," she or he will often take a nap in the early evening, and, awakening later, arrive at the party about midnight. Most gay bars on weekends, for example, have peak activity from 12:30 a.m. to 3:00 a.m. And it's not at all unusual for gay people who make the night scene to get back home at 5 a.m. or 6 in the morning.

In view of these strategic considerations, GAA closed its regular Saturday night dance at 1:30 a.m. on the date in question, and took a thousand shouting demonstrators to Sharison's apartment building. Several dozen police had to be called out, an attempt was made by the militants to storm the barricades set up in front of the building, a sit-in occurred in the lobby, and seven people were arrested.

All this activity produced an enormous amount of noise (starting about 2 a.m. Sunday morning) which woke up most of the building's tenants who live where they do to get away from people like the demonstrators. The tenants were furious. But there was nothing they could do to GAA—it was out of their reach. So their wrath turned on Saul Sharison, who was deluged with protests and phone calls from other tenants, and a move began to force him out of the building. A few days later public committee hearings were called on Intro 475. Members of the committee who had been apathetic suddenly took an active interest in the bill.

(To be continued. Next issue: Political Function)



Action: The hallmark of many of the nation's gay liberation groups.



Photo by Roy Blisney

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F.B.I. MOVES AGAINST SKIN FLICKS

(continued from page 7)

er employees, but, according to the U.S. attorney, "those responsible." Maximum penalties are five years, \$5,000 fine, and confiscation of the film.

D.C. film exhibitors have taken note. More and more daring in recent years, downtown exhibitors fear the rug may be out from under the one offering which would still draw suburbanites back into town—hard-core films. Many have pulled their X-rated films and are showing tepid imitations which, despite titles such as *Dagmar's Hot Pants*, don't pack the same punch.

Hard-core gay films, on which the Janus conferred the elegance and dignity of a first-run setting, are also on ice. *First Time Round* and *Flee In A Barn* have been replaced by such unpornographic oldies as *The Queen*.

According to insiders, the Metropole, a backstreets gay theatre, has not pulled its hard stuff. Apparently it hopes to ride out the freeze.

On legal advice, all the operators of the theatres in question refuse comment.

Carried to its logical conclusion, the use of Article 1465 could end interstate commerce in hard-core gay films, and thus cripple what many consider a newly blossoming art in erotic gay filmmaking. Unlike local enforcement, which ambiguous rulings and weak penalties often render ineffectual, federal enforcement under Section 1465 has teeth. Also, FBI agents are less susceptible to payoffs and local influence. One newspaper report says their next target is New York.

John F. Rudy, U.S. Attorney, who is credited with masterminding the new drive, takes a nonchalant line. "There's nothing special about this," he told **GAY**. "I don't want to be a censor to anyone. We're only interested in enforcing the law."

Rudy concedes that the D.C. film seizures could have the effect of a test case—and could ultimately touch books and magazines as well. "But these cases are very complicated. I don't think we're going to put any end to obscenity soon."

There was no special reason why gay films weren't hit, Rudy says. With himself, personally, he says, homosexuality is an indifferent issue. "I can't say I'm for or against you. I don't harbor any ill will toward anyone."

The question of what is hard-core and what is soft-core is crucial, because the Section 1465 strategy will fail if the materials can't be proven obscene.

"It all depends on how it's done," Rudy says. "According to the Supreme Court's Roth standards, a film is not obscene if it has redeeming social value or artistic intent. It is hard-core if it has a strictly prurient appeal—no plot, no titles or credits, strictly sex sessions."

Homosexuality per se does not constitute obscenity, he says. When **GAY** asked if explicit homosexual acts on the screen could pass the obscenity test, Rudy replied, "It's conceivable. If it's artistic."

But, in contradiction, a *Washington Star* article reports Rudy says hard-core includes showing "things like fellatio, sodomy, lesbianism and homosexuality."

Hence, on available evidence, the attitude of the Justice Department authorities toward explicit gay films is unclear.

Bill Bricker, president of the Washington, D.C. GAA, is disturbed by the lumping of homosexuality indiscriminately with other "obscenities." "As the word-

ing appeared in the *Star*," he says, "gays have definitely been insulted." GAA/DC has demanded a meeting with Rudy, to ask for a clarification of Justice Department intentions.

D.C. gay activist Frank Kameny proposes legal action. "If they really take action against gay films," he says, "some of us, as actual or potential gay patrons of the films, ought to bring suit against the authorities for infringing on our right to see the films we want."

When the grand jury will act is anybody's guess. One observer suggests that the officials are so pleased with the chill on the local film scene that they may not push the grand jury to meet any time soon. Meanwhile, the film operators sit in limbo.

Who is ultimately behind the new use of Section 1465? The Justice Department says there is no crackdown. But the fact remains that the nation's capital has seen a blackout in hard-core films just weeks after re-election of the President who has pledged an end to permissiveness. Why this has happened, no one can say.

CAMPUS ORGANIZATIONS STRESS SOCIAL ACTIVITIES

BY GERALD HANSEN
 West Coast Correspondent

Palo Alto, Calif. Some campus organizations in the San Francisco Bay area find that stress on social rather than political action ensures a greater chance for success. Such is the case with Gay Peoples Union here at Stanford University and the Gay Students Union of the University of California at Berkeley.

G.P.U. is the only gay organization between San Francisco and San Jose. It started in August and is a successor to the Gay Students Union which was inaugurated four years ago. (G.P.U. has no link with organizations in other cities bearing the same name.)

The organization has extended its outreach to the general community. Now only about 30 per cent of its members are students. Most of the other members reside in the peninsular bedroom communities extending from Redwood City through Santa Clara.

Many persons attending for the first time go through a process of saying, "I'm really straight. I just wanted to find out what is going on," related Mike Hughes, chairperson. By the third time they reveal, "I probably am gay."

"We try to use as little structure as possible," he added. Weekly meetings are operated on a cycle. A sensitivity and rap session is held the first and third weeks of the month, which is similar to the weekly gay rap at the Alternate Futures Commune in San Francisco. A potluck supper is scheduled for the second week of each month while the fourth week is open. (Usually guest speakers are invited or movies are shown.) In the past, a "Bring a Straight Friend" dinner brought in the greatest number of participants.

Meetings are held on campus at 7:30 p.m. Wednesdays. A general business session, which is also open to the public, starts at 6:30 p.m.

Goals of the organization are to promote gay pride, seek inner liberation from the fears, doubts and roles imposed by society; to actively strive for gay liberation, and to express solidarity with all oppressed peoples recognizing that no person will be free until all are free.

The term "inner liberation" was inserted, explained Hughes, because "we have to accept ourself first before we can seek liberation in society."

Implementation of these goals shall be sought by promoting unity among gay

people, providing alternate social activities, providing means of personal growth and interaction, more positive oriented communication to non-gay people and serving as an organ of communication for the gay community at large.

Some of the persons attracted to G.P.U. are apparently turned off by the political stress of other gay organizations or feel alienated by gay churches. Queried by this writer, who dropped in unexpectedly, as to why he attends G.P.U. meetings, Pat Rangel of San Jose said they "touch more on the meat of the issue." Asked to expand, he said he attended two meetings of Gay Liberation Front. "Most of these groups stagnate. We're non-political." Also, "this is not like the Metropolitan Community Church which says 'we're not a homosexual church.' I'm hopeful. This is something new."

The lone woman in the otherwise all-male group was asked why there are no other women present. "Most women identify themselves as bi-sexual," said Kathy Leddy. "This group is not oriented that way."

A group called Gay Bi-sexual Women's Rap met on campus last year with approximately 25 persons, she said. It now meets in the homes of its members. The group can be contacted through the Women's Center on campus.

Asked what political action G.P.U. has taken, Hughes cited only the participation by some members in the Christopher Street West-San Francisco parade. The organization does not endorse political candidates.

G.P.U. also maintains a one-hour radio call-in program on Fridays starting at 7:00 p.m. hosted by David Goldman, who also serves as G.P.U. secretary. "Non-exploitative" personals are also read over the air. The program is broadcast over KZSU-FM, 90.1, a campus station that can be heard on most of the peninsula.

G.P.U.'s office is located in Room 3, third floor of the Clubhouse, Old Union Bldg. Hours are Monday through Friday, 7 p.m. to midnight.

Gay Students Union at UC-Berkeley has also been revitalized with a stress on social activity. Membership dropped when political groups changed G.S.U. last spring from a social organization to a political forum, recalled Rod Gordillo, who personally reestablished the group in the fall.

The organization was originally formed after mass arrests by the Berkeley Police Dept. vice squad in campus restrooms.

The greatest gathering occurred this quarter when Del Martin and Phyllis Lyon, authors of *Lesbian/Woman*, spoke before the group. Approximately 60 of the 100 persons in attendance were women. The couple, among other things, read letters of reaction to their book.

A weekly outing, weather permitting, is usually held.

The organization has no officers. "We are completely anarchistic," said Gordillo. "Every member has complete power and none is bothered by red tape." He feels that this approach allows each member to participate fully.

At the beginning of each quarter, G.S.U. operates a booth near Sather Gate, the colorful area famous nationally where youths from all over the world, many with backpacks, spend their day. The booth helps increase attendance at weekly meetings. Last fall members maintaining the booth were harassed by "Holy Hubert," a familiar campus visitor, warning them of hell. Most straight students backed G.S.U., however. Periodically, Jesus Freaks stop by the organization's office on the third floor of Eshleman Hall. Meetings are held in the Spens-Black dorm.

G.S.U. estimates that 18 per cent of the Berkeley students are gay because the Bay area attracts a greater number of homosexuals.



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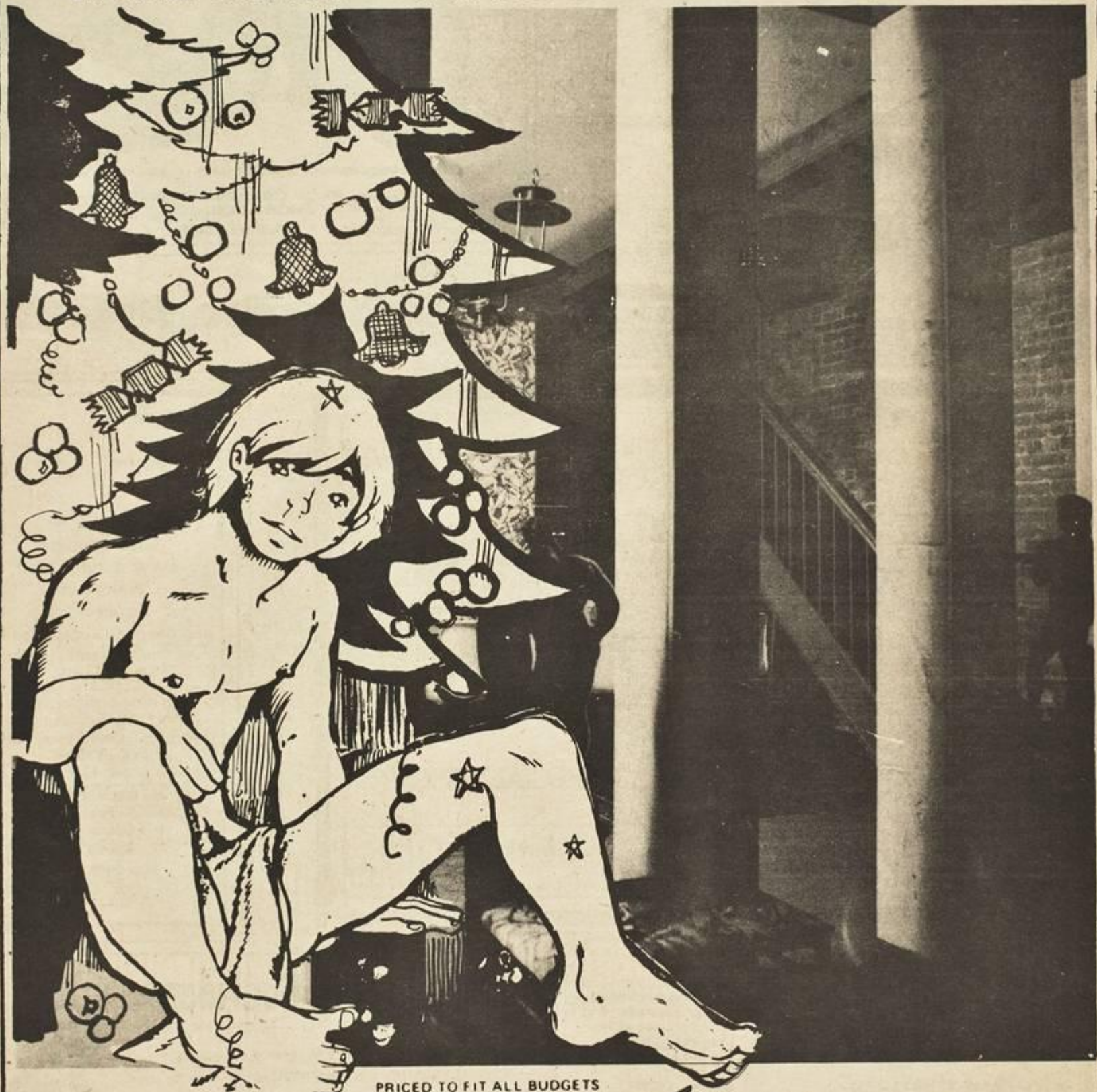
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