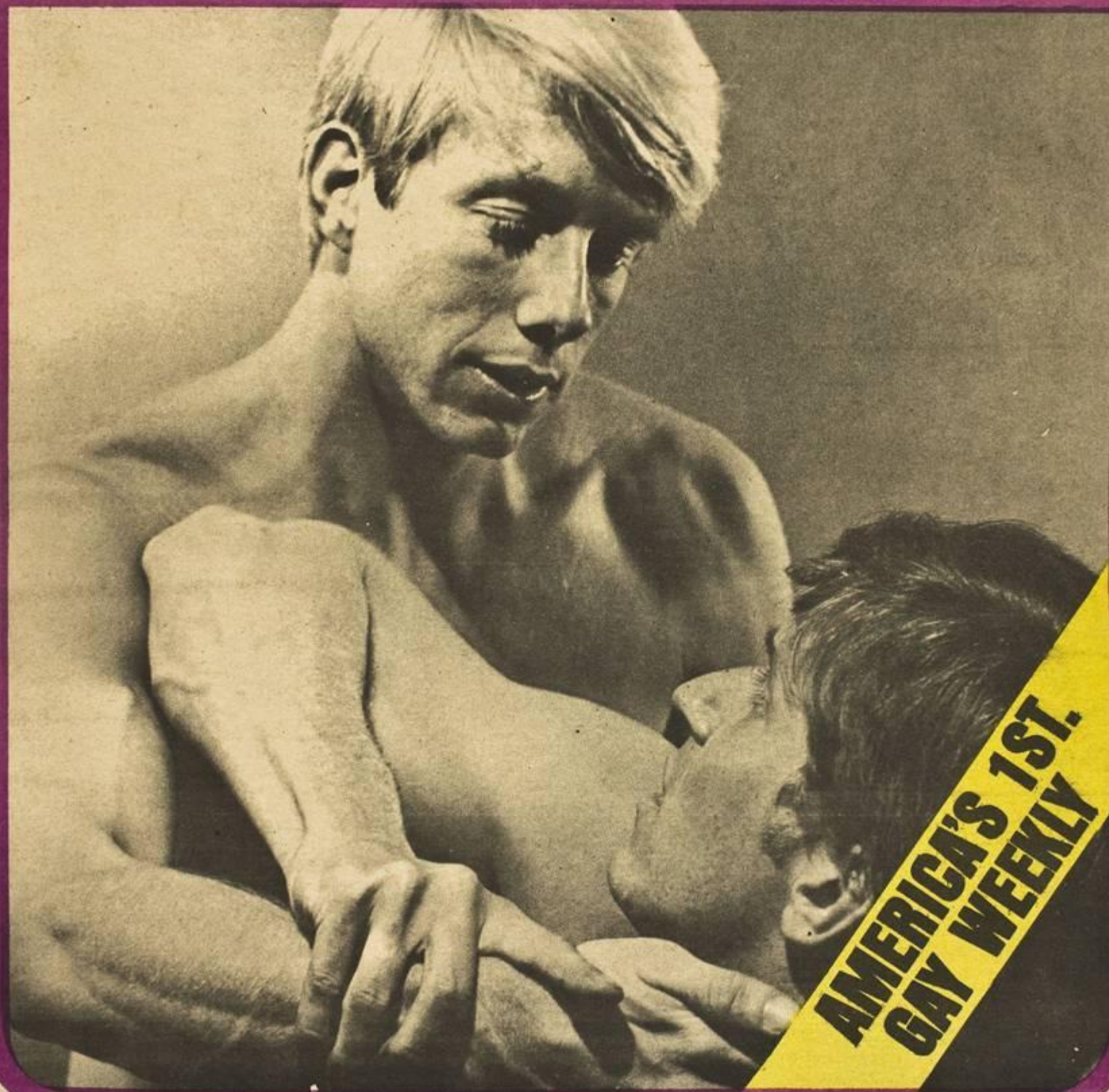


GAY

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NO.18



AMERICA'S 1ST.
GAY WEEKLY

**CRUISING CENTRAL
PARK P.4 ★ SCANDALS
IN THE SENATE P.13**

DEAN TAIT AND CALVIN CULVER, STARS OF "CIRCLE IN THE WATER"

The Editors Speak:

MURDER IN CENTRAL PARK

This issue of GAY contains a fine article by John Francis Hunter on the many joys to be found in Manhattan's Central Park. While John quite properly calls attention to the dangers facing those who cruise the Park, we feel we must reemphasize those dangers.

As GAY goes to press, we are saddened by the news that a gentleman has been murdered and robbed in the vicinity of 77th Street, one hundred feet east of West Drive. He was shot in the stomach, and three teen-aged boys are being held as suspects. The killing occurred at 10:30 p.m.

There are many places to meet friends. While we hope that citizens can continue to enjoy the delights of Central Park, we would still caution GAY's readers to take care. Be sure that you are never far from other people when you go into the Park.

CIRCLE IN THE WATER

GAY believes that it is more important to tell the truth than to worry about offending the paper's advertisers. Our editorial posture is in no way affected by the fact that we may lose advertising revenue. Our writers may speak their minds, and our advertisers are welcome to continue or discontinue their patronage. But editorial honesty comes first.

Thus we are pleased to print Peter Ogren's scathing review of CIRCLE IN THE WATER. After reading Peter's review of this play, we went to see it ourselves and found we were in full accord.

CIRCLE has been previewing for too long. It is, in our opinion, abusing its preview privileges. Why should a poor play have such long runs prior to opening? Only to make as much money as possible before getting panned by the critics? Such long runs may be justified in some rare cases, but our only word for CIRCLE IN THE WATER is *exploitation*.

BELLA ABZUG FOR CONGRESS!

GAY asks that its New York readers vote for Mrs. Bella Abzug, who is running against Leonard Farbstein for the 17th District Congressional seat. Mrs. Abzug has demonstrated by word and deed that she is properly concerned with the problems facing homosexual citizens.

Her enlightened stand on issues other than civil liberties for homosexuals is also commendable. If certain readers are not in a position to vote, we hope they will spread the word among friends that Mrs. Abzug is worthy of the high post she seeks.

CHANNEL 13: AN UNLUCKY NUMBER?

Is Channel 13 (WNET - Educational TV) consciously attempting to paint the homosexual community in colors of the extreme left? A recent taping of a program about homosexuality was deliberately planned, we believe, to do so. Fern McBride, the young lady in charge of program planning, invited three hard-core radicals (all of whom belonged to one organization). She had been carefully warned about overemphasizing their position, but took no heed.

The extremists attacked the positions of their fellow gay panelists instead of talking about the very real problems faced by homosexuals. The program degenerated into organizational rivalry interspersed with enthusiastic quotes from anti-homosexual "heroes" such as Eldridge Cleaver. A weak moderator failed to intervene and rude interruptions ruled the one-hour bickering session.

Watch for the program in TV Guide in the near future. It will be shown on the program *Newsfronts*, unless the station changes its mind. It is one thing to spur controversy. It is quite another to give an already hostile public erroneous impressions of homosexuals.

It is time for TV planners to realize that not just any homosexual makes a responsible spokesman for the gay community. Since Channel 13 was cautioned about such matters we hold the station responsible for creating an erroneous impression if it proceeds to put the taped program on the air.

GAY

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Calif. Lawmaker Opts for Reforms

Sacramento, Calif. - Frank Murphy, Jr., chairman of the California Assembly Committee on Criminal Procedure, has reversed his stand against sex law reform.

Last year, after his committee failed to pass a bill introduced by two San Francisco assemblymen which would have made oral and anal sex acts legal in the Golden State, Murphy said, "I am not prepared to support legislation which

condones, across the board, sexual activity between members of the same sex."

This year, however, Murphy—after requesting extensive revisions in the technicalities of the wording—says he will support a similar bill.

In the authors' version, making the scene with animals remained an offense in the present section, but human carryings-on were moved into new sections described as "deviate sexual behavior."

Under Murphy's amendments, copulation with animals is eliminated

entirely as a matter for government concern. (Murphy is from an agricultural area.)

If passed, sodomy or oral copulation will be offenses in California only under certain conditions:

(1) If one of the persons is under 18 years of age and more than three years younger than the other. Thus, pairings of adults would become entirely outside the scope of the law, as well as activities between homosexuals of approximately the same ages.

Violations of this section carry maximum sentences of 15 years, but

would permit the judge to sentence offenders to the county jail for periods of less than a year.

(2) Where force, violence, duress, menace or threat of great bodily harm is involved—that is, in case of rape—or where one of the parties is less than 14 years of age and more than ten years younger than the other party. The minimum penalty would be three years in prison.

(3) Where force is used by a group of persons—the so-called "gang bang." The sentences would run from five years to life.

CHRISTOPHER STREET LIBERATION DAY ANNOUNCED

New York, N.Y. - Sunday, June 28, has been designated Christopher Street Liberation Day, commemorating the Stonewall riot and the birth of new activism within the homophile movement.

According to Craig Rodwell, one of the coordinators of the activities, the day will be celebrated with a walk from Sheridan Square up Sixth Avenue to Central Park, and over to the Sheep Meadow for a Gay-In. Assembly time for the walk will be from 1 to 2 o'clock p.m. in Sheridan Square, and the walk will begin at 2:00.

For those who wish to participate but cannot walk that far, there will be a group who will join the others at 59th Street and Sixth Avenue.

GLF AND WOMEN'S LIB ZAP SHRINKS

San Francisco, Calif. - On May 14th, a coalition of Gay Liberation Front and Women's Lib invaded the meeting of the American Psychiatric Association to protest the reading of a paper by an Australian psychiatrist on the subject of "aversion therapy," a system of treatment which attempts to change gay orientation by keying unpleasant sensations (such as electric shocks) to homosexual stimuli.

By the time the meeting was over, the feminists and their gay cohorts were in charge of the meeting, and the doctors were heckling from the audience.

Dr. Nathaniel McConaghy of the University of New South Wales had come all the way from Australia to deliver his paper, and when the protestors started booing, he pleaded with them for a hearing.

Ironically, McConaghy is of the school which does not regard homosexuality as a mental aberration, and he told the demonstrators so. "This paper is the result of six years work," he said, "Let me have my half-hour to report on it."

One woman leaped to the stage and demanded to use the microphone. Without identifying herself, she lashed out against McConaghy's paper.

"There is an alternative to this horrible, barbaric, disgusting, sadistic technique," she said. "That is, that people who are upset about something get together and talk about their problems among themselves."

Dr. John Paul Brady of Philadelphia, chairman of the session, allowed the

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GAY NEWS

June 8, 1970, Volume 1, Number 18



German Sex Party founder Joachim Driessen with pretty Karin Nagel, DSP charter member

SEX MAG GOES POLITICAL

Hamburg, Germany - The *Deutsche Sex-Partei* was formally founded as a political party last month. The party is for free love, with the accent on freedom. It is also a peace party, and blames World War II on Hitler's sexual frustrations.

"We must discover an era of peace," says party boss Joachim Driessen. "Where aggression will be practiced only in the marriage and other beds."

The party's announced goal is to remove sex from the restrictions and inhibitions of the past. Marriage, for example, should be considered a contract no different from an agreement to rent a house. The parties should be able to specify the length of the contract and how many people of whatever sex are included.

The German Sex Party started almost

by accident. Driessen, who started out as a landscape painter for department stores, got into the sex business in the notorious St. Pauli district through a newspaper, which he turned into a sex paper. Later he founded his own paper, the *St. Pauli Zeitung*.

The *Zeitung* has a weekly circulation of 600,000, which makes it the second largest paper in West Germany. But its raw pictures and classified ads for group sex and mate-swapping caused trouble with the censors. It was put on the federal index five times in the first six months of publication.

After three appearances on the index, a paper can be banned for a year. In order to circumvent this possibility, Driessen made the paper the official journal of a political party. West German law, carefully written to prevent the closures of the Nazi era, makes it virtually impossible to shut down a political organ.

(To reinforce his claim to

respectability, Driessen recently turned the *Zeitung* into a daily which balances sex with more ordinary news.)

Driessen delivered the keynote speech at the party's founding convention, where he emphasized that war and religion (both bad) are the result of sexual frustrations, and that Hitler would never have become a world menace if he had led a happy sex life.

In its first proclamation, the party came out for group sex and partner changes.

Driessen has hired a political thinker to develop the party philosophy along more serious lines. "We are not for sex anarchy but freedom of choice," he said.

Driessen is married, and says, "Personally, I am the monogamous type—allowing of course for the occasional straying." His wife, a medical assistant, does not approve of his sex party.

"She's not political," Driessen explained.

(continued on page 12)

BY JOHN FRANCIS HUNTER

One has done for Central Park what John Rechy did for L.A.'s Griffith Park in his sackathon entitled *Numbers*, and it's a crying shame. Central Park deserves every bit as much. And what a healthful place to be writing a book, even if you never get around to writing!

When I first came to New York with my shoe box full of Missouri fried chicken and preserved paw-paws, my khaki tuxedo, tap shoes and linoleum tie, ready for the Big Apple, they told me not to venture into Central Park except of a Sunday afternoon when it looks like Bruegel's "Games."

"Muggings!" they whispered darkly. "Rumbles!" (They were still talking *West Side Story* when I got here, and all the boys on Columbus Avenue carried castanets along with their switchblades.)

So for two years the closest I went to CP after twilight was the porch of the Museum of Natural History, where I would hunker down beneath the equestrian statue of Teddy Roosevelt in the protective shadow of his mighty steed's magnificent balls and wistfully watch the big boys bravely promenading across the street on Central Park West. But I wouldn't haul ass on over, CPW being too close to the Unknown for comfort.

Then one night a big spender from Winnipeg picked me out of the poison oak of the Oak Room of the Plaza, which was the only bar I'd ever heard of where gentlemen gathered, and invited me to go for a *flacre* ride (they're not hansomos, strictly) in the interior of the park. After seven! I accepted, very much needing the dollar or two I figured I was sure to earn later.

"Why are you trembling?" he asked as we rolled into the park proper.

"I didn't wear my wolfbane, garlic and crucifix," I said.

To my astonishment, it was lovely and peaceful in there, like the Bois de Boulogne predawn on your way home from Les Halles (that's all in Kansas City). The Canadian went down on me as we clattered along, and when I came up for air we were stopped at an intersection. I caught a glimpse of two chaps in white doing it not more than twenty paces from the roadway. Zounds, such insouciance!

Thereafter I began to stroll the walks on the immediate periphery of the park and soon found CPW to be as safe and as hospitable as Third Avenue. Not only that, it is the longest floating meat rack I had discovered after Las Ramblas in Barcelona (the one in the Ozarks). Inevitably, one night I took the logical step off the unyielding paving blocks onto the resilient grass and turf of the park itself. 'Twas the night of the big power failure (the first one, when *Vintage '69* opened and closed). That night all cats were black, and I figured I was as likely to be mugged on West End as in the park, a conclusion that still holds true, electricity or no.

My entrance was by direct invitation that first time. That may have been the only occasion when someone who asked for a match legitimately needed one. To see what time it was, of course, he didn't want me to think him trite. And I promptly told him I didn't live around there, which proved I was. Follow?

Though it didn't matter with half the

city blacked out whether it was midnight or not, I was more relaxed knowing it was only eleven. I had already learned that you're supposed to be out of the park by midnight, on pain of fine, that you should carry ID and a buck or two so as not to get booked for vagrancy, an empty pocket being proof of vagrancy. (Sexual apartheid was stringently enforced under Wagner, you know.) Since that night I have found many safe—well, as safe as anywhere outside your own boudoir—spots in the park where people make love all night and occasionally in the mid-afternoon, but that first time I was frightened and nervous to find myself with some faceless number tugging at my belt, fly, pants, garter belt and jockies in a not-too-dense clump of bushes directly beneath the boundary wall on CPW between Sixty-ninth and Seventy-second Streets. Passion prevailed, of course, and not only did I linger past midnight, I did not exit until the sun had spright what Con Ed oft cannot.



(photo by Ken Geul)

THE SCENIC WONDERS OF CENTRAL PARK

photo by Pat Rocco

From that night 'til now I have come a long, long way, figuratively and literally, and it has been well worth the trip. I've burned more leather in that park than Jane Fonda during the entire filming of *They Shoot Horses*. After spending all day at the typewriter, what lovelier reward to give myself than a hop into the fenced-in playground across from the Tavern-on-the-Green and into the bushes just north of it? Or a hike down the bridal path toward the Seventy-second Street overpass, a veritable tunnel of love at night? It's pocked with puddles, of course, and redolent of horse manure, but to an ex-farm boy the latter is the elixir of childhood adventure. We in Missouri were weaned on Mark Twain (also T.S. Eliot and other great Show Me writers).

Just off Seventy-second, as the street swings down through CP then northward, there is a meadow where residents of the poth Dakota walk their poodles. Just east of it looms a fair stand of trees, amongst which paths criss-cross through undergrowth that from late May through November provides retreats and crannies, niches and shelters for making love. The paths are traveled during the winter months as well, when the hardier and hornier park habitues still gather for Fox and Goose.

You should go now, wander silently among the stealthy hunters, picking off what you like best or being picked off

suddenly without a sound and led into the verdant recesses. Rainy evenings are the best for bringing out the animal and animals. . . .

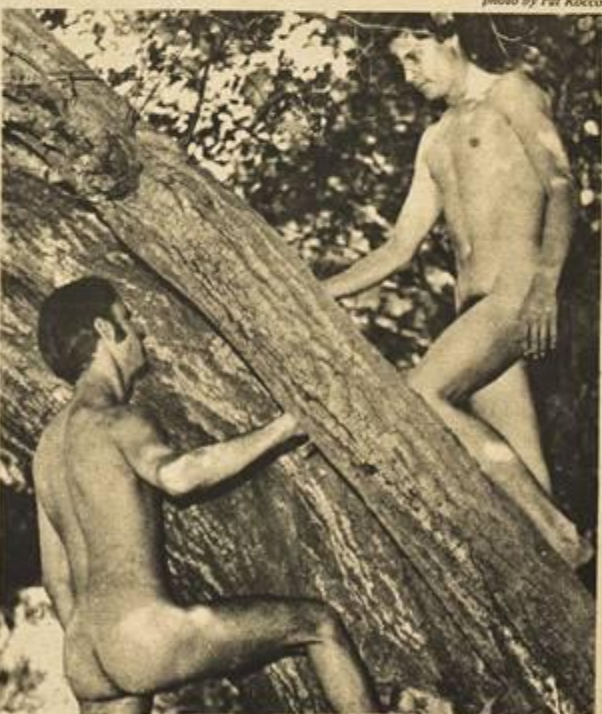
In the bird sanctuary, CP's Rambles, ignoring the signs that warn against straying off the paths after sundown, you can cluster fuck with relative impunity. You may find yourself the Adonis of the evening up there northeast of the pond, not far from the glowering weather station that looks like a parapet out of *Hamlet*. You, in the "passion pit" beneath the giant boulder where young men sunbathe by day, your pants lowered by deft hands reaching from behind while a humpy youth worships prayerfully in front and celebrants on either side fill your hands with their cocks, fat, moistened. Behind, the supplicant tongues your ass, potential hepatitis be damned. As the rain begins, the group disperses. Cashmere sweaters, toupees, low on ascorbic acid and subject to colds, who knows why they run from the gentle rain? They flee toward the summer house southeast above the pond, but you stay and seek shelter beneath an oak. Ah, two men, hardy as you, are there. One is on his knees, has drawn down the other's pants, exposing splendid flanks and buttocks. The one who is being done sees you, motions, reaches for you, fumbles with your zipper (exquisite moment!), extricates your cock, strains to kiss your mouth. The one on the ground rises. He is dark-haired, husky, his long lashes rain-beaded. He usurps your cock.

Rain sings in the leaves, you are sung upon. The fair one shakes his head, splattering you, and begins to undress.

The other copies him. You copy them. You all stand naked, free, sung upon, your arms around each other, hearts singing. The dark one returns to his knees, slipping out of the embrace, takes two cocks in his mouth, and you who are standing smile as you kiss, each with a hand gently on the head of the one who kneels, encouraging. A crescendo of rain, and you come with it. You stand shivering, kissing the dark one as the fair one goes down on him and his thrusting tongue tells the rhythm of his cock, and he comes. You laugh together as you pull your wet, now muddy, clothes on, embrace again and swim away through branches. . . .

Isn't the park patrolled? Yes, now and then a police car cruises along the central paths, and during the summer months occasionally a helicopter hovers over with a 1984 searchlight flushing you out of a cove or sending you skittering into one. Sexual apartheid makes silly boys of grown men. Occasionally a summons is issued, now and then you hear of arrests, but in the past few years the patrolling has taken the form of protection rather than harassment. Generally the fuzz, when they stop you in the park, are polite and will explain there are muggers. You will be told hair-raising tales of murders, particularly that of a gentle professor some years back who was dismembered, and undoubtedly the tales are true. But so are mine.

One morning in May, after having been out all night, drinking, on the East Side, I am crossing the park at dawn. Early worms surface among the leafy bypaths of the Rambles. Singles, a few in



A Sportsman's Guide to the Great Outdoors

pairs. It is a clear, fragrant purple morning. A Latin boy in a black raincoat emerges from a cove, stares at me, disappears. I walk on, still unsteady from drinking, then I must pee. I leave the main path and thread my way into the trees. He appears ahead, in a little dell. He opens his black raincoat. His white bell-bottoms have been truncated in reverse, elasticized at the knees, leaving the rest of his body exposed! Body of The David, with a bigger cock. I go to him, he envelops me warmly in his raincoat and kisses my neck, pressing his naked body to mine. I think of a Chinese Crested Terrier, bred hairless by the Mandarins as bed-warmers. I step back, look, he is The David again. I touch his smooth chest, mold his pecs, sculpt his back, and he sinks, melting living statue, to suck me. It is not true that the best thing for a hangover is a hair of the dog that bit you!

When I think of the pounds gained snarfing down the beer and the bread

scattered as to the birds in bars voluntarily or in the line of duty for GAY, I ponder how much better off I'd be to write a regular column on parks from coast-to-coast. On the embattled, treeless Kew Gardens plot in Queens where hostile "vigilantes" roam, Fenway in Boston, Exposition in San Francisco, Swope in Kansas City (second largest municipal park in America entirely within a city limits, after CP), and Lafayette in Washington. My park encounters have been impersonal, yes, but now and then I've made a friend, began an affair, probably as frequently as in bars, when I average it out. I've been invited out of the park to parties, I actually met an agent in CP who got me a stock booking (khaki tuxedo finally put to use), and I've done a little hustling there, too. But most of all I've felt free under the sky and among the trees. Of course, you have to be alert to the chance you may be caught, which I suppose is part of the excitement, a lingering infection of the guilt virus. To

go to the park exclusively for sex, even if you convince yourself you enjoy the outdoors, doesn't make you a man for all seasons.

But if you dig all types for sex, cruise the chicken strolling near the ice rink just above Central Park South, their skates flung over their shoulders, bodies chilled and in need of warming. Hike the inner paths paralleling Fifth Avenue up past the zoo toward the Metropolitan Museum, and you'll run across well-heeled gentlemen from the silk-stocking Seventies with perhaps chilled hearts that can also be warmed. Humpy young long-hairs, students with shining evening faces, Puerto Ricans with wives at home, bearded adventurers up from the Village, closet transients in cars bearing New Jersey license plates, and athletes returning from their workouts at the Sixty-third Street Y populate the Rambles and the parking area south of the pond, the arbor east of the Mall and the retreats south and west of the Sheep

Meadow. All kinds for all seasons, certainly.

Once I had a bad trip with a tall bearded ersatz cowboy whom I met at the weather station, but it was my fault. I was in a capricious mood, and after playing sex tag with him drew him into a silly conversation that seemed to cool us both. Finally I announced I had to "get home to my lover." He elected to walk me out of the park at Sixty-ninth, and when we hit the light I began to have second thoughts about letting him go. He was rangy, had a ballys gait I liked. So I suggested we risk my lover's being "out" and at least have a drink at my place. He consented.

At my apartment we continued our conversational inanities, this time with him putting me off. I thought I'd never get him back around to the kind of talk that would lead back to the kind of play I had brought to a halt in the park. He got the ball, kept it, and ran for a touchdown in my bedroom.

No one will believe just how I happened to have a leather jock strap lying there on the bed. He didn't. Well, you see, I had been to this Halloween party, I had worn that very jock strap and meant to put it away for next Halloween and, well, there it was. Sure. . . .

He asked me to put it on. Being an exhibitionist of the first order, I complied. He growled approval, then suggested he slip into it. With his beard and bare long limbs and his bulge in my jock, he turned me on. We hit the sack.

I had never been raped before and haven't been since. I had never to that time been slapped and seen white lightning at my jaw or been fucked without benefit of lubricant, at least spit. Nor have I known such fear, fear that he would, as he threatened, disfigure, bludgeon or "decommission" me!

It seems I had snubbed this bearded number some years back, or he had felt snubbed, when I was "starring" in a cabaret revue in the Village and glorying in the attentions of Stage Door Johnnies. Then this night in the park, I had gone coy on him, bringing him into heat then going cold on him, lying to him, then wanting him. He had every right, I suppose, to surmise I was looking for a master. Well, I got one, and only by playing slave and seeing that he had proper service did I save myself from one of the fates worse than death he'd threatened.

He became harmless as a decorative cannon soon as he'd shot his load, but not until I'd locked and bolted the door behind him and stuffed that unrepresentative jock deep into the drawer with the dance belt, codpiece, vinyl vest and linoleum tie did I breathe again and stop trembling. Cock o' the walk in CP, but chicken in the henhouse!

I could write a book about what's happened to me in, around and because of Central Park, but why read when you can go out and assemble your own material? If you're shy, attend a concert on the Mall for openers and cruise a music lover, following him afield after "The Star Spangled Banner." (If you can stand up.) Or gather at a peace rally and lock eyes as you make the V sign, building your bang in the bushes later on something in common. After one beautiful experience in CP you'll find yourself slipping into sneakers and something comfy after work and taking a regular constitutional. Maybe we'll do a chapter together.

BY ANGELO d'ARCANGELO

My life is so peculiar it fascinates me. It repels me a little too, but even that occasional spasm of depression is fascinating. Am I living witness to de Sade's *Justine*? A reincarnation? Or a newer, G.M., Annie Fannie, stumbling from one horizontal adventure to another, blythe as fresh butter and gleeful as a chipmunk? I don't know which. Both, I suspect.

My worries are wonderfully simple: money and the world situation. Now, getting money is considerably easier than rearranging the political order of the nation, and the fact that the latter depresses me as much as it does seems to be proof that I'm using it as an excuse to avoid those responsibilities and liabilities within my own sphere of control. My mortgage. Con Edison. The Telephone Co., and a bank loan well in arrears. Anyway, before I hustle down to the burnished portals of GAY, my freshly typed pages in hand, let me only consider that according to all I've been taught about the business of living, one is supposed to drag some value out of the day's or week's existence: to learn something. Whether you do it as distracted mothers drag their children out of burning tenements—just an instant before the roaring edifice crumbles—or as an English actor in a Tea Cup Drama opens a scented envelope taken from a silver tray, the point is, I think, that one does get it. It.

It being, as I seem to remember having said in one of those notes I periodically stuff into bottles and hurl into the surf, this message: *The world is the most peculiar place I've ever lived in. How interesting! Or, Having a curious time, wish you were too.*

For example. Just a while ago I put ads in several papers. Not sex ads. Just ads for simple and wholesomely respectable service. If these messages, identically worded, were not models of transparent, forthright meaning, I'll eat your hat. But lord! The telephone never stopped ringing. Everybody thought I had a new wrinkle, some kind of kink for the sex thing. After talking to countless numbers of hemming and hawing numbers, I became acutely aware of the telephone as an instrument of misunderstanding between me and thee.

Finally I spoke to a reasonable-sounding somebody and went to check it out. A corpulent masseur with good manners needed some work done. (Not for nothing did I dote on The Hardy Boys and Ellen Drew: I know how to check out an apartment. Dig the small framed crudely cartoonish pornographic pix of hairy, bludgeon-toined studs sockin' it to each other knee-deep in chains. Dig the bookshelf: *Loretta, Girl of The Whips*, and *Leather Men*. Check out a massage table and two vibrating dildoes close at hand. Ditto a leather cycle cap with a chain hatband and fringes. Ditto the link belt around the ample waist of my smiling would-be employer with an oddly prominent scar running through most of his hairline.)

Nothing accomplished that day, but a quick trip home to total up expenses and present an estimate. *Prepare for the next visit.* The next day I appear in my standard smile, ready to take measurements and get on with it, saying to myself (but not aloud) "Angelo, dear, what do you care what he does for a living so long as he does legit business with you?" And I had to admit I was right. The dimpled M (for masseur) wasn't there, but I found two of his assistants, Dawn and Celeste (their names

BELL TELEPHONE



the high cost of real obscenity

have been changed to protect their lack of innocence) in their white nurse-manicurist-masseuse uniforms, watching *Two Faced Woman* with Greta Garbo and Melvin Douglas. Bizarre! All during the black and white Art-Deco chic of the antique flick, the telephone rang. I listened in over Garbo to one-sided responses from Dawn to gentlemen inquiring about rates for "The Usual" and finally, from one soul who wanted to know... well....

DAWN: Twenty dollars. Discipline? Do I know what Discipline is? Yes, I think so.

GARBO: Waiter. Some champagne!

DAWN: Yes. That's abuse and whips. Verbal abuse. Punishment.

GARBO: Sorry. Is this a waiter or another husband?

DAWN: Thirty. Yes. Regular massage is twenty. Discipline is thirty.

GARBO: Oh! Dis is a wonderful place. So many attractif mens!

As I say, I was grooving on the black and white mache life on the tube and the mache life on the telly, when in comes a customer. He was up tight, really tight: you know how closet queens won't look at you? And in pressing need of a rub. Twenty dollars worth. Dawn handles it all with aplomb, and she indicated the salon in

the rear to Mr. X, and his masseuse, Celeste.

A WORD ABOUT CELESTE. Celeste was a young, attractive brown girl in a wig hat, who was about as surly as anybody could be and not scare horses. All during the super-swanky doings in one of those incredible night clubs which had Dawn and I laughing, she had only opened her mouth once and that was to say, "What a dull damn movie." Constant Bennett bitching Greta Garbo dull? Celeste napped, or pretended to, under a quilt on the couch. When sandy-haired, mildly mod Mr. "X" headed to the table in the rear, she clunked off after him on her white gunboats, her arms crossed in grudging duty.

Dawn and I sat a while longer, the film almost over, listening to the brisk slapping sounds from the rear, nodding and smiling and winking. Before long, another man came in. Older, at ease with himself, he joined us on the couch, enjoying the movie and our cursory discussion of constricting underwear and fat. Eventually I left, promising to call later. When I did I was informed by Chubby-Rubby—as though he feared and/or wanted a quarrel—that he had decided to give the work to someone else. So it goes. Moral? You tell me. I'm sure it must have something to do with the meaning of art, it's function, but I'd rather refer the matter to Sly of the Family

Stone. He says, "Different Strokes for Different Folks." But, if there's a will is there a way?

What about the value of my life? Right? Or anybody's. Which leads us like itching pubescent stragglers in the indoctrination line of the Summer Camp of existence to the main cabin. Here, covered with the fine dust of cookies, and high on Grade A, we are presently to be introduced to Group Encounter Therapy. We've all read about it. Most of us have gone sleepless trying to think of ways to avoid it. But here it is. We are sitting in a charming room with Group Leader (Stefen) Verk, and a lot of perfectly ordinary people. It begins to look suspiciously like a cross-section of something, but I'm thankfully free enough not to mine. At least not this week.

We begin. I was late, as usual; that is the way I begin things. I watch. I listen. I begin to grow impatient with myself. I confess it! "Why," I thought, "aren't there more crazies here? These people are behaving just like everybody else; if we're not careful this may become dull. I may become dull." You can see the precariousness of the situation, can't you? People are simply talking directly to one another about rather personal things: their feelings, their appearance, their responses. Verk—a cross between Cardinal Richelieu and Groucho Marx—is getting everybody into the act. Which act seems to be just relaxing and being yourself.

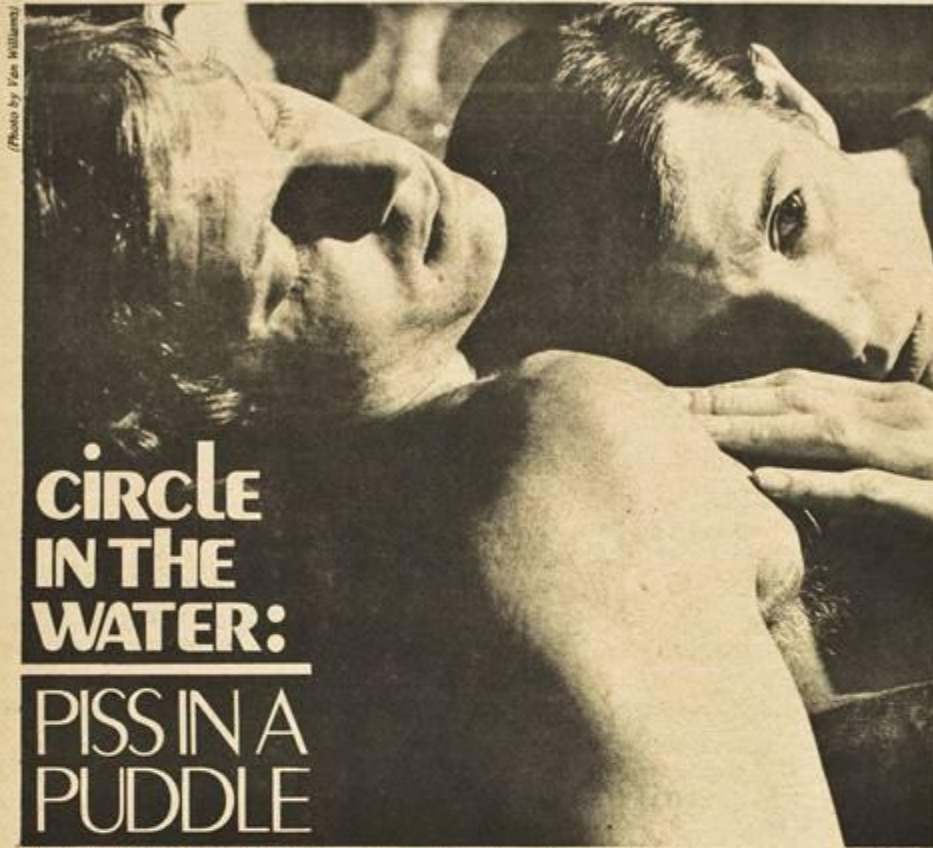
Then, late as usual, the idea like a lightbulb in a Smoky Stover cartoon goes off, and I get the message: I, Angelo d'Arcangelo, alias Egbert Furd, alias Nobody N. Particular tend to feel pretty much in touch with my feelings, pretty frank, open, and spontaneous. Feeling that way I tend to forget that most people, unhappily, don't. Not only that, they get confused, and think that the majority of human beings—including themselves—can't. The world becomes a group photograph of a class reunion in which everybody smiles like mad, and we look for our face in the ranks, vaguely remembering our position, vaguely remembering our activities, and find an inked out oval where our identity should have been. We search the legend below for our names, just to make sure we haven't made a mistake—and knowing we haven't—and find the appropriate name followed by a cocklebur asterisk and the word, "Dropped Out."

What to do? What do you do to remind yourself that you've given up the attempt? How coarse are the stimulants, the distractions you require? How deep are the subterfuges? Are you playing Dial-A-Me, and thinking Russian Roulette? Are you so busy atoning for whatever it is you think other people expect you to do for them that you've almost forgotten having disfigured your own identity? *Every group everywhere is a class reunion. We're all members. Now. Here.*

As for myself, I'm going to say something terribly, terribly cruel. Something which will astound and repel you. Yes, I'm going to expose, in print, the clay feet of Dr. Verk in their ankle-strap Wedgies. Ready? Here goes. STEFEN VERK IS A PASTRY FREAK! That's right! Napoleons, Eclairs. Butter Cookies! Plan! (Ugh!) He may be kind. He may be expert in some vague, psychotherapeutic way. He may be sensible, even good, even entertaining, or instructive. But the man is hideously flawed! PASTRY!

And now that you understand one another, what are you?

(Photo by Van Williams)



CIRCLE IN THE WATER: PISS IN A PUDDLE

Laurence Manning embraces sleeping Calvin Culver

BY PETER OGREN

I am usually a very busy man, and consequently I only go to the theatre to see the "interesting" or "pertinent" plays or movies—whether they're good or not is beside the point—so that I can report what I see in GAY and in SCREW's "Naked City." Therefore, when I see a play or film that is really bad, I generally feel that I've wasted a lot of my time. But I report on it anyway, so that my readers won't waste a lot of theirs.

For about three or four weeks now I've been trying to get review tickets for a play that has been widely and deliciously advertised, called *Circle in the Water*. Each time I got the press agent on the line, I was very tenderly put off with remarks like "It isn't ready to be reviewed." Well, this practice of preview showings is a habit of long standing, so for a while I let it go at that. But my curiosity got the best of me, especially when they began advertising that they had been given the "Private Club Award" for the "Best Homosexual Play 1970." I could only figure that something good had to come out of it, so I ignored the agent this time, layed down the outrageous price of ten dollars (!) so that I wouldn't miss anything, and trotted down to my seat.

Miss anything? Did I say that? The bitter truth is that there is neither anything to miss nor anything worth seeing, even the "Sex" or nudity. In a word, *Circle in the Water* is one of the most hateful pieces of theatre (oh, the abominations committed in the holy name of "theatre!") that I've ever had the

privilege to witness. What can you say about an openly homosexual show where the homosexual undercurrent is sinister, sadistic and guilt-ridden, and where a dilapidated painted whore with the heart of you-know-what has most of the good lines and gets all the laughs? And just dig those butch, butch names, Cadet Lts. Frank Ramsey, Clifford Blake, Scott Creighton, Gregg Chandler, Cadet Pvt. Mark Windon, and would you believe Cadet Sgt. Dirk Van Steed?? Sounds like something out of "Summer in Sodom!"

The story deals with a kangaroo court which is set up at a remote ski lodge in the dead of a Michigan winter. The courtroom consists entirely of six cadets from a military academy. The handsome leader of the court (Ramsey) makes everyone testify that the equally handsome victim (Chandler) is a stoolie, a squealer and a rat in general. Naturally from the reasoning behind the whole sordid mess, we know that it's just not true, and all these other guys are either sadists or sour grapes. So they beat him, chain him naked to his bed, tape his mouth shut and eventually set him up for The Big Cherrypop, which is accomplished under the grisly ministrations of the Big Sadist (Blake). After some more nonsensical carryings-on, including Ramsey and Blake getting stoned on mescaline, and Blake slipping some to the drunken slut Elsie McBride, everyone realizes what a demon Blake is, and when Elsie starts to get sick from the drug, Van Steed ("just a nice little Dutch boy from Holland"—Michigan, that is) takes her to the hospital. Poor Frank, dragged out of his mind, goes up with Blake's gun (!) as if to shoot poor tied-up Gregg, but instead

gives in to his base passions and does him for trade (we assume) while Gregg is asleep. Fade out, fade in. The Wake-Up Scene: "I was stoned on mescaline." "What happened?" "Nothing that you're thinking happened last night." And so on, *ad nauseum*. The typical Boy-Was-I-Drunk-Last-Night-I-Don't-Remember-A-Thing Syndrome. And to make it even worse Gregg is all sweetness and "forgiving" about the whole thing, but he "can't be what you'd like me to be."



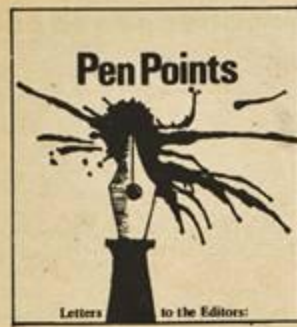
The unattainable heterosexual ideal, I guess. Who's kidding whom? Who's trying to pull the wool over whose eyes? The only reason the sad closet queen doesn't shoot himself is because he doesn't have the energy or, we might suppose, the intelligence and good taste. The acting was a mixed bag. Davay Holland as the sodden Elsie was the only

one who acted like a pro, although having the best lines in the show was a help. Laurence Manning was quite satisfactory as Frank, the lustful prosecutor. Handsome, too! Too bad he didn't shuck his shorts. Calvin Culver was certainly the best-looking number on stage, and occasionally showed some spark, but most of the time all he had to do was grimace in pain or smile understandingly. Michael Petro as the sadistic (nay, a real killer) Blake was occasionally very irritating—when he thought he looked most menacing was when he looked most sniggering. And for a show with nudity, he was completely miscast—sort of reminding me of a not-too-young William Bendix in *The Hairy Ape*. Dean Tait is a well-put-together blond with a rather agreeable manner and a more than agreeable body. But on the whole, their efforts were wasted on a drippy, melodramatic piece of junk that wasn't worthy of anybody's time.

What galled me was that the theatre was packed! The audience liked some of the jokes (even I did; I'm no slouch), but on the whole, I heard a lot of griping as I left. About 98% of the audience was male, and probably 98% of the males were gay. The first eight rows cost ten dollars a seat—that's \$960 in the first eight rows alone! Somebody's making an awful lot of "faggot money" for the privilege of showing a lot of degrading, insulting hogwash to some gullible ad-watchers. These are previews, by the way, which means that they are not supposed to be reviewed. That, my dears, could have gone on forever, and has before. (*Mahagonny* was supposed to be the theatre event of the season. It played in previews for about eight weeks, I think, and when it finally opened, the reviews were so lousy that the show closed in a few days.) Here's hoping that this little blurb does the same for *Circle in the Water*. No self-respecting homosexual should stand for this kind of garbage, especially in this day and age.

Imagine, a wrestling match is the best way to achieve male-male contact! And for a while there, I actually thought that the poor slob of a closet queen was going to blow his brains out! How early forties

can you get? No, friends, save your time, save your money, and save your intelligence on something better. That shouldn't be hard to find. "Private Club Award" indeed! Who's that, the producer and his friends? This is the kind of pseudohomosexual scum that gives even heterosexuals a bad name! Hate! Kill!!!



BUFFALO'S VICIOUS VICE SQUAD

Dear GAY: Few here doubt that the Buffalo vice squad's main target is the Mattachine Society—not just the operator of "a" club throwing "a" party. And for the same reason they do not allow a single gay bar to operate in this large city. But, additionally, they see Mattachine as a threat to their stranglehold on the city. The D.A.'s office never will dismiss or reduce a charge without permission of the head of the vice squad—Kennedy. The judges and the press are also sympathetic to all vice squad activities. The New York State entrapment law has never even been tested here, so the worst vice squad

abuses persist. Everyone is frightened to seek a sex partner here, for the vice squad has some of its men pretending to be gay. Those who like trade are most frustrated, for straight guys who want to be (or are willing to be) picked up are now too scared. The vice squad cops drive around town in their own cars, stop any single pedestrian and say, "Are you gay?" If the fellow says "no" the V.S. detective will say, "I am," hoping to be able to make an arrest, regardless of the answer. Buffalo's situation is the most repressive in the country.

Name withheld
Buffalo, N.Y.

MINNEAPOLIS NOT THAT PERFECT

Dear GAY: GAY No. 14 carried a long, well-written interview with Jack Baker of FREE, to be continued next issue. Jack is fond of praising the police here for not harassing the community, and it's true that the whole scene here is excellent compared with the outrages in Jack's Oklahoma hometown, Chicago, Atlanta, etc. But for several months, since our law-and-order mayor took office, squad-cars have been stopping cars in the Loring Park neighborhood at 2 a.m. and writing tickets for minor offenses like failing to signal a turn or, in my case—accompanied by a particularly nasty

tirade from a stout blood officer—no license plate light. It's been a cruising ground for years, of course, but untouched by police until lately. My point: Jack has a lover, and the park area isn't his scene anyway. He has yet to express concern for this harassment. Therefore, while he is accurate in singing high praises for the Gay Scene in the Twin Cities, as I suspect he will do later in the interview series, my concern is that Minneapolis will be unjustifiably portrayed as a place where the police don't bug anybody, ever. So far that isn't the case.

Yours sincerely,
Erik Larsson
Minneapolis, Minn.

Dear GAY: I object vigorously to the characterization of the Twin Cities as a paradise for gay people, who apparently are never noticed by police, according to Jack Baker, quoted in Gay No. 14.

It ain't so. True, the city has seven gay-only bars operating without police harassment and there are numerous "mixed" saloons frequented by some members of the community exclusively. True, the police never go near the two steambaths which serve the gay community exclusively. But it's also true that squad-cars regularly patrol the streets around Loring

Park in Minneapolis, a delightful cruising area, after midnight. Officers often stop cars, chew out the male drivers and write tickets for the most trivial of offenses—failure to stop fully for a stop sign, failure to signal a turn, or no license-plate light.

They make clear that their purpose is to get rid of the gay traffic—claiming they've received complaints from residents of the neighborhood, which is scarcely credible, considering the proportion of gay people who live there.

So far Baker has chosen to ignore this kind of thing, and directs FREE's activities toward education.

Fine, I'm all in favor of education. It can help the community a lot. And granted, the Twin Cities community enjoys better relationships with the Straight Establishment than some other cities do.

But I do wish Baker would stop publicly praising the police for their liberal, broad-minded attitude until they stop such narrow-minded practices.

H.E.
Minneapolis, Minn.

PLEASE SEND ALL CORRESPONDENCE, INQUIRIES, SUGGESTIONS, COMPLAINTS, and PROPOSITIONS TO: LETTERS TO THE EDITOR, GAY, P.O. Box 431, 6M Chelsea Stn., NYC, N.Y. 10011.

Shortly before the Crimean War, when I was a malignant kid living in Hollywood, I often saw two of the most outrageous individualists ever to grace the North American continent. They were among the earliest pioneers of the gay liberation movement, for they enthusiastically believed in full participation by everybody in community affairs, total integration of the gay and straight population, declosetization of everybody, and gay power for gay people. They practiced what they preached. In fact, they practiced it so vehemently and frequently, that California has never recovered from the sheer madness of their good works.

They were real people, although they lived like figments of someone else's hallucinations. No one knew their real names, but they were universally known (often with horror, if not disbelief) as Mother Poor and The Round-Shouldered Madonna. Their idea of community service was rather peculiar... always

cooling relief to the neighborhood. They sneaked up to the fountain (a very long sneak, especially if you look like they did), fussed in their parcels for a few moments, and then poured in TWO GALLONS of Jungle Venom Bubble Bath! Within fifteen minutes, the entire lawn, sidewalk, and a sizeable piece of Wilshire Boulevard were buried beneath a foaming sea of violently perfumed bubbles.

Traffic ground to a halt, as both drivers and pedestrians stared in stunned disbelief, which gradually gave way to a giant wave of hysterical laughter that made everyone forget the heat and good-naturedly curse the motion picture industry for this latest publicity assault on the helpless public. People actually spoke together and smiled. Let's see Ronald Reagan match that for service to his community! I have always believed they should tear down The Los Angeles Times Building (if not Los Angeles in its entirety) and erect a gigantic monument to Mother Poor and The Round-Shouldered Madonna, those two

as a complete human being, and one's RIGHT to fully participate in the affairs, privileges, rewards, hopes and powers of one's community. If we do not believe we have these things, why should anybody else believe it or give us more than we ask for? If we want everything... and I certainly do... we must demand what is being withheld or earn what must be earned. We cannot do this by remaining silent spectators starving at a banquet to which everybody else feels they have an invitation. We also have those invitations. We pay taxes, don't we? We live and work in our communities and contribute many things of value just by doing so. We have every right to the same freedoms and rewards as everybody else. We are not special in any way except in our choice of a sex object. Only by being visible and participating in the life which exists beyond timid little gay covens can we prove our contention that we are people (people, not merely homosexuals) no better and no worse than anyone else. Too many of us have cheated ourselves of almost everything by being unable to

can sink out of your closets and join your choice of at least eight million activities designed to make your community a better place to live in for YOU as well as everybody else. The list is endless. Block associations, voluntary services, neighborhood councils or settlement houses, tutoring programs for underprivileged students, hospital volunteer groups, civic improvement societies, or even the Grey Ladies. You would be welcome in any of these, probably even in drag. You might also make some friends and discover a lot of people like you even better than you used to like yourself. And why should you have liked that snivelling little shit who used to hide in the closet wiping his nose on the petrified remains of last year's trick?

With all the ugly things in it, this is still such a beautiful world that I hate to see anyone waste a minute of his life in self-pity or self-martyrdom, when he could be out in the sunlight doing his thing at the same big party with everybody else. That's what I admired

ALL FOR ONE AND ONE FOR ALL! BY HECTOR SIMMS



well-intentioned, but peculiar. Everyone should approve of all citizens devoting some free time to community service, but their efforts more often led to hilarious devastation than to civic improvement. On reflection, perhaps Max Rafferty and Ronald Reagan (the Neanderthal Sister Act of California politics) might learn something from the public history of these two humans. They can read, can't they?

One particular incident comes to mind when I think of Mother Poor and his friend, The Round-Shouldered Madonna. By the way, they were men, of course... quite homosexual, but genitally male. This is a perfect example of their idea of a worthwhile service to the community. Unforgettably theirs. One lovely hot humid afternoon, they were strolling up Wilshire Boulevard after several hours of shopping for various beauty aids in the local Miracle Mile. They had been discussing their own loveliness in contrast to all the sweating, miserable, harried citizens scurrying up and down the boulevard. As they approached the vast lawn fronting on the hallowed Ambassador Hotel, their eyes were caught by the fountain gently tinkling away at the rear of the lawn. They looked at each other, and their minds met in a single wild idea to bring

gallant pioneers of gay liberation. A phallic monument, of course.

Participation is the antidote to alienation, oppression, and loneliness. No one is legally compelled to sit in the shadows clutching a sheaf of faded lilacs and whining about how lonely, how segregated, he is. That bullshit went out with Oscar Wilde, except for our festering residue of closet queens. And even they deserve help... with the assistance of rubber gloves, if you find them too repulsive to touch... but they are part of humanity, also. If you are not a silent stranger, it is much more difficult to oppress or segregate you. The unknown is often feared by humans, and the stranger is an unknown factor. Participation means involvement, and that means abandoning the role of stranger for that of recognized fellow citizen, even friend. This does not imply that we will immediately be loved by everybody (like the deodorant commercials promise us), but at least we will be less feared and hated as a sinister menace lurking about in the shadows. It is not even necessary for everybody to love us, but it is necessary for us to love ourselves. If we cannot do that, why should anybody else love us? And how could we love them?

These questions also cover such matters as self-respect, faith in one's value

understand this supremely important fact:

DIFFERENT and INFERIOR are not synonyms! Participate, goddammit! Stop whining and weeping! You don't like the laws? Join a political club, campaign for the candidate who offers you something, circulate petitions, VOTE. Organize your own political club or gather up a large group of other people to become affiliated with an existing one, and then see that that club hears your voices. Is there anyone who doesn't know by now how large a part the gay vote played in Mayor Lindsay's re-election? I don't promise you paradise, but I do promise you oppression or the status quo forever, if you don't get off your scented asses and utilize some of your powers. And the right to vote is a power. So is the freedom to use that big mouth of yours for something besides sucking or dishing. We need a big gay mouth in the City Council. Why don't one of you out there in the gay ghettos run for that office? No law bars you from it, if you are qualified and eligible. Why do you disqualify yourself?

Lonely? Bored? Alienated? Unless you are hideously scarred, deformed, or bearing some dreadful contagious disease unknown to the medical profession, you

about Mother Poor and his partner. I never knew them personally, only by sight, but their insanity had a joyous dignity and freedom about it that made people respect them and laugh with them, not at them. Their style may be a bit too baroque for most of us, and laughter is not always apropos to the task. That is when we must use our mental muscles, our economic—and political powers, our rights as citizens, to secure and protect what is due to every citizen. We are only helpless if we grant our enemies (whoever they may be) the sanction of the victim, that ugly hallmark of the silent homosexual.

Do you still believe we must forever be cringing catamites to the omnipotent image of Tiberius, which we call the heterosexual world? There is no heterosexual world, brothers and sisters. There is only one world, and it doesn't wear a sexual label. We are all human beings (even those we don't like). WE, as well as THEY, must believe this. We must stop begging for acceptance and DEMAND acknowledgement of our existence as equal partners in the human race. But first we must demand this of ourselves. That means PARTICIPATION. Lo, let there be empty closets all over the land! Pearls are prettier than chains. ■■



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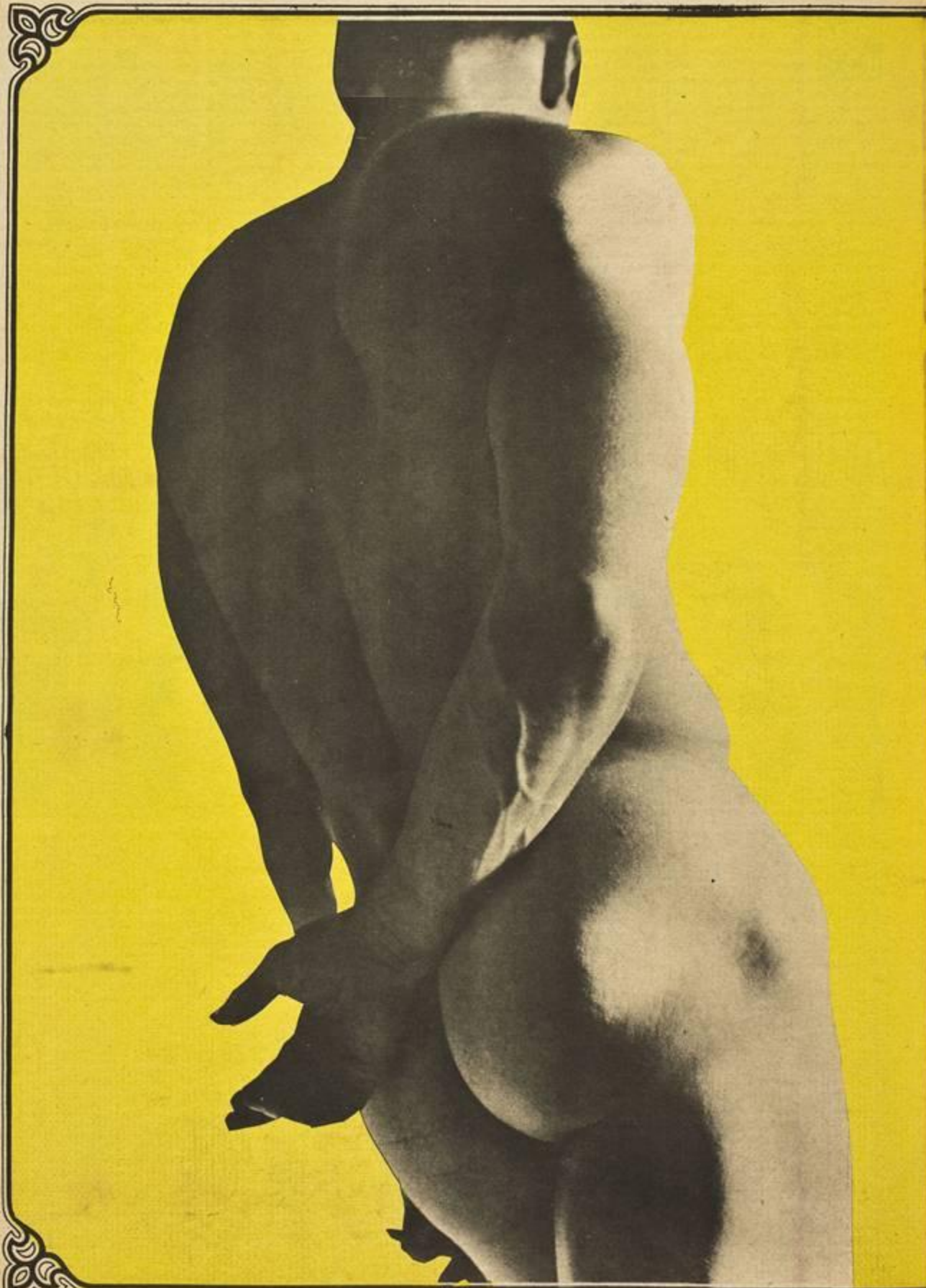


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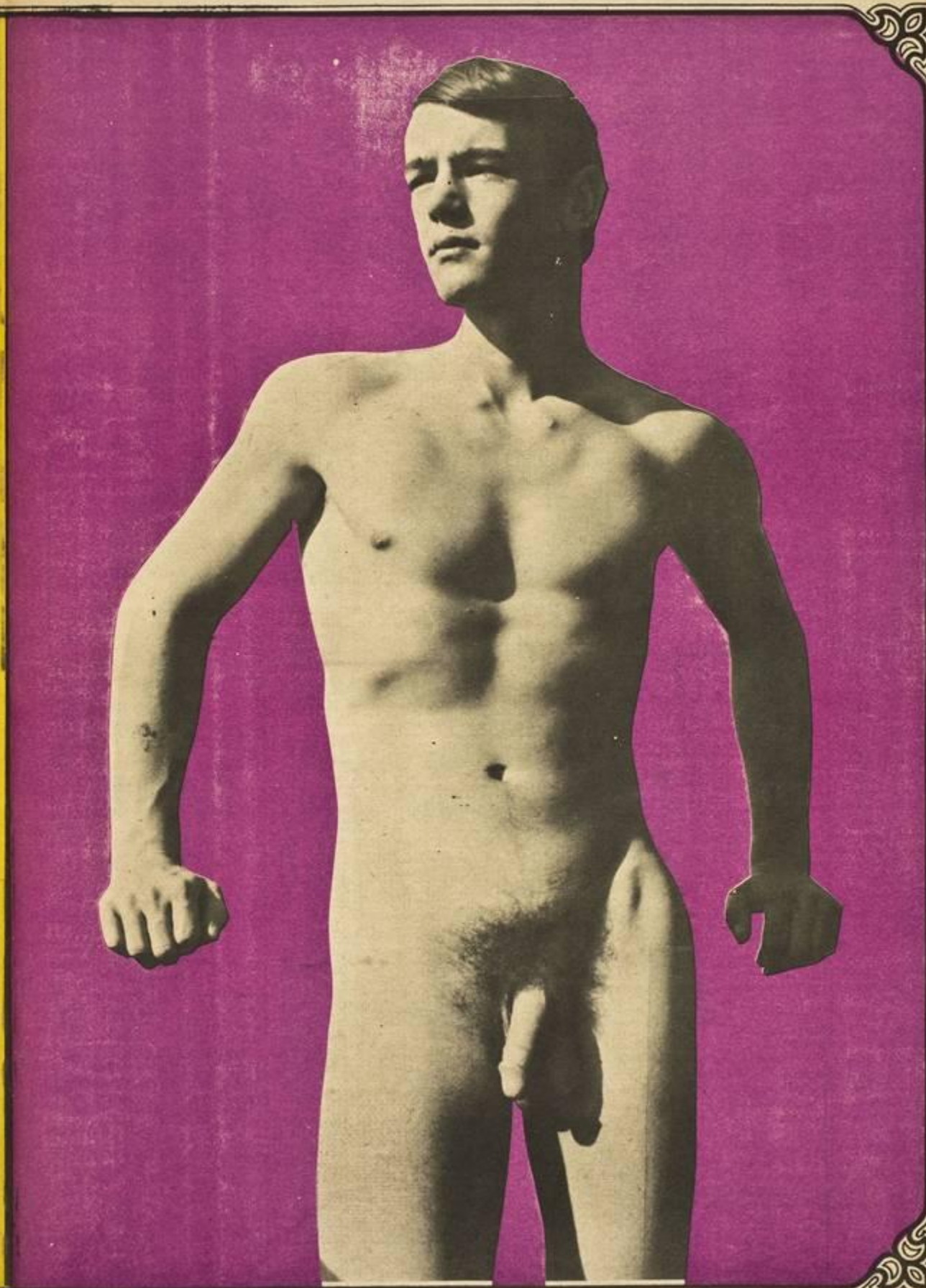


photo by Pat Rocco

GLF AND WOMEN'S LIB ZAP SHRINKS

woman to be heard out and then asked for the meeting to continue. Shouts and boos greeted him from the front rows, which the demonstrators had largely taken over, and from further back came shouts of counterprotest.

"Shut up," cried a psychiatrist near the front of the hall, and others joined in with ill-concealed hostility: "Get out," "Be quiet," "We don't want to hear you."

One man dressed as a priest, who identified himself as Michael Itkin of San Francisco, a Ph.D., psychologist and ordained clergyman of the Evangelical Catholic Church, protested against "oppression," which, he said, "has been going on for five fucking thousand years."

The GLF and Women's Lib demonstrators continued to shout down the meeting, whereupon Dr. Brady adjourned the session.

A slim young man in tight white jeans with shirt open to the navel leaped to the podium and shouted "The liberated meeting of the American Psychiatric Association is now in session."

This time it was the doctors who were the hecklers, several of whom engaged in a furious shouting contest with a Women's Lib member trying to get the floor.

"Don't shake your fucking finger at me," the woman shrieked.

"I'll shake whatever I please," retorted one doctor, his face livid.

One girl spoke to her part of the floor about the passes made at her under the guise of psychiatric examination. Another accused Dr. Leo Alexander of Boston, one of the most eminent psychiatrists today, of assaulting her, and he stormed the stage to protest the injustice of her charge, which—as far as witnesses could see it—had no basis in fact.

Dr. Alexander loudly denounced the "lack of discipline" among young people who take over meetings and commented, "I used to be anti-Reagan, but when I hear this I'm not so sure."

BELLA ABZUG ASSISTS HARASSED YOUTHS

Leonard Farbstein, Mrs. Abzug had given a warm reception to members of GAA when they visited her headquarters early in May. The two under arrest wanted her to know immediately of the harassment to which they felt subjected. When police put through the call to her home at 3:30 a.m. on behalf of those arrested and relayed the message to her that they were GAA members, she responded, "Oh, tell them I'm glad to hear from them."

The next morning at 9 a.m., a lawyer sent by Mrs. Abzug appeared in Criminal Court as counsel for Mr. Raia and Mr. Manfred. There was no time to consult with him, so the two entered the court as they themselves planned—holding hands. When called before the bench, they walked forward with arms across each other's shoulders. Judge Hyman Solniker said, "What is this, a romance going on here? Where do you think you are? Put your hands down—don't try it in this court."

Assistant District Attorney Thomas Andrews said, "For the purpose of the record which I intend to order in this case, this action before the court, which

was in my opinion contemptuous, may have been the sort of conduct for which they were charged with in this case." A recess was taken while Raia and Manfred consulted with their counsel. They explained to him that not only did they make the gesture in order to show solidarity, but that they felt it a necessary strategy so that the record would clearly show that theirs was a homosexual case.

When proceedings continued, their counsel stated on their behalf, "Your honor, I have been asked to inform the Court that the defendants meant no disrespect to this Court when they failed to stand at attention for the first time they appeared in Court." Here the Assistant District Attorney stated, "Judge, I'm going to move to dismiss the charges. I don't think we can prove the defendants' guilt beyond the reasonable doubt." The case was then dismissed.

Raia and Manfred are in the process of making plans to institute a countersuit against the City. According to Raia, their counsel said it would be "a very good case to prove harassment of gays." When asked if there were any kind of gratitude they could show the young lawyer who turned up to defend them, Raia's only response was "Vote for Bella!"

SURVEY SHOWS GAYS BETTER HUNG

New York, N.Y. — In an article published in the June issue of Sexology magazine, Dr. Jan Raboch, M.D., has announced several new findings about penis size and sexual competence.

In a sample of 500 men who were adequately supplied with male hormones, were fertile, and had satisfactory sex relations, penis size (in its flaccid state) ranged from 2.4 inches to about 4 inches. In no case was it less than 2.4 inches, and only six men out of the 500 had a penis longer than 4 inches.

One surprising result of the study concerned homosexuals. In examining both effeminate and masculine homosexuals, Dr. Raboch and his colleagues discovered that the penis of these men was, both in length and width, distinctly bigger than that of the control group of heterosexual men: 3.3 inches against 3 inches in length, and 1.08 inches against 1 inch in width.

"It is difficult to offer an adequate explanation for this finding," commented Dr. Raboch.

ANGLICAN MINISTER BACKS GAY WEDDINGS

Auckland, New Zealand — An Anglican minister believes the Christian church should find some way of blessing the relationship of two homosexuals.

Addressing the Homosexuals Law Reform Society, the Rev. Morris Russell, vicar of St. Matthews in Auckland, said a homosexual act between two people loyally devoted to each other could not be considered sinful if it genuinely expressed true love and tenderness, promoted sharing and growing together and was grounded on some kind of intended faithfulness.

Though there is no present possibility of a marital commitment of a homosexual couple, he suggested the Christian congregation could find some

way of blessing their relationship as faithful and true, and of welcoming them into the life of the congregation if they wished to participate in the religious community.

VICE SQUAD HITS BUFFALO MATTACHINE

Buffalo, N.Y. — James Garrow, former president of the Mattachine Society of Western New York, was found guilty of violating city ordinances by operating without appropriate licenses.

He was convicted of four counts each of operating an unlicensed dance and unlicensed coin-operated pool tables. The dates on which he was charged were March 26 and 27, and April 3 and 20.

The Buffalo Evening News published the names and addresses of all eleven arrested after the April 3rd raid, including that of an eighteen-year-old boy who was charged with "failing to obey the reasonable request of an officer." The

charge against the latter was dismissed on recommendation of the corporation counsel's office because he has entered the U.S. Navy and released the city from liability for his arrest.

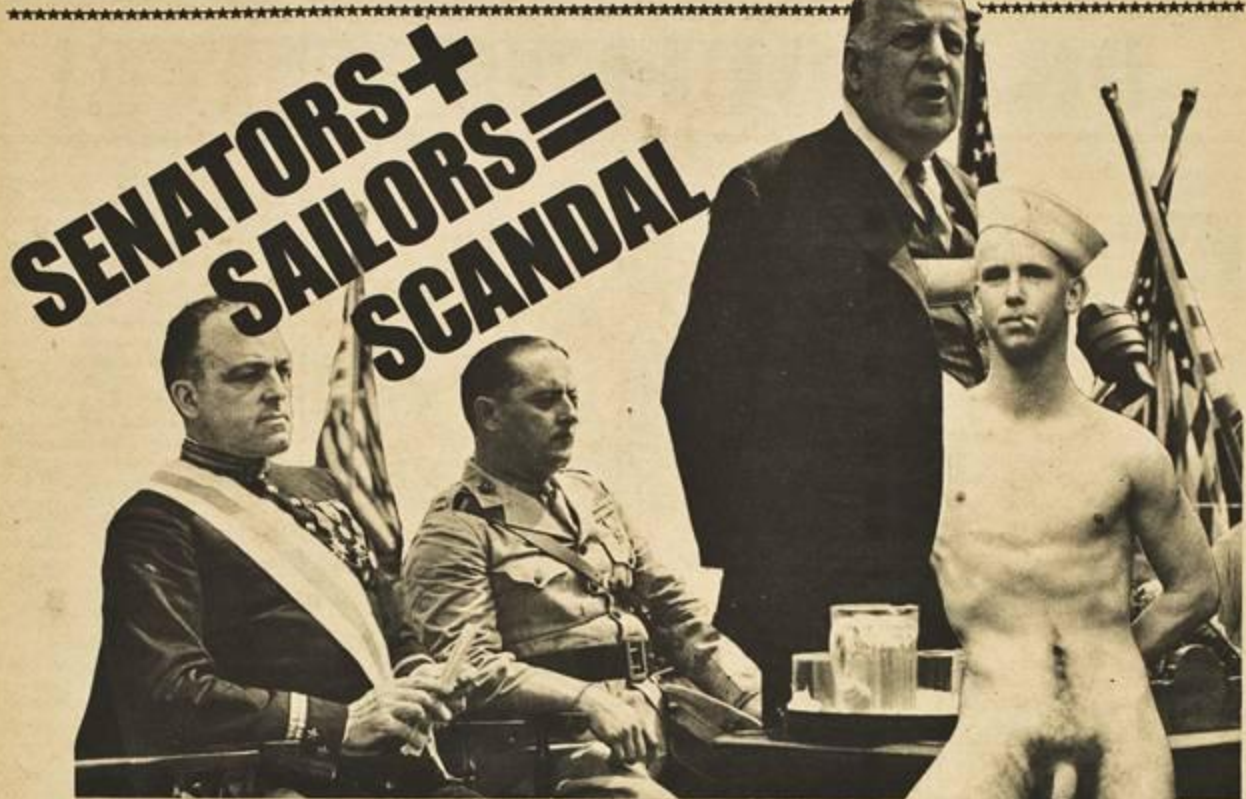
In that raid, one girl was thrown into a police car with police dogs and suffered an epileptic fit. When she was brought to trial on a charge of drinking alcoholic beverages in a public unlicensed place, she pointed out that she was denied a blood test at the time of her arrest, but she was found guilty by City Court Judge Michael E. Zimmer, along with four other defendants.

The meeting quarters of the Society have been removed to the Unitarian Church on Elmwood and West Ferry.

Mr. Garrow, the owner of the building which housed the Society at 70 Delaware Avenue, told GAY that he is planning to remove his operations to the Crystal Beach (Canada) area, about 20 minutes across the bridge from Buffalo, so that guys in the Buffalo area will be able to enjoy a full social life without the "unspeakable harassment by the Buffalo vice squad."

HEAR YE! HEAR YE! Let all attend the fabulous TABLE TOPS (Bradhurst) 2226 Third Ave., (121-122nd St.), NYC Boss food, fun & laughs, dancing featuring Sat. May 23rd - Joe Cuba & Latin Band Fri. May 29th - Soul Invaders (Funky) Sat. May 30th - Johnny Colon & Band Fri. June 5th - Soul Invaders Fri. June 12th - Willie Colon & Band Come on uptown - We like people!

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BY DICK LEITSCHE

Regular readers of this column know that the two subjects which turn me on are history and politics. As might be expected, one of my favorite novelists is Allen Drury (Advise and Consent, Capable of Honor, A Shade of Difference). I am very grateful to Noel I. Garde, the best, and perhaps only, homosexual historian, for calling my attention to the story of Senator David Walsh, whose life might have suggested the homosexual content of Advise and Consent.

Senator Walsh was Chairman of the Senate Naval Affairs Committee during the most critical period of World War II. A regular patron of a raided male whorehouse in Brooklyn charged that Senator Walsh had taken his duties as Chairman of the Naval Affairs Committee so seriously that he joined many sailors in patronizing the "peg-house" (as houses of male prostitution were then known). To add a "security" angle to the "moral" question, one of the seafood dealers, the man in charge of directing customers to the brothel, was long suspected of being a Nazi agent.

Besides being the first Senator charged with patronizing a peg-house, Senator Walsh had several other "firsts" to his credit. Born in 1872, he became the first son of an Irish immigrant to serve as Governor of Massachusetts. In 1918 he became the first Democrat elected to the Senate from Massachusetts since the Civil War. He served in the Senate from 1918 until a year before his death in 1947, with the exception of a brief period from 1924-6.

The "scandal" actually broke on

April 30, 1942, in the courtroom of Brooklyn Judge Samuel Leibowitz, himself a rather flamboyant character. The Pacific Street male brothel had been raided on March 14 by Brooklyn detectives and Naval Intelligence agents after six weeks of surveillance by no less than three Federal agencies. The proprietor, Gustav Beekman, had been convicted, and was sentenced by Judge Leibowitz that his sentence would depend upon how "cooperative" he was. Beekman got the point and began signing affidavits describing in detail the "orgies" he had sponsored, and naming his customers and the participants in the orgies.

When Beekman dropped Senator Walsh's name in the courtroom all but one of the newspapers and wire services discreetly ignored it. The exception was the New York Post. On May 1, 1942, the Post published the first installment of its expose of Senator Walsh. This was done rather covertly, with reference to Beekman's affidavit and a "Senator X." Going 99% of the way toward identifying "Senator X," the paper ran a front-face silhouette of Senator Walsh, with the features washed out. On May 6, the paper confirmed that the Senator was Walsh, and admitted that there was no indication whatsoever that the Senator had wittingly or unwittingly given away any national secrets. (Even before McCarthy, homosexuals were evidently considered "security risks.")

As one reads between the lines of the story, it quickly becomes apparent that the next move was directed by Washington. Attorney-General Biddle, evidently acting under direct instructions from President Roosevelt, sent the F.B.I. to secure other affidavits from Beekman. The Federal agents did produce such an

affidavit in which Beekman said he must have confused Senator Walsh with a man from Connecticut known only as "Doc."

For good measure, J. Edgar Hoover's boys got names of other patrons of the peg-house and secured affidavits from them saying that they'd seen this "Doc" in the brothel on the very nights the 70-year-old Senator was supposed to have been there conducting his extra-curricular Naval "Affairs."

The matter had, of course, become the number one national affairs topic in Washington. Senate discussion had to take place sooner or later. It came on May 20.

The Majority Leader, Senator Alben Barkley of Kentucky, rose and gave a dramatic preface to the Senator Barkley (whom I know and who was certainly a colorful figure himself) discussed the "disgusting and unprintable" stories charging one of the "finest Senators" so falsely. Reading excerpts from a 25-page F.B.I. report, Barkley explained that Senator Walsh had been completely cleared, and the whole matter was one of mistaken identity. Someone had confused Walsh with this "Doc," who was the same age and build as the Senator, Barkley said, but who resembled him no more than "I look like Haile Selassie."

Other Senators, particularly Walsh's isolationist cronies, expressed their outrage. "Champ" Clark of Missouri demanded an investigation of "the old hussy who runs the New York Post" (Mrs. Schiff was then 38 years old). Senators Wheeler and Nye insisted it was part of a smear campaign against isolationists, a position taken editorially by Christian Century Magazine.

The next day, the Post began protesting the imputations against its

honor and veracity, and demanded a full investigation of the Walsh affair and the publication of the full F.B.I. report. The paper also published a "third degree" affidavit from Beekman in which he claimed to have been given the "third degree" by F.B.I. agents to force him to sign the second affidavit. The Post practically invited Senator Walsh to sue for libel, but he perhaps remembered Oscar Wilde's making that mistake (Walsh was in his 20's at the time of the Wilde-Queensbury suits) and declined.

After a few more Post stories, a belated story in the Times, and a few summaries in the national news magazines, the matter dropped. The attention of Congress and the world returned to the epic battles in the Coral Sea, North Africa and the Ukraine.

Four years later, in 1946, Henry Cabot Lodge defeated Walsh in the election, and Walsh died a year later. In 1952, the Democrats won back Walsh's seat when John F. Kennedy defeated Lodge. Ted Kennedy now sits there, in jeopardy because of a girl, a car, a late night drive and other earmarks of a possible heterosexual scandal.

photos by Pat Rowan

DRAG QUEENS UNITE!

BY JOHN P. LeROY

An organization, to be called QUEENS, is being formed by Lee Brewster to protect the rights of drag queens. Though intended to be a business venture rather than a membership organization, its main purpose will be to legalize the right to dress in the attire of the opposite sex in public without fear of arrest or police harassment.

Lee Brewster first became interested in forming such an organization when he (I will use the pronoun for a genital male because that is what Lee Brewster is) discovered that the New York Mattachine Society was not interested in helping defend drag queens. Although Lee helped organize and run several drag balls to benefit the Mattachine Society, the proceeds did not go to assist drag queens. Lee broke from Mattachine and began to work to set up his own organization.

He sent out several letters and made many inquiries throughout the country. Most of the response was negative. The positive response he did get was from fellow drag queens and fellows who dig drags. They were more interested in dating Lee or socializing than in helping with the organization. But Lee is undaunted.

He intends to raise money by opening up a boutique shop especially for drag queens. At most department stores, drags have difficulty buying the proper garments and outfits to suit their special needs for the use to which drags wish to put such items as panties, bras, girdles and other forms of lingerie are nearly always misunderstood by the sales clerk, and a good deal of mutual embarrassment is caused. Lee's proposed boutique will not only carry all such items, but will feature specially designed contraptions for pinning the male genitals back so that they won't protrude when wearing miniskirts or cause distracting bulges when wearing certain types of evening gowns.

In addition to a boutique, Lee plans to operate a travel service catering to gays which will include a complete itinerary of gay places to visit for any part of the world. Through the operation of such businesses, Lee hopes to avoid the pitfalls and personality clashes that are inevitable in most voluntary type gay organizations and to raise money.

Lee first became interested in being a drag queen when a friend dared him to do it. After getting dressed up he found that he liked it. He was complimented on being beautiful, charming and alluring where he would otherwise not have been, had he remained in men's clothing. He discovered that there are certain types of men who are more attracted to drags than they are to regular homosexuals. These include bisexuals who feel more comfortable playing a male role with some physical semblance of femininity present and certain types of latent homosexuals who feel better about being gay in the presence of a man disguised as a woman.

Lee was quick to point out the difference between a true drag queen and



Lee Brewster, drag queen par excellence



You Have Nothing To Lose But Your Wigs

a regular transvestite. A drag queen puts on women's clothing in order to gain adulation from men. A transvestite puts on women's clothing because they love women so much they want to feel like them, act like them, and, in effect, become women. As a result, drag queens dress far more flamboyantly, love to use loads of chiffon, sequins, ermines and other elaborate, often gaudy, paraphernalia. Transvestites dress far more conservatively and would rather pass unnoticed in a crowd. Drag queens are almost always gay. Transvestites are often straight. However, preference of attire has practically no correlation with bedroom preferences. Many normal gays have been shocked to find that, once the

clothes are off and the lights are dimmed, drag queens like to play active roles sexually as much as anyone else.

Since he came out in drag, Lee's social life has increased immensely. He has many more dates, and likes to wear drag to the theater, cinema or dances. He uses the ladies' room on such occasions, but when in normal attire, he acts like a man.

Lee's fetish for evening clothes probably dates back to an episode he recalls in childhood when he found an old evening gown, dating back to the thirties, in his mother's trunk. He put it on, played with it, and developed a fondness for its finery. He cried endlessly when it was taken away and given to a cousin.

Lee's spare time is divided between his social life and his organizational and business activities. He is planning a group tour to New Orleans for next year's Mardi Gras. He intends to gather as many of his fellow drags to attend the forthcoming Christopher Street Liberation day in June dressed in full regalia and have them walk proudly among the other gays.

This will not be the first time Lee has paraded in public in full drag for a cause. When John Osborne's play, *A Patriot for Me*, opened on Broadway last season, Lee was out picketing in front of the theater. He was protesting the failure of the producer, David Merrick, to use a professional drag or female impersonator. Mr. Merrick used a real show girl for the drag ball scene. Although Lee was courted by several policemen, his little demonstration failed to come off because most of the critics and first-nighters thought it to be merely another one of David Merrick's publicity stunts.

It is hard to tell if Lee's proposed organization will be at all successful or if his cause will be well-enough publicized. However, the issues he is raising are important and relevant. In this day of women's liberation, when it has become all right for a woman to dress like a man if she wants to, the reverse is not true. If there is to be equality between the sexes and freedom of dress, and if the double standard is to be put to an end, then freedom for the drag queen is necessary, even though the majority may no longer be able to tell easily the sexes apart. This, together with the fact that most drag queens are quite harmless and want nothing more than to be loved by a man, are good reasons why they should not be arrested or harassed.

Interestingly enough, most of the hostility directed toward drags comes from the guilty homosexual. To him, the drag is a reminder of the fact that society sees him as being less than a man, and this he can't bear because he refuses to admit that he secretly believes it. Yet, the drag and the effeminate swish, because they are often stereotyped, even today, as being the typical homosexual, provide a shield behind which the normal gay can hide and be taken for a straight, all other things being equal.

Those gays who have a good conception of themselves and of their own worth are a good deal less hostile toward drags. They tend to be selective, liking them or disliking them on their personal merits, not so much on how they like to dress. The straights either see them as stereotypes or as interesting oddities, with little or no vicious hostility.

Now that a beginning has been made to help the drag queen stand up for his rights, the other gays will have to face up to the issue of the importance of gender identity. If they reject the drag, they will be rejecting a part of the freedom and diversity that they want for themselves. Even though drags may be bad public relations, and may be repugnant to large sections of the population, they are needed by those who don't quite know who or what they are. And in these uncertain times, that may include quite a number.

GREEK SONGS FOR GAY LADIES



(Photo courtesy Museum of Modern Art Film Department)

BY LILY HANSEN

Just ripped up four page of my philosophy on the existential loneliness of every human being. Philosophy has always been one of my major concerns. What's the meaning of life? What's my purpose for being on earth? What's right, what's true? How does one go about leading a worthwhile and happy life? I've thought about these things for a long time.

All right. The shreds of paper in the waste basket contain ruminations about how love, though it eases the feeling of loneliness, can never obliterate the fact that each of us are individual entities on this earth and have individual destinies—so

we're basically alone.

As I was rambling on about the human condition of separateness, I got a vague uneasiness that this might seem very negative and cause readers to wonder whether or not my marriage was on the rocks or whether something else was wrong. And Maria would probably be quite unhappy about it. (How have I failed you? What have I done?) And of what use would it be? For the human condition isn't only the destiny of aloneness but also that of the family of man, i.e., of belonging to the human race. And that's positive. It's not so terrible to recognize the fact that you're a separate little world if you also realize you're inseparable from the human community. Some human communities are better than others, of course, but usually

most of us find one or more persons in this life who serve to kindle (or rekindle) our trust in homo sapiens and can replace our alienation with warmth and faith.

Philosophy. That's what I saw in literature in my high-school and college days. Philosophy was more important than esthetics—though now I realize that esthetic beauty has a philosophy, a *raison d'être*, of its own. Philosophy and poetry can sometimes be indistinguishable. One wonders whether the truth expressed about living is more important than the exultation elicited by the beauty. My guess is that ideally they're inseparable.

A German professor in Munich, during my junior year abroad, once said that the writer von Goethe has been judged to be more philosophical and less poetic in old age, but in actuality, the opposite is true. Perhaps wisdom gained through experience and/or learning turns, at some point in one's life, into poetry. You know, the transcendence in the faces of holy or wise men is poetic. Their truth has already been transformed from concepts or conscious insights gained to an intuitive grasp of the essence of life—which is poetic. And so truth, through a kind of inner alchemy, becomes beauty. It's magic.

This reminds me of W.B. Yeats's poem "Lapis Lazuli," which talks about the gaiety of art, even in so-called tragedies. "They know that Hamlet and Lear are gay; Gaiety transfiguring all that dread." Art by its very existence—by the fact that someone bothered to express his vision, no matter how gloomy—is an affirmation of life and ergo cheerful.

The poem takes its name from a type of azure blue semiprecious stone, lapis lazuli, on which are carved three Chinamen climbing a mountain. The poet imagines them looking down on "all the tragic scene," on the ups and downs of the world, on the cycle of destruction and reconstruction. "All things fall and are built again, and those that build them again are gay." He seems to be saying that to affirm life is to be gay, and art (and artifact) are created by people who value life, who are cheerful.

And this old, cracked, and discolored stone with its three figures, one of whom carries a musical instrument, exudes the smiling completeness, the peacefulness and mystery of art. Though weathered by time, the carved stone transmits its message of the beauty of life and inspires another artist to create. Yeats visualizes the Chinamen sitting "there on the mountain and the sky," contemplating life.

One asks for mournful melodies, Accomplished fingers begin to play. Their eyes mid many wrinkles, their eyes, Their ancient glittering eyes are gay.

Reading the above, I tried to define the connection between the last two paragraphs. First there's philosophy, a rational discipline sharpening our minds to detect the truths of life. Then there's art (in whatever form: natural or man-made), which is also an educator, but teaches us through sensitivities about the beauty of life. The wise men are examples of the merged knowledge of the truth and beauty of life, which makes them gay.

I wonder how many readers have stopped reading by now. After all, this doesn't have much to do with the lesbian scene or homosexuality in general, does it? The word "gay" does appear, however, and perhaps the positive, even philosophically profound, meaning of the word gay bears relevance to the theme of this publication. Nevertheless, why not pick something

in literature with a homosexually gay theme? So I thought I'd do a quick translation of a lesbian poem from Jean Pierre Louy's collection *Chanson de Bilitis* (Songs of Bilitis) (1894). The author modeled his fictional character Bilitis after the Greek poetess Sappho and wrote some good lyrical poetry about love between two women which he tried to pass off as translations from the Greek of Bilitis' original works (most likely in order to escape censorship). Here's a sample:

Words in the Night

*We are resting, eyes closed.
The silence is great around our bed.
Ineffable nights of summer!
But she, who thinks I'm sleeping,
Puts her warm hand on my arm.*

*She whispers, "Bilitis, are you asleep?"
My heart is beating, but without answering
I breathe regularly like a woman
wrapped in dreams.
Then she begins to speak.*

*"Since you can't hear me," she says,
"Oh, how I love you." And she repeats
my name:
"Bilitis...Bilitis..." And she touches me
lightly with her trembling fingers.*

*"It belongs to me, this mouth, to me alone.
Is there one more beautiful in the world?
Oh my happiness, my happiness!
These arms are mine, this neck, and this hair*

Pretty good for a man! I can't help at this point but to put in a plug for the Daughters of Bilitis, a women's organization, who took their name from Louy's Songs. D.O.B., the second oldest homophile organization in the country, is open to women over 21 and has seven chapters:

National office: 1005 Market St., Rm 208, San Francisco, Calif. 94103; **Los Angeles Chapter:** P.O. Box 3237, Hollywood Station, L.A., Calif. 90027; **San Diego Chapter:** P.O. Box 183, El Cajon, Calif. 92022; **Cleveland Chapter:** P.O. Box 20335, Cleveland, Ohio 44120; **Boston Chapter:** P.O. Box 221, Prudential Center Station, Boston, Mass. 02199; **New York Chapter:** P.O. Box 3629, Grand Central Station, NYC, 10017.

D.O.B. publishes *The Ladder: A Lesbian Review* a bimonthly magazine (mainly literary), which is free to members. Anyone wanting to subscribe should send \$7.50 for a year's subscription (which is mailed in a plain sealed envelope) to Daughters of Bilitis, Inc., 1005 Market St., San Francisco, Calif. 94103. Be sure to include a signed statement that you are over 21.

Finally, in tying up my grab bag of assorted aperçus, I'd like to copy down one of my favorite poems, which I've committed to memory because it exemplifies such a beautiful gaiety and gratitude toward the good things life has brought:

*Jenny kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in;
Time, you thief, who love to get
Sweets into your list, put that in!
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,
Say that health and wealth have
missed me.
Say I'm growing old, but add,
Jenny kissed me.*

Leigh Hunt (1784-1859)

Now I ask you, dear reader, can't you, too, substitute the name Jenny with one that's dear to you? ☺

THE LAST ESTATE

BY GREGORY BATTCOCK

Have you noticed that cops are behaving a bit sheepish of late? What it means is not what you would expect. They're not feeling guilty about their atrocious behavior, their corruption or their harassment, their dereliction of duty, their cooping and their filthy attitudes, tongues and manners. What the new sheepishness means is that they're up to something and we don't know what it is.

James Reston (in the New York Times) has practically admitted that formal democratic processes, such as the congress and the courts, are not capable of affecting the change that society requires. *The New Yorker* has been full of warnings. They tell us: "The war must be

ended. The war must be ended now." The Times editorializes: "... bitter division and bloodshed have torn American society." John Gardner tried to tell the Illinois Constitutional Convention that: "... the nation disintegrates. I use the phrase soberly. The nation disintegrates..."

To us, living in New York, it's no news. We're used to disintegration. We're also used to being alone, out of the American mainstream and our quest for change, for revolution was, we knew full well, hopeless. But what is really amazing is that now, after all these years a large segment of the rest of the country is catching up. They're beginning to realize what's been happening during the past twenty years for none of this is especially new. Repression, intolerance, military domination and military sensibilities are all finally being understood by people all

over the country and what that means is that finally we may be close to an authentic revolution and it won't be a Dodge Rebellion, nor will it be about redcoats.

James Reston observes that the administration now realizes it is dealing "... with a rebellion against (the) war and maybe even with a revolution at home."

At Kent State, for several months now, the campus police have been receiving reports from a secret intelligence network that employed student agents. The Campus Police have started files on "radical" and "independent" students, have followed them around, bugged their rooms and listened to them in classroom discussion.

Sunday in New York: Wake up by mistake at 8:30. Start thinking about the Incomplete I got at N.Y.U. and how I

didn't make it up and how it'll cost \$200.00. Decide to get up and get the Times. End up in the park. It's raining like hell. The Times gets wet. Come home, make orange juice and a soft boiled egg. Go back to bed. Get up at 2:30. Make coffee. Read the Times. Go back to the park. It's raining like hell. Times gets wet again. Back home to make hot soup (Bisque of Tomato) and eat some celery. Phone rings—nobody there. Do the laundry. Basement dryer broken. Elevator also out of order. Wet laundry hanging all over the place. Take a shower. Open little bottle of wine. Starting to feel halfway decent. Should I or shouldn't I go to Lawrence Alloway's party for "young writers?" Got there finally. Everybody charming. Better than I expected. Lots of art critics. John Perreault, David Bourdon, Elizabeth Baker, John Ashberry, Scot Burton, Queen Victoria (on a gin bottle), Rosalind Constable (in person), Michael Benedikt and Grace Glueck. Who wasn't there: Max Kozloff (not young enough), John Canaday, Stadler Hilton and John Pope Hennessy. Oh well. ■

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 guilt. Only letters of the widest general interest can be published here, but all letters will be answered if accompanied by a stamped self-addressed envelope and 50 cents for handling.

Q. I am almost crushed by what has just happened to me. I am a reasonably successful man of 53, well-educated, and still rather handsome. Six months ago, I picked up this boy of 19 on Third Avenue. Naturally, I suspected he was a hustler, but he didn't ask for anything and we got along so well that I asked him to move in with me a few days later. He never told me he loved me, but he did give me lots of affection and all the sex I could want. I have been crazy about him since I first laid eyes on him. He never asked for anything, but I bought him tons of clothes, jewelry, records and what have you. He didn't work, so I gave him an allowance, which I can well afford. Everything had been just marvelous until last week, when he suddenly demanded that I buy him a sports car. When I demurred, because I thought the demand was unreasonable, he told me it was the car or else. Or else, he explained, meant that he would have to join up with one of the other older men he knew who would gladly buy him a car in order to be his lover. His callousness horrified me, as I truly adore him, but I won't submit to this. It's not the money, of course. It just feels so dirty. Am I not right?

M.A., NYC
A. Certainly, you are right. Except on one point. It is the money! That is the whole story. You were also right in the suspicion you first had of him, but he was the slightly cleverer species of hustler who knows he can get more by waiting rather than asking. His asking this one time probably indicates not that he wants that car, but that he was telling you he felt it was time for him to move on to bigger and better gold mines. It is likely that he had already lined up other



prospects, as you probably would have bought him that car, if he had planted the idea in your mind in a less poisonous fashion. You can be sure this carnivorous flower of Third Avenue knew that, but he is after bigger game. It is the money, of course, and you yourself recognized what that signified. It clearly tells you that you **CANNOT BUY A PERSON. YOU CAN ONLY RENT THEM.** You do not get them, only their services. You got what you paid for, but you did not think his services were worth all of your self-respect. They weren't. His self-respect is probably nonexistent, which is why he is capable of selling himself to the highest bidder, or rather selling his talents. Hustlers are the garbage of the gay world. You deserve better than that, don't you? Next time you meet someone you feel can work into a decent relationship, don't smother him with gifts. If it is YOU they want, and if you really think of them as people (not rented appliances), no gifts will be necessary. Except the gift of self.

Q. I am only 26, but I am almost completely bald. Maybe it is silly, but I am so embarrassed by this that I am afraid to cruise anybody because I am sure they will turn me down. I don't think anybody really wants bald guys.

Nobody ever cruises me, so what else can I think? I have often considered buying a wig, but that also embarrasses me. I keep wondering what would happen if I picked up somebody and they discovered my hair was not my own. Also, I don't want my friends to make fun of me. I am so lonely now, I am getting desperate. What should I do?

G.R., St. Paul
A. Buy some hair. This is 1970, not 1870. Wigs, toupees, even false sideburns and mustaches, are as common now as erections in a turkish bath. Don't cheat yourself of anything out of fear.

Q. My sister and I are both lesbians. We have recently fallen for the same girl. The problem is that this girl refuses to make a choice between us. She keeps saying that she loves us both and can't decide which she loves more. My sister and I have always been close friends, but this awful situation is tearing us apart. We both want her, but what can we do? Please help.

J.L., Chicago
A. I would suggest that you both send this girl on her way. It appears to me that she is having a marvelous time playing you off against each other, and that certainly indicates rather ugly motives. If she genuinely loved either of

you, she would have no difficulty (or hesitation) in choosing the partner she wants. In not choosing, she has made her choice. She really wants neither of you, only the game of making you both compete for her dubious affections. You can easily test this by having one of you step aside, so the girl must prove her intentions. The sister who steps aside should announce that she has lost interest and has found someone else. This will end the game, and the girl will have to stop playing footsie and get down to the nitty-gritty. Stick with your sister, honey. That girl will soon take off.

Q. A number of my friends have been going for face lifts in recent years to keep a fairly youthful appearance. This seems to be growing much more popular among men as well as women, and not only among theatre people. I am only 39, but my deepening facial lines are beginning to cause me some concern now. We live in a youth-oriented culture, you know, and that makes it very difficult for anyone who doesn't have a youthful appearance. It's not that I want to look like a teen-ager, but I don't want to look like an old fossil, either. I happen to like young people, and I don't think I could make out with them if I look too old. I dread the thought of finding myself sitting around in some "wrinkle room" with a bunch of aging relics who have to settle for each other. I think most of us prefer handsome people, and only the young have real beauty. What do you think about face lifts for guys going into middle age, or older?

C.T., Los Angeles
A. I think they should be compelled by law to attend a mass screening of Gloria Swanson in SUNSET BOULEVARD. And that hand mirrors should be distributed to each member of the audience at the conclusion of the film. These pathetic and silly old ladies (of either gender) have an incredibly childish and false sense of values if they believe that external beauty has any relationship at all to the INSIDE of a person, where anything of real value may be found. Pretty faces are enough for tricks or actresses, not PEOPLE. ■

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JOB WANTED - was recently fired from network radio job after I started because of an ILLEGAL check of d-ft record. Company does not hire "our kind." Need job! I am 22, 1969 college grad., special degree in radio-tv-film production, excellent references. Will consider any starting type job in broadcasting, production, records, theatre, etc. Protest job discrimination by hiring a victim. Serious replies only! G.W. Flynn, 280 W. 4th St., NYC, 10014.

APARTMENT FOR RENT - 76th St., CPW block. Fantastic large 5 room (2-bedroom) apt. with roof terrace, \$425/month in beautiful newly renovated brownstone. Intelligent, cultured groovy couple wanted for community-spirited house (NOT all gay house). Definitely an "equal opportunity" situation, though queens and faggots not apply. June 1st occupancy. For interview with owner call 799-9767.

MATURE, CREATIVE PROFESSIONAL (Taurus) seeks intelligent man to 35, combined duties-driving, handyman, caretaking, conversation. Like nature, enjoy working with hands, outdoor life Southwest, travel. Man's world. No TV but extensive library. Presentable wide range people essential. Own quarters, expenses paid. Time for your own thing. Write? Paint? DAV with pension OK to supplement modest salary. Bright new world for right guy. Send photo and bio. Personal interview possible. Box 107, San Patricio, New Mexico.

LIKE TO GET INTO SOMETHING REALLY HEAVY? Dig a trippy mixed sex scene to feed those voyeuristic appetites and set free the mind and body. The EVENTS that took place at the loft were beautiful and groovy. And would you believe there were lights and cameras to capture all the action and record it on magic celluloid. Love you to see how it was and should always be and share a piece of far-out pleasure. Wish you could have been there but an instant replay will soon be possible.

TWO WHITE MALES under 35, about 5'6", 130 lbs, affectionate, trustworthy, clean, broadminded, seek socialable males to 35. Photos answered first. Cross, P.O. Box 968, Ansonia Station, NYC, 10023.

ATTRACTIVE PROFESSIONAL MALE 30, seeks other attractive professional males, 25-35 who are seeking serious, long lasting friendship. Phone 212-541-9058, ask for DAVID.

ATHLETIC MALE MODEL is also interested in salaried weekend situation in Hamptons, Pines, etc., as host, companion, boat crew, handyman, heavy cleaning, etc. 628-0508.

UPTIGHT? Cool it man, Climax your day with a mind-blowing massage by Pietro, by appointment. 10am to 10 pm every day. Call 734-5094. Studio or residential.

SPENDING SUMMER IN MEXICO - need company for week, month. Split expenses. Large furnished house, own bedroom, garden, patio, view of Pacific. Resort area. The more the cheaper. I'm 22. Call anytime 799-2839. HAROLD, or write 269 W. 90th St., apt. B, NYC, 10024. HURRY! LEAVING SOON!

I HAVE 2 1/2 ROOMS, Brooklyn Heights; an incredible \$60 R/C, will exchange for 1 room or larger in Manhattan (Village are preferred) to \$90. Call 852-3148 evenings.

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LIBRA HEAD, attractive, own apartment. Love to goof on everything including myself and make love (not just ball) for hours. No roles played. Absolutely no bullshit. Into Krishnamurti, Ravi Shankar and endless necking on satin sheets. Strong personality but somewhat shy about making advances. Photo. Box 5385, Grand Central Station, NYC, 10017.

YOUNG BOY, 18 seeks young boys 18-23 for fun and friendship. No queens. Send photo to P.O. Box 163, Parkchester Station, Bronx, N.Y. 10462.

VIRILE MAN, mid 40's, seeks attractive boy, late teens, early 20's for good sex, cuddling. Fire Island weekends. No hustlers! All sincere letters with recent photo answered. LEN, Box 105, Cherry Grove, Fire Island, N.Y.

GREEK MATES WANTED, any race, by 22-year-old colored gent who will put you in 7th heaven. Call TIM any evening after 6:30pm at 690-1676.

TWO GROOVY GUYS will give stimulating and complete massage. We are both 5'10", have brown hair and eyes, 23-24 years old, good-looking and well equipped. We use the best oils. You get more for your money. \$35/session. Call DANNY or ROGER at 989-0488.

YOUNG MALE, well-hung, masculine and really together, seeks similar males who are honest, sincere, well-hung and know what they are doing in sex. Relationship possible. Groovy males call 873-9756

YOUNG MALE MODEL available for private posing. 5'11", 160 lbs., blonde hair, blue eyes, willing to please. Tel. Peter, at 254-1335 after 7pm.

EXPERIENCED MALE nude model, 27, 5'9", good physique, private sessions only. Reasonable rates. Call Ray, 877-5762, Monday-Friday, 6-10pm. Weekends from 10am.

MEN, if you are not satisfied with your size the Oriental Vacuum Method will change it fast and last hours. Illustrated, \$2 (refundable). ASPIRA (personal), Box 4989, Washington, D.C. 20008

"BLUE EYES" (green and brown jackets with yellow shirt) we had admired from afar and bumped into each other at WSDG but never really got to know. Your present theory, "Absence makes heart grow fonder", is working. I've really missed you last 4 weeks. Aren't you coming back to WSDG? Show on May 27th and let's get acquainted or any Sunday at Harry's Back East bet. 5 and 7 would be ideal for casual conversation.

WIGS FOR MALES. Send sample or your hair and \$20 for groovy natural looking wig! HEAD HUNTER, 128 Agate Balboa Island, Calif. 92662.

ALL YOUNG DOMINANT STUDS - who groove on commanding a handsome submissive male (28, 5'9", 168 lbs, good build) for your scene, send photo and phone to Al, P.O. Box 1060, Radio City Station, New York, N.Y. 10019. I can travel. Discretion assured. Let's meet and groove.

MALE ACTORS & MODELS needed. No experience necessary to appear in new video tape productions. Send photo, name, address and phone to: DAVID PRODUCTIONS LTD, MerchandiseMart Station, P.O. Box 3962, Chicago, Ill. 60654.

YOUNG EUROPEAN MODEL, classic slender build, 5'7", 136 lbs., ash blond hair, blue eyes, would like to pose for photography, etc. Tel. Charles at 254-1335.

GAY HIP MALE, 18, wants summer job in NYC area. Send offers to Jerico, P.O. Box 101, Wadhams, N.Y. 12990.

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<p style="text-align: center;">COUPON</p> <p>SEND TO: DIPLOMAT SALES P.R. Copenhagen V, Denmark</p> <p>Yes, I want to get in on the action. Please send me the following FREE COLOR PICTURE-ILLUSTRATED BROCHURE(S) at no cost or obligation to me.</p> <p>I AM INTERESTED IN:</p> <p>NAME _____ Male/Female (Print) _____</p> <p>ADDRESS _____ Material Homosexual Material</p> <p>CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____ Both</p> <p>SIGNATURE—This signature certifies that I am over 21 and declares that the requested brochure(s) will not be shown to minors and is for my own personal use.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">USE 20 CENTS AIR-MAIL STAMP.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">COUPON</p> <p>SEND TO: DIPLOMAT SALES P.R. Copenhagen V, Denmark</p> <p>Yes, I want to get in on the action. Please send me the following FREE COLOR PICTURE-ILLUSTRATED BROCHURE(S) at no cost or obligation to me.</p> <p>I AM INTERESTED IN:</p> <p>NAME _____ Male/Female (Print) _____</p> <p>ADDRESS _____ Material Homosexual Material</p> <p>CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____ Both</p> <p>SIGNATURE—This signature certifies that I am over 21 and declares that the requested brochure(s) will not be shown to minors and is for my own personal use.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">USE 20 CENTS AIR-MAIL STAMP.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">COUPON</p> <p>SEND TO: DIPLOMAT SALES P.R. Copenhagen V, Denmark</p> <p>Yes, I want to get in on the action. Please send me the following FREE COLOR PICTURE-ILLUSTRATED BROCHURE(S) at no cost or obligation to me.</p> <p>I AM INTERESTED IN:</p> <p>NAME _____ Male/Female (Print) _____</p> <p>ADDRESS _____ Material Homosexual Material</p> <p>CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____ Both</p> <p>SIGNATURE—This signature certifies that I am over 21 and declares that the requested brochure(s) will not be shown to minors and is for my own personal use.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">USE 20 CENTS AIR-MAIL STAMP.</p>
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GAY'S CALENDAR

Monday, June 1: New York Mattachine Society Legal Clinic at Society offices, 6 p.m.
Tuesday, June 2: Mattachine Society discussion groups at Trocadero, 180 Christopher St., 8 p.m. Donation \$1.00
Wednesday, June 3: West Side Discussion Group regular meeting, Church of the Holy Apostles (28th St. & 9th Av.), 8 p.m. Donation \$1.50. There is also a free blood test clinic in cooperation with the city Department of Health before the meeting (discretion assured).
Thursday, June 4: Gay Activists Alliance regular meeting, Church of the Holy Apostles (28th St. & 9th Av.), 8 p.m. Donation 50 cents.
 N.Y. Daughters of Bilitis regular meeting at Corduroy Club, 240 W. 38th St., 8 p.m. Donation \$1.50.
 "Homosexual News" on WBAI-FM (99.5), 8 p.m.
Friday, June 5: "Homosexual News" rebroadcast of 6/4, WBAI-FM, 10:45 a.m.
Saturday, June 6th: Corduroy Club cruise up the Hudson. Meeting at Battery Park at 9:30pm; sailing at 10:30pm. Live band and dancing. Admission \$7.50. Tickets available at Corduroy Club, 240 W. 38th St., or Oscar Wilde Memorial Bookshop, 291 Mercer St. or at the boat.
Sunday, June 7: HII open meeting at St. Peter's Episcopal Church, 346 W. 20th St., 7:30 p.m.
 GLF regular meeting at the Church of the Holy Apostles (28th St. & 9th Av.), 8pm.

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) 3473 1/2 Cahuenga Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. 90028.
Homosexual's Intransigent (HII) 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.

COMPILED BY JOHN FRANCIS HUNTER

(Presently listing Manhattan, Southern California, Boston and New England)

Key:
 **** Highly Recommended and Reviewed at Length in Previous Issues
 *** Almost as Highly Recommended, Reviewed, Fourth Star Withheld on Subjective Basis
 ** Popular, Reviewed and/or Visited Recently
 * O.K., Probably Visited

(When no stars appear it may simply mean the spot has not yet been reviewed in a GAY article.)

Int.: Integrated, meaning there is a highly desirable mix of Gays of all sexes and Straights

GF: Gay Genital Females predominantly

GM: Gay Genital Males predominantly

MANHATTAN

Adam's Rib, 23 E. 74th, restaurant; GFs (perhaps in transition)
Alternate U, Gay Liberation Front Saturday Night Dance, 6th Ave. (E. side) N. of 14th; GF, GM, some Int. (call to check) ****
Barn, 26 9th Ave. above Triangle Bar; GM ***
Barrel Inn, 9th Ave. bet 41st & 42nd; GM
Beacon Baths, 227 E. 45th; GM
Biggubi, 49th W. of 2nd; dancing, private, after hours; GM ***
Big Spender, 9th Ave. bet 41st & 42nd; GM
Blow-Up, 1544 2nd Ave.; dancing; GM
Blue Flame, 1117 1st Ave.; restaurant; GM
Brew's, 156 E. 34th; Int.
Candlelight Lounge, 309 Amsterdam; GM
Candy Store, 44 W. 56th; GM **
Carnaby's, 323 E. 79th; dancing; GM
Carrs, 10th off Bleecker; GM
Casa Laredo, Hudson & Perry, restaurant; Int. **
Charade, 2nd Ave. at 93rd; dancing; GF
Christopher's End, Christopher toward docks, restaurant; GM ***
Continental Baths, 230 W. 74th; GM ****
Country Cousin, 1313 3rd Ave.; restaurant; GM ****
Danny's, 139 Christopher; GM *
Dee's, 2nd Ave. at 70th; GM
Den, Little W. 12th & Washington; GM **
Eighty-Two Club, 82 E. 4th; drag show, tourist; Int.
Everhard Baths, 28 W. 28th; GM ***
Fedora, 239 W. 4th, restaurant; GM **
Finale, 48 Barrow, restaurant; Int. ***
Five Oaks, 49 Grove, restaurant; GF, GM ***
Four Eleven, 411 Bleecker, restaurant; Int.
Four Seasons, 99 E. 52nd, restaurant; GM/Int. bar at cocktail hour ***
Gianni's, 19th St. bet. 5th & 6th Aves.; GF **
Ginger Man, 51 W. 64th, restaurant; Int. **
Gold Bug, 85 W. 3rd; dancing; GM **
Goldfarb's, 7th Ave. at Bleecker, restaurant; GM ***
Gold Rail, 2850 Broadway; GM
Good Table, Lexington at 28th, restaurant; Int. ***
Harry's Back East, 3rd Ave. bet. 80th & 81st; GM ****
Haven, One Sheridan Square; dancing, fruit juice; GM
Hip-O-Drome, Ave. A bet. 10th & 11th Streets, E. Village; GM *
Julius, 159 W. 10th; MINUS FOUR STARS
Keller's, 384 W. St. nr. Barrow; GM
King Cole, bar in St. Regis Hotel, 5th Ave. at 55th; Int.
Kookie's, 149 W. 14th; GF **
Lighthouse, Broadway at 76th, restaurant; Int.
Lolly's, 1049 Lexington; GM
Luv Cage, 4th W. of 6th Ave.; dancing, private, after hours; GF ***
Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., restaurant; Int.
Milano's, N. of 72nd At Amsterdam & Columbus; GM *
Oak Bar, 2nd Ave. at 85th; GM
Oak Room, bar in Plaza Hotel, 5th Ave. at 59th; Int. *
OK Corral, 835 Washington; GM
Old Vic, 309 E. 60th; dancing; GM
Omnibus Coffee House, 69 W. 10th; Int.
One-Two-Three, 123 University Pl.; Int.
Red Swing, Lexington at 25th; GM
Roundtable, 151 E. 50th, restaurant; GF, GM
Royal Roost, Comelia nr. Bleecker, restaurant; GM ***
St. Mark's Baths, St. Mark's Place; GM **
Sanctuary, 407 W. 43rd; GM ***
Sauna Baths & Health Club, 300 W. 58th
Seventeen Barrow, 17 Barrow; GM **
Silver Dollar, 163 Christopher; GM
Silver Knights, 161 Amsterdam; GM
Stage Forty-Five, E. 45th bet. 1st & 2nd; GM

Stud, Greenwich Street at Perry; GM *
Taft Hotel Bar, 7th Ave. at 50th; Int.
Tenth of Always, 82 W. 3rd; dancing, private, after hours; GM ***
Texas Chili Parlor, 215 W. 10th, restaurant; Int.
Thrush, 24 E. 22nd; dancing, fruit juice; Int. **
Together, 308 E. 59th; dancing, soft drinks, fruit juice; Int. ***
Tool Box, 507 W. St. at Jane; GM *
Tor's, 21 Greenwich AVE., restaurant; GF
Twin Brothers, 6th Ave. at Waverly Pl.; after hours; GM
Uncle Charlie's, Lexington at 75th; GM ****
Washington Square, 675 Broadway, restaurant; GF
Wine Cellar, 531 Hudson, restaurant; Int. ****
Yukon, 53rd bet. Lexington & 3rd, restaurant; GM ***
Zodiac, Little W. 12th St. & Washington; GM ***
Zoo, 421 W. 13th; GM ****

(Next listing adding the Gay Theatre Bars. Aren't they all?)

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

Arena, 5574 Melrose, Hollywood; leather in transition; GM ****
B.J.'s, 2692 S. LaCienega, L.A.; GM
Cellar, 3172 Los Feliz, L.A.; GM
Clown, 1117 N. Hollywood Way, Burbank; GM
Corral Baths, Cahuenga Blvd., North Hollywood; GM
Cougar, 10501 Burbank Blvd., North Hollywood; GM
Courte Inn, 11720 Ventura Blvd., Studio City; GM
David, 7013 Melrose, Hollywood; GM
Fallen Angel, 2709 W. 6th, L.A.; GM
Farm, Santa Monica Blvd. bet. La Cienega & La Brea; dancing; GM ****
Friendship, City of Santa Monica; friendly & swinging during warm months afternoon & evening with beach crowd; GM ***
Gallery Inn, Ventura Blvd., San Fernando Valley, restaurant; GM **
Gallery Room, Santa Monica Blvd. & Crescent Heights, Hollywood, restaurant; glamorous show bizzy crowd, somewhat integrated; GM ***
Golden Bull, City of Santa Monica, restaurant; famous throughout area; swings when the beach does; GM ****
Hold, City of Santa Monica; near Friendship and Golden Bull; GM **
Hub, Santa Monica Blvd., bet. La Cienega and La Brea, Hollywood; gets spillover from Farm and Stampede, more like latter; GM **
Jaguar, (Rev. No. 11) Santa Monica Blvd. E. of

Fairfax, N. side, Hollywood; busy and fairly cruisy, jammed on Sunday afternoon; GM **
Klondike, 757 S. La Brea, Hollywood; GM
Lillian's, (Rev. No. 11) W. side of La Brea, S. of Sunset, Hollywood, restaurant; even pulls *Laugh-In* celebs; Int. ****
Little Dipper, 4351 Woodman, Sherman Oaks; GM
Oar House, City of Santa Monica; Int. **
Por Favor, Santa Monica Blvd. E. of Robertson, West Hollywood, restaurant par excellence; somewhat integrated; GM ****
Port of Venice, 12 Washington St., Marina del Rey; GM
Seventh Keg, 7713 Beverly Blvd., West L.A.; GM
Sewers of Paris, 1608 N. Cosmo Alley, Hollywood; GM
Show Biz, 1421 University Ave., San Diego; GM
Sister George, 9105 Sunset Blvd., West Hollywood; GF **
Stampede, Santa Monica Blvd., W. of Fairfax; after hours, all that is depressing about a bar save for pretty people; GM
Swing, 3175 India St., San Diego; GM
Vagabond, 315 E. Florence, Inglewood; GM
Valli House, 11012 Ventura Blvd., North Hollywood; GM

BOSTON

Cave, 20 Boylston; GM ****
Edwardian, 21 Broad St., restaurant; integrated noon to early evening; GM ****
Jacques, 75 Broadway; GF, GM **
La Grange Baths, La Grange St.; new, clean.
Locke-Ober Men's Bar, 3 Winter Place; GM ***
Mario's, upstairs cor. Shawmut & Broadway; ecch!; GM
Napoleon Club, 52 Piedmont; elegant, coats-and-ties, informal Sundays; GM ****
Other Side, 76 Broadway; dancing, psychedelic lighting, huge room, minimum, lots of action but scattered; GM **
Playland, 19 Essex St.; typically awful, but fun for slumming; GM *
Regency Baths, Regency St.; unbelievable total of 135 cubicles reported; GM
Shed, 250 Huntington Ave.; S&M, but not terribly uptight about it, far friendlier than NY's Tool Box, about as amusing as Den; GM **
Sporter's, 235 Cambridge St.; Harry's Back East of Boston; GM ****
Twelve Carver, 12 Carver, of course; GM ***

(In next issue read an in-depth report on Provincetown.)

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