

GAY

50¢

Volume 4

April 9, 1973

Number 99

GAY LIB COMES TO HIGH SCHOOL

BY CADE WARE
Washington Correspondent

Wheaton, Maryland To see the real homogenizing process of America, go to the high schools. Especially the suburban high schools. Eyeless, sprawling, blank-faced brick juggernauts, there are tens of thousands of modern suburban high schools today turning out tens of millions of peppy, bright-eyed modern think-alikes, indistinguishable from the last freak love patch and the last flopping bellbottom. Being different is hard.

It has been hard for Steve, for example, a fragile-looking gay boy who came out alone last year at the John F. Kennedy High School in Washington, D.C.'s superhighway suburb of Wheaton, Md. But at least Steve is trying to do something about it. He and seven other gay juniors and seniors have formed a club to confront the administration and the 1300 other students at Kennedy High about what they call the "prejudice, repression and ignorance related to homosexuality" in the school. As such, they are one of the first gay high school groups in America.

Steve, 17, is quiet, curlyhaired and slow to speak. His brown eyes dance with good spirits, yet he often stops to feel his way carefully through a question before he answers. It took him several days to decide where we should meet for a newspaper interview (we finally sat down with his straight friend Rick after school in the empty brick juggernaut) and to resolve that he wouldn't let me take his picture or use his last name. ("I really apologize, but that wouldn't be too cool.")

But then, his story is one of careful exploration. "I can remember gay fantasies I've had ever since I was four years old. But I never identified it as homosexuality until I was about 15. Then, for the first few months, I just didn't know what to do."

Frank Kameny, president of the Washington, D.C. Mattachine Society, played an important role for Steve. Steve found Mattachine in the phone book, called Kameny and asked him whether he was really gay.

The phone conversation satisfied him.

Kameny suggested he try the gay coffee house at the nearby University of Maryland. Steve came out.

"I went there a lot for a few months. I expected it to be a big dance—you know, a big thing, packed with people. It wasn't like that. It was just a bunch of people sitting around eating potato chips and drinking cokes. I liked them.

"Did I think they were the kind of people I wanted to be? Oh, I don't know. My first impression when I encountered this group was that they were pretty much ordinary people."

His family soon learned. "My family accepts it. One night after I came home late from the coffee house, my father started lecturing me. So I just said, 'Well, you know, there's something I have to tell you.' And my dad said, 'Don't you think I can guess?' And he guessed either that I was doing something with drugs or that I had had a homosexual experience.

"His attitude then and since has been pretty much that, you know, it shouldn't matter whether I'm gay or straight."

Steve had a gay boyfriend, but it didn't last. "If we were together in public it was hard not to be self-conscious—because you always had the feeling that someone was looking at you."

The club now numbers three girls and five boys. It developed against the background of a school administration controversy involving Kameny. In October Steve asked that Kameny be invited as one of a series of speakers to address a social science class. Steve's teacher agreed (Kameny has spoken to many high school classes in the area), but the administration vetoed the idea. Steve's friend Rick, who is news editor of the school paper, then arranged for a Kameny newspaper interview. The idea of a club was discussed, and the news story ended with Steve's call for a founding meeting.

On the fatal date a small group of uncertain gay students appeared. Unmolested by the administration, they began talking it over.

Meanwhile, Rick circulated a petition and got more than 350 student signatures demanding that Kameny be allowed to speak. The question was carried up the

(continued on page 12)



Marc Ruben and bullhorn at the Outer Circle demonstration

(photo by Bettye Lane)

RETURN TO THE INNER CIRCLE

A Year Later

BY LEO SKIR

New York, N.Y. Over 500 demonstrators massed outside the Hilton Hotel at 55th Street and Sixth Avenue on Saturday night to form an "Outer Circle" protesting the "Inner Circle" dinner being held inside. A year before, on April 15th, six members of New York's Gay Activist Alliance, Bruce Voeller, Bob Rome, John Vouriotis, Jim Owles and Morty Manford, had been beaten up on the hotel premises

while peacefully protesting one of the skits put on by the "Inner Circle" which they felt mocked the gay struggle for equal rights.

On the occasion of the attack on the demonstrators last year, the police, the representatives of the Inner Circle and the management of the Hilton Hotel had, in the opinion of the 30 demonstrators from GAA who had been attacked, failed to provide protection at the time of the attack or any action later against the attackers. Although in the court case which followed prominent witnesses were able

(continued on page 12)



Demonstrators at the Outer Circle

(photo by Rich Wandel)

OWLES CAMPAIGN IN FINANCIAL TROUBLE

New York, N.Y. "Our finances are in such bad shape," Morty Manford, Owles' campaign manager, confided, "that we might not even be able to finish this campaign. Right now we have under \$100 on hand."

Manford said that the period between March 12th and April 12th was critical because it would be necessary to get several thousand valid signatures on petitions to secure Owles' spot on the ballot.

"Such petitioning leaves little time for fund-raising," Manford declared. "It would be extremely embarrassing if we couldn't even finish the campaign or get onto the ballot."

Manford said that while there was a lot of anti-Greitzer feeling in the district, she had a definite advantage because her name was known to the public and Owles' wasn't.

He urged anyone willing to throw a fund-raising party, work as a volunteer or make a financial contribution to contact him at 691-6431. He urged that those without time to spare send a financial contribution to Owles' campaign: Committee For An Effective City Council, c/o Jim Jacobs, 186 Spring Street, New York City, N.Y. 10012.

WHERE WILL YOU GO TONIGHT?

A DIRECTORY FOR DISCRIMINATING DISPOSITIONS

GM - Genital Males
GF - Genital Females
TV - Transvestites
ENT - Integrated, gay & straight

BY JERRY FITZPATRICK

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

WEST VILLAGE

Bon Sair, 40 W. 8th St. (473-9559). Cha-cha palace, mostly Latin. Bunty 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, 304 W. 10th St. (255-9742). Neighborhood bar and crowd. One of the oldest. GM, Cev, 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 Fedora herself making sure that you enjoy your meal. GM/some Int.

Finale, 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 Eleven, 411 Bleecker St. (CH 2-2117). An old-time favorite. Int.

Fritzzy'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 stool. GM/GF

Gay Switchboard (924-6036) Gays servicing gays. New to town? Want to rap? Call.

Horn of Plenty, 353 Bleecker St. (242-9636). 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

Limalight, 91 7th Ave. So. Another disco. Nice decor. GM

Maria's Crisis, 59 Grove St. (243-9323). John Michel heads the movement. Bobby Spolain is on days so there's always a good crowd. Try it. GM

Meat Rack, 500 W. 14th St. (989-2649). Big, roomy leather bar. Interesting cruising and types. GM

Mattachine, 59 Christopher St. (691-1066). The new offices are fantastic. Stop in and get an education. Among other services (legal and social) it boasts apartment listings for gays.

Mona's Royal Roost, 28 Cornelia St. (CH 2-9557). My Martyn has 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.

One Potato, 518 Hudson St. (691-6260). Frank has been made mgr. Beautiful Nancy Hackill 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, 309 W. 10th St. (923-9279). 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. One is host. GM

ReadHouse, 570 Hudson St. (CH 3-4214). The Int bar in the Village. Jammed any night of the week. Go and have a good time. GM

Sammy's Folly, E. 15th St. near 5th Ave. (675-9840). Opulent piano bar. Leah is your host. GM

Soho Strawberry, Bleecker 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

Ter, 21 Greenwich Ave. (255-1337). Snack shop, crusty afternoons; find out what is happening all over the Village. GM/Int.

Ty's, 144 Christopher St. Right on bar. San Francisco decor. Humpty Jim and Ed are there nights. Brother Doric during the day. GM

West Beach, Christopher St. If you are like me and like saloons once in a while, this is it.

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

EAST VILLAGE, WASHINGTON AND UNION SQUARES

Club Bath, 24 1st Ave. (673-3283). Mr. Clean must work here. Dynamite people in an opulent setting. You'll find someone here. Confidential VD tests Thursdays, 5-9 p.m. Half price for students. GM

Eighty-Two Club, 82 E. 4th St. (GR 7-1046). Home of the female impersonators. Toastists: McSorley'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 there too. Int.

St. Mark's Bath, 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

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

Uncle Charlie's South, 581 3rd Ave. (684-2170). By gays for gays. Always jammed. Truly more of a club than a bar. Bob and Jerry deserve all the success they are attaining. GM

CHELSEA

Eagle's Nest, 11th Ave. & 21st St. If you're not into leather (black) and/or western, don't bother. You won't get in and why hate the management or yourself. This is for leather people only. GM

Glenn's, 53 W. 19th St. If the girls are anything like Holly, Dee and Marie - 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.

Spika, 120 11th Ave. (26th St.) Humpty stud come here to relax and groove. GM

SOHO

Gay Activists Alliance Fishhouse, 99 Wooster St. Get there early for the Sat. dance. Marvel at the CABARET every other Fri. Lesbian dance last Fri. of the month. FANTASTIC!!! 7th Ave. IRT to Houston; 8th Ave. IND (AA/E) to Spring; 6th Ave. IND (D/F/B) to Broadway/Lafayette; BMT (RR) to Prince; Lex. Ave. IRT to Spring. GO AND HAVE A BALL, AND YOU MIGHT FIND A FEW OTHER THINGS OUT.

MIDTOWN & MIDDLE EAST SIDE

Beacon Bath, 227 E. 45th St. (647-0322). 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. (581-6664). 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 teach(?) GM.

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

Lib, 305 E. 45th St. (VLE 2-0290). Girls' 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 leading out of their closets. Int.

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

Ronan'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 Bath, 300 W. 56th St. (PL 5-4880). A small place that closes at midnight. Busy during the late afternoons. tho. GM

Sebastians, 1065 1st Ave. (355-8052). My favorite Joe has been added. Along with John on the floor and Bill in the kitchen, Sebastian has a popular place. GM

Singles, 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

Treadwater, 1078 1st Ave. (PL 5-1955). Humpty help and good food. Ken is here as your host. GM

Walter's, Apartment, 1068 2nd Ave. (371-3374). Wild illusion of a penthouse overlooking NYC. The best manager in town, Tom, has added Bobby Marino to the staff. A definite winner. GM

Vukun, 140 E. 53rd St. (412-8122). Roy has given it a new image. Young and witty. Dancing. GM

DANCE BELT & HELL'S KITCHEN

Better Days, 716 W. 49th St. Disco dancing. GM.

BRONX

Big Spender, 315 W. 48th St. (586-9882). Lots of gypsies from the nearby shows. Some beauties. Good time. Eric tends to the libations.

Brothers and Sisters, 355 W. 46th St. (247-8840). Most of the sisters have left but some of the brothers are worth checking out. GM/some GF

Dirty Edna's Scoreboard, 254 W. 46th St. (265-9077). Advertised as "The home of the Midnight Cowboy!" Some of them look as if they missed the last roundup. GM

Guided Grape, 719 8th Ave. New disco in this part of town. Some familiar faces and some wild boys on the dance floor. GM

Haymarket Pub, 772 8th Ave. (586-9360). They asked J.P.M. not to list them in "The Gay Insider U.S.A." But they are. Int.

Jimmy Ray's, 729 8th Ave. (582-9507). They won't admit to it either. But you might find what you're looking for here. Int.

Joe Allen, 326 W. 46th St. (581-6464). Gypsies, name-performers, etc. Gay is the word for the bar while the tables will be mixed. Int.

Loading Zone, 586 9th Ave. (563-8212). Some cowboys and lots of TV's. Would you believe GM(?)

Fanny Lane, 220 W. 48th St. Reminded me of the old Kelly's. Some good-looking kids. Say hello to Chop Chop. GM

Tiquana 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

UPPER EAST SIDE

Aibi, 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). Cruise haven. Say hello to Johnny and George. Grandma's there days. Your hostess is Judy. GM

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

New Jimmy's, 1576 3rd Ave. (860-8509). 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 Bath, 230 W. 74th St. west of B'way. (799-2688). More than a bath-house, it's a totally gay environment even down to a weekend cabaret. Expensive, but worth it. Students I.D. price with I.D. card. GM

Fidelity Pub, 324 Amsterdam Ave. (874-6632). Good cruising and friendly. Try it. GM

Westider, 2160 Broadway (874-8013). Popular bar with humpy help. Bryan Murphy and the Westiders provide the entertainment. GM

UPTOWN

Andre's, 125th & 8th Ave. Crowded bar. Black is beautiful and gay here. GM

Chrysal Baitroom, 125th St. & 8th Ave. Another gay bar for this neighborhood. GM

Charade, 1800 2nd Ave. at 93rd. Where Black is beautiful, the age is young, the food and music are soul and the dancing terrific. GmM

Gold Rail, 2850 Broadway (MO 2-4704). Restaurant and bar popular with uptown gays and Columbia students. Int.

Mt. Morris Bath, 1944 Madison Ave. (534-9004). This has a black majority. GM

Pauline's Interlude, 2267 7th Ave. at 135th St. A Harlem landmark since before most of us were born. Int.

BROOKLYN

Danny's Brooklyn Heights, 108 Montague St. (625-8844). Two floors of fun and frolic presided over by Paul. Sal is your daytime host behind the bar with "dizzy" Duke and Bruce taking over at night. GM

Gracie's Mansion, Henry & Clark Sts., Bklyn. Hgts. 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

Mentor's of Henry St., Bklyn. Hgts. Another new entry. GM

Plans Bar, 105 Montague St. Just found this one. Kitty Kelly is M.C. during the day and Mike takes over at night. GM.

WASHINGTONVILLE, N.Y.

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

GAY CINEMA

David, 236 W. 55th St. 55th St. Playhouse, 55th St. between 6th & 7th Ave.

Jewel Theatre, 12th St. & 3rd Ave.

Park-Miller, 43rd St. betw. 6th Ave. & B'way (BR 9-3970)

Tomcat Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St.

JERRY'S SPHERE

BY JERRY FITZPATRICK

PAAR OFF COURSE: GAA took Jack Paar to task for a "fairy" joke. Paar invited some of their members to come on his show to discuss what was objectionable. Paar is a quick man. He is very cutting. (I'm surprised Phyllis Diller didn't clobber him that night. The way he acted and talked she owed her whole career to his generosity.) He can seem to be complimenting you while he's sticking the knife in a little deeper. His comment about his right as a parent to be uptight about some of the things GAA is espousing should have been countered with our parents have the right to be uptight and offended by some of his anti-homosexual slurs. His utter shock at the idea that his Randy could be happy with another woman was an amusing study of a man whose idea on life are very limited. Surely in this day of overpopulation there is more meaning to a relationship, homo or hetero, than birthin' a lot of babies. As a matter of fact, the Federal Housing Authority, which is an agency of the U.S. Government set up by Congress after World War II to guarantee mortgage loans to veterans and servicemen seeking to buy a home, is feeling very anti-productive right now. For the salary of the average enlisted man is not enough to enable him to get a loan. If his wife is also employed, the FHA feels that the combined husband and wife income is sufficient. HOWEVER, the FHA requires the wife to sign a letter



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(continued on page 16)

THE EDITORS SPEAK



Arnie Kantrowitz



Bruce Voeller



Nath Rockhill



Paar

THE JACK PAAR FIASCO

Last week we spoke to over a hundred activists in Denver, Colorado. Even in the West, they were putting the question to us: "What did you think of the Jack Paar show?"

We answered: "It was a disaster." The auditorium broke into applause. The fault lay with both Paar himself, and with the GAA-NY leadership who chose inexperienced people (inexperienced as TV appearance-makers, that is) to counter Paar's ugly discomfort at having to deal with "fairies." Paar turned the last half hour of his show (bring the "fairies" on late so the kiddies will be in bed) into meaningless semantic banter and the activists failed to expose his performance and the shoddy technique he utilized.

GAA-NY's new president, Dr. Bruce Voeller, and two of GAA-NY's former vice-presidents, Nath Rockhill and Arnie Kantrowitz, may have felt secure within themselves as they faced the vicious moderator whose bogus sense of humor has so often found no better outlet than tired "fairy jokes." But Paar took the offensive, putting the three activists in a defensive position, warding off his attacks. It was obvious that he had never once intended to apologize for his untoward behavior on previous shows, and that he'd invited the "fairies" to give them a hard time.

The most effective quip came from Arnie Kantrowitz when Paar complained that Jean Genet's preference for intercourse with a goat offended him. "I don't see why you should be offended," said Kantrowitz, "but perhaps the goat has a right to be offended."

We would hope that henceforth when a nationally televised TV appearance is in the works, that GAA-NY or any other gay liberation organization would see fit to call on TV-experienced gay liberationists who might tackle moderators of Paar's low calibre with gusto.

No one doubts that the three activists did their level best. For this, we must be grateful. Paar is a boor of unprecedented dimensions. He made David Susskind look like a real liberal. But the best that the GAA-NY leadership gave us on this occasion was not, we think, good enough.

A TOUR OF EUROPE

The Editors of GAY (Lige Clarke and Jack Nichols) are hosting two deluxe two-week summer tours of gay Europe (Amsterdam, Copenhagen, Hamburg and London). Those who take these tours will stay in Europe's finest first-class hotels: the Savoy in London, the Palace in Copenhagen, the Okura in Amsterdam, and the Vierjahreszeiten in Hamburg. Gourmet dinners, theatre tickets, sightseeing, and parties in private clubs will add pizzaz to the tours.

If you are interested and would like to receive a brochure, write or call Garrick Travel, Ltd., 226 West 47th Street, New York, N.Y. 10036, telephone (212) 265-7950.

NEW JERSEY NEANDERTHALS

The New Jersey Supreme Court has taken what must be, in its own eyes, a step forward. Married persons may now sodomize to their hearts' content. As long as a man and a woman have gone before a clergyman or a judge and have been properly betrothed, any husband may, with a perfectly clear conscience (as regards the Law), stick his wife in the shitter. Unfortunately, however, the New Jersey Supreme Court, applauded, no doubt, by archbishops, Bishops, and other Nixonian love children, has not extended the protection of the Law to denizens of New Jersey who practice such delights without their marriage certificates. The purpose of such a move, of course, is to insure that unmarried persons will still face legal harassment. The sad thing is this: a test case which tries to change this silly law would probably be struck down by Nixon appointees on the Supreme Court of the land. Heaven knows, a Nixon judge is not about to open the floodgates of "perversity."



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GAY is published BI-WEEKLY by Four Swords, Inc. Mailing address: P.O. Box 431, Old Chelsea Sta., NYC, NY 10011, with offices at 116 W. 14th St., NYC, NY. Telephone: (212) 989-1600.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES (First Class Mail): \$7 for 13 issues \$12 for 26 issues \$25 for 52 issues. Application to mail at Special-Class postage is pending at New York, N.Y.

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The Stonewall Myth

Lies About Gay Liberation

BY RANDY WICKER

Repeat a lie often enough and eventually it's accepted as gospel. That's what's happening in the gay movement these days. According to today's gay liberationists, the whole movement began a few years ago when a police raid on a Mafia-run Village gay bar, the Stonewall, was resisted by that bar's clientele. The ensuing Village riot lasted for three days and nights and supposedly inspired the gay liberation movement.

Well, don't you believe it. Any supposedly "informed" spokesman—sorry, spokesperson—who comes out with such naive gibberish should be summarily marched to New York Mattachine's ample library and made to read something of our minority's collective history.

Unfortunately, the bulk of homosexual history is unknown. Our gay forefathers didn't leave much of a record. Much of what they did leave has been systematically "neglected or destroyed."

Of the now-extant institutions, the Roman Catholic Church deserves the greatest damnation. The Popes considered Sappho's love poetry, love sonnets to other women, "sinful" and destroyed fully 90 per cent of her work. Sappho's place in history has been secured only by that ten per cent of her output which escaped the Holy Catholic wrath.

Plato and Sappho were western society's first gay liberationists. Plato, in an essay rarely assigned in philosophy courses, proved that, for men, "the love of boys was superior to the love of women," using supposedly infallible logic. Sappho showed the world that an intelligent lesbian woman could live a great life without men.

From antiquity to the past couple of hundred years, we know little of what happened to gay people. Certainly as the mores of the world slowly changed from tolerance and acceptance to intolerance and persecution, strength and pride stood their ground and argued for justice before the onslaught. Those martyrs, our unsung and unknown heroes, were no doubt slaughtered and their memories lost in the bloodbath of history.

Our only records during the Dark Ages is that left to us by those fanatical Roman Catholics who burned homosexuals, then labelled either "witches" or "heretics," alive on piles of faggots—bundles of sticks—from which the term "faggot" derives.

As I stood by Pizarro's tomb in Lima, Peru, a few years ago, looking at the shreds of cloth still clinging to that tyrant's glass-enclosed bones, I recalled the entry in Pizarro's diary on the conquest of Peru where he recalled coming upon the Inca temple where the aristocrats of Inca society had fallen into what Pizarro believed to be "evil ways."

"Their perversion," Pizarro wrote, "was obvious by their mannerisms. We unleashed the dogs upon them." Indeed, gay Incas being devoured alive by Pizarro's killer dogs is a theme of one of the murals in the alcove of the Cathedral in Lima where Pizarro lays on permanent display.

Donald Webster Cory, known in the 50's and 60's as "the father of the homosexual movement," whose book *The Homosexual in America* was the first gay-



Gay Liberation leaders 1965: including Franklin Kameny, Jack Nichols, Dick Leitsch and Clark Potak.

authored best-seller defense of homosexuality in the United States in the early 1950's, credits Edward Carpenter with being the first English writer to defend homosexuality.

Carpenter lived and wrote in the late 1800's. His writings seem like fantasy and propaganda to gay readers familiar with today's gay subculture. Carpenter called homosexuals "Uranians" and discussed the quality of their feelings, the intensity of their affairs, the depth of their devotion in very Victorian terms.

According to Carpenter, Uranians were more faithful to their lovers, less promiscuous, more serious in their involvements and attained a greater degree of fidelity and integrity in their relationships than did heterosexuals.

Upon reading Carpenter's writings, you begin to get a feeling of disbelief. How could someone passionately advocate such obviously inaccurate nonsense? Certainly as a gay person, he must have been aware that male homosexuals are, and were, more promiscuous than heterosexuals, that long-term monogamous love affairs of the type idealized by heterosexuals are, and were, less common among homosexuals than among heterosexuals.

Carpenter's sincerity becomes understandable when you discover he lived in the country, and knew only a few other homosexuals, and had an apparently monogamous gay marriage for 35 or 40 years. Edward Carpenter earned his place in gay liberation history by being the first to commence developing the polemics of gay liberation.

"How can a love which has been forced to hide its face for so long," Carpenter observed, "be expected to show its best side?"

Carpenter was a missionary in his own way, going to other gays and pressing upon them the necessity of educating the public and changing attitudes. Ironically a recent gift from Edward Carpenter to today's gays arrived just recently with the publication of E.M. Forster's *Maurice*.

Forster was a successful, talented gay novelist who lived in a closet but dreamed of better days. Forster explained that *Maurice*, which he didn't want published until after his death, had been inspired by

Edward Carpenter and the discussions they had had about homosexuality.

The Oscar Wilde trial in the early 1900's pricked the public conscience and made many heterosexuals aware of the barbarity of anti-homosexual laws. Radclyffe Hall's *Well of Loneliness*, the first openly lesbian autobiography, appeared in 1928. In that day, it took courage to write openly as a lesbian. Radclyffe Hall deserves her due as a gay liberation individual.

What we do know of the gay liberation "movement" in the U.S.A. before 1950 comes from *One*, this nation's first widely circulated public gay magazine, which appeared in January 1953.

In a hard-cover book entitled *Homosexuals Today: 1956* a reprint from the July 1953 issue of *One* magazine told the



Edward Carpenter

following story:

"In 1925 I met several inverts in Chicago and conceived a society on the order of that existing in Germany at that time, Society for Human Rights, and we published a few issues of a paper called 'Friendship and Freedom,' and even had a chapter from the state of Illinois.

"But one of our members turned out to be a married man (bisexual) and his wife complained to a social worker that he carried on his trade in front of his children and the social worker found a copy of our paper and all of us (4) were arrested without warrant and dragged to jail.

"I managed to get out on bail and hired a good lawyer but the first judge

was prejudiced and threatened to give us the limit (\$200 fine) but I got a better lawyer who was politically connected and we also got a new judge, who was rumored to 'be queer himself' and he dismissed the case and fined the married member \$10 and cost.

"I was then a postal clerk and a stupid and mean post office inspector brought the case before the Federal Commissioner with an eye to have us indicted for publishing an 'obscene paper,' although of course, like your paper, no physical references were made. But the Commissioner turned it down. However, the post office inspector, even in spite of us being acquitted, arranged my dismissal from the post office. The whole thing cost me all my savings of about \$800 and no one helped us, not even the homosexuals of Chicago.

"Of course I see now the faults we committed. We should have had prominent doctors on our side and money on hand for defense, and a good lawyer." Such was the plight of gay liberationists in Chicago, 1925.

The next organization which *One* was able to obtain definite information on in the way of notes supplied by a former officer was "The Sons of Hamidy" which was a homosexual fraternity "reorganized in 1934 by men of note and wealth."

The Sons of Hamidy claimed to have been in existence since before 1900 and advocated "an apocalyptic program of retribution against a hostile society." Political aims were foremost, centering on civil rights for homosexuals and punishment of all who opposed or persecuted them.

Their platform was based upon the story of the Athenian heroes, Harmodius and Aristogiton, assassins of Hipparchus, a tyrant who had tried to come between them.

The organizations and operations were informally conducted. One officer said that the purpose of the organization was "to develop young men's minds away from the sex urge." Candidates for membership, however, were expected to recruit still other candidates before being admitted to full membership and much energy was directed into recruitment drives with prizes for those most successful.

One editorialized that the group had "somewhat fascistic goals" of "acquiring political power and taking over government offices and other positions of authority" but "limited itself to the sole purpose of justice for homosexuals."

The Sons of Hamidy grew with a large emphasis on social activities until there were chapters in Philadelphia, Asheville, Chicago, Milwaukee and other Wisconsin cities, Los Angeles, and in various places in Arizona. Members wore plain silver rings with SOH engraved on them and had special hand signals.

However, by 1943, after hints of financial irregularities, the "men of note and wealth" reportedly deserted the organization and the disorganized group, "still claiming hundreds of members, chiefly in Wisconsin, felt the war's scattering efforts." By 1944, the group had dwindled to "less than a dozen scattered active members, chiefly in Rhineland, Wisconsin."

There were some mainly social organizations like the "Metropolitan Veteran's Benevolent Association, Incorporated" in New York City between 1945-54, with

public functions attended by up to 150 persons.

A lesbian magazine, called *Vice-Versa*, appeared in Los Angeles in 1947 and had nine monthly issues of about sixteen pages. European gays had commenced issuing *Der Kreis* in the 1920's.

The Mattachine Society started up in 1950, and had finally become an above-ground organization with chapters in Los Angeles, San Francisco and New York City by 1955.

One was banned in 1956 by a judge who declared "perverts have no right to express their point of view even if they have one." One fought their case to the U.S. Supreme Court, winning a unanimous decision in 1958. The gay press's right to exist had been born.

By the early 1960's, separate Mattachine Societies were functioning in New York, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Boston, Denver and Washington. Except for the New York and San Francisco groups, the Mattachine societies were small, with only ten to twenty members.

The commitment of those in the gay movement in the fifties and sixties was as great as that of any activist today. Many people labored long into the night, sacrificing endless hours to fight a battle against a homophobic society which had not even heard the term "gay liberation" and still echoed with charges about "homosexual-communist" conspiracies a la Joe McCarthy.

By 1962, the *Village Voice* headlined an article "Third Party for the Third Sex" in which the gay movement was examined. Nationally, it totalled perhaps a thousand members and sympathizers scattered among a couple of dozen organizations, with publications having a total circulation of 10,000 copies.

However, the *Voice* cautioned, the circulation was probably misleading because of duplications of many subscriptions. In 1962, some members of the movement were already urging homosexuals in the *Village* to organize politically.



ONE Inc. Director W. Dorr Legg

In 1962, WBAI-FM and the Pacifica radio network broadcast the first interview in which homosexuals spoke for themselves and caused a minor sensation. The program received a full page in *Newsweek* and got a favorable review in *The New York Times* as well as news coverage. New York Mattachine spokesmen started making TV appearances in 1964.

When Castro began incarcerating homosexuals in forced labor camps in Cuba in 1965, gay activists in New York and Washington organized the first gay

picket lines. New York's gays commenced organizing first but the Washington Mattachine stole the show by demonstrating the Saturday before Easter in front of the White House, receiving considerable attention in the press. New York's demonstration took place in front of the U.N. the next day, Easter Sunday, and went largely unnoticed.

Meanwhile, gay groups like New York Mattachine had successfully challenged the New York liquor laws which banned serving a homosexual a drink in any bar.

New Jersey and California bar owners and gay groups had set precedents granting homosexuals the legal right to assemble peacefully in bars and social clubs, a "right of assembly" guaranteed by the Constitution.

A few commercial entrepreneurs, like Guild Press in Washington, had fought further legal cases on freedom for gay eroticism and had gotten legal rulings that homosexuals, as much as heterosexuals, were entitled to have sexually arousing magazines.

By the late 60's, New York Mattachine had several hundred members. About eight different gay groups on the East Coast had formed a regional organization called ECHO (East Coast Homophile Organizations). Annual ECHO conventions were held, attended by 100-150 people. A suit-and-tie-for-men, dresses-for-women picket line was mounted over July 4th in front of Philadelphia's Independence Hall.

Washington Mattachine had, in cooperation with the ACLU, initiated several legal challenges to the Federal Government's discriminatory employment policies and had already won a few landmark decisions.

In New York, the then newly elected Mayor John Lindsay had met with Mattachine representatives, and voluntarily issued an order saying that New York City would no longer discriminate against unwed mothers, ex-convicts and homosexuals in employment. His Police Commissioner, Sanford Garelik, had stopped the New York City Police Department from using entrapment against homosexuals.

It was against this background of two decades of toil by hundreds of dedicated gay people that the Stonewall riots took place. Those gay liberationists, including those in the 1920's who suffered for a dream they never lived to see fulfilled, as well as Edward Carpenter and Radclyffe Hall, are insulted and demeaned by those ill-informed Johnny-come-latelies who announce pompously and apparently really believe "the gay liberation movement is only three years old."



Randy Wicker was one of New York's first gay spokesmen.

An Interview with Chuck Choset

"I Can Follow Carol Greitzer into the Women's Bathroom!"

BY VITO RUSSO

DON'T VOTE FOR HIM BECAUSE HE'S QUALIFIED, VOTE FOR HIM BECAUSE HE'S GAY.

That's the headline on Chuck Choset's campaign leaflet urging both straight and gay voters in the Liberal Party to vote for him for Councilman-At-Large in Manhattan. To a lot of gay people (and quite a few straights, I might say) that kind of blatant party line is political anathema. The idea is to be qualified and also happen to be gay, not the other way around. To show just how entrenched that idea is, Chuck tells me that gay people seem to think he's made a mistake on the leaflet—like a typo or something. They come up to him and say, "Shouldn't that be the other way around?" When he informs them that it is quite correct, they take another tack and naively try to explain why it should be the other way around, not getting the point at all. Only Demi Covello understood. At Candidate's Night at the GAA Firehouse, she slapped him on the back and said, "Chuck—on the issue of gay rights, I think you should take a very firm kneel."

Chuck's involvement with the Gay Liberation Movement goes back to when gay political candidates were only a twinkle in Arthur Evans' eye. He joined GAA in the fall of 1970 because: "I simply decided I could not be a private person any longer. In ancient Greek, the word for someone who's only a private individual was 'idiotes'—like idiot. At that point in my life, I thought GAA was the greatest thing since chocolate ice cream. I got unbelievably involved. Since I don't do things half way, I was suddenly working 16 hours a day. I got on State and Federal Government Committee and later ran the News and Media Committee for almost two years."

Is GAA no longer "The greatest thing since chocolate ice cream"?

"I looked upon GAA as an education. I think it's a unique education of its kind, a very special one, one that I needed and got. But I think that it's one that should be graduated from."

Chuck, if memory serves, came to be known as a tireless worker in GAA and a Class A-One kvetch. He often got things done on sheer nerve. There were always meetings at his apartment, meetings that were surprisingly well-attended considering that he lives in what has been described as an 11-story walk-up on Bedford Street. People with weak hearts or nosebleed problems never made it. Since he's the only person who can joke about Judy Garland to me and get away with it, I decided to return the favor and take my chances on some questions.

First, it strikes me as odd that he's in politics. Why did he do it?

"Well, I'm going through a kind of—

analysis by being in a political arena. One thing I find incredibly amusing is that Vito Russo or anybody else would turn to me and in a different tone of voice ask my opinion about something. All of a sudden, instead of offering advice, I'm pontificating. They're the same views I had before, but now they have the pomposity of a candidate. One of the things about politicians is that I'd say there are about four or five who strike me as fine human beings and that's a large percentage; the others are just punching a time clock. In psychological terms, someone perceives himself or herself as inferior and in the same way that Gwen Verdon felt that she had to overcome polio by being a dancer, politicians, to overcome their sense of inferiority, become politicians. Then, not only are they as equal as everybody else, they're superior. They are representing the people. And what indeed makes them more representative than anyone else if this is a democracy? But no, all of a sudden they become the voice, the spokesman. This is what they need to prove to themselves—that they are of worth. Ultimately it comes down to the fact, present company not excepted, that people go into politics because they see themselves as failures in the nitty-gritty, one-to-one relationship of love and find that they are much more capable of carrying on hundreds of superficial relationships than one which is really deep."

What is directly responsible for your decision to run? Is it that the time is right now? Are people ready?

"If we're going to wait for the world to be ready, they'll never be ready—we have to simply make room for ourselves or else. This is the first time that the Liberal Party has had a primary. The Liberals For New Politics is only two years old, but one of the leading members of its New York chapter is a person who physically wrote Intro 475. Also, it's democratically run which is incredibly new for the Liberal Party. We're a reformed phalanx and, like everybody else, have to take on the big monster. Last year we took over Queens and this year is our first big push in Manhattan. They are totally behind my candidacy and so far as I know, I'm the only open gay person in The Liberals For New Politics."

What are the Liberal causes right now as you see them and why are you running on an almost completely gay platform?

"Essentially, people are going on about crime in the streets, drugs, and they're afraid and they barricade themselves inside their apartments. If you want to go to work and come home at night and stay indoors, you might as well be living in Toledo. What defines that glorious, marvelous thing of living in Manhattan is the civic life. You have to get out of your homes to find out what the glory of Manhattan is. Crime in the streets is not an abstract. It's people who



Of Chuck Choset, Merle Miller says: "I would vote for him even if I were gay!"

are going out and committing crimes because they need to—we have over 30,000 police on the streets already. More police will not stop the needs of those criminals. We have to absorb these people back into the community. If that means open housing centers, heroin maintenance, whatever works. I'm down on methadone because what happens is that the heroin addicts take their methadone and sell it to people who become methadone addicts and then use their money to buy their heroin. They're creating a new generation of drug addicts.

"If you take all the blacks, women, Puerto Ricans and gays in the city and have them see themselves as a new coalition with many needs and the unifying factor that they are oppressed, people who realize that they are all fighting the same battle—well, let me put it this way: years and years ago there was a Supreme Court Judge named Oliver Wendell Holmes. When Louis Brandeis was offered up as a judge for that court, there was a lot of noise because he was Jewish. Oliver Wendell Holmes thought it so important to have a Jew on the Court that he was willing to step down. I think we've had enough of the straight, white Harvard-educated male defending our rights and it's about time we got a Puerto Rican on that council, a right-on woman, gays. Even Eldon Clingan, our champion, has tried twice to get that bill out of committee—now give a gay a chance. I'm sure that there's nothing he can do that I can't and I can follow Carol Greitzer into the women's bathroom which is something he wouldn't try."

It seems that the problem is to forge a gay vote, a gay community and the kind of gay people who act as a community. How do we do that?

"Even among gay activists you find an incredible leaning towards establishment credentials. When I spoke at GAA on Candidate's Night and my opponent Henry Stern also spoke, people came up to me and said, 'Wow, I didn't know you were so qualified!' as if there was a real

doubt whether they'd vote for me or him. That struck me as outrageous—here's someone who indeed went to the Inner Circle dinner and did not join the demonstration but, because he has a city job, which was given to him by Alex Rose, they say, 'Well, he's got qualifications!' and immediately they're bowing to the establishment. They're forgetting that here I am—a gay candidate is running for the first time in Manhattan. God knows what these people are thinking. That's my biggest chore—to go out and do a massive consciousness-raising."



Chuck with Nath Rockhill

How? How do you reach people who are not only not openly gay but who don't even vote?

"That was always the problem in GAA, remember? It still is. I don't think that TV cameras are going to come flocking to my house, but if I win the primary they will and then I'll have the media as a way to reach them. We've got to bombard them with reasons why gay representation is necessary, reasons which seem incontrovertible to you and I, but they have to be persuaded."

What's the biggest problem you foresee?

"Letting 800,000 gay New Yorkers know that no matter what they think or how they feel about being openly gay, that when you get into a voting booth nobody knows what your sexual orientation is when you're pulling a lever."

(continued on page 16)

Can a relationship between two people be truly gay?



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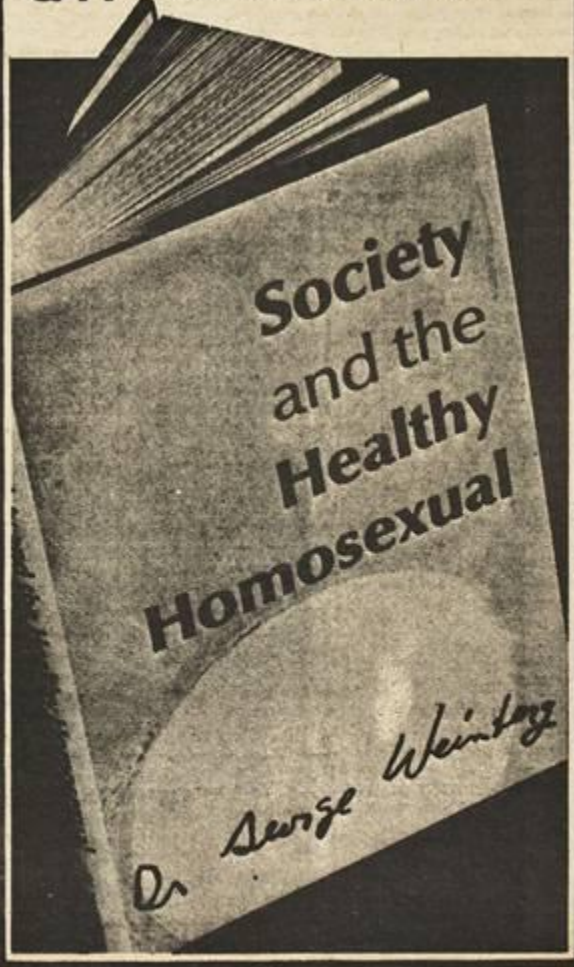
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I'LL TAKE MANHATTAN

That "Twinkle in the Eye" Awareness

BY VITO RUSSO

Some weeks ago I told you about a film, now in production, called *For As Long As Possible*. The 12-minute excerpt I saw delighted me in many ways. I must confess to being taken in by the sight of a gay couple on the screen living what, for all practical purposes, was a TV commercial existence. The difference was, of course, that they were gay. This is a new experience which I recommend very highly. When one is used to current newspaper ads, magazines, television shows, movies, books, plays, store window displays and real life displays of a totally heterosexual existence, there is a genuine feeling of exhilaration and release at seeing two men doing a gentle parody of *Love Story*. It might not be so good for one's aesthetic sensibility but it sure is great for the soul. It works especially because the actors have a sort of twinkle-in-the-eye awareness of what they're doing which puts you in good hands.

I was particularly impressed with the thin, dark-haired man who played David. It was he who was responsible for my laughter and most of the warmth I felt during that last 12 minutes. When the lights came up, I realized he'd been sitting behind me. On the way to the elevator I stopped him and said, "You know, you were really very good." For a minute he looked at me as if I were a lampshade and then said, "Well, I know—I'm a good actor." The problem was that I didn't recognize a good thing when I saw it. I'd been looking so hard for decent gay actors that when I saw one I wondered if there was some mistake. So I was meeting an actor who saw no reason why gay films, even exceptional ones, had to be populated by mental midgets. So if he's so good, why was he doing a gay film? A week later at lunch I found out.

Robert McLane came to New York from South Carolina in 1964 to attend Union Theological Seminary. He studied voice at Juillard while at Union and after a year decided to leave because "everybody was saying 'God is Love' but nobody was loving anybody." At an audition for *West Side Story* he met his first lover and they travelled to Canada together. "Sort of a working honeymoon." Since then he has had leading roles in *Half of Rain*, *Diary of Ann Frank*, *Oliver* and opposite James Earl Jones in *Antigone*. His films include *Little Murders* and *Barbara*, a strange sort of film that was perhaps a bit ahead of its time. In 1967 he was featured in the TV drama *They with Jack Gilford and Cornelia Otis Skinner*. The guy is right, I said to myself, You don't waltz in and out of parts like that if you're not good. And like all good actors, he's still studying, still working, still struggling. So why, at this point in his career, having just finished a run in the LeRoi Jones play *A Recent Killing* does he find it necessary to do a gay film? Isn't he afraid it will stifle his chances? Doesn't he worry that casting agents and producers will consider him a "gay type"? Nope. All he wants to do is act. *For As Long As Possible* came along and he went after it. "Oh, I suppose you'll get

trouble occasionally from an agent," he says shrugging. "One agent I know won't send me up for any parts because he knows I'm gay—but that's his head, man, he just can't cope with what's happening. It's like, eventually, they'll all realize it doesn't matter. In the meanwhile, why should I stifle myself because of their limited vision? Recently there was a headline in the *Sunday Times* that read 'Should Black Actors Play Chekov?' That's like saying 'Should American Actors Play Chekov?'"

What does he expect to happen with his career personally? Can an honest actor live in a dishonest profession?

"I don't have this Hollywood image of the way it's supposed to happen. Ten years from now I'm not going to be doing Richard III if I'm not working right now. So that's why I'm doing *For As Long As Possible*. I want to keep working and it's something in which I believe. It's a good part."

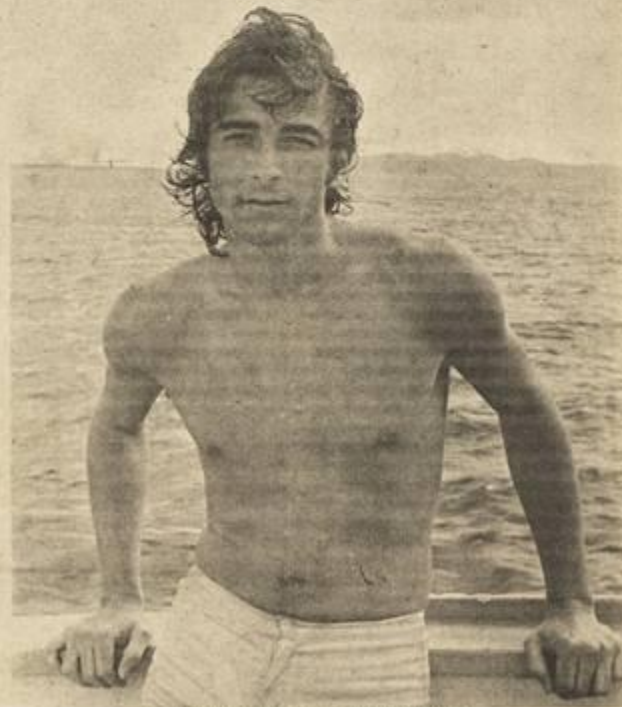
Robert McLane probably will make it. What then? Does he go into hiding if the spotlight gets too bright? "I hope not. I hope I'll have the courage to do just what I'm doing now—live the way I want. You know, I think I can understand established, older actors not coming out gay. They're entrenched in their lifestyles and it's too late. The world has done it to them. They have a false image to keep up and they can't break out. If you start out with an honest image it's got to be easier to keep it."

I hope so, Robert; not only for your sake but for the sake of the gilt-edged, phony theatre, gay people, straight people and the concept of truth which has been trampled half to death by the ballet slippers of gay men dancing love duets with women.

This week I've seen *Lost Horizon*, *Ludwig*, *The Thief Who Came To Dinner* and *Slither*. *Slither* is a chase film, a very funny chase film. Dick Kanipisa (James Caan) gets out of prison and



Robert McLane



"For As Long As Possible" stars Robert McLane.

right away the trouble starts. Everybody he meets is crazy. He almost gets shot to death by some people he never sees, he hitches a ride with a farmer who threatens to break his arm and finally meets Kitty Kopetzky (Sally Kellerman) who is into armed robbery. That's only the beginning. You've yet to meet Barry Fenaka and his wife Mary, two Polish jokes played by Peter Boyle and Louise Lasser. All of these people are destined to travel together, by camper mind you, on a chase after \$312,000 and a man who might not even exist.

James Caan is really perfect in this kind of a role. He projects the kind of exasperation that says to the audience, "Do you believe these people?" Sally Kellerman managed to charm me for the very first time ever and Peter Boyle convinced me that someday he should play Ben in *The Dumbwaiter*. Speeding along in the camper with Mary in the back reading a magazine, Caan says to Boyle, "They're following us—step on it." "OK," says Boyle, "but I gotta be careful. Mary goes bat shit over things like this." You may not go bat shit but you'll have a nice time and a few good laughs. Which is more than you'll get from...

The Thief Who Came To Dinner which doesn't work half as well, trying to operate on basically the same level. Perhaps it's because I still can't accept Ryan O'Neal as a sophisticated crook. He dashes a lot but he isn't. He plays Webster McGee, divorced computer programmer

word; for two hours and 53 minutes we are handed facts verbally and then visually. We keep saying "Uh-huh, Uh-huh" and then it's all over. So you come out of the theatre and you say "Yeah, he was crazy." His homosexuality is drawn as a compulsive urge, not a lifestyle. He simply can't help touching young boys the way he couldn't stay away from sweets. Just the way we never even get to see him eat a bonbon, we never get to see any action with the stable boy either. Just the results of such things. To Visconti, homosexuality still means a chorus line of half-naked youths, mostly idealized, lying around an inn half-naked singing a sad German ballad. It's not the least offensive, only incredibly boring.

Some of the sequences are lovely to look at simply for their sheer audacity. It is also, as someone suggested to me, a very funeral film, a swan-song, both idealized like Ludwig's impossible love for his cousin, the empress Elizabeth, and dream-like as if a mad mind had conceived the very surroundings in which to play itself out. Helmut Berger is interesting but I'm afraid the way Conrad Veidt was in *Caligari*. Romy Schneider plays Elizabeth. Somebody should really lock her up.

For a much better study in dishonesty and subversion, go see *Lost Horizon* or *Thoroughly Modern Llama*. It's more Conrad Hilton than James Hilton. When you think of the memories left by the original, an abortion like this really makes you mad. It's hard to believe that Ross Hunter could sit through this film and then go out and release it. All the magic and veiled mystery of the original becomes plastic, obvious and boring. Remember H.B. Warner as Chang saying, "We are sheltered by mountains on both sides (pause), a phenomenon for which we are very grateful." There was a sense of loveliness about the mystery then. With John Gielgud it's like he's saying, "I don't make the rules; I'm only the manager." Instead of a gentle, unreal quality, we get the Chinese laundrymen from *Thoroughly Modern Millie*. This is true of the entire cast, some more so than others. The beautiful speech of the High Lama is ruined by bad timing and direction. The Margo role is brought to a standstill by Olivia Hussey who looks like she's been taking acting lessons from Yvonne De Carlo.

The music is the worst. If you think "I'd like to buy the world a coke..." is a masterpiece, wait until you catch the march of the Siamese Children. I'm surprised they didn't do *Raindrops Are Falling On Tibet*.

The best, of course, comes when 40 escaped chorus boys from *No No Nelly*, wearing U.S. Keds and orange loinclothes, do the dance of the seven veils around Olivia Hussey in a celebration of marriage supposedly performed by the husbands of Shangri-La each year. Now, Mr. Hunter might have made them eunuchs, but NEVER husbands. The number is a gag joke in reverse.

Come to Shangri-La. \$33 double, \$20 single. Slightly higher on weekends.

In lieu of a ten best list, how about a better game—Oscar choices. Best Picture—*Cabaret* (though *The Godfather* will probably take it); Best Actor—Brando, no contest; Best Supporting Actor—Joel Grey, because the three *Godfather* contenders will probably cancel each other out; Best Actress—Diana Ross; Best Supporting Actress—Bileen Heckart, not because I really



We are led to believe that this is the extent of Ludwig's homosexual encounters.



Ludwig: How many homosexuals can you find in this picture?

think she'll win, but because I think she deserves an award for being alive. Besides, Shelly Winters already has two—enough. Best Director—Bob Fosse; Best Foreign Film—*The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie* (which should also take Best Original Screenplay. AND LEAVE US NOT FORGET—Best Performance by a heterosexual actor in a homosexual role—Tony Perkins in *Play It As It Lays*; Best Performance by a Couple—David Cassidy and his "roommate" Sam; Best Cop-Out—

Bette Davis for her superb footwork at Town Hall; two tickets on the next moon shot to actor Jan Michael Vincent who says that he is leaving L.A. because "the fags won't leave him alone." The other ticket is for Jack Paar who will probably come back with home movies of Julie Andrews singing "The Craters are alive with the Sound of Music."

Still Shots: Alaina Reed at Walters Apartment April 3rd through 14th... Bette

Midler begins work on her new album for Atlantic in June... Bobby J., the disc jockey for WWRL, playing the State Department's recording of *Be Yourself* and urging listeners to come out of their closets... Wonder what the reaction of the radical feminists is to the revival of *The Women on Broadway* April 25th?... Well, you've got to draw the line somewhere...

Bye.

THE LAST ESTATE

BY GREGORY BATTCKOCK

Several weeks ago Sam Szurek, producer of *The David Susskind Show*, called. "We're doing a show on gay marriages. Can you recommend anybody?" In fact, I couldn't.

I told Jill Johnston about the call. She was furious that I hadn't recommended her. "You don't have a friend; they only want people living together," I said. "I do so have a friend. Anyway, I'm too busy. My book is coming out in two weeks. The media is trying to ruin me," she said.

Sure enough, several weeks later she arrived with her book *Lesbian Nation*. "It's just another gay book," she declared, without meaning it. "I just got back from London. I stayed with your friend George. He's really hopelessly backward. We had an argument. I think I overstayed my welcome but when I asked if I should go, he said, 'Oh no, no.' I took him out to dinner and it cost ten pounds."

"That's nothing," I said. "I had lunch with Colin Naylor at a Chinese restaurant."

"He's sweet," said Jill.



Gregory steers a course through life's turbulent sea.

For a while there it was not considered appropriate to mention Jill Johnston in polite gay society. *Lesbian Nation* will prove Jill an authentic and consistent radical, as threatening to the women's movement as to anything else that deserves it. Private interest and public hypocrisy you or I would not even dream existed is repeatedly exposed by Johnston in *Lesbian Nation*, the most important contribution to the sexual revolution ever published. *Lesbian Nation* is not a gay book. It is mainly an investigation into sexual reality. As such, it is nothing less than a definitive "and delightful" *Michelin Rouge* guide book for non-travelers, a guide that will not be read by the people who need it most. If they do read it, they won't understand it. A guide book guaranteed to get you lost. One of my favorites from the book is a line that does not

mention me. It is the dedication:

This book is for my mother who should've been a Lesbian And for my daughter in hopes she will be.

The movie that makes the most important and delightful contribution to shattering secure identities (i.e., it makes straight sex seem normal and erotic) is *It Happened In Hollywood*. Wit, a self-consciously stupid plot, charming, lovely actors... I think the three finest sex movies are *Deep Throat*, *Deep Sleep* and *It Happened In Hollywood*, except the latter is so far advanced, much sexier, better photographed and produced, purposefully pornographic, illiterate, full of the absurd contradictions that amuse the

scholar and satisfy the voyeur... than is any other movie ever made. Oh sure, they get cute on occasion. Cuteness, along with death itself, is a condition for contemporary life. So, without getting philosophical, *It Happened In Hollywood* offers the biggest cocks, the most charming, sweetest performers, the healthiest attitudes—attitudes so healthy one despaired of ever finding them publicly proclaimed—in the history of commercial cinema. One questionable episode in the film involves none other than Al Goldstein who, as a backer of *It Happened In Hollywood*, seized the opportunity to demonstrate for one and all that he still could shoot with the best of them (presumably in response to those self-styled psychologists who had declared his compulsive heterosexuality merely a device to cover

up uncontrollable, though secret, passions for young boys with over-sized cocks). Goldstein, to the amazement of virtually all the remaining "beautiful people" in Manhattan, performed rather nicely. In fact, one 16-year-old Spanish boy I met in the park said, "It was worth sneaking in just to see Goldstein shoot his rocks." It turned out, after questioning, that he mistook *It Happened In Hollywood* with *Hot Rock* that he had seen on 42nd Street.

Harry, who manned the bar, kept pouring too much into the glasses. I spent the evening running around purging wine back into the bottles. People don't realize how expensive Champagne is nowadays. Afterward, Dr. Ruitenbeek took us to a lovely dinner at *Gene's* restaurant on West 11th. The wines, a white Soave to ease down the fresh oysters and a fine Antinori Chianti, were excellent. The service at *Gene's* is not elegant but it is certainly inspired. A breast of capon was ordered "rare." "You want it rare?" queried the waiter. Scallops were spanking fresh. A rum cake didn't have any rum in it. Around 11:00 they started blinking the lights to get people to leave, which isn't very polite. Ruitenbeek, on the other hand, persuaded Harry to order and enjoy for the first time oysters, thus hastening ever so slightly the extinction of that noble and precious edible.

Cheers, Gregory

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

PENPOINTS

Dear GAY: Vito Russo said if someone says something I don't like that I should write a letter.

OK Jerry Fitzpatrick, what is a "(a full-time negro surgical nurse!!!)"? -P. 16, Col. 3, Line 2. Does that mean that I'm a "(full-time white public health nurse!!!)"? Then you must be a "(full-time white columnist and a part-time white bartender)"? If you need any further explanation about my gripe, take some quiet time and think about it.

Luau,
Tom J. Maron
Frogmore, S.C.

Dear GAY: As a volunteer with the Gay Switchboard, I was distressed to read Vito Russo's comments in GAY (March 12, 1973, p. 15) where he writes:

"The Gay Switchboard, a valuable service to the gay community, made a boo-boo: they accepted an ad calling for a 'salesman who can appear straight.' Pardon me, friends, but isn't that what we're fighting or have I got it all wrong?"

Yes, Vito, I'm afraid you got it all wrong!

1. Gay Switchboard never accepts "ads." If anyone has a job to offer, we accept the listing, but never charge for that service, or anything we do. We exist (precariously at times) entirely on contributions of time, energy and money.

2. We exist to serve the entire community, without imposing any particular ideology or trip on anybody. You are assuming that this job offer came from somebody with "power," and who was not "liberated" enough and hence is ashamed or embarrassed by having someone work for them who was non-straight appearing. But, could it not also be the case that the job offer came from somebody in "middle-management" who cared enough about others in the gay community, but because we have not yet reached the millennium, and for a variety of factors, offered what he could. I do not know the particular facts in this case, but in my own "pre-coming out" days I was in the exact position.

3. Of course, I agree with you that what we are fighting for is rights for all gays, regardless of how they might look, etc., but let's fight the real enemy, and not throw bricks at each other.

4. I love you, Vito, because you are my gay brother.

In gay love and gay pride,
I am yours
sincerely,
Israel David Fishman

Dear GAY: Being bald myself, or nearly bald, I was grateful for Arnie Kantrowitz's article *Bald Is Beautiful* in the current GAY (March 26, 1973).

I have spent far too long worrying about being bald and I'm just now realizing that I've been wasting a lot of energy. I can see now that it's what is inside a person that makes him handsome. If balding men believe what they are told about baldness by society, instead of being proud of the kind of men they are, they will look whipped and sad. But if they don't, and act as though nothing is different, or, even if it is, so what, then they'll be much happier. I know I am.

Thanks to you for printing ideas that more people ought to think about.

Sincerely,
D.M.
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Dear GAY: As you may or may not know, the

Black Hills has recently been a victim of the American Indian Movement (AIM). At first (being a member of a minority group [gay]), I was sympathetic of their means of trying to speak out for themselves, but as their fight continued I was convinced that that was not the way.

I hope the gay people in America do not try to use the means of AIM to "speak-out." The gay people are being accepted little by little across the nation without violence, kidnapping, looting and gun fire. I respect the gay person for what he has achieved what he has.

If the American Indian can follow in our footsteps I think things will be worked out a little easier.

I remain,
Jeremy Moss
Rapid City, S.D.

ED. NOTE: We agree that a peaceful means to an end is better than a violent method. But the AIM does have some legitimate gripes too, and the frustrations felt by Indians who care about their people's situation must be overwhelming. One thing is certain: the present Administration in Washington doesn't care at all about the welfare of the American Indian community.

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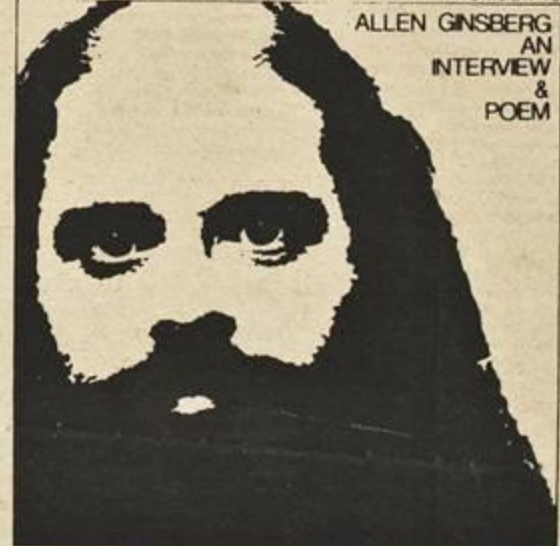
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GAY LIB COMES TO HIGH SCHOOL



John F. Kennedy High School in Wheaton, Maryland

(Photo by Cass Warr)

(continued from page 1)
many-layered hierarchy of the vast county system, finally to be vetoed on a technicality by Montgomery County Superintendent of Schools Homer O. Else-road. But the issue is still alive: right now Kameny has an invitation to speak from another Montgomery County teacher, and no one has vetoed it.
Steve's club hasn't progressed rapidly. The group wants to put up gay information displays, sponsor speakers and discussions, subscribe to gay publications and get useful gay literature into the school library. But the pressures are many, and they haven't gotten well organized yet.
The future of gays in the county high schools is not appreciably bright. While liberal students and teachers seem to believe in homosexuals' right to exist, there

is no acceptance of a homosexual life-style.
When asked if there's a place in school life for gay couples, Steve just shrugs and smiles. How about a gay dance? He laughs. "That seems a long way off. There are a lot of students who don't put it down," he says. "But most people just don't know anything about it."
Dark-haired Rick, who is interested in drums and writing, is more succinct: "Things are opening up a lot, but I don't see full acceptance of gays in society at large in the near future."
But if more of America's Steves start to speak out, there may someday be a bit more freedom inside the eyesless brick juggernauts.

RETURN TO INNER CIRCLE

(continued from page 1)
to testify as to attacks by the chief assailant, Michael Maye. Mr. Maye, union chief of the New York City fireman's association, was able to obtain acquittal.
Now, a year later, the 30 protesters had been replaced by 500, legal observers from the New York City Bar Association and support from the National Association for Women, the Village Independent Democrats and the Manhattan Women's Political Caucus.
The protest speakers' list released by New York's GAA included: City Councilman Eldon Clingan; Council candidates Robert Wagner, Jr., Robert Steingut, Arnold Segars, Marian Friedlander; and Betty Michaelson of the Radical Feminists. GAA president Bruce Voeller spoke, as did the other members who had been beaten at the protest the year before: Morty Manford, John Vouriotis and Jim Owles.
"The people inside," Mr. Owles noted, "walked in over our bodies. Carol Greitzer walked in. Saul Sharison walked in. And we won't forget."
GAA had sent out letters to all 1,000 guests at the dinner but had obtained slight response. Mr. Steingut, who is running for Councilman-At-Large, said he

TWO WACS TELL OF ORDEAL

BY GERALD HANSEN
West Coast Correspondent
San Francisco, Calif. Obtaining a home and settling down is the main interest now of two former WAC's weary from the national publicity surrounding their marriage and subsequent removal from Fort Ord with an honorable discharge.

Former U.S. Army privates Gail Bates and Valerie Randolph were interviewed by a writer for GAY and a San Francisco Examiner staff member in the Sunset district home of friends with whom they are staying.
Ms. Randolph had just received a certificate of honorable discharge in the mail. Her lover was on the way to Fort Ord in Monterey County later in the day and expected also to receive an honorable discharge within a week. The straight media falsely stated that the couple would be given a dishonorable discharge.
There are five possible discharges. Administrative classifications are honorable,

general and undesirable. Court martial classifications are dishonorable and bad conduct. Military and draft counselor Peter Sorgen said that dishonorable and bad conduct discharges can be legally given only as the result of a court martial and there are "no exceptions."
He explained that if, for example, a person who has spent a year in the army went AWOL for one day, the military must examine the record for the entire period of service and not base a dishonorable or bad conduct discharge on the basis of one infraction. "The military should look at its own regulations," Sorgen admonished.

started crying," she recalled. "Gail came up to me and talked with me."
After basic training, Ms. Bates was sent to Fort Benjamin Harris in Indiana while Ms. Randolph was assigned to Fort Lee in Virginia. They were finally reunited at Fort Ord.
There Ms. Bates became more aware of a relationship. "She was the only one I could really talk to," she said of her lover. "Every time I had a problem she was the one I went to."
Military officers also discovered a relationship. "Gail was hanging around with a lot of different people," said Ms. Randolph. "I got there (Fort Ord) a week



Fort Ord WACs tell of their ordeal in the service.

Military officials continuously violate these regulations because most gays do not fight their cases, said Sorgen who has counseled more than two thousand persons.
Those who receive dishonorable or bad conduct discharges are ineligible for V.A. benefits. An undesirable discharge is determined on a case-by-case basis.
The case for fighting such discharges was further illustrated by Sorgen upon noting that more employers are now demanding military personnel records (form 214) and a polygraph test. "Five years ago they would have been laughed at," he said in contrasting the employment situation then to the tight job market in the current economic recession. "As this country becomes more fascist and corporations become more powerful, one's military record will be the entree in getting a job."
Although the discharges are honorable, records on the couple will carry a code number—"a little hooker," as Major J.D. Coleman, public information officer at Fort Ord, put it—informing the knowledgeable that the releases are due to homosexuality.
During the interview the pair revealed that while in the Army they were given disciplinary action for speaking to each other. Military officers had observed them together "too many times" and were "overtly friendly," they were told. "One of the white officers liked Valerie and tried to split us," intimated Ms. Bates.
"The Army officers, because they had come out earlier, could see a relationship blooming before we even became aware of it," Ms. Bates, a Washington, D.C. native, added.

On gayness in the military, "You hear about it the first week there," the attractive Ms. Randolph said, "and become aware of it about the fourth week."
She was raised in suburban Prince George County, Md. On her 18th birthday she met her future mate at a recruiting station in the nation's capital. They entered under the "Buddy Plan," whereby a pair goes through boot camp together.
It was during an eight-week stint of basic training at Fort McClellan in Alabama that Ms. Randolph was suddenly confronted with the moment of truth. "Someone called me gay. This upset me. I

later and then just the two of us were together." A friend sitting in on the press conference pointed out that the military is continuously investigating the private sex lives of individuals and noted that any activity between them was "off-duty and off-base."
They were married in San Francisco on Feb. 3 by Rev. Ray Broshars of Gay Alliance, who now disowns them. Both are visibly upset with the scrappy Tenderloin district street minister who told the San Francisco Chronicle, "I don't like to get involved with women at any time," and through the straight media said that they were "flashing the marriage certificate around" the base.
"They [the Army] have not seen any marriage certificate," Ms. Randolph stressed. The couple added that they wanted to remain in the Army "to finish our commitment."
Upon returning to base one weekend, however, they found their rooms "stripped and our things packed." Friends contend that the pair is "still married in the eyes of God."
"My family reacted better than I thought they would," chimed in Ms. Bates. "My father is cool. My step-mother would take it hard, though."
As for now, "all we want is our own family, get up in the morning, go to work, and live a normal life like any other gay couple," summarized Ms. Randolph.
Asked if they plan to become active with a gay organization in the future, Ms. Bates replied, "All I'm worried about is getting a job and finding a home. I haven't thought about that." Ms. Randolph agreed. "Right now, we're the ones who are being walked all over," she added. "Once we get settled then we will offer our help."
Sorgen, who assisted the pair with their discharges, complained that the media has "edited me out." He had called a press conference the previous day. At that press conference the couple said that an estimated 80 per cent of the military women they encountered are gay.
Sorgen again has asked the U.S. Senate and House Armed Services Committee to investigate the military's treatment of gays. In reference to the wide-spread publicity over this case, he concluded, "I don't think they can ignore it any longer."

What the Israeli Cabinet Doesn't Know:

EEK! Golda Meir is a Man



BY JON MARCUS

ong before Portnoy's naive mother was demanding a look at his stools, my all-wise Jewish mother was afraid I was jacking off in the bathroom with the Playboy magazines I had stolen from the junior high school paper drive. Little did she know I had become bored with the top-heavy women and was quickly coming within view of the bottom-heavy men pictured in the Charles Atlas ads in the back of comic books I had bought for 15 cents.
At the time I too was naive, moved on by divine feelings into the john as often as I could find a photo of men posing in the briefest of briefs, so I could imagine less and enjoy more.
Years passed and after getting through high school (a virgin), my first year of college (still a virgin), and my second year (still etc. . .), I went off to Israel, the land of zaftig sabras. My aunts assured I would conquer them all and possibly even bring home.
"After Sweden, they say go to Israel," one aunt whispered to me.
The adventure, the dreams, the thoughts of conquest and coming pushed me onto my El Al flight for a year-long pilgrimage in the Holy Land. Finally, eight years after my Bar Mitzvah, I was on the road to becoming a man in traditional sexual sense, and in the not so traditional, making lots of men.
Bearded, with mustached, "tightly muscled" as I later described the male species of Israeli, I gazed into a spectacle of spectacular men, men and more men upon arriving at Lod Airport. Each one a slight variation of the last, dark, slim, a blend of East and West they were all Jews, the people I had been told for years were the chosen few.
Well, I chose quite a few!!!
Arriving in Jerusalem in July, I lived in the student dormitories of Mount Scopus, away from the city. Every night we were stranded on the mountain once the midnight run of the Egged buses had passed through.
Two months later, after numerous tiyuvs (trips) across the Judean desert, visiting monasteries, swimming in the Mediterranean and the Galilee, I went with 40 students to a kibbutz located on the border with Lebanon.
At the time the newspapers imagined Israel was going to war, so when a plane swooped over our heads in the orchards, I thought it was over and worse fate upon fates I would die in sexual limbo. Picturing the local home newspaper's headlines, I closed my eyes as the airplane dropped DDT on us. We survived the attack! Up at 4 a.m., in the fields from 4:30 till noon with a break for breakfast, we swam, danced, slept and lived under the blue-hued gaze of Mount Hermon covered with snow.
It was in the apple fields that I met Diane, another American who worked my shift. Definitely one of the more sexual people I have ever met, we soon were rolling alongside the trees, as the kibbutz volunteer supervisor came running up shouting, "Work, that can come later!"
Indeed we did.
The following week, back in Jerusalem, we had dinner, skipped a movie, threw my roommate out of the room and jammed the two cots together.
Soon after, I thought "I am a man," and we jumped into the sheets again. Whew!
Elation, joy, the feeling of being attractive, sexual and the most virile of

men, we lay arm in arm on the two uneven cots, each at a different level. Trying to act sophisticated, I lit two cigarettes, gave one to Diane. As she softly opened her mouth, she said, "You ought to go to bed with a man, it'll broaden you."
I'll never forget the feeling as my whole body went limp. I was impotence incarnate.
I knew I wanted to, I knew I would. At that point I had just lost my fantasies for women and knew those for men. But just two weeks later, the latter fantasies were literally blown away in the Turkish Bath, located a short walk from my apartment.
Amon, a friend from Hadassah Medical School, went with me to the baths, where I had regularly gone once a week for a few months. But that particular day I had just gotten out of the sauna, was turning a raw red in the hot bath as I noticed a beautiful man (as much as I could tell without my glasses and with the billowing clouds of steam). I knew he was looking back, must have been an innate latent talent to cruise.
"Amon," I whispered in the lounge area, "I think that man in the pool was cruising me." I can't even remember how I knew the word cruise.
"Forget it," Amon answered in benign neglect. "It's nothing."
Little did I know (though I certainly suspected) what a lovely nothing the third party was.
As I returned to the baths and Amon left to meet me later (I declared I wanted to relax some more), I walked aimlessly into the middle, luke-warm pool, definitely the most comfortable, largest and at the time I thought discreet area of the entire complex. Later I found out I had indeed entered THE cruising pool!!! My Israeli eye-catcher walked in all "tightly-muscled," came over to the corner where I had improvised a chair and began a conversation in Hebrew and English. Soon we switched to carefree yet directed touching. Trying to act as noncommittal as possible, to hide a hardon, I lost my balance and in catching me Mr. Israeli and I began what I shall always remember as the most beautiful of underwater ballets.
Busby Berkeley couldn't have choreographed any better combination of intricate, simple and yet effective movements. Reaching, caressing, pulling, pushing, we came almost together.
I must have had the biggest grin that I have ever had. In two short weeks a woman and a man.
And I had always loved delis so!!!
Soon after, a straight friend warned me not to go to Independence Park: "A lot of queers go there." That night I went. Within sight of the King David Hotel I learned the passageways, the bushes, the trails and in time the regulars that came and came in the park. But now, looking back after having satisfying physical and emotional relationships with men that have gone beyond quick one-night stands, it seems so long ago.
By the time I had left the country, I had crossed more beds than I had ever slept in before. Except often I didn't sleep!
Once a year Israelis celebrate Purim, the holiday which commemorates Queen Esther's defeat of Haman the courtier who wished to destroy all the Jews in Persia. Dressed in costumes, taking secret puffs of Royal cigarettes, dancing in the streets, the children take over in celebration of the Queen's victory. That same night private gay parties are held all over Israel, with attendants coming from kibbutzim, universities, Haifa, Jerusalem, Tel Aviv and army camps.
In 1971 the Israeli Knesset (Parliament) was faced with a bill legalizing homosexuality. The bill was soundly defeated with debate which quoted from the Old Testament's Sodom story, and members of the religious party vehemently denying the existence of homosexuality. Though there are no gay bars, and no semblance of gay liberation movements, there is indeed a gay lifestyle going on in Israel. Gays are alive and well.
Once denying myself it, later damning myself, I now know it's not wrong. Affection is too dear and real a thing.



Haifa, Israel: a nighttime view of a glamorous city and its harbor.

Gay Yoga

BY MADDAU (MARCO VASSI)

Perhaps one never stops coming out. Life finds its meaning in the voyage itself, and to arrive is to die, either mortally or in spirit.

The fear of coming out reflects a deeper awareness than the mere admission that one desires and enjoys the company of men, that one loves men, that one has sex with men. For that admission is the first step only, the leap of faith, and once it is accomplished, both as an unequivocal outward declaration and a complete inward acceptance, then the journey is just beginning.

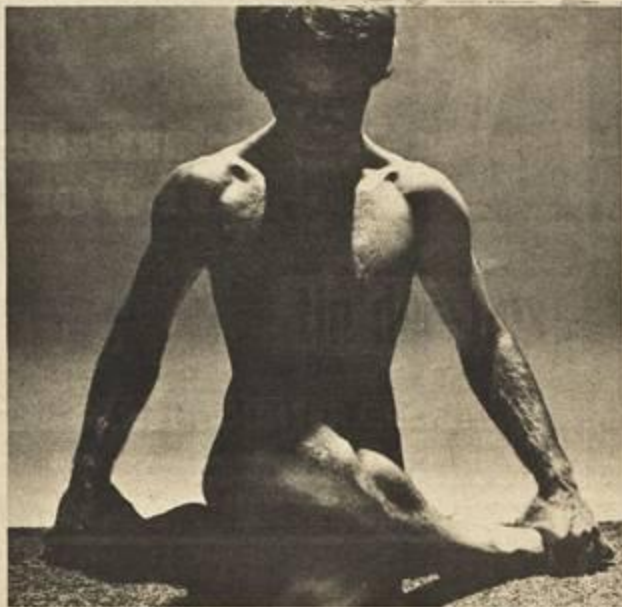
Woodstock is a peculiar place; it is just a small town in upstate New York, but it has a magical name. Life here is no different than it is anywhere, yet everything is imbued with a sense of destiny. The gay bar, which opens very late on Friday and Saturday nights, is a holdover from the 50s in tone; Timothy calls it The Ulster County Fag Museum. Still, people come from as far as Albany to spend a few hours there. I appreciate it for its air of the clandestine; although in fact it is about as risqué as a bank on a Wednesday morning.

When Timothy lived in town, he went about in earrings and eye coal and outrageous clothing, and became everyone's darling, the official symbol of exuberant expression. Since he left, no one has wanted to take up the position. The gay community is highly reticent. One learns temperance in a small town, for while in the city one may go berserk at the baths to blow out the accumulated repression-tension of daily life, here the orgiasts of the night before are one's next door neighbors the following morning. For this and other reasons, there is a tacit agree-

I have generally conducted myself according to local customs, for "when in Rome" and all that. But recently, I have begun to feel that this is my land too, and that I am one of the Romans, and can add my influence to the general ambience. The specific issue was Timothy's coming to visit me, and our inhibition in simply being free to touch one another. It surprised me, for we had been so casual about such things in the city, holding hands wherever and whenever we felt like. I am not much on that kind of expression after the initial romantic period with a person has passed, but I bitterly resent any pressure that keeps me from enjoying such moments when they do arise.

The weekend was chaotic. I hadn't wanted him to come because my situation at the time did not allow his presence without a concomitant upheaval in my plans. But it was impossible to refuse his request. We had two days of ecstatic highs and abysmal lows, and when it was finished I saw him off on the bus to the city feeling exhausted and glad that he was going. But that was all on the level of mere theatre; at the core there was nothing but an unaffected love, a bond so simple and unconditional that I had already ceased to doubt its reality.

A moment of special tension rose when we went to the Joyous Lake, a restaurant that was about to close for a month for its annual vacation. Most of the people I know in Woodstock were there. I could feel both of us tightening up, and we entered that space where the



"It is just a way of life, a yoga, a study." (Photo by Roy Blakey)

glances of others seemed barbed with hidden meanings. I decided that if there were to be any liberation, it would have to come from within, and so I hit upon the artifice of pretending that we were in a gay bar, with the extended protectiveness of such a milieu. With that, I was able to be myself, as was Timothy, and we eased into enjoying the company and the music as just another couple, gender irrelevant.

During the course of the evening, I found myself dancing with Timothy, kissing him and sometimes simply standing around with his arm over my shoulder and mine about his waist. It was an extravagant sensation to talk to my friends and neighbors and see myself through their eyes as they went through their changes to accept that the man they had accepted as one-of-ourselves was now disporting himself with what was obviously his male lover. To my delight, the culture shock was powerful but brief. No one pretended not to be psychologically upset, and yet everyone assimilated the new data very quickly. The circle opened, we went inside, were digested and became part of the crowd.

This again underscored the idea that when one understands the full ramifications of what it is to be gay in our civilization, one begins a long voyage of self-awareness, and through that exerts a liberating effect on others. This path of self-perception has been described in traditional terminology, as a function of some religion or school of psychology. But I am becoming certain that to be gay is itself a way of life with the classic three-fold aspects: the esoteric—some form of social identification with homosexuality, involvement in a defined movement; the mesoteric—accepting one's homosexuality quietly, neither hiding nor revealing the fact; and the esoteric—contemplation of the nature of what gay itself is.

All three of these roads define a rather critical concept: that simply being gay is enough to provide a man with a complete yoga for self-realization. That, given society as it now exists, given the fact that no

one is free unless all are free, any gay man has a field of unlimited exploration into the psyche of himself and the entire species, if he follows the implications of homosexuality down the corridors of his intuition.

There is an old saw about how to be homosexual is to suffer. There is a tendency to disparage that notion, but the truth it contains should not be overlooked. I won't speculate as to whether there is such a thing as a gay soul, but there is no need to postulate metaphysical entities to see that gays are presented with a very interesting obstacle course as we grow up. Learning to negotiate it has turned many of us into hypocrites; the same process can turn us into philosophers of life.

In some religious orders, the initiate is given an orange robe to wear as a reminder of his new sense of self. But when his rebirth is accomplished and he is totally transformed, then the robe may be thrown away. I see a parallel with being gay, for when one has fully realized the gay path, when his inner reality and social identity have become a single vibrant whole, then one simply becomes oneself, and has no need of any categorization. There are already some of us living in that state.

The notion of gay yoga received a bit of baroque embroidery on the second day of Timothy's visit. We were driving through the hills outside Woodstock, pleasantly stoned, enjoying the scenery and telling one another our fantasies, when we passed an immense 40-room chateau at the very top of one of the mountains. We imagined turning it into a pleasure palace, a country club for our friends, and thought of how it would vibrate with music and dancing and swimming naked in the streams.

"It would freak the townspeople out," Timothy said.

I disagreed, but we were playing the game of building a common model, and that meant full cooperation with what the other adds to the picture.

"We could build a wall around the place and surround it with a moat," I said.

"And have guards," he added. "Right," I went on, "we could get all the leather types, and tell them to really get it on with jackets and chaps and studded belts and Doberman Pinschers on guard chains."

It was an amusing image and we both smiled at it, for we had had enough experience of the S&M world to know that its inhabitants are among the gentlest people in the world. Our fantasy grew before our eyes, a kind of California spa with cybernetic architecture, a realm such as the town in *King of Hearts* after the inmates of the asylum take over, in which all roles are important, but each roll is eaten with jam.

"You know," Timothy said, "when I first came out, all those extremes used to upset me. Men wearing makeup, and women in super-butch drag. I used to think, 'They're really sick.' And then, when I began to get into it, I realized that we aren't sick, we're just the symptoms of the real disease, which is the rest of society out there."

The last phrase went off like an explosion in my mind. It provided the image that developed several thought-negatives I had been processing for some time, beginning when I heard Holly Woodlawn reply to the question, "What is the value of decadence?" by answering, "It exists." This existential notion of perceiving the self as litmus paper cuts through all the blueprints for health and salvation mapped out by those who, unable to understand homosexuality, use it as a way to reassure themselves of their own normality.

The question arises then as to whether homosexuality is a basic curative, an existential corrective, to the ills of heterosexual society. This opens avenues of discourse which I can't go into in this limited space, but suggests that the gay experience allows incredible depth and subtlety of awareness in exploring the manifestations of life. I imagine most of us have at one time or another met a drag queen whose presence was so astonishing that we felt compelled to bow acquiescence to that power. It is extraordinary to look upon a facade which partakes of the depraved and the grotesque and see behind it a fierce and profound intelligence. It is what makes so many of us nervous with such people, for they throw a glaring light on the absurdity of social identity as a criterion for the growth of essence within the personality. And they force us to examine the parameters of our own lives, to question whether we have been too fearful to become ourselves most fully.

But this is what any good teacher does, and this is the highest service we can perform for one another, to wake each other up to reality as it is, and not how it measures up against some preconceived ideal. We live at the end of an epoch and the old myths have atrophied. We are defining new qualities of Being. And our past knowledge is little help in facing the unknown. At such a time, the most sensitive among us serve as a kind of early-warning system, telling us what beauty and ugliness lies ahead. Such people sometimes speak, but are often mute, allowing the simple expression of their selves to tell the tale. Such people are known as prophets, or madmen, or artists.

(continued on page 16)

A Politician's Trick isn't Anyone You Know



Jim Owens and Bella Abzug at the Continental Baths

BY RICH WANDEL

Welcome one and all to the big show. Once again it's primary time, and everyone is running. In past years it was a simple matter to point out the few candidates who should be considered supporters of gay rights. It's a mark of how far we have come that the question is now a complicated one. At this moment, there are seven major candidates for Mayor; all of them have verbally supported Intro 475. In Brooklyn three candidates are racing for Boro President; all are verbal supporters of gay rights. For Councilman-at-Large in Manhattan the situation is the same; in many smaller races the gay voter will also be faced with a multiplicity of candidates speaking for our rights.

In some cases the choice is obvious. Councilmen Katz, Cuite and Silverman of Brooklyn and DeMarco of the Bronx have long been opponents and bigots, but for most races the gay voter will have to know a good deal more about politics than simply the surface mutterings of politicians. By and large, politicians are a rather homogeneous grouping. The game is usually played according to strict rules. The tricks at any politician's disposal are the tricks available to all, and all but a handful use them regularly.

Trick Number One is the game of introducing a bill into the legislature where everyone agrees ahead of time that it will die. Ms. Greitzer of the West Village, for example, has been known to sponsor various bills in support of women's rights, a fact she will undoubtedly remind you of constantly during the campaign. In terms of work, however, she has been far more concerned with such important legislation as pooper scoopers. Stephen Solarz, now running for Brooklyn Boro President, has introduced Gay Rights Legislation in Albany, but little dust can be seen rising from his desk.

Trick Number Two is the politician that is behind you 1,000 per cent. In our first year in Albany, William Passanante was truly a hard worker; the fact that our employment bill failed in the Assembly by only a few votes was a tribute to his hard work. The following year was a different story. We were quite impressed as we walked along the marbled corridor of

the office building in the Governor's new Albany Mall and entered Mr. Passanante's carpeted office. In the outer office two gay leaders sat diligently working on gay rights legislation. The Assemblyman couldn't have been more generous with his time and his office. Periodically, usually in meetings in Schrafft's Restaurant, the Assemblyman would explain to us how the Senate Majority Leader would see to it that that sodomy repeal passes the Senate this year. By the time we realized that we were being lied to, it was too late. It was an election year. The legislators didn't want to deal with Gay Rights and not surprisingly, Passanante proved more loyal to his fellow politicians than he did to his constituents. Beware of politicians who support you all the way. Mayor Lindsay has supported us from the start, or so he tells us.

Trick Number Three might be called the "you're hurting your own cause syndrome." We heard that phrase as we zapped the Mayor at Radio City last year. He also did more work for Intro 475 immediately after the confrontation. When this ploy is working at its best, it involves more than just the immediate target of attack. As we were going after Lindsay, many of our "friends" called to tell us we were damaging ourselves. After all, shouldn't colleagues stick together! Virtually every time a decision was reached to publicly demonstrate against some politician, other friendly politicians warned us not to. Virtually every time we ignored the warnings, we achieved positive results.

Trick Number Four is the tactic of semi-public support. In this game, the would-be office holder will be glad to speak to you and show his or her support,



Carter Burden

provided that the support is not too public. If a statement will be heard only by gays and no others, then anyone will support us. This was McGovern's biggest problem. It's easy to give a statement at a meeting with GAA or to the gay press, but a regular straight press conference is quite another matter. As the campaigns here in New York and elsewhere get going, you might check and see what the candidates' campaign literature says about Gay Rights.

Trick Number Five is really the most common of all; politicians call it being realistic. In reality, it's a game of "what I said yesterday has nothing whatsoever to do with today." The examples are legion of a candidate with a good record on Gay Rights, or any other issue for that matter, suddenly changing and backtracking. McGovern was again a good example of this, although usually the game is played much more subtly. Does anyone remember when Rockefeller was thought to be a liberal governor? What it means to the voter is simple. Our question to a candidate can never simply be "What have you done?" The proper question is: "What are you doing?"



Howard Samuels: Running for Governor

Trick Number Six not only stands in its own right, but to a large extent offers the protection needed for a politician to play all the other tricks and games. It's called insulation. When constituents journey to City Hall to see their representatives, they are immediately confronted with a gate and a guard. The guard will then check to see if the representative is "in." One could easily begin to believe that it is easier for a Bowery Bum to get a bank loan than it is for anyone to see their representative. The results are disastrous. Not only are politicians protected from having to talk with the people they represent, but in the process they begin to assume that they know how their constituents are thinking when, in reality, the people in the street are way ahead of their representatives. It is hyppolitician who winds up trailing behind. Not all politicians use the insulation, but most do. It might be wise to see how isolated public officials are before voting for their re-election.

By now I guess I've given myself a cynical image; when it comes to politics, I readily admit it. In the past three years I've met and dealt with a good number of politicians from all of the various political parties. Democrats, Republicans, Liberals,

Conservatives and even Socialist Workers. I find them all depressingly alike. Hope resides in two factors. First, if a sufficient number of people learn the political tricks, it could very well influence what happens in this country. I wonder what would happen if the tricks no longer worked because too many people knew about them. Second, there are a handful of politicians who don't play games. In fairness, they should be mentioned here. Of all the office holders I've come in contact with, I can think of only two people I can consider exceptions.

Councilman Eldon Clingan, prime sponsor of Intro 475, is, I suppose, not too realistic by political standards. He doesn't play games and tricks. He fights



Solarz and Ottoleri at Intro 475 hearings

instead. As a result, he was forced out of the Liberal Party and is now running for re-election as Manhattan Councilman-at-Large in the Democratic Primary. His opponent is Robert Wagner, son of the not-too-lamented former Mayor. I don't know Robert Wagner. I don't know whether or not he likes to play games. I do know Eldon Clingan.

The other is Councilwoman Ruth Lerner, now a candidate for Brooklyn Boro President. In the past two years, she has on a number of occasions lobbied with her fellow council people for Intro 475. She's made a career of fighting against the council machinery which puts all the power into the hands of the Majority Leader, Thomas Cuite. She's smart enough to know the games, and honest enough not to use them.

The biggest problem on election day is when one or more of the candidates hasn't previously been in public life. Such candidates don't have a record to examine and there is no sure method of determining their trick-playing qualities. One such race is in Manhattan where Jim Owens will be opposing Carol Greitzer for the council seat. Ms. Greitzer, however, makes the choice easy. I've often disagreed with Jim Owens. For that reason I ran against him for the presidency of GAA. But I also have to admit that his position on Gay Rights is unquestionable, and that he has long been an activist both for peace and for civil rights. Ms. Greitzer, on the other hand, has long been a trickster and has done very little for women's rights and nothing for gay rights.

In many ways, this year in New York is a coming-of-age for Gay Liberation, at least in a political sense. We've reached a point where politicians are being forced to consider the gay vote. For the first time, a piece of campaign literature, used in a general mailing for Jerome Kretschmer, specifically mentions gay

(continued on page 16)

Jerry's Sphere

(continued from page 2)

(which becomes a clause in the FHA Mortgage Loan Agreement) to the effect that, either: (a) she is on the Pill and promises to stay on it for the life of the mortgage (20-30 years), or (b) she promises to "otherwise avoid having children" until the mortgage is paid off (the point being that having kids may mean that she could lose her job and thereby jeopardize the loan). This is a form of coercive birth control being exercised by the government against its own employees. Therefore, the U.S. government is already enforcing a policy of non-procreation on a coercive basis. The logical conclusion being that Mr. Paar and his stooge Peggy Cass are either uninformed opportunists exploiting a minority or they are "un-American" in fighting the government's position on non-procreation. The biggest laugh of the evening was when Paar commented on Genet's preference for a goat, as a sexual partner and said that that could offend him to which activist Arnie Krankowitz wryly commented that that could offend the goat. I don't think Nixon's America was ready for that one.

NOW, AT THE RISK OF ALIENATING still more readers and people in the movement, I must make a comment. I'm sure that Bruce, Nathalie and Arnie are well informed and are in the arena doing battle for all of our rights. But couldn't they have sent to the Paar show three representatives with just a little more PIZAZZ? I'm an avowed sexist so it won't come as a surprise that I would have enjoyed seeing one of those gorgeous females I've seen at the Firehouse done up to the nines. I believe that would have really shaken up Nixon's America. It also might have given some woman in Duluth who is having an identity crisis something to lean on. (Yow, is that going to give the Radical Lesbians meat for a bonfire!)

PERSONAL TO MISS PEGGY CASS: Dear Peggy, I couldn't believe my ears when you started in on the gays appearing with you on the Paar show. It had been my pleasure many years ago to meet you several times in GAY BARS! You were always cordial and amusing. Your slur against the idea of a gay marriage being non-productive raised the hair on the back of my neck. Were you put up to it by Paar? Or is that the way you truly feel? And, if it is the latter, I don't see that your life has been all that productive. Except for the one unforgettable role of "Gooch," your career hasn't produced much at all. The next time, dear, try thinking a little before you speak. You never know who's listening.

BRANDO'S TANGO: With a deep bow to Vito Russo, whose sharp eye on movies, etc. is far superior to mine, I'd like to give my views on this film. The camera work is fantastic. All of the performances were superior. Maria Schneider is a cross between Jane Fonda and Jeanne Moreau. She is a sensitive actress and her bod is beautiful to behold. It is Brando's picture, however. He is BRILLIANT! He hasn't turned me on so much since *Streetcar*. His portrayal of the perennial loser high on sex is devastating! The audience itself was a show and a half. Most were uncomfortable by the sex for sex's sake theme. There were titlers in some very heavy scenes. They could not accept such a strong relationship based on sex. Apparently, Bertolucci couldn't either, ergo the affair ends in death. Besides the brilliance

of Brando, Schneider, the camera, etc., I hope that *Last Tango in Paris* opens up some of the uptight people in the world to the beauty and basic need for sex in the human being.

THE BAR AWARDS OR ALL ABOUT RONDA: The BARN was the setting for the last awards. Since it is common knowledge in the bar circles that Neftly and I don't see eye to eye on several issues, it will not be surprising that I really didn't enjoy this outing. It seemed that they need another month to get it all ready. The buffet was terrific. Mario (LEO'S LION) was mistress of ceremonies as Mae West. The sound system went kerplunk and so did Mae. Jim Merry (NEW JIMMY'S) and Gypsy (PAINTED PONY) received Humanitarian awards. Jim gave a fiery speech on how we, the bar people, must stick together. (I'll drink to that.) Gypsy was next and he quipped, "When Jimmy Merry is elected mayor, I'll be Chief of Police." (With Lindsay out of the mayoral race, the bar people have a big stake in the coming election. They will have to become politically involved for, if we get somebody like Wagner in, the bars had just better shut down. Although, in this day and age, I find it really hard to fathom any mayor trying to shut the gay community out as they did pre-STONEMAN.) Best waiter nod went to Rick from the ROADHOUSE. Best bartender of the month went to Doric Wilson over at TY'S. The BARN deemed it necessary to give an award for Bartender of the YEAR with only previous winners eligible. And, the winner—who else but the ROADHOUSE's Ron. Ron gave a heart rendering acceptance speech thanking Jim Merry for his first job and Tom Ross for putting the "college degree" on his skills behind the stick. I couldn't reach Margo, Karen, Bill and Lloyd for a comment. Bobby Shea, George Kelly, Frank Elliot and yours truly, Addison de Witt, counted the ballots carefully, insuring no funny business. It was the first time I had anything to do with the counting and I was amazed at the fact that you could tell which crowd came in when just by looking at the ballots. I guess every bar votes in blocks. Interesting. Among the revelers were Ms. Nancy Macht of ATHOS who brought along some samples that were snatched up immediately. The afternoon's most dramatic entrance was made by Ms. Mary Storm of the CANDY STORE on Tom Dowling's arm. Tom, looking fabulous, and Mary, looking tres chic in an ankle-length black number topped by a floor length mink. SENSATIONAL! David Nelson and Big Dennis were the harried bartenders and beautiful Helen Rowland jumped in to help in the coat room. Don Arment was there with Micki. That old streetwalker George Sardi was taking notes like mad. The BEAU GESTE was well represented by Thom with Tawdry Audrey on his arm and Kenny. Sam Palmer (DIRTY EDNA'S & PENNY LANE) had to dash off to work but he left "dream boat" Ralph to carry on. Ted (FRIZBYS) was there with his Pasteles, Tony Collado, Jerry Dorsay and Chris. (It's a shame that I love Collado so much. With that body he'd be such a joy to hate. He got me working out like mad but so far to no avail.) John Francis Hunter was there looking very dashing indeed. Bobby Lazotta had his crew from the FOREST there. Johnny Vincent from SINGLES and Andy and Tony Black from PIPERS LOUNGE enjoyed the dish. Ty (TY'S) and Tom Ross (ROADHOUSE) with Ms. Kitty, Dale and Chatty Cathy were all having a good time. There

were still rumors of a goddammed fix for the awards and being one of the counters, I resent them. If anybody thinks something could be put over on Frank Elliot, Kelly, Shea and Fitz, they're nuts. Next month they plan on taking us up to Nyack or something. Gadsnooks, they are spreading out. Oh, Ronda, when you get your award, you know where to keep it. (In case any of you think Ron and I are pissed at each other, we're not. But he dared me to write it. Perhaps he won't dare me anymore?) One final thought on the BARN awards: how come there were no awards for women? Very chauvinistic.

Choset

(continued from page 6)

What about gay people who are conservative to the point that they want gay people who are representing them to be "model citizens" and above reproach; those who think that because you're gay you have to be better. Like they used to say ten years ago, when you leave a bar at night you should tow the mark and act straight!

"Well, it's the same thing with the 60's. The white people went down to voter registration in the South and they had marches and they told the black people to follow them in the march. They said we'll walk up front and you follow behind. Gay rights is not a partisan issue. It's a matter of human rights and something that every person should be concerned about, whether they're liberal, conservative or right in the middle."

Chuck just might make it, you know. All he needs to win the primary is 1,250 votes from registered liberal voters. It looks like a lot of people are going to be climbing all those stairs on Bedford Street. Good—the only people I feel sorry for are the cameramen with all that equipment. The rest of us have some bone these days.

Trick

(continued from page 15)

rights. A few weeks ago, GAA sponsored a Candidates' Night which over 400 people attended. Candidates are accustomed to gatherings in which only 30 or 40 people are present. More importantly, when some of the candidates, such as Saul Sharson and Carol Greitzer, attempted to use the standard tricks and assure everyone of their support for 475, they didn't get away with it. The gay voter is beginning to learn the reality of politics and the tricks have become useless. If we can continue to spread this knowledge both within and outside of New York, both with regard to gay rights and to other issues as well, we may actually have made a beginning by forcing politicians to truly represent their constituents' interests rather than just their own.

Yoga

(continued from page 14)

ists, or even criminals. But to be gay is to be all of these things: it is to crystallize a new form at the edge of the species' consciousness, it is to be a man whose very life is the medium of his art, it is to be a biological mutant, it is to be someone whose very desire is often against the law. This is sometimes a heartbreaking, but in many ways an enviable, position. And while on one level it is necessary to obtain social equal-

ity, on another all these judgments—which are translated into trials—are the fire within which the person is purified and his will is tested. To be gay is to be presented daily with a challenge, not against the self, but as a means of refining the ego, that is, the individual viewpoint.

To be gay, perceived intelligently and bravely, is to define the problem of humanity within oneself. This state is a perfectly viable vehicle for destroying the illusions which keep us trapped in isolation and self-hatred. Gay is not good or bad in itself, it is just a way of life, a yoga, a study. And we must, even while we laugh with the joy of our acceptance, remain serious about who we are. Gay means work as well as play, for it involves a unique form of responsibility for the survival of all of us.

POLITICIANS MAKE PAAR KEEP HIS WORD

New York, N.Y. Jack Paar who, after being threatened with a "zap" by New York's GAA, agreed to allow some spokesmen come on the show to counter his anti-gay jokes on March 8th. However, Paar was angered when GAA insisted a man and a woman appear and initially refused to allow a gay woman onto his show.

Bruce Voeller, as President of GAA, was in charge of designating who would appear. Voeller designated himself, Nath Rockhill and Arnie Kantrowitz. GAA subsequently voted to boycott the program if Paar stood firm on his refusal to allow a gay woman to appear.

The night of the program, Voeller, Ms. Rockhill and Kantrowitz went to the taping of Paar's show with three well-known politicians as allies—City Councilman Eldon Clingan and his two opponents in the Democratic primary for Manhattan's Councilman-At-Large post, Robert F. Wagner Jr. and Arnie Segarra.

A half-dozen lesbians armed with police whistles had infiltrated the television audience and were prepared to create havoc if Ms. Rockhill was indeed barred from the program. A couple of minutes before show time Paar capitulated and Nath Rockhill was included on the program.

Paar had angered gays with jokes such as ballet being "the fairy's version of baseball." His attitudes expressed in phone conversations with GAA's Media and News chief Ronald Gold were reminiscent of Al Capp.

"Aren't you the people that beat up that fireman last year?" Paar asked Gold. Other Paar quotables reported by Gold included:

"What about Leopold and Loeb? Weren't they homosexual? Didn't they kill that little boy?"

"Well, isn't it against the law in New York State to dress as a woman?"

"If you disrupt my taping, I'll call the police and have you arrested. You people go camping around and waving banners. I don't like your tactics."

Paar had initially been quoted in a

New York Times interview as criticizing *All In The Family* for using words like "spade" and then adding: "I think gay libs are amateur fairies. The homosexuals I've worked with have been enormously talented people with great dignity. Where's the dignity with all this running around with banners? I wonder whether they're unhappy unless everybody knows they're fairies."

Ronald Gold pointed out to Paar that their "tactics" were what had gotten him to talk with them. Those same tactics on March 8th got the program to go off as promised—on GAA's terms.

Gays outside the movement almost universally expressed disappointment over the half-hour discussion. Paar was cantankerous and retained the initiative. Most of the conversation was quibbling.

Paar explained that he had objected to the women being on the program because he felt that the argument was "between us men." He also declared that because GAA had forced him to put on spokespeople of their choice, he might have to give equal time to an anti-homosexual group located in Mt. Vernon, New York, with spokesmen chosen by them.

Paar noted that Genet said his favorite form of intercourse was the screwing of goats and argued that he certainly had the right to be offended by that.

"The goat is the one with the right to be offended," Kantrowitz shot back.

Voeller said that gay liberationists couldn't be held responsible for every statement made by other homosexuals any more than Paar could be held accountable for comments by others in show business.

Paar reportedly has a viewing audience of seven million. Voeller, Rockhill and Kantrowitz seemed elated over their appearance upon returning to GAA's weekly membership meeting immediately following the taping.

GAA veep Ginny Vida urged all those present to call ABC immediately following the program and praise them for broadcasting it.

CALIFORNIA T-ROOMS NOW PRIVATE

BY GERALD HANSEN

West Coast Correspondent

San Francisco, Calif., Feb. 22—California's top court has unanimously reaffirmed and extended previous rulings that the right to privacy and freedom from unnecessary surveillance in rest rooms includes its public area such as open toilet stalls and urinals.

The State Supreme Court acted in the case of Leroy Triggs, who was spied on by a plainclothesman hidden in the plumbing access area of a rest room at Arroyo Seco Park in Los Angeles. He was arrested and convicted of oral copulation. The plumbing access area, according to the court record, lies between the men's room and the women's room where from its vantage point male police officers could even observe the women.

Los Angeles Police Dept. officer Richard Aldahl was on patrol in the park on the afternoon of Dec. 19, 1970. Accompanying him were two other plainclothes officers. Aldahl observed Triggs enter the men's room. About 10 minutes later, David Crockett was seen entering therein. Triggs had not yet reappeared. About five minutes after Crockett's entrance, the three officers went into the plumbing access area of the rest room. Aldahl testified that he saw Triggs orally copulating Crockett while the pair were within a

doorless toilet stall.

Aldahl freely admitted at a preliminary hearing that he had entered the plumbing access area about 50 times. He acknowledged that other than entering the rest room at 10-minute intervals, neither Crockett nor Triggs had committed any suspicious acts.

The court ruled that such action violates the Fourth Amendment to the U.S. Constitution, which prohibits "unreasonable searches." To do otherwise, states the ruling written by Justice C.J. Wright, "would permit the police to make it a routine practice to observe from hidden vantage points the rest room conduct of the public whenever such activities do not occur within fully enclosed toilet stalls and would permit spying on the 'innocent and guilty alike.' Most persons using the public rest rooms have no reason to suspect that the hidden agent of the state will observe them. The expectation of privacy a person has when he enters a rest room is reasonable and is not diminished or destroyed because the toilet stall being used lacks a door."

Previous to this Feb. 22 decision, the California Supreme Court had ruled only on commodes with doors and on toilet stalls where partitions between them do not reach all the way to the floor. In a 1962 decision, *Bielicki v. Superior Court*, the State Supreme Court unanimously

held in an enclosed stall case that police surveillance constituted a search because only by means of a clandestine vantage point had policemen "secretly observed activities of petitioners which no member of the public could have seen, as they were carried on within the confines of toilet booths, each enclosed by three walls and a door." It was "undisputed that the activities of petitioners witnessed by [the arresting officer] were not 'in plain sight' or 'readily visible and accessible'..."

The court further held that the search was unreasonable because the officer had begun his observations on the night in question with "no reasonable cause to arrest their petitioners... [He] spied on innocent and guilty alike. Such a practice [is] condemned by federal law and by the law of this state." In *Bielicki*, a policeman used a pipe running through the ceiling to the roof to observe sexual conduct inside the fully-enclosed stall of a pay toilet in an amusement park rest room. The pipe had been installed purely for observational purposes.

Five months later, the State Supreme Court, in *Britt*, reviewed a case where the walls of a commode did not quite reach the floor. The facts were similar to the *Bielicki* case except that a police officer looked down from the ceiling through two vents in a department store. Each stall was enclosed by partitions and a door, but the enclosures stopped 8 to 12 inches from the floor. The arresting officer observed from his position an act of oral copulation by Britt and his co-defendant, who occupied adjacent stalls and committed the act from kneeling positions and the floor. The prosecution attempted to distinguish this case from *Bielicki* on three points: (1) the vents were originally installed for a legitimate purpose, (2) the commodes in *Britt* were free rather than pay toilets, and (3) the activities in *Britt* were in "plain view" because of the gap between the partitions and the floor.

The California Supreme Court rejected these arguments. "The crucial fact in *Bielicki*," the court pointed out, "was neither the manner of observation alone nor the place of commission alone, but rather the manner in which the police observed a place—and persons in that place—which is ordinarily understood to afford personal privacy to individual occupants." Because these prior decisions were based in part on protecting expectations of privacy, several subsequent lower court decisions have treated the absence of a door to a toilet stall as legally permitting clandestine observation of that stall. These appellate court decisions were overturned by the State Supreme Court's latest ruling. The lower courts had so determined because the top court had refused up to now to rule on such a case.

"... We declare that our refusal to grant a hearing in a particular case is to be given no weight insofar as it might be deemed that we have acquiesced in the law as enunciated in a published opinion," states the latest ruling. "Our statements of law remain binding on the trial and appellate courts of this state... Our refusal to grant a hearing in any given case must not be deemed a *sub silentio* overruling of our prior decisions."

Then the court went on to rule that "the clandestine observations of rest rooms does not fall from the purview of the Fourth Amendment merely through the removal of toilet stall doors... In seeking to honor reasonable expectations of privacy through our application of search and seizure law, we must consider the expectations of the innocent as well as the guilty. When innocent people are subjected to illegal searches—including when, as here, they do not even know their private parts and bodily functions are being exposed to the gaze of the law—their rights are violated even though such searches turn up no evidence of guilt..."

San Francisco lawyer Jay R. Mayhall, who handles appellate work and assists attorney B.J. Beckwith here on homosexual arrest cases, told GAY that under the ruling, police will still be legally allowed to openly walk into rest rooms and make arrests if they observe a sex act. (The arrest of a pair, including a college professor, was made in Golden Gate park recently by a uniformed policeman on a mounted horse who had seen sexual activity from outside the rest room through open windows.)

The California Supreme Court in its ruling also noted the intent of the state legislature when it passed a law stating in part, "Any person who installs or who maintains after April 1, 1970 any two-way mirror permitting the observation of any rest room, toilet, bathroom, washroom, shower, locker room, fitting room, or hotel room, is guilty of a misdemeanor."

The *San Francisco Chronicle* in an editorial headlined "Shabby Practices" praised the decision as "commendable" after stating, "A few years back, the State Supreme Court ruled that police could no longer use peeping holes or one-way mirrors to spy out homosexuals in public rest rooms. The decision should have been clear enough to stop some of the more shabby practices of police, but apparently it did not..."

LESBIAN FIRED FOR BEING ON SUSSKIND SHOW

New York, N.Y. Dinah Robertson, one of four gay women, two couples, who appeared on the recent *David Susskind Show* featuring four gay couples—two male, two female—has been asked to resign her position.

Ms. Robertson is *The Susskind Show's* second casualty. A panel of lesbians a year earlier included a woman named Rachael who worked in a bank. Rachael was asked to resign her position after that show was aired.

Friends said that Ms. Robertson worked as a counselor for the Girls Club of New York. On the program she described her job as one she did well, was very involved in and had a great affinity for, but did not identify her employer.

Contacted by phone, Ms. Robertson confirmed that she had "been asked to resign" and was doing so.

She declined to give the details to GAY's reporter, saying that she "preferred it to be in a women's paper" and that the story would be carried by the feminist *Majority Report*.

Ms. Robertson said she hadn't threatened to make an issue of her dismissal because she didn't think that would have saved her job.

"If you have to threaten, then you don't want the job," she elaborated. "If you're not going to accomplish more than that, if, on the other hand, it could mean a policy change, which my approach possibly will, then that's much more important."

Ms. Robertson indicated that she had made a "personal decision" on how to handle the matter and that she hoped for such a policy change "because there is pressure there."

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DAVID BOWIE: HIT AND MISS

BY RICHARD A. RUSINOV
Philadelphia Correspondent

Philadelphia, Pa. — David Bowie didn't show up for the big David Bowie press party here February 12th, but he did send a friend, Cherry Vanilla. And Ms. Vanilla assured everyone that she knows all there is to know about David Bowie.

Looking at it this way, it's just swell that David Bowie didn't show up. He would only have been excess baggage.

At any rate, a large delegation of the local rock press, some wire-service people, reporters and photographers from the daily press, all gathered in the Gilbert Stewart room of the Holiday Inn at 18th and Market Streets for the big David Bowie press luncheon called in connection with his return engagement at the Tower Theatre, a seven-performance stand which began February 16th.

The trouble is none of us knew quite why we were there. Or why we were asked to be present, for that matter.

Ordinarily, this kind of thing would be staged to help boost sagging ticket sales, but such wasn't the case this time. All seven concerts—promoted by Midnight Sun, Inc.—were sold out well in advance.

But then this is the era of super-hype. All of the old pretenses are gone. Well, most of them. Once rock was regarded—or at least peddled—in the purest sense. This, after all, was not show business; it was the Music of the People, pure and earthy, beyond the feathered hand of greedy big-time business.

This, at least, was the image that brought all of us to Woodstock. But rock, pampered by a multi-billion-dollar-a-year record industry, is big business, and there is only token effort these days to call it anything else.

Rock has officially joined the ranks of show business, and has even begun to give its regards to Broadway. And for the rock and underground press (which is about as "underground" as *Esquire* these days), Spartan times are apparently gone forever.

It used to be the best a rock writer could hope for was a corned beef sandwich and a bottle of beer at a "press luncheon" for Jim Morrison or the Stones. It was always the newsmen covering the movie and theatre personalities who got the good stuff.

That was before David Bowie and the most lavish, tightly controlled promotion campaign since Col. Tom Parker got his hands on a kid from Memphis named Elvis Presley.

You could call it the manufacture of mystique.

David Bowie, the superstar who was heard of by maybe five per cent of his present following before he arrived on these shores for his first American tour only a couple of months ago, flaunting a bisexual/homosexual/ambisexual image and his album *Ziggy Stardust and the Spiders from Mars*, gained almost instant stardom. Bowie is Ziggy, see, and his hand is the Spiders from Mars, see.

Just in case the image wasn't enough to sell Bowie and the Spiders from Mars, however, there was a couple hundred-thousand dollars worth of promotion money from Bowie's record company, RCA—just to make sure, see.

Multiple bookings were made cautiously. In Philadelphia, for instance, each of Bowie's three initial concerts a few months ago was announced individually. When one concert was sold out, the next was announced.

No cameras are permitted in the theatres where Bowie and the Spiders from

Mars perform. Too distracting manager Tony De Friest says. A good way to ensure poster sales after the show skeptics maintain.

And it's easy to believe the whole Bowie mystique is a plastic creation geared totally to sales. Backstage when Bowie was here in November, a bevy of local reporters were imperiously informed that only national press representatives would be granted backstage audiences, all others being barred at the Gates of Eden by his burly security guards. Not even the concert's local promoter, Rick Green, was allowed in the sanctum sanctorum.

It was the old supply-and-demand game. Except no one knew just how much this unknown superstar could generate. And in some cities the demand was disappointingly low. But the promotion people know how to handle that. In theatre circles they call it "papering the house," which means giving away the tickets you can't sell to guarantee a substantial audience.

Even now—despite the apparent triumph of that first tour—Bowie's brain-trust is playing it cautiously. He remains in the small theatres, and one concert isn't announced until the previous ones have been sold out.

But despite these small areas of doubt, David Bowie is a superstar. His high-powered manager is convinced of this; Cherry Vanilla, of course, is convinced he's a superstar. And, Ms. Vanilla tells us, David Bowie is even convinced that he's a superstar.

The bizarre spaceman who says he knows for a fact that he will die violently in four more years; the luxurious and meticulous makeup; the glitter dust on his tinted hair; the bisexual/homosexual/ambisexual image: Superstar or super-hype?

This, friends, is why the build-up cannot, according to Ms. Vanilla, be regarded as a plastic creation:

"No, this is David Bowie," said Cherry Vanilla (finishing her last bite of dessert—cherry-vanilla ice cream of course). "This is the way he is. The David Bowie you see on stage is the real David Bowie. The way he looks, the clothes he wears... this is the way he is when he's sitting around his hotel room."

Ms. Vanilla, it should be noted, is David Bowie's press agent. Or at least the closest thing he has to one at the moment.

And Ms. Vanilla seems well qualified in her own right: An Andy Warhol actress, sometime rock columnist and former groupie, she has also written a soon-to-be-published book entitled *The First Few Days of a Decade as Seen Through the Eyes of a Tart*.

But Ms. Vanilla did not come all the way from New York to Philadelphia to talk about herself. She had come to spread the David Bowie mystique at the big David Bowie press party. Bowie, meanwhile, was bivouaced somewhere in New York City, doing whatever superstars do when they are bivouaced in New York City prior to taking off on a tour.

"He refused to fly," said Ms. Vanilla. "He came over from England on a boat. He had a dream, you know. David is absolutely convinced that he is going to be killed on an airplane. He is convinced that in four more years the electro-magnetic force around the earth is going to collapse and all the airplanes that are in the air at the time will crash. David feels that something will force him to be on a plane at that time."

Ms. Vanilla also gave some reason to suspect that perhaps the bisexual/homosexual/ambisexual image created for Bowie has now become the object of second thoughts by his management.

"Well, I don't know about that," Ms. Vanilla said. "That's something that's been spread around by the press. All I know is that when he goes out at night, he generally comes back with a girl."

A denial? A retraction? Or just careful-

ly placed bait to keep the press filled with David Bowie's name?

Ms. Vanilla knew I was writing for GAY and she is, you will remember, David Bowie's press agent. And press agents never accidentally drop a small bomb in the hungry ears of a reporter without carefully measuring the inches of copy it's likely to get.

So I end up a dupe of the Madison Avenue running dogs by spreading the superstar mystique of David Bowie.

But this is show business, friends, and rock music has officially joined its ranks with a free-wheeling display of razzle-dazzle promotion never dared by the flamboyant press agents who peddled Hollywood's star system to the world.

And the plastic mystique of David Bowie goes marching on.

PSYCHIATRIC EXAM DROPPED FOR TAXI DRIVER

BY RANDY WICKER

New York, N.Y. When Geoffrey Swearingen applied for a taxi license and informed the Taxi Commission that he was 4-F for being homosexual, he was sent a form letter directing him (1) to get a letter from a psychiatrist stating his "condition" was not a barrier to driving a cab; (2) to promise he wouldn't take any medication for his "condition" while driving his cab; and (3) to promise that if he obtained a license, he would see a psychiatrist twice a year to ascertain that his "condition" was stable.

GAA reacted by zapping the offices of Taxi Commissioner Michael Lazar. The group gained entrance to Lazar's inner offices by carrying in an antique couch and acting as delivery personnel. Once inside, they donned white medical jackets, summoned Lazar and his staff and offered to give them semi-annual psychiatric tests and to perform lobotomies or counseling to help them cope with their rampant homophobia.

The result of that meeting was that Geoffrey Swearingen got his license without a psychiatric examination and the Taxi Commission promised that any applicant with a 4-F rating for homosexuality seeking a license would receive one without having to produce psychiatric validation.

Representative Edward Koch wrote Mayor John Lindsay a letter protesting the Taxi Commission's discriminatory policies and reminded Lindsay that such practices violated his own executive order banning discrimination against homosexuals by city agencies.

According to GAA's Mike McPherson, Lindsay's reply was "in a slightly caustic vein. Lindsay was well aware of his own executive order—he did not need Koch to remind him. Perhaps the Taxi Commission had made a mistake, but the Mayor had personally checked on the Geoffrey Swearingen case and was assured that the Taxi Commission would not commit the same error in the future."

However, a couple of months later a young man applied for a hack license and listed his military discharge number which was coded to indicate "emotional disturbance." He explained that his discharge was simply for being gay. Nevertheless, he received the same letter Swearingen had received for listing and explaining his 4-F classification.

Ronald Gold and Gregg Dawson returned to the Taxi Commission for another talk with Commissioner Lazar. They insisted that if someone listed such a dis-

charge, at most the Taxi Commissioner should get their military records to determine if they were indeed disturbed or had simply been discharged for homosexuality. In any event, they argued, those letters demanding expensive discriminatory psychiatric examinations should not be sent.

Bruce Voelker had suggested that Gold and Dawson raise the point: why were men's draft records used as a criterion when they applied for a license while women did not have to supply any such information? Wasn't that using one set of rules for men and another for women?

Commissioner Lazar had originally agreed to cease making gays with 4-F's undergo psychiatric examination but insisted he had done so only because of the "rightness" of GAA's argument and not because of "any pressure" they had brought to bear.

Commissioner Lazar noted that the present policies which did not discriminate against homosexual applicants were simply a result of his implementation of Mayor Lindsay's executive order and that they could easily be reversed by the next Mayor or Taxi Commissioner because they had no real standing in law.

Lazar volunteered that he thought their double-standard point was a good one and that he would give it careful consideration. He further promised to give them an official decision on their proposal. However, he refused to bow to Ronald Gold's demand for a "deadline" as to when he would deliver his decision.

The meeting was described as cordial by Gold and Dawson. They reported that Commissioner Lazar had suggested GAA file a court action under Section 78 of the state employment law which prohibits double standards for jobs.

Lazar noted that if the Court would direct his agency to behave legally and cease using such double standards the decision would be binding on the next Taxi Commissioner while any changes he alone instituted could be easily reversed.

A few weeks later a Mr. Love from the Taxi Commission called and said that they had decided to accept Gold and Dawson's suggestion about eliminating draft records in determining a male's eligibility for a hack license and that they were eliminating all forms requesting such information.

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Ladies Almanack

BY MICHAEL PERKINS

Ladies Almanack by Djuna Barnes
Harper & Row, New York, \$5.95.

"Now this be a Tale of an fine a Wench as ever wet Bed, she who was called Evangeline Musset and who was in her Heart one Grand Red Cross for the Pursuance, the Relief and the Distraction, of such Girls as in their Hinder Parts, and their Fore Parts, and in whatever Parts did suffer them most, lament Cruelly, be it Itch of Palm, or Quarters most horribly burning, which do oft occur in the Spring of the Year, or at those Times when they do sit upon warm and cozy Material, such as fur, or thick and Oriental Rugs, (whose very Design it seems, procures for them such a Languishing of the Haunch and Reins as is insupportable) or who sit upon warm Shoves, whence it is known that one such flew up with an 'Ah my God! What a World it is for a Girl indeed, be she ever so well abridged and cool of Mind and preserved of Intention, the Instincts are, nevertheless, brought to such a yelping Pitch and so undo her, that she runs hither and thither seeking some Simple or Unguent which shall allay her pain! And why is it no Philosopher of whatever sort, has discovered, amid the nice Herbage of his Garden, one that will content that Part, but that where-in we are Imperial Personages of the divine human Race, no thing so solaces it as other Parts as inflamed, or with the Consolation every Woman has at her Finger Tips, or at the very Hang of her Tongue?"

More than a year ago I wrote her about the extraordinary work of Djuna Barnes, who—on the evidence of her masterpiece, *Nightwood*—I still think our greatest living writer. I mentioned then her early book, *Ladies Almanack*, which was available only in xeroxed copies of the original edition. Now Harper & Row has done admirers of Miss Barnes a great service by republishing a facsimile of that first, privately printed edition of 1928.

The book, which the author calls "This slight satiric wiggling, this *Ladies Almanack*, anonymously written (in an idle hour) fearfully punctuated and privately printed..." may surprise those readers familiar only with *Nightwood*, because of its early bold celebration of female homosexuality. In the author's work, homosexuality is usually a given, a human situation not to be lamented any differently than heterosexual love; the *Almanack* is an exception, for in it lesbianism is the theme. It is a delightful little tract on the subject, witty, ironic, and playful; you might well believe it was composed in an idle hour for a now-forgotten lover, if its style was not so carefully wrought.

Despite its pleasures, the *Almanack* would have little weight today were it not for its concentration on woman as theme rather than woman as subject. Women—or womanish men like Dr. Matthew Mighty-grain-of-salt Dante O'Connor in *Nightwood*—are the actors in Miss Barnes' books, and their condition is homosexual; but most important, it is a feminine agony which moves them. In her later work, this agony is transmuted, and integrated into her writing according to the demands of art; in the *Almanack* it is as immediate as any piece of lesbian propaganda published today. Yet unlike current tracts, it is light, charming, and often profound; brilliantly written in that mock-Elizabethan language she studied to great profit and used only satirically.

The *Almanack* is organized as almanacs are, by the months, beginning with January:

"Now in this Month as it is with Moth-



Djuna Barnes, says Michael Perkins, is our greatest living writer.

er Earth, so it will appear it is with all things of nature, and most especially Woman.

"For in this Month she is a little pitiful for what she has made of man, and what she has throughout the Ages, led him to expect, cultivating him indeed to such a Pitch that she is somewhat responsible."

March: "Among such Dames of which we write, were two British Women. One was called Lady Buck-and-Balk, and the other plain Tilly weed-In-Blood. Lady Buck-and-Balk spun a Monocle and believed in Spirits. Tilly-Tweed-In-Blood sported a Stetson, and believed in Marriage. They came to the Temple of the Good Dame Musset, and they sat down to tea, and this is what they said..."

"Love in Man is Fear of Fear. Love in Woman is Hope without Hope. Man fears all that can be taken from him, a Woman's Love includes that, and then lies down beside it. A Man's love is built to fit Nature. Woman's is a Kiss in the Mirror."

September: "The very Condition of Woman is so subject to Hazard, so complex, and so grievous, that to place her at

one moment is but to displace her at the next."

The *Almanack* is an amazing hodge-podge of wisdom, coarse wit, satire and serious deliberation upon the theme of woman; like Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, it can be dipped into anywhere, so scattered is its thinking, so full of digressions, puns, poems, drawings are its pages. Dame Evangeline Musset, funny, formidable woman, gives the book the only connecting line it has. She was a "Dame of Lofty Lineage" whose father had wanted a boy:

"Evangeline Musset... had been developed in the Womb of her most gentle Mother to be a Boy, when therefore, she came forth an inch or so less than this, she paid no heed to the Error, but donning a Vest of superb Blister and Tooling, a Belcher for tippet and a pair of hip-boots with a scarlet channel (for it was a most wet wading) she took her whip in hand, calling her Pups about her, and so set out upon the Road of Destiny..."

When her father sees that his daughter

has assumed masculine roles, he confronts her:

"He had Words with her enough, saying, 'Daughter, daughter, I perceive in you most fatherly Sentiments. What an I do to do?' and she answered him High enough, 'Thou, good Governor, wast expecting a Son when you lay atop of your Choosing, why then be so mortal wounded when you perceive that you have your Wish? Am I not doing after your very Desire, and is it not the more commendable, seeing that I do it without the Tools for the Trade, and yet nothing complain?'"

Humbly, as a man without the Tools for the Trade, I would suggest to women—and men—that *Ladies Almanack*, published 45 years ago, is the most entertaining and instructive book about women and homosexuality to appear this year; and the only work of art on the subject. Those who know *Nightwood* should make it a point to become familiar with another facet of a great writer's talent. Those who don't know it can commence here.

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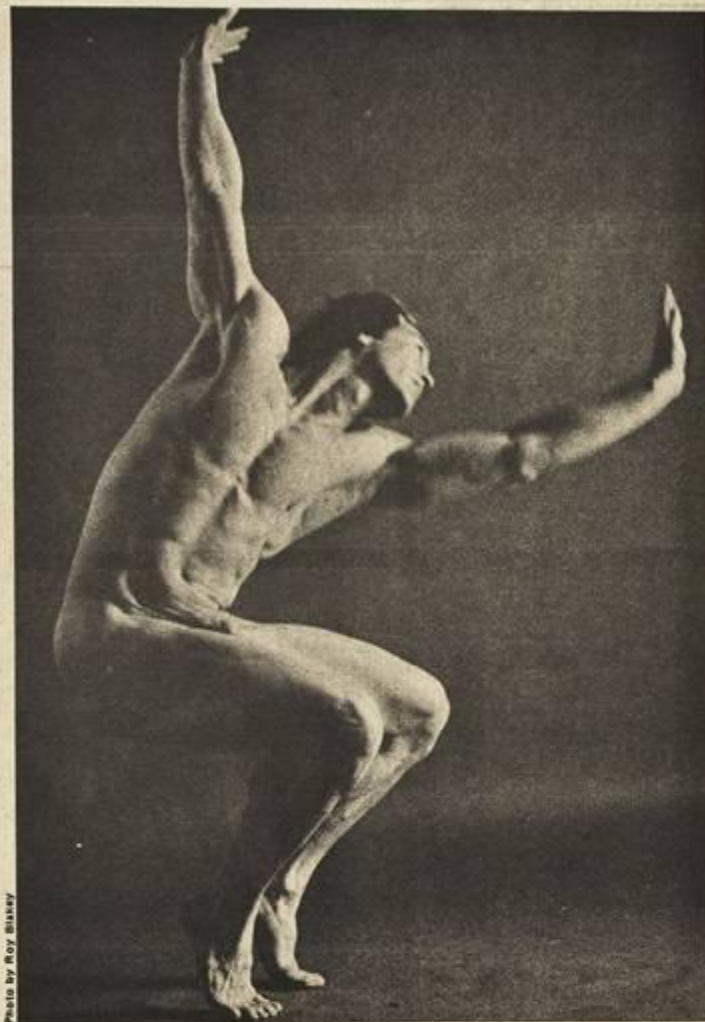


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