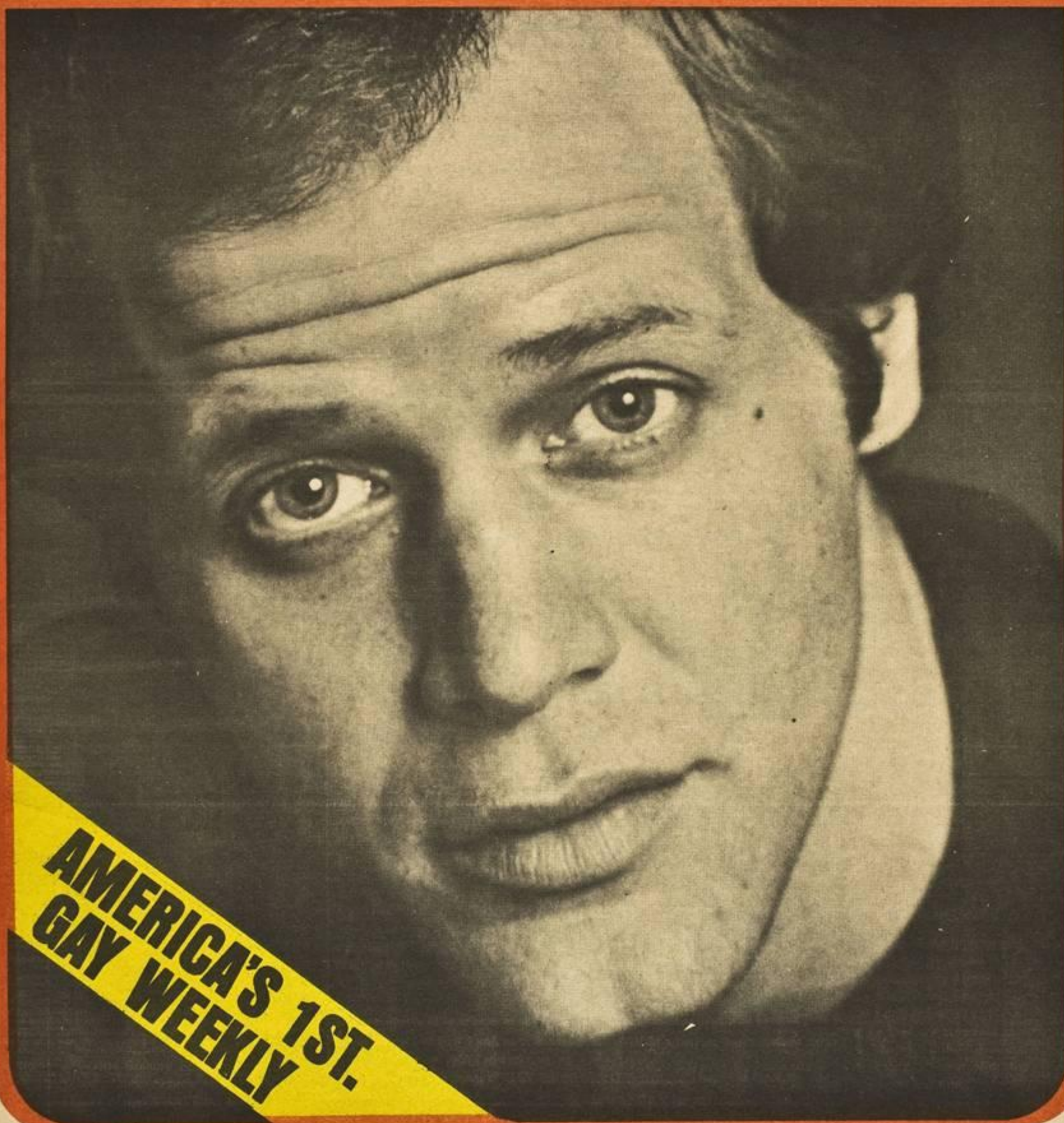


GAY

40¢
OUT OF
NYC 75¢

NO.17



AMERICA'S 1ST.
GAY WEEKLY

THE LEATHER BOYS P. 4
A DRAG IS A DRAG P. 15

MICHAEL HELLER, STAR OF "SWEET TOM"

A BRAVE WOMAN

SUPPORT GAY'S ADVERTISERS

CONGRATULATIONS TO DICK AND BOB

A MUCH NEEDED ZAP

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Friday night, vice squadmen

In the earlier decision which had denied the restraining order requested by the booksellers, Moody had warned

The judge pointed out that in most of the raids, police made arrests for the sale and display of a magazine but did not seize other copies. "Why did not the police seize all of such material as evidence of the crime of exhibiting such

The decision indicated that materials could have been seized and then a court determination could have been made on the obscenity issue.

On Friday, May 1st, City Attorney John C. Young, said that he would seek an injunction within a week to stop the sale of the magazines, a move which would call for a speedy hearing on the question of their obscenity.

"We have an obligation to the seniors to let them know what is out there," Mr. Dye said. "It is better the students learn about this in a classroom situation than in the alleys or on restroom walls."

June 1, 1970. Volume 1. Number 17.



"We may be doing more than testing

When confronting her publicly in the VID open meeting, Dawes said that it was an outrage that homosexuals should not be able to petition their representative for redress of grievances, and that if she would not accept the petitions, "she's not

(continued on page 12)

IN PRAISE OF LEATHER: An Inside Look at S&M

BY MARK SAVAGE

At a recent dinner party, hosted by a non-leather friend of mine, a young man whom I had never met before kept eyeing me somewhat nervously from across the table. Finally, over coffee and drinks in the living room, he apparently worked up the nerve to approach me and remarked, somewhat furtively, that he had heard I was involved in the leather crowd (his italics). I confirmed his impression and noted, with some amusement, that his look of nervousness was quickly intermingled with one of awe. He hesitated for just a moment and then it came: "Man, that's not my bag but I sure would love to watch a scene like that some time!" To those of you, dear readers, who are in the leather scene, this remark will strike a responsive chord: Ho Hum. So what else is new? Advising my ardent young friend to wipe the drool from his chin, I quickly sought a change of company.

There are damn few (if any) segments of our society, gay or straight, more unjustly maligned than the S/M set. Introduce the topic at a non-leather gathering and reaction is so strong and immediate as to justify downright suspicion. Misinformation and ignorance are partially responsible, and also the fear in some that the spreading of this cult might reach out and envelop them, bringing to the fore those latent feelings of erotic sado-masochism that lie dormant within most, if not all, of us. Partially responsible for this state of affairs, I would imagine, is the compulsive need for one human animal to feel superior to another. We take great comfort in the knowledge that, however much looked-down-upon we are, there is always someone on that next lower rung of the ladder. At one time this encompassed the social and financial strata, but now it even includes—alas!—the sexual as well. Privacy, my friends, is dead: Big Brother has finally invaded the bedroom, and it looks like he's digging in for a good long stay.

I have been deeply involved in the leather world for several years, so I think I am somewhat qualified to sound off a little on the S/M scene. Actually, my strongest motive in writing this at all—that I am fed up to the teeth with reading and hearing mistruths and half-truths about the leather crowd, always from people on the outside. So let's at least attempt to set the record straight, gang, and hear a few whole truths for a change.

For starters, let's consider the question I most often get thrown at me: "Why S/M?" Well, I say, why foot, hair or nylon fetishists? Why transvestites and drag queens? Why, for that matter, homosexuals? I count among my friends and acquaintances all varieties of sadists, masochists and fetishists, and I would venture to say that the reasons for their being what they are are as infinitely

varied as they themselves. We cannot always categorize a mass symptom under a single heading such as "Guilt Feelings" or "Emasculation Syndrome" and pat ourselves complacently on the back with having successfully diagnosed the problem. (In a sense it's too bad we can't, because it might at least put a good many psychiatric quacks permanently out of business.) But masochism (which, let's face it, is more prevalent than sadism among male homosexuals) exists on many fronts and in many forms. Space does not permit a detailed examination of them all here, but consider for instance, the motivations of the guy who cruises for

hours in a subway tearoom. The element of danger is a stimulation in itself, and if the trade he is doing at the moment is a "menacing" type, even only in his own mind, how much more exciting it all becomes! Try to convince this guy that he has masochistic leanings and he'll swear that you're a candidate for the nearest booby-batch. After all, he doesn't wear a leather jacket!

And speaking of leather, why has it become the symbol it has? For some, it's a fetish and definitely required. For others, call it overcompensation if you will, inspired by fear and/or dislike of effeminacy. Still others just happen to

look good in tight jeans. But to most of us, bike-owners or not, it's a means to an end, as the latest style bell-bottoms and body shirts are on Fire Island. We happen to feel that homosexuals want to go to bed with men, and if leather or denims project a more masculine image to the world at large (not to mention that humpy number across a crowded bar), who's to complain? And incidentally, the second-most-boring question to ask a leather enthusiast is: "What does it mean when you wear your chains on the left side . . ." etc., *ad nauseum*! I happen to wear a chain on the left side of my jacket because I like it there. And my keys are



(photo from the Greenleaf book "Leather Ad-M")



"Pleasure Booth" by Barton Benes, at the Molesworth Gallery (photo by Amy Stromsten)



photo courtesy of Colt Studio

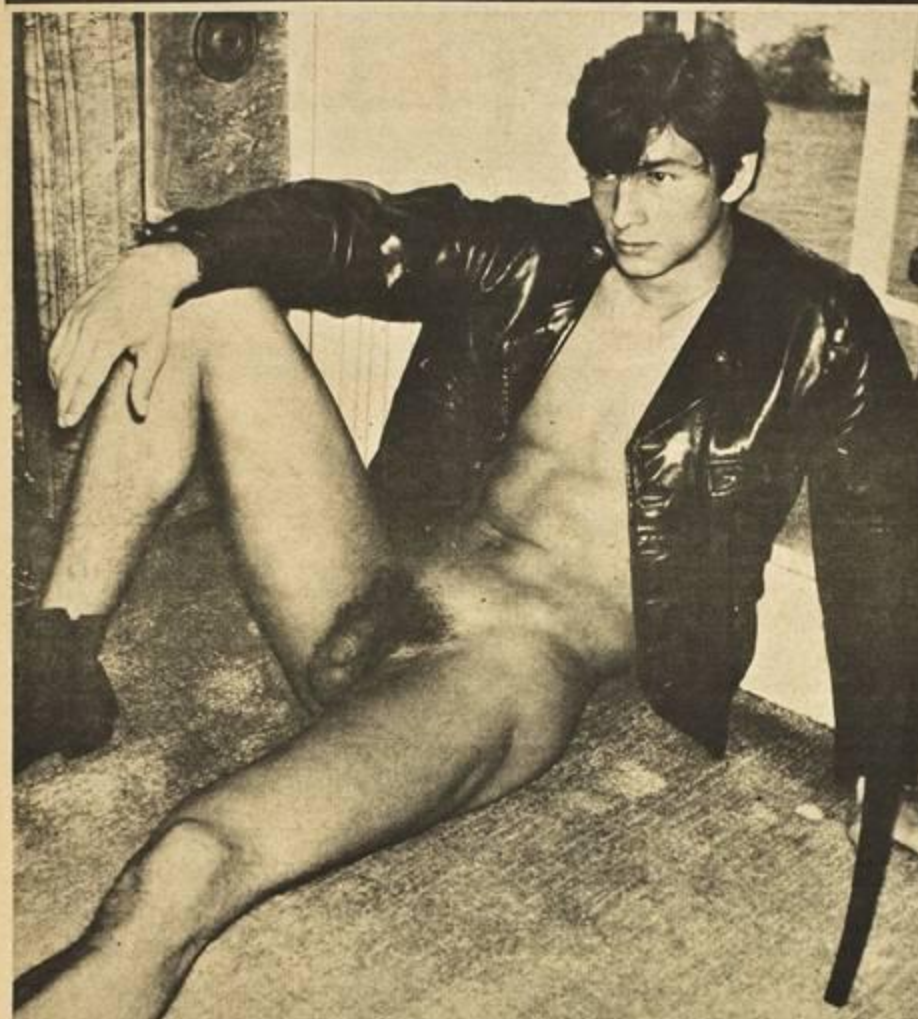


Photo courtesy Colt Studio

worn on the right because I happen to be right-handed. Period.

Just what is the leather crowd, anyway? On a typical weekend night at the currently "in" bar, a rough estimate might turn up a whopping 15% of hard-core S/M's. The remaining 85% will consist largely of the fringe element who just dig the leather atmosphere, with the balance being made up of the curiosity seekers come slumming (the sweater crowd) and the tentative, uncommitted guys who are there to see if perhaps they do fit into this scene after all (the experimenters). It's interesting to note here that the career of leather bars, in New York at least, is unswervingly static. They usually start out all leather, then gradually the fringe crowd discovers it and starts coming, and finally the sweater crowd begins its relentless infiltration. When that happens, it's like a rapidly-swelling cancer, until you can hardly see the leather for the sweaters. (How come? Some of the loudest detractors of the leather scene are those who seem to find our bars irresistible.) Gradually, the leather boys stop coming until it's no longer a leather bar, and some enterprising soul will suddenly realize that the time is ripe to open a new one somewhere else and the pattern repeats itself. Our crowd has been responsible for the swelling wallets of many a bar owner, only to get ultimately sacrificed on the altar of the ringing cash register.

Another popular misconception is that the leather boys are substituting sado-masochism for love, and are incapable even of erection. This I find ludicrous to the point of dullness. About 80% of my very active sex life is S/M

In GAY No. 4, one writer's attempt to portray the leather crowd as consisting solely of bank tellers and florists in leather drag was amusing but hardly accurate, as generalizations rarely are. There are, to be sure, bank tellers among us, but there are also construction workers, cab drivers, plumbers, electricians and yes, one of the grooviest sadists around is the owner of a thriving East Side florist shop! One of the humpiest masochists I've ever encountered drives a truck in cross-country hauls. So what the hell does that prove? For one thing, that leather-haters, perhaps just a bit on the defensive about their own effeminacy, or wanting to jump into the swim themselves but lacking the guts, console themselves by dragging everyone else down to their own level of girlishness. I'm the first to admit that there are some nelly leather types but I'm also quick to point out that there are some butch-looking types in the East Side bars as well. You can't always classify a guy by the clothes he's wearing, witness those S/M types who never owned a leather jacket and who have never stepped across the threshold of a leather bar. This group uses the telephone circuit, which works well for them.

Another popular misconception is that the leather boys are substituting sado-masochism for love, and are incapable even of erection. This I find ludicrous to the point of dullness. About 80% of my very active sex life is S/M

oriented, and with that, and the remaining square-type percentage, getting it up and keeping it there just hasn't been my problem! As for love, the only affair of any real importance in my life was A.L. (After Leather). That lasted for two years and its disintegration had nothing whatever to do with our sexual proclivities. There is, if anything, a deeper, more subtle communication between a sadist and a masochist than there ever could be between two guys in the sack enjoying a good old-fashioned sixty-nine. Although S/M is first and foremost a form of sexual expression, (when cruising a leather bar, the first requirement my prospective partner and I must meet is that we be sexually attracted to one another), there is for some of us a hell of a lot more involved than just getting your rocks off. In the ideal S/M scene, which requires that the M put his complete faith and trust in the S, a catharsis can be achieved by two people baring their souls to each other for a few ecstatic hours. We are not so much concerned with "tearing each other to bits" as we are with bringing our partners to a point of fulfillment (and not just orgasmic), an element I often find sadly lacking in "straight-type" gay sex. The scene will usually progress to the limits of the masochist, rarely further. Okay, there are a few "nuts" in the leather crowd, as in any other, and the inexperienced M is well advised to be damn careful about who he goes home with. He is also

strongly advised not to promise more than he can deliver, and to avoid the "hack" sadist who either doesn't know what the hell he is doing or would actually prefer to be in the masochist's boots himself. These creeps give us legit types a bad name. Which is not to say that I relentlessly damn "the switchables"—they are the rule rather than the exception in S/M. Although some M's become sadly disillusioned when they discover that their S-type idol swings both ways (and I know only a handful that don't) they sooner or later must resign themselves to it. But it's the confirmed masochist who, through some distorted sense of pride, refuses to assume his more natural role and passes himself off as an S that is often a menace. He usually does more harm than good, and I would imagine that his sense of frustration at the culmination of every S/M scene must be total and complete.

In his brilliant (and witty) book, *The Erotic Minorities* (Grove Press), Dr. Lars Ullerstam observes: "... I do not believe that suppression would be the best course of action with regard to an already established sadism. We know that frustrations breed aggression, and if a sadistic tendency is frustrated, the aggression may in certain cases add itself to the sadism. Thus a suppression of purely erotic sadism could at least theoretically lead to the development of a more vicious brutality." Erotic sadism as therapy? Well, it beats tranquilizers—and it's a hell of a lot more fun! Dr. Ullerstam also quotes the British Colonel Sparkers, who in his "Experimental Lecture" maintains that "... sensual pleasure is achieved by arousing the strongest possible feelings in a person. Now pain is the strongest of all feelings, and its effect is certain and unmistakable. Thus, the man who is able to make the strongest impression on a woman, who can drive the female organism to the absolute peak of excitation, can be assured of reaching the highest degree of sexual lust himself." Consider that statement closely. How many gay marriages go on the rocks because of mutual sexual boredom? One of the beauties of S/M is that it is unendingly inventive, with an infinite number of variations on the theme. Bored? Hardly. It's a question of what happens next. Sadists often go to great lengths (time, money and energy-wise) to create new and stimulating gadgets to further excite and amuse both themselves and their pet masochists. (I have often wondered how many masochists appreciate this fact!)

But a larger issue than whether or not you dig the S/M scene is at stake here. We homosexuals must first accept each other for what we are if we expect the heterosexual world to ultimately accept us. Leather boys, drag queens, lesbians, fetishists, whatever your gay bag is, we are minorities within a minority, and it's a great pity to observe the dissipation of our sundry efforts when one concerted action would be so much more effective. Or, as pungently put in the Marquis de Sade's *Philosophy in the Bedroom*: "None may be qualified as extraordinary, my dear: we are all a part of Nature; when she created men, she was pleased to vary their tastes as she made different their countenances, and we ought no more be astonished at the diversity she has put in our features than at that she has placed in our affections."

Amen.

IS THERE A MALE IN MAILER?

BY JOHN P. LeROY

Mailer, with his neo-Victorianism, thought that if there was anything worse than homosexuality and masturbation, it was putting the two together.

—THE ARMIES OF THE NIGHT



Upon having read *THE HOMOSEXUAL IN AMERICA* by Donald Webster Cory, Norman Mailer discovered that homosexuals are human. He further unveiled his own hidden bigotry toward homosexuals and made a decent, though naive, attempt to come to terms with it.

He found his bigotry to be of the gentlemanly sort. It was the kind that allows one to regard the brutal beating up of gay people as something profoundly distasteful, yet do nothing to call the police or come to the aid of the victim. He admitted that he had equated homosexuality with some form of evil, or as a symptom of a sick and evil society. This was reflected in some of his novels.

In *BARBARY SHORE*, a secret police agent named Leroy Hollingsworth was a cruel, sadistic, conniving deviate. In *THE NAKED AND THE DEAD*, General Cummings appeared to have a strong homosexual component in his over-all character. Otherwise, the general would not have made much sense as a real person.

This was back in 1954. In a frank, but short essay, *The Homosexual Villain*, originally published in the now defunct *ONE* magazine (now appearing in *ADVERTISEMENTS FOR MYSELF*), Mailer confessed, "...while I had no conscious homosexual desires, I had wondered more than once if really there were not something suspicious in my intense dislike of homosexuals. How pleasant to discover that once one can accept homosexuals as real friends, the tension is gone with the acceptance. I found that I was no longer concerned with latent homosexuality. It seemed vastly less important, and paradoxically enabled me to realize that I am actually quite heterosexual."

In that same essay, Mailer showed some understanding of homosexual repression as a political act and admitted his shame and hypocrisy at having called himself a libertarian socialist. He sought to make amends by revising his novel, *THE DEER PARK*, so that one of the minor characters, Teddy Pope, would become a person of dimension rather than a stereotyped gay movie star. In so doing, Mailer realized that he could no longer vilify homosexuals in order to satisfy his esthetic needs. He all but congratulated himself for having avoided the fatal error of allowing his bias to dull his understanding of human nature, or of allowing his passions for all forms of life to grow weary or distasteful. He ended his essay with a thoughtful plea for both the homosexual and the heterosexual alike to shed their prejudices so that each might be better able to realize their own essential humanity.

Now, more than fifteen years later, Mailer has clearly demonstrated that he has no real interest in sexual liberty, that

his ability to accept homosexuals as people is, at best, questionable, and that his ideas of manhood are downright destructive and medieval. I strongly suspect that Mailer might still secretly approve of the beating up of faggots and cocksuckers.

In an interview with Paul Krassner, Mailer found masturbation bad because, in his words, "Anybody who spends his adolescence masturbating, generally enters his young manhood with no sense of being a man." I suppose that, because about nine-tenths of the male population masturbate though they may not spend their adolescence on it, only one-tenth of the male population can be sufficiently manly. To Mailer, not only is masturbation deficiently masculine, it is a kind of "wasting away," a using up of one's resources, one's entire being, to "fuck your head off." If the sperm do not charge through the vagina toward the ovum like an invading army, they have no existential purpose. Hence, there is a using up of one's being as if one's sperm bank account were being depleted.

Mailer apparently has little faith in the ability of his balls to renew the supply of sperm. So did the average Victorian Englishman, who believed that any loss of semen in the act of procreation, regrettable and even dangerous. But its loss in the act of masturbation or any other kind of orgasm was considered intolerable. To quote Lord Acton, "They (the masturbators) may gradually waste away if the evil passion is not got the better of, nervous exhaustion sets in, such as spasmodic contraction, or partial or entire convulsive movements, together with... a species of paralysis accompanied with contraction of the limbs." We still express our disapproval of masturbators by calling them jerks, and the act as that of jerking off.

But the reason why I did not vote for Mailer when he recently ran for mayor of New York is his complete failure to relinquish his persecutory attitudes toward gay people. To Mailer, to be gay is to lack virility. The increase in homosexuality, real or imagined, is attributable to the fact that men no longer find dignity in their work, and to be homosexual, then, is to run away from the challenge of winning small battles with honor. By winning these battles, and moving on to bigger battles, manhood is achieved. After having made New York City the fifty-first state, he would not have used this new independence to make New York better, but would make it a proving ground for those who doubt their manhood by arranging all sorts of makeshift opportunities for violent conquest. He would solve the problem of juvenile delinquency by having teenage gangs engage in jousting tournaments in Central Park with full armor, pageantry, and regalia. He would, after a while, turn Manhattan into a totalitarian state so that his private vision of Utopia might be realized.

Mailer is at his best when he puts his notions of existential sexuality aside and deals with the issues simply, frankly, honestly and often imaginatively. His powers of perception and his literary skill



Mecho Mailer: Mate, Mailer, Mailest?

"Norman... Oooooooo
oooooh... Norman!"

belong with the best. When describing the Apollo moon shot, the Republican convention or the siege of the Pentagon, he lays the bile, the guts, the dung and the stench of American life bare for all to see. When discussing sexual issues, he is little more than just another nice Jewish boy from Brooklyn who would use Mosaic morality as a literary metaphor for the glorification of engagement, trial and combat. I do not deny that these things shouldn't be glorified at times, and that they have their value if real progress is to be made, and true maturity, on the individual or social levels, is to be achieved. One can only realize one's abilities and develop a sense of one's self by trying to do something one considers worthwhile and, succeed or not, one is changed and better attuned to the world outside from knowing that one has thought, felt and experienced something.

But this has nothing to do with the kind of orifice into which one may want to put his penis, or the way in which one may want to have an orgasm. Indeed, members of the cast of the *Jewel Box* review, by putting on drag, going out in front of a hostile audience and answering back the insults hurled at them, display more courage than the average American soldier on the rice paddies of Indo-China. Any idiot can be taught to march in step and shoot a rifle. It takes a rare kind of self-knowledge to be so certain of one's sexuality in this confusing world that one can play any sex role one wants to.

Mailer has not yet risen to this level

and, although I hope he someday will, I fear that he never will. He is too much of the generation that is more obsessed with personal passion than with humane rational thought. This makes for good writing, but bad morality, bad politics and bad philosophy.

In Mailer's generation, one could privately masturbate, be chaste, have secret homosexual contacts. Sex with a woman was mysterious; the act of procreation was a sacred link with the future. Nowadays, masturbation is an agreeable substitute for interpersonal sex. Chastity is absurd. Heterosexuality can be procreative or just plain fun, however the partners want it, thanks to contraceptives, the pill and modern technology. It no longer has any guilt attached to it and is no longer a test for achieving anything. It simply exists, and becomes whatever the partners want to make of it. Now that homosexuality is coming into its own, it too is becoming no more and no less than a fact of existence, and can be used to give, to deny, to love, to hate, to entice, to seduce, to earn, to give away or whatever one wishes and is willing to fulfill.

One's sense of masculinity, femininity, adolescence, or adulthood can no longer be based on biological gender or sexual orientation. As soon as Mailer is willing to admit this, he will stop being a gifted adolescent and become a man, for in these turbulent times, maturity can be attained only by realizing the innate human potentiality that goes beyond "male" and "female."

BY LILY HANSEN



I think homosexuality is nature's way of keeping the population down to size. These words were uttered by none other than my mother during my parents' recent visit at our house. I was surprised at this comment, because heretofore, in spite of her acceptance of my gay orientation, my mother never seemed to be able to reconcile it with "nature." Now she had found a place for homosexuals, and we were both pleased.

My parents are really beautiful people. This visit was the first time they saw my little house inhabited by more than one. Not only had I acquired a lover within the last year, but another housemate as well: a gay boy named Tony. When he was moving in in December, he meant to stay only a few weeks. Now it's May, and Maria and I are in no hurry to let him go. It's kind of nice to have a man around the house, and our *menage a trois* is a happy one.

When the cherry trees were in bloom, my parents came to stay with us for four days. They arrived on a Friday afternoon, laden down with cakes, candies, potato salad, a pot roast, a bottle of Cinzano Bianco, delicious smoked ham, liverwurst, salami and blood sausage from a German pork store, plus a gorgeous, pink geranium. Maria and I were home early to greet them. Tony returned from work just as my father was mixing whiskey sours. He strode in jauntily, holding a bunch of jonquils bought in honor of our company.

That evening we all went out to eat. My sister (in absentia) and I were treating my mother to a pre-birthday dinner at my parents' favorite restaurant, the Paramount Steak House, which serves scrumptious steaks at very reasonable prices. Famous not only for its food but also for its gay clientele, the Paramount is practically all gay on weekends. The atmosphere can become quite campy—and my folks aren't without a sense of humor.

Saturday was a beautiful day for sitting in the sun in the garden and reading *GAY*. My mother had asked to see my articles, and I finally showed them to her (somewhat reluctantly). Neither she nor my dad voiced any complaints and even had some nice things to say. They didn't seem fazed at all by the format of *GAY*. Sometimes we children do underestimate our elders...

In early afternoon I took my father aside and with him planned an escape from the house in order to pick up the birthday cake I had ordered for my mother. The cake wasn't ready when it was supposed to be, so I watched the girl doing the decorations. She was deft with those little squeeze bags of colored frosting. She'd look briefly at the instructions on the order blank, swiftly collected the colors desired, created roses, leaves and curls in a flash, and with a few fluid strokes wrote "Happy Birthday, Ramon." Then came my order: "Mama—Glück und Freude zum Geburtstag." She hardly blinked and in a few seconds inscribed the cake as prescribed—very carefully dotting the "u" in Glück.

Before we went home, we picked up some ice and deposited the cake in a styrofoam icebox in the trunk of the car.

MOM AND DAD: MEET MY LOVER!

THE LADDER
A LESBIAN REVIEW

Adults Only .50
Jan. 1966



Lily on the cover of the *Ladder*

(photo by Kay Tobin)

Just about that time, supper was on our minds again—or at least cocktails. While my father and Tony were preparing the drinks, I tended the charcoal fire and promised myself solemnly not to burn the Delmonico steaks for the third time in my life. Hovering over the grill, I didn't let the greedy flames get a single bite. Thus I broke the evil spell that had spoiled my cooking, and we had a successful meal—all five of us crammed into our small kitchen.

Afterwards my father had a yen to see *True Grit*, and so we trotted off to the movies, minus Tony, who had other plans. I was curious to see the film that had been made a laughing stock of in *GAY* and that had been retitled "True Shit." Well, Wayne wasn't half-bad, but the others were more than half-bad. A movie for fifth-graders.

Sunday was my mother's birthday. While she was talking to my sister in Boston on the phone, my father sneaked the cake into the kitchen through the back door, and Maria and I stuck candles in it. Then we all had birthday cake for breakfast.

In the afternoon Tony was going to take in a tour of the National Gallery of Art, sponsored by the Homophile Social League (Washington's newest gay social club). My father, since he had never been in the National Gallery, wanted to go, too. Of course I joined my parents in this outing. I was proud of them for their openness.

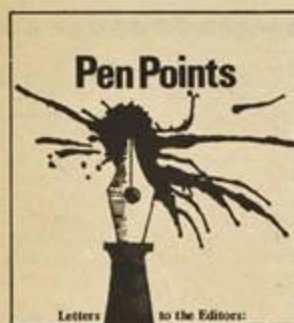
One of the gay young men in the tour took to my mother and played self-appointed host for HSL. He even suggested a play to see that night: Strindberg's *Dance of Death* at the Arena Stage, with Rip Torn and Viveca Lindfors. My father liked the idea. After a pot roast supper, my parents and I went to the theater-in-the-square and thoroughly enjoyed the intense performances.

Monday morning came and with it the "Betty Groebli Show" on WRC-TV at 9 a.m., which was running the second in a series of three taped programs on homosexuality (see "Perverst on the Panel," *GAY* No. 13). Featured were Dr. Frank Kameny of Washington Mattachine, Dr. Anke Ehrhardt of Johns Hopkins University Hospital, Dr. Charles Socarides of the Albert Einstein College, N.Y., Betty Groebli, hostess, and little ole me. Of course my parents wanted to watch the show. My mother thought I looked tired, didn't sound like myself and had too many nervous gestures. My parents had few comments at that time—maybe because they were a bit taken aback, though not disapproving. (Later in a letter my father complimented both Frank and me.)

The third show, on Tuesday morning, was less argumentative and more enlightening. My mother liked it better.

Then their visit came to an end. After giving me a ride to work, my parents returned to New Jersey, with the rest of the birthday cake and a small mimosa tree from my garden.

Thinking back over their stay, I cannot remember in recent years spending a more relaxing time with my mother and father. They had been an enjoyable addition to our little commune. But it was more than just getting along—it was being happy together.



A MOTHER'S PRIDE

Dear GAY:
I would like a subscription for a year to GAY.

My son in San Francisco who is gay gave me your address when I complained—how was I to know?—where the June demonstration was to be held. By the time the news reaches me it could have come and gone. I want to go to the Village and either walk (if they want) or at least give my support and wish them well if they prefer. So he suggested I take GAY. Sort of a long way round—right to find you. Right!

I spent four wonderful days in the gay world in San Francisco with my son and his lover. Both are truly beautiful and I'm proud of him. He only came out five years ago and I speak honestly and with pride of my son.

Yes, I have another son and a daughter and twelve grandchildren. So I add another dimension to life and add to its richness and beauty as I slowly learn some bit of the life styles of the gay world.

My best regards.

Sincerely,
Sarah V. Montgomery
NYC

Ed. Note: The Christopher Street Liberation Day will take place on Sunday June 28th, and will consist of a walk from Sheridan Square in the Village up Sixth Avenue to the Sheep Meadow in Central Park for a Gay-In. Those who are unable to walk that far are asked to join the marchers at 59th St. and Sixth Avenue. Assembly time in Sheridan Square is 1:00 pm, and the walk will start at 2:00 pm.

Many thanks for your beautiful letter. You are an inspiration to gay children and their parents everywhere, and especially to those who underestimate either the ability of others or their own ability to expand their horizons. P.O.

TRAVEL TIP

Dear GAY:

Congratulations on being publishers of a most enjoyable magazine. I just finished reading the issue No. 13 (my first one) and enjoyed every bit of it.

My second reason for writing is to get some information or advice for persons visiting iron curtain countries. I have been told to abstain from all forms of sex for the two week trip. It is rumored that all hotel rooms are bugged thereby making any activity highly dangerous. This question should probably be addressed to your travel editor, but you don't list one as such.

Gratefully yours,
L.R.W.
Fort Worth, Texas

Ed. Note: A good question, and since I've

done some travelling, I think that the best advice that I can offer is to see how relaxed or uptight the natives of your country of travel are about other things. Iron curtain countries have very strict laws regarding matters sexual, so your friends may not be all wet. Western European countries are very relaxed sexually, but Communist countries are usually pretty chaste. Better lay off for your stay, and if you must have your nookie, be very very careful. It is no accident that there is no organized gay life in most Iron Curtain countries. P.O.

TROY PERRY TO
JOHN FRANCIS HUNTER

Dear John:

I want to take this opportunity to thank you for writing probably the best articles ever written about myself and Metropolitan Community Church (GAY Nos. 9 and 11). All the kids that have read them here in California have been more than enthusiastic about them. They are written in the language of our younger kids, which is just fantastic. I am really happy with them. I can't tell you enough. I only wish that I had been able to attend that "beautiful people" party that you hosted while in Los Angeles. I am sure that it would have been a lot of fun.

John, you are an excellent writer. You have a way with words that can hold interest, and it is almost spellbinding to read your stylings. In the first article I certainly enjoyed the opening paragraph and the closing one where you tied it together so neatly. Also, in the second installment I was thrilled at what you had to say about our church. I hope that the response has been good for the newspaper...

Again, thank you so much.

Yours in Christ,
Reverend Troy D. Perry
Pastor, Metropolitan Community Church
LIBERATION
WITHOUT GHETTOS

Dear GAY:

I was considerably satisfied to read in your "Editors Speak" column (GAY No. 13, May 4), that you would "like to see the words 'homosexual' and 'heterosexual' fade away." Good. But this can only happen when homosexuals stop trying to gain acceptance for themselves as homosexuals or Gays rather than as individual human beings.

Too many of our younger homosexuals who consider themselves liberated are still riddled with guilt. In servile self-defense they establish their own churches, their own gathering places, their own special way of life (or life-style as it is now called) and their own homosexual culture. They are trying to make a cult out of a sex act.

Intelligent heterosexuals are fast breaking out of their centuries-old, self-imposed sexual straight jackets. We should not allow the homosexual to fall into that kind of bondage. What we need most is a sense of personal worth and independence. There is no special place in this world for homosexuals!

Cordially,
Don Slater, Editor
Tangents Magazine

PLEASE SEND ALL CORRESPONDENCE, INQUIRIES, SUGGESTIONS, COMPLAINTS, AND PROPOSITIONS TO: LETTERS TO THE EDITOR, GAY, P.O. Box 431, OM Chelsea Sta., NYC, N.Y. 10011.

A BLUEBLOOD'S
GUIDE TO BOSTONPlaces to Get Laid
Other Than the Common

BY JOHN FRANCIS HUNTER



I went to the Casbah, that's an Irish bar there...

This fragment of the lyric to *The Boston Beguine* from New Faces of 1952 always used to gas me. The juxtaposition of the exotic "Casbah" with common-as-cabbage "Irish bar there" seemed highly satiric in the days of tepid satire, so-called, and conjured up a schizophrenic Boston where the night life, if any, was spurious and tawdry. Night life anywhere is somewhat tawdry, but in Boston today it is less spurious than in some places. Especially in the notorious Combat Zone or on its periphery, it is as authentic as folk art. Boston's gay bars are people's pubs, "to the trade," unself-conscious popular institutions, and I love them.

Recently I was squired by hearty New England friends who are equally at home in Acapulco's Zona Roja, Montreal's St. Catherine Street and Greenwich Village—and maybe around Baltimore's Block, for all I know. They aren't country boys. John and Dandy had made up a careful itinerary for our tour of doughty old Boston, preparing me with their numerous suggestions. They knew well, and generally striving to make GAY's investigation as thorough as it was fun. It came out both.

First stop and a must for anyone driving through or living in the Boston area is Sporter's, 235 Cambridge Street, just off ancient Beacon Hill, which is synonymous with stuffy elegance. Sporter's is anything but stuffy—and

anything but elegant, though it has recently expanded and redecorated and now serves the hard sauce as well as beer. Scions of Back Bay families mingle there with button-down educators and professional men, clean-cut students, radiant long-hairs active in HUB (Homophile Union of Boston) and boozey barflies of every other conceivable description. Sporter's needs no ballyhoo on home ground, it is simply a low-lit neighborhood bar that is super-popular, roomy and randy enough to transcend the neighborhood. Four Stars.

Four Stars also to our next stop. Entirely different in decor, located far down in the financial district off a charming courtyard, but every bit as inviting as Sporter's is the new *Edwardian* at 21 Broad Street. Take State Street to the end, turn right and right again to Broad. The Edwardian swings at lunch, featuring good food, throughout the afternoon dispenses the best mixed drinks in town and offers a buffet, and devotes its three (soon four) floors to making its customers happy.

Owners Rene and Val are determined to make integration work, and the Edwardian is unabashedly integrated. However, they make it clear to their

clientele that theirs is a gay space, that gays are first in pecking order, and that Gay is Proud on their premises. It is not "an Irish bar there," rather, it could rank in any city as a groovy place. Well-known pianist Ron Scott entertains with dash and devotion during the regular season and will be doing his duty in Provincetown for the summer. (See next

issue's special review of Cape Cod's great gay/integrated resort for details.)

From the Edwardian we made the natural leap to its midtown counterpart, the elegant multi-level *Napoleon Club*, 52 Piedmont, and we imagine you'd have done the same. Pianist-singer Marie was holding her annual party, coat-and-tie were not required as it was a Sunday night, and there are always bound to be attractive genital males at the Napoleon. 'Twas there I met one of Broadway's most famous composers, who dispatched a chorus boy to "get" me for him. Most gentlemen in the mirrored salons there are far more direct. The gang running the place—Arthur, Irene et al—will remember your face, by the way, and while youngsters who dig Sporter's eschew the Napoleon (partly because outmoded dress is generally required), it's still Four Stars.

Famous *Locke-Ober Men's Bar*, 3 Winter Place, is irresistible. It's all-men policy is a vestigial remnant of a bygone era rather than a result of the New Conscience, just as is that of the St. Francis in San Francisco, but it is overtly gay enough, not to seem athletic clubby. Oak paneling, deep-dimensional grandeur, superb food in the adjacent restaurant, and as friend John vows, "The pousse cafe is the best in the country." That's enough to gain the place Three Stars!

Skip Mario's, corner of Broadway and Broadway, upstairs. Ecco! Walk on to colorful *Jacques*, 75 Broadway, and you'll find a wild, wonderful mixture, genitally speaking, young and old, sleek and sleazy. Earnest mixing at Jacques, but not earnest in the New York four a.m. sense, meaning desperate. Two Stars.

Across the street, 76 to 90 Broadway, is an entertainment complex, mostly gay, that includes a huge dancing room you gain access to by buying drink chits and having your hands stamped just like at the community center dance, called the *Other Side*. Two Stars. It is fun, with a not very illuminating light show, a hodge-podge decor, go-go boys, a handsome bearded chap at the record console who gives out with palter, and on Mondays, a talent night. Latter is encoed and sparked by a sometimes mystifying, always fascinating Boston and Cape Cod superstar billed as Sylvia Sidney. More will be said about Sylvia in our Provincetown report.

The *Gay Nineties* restaurant, at number 90, is one of those places an old club scout would like to get his hands on because of its layout and look; however, my friends, both gastronomes of the first order say, "The meals are so awful they're campy," whatever that means in gastronomy.

My personal favorite bar—and John's, too, I discovered—is the *Cave* at 20 Boylston Place. John observed it could be anywhere in Europe or Mexico, with its fake but fun black stalagmites and stalactites, gloom, nooks and intense combo on stage pounding away. Womb reversion is what I felt, but it was a friendly womb where people smiled and spoke freely, and the bartender was courteous. The approach to the womb—I mean *Cave*—was amusing, too: an alley with banners luring you on and in. Four Stars.

Maybe I get so mellow as an evening wears on and have been cruised nicely, with boon companions at the ready, that I like anything. Otherwise how can I justify thinking that *Playland*, in a "relict building at 19 Essex Street in the center of the tenderloin, is enchanting. Maybe it was the French sailors.

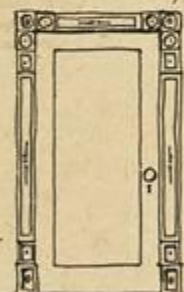
The *Shed*, an S&M bar at 250 Huntington Ave., is like any of its genre, but the toilet doesn't flush and some of the poseurs smile, too, which I suppose is a minus. Also, I think I had my gloves on the wrong shoulder, and so did Dandy. His were elbow length anyway, as he'd been to a wedding.

Three Stars for *Twelve Carver*. Because it's popular, because it's a landmark, and because they give young talent a chance to get in front of an audience with regularity. Now the Pilgrims Theatre Company are there. A fresh and attractive group and probably talented (you can't tell because of the terrible p.a. system and the romp-in-the-living-room type presentation), they are there in the spirit of the late owner Phil Bayonne, semi-drag performer, beloved in Boston and on Cape Cod. He encouraged the young and made many people laugh in his day.

Not everyone in every city is ready for *Alternate U.*, the *Zoo* or the *Sanctuary*. Boston residents are quite ready for anything. However, the town council has just closed down *Hair*, while at the same time statewide leadership confronts the Government with a bill questioning the very legality of the slaughter in Viet Nam! Massachusetts may seem ahead of the nation while Boston may often seem far behind, with

some Casbah-Irish bar schizoprosence... over, it's true. Yet, its claim to Hubbard is somehow justified when you give it a look from a unique angle, and it will muddle through in its inimitable Yankee way and always rate Four Stars day and night, straight or gay. Go!

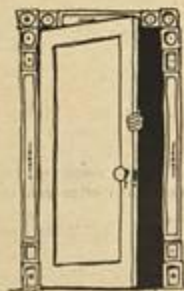
IS ANYBODY THERE?



I SAID, IS ANYBODY THERE?



WELL... I'M COMING OUT ANYWAY...



READY OR NOT... I SAID, I'M COMING OUT...



GEE... NOW THAT I'M OUT, I'VE NEVER FELT SO GOOD IN MY LIFE... I WONDER WHY I STAYED IN THERE SO LONG...



BY JIM KEPNER

He praises of Pat Rocco began to come out of the West almost two years ago, but for the first year, only Southern Californians had much chance to judge the quality of his homosexual films. The 8mm copies available by mail from Rocco's Bizarre Productions barely hinted at the impact of a full Rocco theatre program—unless the purchaser was lucky enough to select, sight unseen, the better examples. So persons in Keokuk or Brooklyn were unable to judge the statements by L.A. reviewers (in the homophile press, then in the trade and underground papers, eventually even in the austere L.A. Times) that Pat Rocco had translated to film the antic joy and tender beauty of homosexual romance, and had salted his dreams with unabashed earthiness.

Then the distributors to whom Rocco was contracted lined up outlets in San Francisco (briefly), New York and now, Houston, so that many other homosexuals have a chance to share the Rocco experience.

Not every homosexual will appreciate that experience. Some can approach sex only with a snicker, and are often turned off by Rocco's total lack of embarrassment. Sex and nudity in Rocco films simply don't come out very pornographic. Some so identify "sophistication" with the richly evasive language of symbolism (under which many closet artists have hidden their sexual bent) as to consider Rocco naive. And he is. His work can have the directness of a child that has not yet learned deceit, self-pity and shame. It can have the lilting wholesomeness of a Doris Day or Julie Andrews.

Rocco's work is not lacking in artfulness or in symbolic content. He happily avoids the overworked symbolism of psychoanalysis and existentialism, and instead draws a natural and unobtrusive symbolism direct from the experience and feeling of homosexuals—and bisexuals.

Though the gay life has been much liberated in recent years, too much homosexual art and writing still carries an overlay of shame and guilt. Rocco's work does not—though some viewers feel naked without a defensive patina of prurience. Rocco can portray, movingly, the toils of a character still trapped in guilt. But he does not, like so many, project shame or hostility through his characters to make scapegoats of his audience. Members of his audience are more likely to leave feeling right with themselves. Rocco's best is definitely up.

His fair young actors approach love as if no one had ever labeled male love sick, sinful or seamy. These lyrical fantasies evoke love in a way that makes most gay viewers proud of themselves and glad to be alive.

PAT'S PROGRESS

In February, 1968, Rocco began making the 5 to 15 minute cock-dangler film shorts which L.A.'s Park Theatre had begun showing regularly. It was the first theatre to advertise itself as

part of the homophile movement. In competition with tired physique photographers too long in the trade, Rocco's sometimes clumsy work seemed fresh, creative, excitingly beautiful. Though some early

shorts used any trivial excuse to get the youths undressed, even Rocco's weakest short subjects were made with surprising care. And the lyric quality of *Love Is Blue*, *A Matter of Life, Yahoo*, *The Performance* and the unforgettable *Yes* left most viewers moved as few other flesh-films had done.

Later Rocco developed a format of sentimental, glowingly poetic, half-hour love stories—that would have had a guaranteed audience had Rocco stuck to this for the rest of his life. *Discovery* (which unhappily can't be seen in its original form), *Autumn Nocturne*, *Dusk Glow*, *The Challenge* and others captured what so many of us have dreamed: seeing young men love one another with that beauty and sensitivity which Hollywood had reserved for heterosexual romance.

But Rocco the artist is constantly and disconcertingly exploring new ideas and techniques—though in a more conservative, even "square," sense than most "experimental" film makers. This keeps his average viewer from the gratifying rut of repeatedly seeing what he already knows he likes, and it keeps self-taught Rocco a brilliant but erratic amateur, a child of wonder, finding new ways to view his world before he has necessarily mastered the old ways.

His work is a one-man history of Hollywood's romantic techniques, well translated into the homosexual idiom.

MONDO ROCCO

Rocco's current program was an accident. He has been working for some time on two full-length features, one

nearing completion and the other a gay musical. But his camera has been working overtime at odd jobs, and he suddenly found himself with enough material for a new program. With the exception of *Kiss*, one of the most breathtaking shorts Rocco has ever created, this program is below par artistically, but audiences are not shortchanged, for Rocco has broken important new ground.

His first documentary, *A Man and His Dream*, an ode to the Reverend Troy Perry and his dynamic Metropolitan Community Church, showed a new side to Rocco's character and work (as surprising as his coming to be much in demand as a soloist at MCC services). He has followed this in the present program with a moving news documentary, *Homosexuals on the March*, which

skillfully depicts three public demonstrations led by Perry and the ad hoc Committee for Homosexual Law Reform, and joined by other local homosexual organizations. (Rocco erroneously credits two local groups with heavy support of these demonstrations—one having remained aloof and the other—the L.A. Mattachine—having been long defunct.)

Homosexuals on the March wants cutting, but it has turned on many viewers who'd not previously taken Rocco's work seriously. It is far superior to the reportage of the subject by most professional teams. The dignity and determination of the marchers, and the raised eyebrows and occasional V signs from passersby, have considerable impact—an impact that would be

seemed a bit out of place in the somber mood of the long candlelight march down Hollywood Boulevard. But perhaps our own commentators need not imitate the dour manner of conventional newsmen. At any rate, Rocco recorded these events, while the professionals did not rate them as newsworthy.

Rocco's bubbling personality is more incongruous in *The Meat Market Arrests*, in which Rocco set up his camera to film (for the court's benefit) a nude go-go dance which had been recently raided. Then, right before the camera's eye, the electrifying if this film could be shown nationwide.

Rocco, a song-and-dance man for years on the Tennessee Ernie Ford show, is a lively entertainer, but his gay banter

cops returned for more arrests!

After all the fuss, Bob Philpot's dance and attorney Walter Culpepper's comments about its artistic quality, seemed pleasant but tame. The film needs heavy editing.

That is the heart of film art. On a small budget, one hates to discard endless feet of adequate film. Rocco edits with skill and sensitivity, but with insufficient ruthlessness. He too often buries his best effects in excess footage.

(Subsequent to the showing this reviewer saw, this whole program was edited in radical fashion, with the new version highly praised by those who have seen both.)

SHORT SUBJECTS

The Room, with Ron Dilly and Mark

McKane, is a hasty production that is one of those simple, believable stories Rocco is so good at. It is also his first attempt at live sound, and—contrary to his usual painstaking practice, he lets the actors ad lib. The slightly halting result, as Dilly teaches McKane some essentials of the hustler's art, is amusing and realistic.

Screen Test is just that—for Jim Cassidy. It is also a visual gem. Filmed at the home of a member of the Society of Pat Rocco Enlightened Enthusiasts, it pits a pensive Brian Reynolds (famed for that wild nude dance on the Hollywood Freeway) against a muscle-bursting blond youth. Both are able to wordlessly project their emotions. The "test" was actually made to show a Time reportorial team the Rocco process. Cassidy passes the test with flying colors, and even before he peels off his shirt, the attention of most viewers will rivet on that muscular chest. A soft, handsome and intelligent looking lad, with the sort of built—and face—I thought they'd stopped in.

Initially, Pat Rocco worked alone, finding the actor-models, writing scripts, running the camera and directing the action, editing and scoring. He has now built up a fine team. Credits on various parts of this program go to Wayne Shotten for sound and some extra camera work, to James Prestidge for lighting, photography and some additional chores, to Jack Peirce as production manager and to Mike Oberholtzer as production coordinator.

Hair Revisted is a joyous record of the free performance that the L.A. cast of *Hair* put on in Griffith Park last Christmas. The electric enthusiasm of the crowd is well caught, but there is only an intimation of the show's charged-up quality. Not a narration, but a Be-In, where the camera transports the viewer into the heart of the crowd.

A SMALL MASTERPIECE

Rocco fans can get into heated arguments about which Rocco film is most likely to survive the test of time. *Kiss* is the strongest contender from this program, and is altogether one of Rocco's most perfect creations. A tense and elegant ritual, it draws up the history of mankind into an evocative dance. Two lovely young men, Gary Miller and Robert Weaver, nude and on all-fours, approach one another in a wooded clearing. They circle, sniff and nuzzle, then move off to a dizzying primitive dance in which Rocco supplements their running with some smashing effective lab optical effects, superimposing distance shots and closeups with masterly timing and composition. The superimposition of black and white scenes on color is especially effective in suggesting the timelessness of the encounter.

The ritual touches deep emotions, telling us what the anthropologists have said, that homosexual love is as old as time and as fresh as today's exuberant youth. This is probably Rocco's most profound and artistic work to date.

It split the audience. Most liked it very much. Others didn't dig it at all.

But that has been true of Rocco's work from the beginning. Shown under conditions that call for pornography, Rocco has always given the audience something much more than that.

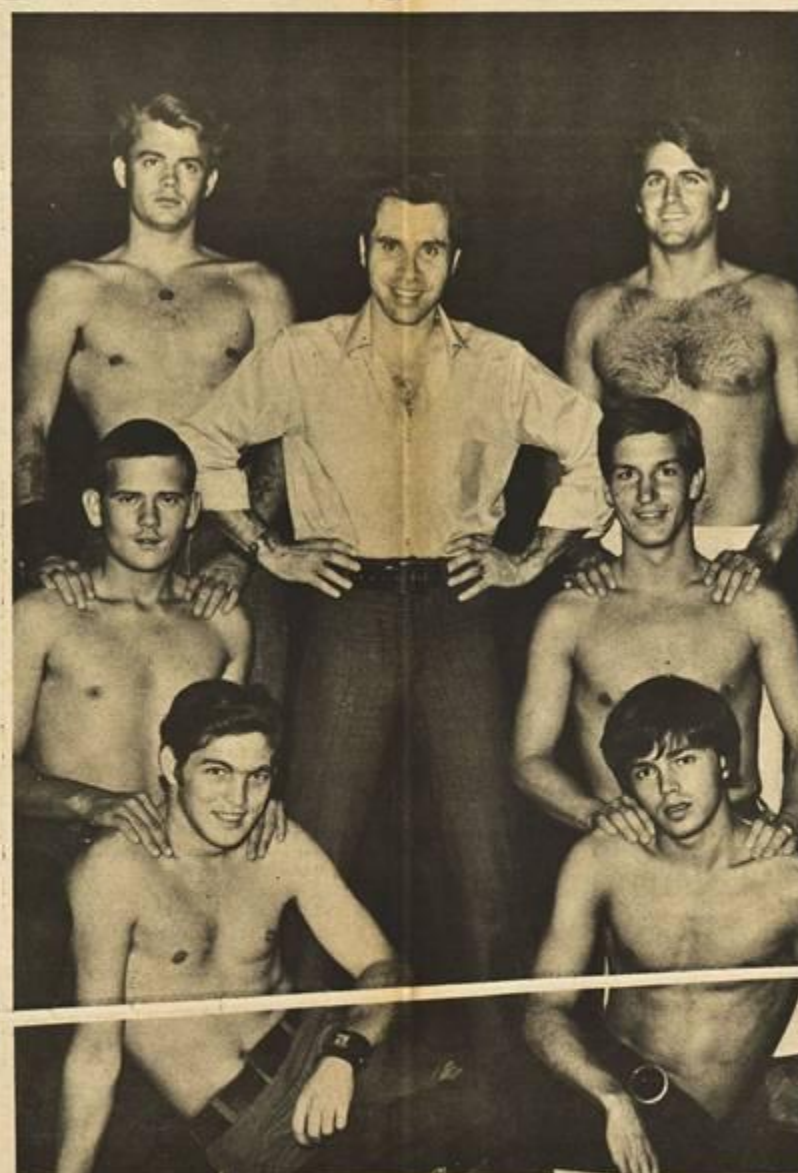
★ THE WORLD OF PAT ROCCO ★



Pat Rocco: song-and-dance man turned filmmaker



Brian Reynolds and Rocco at a Hollywood pool party



Rocco, like Mae West, always gets all the men



Rocco star Ron Dilly, Rocco, and Brian Reynolds



Rocco interviewing dancer Bob Philpot, who had been busted at the Meat Market

GAY NEWS

(continued from page 3)

longer our representative and we'll have to look elsewhere."

Mrs. Greitzer suggested that legislation which she had introduced into the City Council against discrimination on the basis of sex might cover homosexuals and that she would have to check on that angle. A GAA member pointed out that such legislation pertains to gender, not sexual orientation, and is therefore not applicable.

Mrs. Greitzer stated that she had not accepted the petitions because she felt that she wasn't the correct one to receive them, and that other politicians could be of more help to homosexuals. She proceeded to name several others, but GAA members called out that she was buck-passing. "We want you, and we want a fighter!" one GAA member demanded. Mrs. Greitzer said she had taken Owens word that GAA had nearly 6,000 signatures on the petitions addressed to her, but that she had not accepted the petitions earlier because she had had many other papers to carry home that day and she couldn't also carry the petitions.

The Councilman was then put to the test by direct questioning by GAA spokesmen. She acceded to each demand saying that if discrimination could be shown she would testify at hearings before the City's Human Rights Commission when the subject of job discrimination against gays is raised. She also said that she would co-sponsor a bill in the City Council to extend fair employment practices to protect gays. Asked if she would speak out against the sodomy laws, she declared that she had been for years against the sodomy laws. She then accepted the GAA petitions.

VID president Robert Egan took the opportunity to emphasize the VID's backing of equal rights for homosexuals. A GAA spokesman stressed that no disrespect toward the VID was intended by the action, and apologized for the disruption of their meeting. The chairman of the VID's Peace Committee told a GAA member, "Thank you for shaking us up."

Sometimes we need this."

LEGAL COMM. SEEKS SUPPORT

New York, N.Y. — The Editors of GAY have received a letter from Austen Wade, Chairman of The North American Conference of Homophile Organizations legal committee, asking for funds to support the cost of an appeal to the Supreme Court to declare the sodomy statute of the State of Texas unconstitutional. The text of his letter follows:

To the Editors of GAY:

As chairman of the North American Conference of Homophile Organizations legal committee, I am taking the liberty of writing you regarding a matter of transcendent importance to every homosexual in the United States. No doubt you are familiar with some of the particulars of the case of *Buchanan v. Batchelor*, in which a three-man federal district court in Dallas struck down the Texas sodomy statute as

unconstitutional. This case, which was instituted under the aegis of my committee, is now in the appeals stage. What you may not know is that the case is a very complex one, and that the grounds on which the district court rested its decision were not entirely satisfactory from our point of view.

The case was a civil action, and, in addition to the involvement of the A.C.L.U. as *amicus curiae* (friend of the court), there were also two intervenors, Travis Lee Strickland, who admitted to acts of homosexual sodomy in private but not in public, and the Gibsons, a married couple who admitted to heterosexual acts of sodomy in private. Unfortunately, the court rested its decision on the appeal of the Gibsons, and ignored Strickland, which means that the State of Texas, in reenacting a constitutionally valid sodomy law, can continue to punish sodomitical acts in private as well as in public so long as it exempts heterosexual sodomy.

The State of Texas is about to appeal the decision to the U.S. Supreme Court. Mr. Henry J. McCluskey, Jr., of Dallas, the brilliant young attorney and member of my committee who initiated this action, intends to file a cross-appeal on behalf of Strickland in the hope that the Supreme Court can be persuaded to widen the grounds of the decision. There will thus be what amounts to a double appeal—in addition to the appeal on behalf of the original defendant Buchanan who is still languishing in prison for reasons I cannot go into here. The N.A.C.H.O. is now entering both of these appeals as *amicus*, and the A.C.L.U. is expected to continue its *amicus* role in both of them. N.A.C.H.O.'s case will be handled by Professor Walter E. Barnett of the University of New Mexico Law School. Some appreciation of the overriding importance of this case can be gleaned from the following observations of Professor Barnett, who is serving as counsel to the N.A.C.H.O. without any remuneration.

"...I realize the tremendous significance of this case for the cause of justice for homosexuals all over the United States. This is the first time in the history of the United States that any successful attack on the sodomy statutes has ever been made in any court, on constitutional grounds. Moreover, since it was made by a three-judge federal district court, a direct appeal lies to the United States Supreme Court. If, hopefully, the Supreme Court upholds the lower court (and it will be difficult, I think, for it to reverse a unanimous opinion of three lower federal judges), then all of the sodomy statutes of the 48 states that still have them will have been swept away in one fell swoop. Years and maybe decades of laborious effort to get each of 48 legislatures to repeal these laws, or each of 48 state supreme courts to declare them unconstitutional, will have been avoided. On the other hand, if the United States Supreme Court reverses this decision and upholds the

constitutionality of this statute or statutes, the cause of law reform all over the United States will have been set back for our lifetime. I wonder seriously if the homophile movement has any inkling what is at stake."

It is in order to apprise the homophile movement and others of "what is at stake" that I am writing to you. The costs of the cross-appeal by Strickland will be substantial, even though no legal fees are involved. These expenses and attendant

costs are estimated at about \$1,500. It is imperative that these funds be raised if an appeal is to be mounted. What I am requesting is that you publicize the need and arrange for the establishment of a fund at your offices where contributions for this case can be received. I am asking that you set a goal of \$750.00 as the amount to be raised by GAY.

The need is great and the cause is just, and your assistance is earnestly solicited.

Very sincerely yours,
Austen Wade, chairman
North American Conference of
Homophile Organizations
legal committee

Editor's note: At the request of Mr. Wade, GAY will act as a collection center for those who wish to contribute toward the cost of the appeal. Please make your check payable to HENRY J. McCLUSKEY, and send it to Texas Fund, Four Swords, Inc., P.O. Box 431, Old Chelsea Station, New York, N.Y. 10011.

AIR FORCE DISCHARGES AIRMAN WHO CLAIMS HE'S "NOT"

Omaha, Nebr. — Air Force Sergeant Scott F. Benson was discharged from the Air Force March 17 at Offutt Air Force Base despite his claims that he could show that he was "not involved in the (homosexual) incidents alleged against him."

It was Benson who brought to public notice an investigation by the Air Force Office of Special Investigations.

When the service started proceedings to discharge him, he sued in U.S. District Court in Omaha—which put the case on public record.

The judge refused to grant the restraining order which Benson requested, saying that the civil court had no jurisdiction until Benson had attempted all of the administrative remedies offered by the Air Force.

After being discharged, Benson returned to court but was again unsuccessful in getting back into service.

In his initial efforts, Benson stated that Sergeants Richard G. Burchill and Lannie R. Chastain had given Air Force investigators false incriminating information.

The Air Force public information officers at Offutt then admitted to the press that such an investigation had been conducted, and that approximately 250 names of alleged homosexuals had been developed.

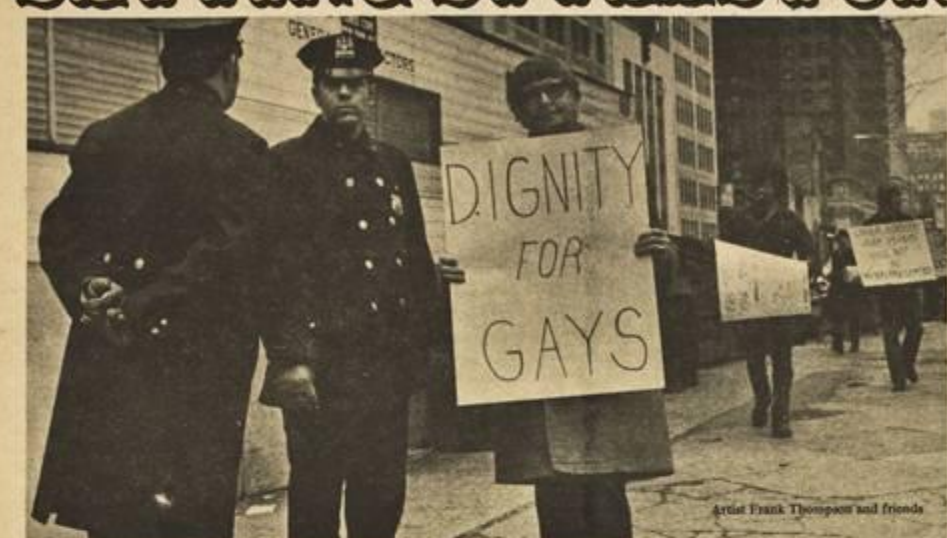
Air Force headquarters in Washington later clarified these reports by raising the count of names to 270, but noting that only 55 military personnel and 76 civilians were fully identified. The other names, the service said, were incomplete—first names or nicknames.

Benson's discharge brings to 17 the number of military personnel the Air Force admits to having discharged at the Strategic Air Command headquarters as a result of the investigation.

The other 16 discharged included one officer who was permitted to resign from the service.

Burchill, an admitted homosexual, was sent to Lackland Air Force Base in Texas for regular discharge processing. It is not known whether Chastain was discharged or was merely another innocent party whose name became involved in the case.

SETTING STYLES FOR



Artist Frank Thompson and friends

"STRAIGHTENING"

BY DICK LEITCH

Everybody knows that homosexuals are creative, imaginative and uniquely perceptive. That same "everybody" knows that we homosexuals are always in the avant garde of ideas, fashion and everything else. My question is: If we're so damn smart, why are we missing the point of the homosexual movement?

Since the beginning of the homosexual movement twenty years ago, we've been trying to imitate past movements and overlooking the fact that ours is the beginning of something new and unique in history.

Homosexuals are not Jews, Negroes, Puerto Ricans or even Women. We are not a racial, religious, economic or ethnic group. In the past, such groups have fought for a place in the heterosexual, middle-class structure. Our struggle is for a place outside the heterosexual middle-class structure. We are fighting for our lives as homosexuals. One of the few people to recognize the homosexual movement as the forerunner of a whole new concept in social movements, with the goal of liberating all sexually deviant people, is Lars Ullerstram. His book, *The Erotic Minorities*, calls homosexuals the establishment of sexual deviance.

There's nothing new about the Puerto Rican's struggle in today's New York City. It can be interchanged with the Irish situation in Boston at the turn of the century. The Black movement is almost the same.

The one strong difference that makes the homosexual movement unlike the others is that sexuality threatens everyone, is everyone's problem, while racial, religious and ethnic differences are externalized.

No one fears or hates Negroes because he is afraid he might have "Negro tendencies." Nobody fears Jews because he fears that he might have a tendency toward Jewishness. Puerto Ricans are not put down because the oppressors have

unresolved conflicts with sublimated Puerto Rican-ness.

According to people who study human sexuality, everyone has some tendencies toward homosexuality. Those who repress these impulses tend to hate in others what they work so hard to repress in themselves. These are the oppressors of the sexual minorities. Those who urge "cleanups" and repressive attitudes towards homosexuals, for example, are not, as some of the "revolutionaries" would say in Marxist terms, "heterosexual oppressors." Rather, the enemy is the man who is one of us, but who is fighting himself.

I make several hundred public appearances each year, in schools, on college campuses, before church and community groups. I talk about homosexuality with thousands of people. Most of them are mildly curious and highly tolerant. They find it interesting to hear a homosexual's attitude toward sexuality, but are satisfied with their own. They are repelled by social injustice and disapprove of prejudice and discrimination against homosexuals. "Live and let live" well sums up the feeling of most people about matters sexual.

The ones who make the laws, who keep up the efforts to stamp out homosexuality, are those with obvious homosexual problems (and some with other sexual hangups, such as impotence, sado-masochistic tendencies and frigidity). They hate the thought that somewhere, somehow, somebody might be enjoying sex.

A common cry of the homosexual oppressor is "If we accept homosexuality as a viable alternative, everyone will become a homosexual!" This translates like this: "If you take away the laws and social sanctions against homosexuality, my defenses against my homosexuality will no longer be valid."

Censors operate the same way, and the action is easier to observe. In Albany there's a legislator who is hung up on

"pornography." He annually introduces a bill which would allocate several million dollars to set up a library of pornographic material in the capital for the use of the legislators. One suspects that the Senator's collection is getting too expensive to maintain, and he just wants some state money. That's what his colleagues in the State Senate believe.

The censor loves pornography, but feels guilty about his love. As a professional Puritan, he can enjoy reading *SCREW*, then expiate his guilt over the pleasure he got by denouncing *SCREW* to the District Attorney's office.

There are repressed homosexuals who operate the same way. I know one who buys and reads all of the gay publications (including this one—hello, Fred). They go to the bars and baths—purely for "research" of course. They get their kicks, feel guilty about it and run out to tell the world how homosexuals are "corrupting" our culture.

Frequently these Puritans have hangups on particularly unacceptable forms of homosexuality. Their fulminations are actually expressions of their fantasies. For instance, we all know that "Homosexuals seek out young boys for incredible sexual acts" is a falsehood. What male homosexual wants a young boy who can't get it up, who looks like a girl, and who probably doesn't even have any pubic hair?

The repressed pedophile (that's Greek for "chicken-hawk") gets his kicks fantasizing about making the whole Third Grade at St. Agnes School. When his guilt overpowers him, he screams that homosexuals are molesting the Third Graders at St. Agnes. There's an old man, for instance, who lurks about the boys room in a Brooklyn park. He justifies his presence by saying that he's there to keep the queers from molesting the boys!

One of the most unattractive men I ever saw got up at a church meeting and told me how "queers follow me. Everywhere I go, they follow me around, trying to get me to go to bed with them." I told him he flattered himself, and the

rest of the audience got the point. I'm sure the poor guy wished that his fantasy was true.

It's these poor people who have the drive and need to put forth the effort to gain positions of power in the community. Ordinary people, like you and me, tend to follow a doctrine of *laissez faire*, while those with a drive to impose their wills on others fight for the power centers.

These people are the politicians, the bishops and even the psychiatrists. They have created a climate in which sexuality, and not just homosexuality, is repressed. Until a few decades ago, sexuality could not be studied or even discussed.

Homosexuals, fortunately, are far ahead of everyone else, including heterosexuals, when it comes to sexual sanity. This statement will anger some, as there seems to be some kind of competition to be the "most abused" minority group of the year. All of this jockeying for first place ("I'm Black, and I'm more abused than you!" "No, I'm gay, and I'm worse off than you!") reminds me of the boast of a fellow countryman of mine who once said, "Well, Kentucky is in second place in the nation so far as the illiteracy rate is concerned."

Homosexuals, according to people who study such things, have more sex, start having sex sooner, and have sex longer throughout their life spans, than do heterosexuals. Male homosexuals tend to have bigger penises than male heterosexuals.

It is much easier for male homosexuals to make sexual contacts. There are fewer hangups and misconceptions—proportionately—among homosexuals than heterosexuals about sex. Homosexual sado-masochists, transvestites and other such groups are more organized and have social structures to fill their needs. The exhibitionists and voyeurs, for example, have the baths and bushes in which to show off and watch. There are heterosexual exhibitionists and voyeurs (and transvestites, sado-masochists, etc.) but they have no such means of "doing their thing."

Heterosexual marriage removes many people from the sexual "market place." The taboo against adultery prevents many of them from having affairs, so when sex with the same partner gets dull, they give up sex or turn to masturbation. We have "arrangements" or menages. The taboo against all but a few sexual positions inhibits many heterosexuals; homosexuals are notorious experimenters.

Masters and Johnson showed that a frightening percentage of heterosexuals suffer from impotence or frigidity. I don't know about frigidity among lesbians, but my own observations (from field trips, one might call them) indicates little trouble among male homosexuals from impotence.

It's a tribute to our gay institutions that heterosexuals, as they become more "liberated," imitate them. What are "singles bars" after all but gay bars for straight people? "Modern marriages" are just imitations of free-wheeling gay couplings. Bob and Carol and Ted and Alice are news only in the straight world. Bob and Carol and Ted and Alan have been carrying on like that for generations.

Far from being late arrivals to the racial, ethnic, and religious struggles for freedom and liberation, the homosexual movement is in the vanguard of a whole movement: the movement for sexual liberation. We homosexuals have retained our standing as innovators.

THE LAST ESTATE

BY GREGORY BATTCOCK

You'll never guess who I ran into while chasing up and down 42nd St. at 4 a.m. after Dr. Ruitenbeek's party on Saturday as I was trying to find something nice for my houseboy who was tired. My high-school history teacher who is easily as repulsive now as he was fifteen years ago.

High School days were not the best years of my life. As a matter of fact, after elementary school, they were the worst. Things actually got better. College was a horror (I was stuck out in Michigan) but better than high school. Graduate School was better than college; I actually learned something. Advanced graduate school is, in many ways, comparable to elementary school. Professors at N.Y.U. should wear habits: they remind me of Sister Irene. Sister Irene was a dyke and the special friend of Sister Marguerite, the principal. She was always late, was very sweet to all the "little" girls and very nasty to the little boys.

Sister Irene would get furious when she caught the little boys playing with the little girls. Fortunately, she didn't mind at all if the little boys played with each other. Actually, in the 8th grade, none of us was very little. I remember my friend

Ronald—or rather I remember his cock which he was constantly showing us. It was, I must admit, bigger than Larry's, Bill's or his brother Gerald's. But it wasn't bigger than Johnny's. Johnny's cock was at least 6" in those days—I shudder at the thought. Johnny was my best friend, and, to tell the truth, I couldn't have done better.

Johnny was very lower class. Perhaps it was he who taught me lessons I never forgot; all about the clumsy grace, the vulgar charm, the awkward poise, the unpredictable consistency, the crude beauty of his social milieu. Sometimes I got permission to have supper at his house, in a working class ghetto. His father was always drunk and his mother abusive and they had an oil stove in the living room. They used to slap each other around and they had a television set. We didn't.

WE would sit on the rug and watch Red Skelton, Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca, and smell pasta and tomato sauce cooking in the kitchen. After supper, we always went "out" which was to the candy store across the street and for a while, play the pinball machine. I didn't understand how to play it, but Johnny would feed it until we ran out of nickels. I couldn't understand it at all—such a

waste of money, just putting in nickels and pushing up the balls, and playing with the "flappers" that would cause the ball to hit 1000, or 100,000. Sometimes he won a free game which puzzled and infuriated me. I hated watching him play the machine and couldn't wait until we could go. The atmosphere in the candy store was uncomfortable and I knew I would never learn to play the pinball machine as professionally as he did.

This story could go on forever. Incidentally, did you know that fondue is king in America's most entertaining homes? Everybody relishes the flavor of robust cheese fondue... gourmet meat fondue... delectable dessert fondue. And the chef can make it right at the table without missing a minute of the fun.

If the balcony is closed, slip the usher a five and you can make it with him upstairs.

Today I can't decide whether to go to the beach, the park or the country. I received, in the mail, my boat tickets from Marseilles to Casablanca, plane ticket from Frankfurt to Rome, train ticket from Torino to Marseilles and

rental car reservations for Tangiers. That's nothing. I've spent the last two weeks fanning the flames of revolt at a fireproof campus. You just can't trust the students. As soon as your back is turned, strike or no strike, they scamper back into the classroom. Just try and keep them out. American students don't slip into a revolutionary role very easily. Their overly compartmentalized lives are a formidable obstacle. Close down the school and they don't know what to do with themselves, and that's a lot worse than the most boring lecture, the most offensive instructor, the most incomprehensible course.

Apparently, it's a lot easier to do something automatic and empty than something positive and vital. "Why did you come to class today?" I asked a group of disheveled in an art appreciation course. (Just imagine art appreciation with Indo-China starting you in the face.) "Because we want an education," came the remarkable reply. The fact remains that a lot of kids got more education in three days of a shut-down school than three years of sleeping through soporific lectures, routine assignments and copying papers out of the Encyclopedia Britannica. I should know. I write art articles in the Encyclopedia Britannica (which I copied out of the McGraw Hill Encyclopedia of Art). And they tell us that "open admissions" will lead to lower academic standards. The "standards" are set, one would imagine, by the scholars, and not the incoming freshmen.

BY HECTOR SIMMS

The drag queen is doing for homosexuality what the Boston Strangler did for door-to-door salesmen. Neither transvestites nor transsexuals serve any useful function for themselves or anyone else, except to further reinforce the ignorance of those hostile heterosexuals who would die at the stake believing that all homosexuals are willow creatures mad about girls' clothing. Yes, it is 1970, and there are still literally millions of our fellow citizens, otherwise reasonably rational, who give dedicated credence to this piece of hoary nonsense. It is both hilarious and horrifying, insane and insulting, vacuous and venomous, but these lamentably innocent people have embraced this desecrated legend since the days of Heliogabbus went slithering about his Roman palace in high drag. And why not? The only gay people unmistakably visible to them as such have been the screaming chiffon-wristed cecropias littering our streets for far too many centuries. They never notice the rest of us, for we don't look any different from them... and so we are invisible.

It is not that invisibility is any virtue, except in times of battle. The point is simply that we ARE exactly like them, except in bed! It is time that not only they, but all of us, realize and accept that fact. Most humans (which may include our lovely President Nixon, if we stretch the definition a bit) fear or dislike the strange and unknown. This does not have to make any sense, unless one thinks of the world as a vast jungle, but it's the way humans are. The stranger is almost never trusted until he becomes familiar. That is why it is so important for everybody to know that the homosexual is not a stranger in the public house. He is not a freak nor a ravenous nocturnal carnivore. He is somebody's son or brother or co-worker or employee or boss. He is in every town, somewhere in every family, in every conceivable profession. He is usually invisible, not because he is hiding, but because he is not a stranger. The drag-queen, however, is the arch-anti-homosexual, because he INSISTS on being exhibited and considered as everybody's stranger. He fights to remain a stranger, because that is exactly how he sees himself. And that is exactly how he is seen, even by most of his fellow homosexuals.

Miss Thing, your neighborhood drag, is the ugliest girl in town. His cracked mirror does not show him the real face under all that paint and yards of false lashes. He sees a lovely woman in that mirror. He does not see what the rest of us see in his face: a hideous portrait of self-hate. He does not see that his pathetic masquerade is a caricature of all that is least desirable in a real woman. He wishes as no woman does, except whores or actresses. He wears make-up and costumes of a style and manner worn only by sluts. His very methods of attracting men are those used by the most desperately insecure prostitutes. In short, the manner in which he imitates a woman clearly reveals his deep dislike and fear of them. The tenderness, the humanness, the softness, the charm, of a real live ordinary woman are missing from his ugly caricature. Only the vanity, the lewdness and the brittle veneer of the least desirable type of woman are exhibited in his cheap interpretation. He is openly telling everybody that he sees all women as over-dressed, evil-tongued whores and

bitches, who are the natural enemies of all men. And if he then chooses to disguise himself as one of these evil women, what can he possibly think of himself?

The drag queen and the transsexual are ugly because their private image of themselves is so ugly. Why don't they want to be men, straight or gay? What is so special about being a woman to them? Nobody wants to be Spiro Agnew, but what is preferable about being a 42nd Street Typhoid Mary? The answer is simple and repulsive and sad. Somewhere in the dim fungus-encrusted caverns of

It is no surprise that they should hate and fear them so much.

I can hear their outraged falsetto shrieks ringing throughout the land at this moment. "We are too beautiful to be men," they scream. "We have the souls of women trapped in the bodies of men since our births," they shout. "We are only trying to be what we were always SUPPOSED to be," they insist. Bullshit, my dears! You can wear all the lovely home-stitched gowns you want. You can have your surgical accomplices snip off anything you want. Nothing has really changed. You are still men, with or

A BIOPSY ON MISS THING

A Drag is a Drag



their frightened minds is the conviction that men are INFERIOR. They believe that women are stronger, smarter, prettier and far SUPERIOR. What other reason could they really have for being horrified at being born men? What's so terrible about being a man? If you court men, is it less homosexual to be in drag?

These self-immolating mummies don't believe in homosexual liberation. They don't believe in women's liberation. They don't even believe in the equality of the sexes. Their deeply hidden guilts and sense of inferiority compel them to believe only in the superiority of women.

without genitals. They have not removed your heads. Your gowns cover, but do not dissolve, your male anatomy. You have enriched the soil of your discontent rather than free it of the rotting roots of your unhappiness. I am not going to give you a two-minute psychological analysis of your problem, but it might be useful for you to know that all men are not weak like your fathers probably were or strong like your mothers. In most homes there is no running battle to prove which sex is the stronger. It is simply taken for granted that they both have different areas of strength, and NEITHER is

superior to the other. Neither marriage nor love is supposed to be war, and each partner can be different without being inferior. Think about it next time you look at an apple and an orange.

I am far less concerned with the heterosexual opinion of transvestites than I am with the needless self-degradation and secret misery of our misguided brothers in drag. I am not proposing that we all become gay Uncle Toms in dark grey suits, hiding in the shadows to escape recognition, and whining for acceptance from heterosexuals. It is not acceptance we are seeking; it is complete freedom we are DEMANDING to be fully acknowledged rightful sharers of the public pie with the same rights and responsibilities and rewards of all other citizens. Acceptance is important only in the sense that we must accept ourselves. Freedom begins at home in our own heads, and it is impossible so long as that head considers itself inferior. What insufferable arrogance it takes to demand respect from others when one is not willing to grant it to oneself! I do not hate drag queens or transsexuals. They are their own victims, and I feel both repugnance and compassion for them. There is no legitimate place in any modern society for people who refuse to be people instead of caricatures. Nor do I suggest euthanasia or concentration camps. I strongly suggest the mental spade work necessary to distinguish between different and inferior. Drag is a hopeless cop-out. Happiness does not lie waiting on the make-up table.

There was a little-known Roman goddess named Venus Castina. She was supposed to respond with sympathy and understanding to the yearnings of feminine souls locked up in male bodies. History is full of curious footnotes about transvestites of both genders. Among them were such as Calgula, St. Thecla, Kynaston, Philip of Orleans, the Abbe de Choisy, the Chevalier D'Eon, Empress Elizabeth of Russia, Joan of Arc, George Sand, Mlle. de Maupin, half of Kaiser Wilhelm's most intimate noble companions and that spectacular lady surgeon in the American Civil War, whose name escapes me right now. Even mythology has its untidy share of drag queens, so it's nothing new, of course. Neither are leather queens or lesbian warriors. What is fairly new is the excavation of the reasons for all these ancient life styles. The two preceding paragraphs deal with that, and let's not waste any more time justifying the matter by digging into the fetid miasmic swamps of the past for notorious specimens. Ave atque vale and all that.

No one knows better than the drag queen just how unpopular he is in contemporary society, particularly in the homosexual society. No one is jealous of him. No one wants to disembowel him. No one wants to be carelessly lumped into the same category as he, but that does not make anyone wish to send him to the gas chamber. As a matter of fact, the most gruesome punishment would be to confine all drag queens to the same small island where they would be compelled to look upon each other's bitterness and bitchiness forever, but that would be a cruelty too inhumane to contemplate. The drag queen and transsexual are so unpopular simply because it is unpleasant and uncomfortable to be in the company of anyone so openly degrading themselves through self-hatred. Who really likes the ugliest girl in town?

BY STEFEN VERK

A column of counsel to our troubled brothers and sisters who seek meaningful positive guidance and not the further imposition of heterosexual or homosexual myths, hangups, or unearned guilts. Only letters of the widest general interest can be published, but all letters will be answered if accompanied by a stamped self-addressed envelope and 50 cents for handling.

Q. Our circle of gay friends includes a few boys in their early twenties. None of us is over 40, but these younger ones often accuse us of living in a different world from them. They say our attitudes, values, social patterns and understanding of the current scene are completely out of touch with reality. Naturally, we don't agree and argue that they are only making judgments based upon the minor superficial changes kids consider so important, but which really don't matter that much. Is the so-called "New, Homosexual" actually any different from the old one?

E. L., Boston
A. Only in the sense that outside public pressures upon them have been so greatly reduced. The inside problems remain pretty much the same, but they are becoming a little easier to handle without the need to fight on two fronts simultaneously. The ignorance of the general public about homosexuality is becoming gradually dissipated through the widespread exposure of the subject in books, the theatre, films, radio, television and the public surfacing of homosexuals themselves. That's a splendid start, but now we have to educate our own gay brethren to a sense of self-value which will make them new inside as well as outside. Right on!

Q. Did you read the article A Sadist Raps in that recent issue of GAY,



and what do you think of the guy who was interviewed?

M. R., Montclair
A. I think this was the portrait of a man who cannot love, because he was never taught how to love. A man so obsessed with hate and guilt and fear that he cannot relate to anyone, except on those dreadful terms. I also think he is a man so obsessed with his malignant games and toys, that he deliberately has no time to consider whether relationships based upon respect and affection rather than pain and hate are more durable and mutually enriching. Those who deal in victims, or wish to be victims themselves, are seeking punishment directly or through surrogates for imaginary crimes or deficiencies of which they feel hopelessly guilty. They poison every well from which they drink, for they do not believe themselves worthy to drink the same water as their fancied superiors. Sadists and masochists are the same coin, and it is counterfeit currency which can buy nothing except degradation and emptiness. Such ugliness saddens me, for it is needless.

Q. I recently read the announcement of your new encounter groups. I've heard a lot about such groups, but I still don't understand how they can help anybody. What do they really do?

A. D., Hartford
A. They help you to use your big mouth for something besides sucking and to use your mind for something besides plotting how to get something to suck.

Call 724-9676 for more information, regardless of your race, religion or gender.

Q. I write for help. And I mean HELP. Please advise. I am 29, average looking, wear glasses, blonde and blue-eyed, 5' 7", 140 lbs. About 4 years ago I was in an auto accident and hit my throat on the steering post. For about 2 years I couldn't talk and after corrective surgery, I now can speak well but in a restrictive, quiet, voice. Anyplace there is a lot of noise, like a gay bar, people can't hear me. I haven't had a good relationship in six months with anyone. Can't you tell me what I should do to get approached by the guys whose looks I like? Someplace. Any place. Until two years ago I refused to admit I was a homo. I really tried to convince myself that I was gay. I hate that word "gay." Maybe if I found a lover I would be gay, but I believe we are anything but gay. So I can't point a finger at anyone and say "But for him, I would be normal." I am normal for me, so now I will admit it to myself and a few other guys I work with, but that's all. I told a few guys I work with, because I figured that if on the far chance they were gay, I could have them make me. But they didn't go that way, and one even refused to talk with me again. Anyway, I am alone. What should I do?

P. F., Philadelphia
A. Of course you are alone. If you just sit around waiting for others to approach you, or only approach those like the men in your office, your chances are so slim as to be almost nonexistent.

Don't lie to yourself; you know very well that you really expected those guys to turn you down. That is exactly why you were brave enough to approach them. You hesitate to do this with men you know are homosexual, because they might say yes, and you would have to put up or shut up. You are afraid you will have to prove your adequacy or desirability. You don't have to prove anything to anybody. All you have to do is go to bed and enjoy yourself. Sex is not a contest or a challenge. It is a sharing by two or more people who wish to be in bed together. If you see somebody who attracts you, there is no reason you should not let him know you are interested. How else can he know? The worst that can happen is that he'll say no, and that will not kill you. Everybody will not want you (or anybody else), but somebody will, no matter what you look like. Don't sit around like a wilting orchid. You will smell of despair, and others will naturally avoid you. Don't decide, in advance, that you are going to be rejected. How the hell can you be so sure? Stay away from men like those in your office. Only other homosexuals can respond in a way which will not degrade you. And if your voice is too quiet for noisy places, there are plenty of quiet bars, baths, parties, social activities, where people gather. What is to prevent you from throwing your own party and inviting as many attractive people as you meet and want? All you have to do is say hello and tell them you would enjoy having them come to your next party. Bars are not the only place to meet people, and you should widen your circle of homosexual acquaintances so that you can not only acquire friends but also discover that there are plenty of peaceful, happy, well-adjusted and attractive people, who do not consider their homosexuality a cross. You have your voice back. Now use it on the right people for your own best interests.

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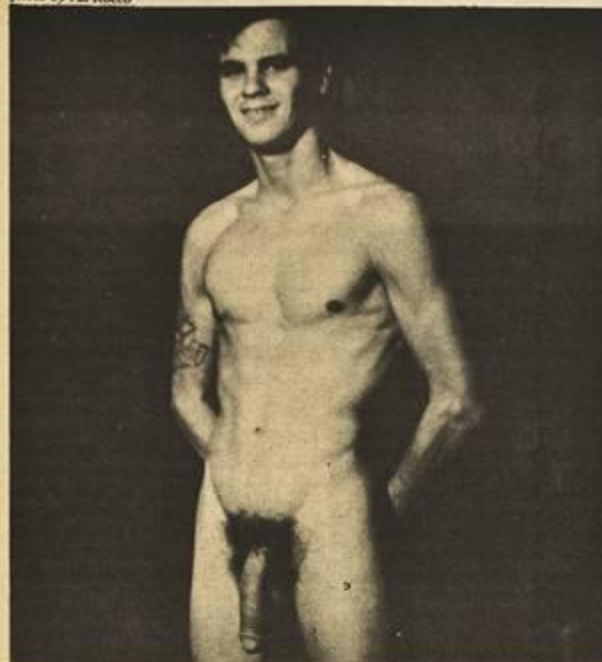
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THE LAST WORD ON PECKER CHECKING

Plumbing Care and
Maintenance Part VII

BY ANGELO d'ARCANGELO

In this final installment of his pecker-checking series, d'Arcangelo postulates a possible happy end for a dreary and unnecessary predicament.

The world is the most peculiar place I've ever lived in, but I don't run it. I just pay rent in it like everybody else, and I write what I see and know. And I know that the way things are nowadays, with everybody and his fucking Senator playing kiss-me-in-the-closet, there's no reliable way to tell who gave what to whom or where. As if it mattered.

Gloomy Sunday? The finite end of pleasure and the New Sex? Rats! V.D. is usually easier to treat than a head cold. It costs practically nothing. A couple of bucks. Penicillin, aureomycin, all of the antibiotics and even the sulfa drugs are wonderfully cheap and easy to manufacture, and it's rare indeed that a person who may be allergic to one can't take another. Just recently my friends are beginning to stock oral penicillin tablets

at home for those suspicious nights out. What's it cost? A couple of bucks for a prescription, which means that it actually costs about twenty-five cents to manufacture.

Just about anybody can treat the venereal infections. If you can bandage a wound or splint a broken limb (which is much more difficult, by the way) you can effectively treat all of your favorite infections. The technical level of information need be no more complicated than that of the first-aid section of the Boy Scout's Handbook.

Microscopic slides cost next to nothing. Anybody, even a quadruple amputee can make a smear on such a slide, and then it's just a matter of mailing it in to a lab or dropping it off. The lab examination takes perhaps five minutes, and then the report is made. You could do the same if you had the appropriate stain—pennies a bottle—and a science class microscope.

Injections are easy. Ask any diabetic or junky. In fact, antibiotic injections are easiest of all to give because one doesn't

have to locate any vein. The healing fluid is simply pumped into the larger muscles. Any larger muscles. And disposable syringes cost about a dollar, more or less. The only reason they're difficult to get is because of the fear of such equipment falling into the hands of hard drug users. Reasonable, but disposable syringes are safer because they come sterile, are only used once and don't require sharpening. The junky who keeps his spike and shares it is liable to bad punctures and scars and viral hepatitis because of improper or insufficient sterilization and dull needles. My own opinion is that if disposable syringes were put on the market there would be an imperceptible rise in the use of hard drugs, but a significant drop in the spread of venereal infections.

However, even said syringes can be had from an understanding M.D., though most would seem to prefer to prescribe oral penicillin on a one-shot basis. Either way is good, but the important thing is the confidence of the physician. He has to believe that he is aiding a responsible and reasonable person out of an embarrassing and unnecessary predicament.

With the understanding that these treatments are easy as well as necessary, and that there simply aren't enough doctors to go around, the next and most logical step would seem to me to be the establishment of self-help centers or clinics. These clinics (for want of a better word) could be set up informally under very loose medical supervision. More or less like a weight-watcher's club.

The A.M.A. restricts the equitable sharing of medical services because it is an economically, racially and sexually conservative organization devoted to making money. This organization has always done everything in its power to defeat and frustrate any attempt by any group of peoples to provide adequate medical attention to the broadest section of the population out of the fear of "socialized medicine." What I have been attempting to describe in all these articles is one horrible aspect of the practice of anti-social medicine. It is frankly against women, minority groups generally, and the poor.

Assuming that your group—and everybody moves in one—includes roughly fifty people, you all ought to be able to chip in a small amount for a male nurse whose duty it would be to administer, informally, whatever help you need in this area. If that sounds unreasonable, consider that most people sleep around in the same constricted circles in such a way that at the end of a year or so nearly everybody has had nearly everybody else: a kind of slow-motion orgy.

There are structured organizations which already exist which could, if their members wished it, offer such services. The Mattachine is one such, though it is devoted to other goals, social and more specifically legal. There are others. Offhand I can think of the Gay Activists Alliance. True, GAA is rather a civil protest group leaning heavily on active political participation, but it does encourage some socializing within the group. That would suggest not only the possibility of such treatment, confidentially, but the probable need of it. GLF is another softly-structured homophile organization which could institute such a program. This might be

most easily done by GLF because it works, partially, within the social framework of the New York Alternate U. There, the members and their friends engage in dancing and what you will. Social activities. Harmless, yes, but they will and should lead to more significant intimacies. This ought to be reason enough for such a group to arrange whatever structure is needed to guard its membership against brutalization at the hands of indifferent or contemptuous civil servants.

It should be noted with relief and congratulations, that one organization already exists which recognizes the need for this kind of service, and has taken steps to offer it. The West Side Discussion Group ought to serve as a model for many organizations, homophile and what have you, in its wise, discreet and humane handling of this inconvenient problem.

Alas, our government is so unresponsive to questions of popular welfare—in the best sense—that there is little hope for the overthrow of traditional prejudices and vested interests.

In all the foregoing, in all of my postulating about what ought to be, and in seeking out simple solutions to annoying if not fatal possibilities, it seems to me obvious that the key to the success of any autoprogressive program ought to lie in the recognition of the group dynamics of each particular group, by those individuals who lead, make up or guide it. Even the most superficial study of modern mores suggests that for many young people, group identification on a sexual level tends to replace or augment marriage or those long-term liaisons which closely resemble marriage. There are ties, economic, social, as well as ideological which unite large segments of the population between the ages of 19 to 29. The possible satisfactory elimination of venereal ills—along with most others—rests squarely with these very people. It has become obvious that the discreet, voluntary telephone call, upon which loosely social people over thirty depend, is a thing of the past and a rarely effective measure. Don't forget we're describing the SHAME generation.

All in all, as with sex generally, we can say we'd benefit immensely from a modern self-protective openness about all aspects of sex. We must have at least that if we are to survive. We recognize the causes of various sexual maladies, venereal, psychosomatic and otherwise, and the consequences. We know they can all be cured. We know that like polio, these infections can easily be relegated to some obscure medical past. It's about time we addressed ourselves to these verities, too. The manipulation of social diseases is one of the many kinds of social oppression which we all suffer. No person or group seriously concerned with social change, be it evolutionary or revolutionary, can undertake to plan a future for our sex-sick nation without significant attention to these problems, and a sense of the force and pressure necessary to effect the necessary social modernization. As deeply interdependent as we know all the healths are—social, mental, economic, sexual—it is becoming increasingly apparent that greater sexual pleasure without either guilt or dangerous consequence is the goal most eagerly to be sought by all people everywhere. Remember, Rinaldo, it is possible. Now. IF WE DO SOMETHING!

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GAY'S CALENDAR

Monday, May 25: New York Mattachine Society Legal Aid Clinic at Society offices, 6pm. Free advice and information on matters legal.

Tuesday, May 26: Mattachine Society discussion and dance at Trocadero, 180 Christopher St., 8pm. Donation \$1.

Wednesday, May 27: Regular meeting of the West Side Discussion Group, Church of the Holy Apostles (28th St., & 9th Ave.), 8pm. Donation \$1.50. Topic for tonight: The gay bars. There is also a free blood test clinic in cooperation with the city Department of Health before the meeting (discretion assured).

Thursday, May 28: Gay Activists Alliance regular meeting, Church of the Holy Apostles (28th St. & 9th Ave.), 8pm. Donation 50 cents.

"Homosexual News" on WBAI-FM, (99.5), 8pm.

Friday, May 29: "Homosexual News" rebroadcast of 5/28, WBAI-FM, 10:45 am.

Sunday, May 31: GLF Youth Group (under 20 only) meeting at the Church of the Holy Apostles, (see above), 6pm.

GLF regular meeting at the Church of the Holy Apostles, 8pm.

More to do this week: (A more complete list will appear in the next issue).

Beacon Baths (new, see ad), 227 E. 45th St.

Bigoubi, 49th St. west of 2nd Ave; dancing, private, after hours.

Christopher's End, 180 Christopher St., restaurant.

Continental Baths 230 West 74th St.

Country Cousin 1313 Third Ave., restaurant.

Finale, 48 Barrow St., restaurant.

Harry's Back East, 3rd Ave. bet. 80th & 81st Sts.

Sanctuary, 407 West 43rd St., (off 9th Ave.), discotheque.

Uncle Charlie's, Lexington Ave., at 75th St.

Wine Celler, 531 Hudson, restaurant; integrated.

Yukon, 53rd St. bet. Lexington & 3rd Ave., restaurant.

Zodiac, Little West 12th St., & Washington St.

Zoo, 421 West 13th St.

AND MOVIES, THEATRES.....

Park-Miller Theatre, 43rd St. bet. 6th Ave. & B'way, Gay male flicks.

Eros I, 732 Eighth Ave., Gay male flicks.

Masque Theatre, 440 W. 42nd St. Gay male flicks.

Mermaid Theatre, 420 W. 42nd St. Male burlesque plus flicks.

Garrick Theatre, 152 Bleecker St. "Circle In The Water" nude male play set in military school. We've not seen it yet.

Cameo Theatre: 44th St., & 8th Ave. Film, "Sexual Freedom in Denmark." A winner, egads!

Playbox Theatre, 94 St. Mark's Place. Nude gay play, "Sweet Tom" on Friday, Saturday (twice) and Sunday only. This might be their last weekend after a 5-month run. See this week's cover for the star of the show!

NATIONAL DIRECTORY

Chicago Gay Liberation For information call (312) 955-7433, 473-3967 or 528-8716.

Committee for Homosexual Freedom meets Sundays at 7pm at Hospitality House, 148 Leavenworth, San Francisco, Calif.

Council on Religion and the Homosexual meets at Glide Church, 330 Ellis, San Francisco, Calif. Telephone (415) 771-6300.

Daughters of Bilitis, Inc. For information write Rita Laporte, DOB, 1005 Market St., San Francisco, Calif. 94103. Telephone (415) 861-8689. In Los Angeles, DOB meets the last Tuesday of every month at 7:30pm; write P.O. Box 3237, Hollywood, Calif. 90028. In New York, phone (212) 566-8865. Women only.

"The Ladder" the only Lesbian magazine in the U.S., is a 48-page bi-monthly. Subscriptions are \$7.50/year. Samples \$1. Available from DOB in San Francisco.

Gay Activists Alliance, P.O. Box 2, Village Station, NYC, 10014. Tel. (212) 691-2748.

Gay Liberation Front c/o Come Out, P.O. Box 92, Village Station, NYC, 10014. Tel. (212)

243-2437.

Homophile Union of Boston (HUB) Box 217, Dorchester, Mass. 02124. Tel. (617) 282-9181.

Homosexual Information Center (the Tangents Group) 3473½ Cahuenga Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. 90028.

Homosexual's Intransigent (HI) Men and women segregated, c/o Craig Schoonmaker, 127 Riverside Dr., NYC, 10024. Tel. (212) 799-5692.

LE HI HO Box 1003, Moravian Station, Bethlehem, Pa. 18018.

Mattachine Society, Inc. of New York 243 West End Ave., NYC, 10023. Tel. (212) 799-0916.

Office open every night except Sunday, from 6-9pm, and Saturdays from 2-5pm.

Mattachine Midwest P.O. Box 924, Chicago, Ill. 60690. Tel. (312) 334-2244.

Mattachine Society of Washington P.O. Box 1032, Washington, D.C., 20013. Tel. (202) EM 2-2211.

Metropolitan Community Church, 5308 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, Calif. 90038. Every Sunday at 11am.

Society for Individual Rights (SIR) 83 Sixth Ave., San Francisco, Calif. Tel. (415) 781-1570.

SIR of Ohio, Inc. P.O. Box 9761, Columbus, Ohio 43206. Tel. (614) 469-0154.

West Side Discussion Group, Box 502, Cathedral Station, NYC, 10025.

Homophile organizations are invited to apply to GAY in order to have their addresses and other information published in the Directory or Calendar.

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G.G.
New York City

I like your paper because it is young-sounding in the best way: honest and relevant, yet not too full of all those exasperating little grunts of hysteria that pass for journalism in most of the so-called "with it" youth shit.

C.U.
Minneapolis, Minn.

We congratulate the editors of GAY... Vital provocative discussion... Each issue is well thought out and edited.

Tangents Newsletter

I am a counselor and it might come as somewhat of a surprise to you—but a pleasing surprise, I hope—that some of the most helpful insights have come from publications such as yours.

Father C.S.
Roman Catholic Priest

I recently was fortunate enough to see a copy of GAY while on a visit to the United States from the Republic of Vietnam. I think it is a tremendous breakthrough!

R.M.
Army Post Office

What has particularly impressed me is the very fresh feeling this last issue has given me. Very much down to earth, and lots of sensible things said.

Jose P.
Brooklyn, N.Y.

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