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NO. 20



AMERICA'S 1ST.
GAY WEEKLY

**CORNHOLING
IS CHRISTLIKE R9**

RON DILLY AND ALAN DARK IN PAT ROCCO'S "THE END"

The Editors Speak:

BILLY GRAHAM IS COMING TO TOWN

People with bisexual and homosexual inclinations have a new and powerful public enemy: Spoothesayer Billy Grahamcracker. His scheduled visit to Gotham will inflict another of his tiresome tirades on supposedly civilized listeners.

The May issue of *Reader's Digest* contains a specially written article by this despicable fanatic in which he threatens Americans who believe in sexual freedom with the spectre of a "perverted" society: one in which homosexuals dare to make love openly. His anti-homosexual campaign, it seems, is now underway.

Ecologists must surely shudder when Graham quotes such verses as "Be fruitful and multiply, and fill the earth and subdue it." Those who believe in the American principle of separation of church and state must also shudder at the unholy liaison effected between the White House and this dogmatic wildman. Nixon is promoting him as the unofficial Archbishop of the United States. A recent visit by the President to Graham's silly crusade in Tennessee is only one indication in many showing that vile superstitions are sitting at the right hand of the Presidential throne.

Graham's attacks on homosexuals will no doubt increase. Now that he has added homosexuality to his list of "acceptable" topics, he can be expected to spearhead the Nixon-Spiro conspiracy against the gay community. Concerned citizens must work to thwart Billy Graham's barbaric appeals to anti-sexual emotionalism. We hope, in this age of enlightened despair, that the forces of freedom and justice will use all available media to heap upon Billy Graham what he so justly deserves: ridicule.

GAY AND THE DRAG QUEEN

We have received a number of angry calls and letters from drag queens who complain that GAY's publication of Hector Simms' *A Biopsy on Miss Thing* (GAY No. 17) was unfair. The question of the paper's editorial policy about drags has come to the fore.

GAY supports the right of everyone to dress as he or she sees fit. We do believe, however, that the visibility of the drag queen has given society an erroneous impression of the nature of homosexuality: namely that we are men trying to be women and women trying to be men. The vast majority of homosexual men and women look, dress, act and walk not unlike their fellow citizens. Many homosexually-inclined people are angered by the mistaken views held by "straights," and are anxious to separate themselves from the drag queen image. Hector Simms' article, we think, was a legitimate expression of this anger.

GAY intends to publish many views in order to spur controversy that will lead to a fuller understanding of this emotionally-charged enigma. Hence, in GAY No. 18, John Leroy's interview with Lee Brewster, drag-militant, and founder of *Queens*, an organization devoted to improving the status of the drag queen, was in order. Readers may look forward to other viewpoints which are hard-hitting and well-stated.

Understanding, rather than mere anger, is our ultimate aim. We do not believe that drags, transvestites, and transsexuals have any inherent connection with homosexuality per se. Our personal view is this: that crossdressers have their own particular battle to wage: the right to wear clothing which suits their personal tastes. This right is basic. While drags seem to look a bit old-fashioned in today's fast-moving unisexual societies, this is no reason why their rights should be denied. As GAY's own Stefan Vark once said, "There are no swishy clothes. There are only uptight people who think that anything less than armor is swishy."

ATTENTION ALL PRESBYTERIANS

It may interest the divines of the Presbyterian Church to know that the famed Presbyterian minister, Peter Marshall (A Man Called Peter) was visiting in the Scottish home of the Co-Editor of GAY (whom Jack was a child) on the night he was appointed Chaplain of the United States Senate.

Peter Marshall was a man with heart; neither bigot nor dogmatist. We wonder, if he were alive today, what he would have thought about his church's "sin" vote which passed by narrow margin and condemned homosexuals to further pariahdom. (See GAY News) We think he might very well have quoted the parable of the good Samaritan. Samaritans, in the days of Jesus, were outcasts: hated and feared as are homosexuals today. How unfortunate it is that churches have wandered so far from the spirit of Jesus' teachings.

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RAE BOURBON BENEFIT ANNOUNCED

New York, N.Y. — A benefit party at the Riverside Plaza on Tuesday, June 30, has been announced to raise funds for an appeal for retrial in the case of Rae Bourbon, famed female impersonator.

Rae, now 77, was convicted of the murder of a man who killed Rae's 35

dogs. According to the defense, Rae was performing in another town at the time of the shooting. It was believed that the gun used in the killing belonged to Rae, and he was convicted on those grounds and sentenced to life imprisonment. New evidence has come to light showing that

the gun did not belong to Rae, and new appeals are being filed.

This ball has thus been planned to raise funds to meet the costs of the appeal. According to Pudgy Roberts, the organizer of the benefit, there will be performances by over 25 of the biggest

names in impersonation. The ball will start at 10:00 p.m. sharp.

For advance tickets, contact Pudgy Roberts, P.O. Box 71, Prince Street Station, N.Y.C., N.Y. 10012. Tickets will also be available at the door. Prices are \$5, \$10, \$15, \$20 and \$25.

L.A. TO CELEBRATE STONEWALL ANNIVERSARY

Hollywood, Calif. — Plans are being made by several gay organizations to observe the first anniversary of the Christopher Street riots.

On June 28 in Hollywood, thousands of homosexuals are expected to attend a massive demonstration and celebration, which is being planned as a "freedom revival in lavender" by the Committee for Homosexual Law Reform in coordination with the Gay Liberation Front of Los Angeles, the Society of Anubis, and other gay groups.

Between the hours of 7 and 9 p.m. on Sunday, June 28th, floats, horses, convertibles, marching bands, parading groups and Mardi Gras-style costumed characters will parade down Hollywood Boulevard from Highland Avenue to Vine Street. According to Morris Knight of the GLFLA, the Hollywood police have agreed to halt traffic during the celebration.

Police harassment of homosexuals has increased in Los Angeles recently, apparently as a part of Police Chief Edward Davis' official policy against gays. The June 28 demonstration will serve as a show of strength and solidarity.

A homosexual was recently killed by two men in the San Bernardino area, and the local police released them on their own cognizance. Charges have as yet not been filed. GLF is also trying to organize a demonstration to be held in the San Bernardino area as well.

It is hoped that continued large demonstrations may help to slow down the current "clean-up" campaign in Los Angeles.

Gays from all over the states are urged to attend the June 28 demonstrations.

GAY NEWS

June 22, 1970, Volume 1, Number 20



The Compleat Skinhead/Suedehead: Short hair, suspenders, baggy jeans and big, big boots

JERSEY COURT upholds SECRET police files

Trenton, N.J. — On June 1, the New Jersey Supreme Court overturned a ban on the compiling by the police of secret intelligence files on civil rights activists and other protesters that had been ordered destroyed last year by a lower court in Hudson County.

In a unanimous decision, Chief Justice Joseph Weintraub maintained that state and local law enforcement agencies

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English "SKINHEADS" ASSAULT LONGHAIRS-GAYS

London, England — British homosexuals, having achieved legal protection from unrealistic sex laws, now have a new problem to cope with in the form of gangs of teenagers called "skinheads."

Skinheads first attracted public attention when they began harassing hippies in Piccadilly Circus last summer, and in particular when they invaded the empty mansion which the hippies had occupied last fall.

Like the hippies, the skinheads have a more or less distinctive way of dressing. Their specialty is oversized workpants, thin red suspenders and hobnailed, steel-toed boots, which they call "cherry reds." Their hair is shaved to approximately one-eighth of an inch, hence their name. When the hair grows a little longer, they call themselves "suedeheads."

No matter what the length of the hair, their favorite activity is terrorizing homosexuals, hippies, foreign immigrants (particularly Pakistanis) and even old ladies. Long-haired young men in Carnaby Street clothes are their particular enemies, but they also do considerable vandalism, destroying synagogues, a Chinese cafe, Indian restaurants, and even trains.

Most of the skinheads are working-class boys, ranging in age from 15 to 18, in low-paying manual-labor jobs and reflecting the crudest prejudices of their blue-collar parents. Few have read a book. "All I did in school," recalled one, "is kick the teacher."

Three weeks ago more than two thousand Pakistani immigrants marched on 10 Downing Street to protest skinhead attacks, which have become increasingly frequent in the past few weeks. Pakistanis are a favorite target because they seem passive, weak and "different." "They smell, don't they?" said the son of a London longshoreman. "It's all that garlic. I mean, they've no right to be here."

Their favorite weapon is the boot, but they also use their heads to butt a victim, and anything else that comes to hand—bricks, bottles, knives, rocks and razors. "Scar stuff," one skinhead explained. "We don't use weapons that kill."

Given the difficulty which the London police have in coping with skinheads, the only resolution of the problem, it would seem, will come when Britain produces a still newer fad. In the meantime, Vidal Sassoon's Mayfair salon has capitalized on the current one by offering skinhead hairdos to some of London's most fashionable women.

SIN WINS OUT BY NARROW MARGIN

Chicago, Ill. — After weeks of hopeful speculation on their proposed new sex code, the United Presbyterian Church voted at their general assembly on May 26 to "receive" the controversial report for study by congregations.

Entitled "Sexuality and the Human Community," and drawn up by a team of experts in various fields, the report repudiated all absolutes regarding human sexuality.

Significant sex moralities stated in the report included:

Removal of all restrictions against unmarried adults who wish to live together.

Wide-open abortion laws. Conjugal visitation rights for wives to visit husbands in prisons.

Dissemination of birth control information and materials through public health centers, clinics and hospitals, for both married and unmarried persons.

Voluntary sterilization and eugenic sterilization in certain cases of incurable mental disorders.

Imposing "no moral barrier" to artificial insemination.

Removal of any stigma that makes homosexuals feel they are in irresolvable conflict with the Christian fellowship.

The controversial new code, which took three years to complete, was produced under the direction of the Rev. John C. Wynn, Presbyterian pastor and professor at the Colgate-Rochester Divinity School in Rochester, N.Y.

The goal of the study, Rev. Wynn pointed out, was to evaluate the role of the church as interpreter of the meaning of sexuality and the church's ethics in human relationships.

"This we could not do without making a thorough re-examination of sexual behavior and sexual standards, nor could we conduct such a study without offending and frightening some Christians who may oppose such a candid investigation, or the conclusions at which we arrive, or both," Rev. Wynn said. "The net effect of such a report is to clarify our thinking and to firm up the sagging sexual standards of today."

The report met with wide opposition, even before the assembly had convened. One New Jersey pastor noted that "a report like this, with its new sex code, can only increase the perils to our teenagers by destroying the real moral code. It can only add to the present disastrous situation."

Many claimed that some features of the report had to be toned down because they are wrong according to the "source of truth"—the Bible.

The report itself took no such fundamentalist view. On adultery, for

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BY LILY HANSEN

The Editors of GAY are proud to have known Otto Ulrich, a delightful and honest person, for several years. Lily Hansen's fine interview with Otto is a striking view into the mind of a man who is currently conducting a valiant struggle to protect himself against the insane abuses of Governmental power.

PART I

Lily: Otto, how do you feel about the fact that your security clearance has just been lifted? You expected it?

Otto: Well, yes, under the circumstances I certainly expected it to be lifted long before it was. We're going to fight it as far as possible, and hopefully we're going to win our case in the courts.

Lily: You have a very good case, and it's entirely possible that it will go to the Supreme Court.

Otto: At this point it's hard to say. The American Civil Liberties Union has accepted it. Hopefully we can establish a precedent that will help every homosexual.

Lily: What will that precedent be?

Otto: That the Pentagon or the Defense Department cannot refuse or lift a security clearance from a homosexual who acknowledges publicly that he or she is a homosexual for no other reason than

glorious martyr to the cause. It sort of happened this way. Long ago I decided I could only be accommodating or pushed around by the government so far, without losing what little respect one might have being a homosexual in this country. I decided I had reached that point, and beyond that I wasn't going to let the government tromp on me any more. I was going to fight back tooth and nail. And I intend to do so within the limits of the law as far as possible.

Lily: Can you pinpoint the time in your life when you became militant? What events caused you to be radicalized?

Otto: This would go back several years. I was doing graduate work at the University of Pennsylvania and was still getting student deferments from the draft. By 1959, when I was already 24, the deferments came to an end, and the draft board got around to me. By this time, I was living with someone, and I had of course long ago resolved an awful lot of whatever personal conflicts I might have had as a younger individual. I had decided that as long as the government had taken the attitude that we treat homosexuals as though they had the most contagious form of leprosy, I was not going to support this government by way of becoming a soldier or sailor or whatever and submitting to the draft. I

was asked something to the effect: Are you or have you ever had homosexual experiences? And I answered yes. I had no intention of lying—partly because the job I had at the Library with that particular project at the moment was supported by transfer funds from the Central Intelligence Agency. I felt that since there were special forms I had to fill out when I was hired there was no sense in hiding. I still at this time had no contact with the homophile movement.

Lily: Why weren't you intimidated? How come you were so little brainwashed? Otto: I guess I'm sort of Don Quixote-ish. When asked a direct question, I felt I should give an honest answer. And I think I can state now and for that time that I was not the least bit afraid of government charges of perjury (which if I had lied I would have been subject to—that never crossed my mind). I had decided that I was going to be honest. It seemed to me with the kind of educational background I had—which was oriented very much to German and European culture and literature—that I couldn't lie.

Lily: The virtue of uprightness... Otto: Oh, I suppose you could say that, but I certainly didn't feel like a young Boy Scout waving the flag or something of the sort. But at any rate, I decided that I had nothing to lose. And perhaps I was

Otto: This was in the middle fifties, around '54, '55. (I hope people will remember that the young Kennedy brothers were participating in it along with Mr. Nixon—such bastards.) Well, in my initial interview with the head of personnel, he had in front of him the District of Columbia legal code, and he started reading to me, saying I had a choice: I could resign from the Library of Congress or I could be fired under the terms of the law of the District of Columbia regarding anyone convicted of various law violations dealing with homosexuality or other moral conduct. I said, "First of all, I've never been arrested for anything." There was a little interchange, and then suddenly he closed the books, and we had a very personal heart-to-heart conversation. He told me about all the homosexuals he'd known in the past who'd worked for the Library of Congress—in fact, several of them were still working there and doing a good job. At the end of the interview he said that he would arrange for me to talk personally with the Librarian of Congress to argue my position and that I should hear from them within 10 days. This was in February. I didn't hear from them, and suddenly June was there, and I was promoted to a GS-9 with a very favorable review from my supervisor. Summer came

THE U.S. GOVERNMENT VERSUS AN HONEST MAN



(photo by Lily Hansen)

that the individual has a sex life that the Defense Department doesn't think is proper. I guess what would happen from such a decision would be that any individual who is honest and above board and who is willing to work for his government shouldn't have to fight the Defense Department to convince them that he should have a clearance. At the present time the Pentagon takes the very biblical and Victorian attitude that anybody who doesn't do it in the missionary position is automatically a criminal and is not trustworthy and therefore can't have a security clearance of any sort. And since the Pentagon is in one way or another responsible for three-quarters of all the jobs in this country, this is a major economic discrimination. It's not merely economic, it obviously also affects one's mental attitudes toward oneself and one's peers. And the attitudes of society in general toward the homosexual are being reinforced by this irrational, prejudicial and hateful attitude of the Pentagon.

Lily: It takes a certain person to be able to take upon himself the tribulations of going to court, of submitting to all the rigmarole and the red tape. What prepared you for even wanting to stand up to it?

Otto: I never got involved in this with the idea that I was going to be a grand and

told the board that I was homosexual. Then I was classified as 4F, which was fine with me.

Lily: What was your major in college? Otto: I have an undergraduate degree in German with a minor in Spanish. I did graduate work in German and Russian.

Lily: What were you heading for? Otto: I was heading for hopefully eventually a Ph.D. in, I guess, German.

Lily: For teaching purposes? Otto: Teaching purposes. But then I got completely discouraged with the teaching idea. Anyway, I came back to Washington. I was working in the recording business for a while. That company was sold, and my job folded. Because I had contact with an individual teaching me Czech, I was told of an opportunity for someone who knew Russian at the Library of Congress. I was accepted for the job. During the initial months of processing, the Library of Congress used the notorious medical form which asks very very specific details of one's medical history, physical background and so forth—questions which the government never has the need to know, except in the most severe instances of maybe a physical disability. An example of some of the questions: they would ask details about a woman's menstrual cycle. This form many years later was abolished. But at that time, I

just slightly becoming aware of One, for example, and their beginning activities at the end of the fifties and the early sixties. Also I'd heard of the Mattachine in San Francisco. Of course here in Washington there was nothing at that time—it had just gotten going again. [The present Mattachine Society of Washington was founded in 1961.] In November 1961 I went to work for the Library of Congress, where a few months later I went through the rigmarole of the physical examinations and so forth, during which the question was asked about homosexual tendencies. Well, the doctor at the Public Health Dept. decided I needed to undergo a psychiatric examination. In late January or early February 1962 I was examined by a doctor at George Washington University Hospital. The upshot of the examination was my asking him point blank, "Do I keep my job?" and his answering something to the effect, "As far as I'm concerned, you keep it." On my return to the Library after the interview, I was told by the head of personnel that I would hear from them shortly as to the results. It turned out that apparently the doctor had sent back an extremely favorable report on me. That, of course, threw a monkey wrench into the Library's present way of getting rid of homosexuals. This wasn't too far after the McCarthy mess.

Lily: When did the McCarthy era end?



(photo by Lily Hansen)

and went and I still didn't hear from them. Finally October 4 came—it was a Monday afternoon I shall never forget. At four o'clock I was called over to see the head of personnel. And his very first words were: "Mr. Ulrich, I want you to understand that the Library of Congress does not necessarily condone homosexuality, but, after all, we have only your word for it, and you may stay." Then in January I was promoted to GS-11 and made assistant head of the section in which I worked and I was that till I left the Library in 1967, when I was a GS-12. In the meantime I was getting outstanding ratings for the work I was doing. So I wasn't about to pinch little boys in the ass in the library and, you know, disrupt the work schedule—which is what the Civil Service Commission keeps saying homosexuals do—and they're full of bullshit. One interesting sidelight was that the very day the decision was handed to me that I might stay at the Library, Frank Kameny had called about a friend of his in another case. Unfortunately in this case perjury was involved, and the individual was fired. And during his talking to the head of personnel to find out about this other individual's case, Frank had found out about mine. The head of personnel told Frank that to have fired me would have meant putting a "premium on perjury."

(to be continued)

AN AMBASSADOR IN AMSTERDAM: Gay Capitol of the World



Peter making like a tourist

BY PETER OGREN

I'd been in Europe for two months before going to Amsterdam, and I was more than eager to get there. My hosts in London had gone completely to pieces over the place, and in Paris, Jacques, my host at the sauna, cast his eyes to heaven and pronounced Amsterdam "a miracle." So I decided to skip Brussels and flew straight up from Paris in time for the weekend. That was a very smart move, as it turned out. For Amsterdam has not only some of the finest night life on the continent even during the week, but enjoys a weekend scene that is not to be believed.

Unfortunately I hadn't made any reservations at all, and the city was packed to the rafters with tourists. I wasted a few hours going from hotel to hotel until some dear soul sent me to the V.V.V., the government tourist office in front of the Central Station. I still couldn't get a hotel until the next day, but I made a contact for a room in a private house.

Gay hotels abound in Amsterdam. However, they are about twice as expensive as ordinary hotels, to say nothing of the starvation-budget Youth Hostel. The Hotel Come Back, at 458 Singel, right next to the D.O.K. Club (of which more later), looked really nice, but cost \$7.00 a night, single. Besides, it was full, of course. Some of the gay hotels

also don't have single rooms; you have to rent a double room, and then if you make out you're set. But of course if you don't make out, you still have to pay for a double.

Once parked in a room in the house of a charming older family, I struck out to get some food, and discovered a whole row of Indonesian restaurants down by the Central Station that served a fantastic dish called rijstafel, which is a collection of between fourteen and thirty small dishes of meats and condiments, all served over rice. Out of sight! After dinner, I meandered over to the red-light district, where dozens of pretty girls sat in windows a la Hamburg, and where there was also a little exhibit of sexual paraphernalia in progress. I found a bar called the Argo at 29 Warmoerstraat, which was jammed with all sorts of types, many in leather. The very first person I saw flipped me out, so I sat down to chat. His name was Kees (pronounced "case") and he spoke perfect English. Almost everyone does, by the way, and in fact the best English on the continent is spoken in Amsterdam. So it was very easy to groove together, and we made it back to my little private house for the rest of the evening. Friendly? Overnight I became spoiled rotten!

However, after one night in that little room, I went back to V.V.V. for a real hotel. I was sent to the most wonderful little hotel that I stayed in during my entire trip. It was called the Gouden Kroon (Golden Crown), and operated out of a little espresso restaurant at 55 Vijzelgracht, about two blocks from the Heineken Brewery and only four blocks from the Rijksmuseum. For \$3.50 U.S., I had a spotless room, a stupendous breakfast with the best coffee in the city, delightful hosts (a young couple named Schultz), and best of all, privacy. There was no desk to walk past—I just went upstairs through a door which was separate from the restaurant. Consequently, with a little discretion and



Tourists in a cafe across from the St. Nicholas Church

some clever maneuvering, I was able to avoid sleeping alone most of the time, even all night. (I found out later, however, that my discretion paid off, because a couple of American girls in another room had a boy up with them overnight. They weren't too quiet about it, so the manager took away their key to the front door.)

That night I went back to the Argo to look for Kees, but alas, he wasn't there, so I walked over to seek out the wonders of the much-touted D.O.K. Club, at 460 Singel. Singel, by the way, is the poshest canal in the city, lined with fabulous 17th Century Golden Age town houses, that are now so expensive that only one of them is privately owned, by a pair of maiden ladies about 90 years old. I presented my passport at the club and bought a two-week membership (about \$2.50, I think), and waded to the back.

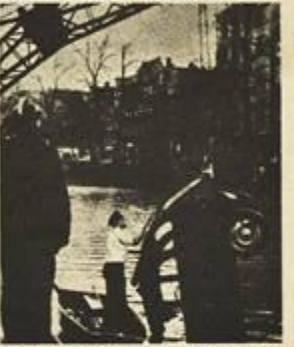
The D.O.K. is an enormous club, with many tables throughout, a large dance floor, and a longish bar in the back. The dance floor was so crowded that I could hardly move, and the music (discotheque, rather than jukebox) was blaring. I ran into an old friend from New York—most of the people were in fact tourists—then got into several conversations with the natives and danced for a while. The beer was delicious (Dutch beer is even better than Danish), and reasonably priced. I later discovered that for about \$2.00 I could (and did) have a very satisfying little steak, with salad and bread, wonderfully prepared to boot. And all the while the beer flowed and the music played and everyone danced their buns off. All types of music too, with little sets of one kind, then a set of another. They even played waltzes!

The scene at the other famous club, the C.O.C. (Club de Schakel) was similar to that at D.O.K., with some nice differences. At C.O.C. there weren't so many hustlers (whose fees were almost uniformly \$7.00 for an hour, \$28.00 for a night—same as the red-light girls). There were quite a few gay girls, too, of which there were virtually none at D.O.K. I came to prefer C.O.C. for this very reason—the girls were charming, and like all the Dutch, easy to meet. C.O.C. is also a little less crowded, and on weekends that is quite a plus. C.O.C. is rather hard to find, but is eminently worth the effort. It is about a block away from the opera house on the Leidesplein, at 49 Korte Leidsdwarstraat. The membership is required, but there again you can get a two-week pass (about \$5.00).

Since it was summer, and since I am a sun worshipper, I decided to try the gay beach out at Zandvoort. Nudism, screwing in the bushes and all that lovely sun. Actually the day I went (Sunday, usually a crowded day) there weren't too many people out there. A good deal of ogling, but very little action, although enough to ultimately satisfy. The walk down the beach to Pier 71 (that's just what they call it; though there's not a

pier in sight) took about half an hour—probably about 2 1/2 miles away from the train station. Oh yes, you have to take the train from Central Station in Amsterdam, and the ride takes about 35 minutes. Trains run frequently, and you can't get lost.

Which brings me to that aspect of Amsterdam gay life which surely must now be famous the world over: the Saunabad Thermos. Located at 299 Egelantierstraat, Thermos is open weekdays from noon to 11 p.m., and Saturday and Sunday from noon to six. The admission last year was an unbelievable \$1.65 U.S. or thereabouts, and I was greeted by a charming and beautiful blond Dutch boy who asked me (1) was this my first visit? (Yes) and (2) was I a member of D.O.K. or C.O.C.? Just checking to make sure I knew what kind of place it was. Inside, the rooms were immaculate, save I suppose for the constainers in the city room off the upstairs lounge. Downstairs, there are no really private rooms. You check your valuables and hang up your clothes on an open hook. The rooms are simply curtained off, so you can go in if nobody else is there and just leave when you're through. Every so often the blond host



Hauling a car from one of the ninety-plus canals

comes around ringing a little bell and cheerfully announces coffee and cookies upstairs, which is a marvelous way to raise your blood sugar and adrenalin for another bout of fun. Incidentally, the actual sauna facilities are wonderfully clean and comfortable. The sauna has three decks of wooden benches, plus a rack at the top to lay back on, with a bar to rest your feet, which makes for some interesting situations! The action never stops for a moment. Absolutely fantastic.

For all the wonders of Amsterdam's gay life, there are in addition scores of splendid restaurants, movies and theatres. There are even two city-run clubs where it's legal to smoke and buy marijuana. The museums of Amsterdam house some of the greatest collections of Rembrandt, Vermeer, Hals, Van Gogh (largest collection in the world), Matisse, Picasso and others, and are incidentally great for cruising. I met a lovely lad standing between two Chagalls. And don't forget the breweries; tours are available daily, and you can drink as much as you want, with cheeses and nibbles served along with the beer.

Of course the most astonishing thing about Amsterdam's gay life is the people. Relaxed, friendly and human. There are very few "typical" gays in Amsterdam: "types" don't occur there! One thing that stood out was the lack of "dishing." What a relief! Next time you have a few weeks to spare, do yourself a favor. Go to Amsterdam for some super pleasuring.

BY ANGELO d'ARCANGELO

The Editors of GAY are pleased to recommend *The Homosexual Handbook* by Angelo d'Arcangelo. It is available through Olympia Press, 69 Irving Place, New York. \$2.25 plus postage.

FOLKLORE

Here, in capsule form, is my own mini newspaper, complete with titles and by lines.

Does anybody remember when Barry Goldwater proposed the "defoliation" of the Vietnamese jungles? For one reason or another this scheme was considered dangerous, along with his general enthusiasm for Oriental Colonialism euphemized into that non-word, "Escalation", and Honest Lyndon was elected to the Presidency. Honest Lyndon and his red-beaked loudmouth Birds—a subspecies of the common Flatlands Shrike—did the Political Turnabout—a dance done in Washington by prominent coteries—and declared undeclared war on "The Yellow Peril"—a political catch-all designed to hide and manipulate vast amounts of public money, (akin to the Red Herring, a domestic species.)

Now, America's most persistent reject—ace casket salesman Dick Nixon—has defoliated the jungles. Defoliated jungles are to be seen in color in TIME. Don't they resemble burnt forests though? What do you suppose they look like to birds? And other animals? What do you suppose the ecologists have to say about it? What if somebody had decided the best way to route the Black Panthers, a common breed of night prowling domestic rapists—out of say, Mississippi and Louisiana was to defoliate these states with chemicals? And they did it. The question would be, "Now what do we do with several hundred square miles of chemically contaminated desert?" And now, in Viet Nam, the questionnaire, "What shall we do with the hundreds of thousands of refugees who can no longer live on a piece of poisoned earth? Shall we let them immigrate to the U.S.A. on special permits like the Hungarians of European yesteryear? Ooops! Sorry. Yellow Peril. Besides, they may be Red. It's so hard to tell, they all look alike.

Yellow and red, if I remember correctly, make orange. What orange means I cannot tell, unless it has come to signify malnutrition. Perhaps it's the color of genocide. Probably not, for the Biafrans were black. Oh, it's so hard to be a good American sometimes! So many fine distinctions to make. Can anybody find a parallel in all this? I want to do the right thing. I want to have the right people killed as efficiently as possible, and I want to get the smog out of the air for the kiddies sake. But the way things are now it looks as though we may have to kill off everybody who isn't American before we have to evacuate Los Angeles, and even then... well, you know what Mrs. John N. Mitchell says. (She's the seldom outspoken wife of the Attorney General of the U.S.) She says we're overpopulated, even here, and that... maybe in the second term...

Overheard at La Groceria on 6th Ave., the other night. "Y'know, I think Pat Rocco is the Kusama of underground films."

Or is she the Irving Wallace of fashion?

SOCIETY SODOMY NEWS

Does Judge Ed Gosset of Dallas

Texas condone and promote Sodomy? Yes and no. He doesn't openly condone it, but he does promote it. Curious?

Refusing to release a man named Buchanan on his own recognizance pending final appeal of his sodomy conviction, Gosset has confined him to the Dallas County jail. (Meanwhile a married couple, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Gibson, Buchanan's co-defendants—and self-confessed sodomites—are freed.) Judge Gosset, true to the double-think of really fine-edged perversity, has of his own free will and with full knowledge beforehand, subjected the defendant, Buchanan, to repeated, constant, and brutal sexual attacks upon his person, via the Dallas County Jail, it's staff and inmates. Gosset enjoys syntho-sodomy, or thought-rape, that most appetizing of corrupt pleasures for the truly senile. His rationale? Let me quote him. "The"

my question is, Was Vinales guilty of attempting to escape from False Arrest? And if it was False Arrest which caused him to become injured, For how much ought he to sue the City of New York?

That was really only one question. The second is a little more complex. It revolves around the credibility gap surrounding statements of the still employed Inspector Pine. He has stated that the raids were carried out against "not only Gay bars" but "also heterosexual after hours places." Well, my question is, Which heterosexual places were raided, and how many arrests were made? It should be an easy question to answer, after all, the names and addresses of the Gay places were published: no other names or addresses were ever given. It shouldn't be a question of invading anybody's privacy, should it?

Oh! I almost forgot. What is the penalty for making false arrest? Is there

Yes. King's Bishop forward. Ever-nimble babbitts at the Pentagon have decided that he may not be liable to blackmail "as an individual", but "as a member of a class of persons (homosexuals) who are widely known as being 'amenable' to blackmail." Alright. Rook in place. Enter Queen. And what is Blackmail? My dictionary says, 1. Law a any payment extorted by intimidations, as by threats of injurious revelations or accusations. By whom is this "class of persons (homosexuals)" liable to be blackmailed? By those who make injurious revelations and accusations. For Benning Wentworth, those making injurious revelations and accusations were The Eastern Field Board, or, generally, The Pentagon. Rook taken. Is The Pentagon a person? No. It is a group of people. What do we call a group of people working together to blackmail somebody? Conspirators, yes, and Blackmailers. This group reveals itself as ready, willing, and able to deprive Wentworth of "Life, Liberty & The Pursuit of Happiness," not to mention his livelihood because he is a member of a class of peoples toward which this conspiracy has openly vowed to perpetuate lucrative Blackmail. And it seeks praise! The Pentagon has put itself under a criminal ban, and made itself liable to prosecution under the laws of the Constitution of The United States of America. Hooray for the Constitution! Check Hooray for the Bill of Rights! Check and mate.

Even you can play, brothers and sisters. Pick up your weapons and sick'em.

HUMOR

Sometimes people mourn the decline of the Humor Magazine. They ask themselves (and me, ho! hum!) "Whatever happened to Punch? Or the New Yorker? Why aren't they funny anymore?" The May 25th issue of TIME devotes considerable space to its cover story of Sex Researchers Masters and Johnson, and their side-splitting battle against the decay of the American Marriage. I find it amusing that about half the people who get married don't like it—or not much. But the super-serious tone of it all! Great Balls o'Fire! Sex, even when you're married is like rice pudding, and SCREW. If you don't like it, "Pass it by." Besides, for any adult over twenty-five who finds him or herself sexually inadequate, marriage—or more accurately—the carborundum of domestic intimacy, isn't likely to help.

Which leads to questions like: "Are Bob Hope and Billy Graham one and the same person?" Informed sources are inclined to agree. The credibility gap narrows a trifle as we read Bob Graham's newest Pepsodent-bright article in the greatest Gag-Mag of them all, *The Reader's Digest*. Here, in repressed form, is all God wants us to know about sex. I think that may even be the title. Curiously enough the Wit and Wisdom of Billy Hope and his Whistling Scriptures doesn't tell us what to do about what that Happy-Go-Fucky team, Masters and Johnson call, "primary impotence (the male's lifelong inability to achieve vaginal penetration)... of, "Vaginismus—a form of muscular spasm making intercourse difficult or impossible." Well, if you don't like it, "Pass it by, pass it by."

WANTED

A bacchanal. Your place or mine.

All The News That's Unfit To Print

★ EXTRA ★
THE DAILY TRIBUNE
TEXAS JUDGE PROMOTES SODOMY?



(prior) "decision of the Federal Court should be reversed or at least modified or restricted to save society from the flood of perverts which the opinion would turn loose upon us. This court is not going to release a confessed and convicted homosexual until and unless compelled to do so." What do you suppose Ed dreams about while he's...uh...sleeping? Oh, well. *Honi Soit Qui Mal Y Pense.*

HOSPITAL NEWS

There are two questions about the Seymour Pine raids on "after hour bars" in the New York City area. The first concerned Diego Vinales, the young man who was injured attempting to escape detention at the police station. In view of the dismissal of the various trumped up charges offered by the police department,

one? How do you suppose it is enforced? Or is it? How many voters out there know?

AMUSEMENTS & DIVERSIONS

What's the point of having power if you can't abuse it? Not only is it lucrative to exploit the Homosexual Community, it's fun. And it's one of those games which is self-perpetuating. For example, the Pentagon won't drop its proceedings against a certain Benning Wentworth, because as a homosexual he is liable to blackmail. (Now that's a traditional stance, isn't it?) *Pawn moves out.* Well, protesting the loss of his job, etc., Wentworth appealed the decision and sought and got lots of publicity, making himself a "known" if not a celebrated homosexual. Does this change anything?

BY DICK LEITSCH



omewhere in the Peruvian jungle, a 12-hour truck ride from Cuzco to Pasiqui, and a few days' walk from there, is a real-life scene out of *Song of the Loom*. There boys and young men gambol about naked; hunting, making love, swimming and telling stories. Women cook the food, have the babies and chew the yuca to be spat into vats to ferment into liquor for the men.

There are no proscriptions about sex; no Mattachine Society to defend homosexuals because those who choose to behave homosexually do so whenever they feel like it; no Woman's Lib to tell the ladies that they should be allowed to drink some of the liquor they make, and no one is rich or poor, or is judged by his looks.

In this jungle village one white man, Tobias Schneebaum, an artist and amateur anthropologist, lived with the Indians—Baldore, Ihuene, and of course, Micheli, the boy who first scratched Tobias' thigh and cupped his testicles in a communal hut, sleeping at night in a heap of soft brothers.

Schneebaum's book about his experiences with those Indians has become an underground best-seller. I don't recall ever having seen an advertisement for it, or a review of it. I first heard of it when Dr. Wardell Pomeroy, assistant and later successor to Dr. Kinsey, called me and said, "there is a book you must read."

Dr. Pomeroy rarely recommends a book, and when he does, it is invariably worth reading. I immediately started a search for a copy of Schneebaum's *Keep The River On Your Right*.

Most bookshops don't have it and, like me, most bookshop clerks had never heard of it. I eventually found it in a small shop on Broadway in the 70's which sells very few hardbound books—mostly those by Jacqueline Susann and Harold Robbins—and is the most unlikely place in town to find an anthropological work.

The lady told me she sells many copies each week. "I can't understand it," she said, "there's no advertising for the book, yet it sells steadily. It must be very good."

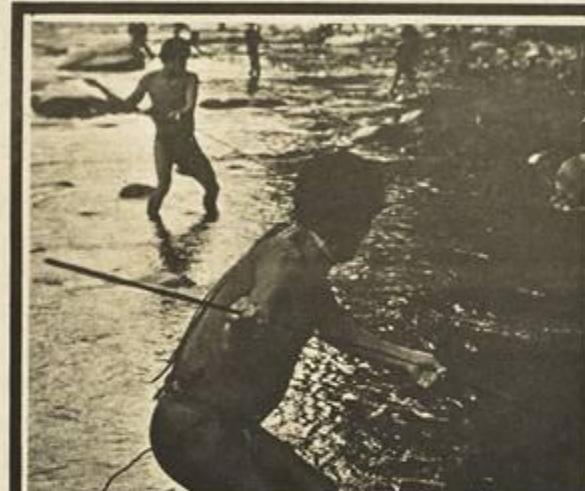
Indeed it is. It is well-written, very moving, and completely absorbing. I suspect many of the sales are due to the recommendations of marriage counsellors and other therapists with a sense of sensitivity who tell their clients to read it. Certainly the view of sex—and life in general—attributed to the Indians is sane, sensible, and worthy of emulation.

NON-FICTION GAY INDIANS

Gay readers usually compare the book to the *Loom* trilogy; the difference is that Amory's characters are imaginary and Schneebaum's are alive and well at this moment in Peru (and well hung and not bad-looking either, judging from the book's photo section). The dream world peopled by Ephraim, Cyrus, Singing Heron, Bear-Who-Dreams, and the rest seems to have survived the age of exploration, the wars, the Industrial Revolution and the Atomic Age.

At a time when we in the United States are becoming increasingly strident, militant, and utterly repulsive, with Pete Hamill and Spiro Agnew screeching at one another, the Administration and those opposed to it competing to see who

Spotlight On A South American Circle Jerk



can be the most obnoxious, and the capitalists and communists fighting rhetorical battles, the "savages" in South America are still being human beings. Perhaps there's something to be said for Rousseau's "noble savages." God knows our American "savages" are anything but noble.

Tobias, in Peru on a Fulbright fellowship, went back into the jungles to

a small mission headed by Father Moiseise. Like most missionaries written about by those who have seen them in action, pushing their Christian perversions on people who are closer to God (whatever God is) than any Christian, Father Moiseise is repulsive.

In the name of God and Civilization, the priest is ready to support those who

would do to the Indians of South America what was done to those in North America. Father Moiseise himself hopes to be made head of a reservation, where he could force the cessation of homosexual acts, sex out of wedlock, drinking, etc.

CUDDLING WITH CANNIBALS

An old Indian from a cannibal tribe comes to the mission to die. (The only thing the mission seems good for is its pitifully small collection of medicine, which hardly makes up for the evil done by the missionary.) Tobias meets him, and decides to trek off into the jungle to visit this antique people.

For some reason, he is instantly accepted by the cannibals and made part of the tribe. He is taught to hunt with a bow and arrow, included in tribal ceremonies, caressed and sexed equally in the common hut, and taken on a cannibal hunt.

Back at the mission, those who wanted sex walked out into the jungle at night. Another man followed, and sex was exchanged. One could sleep with another man's woman. Homosexual and heterosexual acts were equally available.

Among the Akaramas, everyone slept together in the common hut, men on one side, women on the other. Midnight erections are assuaged by rolling over on the nearest body. Heterosexual sex is for reproduction.

Homosexuality is ritualized, too. On a hunt for human flesh, Tobias' friend, protector and guide, Micheli, is the leader. When the huts of the tribe to be raided are sighted, the group stops in the jungle and starts a circle-jerk. Half-erected penises are touched together, then the raid is on. The bodies are carried back to the tribal hut for a feast. At night, a cooked human heart is passed around Tobias' all-male group, and each eats from it, then starts the homosexual love-making.

The Akaramas may be cannibals, but they are not savages in the sense that "civilized" men are savages. They eat those they kill; we kill and leave bodies to rot in alleys and on battlefields. Perhaps, like the Murat of North Borneo, the Akaramas need human flesh as part of their diet and would die without it.

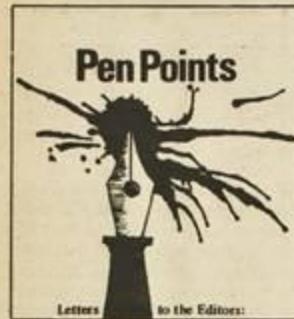
"FILL THE EMPTINESS"

The Indians celebrate life and find the answer to death in replenishing life through reproduction. Yoreitone, the tribal chief and witch doctor, commands, "Fill the emptiness!" That's close to the meaning of life and far better advice than that given by most of our witch-doctors, the priests and psychiatrists. Our tribal chieftains demand that we give ("Ask not what your country can do for you..."), and demand our lives, our bread and our freedom. They create emptiness.

Tobias Schneebaum, a product of his environment, could never really become a part of the Akaramas. Like the rest of us, he was a prisoner of his environment and must live in his own time. "I see myself no matter where I go, forever here," Tobias said of his jungle paradise.

Readers of his book will forever carry a part of the Peruvian jungle within themselves, and it may perhaps contribute to their liberation by reminding them of the really important things in life.

Whether you consider yourself liberated or not, get a copy of *Keep The River On Your Right* (N.Y.: Grove Press, 1969, \$5.95). It'll put the world back into perspective.



Pen Points

Letters to the Editors:

KEEP AN EYE ON KOCH

Dear GAY:

It was a pleasure indeed to read of Congressman Koch's widely publicized interest in the homosexual citizens, condemning their harassment in New York City. Let us hope, however, that this is not an empty gesture, mere campaign oratory. In fact, with columnist Dick Leitch bringing to light the legislator's prior dastardly activity from 1964 on, a period when thousands were harmed, reparations are truly in order.

Indubitably, Koch is aware of the growing homophile vote in his area. Let him initiate federal legislation which will wipe out all discrimination against homosexuals, being mindful that taxation without representation even today is tyranny. And let us use our powers of persuasion to have him do it now, during the heat of the campaign.

Compliments and best wishes to GAY for a wonderful paper.

Very sincerely yours, Fax Vobiscum Philadelphia, Pa.

GOLDBERG THE GOLDBRICK LIBERAL

Dear GAY:

It is imperative that the next New York Governor, with his power to sign or veto bills, be sympathetic to the repeal of the N.Y. sodomy statute proscribing homosexual acts in private between consenting adults. Mattachine and other civil liberties groups are now mounting a concerted campaign to introduce and get passed in the Legislature a bill to erase these arbitrary and archaic sodomy and solicitation statutes. Its life or death depends on our head of state.

Rockefeller fumbled the balls for N.Y. gay guys and muffed the right of gay girls to equal justice during his recent reign when in 1966 Rocky rode roughshod over the recommendations of ACLU, church groups, the American Law Institute, N.Y. Bar Association and his own special commission for revision of N.Y. State criminal code, etc., by signing the omnibus bill, passed by a majority of the legislature, abolishing consensual sodomy as a crime and simultaneously signing the now notorious Volker amendment reinstating it as a criminal act.

Whether motivated by innate antihomosexual attitudes and/or the political blackmail of the Catholic vote as dictated publicly by the now deceased anti-Auntie Spellman (then hiding in her Cathedral closet), the result remains a no-no for homosexual justice. Rocky would rather be a political toe-kicker than a political cocksucker.

Arthur Goldberg, the goldbrick liberal, would give us the alternative of the devil or the deep.

Little known until now is Goldberg's

record in U.S. Supreme Court as antihomosexual in practice and principle. In 1963 the first cause celebre contesting the constitutionality of laws against consensual homosexual acts in private (Viz. R.I.) came before the top Federal court on appeal for certiorari (request to be heard). Consent of four justices is required to put case before the Court. Goldberg, the "liberal," was conspicuously absent among those consenting Justices, Black and Douglas. The case was not heard. The defendant was not ruled against after fair and considered weighing of socio-legal pros and cons; he was ruthlessly denied even the elementary opportunity to state arguments in the first place. Prevailing prejudice was the only reason. Defendant served a year in State Prison.

The case was a strong one. Herbert Wechsler, Professor of Law at Columbia and Chairman of the commission appointed by Rockefeller to revise the criminal code, personally recommended William Kunstler to prepare the appeal to the highest court. This brilliant brief elicited a personal letter from the renowned attorney and legal author, Morris Ernst, who expressed approval and hope for success. Even in denial the arguments in the case carried weight when reiterated (as an abortion of justice in original case) by ACLU attorney Isidore Silver in a later case on appeal to N.Y. State's highest court which, when won, established the right of homosexuals to congregate in public bars.

Lily-livered liberal Goldberg's antihomosexual bigotry and bias were unequivocally evinced earlier in the same case when he personally, autocratically and arbitrarily denied the defendant

(thrown into prison pending appeal) the most fundamental constitutional guarantee of all, the habeas corpus right to bail until case is ruled upon—a right granted perfunctorily to real criminals such as Costello, Hoffa, etc. Mr. Kunstler, a fellow lawyer and personal friend, was stunned at the denial based solely on unreasoned hostility to homosexuality.

Confirming Goldberg's phony liberalism and antihomosexuality is his espousal of the cause of the homo-hating Black Panthers, as opposed to denying a homosexual who'd committed no crime against anyone. It is no coincidence that his heart bleeds for these irrational anarchists who rant and rave against anyone who would bring them to justice using the ultimate epithets in their moronic mentality, "pansy, fag, queer." Judge Murtagh, their favorite "fag," whom Goldberg with his "fair trial" committee would by implication investigate, is an ardent advocate of homosexual law reform.

A homosexual (and civil libertarian) electorate with political awareness and acumen in concerted action can translate their voice into votes and victory as so successfully shown in the election of Mayor Lindsay. Votes for Howard Samuels who went out on a limb politically to support Lindsay.

Bob Milne Vice President, Mattachine N.Y.

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

THE LAST ESTATE

BY GREGORY BATTCOCK

TWO LETTERS TO THE CIVILIAN COMPLAINT REVIEW BOARD, THE NEW YORK CITY POLICE DEPARTMENT, NEW YORK, N.Y.

First Letter

May 8, 1970

Dear Sirs:

I would like to report an incident involving New York City police officers to whom I attempted to make a complaint after I was assaulted today and who failed to take proper action as far as could be determined.

At 9:30 a.m., I was driving east on 110th St. when I heard the screech of brakes behind me. A large truck, for no reason apparent to me, had almost collided with the rear of my small car. When I pulled over and stopped, a man who was riding the truck on the right running board leaned over and spit in my face. I was shocked and stunned; he laughed and repeated this act, at which time I called him a pig. He jumped from the truck and lunged at me but I pulled forward and turned the corner onto Amsterdam Avenue where I knew there was a police car since I had seen it only minutes before. I ran to the patrol car from "B" precinct and told the officer at the wheel I had been assaulted and wanted to make a complaint. I told him what happened and that the assailant was on the truck just across the street—the large yellow Hertz U-Drive truck. He said,

"That's the one, the yellow Hertz?" I said yes and he drove off after it, the truck having gotten a green light and having started to move across Amsterdam Avenue. I thereafter stood there for more than one hour and patrol car No. 007 never reappeared.

When I returned home I called the police to ask what had been done about my complaint. After repeated calls and after repeated confusion about which precinct had jurisdiction over an offense on the south side of 110th Street when the patrol car was on the north side, involving the "B" and "C" precincts, it became clear that the officers in car 007 had done nothing. After several calls to a Detective D. at the precinct I was transferred to Police Administrative Aide H. Again after repeated calls when I was cut off again and again for no apparent reason, Mr. H. informed me that the officers in car 007 reported that after pursuing the truck from the intersection they had "lost it in traffic" and that they then came right back to where I had made the complaint but I had gone. I told Mr. H. that this was not credible, that a police car fifty feet behind a large yellow truck could not possibly "lose him in traffic" and that moreover the patrol car had not returned at all to the scene of the complaint.

After making it clear that I was not satisfied with this explanation, Mr. H. asked whether I would like to speak with the desk sergeant and complain. I said

yes, and after several more telephone cut-offs and long waiting periods in between (after one of which Mr. H. said, "Do you still want to make a complaint?"), I reached a sergeant F. This new sergeant agreed that it was strange that a patrol car could "lose" a large truck after being right behind it and said he would personally check the incident.

He said that while he was relatively new at the "B" precinct, he knew that the persons in car 007 were "good cops"; I assured him that my complaint was against the assailant and certainly not against the police as such. The sergeant courteously told me that if appropriate he would personally punish the men and said that it would be better if I did not make a civilian complaint since the police were so busy and this was a complicated procedure. He offered to come personally to my apartment to talk with me; I assured him that a personal visit to my home was hardly necessary or relevant, but that I would appreciate a call if he had any further explanation after talking with the men in car 007. He did not call back and I have made no further attempt to pursue the matter at "B" precinct.

The police are very busy with many important matters but in this case I feel strongly that the occasion was one where I had the opportunity to make a proper complaint against an assailant and was lucky enough to have an officer near enough to apprehend him. I resent the

fact that no action was taken and I resent being told the nonsense that the officers in car 007 lost the truck in traffic and returned to the scene to find me gone when this was not the case at all.

Sincerely yours, Mr. Rejected

Second Letter

June 1st, 1970

Dear Sirs:

Upon returning to my car, after having spent the day at the gay beach at Riis Park, I discovered I had a flat. I couldn't get the jack to work so I walked over to a little building near the toll gates and asked the officer on duty if he could give me the phone number of a repair service.

Instead, the officer volunteered to come over and "take a look." He showed me what I was doing wrong and after seeing that I was pumping correctly and that indeed the jack had done the job, he left.

Again I ran into difficulty. The wheel wasn't straight and wouldn't come off the axle. I went back to the little building and again asked for the number of the service. This time the cop urged me to get in his truck and we drove back to my car. We took turns banging on the wheel. It was pretty tiring; I lay down on the ground while the officer was banging away. Finally it came loose.

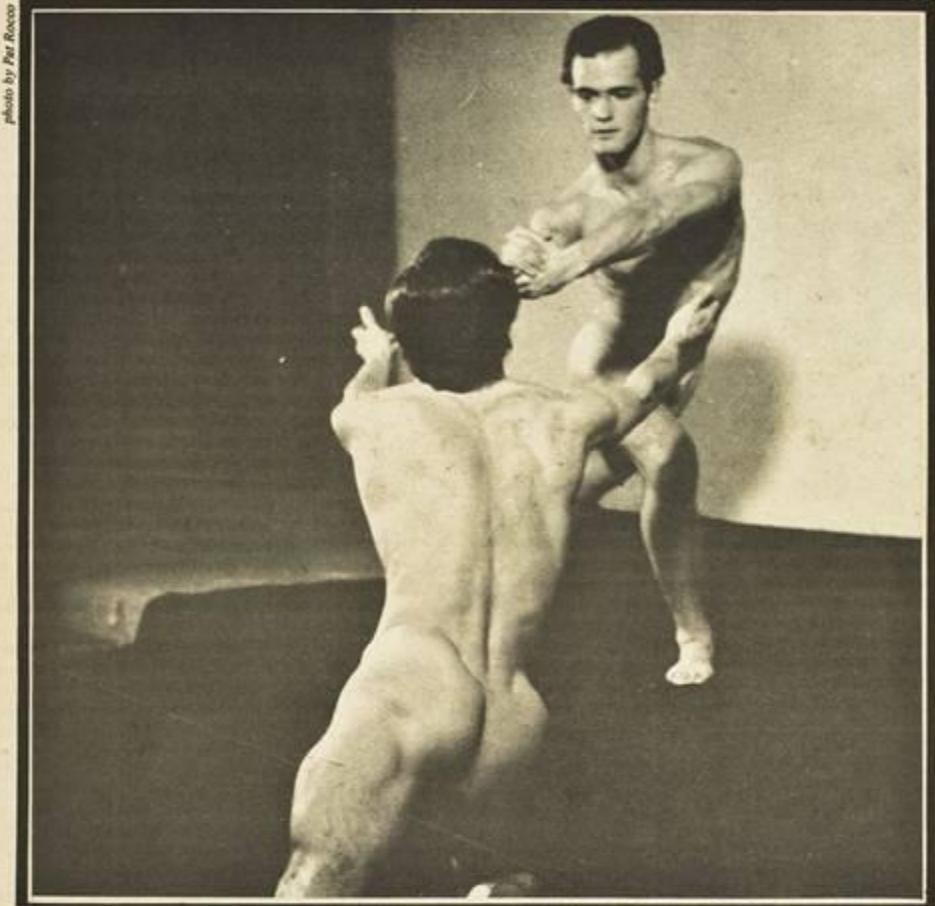
After it was all over, I offered my officer a little cash token. He refused to accept any money and explained that he was glad to have had the opportunity to help me out.

The officer should be commended for service beyond the call of duty.

Sincerely yours, Dellwood Swazie

CORNHOLING IS CHRISTLIKE

photo by Per Rocco



BY LIGE AND JACK

Light-assed people are a bore! Straight or gay, male or female, a tight-assed, person fails to open the doors of his body to pleasure. He's missing out on a profound erotic joy: getting fucked.

How sad that so many men and women wander through life with mental plugs in their assholes. This plug, we believe, is at the root of the great American problem: Constipation. If your ass is conditioned to tight refusal, and you won't allow it to accept, resign yourself to the fact that it won't reject very well, either.

At the very basis of our philosophy lies this Epicurean maxim: happiness is in the bowels. As long as you're not physically constipated, mental constipation is usually no problem either. Only unfortunates who tighten up the cheeks of their asses (faulty toilet training?) and refuse to let life's eager probes flow in and out of their body's central opening, find it impossible to relax.

America: the land of tight assholes! We beg of you to get fucked! Spread your

beautiful thighs... offer your ass joyfully to the world. If you fail to realize that your ass can do more than shit, you're doomed. You'll get rigid, stiff and self-conscious when you lie on today's hearthstone: the bed.

How depressing that our country has waited 200 years to discover what the ancients have known for millennia: that the ass is a delectable hot seat of elemental rapture. Some people are just finding out that the expanding/contracting canal which lies between sexy mounds of flesh on the posterior can feel erotic vibrations and the most extreme voluptuous sensations.

It doesn't matter what sex you may be. Give your ass a chance. It isn't painful if you're relaxed. And it doesn't hurt if you take it easy and don't rush. One of the great defects of our countrymen is this: we're always in a hurry. The first rule of sensuality is leisure. No need to jump the gun. Sprawl. Lie on your back and spread your legs. Lift them. High. Now, you can feel the throbbing heat emanating from your friend as he tries to find his way into you. Take his cock in your hand and guide him... slowly... slowly... RELAX... don't tighten

up... that's when it hurts! Use a lubricant if necessary (some people can screw without any, and some use spit). We suggest KY or even Jergen's Lotion.

There's no shame about getting fucked. The most rugged men in the world love it. It shows that they are open to sex from every direction. It means that they're using every bit of equipment they've got to have as much fun as possible. Read the history of every ancient land. Listen to the poetry of the Persians, the Greeks, and the Romans. All of them knew what the ass was for. All of them used it (and still do) accordingly.

Now listen ladies, give your beau a thrill. He'll love you the more for it. It's tighter, more delectable than your cunt. If you're pregnant, it's just what the doctor ordered! If you're a swinger, take it from both angles at once: from one male who'll mount you in front and from another who'll climb onto you from behind. Let both of them pump you into an oblivion of ecstasy. It's an experience you'll never regret.

We've got a groovy girlfriend who told us she was afraid to go to orgies. Why? "Because all the guys are fucking girls in the ass these days," she

complained. She was afraid, but interested in the "how to" of sodomy. "Exactly how do you go about it?"

We gave sound advice and received a call from her three days later. "I want you to be the first to know," she said happily, "I did it! Everything went perfectly."

But listen, girls, if you can take it from the rear, so can your boyfriends! As Jim Buckley said, "An ass is an ass is an ass." What an undeviatingly correct platitude. If you can dig human contact and erotic pleasures from every conceivable direction (as everyone should be able to do), pay attention.

While a guy is fucking his girl in the ass, and another is screwing her cunt, there's no reason why he shouldn't take it up the ass himself. At the same time, he should try eating a chick who's overseeing the whole business. This way he gets pleasure orally, genitally and anal—in three different sections of his body. What a blast!

No doubt you've seen pictures of chicks who've strapped dildos to their waists. They're fucking their male mates. How sad that they should have to use a mechanical contrivance. Why not call in the real thing: a male with a cock!

Many men are not ashamed to let their girls lick their assholes (the vulgar vernacular is "rimming") which means that their assholes ARE erotic zones! As long as the ass is kept clean, this sort of behavior should be as welcome as the flowers in May. But the logical extension of rimming (you guys) is getting fucked and if your ass feels like it... why not?

Getting fucked doesn't mean you're straight or gay. The Marine Corps is famous for turning over. When they've searched for girls and can't find any they'll go home with guys and lie on their stomachs begging for it. Of course they never tell the other guys... but that's the inside scoop on the Marine Corps.

Most of the time you'll never come in contact with shit either. Contrary to popular myths, asshole fucking is a clean deal. Not smelly either.

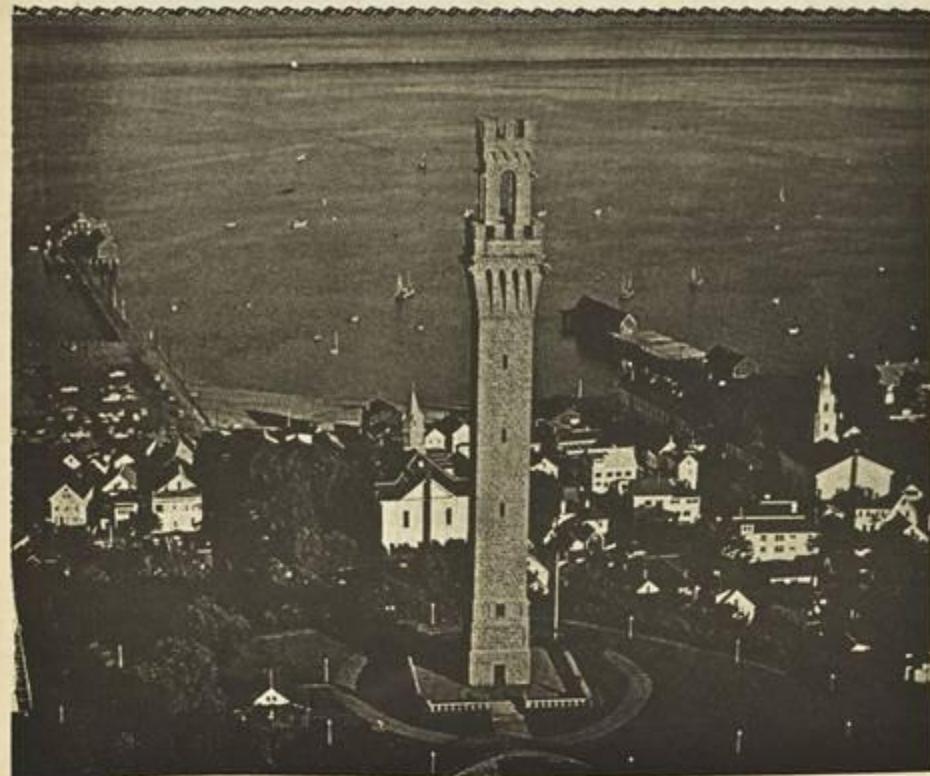
Are you really free and liberated sexually? Not if you're uptight about getting fucked. Remember: accept your fellow man into yourself. Be what they call in the army "an asshole buddy." Cornholing is Christlike.

When somebody says, "Up yours!" it's not an insult. It's an invitation. Don't turn 'em down. Say, "Oh... I'm glad that you asked," and drop your drawers. As Randy Wicker once said, "If you're ever going to understand fucking and be truly proficient at it, you've got to be fucked."

Let's unplug all the shit-filled holes of our beloved nation. Mount your best friend. Slip it to him. He'll be grateful, and will want to return the favor. Then do it with your girl. Invite your best friend to join you. Soon all of America will open up and discover the hitherto undiscovered regions of love. Allow yourself to be so free that you can ride into a frenzy of bliss on the fervid shaft of your friend's magnificent schwanz.

If everyone used pricks ONLY FOR PISSING, no one would ever fuck at all! If you use your ass ONLY TO SHIT, you're equally deprived. Don't let puritans tell you differently. Use every part of your anatomy for joy. Asses are beautiful. Asses are fuckable. And God intended it that way.

Reprinted courtesy of SCREW



Pilgrim's Monument in P-Town—phallic symbol incarnate

A PILGRIM IN PLEASURELAND

the Provincetown Scene Part II

BY JOHN FRANCIS HUNTER

Without my annual two weeks parole in Provincetown where I could be myself I wouldn't have made it through the Fifties without cutting my wrists," reflected a now-emancipated businessman from Cleveland interviewed recently on a pre-season visit to Cape Cod. We sat on the deck of his rented all-weather beach house, contemplating the Pilgrim Monument silhouetted against a mauve evening sky. Built in the Twenties, this enormous phallic symbol dominates the horizon of the Cape's tourist mecca and appropriately represents the brand of tourism which has saved the Provincetown economy: homosexual. Provincetown flourishes because it's a place where young and old men come to get it up, keep it up and go home feeling better for having had it up actually or maybe only mentally for awhile. It's a stimulating town.

It was more than stimulating to this Ohio man at one time in his life, when the American closet was large and crowded, however, it was something more

than a quaint fishing village with ancient buildings and strict zoning laws regarding galloping neon and the like, more than a historic and bona fide art center with a salubrious climate where during the summer you almost always have to sleep with a blanket or a warm body. It was a gay spa, where he could feel like a human being.

MENTAL HEALTH INVOLVED

"Without those two weeks I'd have lost my mind," the gentleman mused, both of us knowing he was exaggerating but remembering with pain how it was back then before the hippies and the Stonewall riots, SIR, GLF, GAA, Lige and Jack and Troy Perry. "Fifty weeks a year I hid and conformed and lied about my love life and made sure I crossed my legs ankle-over-knee. By the time the Fourth of July rolled around I was ready for an institution, or else I was all broken out and had a tic. Once here I'd go ape. I used to get into drag on the beach, do the can-can on MacMillan's Wharf after the bars closed, cruise the meat rack (the only one in the country located directly in front of a Police Station, we dare say)

all night, set 'em up daily for the house at Weathering Heights and spend every moment of daylight naked in the dunes sucking cock. How wonderful it was to come someplace where we were a recognized majority and not a submerged secret society!"

Though the homosexual is never actually in the majority in P-town, as it is popularly called, he seems to be, especially on the big weekends of the Fourth and Labor Day. He feels major. I once heard a well-known head waiter from the Governor Prentice Motel and Restaurant comment, publicly, about a fellow waiter, "He's o.k. He's straight, but he's o.k." And a friend of mine, upon hearing there was a rumor abroad in P-town that he himself was straight, came fuming into the backstage area of the cabaret where we were all working begging for advice as to how he could correct the slander that could ruin his image. Two of the girls in the show, one of them now a great TV star, tried, half-seriously, to teach him how to swish!

HAS P-TOWN CHANGED?

P-town has always been an

exceptional town. "Old timers" say it isn't what it used to be, those who remember it from the Fifties when there was drag on the beach and outrageous camping in the streets, when it was just about the only spot on the Eastern Seaboard outside Fire Island where homosexuals from Cleveland or Montreal or even nearby Boston and Providence could be themselves with impunity. They might drive to Hyannis to mail their picture postcards home, but they could kick up their heels safely in P-town. They still can, but there isn't the same urgency even among those from smaller towns as Syracuse, where gay life grows ever more open and sophisticated.

Provincetown, in the first decades of this century, attracted distinguished artists, painters, playwrights and poets. Eugene O'Neill went there to regain his health by swimming in the icy Atlantic, or at least in the harbor, every day for a year. Edna St. Vincent Millay wrote there. The painters found—and still find—the light on the Lower Cape, refracted and reflected as it is by the water on three sides of a narrow peninsula of blazing white sand, to be, well, most luminous this side of Provence. Then there were these other pluses: the rare haunting natural beauty of the dunes, the miles of empty beaches (now preserved forever as part of our National Parks system, thanks to the Kennedys for whom the Cape is like a fiefdom, spiritually anyway), the sensuousness of sand and sea together, and the charm of the people themselves. In P-town the dry, self-sufficient Yankee was and is in the minority, and the roost has always been ruled by generally warm and festive, though shrewd and sometimes exasperatingly fatalistic, Portuguese majority. Where the English settled, their ancient allies were often not far behind, as in Bermuda, sometimes poaching as they did on Cape Cod, but compatible and useful. And wise.

SAILORS ARE SOPHISTICATED

The Portuguese, having sailed the globe so many centuries, possess a remarkable, basic sophistication. They, sailors and wives who often used to follow them to sea, may superstitiously bring in the Bishop of New Bedford to bless their fishing fleet in a colorful ceremony toward the end of June, but they are generally quite practical and pragmatic. They can also accept an artist and an artist's "different" life style with ease. Artists never have seemed strange to the Portuguese who have "seen it all."

Thus, in the Twenties, according to legend or local gossip, when a New York theatrical producer brought together a gay coterie and created a "salon" which attracted wealthy Bostonians and New Yorkers, the locals accepted and understood. Oh, the parish priest might every now and then go on the rampage, as powerful Father Duarte now still does but with less and less frequency, his rampages shaking up fewer and fewer people, but the Portuguese nodded and looked the other way. Most of the men have tried other men at one time or another, it's not all that exotic to those whose forebears settled Macao, Goa, Mozambique, Angola and Brazil. In the Lusitanian world there are no surprises to the menfolk. Only the women pull black veils over their heads and wait 'til the eldest daughter is married off before

setting caps of their own and declaring independence. According to a fusty, benighted Boston Globe feature of some years back, "The small pool of tolerance (of homosexuals) grew to an ocean so large and deep the townspeople almost drowned in it. During the 1950's, the town's population having dwindled to a little over 3000, there would be in the town at one time an additional population of several thousand homosexuals during July and August. They clogged the streets. And they were not people who privately practiced a social aberration; they were people obliged to conform to rigid social standards most of the year in other places, suddenly on holiday, among their own kind: the worst sort of exhibitionists. This being a proportion not reflected in the national ethos, many people avoided Provincetown during these years."

HOSEXUALS FILL GUEST HOUSES

Those who remember P-town from the 1950's tell you the same thing—and in the same words, alas, such being the psychology accepted by one and sundry during the Fifties, most of the Sixties, and now, too, despite the New Conscience. No matter, economic survival in the town still became dependent upon the gay summer trade, the fishing business having fallen on hard times. Almost every house became a guest house, and the guest houses filled up then as now with homosexuals between July 4 and Labor Day.

The Globe quotes this quaint archaic anecdote: "One housewife, who had sons in the house, was asked why she catered to homosexuals. 'Because they are quiet,' she said, 'very gentle and very neat. They're nice boys. Besides, they use the same bath water.'"

(Oh, how I'd like to inflict Jim Owles, Marty Robinson and Arthur Evans of GAA on that biddy for a couple of days at full moon! Not that I know anything about their bathing habits, but I'm sure she'd revise her "quiet" and probably "docile, fey, typical" evaluation in short order.)

A MATTER OF ECONOMICS

The men, no longer deriving much support from the sea, felt they were in no position to complain. The land was worthless and of course there was no industry. Some, like the Cabrals, flourished at business. All generally catered to homosexuals or went broke. (An old economic lesson for the New Free to bear in mind. After all, there are twenty million of us in the U.S., and there is some reason to believe of late we can come together, maybe congregate heavily in districts and elect candidates—like Bella Abzug, mayhaps.)

"The effect upon the town young was unfortunate," concludes the Globe. "Boys (and girls) growing up in the town suffered an emotional confusion many of that generation have not yet succeeded in conquering. They could not have been presented with greater conflict. Their Portuguese parents attended church regularly, instilled in them the morality of the orthodox belief, yet broadly tolerated the illicit, for material reasons. (Italics ours) Being confronted with an

alternative to what is considered normal behavior, so disproportionately presented to them, the young suffered intense and utterly needless anxieties during and immediately after their puberty years. Even an unattractive boy could be propositioned a dozen times a day.

"The town itself was confused. Everybody complained about the homosexuals, but very shortly there seemed to be no other source of income."

DUNES AND SHOW BIZ IMPORTANT

Let me tell you the town is not confused now. If that's one thing that people mean when they assert "Provincetown has changed," I'll buy it. At the same time there are important aspects of life there that definitely are the same. They revolve around the dunes/beach scene and P-town's reputation, deserved until most recently, as a showcase for exciting young show business talents. Importance of the two essential preoccupations—the outdoors life and showtime—is illustrated in the punch line to a sketch done in the 1967 musical revue *Two Much!* with Lily Tomlin of *Laugh In* fame and John Paul Hudson (of the SCREW/GAY staffs) at the celebrated Madeira Club:

"Remember the giant grasshopper that raped Mrs. Bassett yesterday? Well, a funny thing happened to me on the way to the dunes this morning!" said the GM to the GF. Blackout. Huge laugh. You had to be there. Otherwise, the mere mention of the dunes won't conjure up a picture of enchanted territory where just about anything can happen. "Rape on the Cape," as sung by Ruth Buzzi, one of the *Laugh In* superstars who worked three consecutive summers on the Cape, is not to you an all-time hit. Franklin Roosevelt Underwood's "I Fell in Love in a Restricted Area," as sung by Jerry Clark, is not one of the great moments of show business. Nor Fred Silver's "Provincetown Pavanne," performed by Betty Aberlin, now star of TV's *Misterogers*. All had to do with the dunes life, and dunes or New Beach humor involving the lore and lure of the rolling stretches of white sand with scrub pine, plum and wild rose bushes ingratiate itself into routines of the best of them in P-town. And the best of them worked P-town, too!

JERRY HERMAN FOUNDED CLUB

At the old Atlantic House Julius Monk held forth with the likes of

Imogene Coca, Lee Goodman and Jim Kirkwood. In 1960 Jerry Herman founded the Madeira Club show tradition with his presentation of *Mixed Company*, known in New York as *Parade*. DeLuise sang for the first time anywhere "The Man in the Moon Is a Lady," which surfaced in *Mame*. George Furth, librettist for *Company*, trod the Madeira boards, along with R.G. Brown, June Squibb, Richard Blair, Barre Dennen (who took London by storm in *Cabaret*), Carl Stevens and Dennis Roth. The great singer Joanne Beretta mesmerized hundreds of vacationers fresh off the beach and a sing-along at the Moors.



John Francis Hunter in P-Town's antique warmth

galvanized them, most of them genital males, bringing them to tears then sending them into convulsions of laughter, all in a hot, crowded basement club. Arthur Blake, the great impressionist, held forth at the Crown and Anchor (and may return this season), with Ada Moore and May Barnes and Bobby Short.

Though Provincetown isn't the show town it used to be, there is still a night life. An attempt will be made this summer to present Sal Mineo's *Fortune and Men's Eyes* at the old Weathering Heights.

"Nudity will never go in P-town," said my friend from Cleveland. "After all, you can't walk down Commercial Street without a shirt."

TOLERANCE AND TABOOS

Liberated in many ways it seems, but paradoxical Provincetown also is. The city that survives by the sufferance of gays cannot take nudity. The city surrounded by dunes where gay (and straight) love-making is the order of the day (if not the night, all park areas being out-of-bounds after sundown) will not

tolerate much frankness on stage—except perhaps in the guise of classical theatre at the venerable Playhouse-on-the-Wharf. GMs can now dance with GMs at the Crown and Anchor (where genital bartender Ray can fill you in on what's current in town), but GFs must sit at tables and not wander about a bar (actually a state law, not local ordinance). Drag queens are not allowed in full regalia, so the camp Sylvia Sidney and Miss Lynne Carter must wear long pants under dresses and get by with wigs, boas and "touches." (Pity.)

At the integrated Madeira Club, you will be sitting underneath the oldest inn in town, the Pilgrim House, a wing of which dates from the mid-Eighteenth Century. This hotel is one of the few of its kind, integrated but hospitable to anyone of whatever sexual orientation, far more charming and comfortable than its Fire Island counterparts. It is rather typical of the spirit, past and present, of Provincetown, where gay meets straight on entirely equal footing. Henry David Thoreau is said to have slept there, which is highly appropriate, if what we are told of the hermit of Walden Pond is true. Walt Whitman may have, too, and Walt tells us himself what he was, courageous and advanced giant!

P-TOWN NOT SO RARE

All in all, it would seem that the change in Provincetown which people speak of, especially those who contrast it to their salad days, is not so much that it is any less alluring or its gay life less vigorous, but rather with the New Conscience gaining ground elsewhere it is no longer one of the few ports in the storm for a Cleveland businessman or New Jersey clergyman or famous New York artist or genital female schoolteacher from Down East. It is not quite the never-never vacationland of one's winter dreams it once seemed to be, because you can believe it's really there now. You know it because you have other referents now, perhaps in your own neighborhood where gays are standing up and saying "I am what I am, and it's natural. Whatever it is natural." Provincetown is natural and should not seem so exceptional in our times. Not exceptional as a gay community, no, but otherwise of course it is and always will be different. It is beautiful, beautiful people living there, beautiful people coming there. But no longer, as the nostalgic gentleman from Cleveland put it, "on parole."



Powling the dunes in search of pleasure

(photo courtesy of R. Wicker)

JERSEY COURT UPHOLDS SECRET POLICE FILES

(continued from page 3)

had the right to collect and maintain intelligence files on persons suspected of taking part in civil demonstrations, despite charges that such information violated guarantees of freedom of speech and assembly under the First Amendment.

"Lawlessness has a tyranny of its own," the state court ruled, "and it would be folly to deprive the government of its power to deal with that tyranny merely because of a figment of a fear that government itself may run amok."

The files, which remained intact under an injunction that superseded the order to destroy them, were challenged by the Jersey City branch of the N.A.A.C.P. and members of the S.D.S.

The case was handled by the American Civil Liberties Union in a suit that is believed to be the first major court test in the United States of the constitutionality of collecting and maintaining intelligence information.

Stephen Nagler, executive director of the New Jersey A.C.L.U., expressed "shock" at the ruling and said that it would be appealed to the United States Supreme Court.

The intelligence system, which began in 1968, involves the use of two state police security forms—one dealing with potential incidents and the other with intelligence information on persons taking part in them.

On one form, local policemen are advised to report on any civil disturbance, rally, protest, demonstration, march or confrontation. The form gives as examples such types of protest as pacifist, religious, right-wing, left-wing, civil rights, militant, nationalistic, black power, KKK and extremist. The form further says that the incident may be either planned, taking place or have already occurred.

The second form deals with persons taking part in the demonstrations. It calls for exhaustive information on suspected participants, including details on their employers, their immediate families, organizations, finances, habits and traits, places frequented and past activities.

In the decision, the State Supreme Court said, "Plaintiffs envision that a mere rally, protest, demonstration or march of a pacifist group will precipitate a police dossier on everyone who attends including his butcher's and banker's opinion of his credit."

The court ridiculed such fears, calling them "hypothetical horrors" that saw "each citizen harried amid his family, friends and business associates."

"There is not an iota of evidence," the court said, "that anything of the kind has occurred or will, or that any persons have been deterred by the prospect."

Furthermore, the court said, "we think it preposterous to suppose that the memorandum (authorizing the system) was intended or understood to recommend round-the-clock surveillance of every person who attends an antiwar meeting."

The police security forms had been called the tools of a "Gestapo-like network of police spies" by the A.C.L.U.

Superior Court Judge Robert A. Mathews, who had ordered the security forms destroyed, said they would have a "chilling" effect on anyone who wanted to advocate "social and political change."

The judge had said in his ruling—which was upset by the new decision: "It is not difficult to imagine

the reluctance of an individual to participate in any kind of protected conduct which seeks publicly to express a particular or unpopular political or social view because of the fact that by doing so he might now have a record or because his wife, his family or his employer might also be included."

NEWSPAPER SUPPORTS HOMOSEXUAL RIGHTS

Minneapolis, Minn. — A Minneapolis woman has publicly attacked an editorial published in the Minneapolis Tribune which spoke sympathetically of the problems of discrimination faced by gay people.

"I wonder how the Tribune can so blandly pollute the mind of mankind," wrote Mrs. Connie Howard in a letter to the editor published May 1.

"One cannot maintain a standard of normalcy when making it easier and easier, both mentally and physically, to succumb to the abnormal."

"Mankind must awaken to the wrong that is being done in the name of good," she wrote. A gay person "should not 'highlight' his morally wrong activities through clubs and organizations. I maintain my right not to hire him as an employee."

The Tribune, which has a circulation of about 230,000, also received and published two letters to the editor praising the editorial, which appeared April 23.

"Most Americans today reject the discrimination that deprives a man of a job because of his skin color," the Tribune editorial said, "but public attitudes are different when such discrimination is directed at a man or group because of homosexuality."

It cited some examples in the Twin Cities—the lack of redress for a St. Paul youth who claimed he lost his job due to his association with FREE, a gay group at the University of Minnesota, and concern expressed by two university regents over whether FREE should be permitted to use university facilities for its dances and meetings, and opposition by a minority of members of a Catholic parish to letting FREE hold Sunday night suppers in the church.

On the other hand, the editorial said, "clergymen, psychiatrists and homosexuals themselves across the country are seeking to build greater public understanding of the homosexual and greater recognition of his rights as a citizen... asking... that he be allowed to lead a normal life without abuse, harassment and discrimination."

It noted sympathy with the plight of gay people declared by Conrad Balfour, Minnesota Commissioner of Human Rights; the abolition of criminal punishment for "homosexual conduct in private" in two states, and the easing in 1967 of Minnesota penalties from twenty years to a maximum of one year.

A gay person "continues to suffer a social condemnation, says one psychiatrist, that causes him to consider himself as 'something a little less than human,'" the Tribune concluded.

The editorial was praised as "well-thought-out and responsible" in a

letter signed by three leaders of FREE (Fight Repression of Erotic Expression).

Another letter, signed by Joe J. Thompson of Foley, Minn. (population 1,112), said, "Everyone seems to deplore discrimination, but when confronted with it in the form of homosexuality, he closes his mind."

"It is this discrimination that makes the homosexual's life so miserable. It isn't his life-style, but rather our society's Victorian view of this subject, Thompson wrote."

DENVER COPS ORDERED TO LAY OFF BATHS

Denver, Colo. — Police Chief George Seaton and the entire Denver Police Department was ordered on May 15 to stop harassing employees and customers of a Denver bath house.

District Judge Saul Pinchick issued a temporary restraining order which will be valid until May 25 or until a hearing has been conducted.

According to Willard H. Freeman, president of Club Steam Baths, Inc., at 2935 Zuni St., plainclothes policemen had been harassing his employees and customers since April 9.

On May 7, May 9 and May 12, Freeman continued, police handed summonses to the clerks at the bath house charging them with interference. On May 14, summonses were given to two clerks, he added, and the police threatened to return.

He said he had been in business for five months and had been given a clean bill of health by the Health Department.

Freeman further charged that the officers were usually from the vice bureau and usually made their inspections at 2 a.m. He speculated that the police may have been looking for narcotics, but added that there were no illegal activities in the establishment.

Wright Morgan, an assistant city attorney, objected that officers couldn't be restrained from performance of their duties.

TV'S AND TRANSSEXUALS ORGANIZE

Los Angeles, Calif. — On May 19 the first meeting of the Transvestite-transsexual Social Organization was held with fifteen people in attendance. Subjects discussed included Women's Liberation, Gay Liberation, police terrorism, and services to be provided by TSO and TAO (Transvestite-transsexual Action Organization). Statements to both Women's Liberation and Gay Liberation are being prepared.

The group announced plans to: Create a Sex Change Information Service to provide full and complete information concerning the sex change experience and how to obtain a sex change.

Create an Information Service. Hold "coming out" meetings and dances for closeted transvestites.

Limit participation in TAO to experienced practicing transvestites and transsexuals.

Consider participation in several gay liberation actions in the near future as a group.

Compile a list of gay bars and clubs in the LA area that practice discrimination against transvestites and those that do not.

Create a publication. Take immediate action to end police terrorism and harassment of transvestites and transsexuals.

COUNCILMAN BACKS GAY FAIR EMPLOYMENT

New York, N.Y. — City Councilman Eldon Clingan announced June 2 that he will introduce into the City Council a bill that would extend the City's fair employment practices law to prohibit job discrimination on the basis of sexual orientation or preference.

Mr. Clingan, who is the Minority Leader in the City Council, made public his commitment to be the prime sponsor for the bill after members of Gay Activists Alliance visited his office and pointed out the need for legislation to protect homosexuals in the areas of public and private employment. Other City Councilmen contacted by GAA have expressed interest in the legislation and are expected to come forward as co-sponsors of the bill.

Because of the heavy schedule of the City Council, and because hearings on job discrimination against homosexuals will be conducted in coming months in the New York City Human Rights Commission, Mr. Clingan's bill will probably not reach the floor of the City Council until late next fall.

SIN WINS OUT BY NARROW MARGIN

(continued from page 3)

example, heretofore absolutely forbidden in the eyes of the church, the report says, "We recognize that there are exceptional circumstances where extra-marital activity may not be contrary to the interests of a faithful concern for the well-being of the marriage partners."

On masturbation, the study says, "Since masturbation is often one of the earliest pleasurable sexual experiences... we consider it essential that the church... contribute to a healthy understanding of this experience which will be free of guilt and shame."

Some Presbyterian seminaries will not admit men who are known to be homosexuals. And United Presbyterian congregations have been known in recent years to have ministers removed from their charges on suspicion of homosexuality.

In contrast to that policy, the study says, "The ethical reflections and personal attitudes of the Christian community should be such that homosexual persons will not be made to feel that their sexual preference is in irresolvable conflict with their membership in the Christian fellowship."

In voting to accept the report for study, approval or endorsement was automatically ruled out. The assembly, however, by a vote of 356-347, added a section reaffirming "our adherence to the moral law of God as revealed in the Old and New Testaments that adultery, fornication, and/or the practice of homosexuality is sin."

BY JOHN P. LeROY



When a band of middle-aged construction workers marched down Wall Street beating up antiwar demonstrators under the banner of the stars and stripes, they were not only demonstrating their sense of patriotism, they were letting the world know how frightened they are at the thought of freedom and how fervently they want dictatorship.

Of course, they would never admit it. If questioned, they would probably say that they were demonstrating for the sanctity of the American flag, for support of the Nixon administration's foreign policy, and against all enemies of the state who dare to question American policies abroad, desecrate American symbols, or suggest that the United States is or had ever been, less than a first-rate power.

Now, there is no denying them their right to demonstrate for that point of view, for a faulty case could be made for it. But when the construction workers find it necessary to shout "Lindsay is a faggot" and when five or six of them have to gang up on a single antiwar protestor and beat him mercilessly with stilson wrenches while the police stand by and enjoy the spectacle, then we no longer have a political debate. We have, instead a group of angry and frightened men whose lives have become so hollow, so shallow, and so worthless that the music of John Phillip Sousa, the rhetoric of Spiro Agnew, and the rain of ticker-tape are indispensable to their sense of well-being.

They have no pride in their work. Featherbedding, strikes, and automation have reduced their occupational careers to a treadmill of unmitigated boredom. Having been descended from the worst European peasants, misfits, and all sorts of incompetents who couldn't make out in their own country, the police, construction workers, and other members of the working class never wanted anything more than to blend in with the rest of the crowd and a small measure of prosperity and respectability. For this, they drove around in Chevrolets and Fords when they might have wanted motorcycles or Triumphs. They bought formica tables when they or their wives wanted walnut or rosewood. They drank beer rather than martinis. They listened to Muzak when they might have enjoyed Puccini. They talked about beautiful broads at the corner bar, dreamed of Marilyn Monroe or Brigit Baedot, screwed their wives, and secretly jerked off. But whenever a handsome young worker came on the job, they cultivated his company, gave longing stares, and patted him on the ass. All in friendship, of course!

For a steady pay check and for a feeling of being "one of the boys," together with the right to throw pop bottles at the umpire and cheer for Joe Namath, who among them could be much concerned with liberty, justice, or even simple human dignity? Besides, they fought in World War II and, if it hadn't

HARDHATS WITHOUT HARDONS:



Impotent Pricks on the March

been for them, we might all be in Hitler's crematoriums. They make more money and have more material benefits than college professors. This country has been good to them and they defended it while most of those antiwar hippies were still in their diapers. Three cheers for Richard Nixon and the Establishment!

Thus they have allowed themselves to become depersonalized to the point where they are, in effect, nonentities. They have sacrificed their freedom for a crock of shit and their dignity for a mortgaged house in suburbia full of unpaid for gadgets.

Under these conditions, violence is easy and quite enjoyable. Beating up "fags" with stilson wrenches becomes the height of personal fulfillment. To these hard-hatted patriots, anyone who either enjoys or demands for himself or others, the freedom which is promised everytime the national anthem is sung or the flag is saluted is a "fag" regardless of sexual preferences. Mayor Lindsay is a "fag," college professors are "fags," U.N. delegates are "fags," and hippies must be downright cocksuckers.

Fag is the best they can do to insult their enemies because the fear of their own homosexuality is no doubt very strong indeed and because, as there are no more minorities to look down on, being homosexual is the only source of

commentator, Jim Jensen, could only register saddened disgust on his face.

Better for these patriots to pay their taxes and never mind how the money is spent, for it would be too difficult and disconcerting for them to try to understand. Even though there is a considerable body of evidence that shows that a victory for the North Vietnamese would be a good thing for this country in the long run, it is much easier to believe without questions the lies of Mr. Laird.

There is no use trying to tell them that we are living under an administration that is trying to make Fascism respectable, and that, had he been alive today, Adolf Hitler would have approved heartily of the way in which the construction workers behaved. To turn this country into an elective dictatorship, the current administration has told lies to the gullible and has sought to upset the checks and balances of power so vital to a constitutional democracy. It has tried to pack the Supreme Court with mediocre men. Thank heaven, it did not succeed. It has usurped power from Congress in order to invade a helpless country, subvert its government, use that as a justification for shortening a war that should never have existed, even when there is no danger to the nation, for everyone knows that the Viet Cong will not pursue the U.S. Army across the Pacific and invade San Francisco. It has tried to discredit, silence, or have all dissenters arrested even when dissent has come from the *New York Times* or the Secretary of the Interior.

I tried to tell one of these people that inflation was not being caused by "fags" and communists, but by a senseless and unnecessary war. I nearly got assaulted. I am therefore convinced that the force of reason, logic, evidence, and common sense will not keep these hard-hatted patriots from assuming the tacit role of being Nixon's gestapo, for their frustrations are real, and the "fags" are their scapegoats. They must be arrested and placed in jail whenever they use their rights and freedoms to destroy the rights and freedoms of others. Only the use of power will work on them because that is the only language they understand.

I would like to believe that the menace they represent can be stopped, but I am afraid that too many people will do nothing. Some secretly approve of them. Others do not want to risk getting involved. If they are not stopped in time, then the day is not far off when, given enough football games, ticker-tape parades, shiny new cars, bowling league trophies, John Wayne movies, and life-time memberships in the American Legion, only the fags (those who value their freedom) will notice the end of American democracy, and they will be too busy trying to flee the country.

Meanwhile, the star-spangled gestapo will stand poised, ready to take care of anyone who fails to recite the pledge of allegiance loudly enough, to sing *God Bless America* with the fervor of Kate Smith. They will be doing their manly duty. Nobody would dare call them fags!

EROTIC BOOKS AND PICTURES



your right to self-fulfillment

Dr. George Weinberg, Ph.D., is an outstanding therapist and author of a new and excellent book, *The Action Approach*, published by World. A paperback edition of *The Action Approach* will be released in July 1970.

BY DR. GEORGE WEINBERG

A wealthy businessman in the New York area sent twelve dollars to a Canadian group for some pictures "of two girls and a dog." When the pictures arrived and he shoved them into his slide projector, he was saddened to see that in each the girls were fully dressed and marching their dog through a crowded public park.

This was unfair. He had risked the twelve dollars in good faith. He had been willing to go that far as part of the great conspiracy of sexual daring. Without knowing anything about the producers of the pictures, or of the skill of the cameramen involved, or of the accuracy of the machinery, or the beauty of the girls, he had volunteered to buy the pictures. An act of such great faith in this hostile and paranoid society of ours, and look what they had done to him!

He wrote an irate letter to the group, up there in the wooded lands. They lost no time in answering it. "We misunderstood your request because you were answering the twelve dollar advertisement. Send seventy-five and you will get the pictures you want."

Hope springs eternal in the human breast. In all good faith, and willing to accept the apology as an honest misunderstanding because of its source, our hero then stuffed some money orders for seventy five dollars minus what he had already paid, together with the pictures he did not want, into an envelope, and sent it off.

After mailing it, he waited. He continued waiting.

Could it be that they had defrauded him again?

He continued waiting some more. And then suddenly he cracked.

He instructed his private pilot to warm up the motors, and the next day the two of them took off for the district in Canada where the culprits lay.

He not only arrived but also brought forth all the data relevant to his case and managed to have the defrauders arraigned. He helped materially with the preparation of the case against them and testified against them. The prosecution was successful and all three of the defrauders were found guilty.

Now if you are compulsively against arrest of anyone for anything, you will incline to say that criminal prosecution was too heavy a penalty. I consider the crime serious, however. Primarily because it preys on people who were at the very least willing to ask for something they wanted, and which could harm no one. The story of the businessman seems incongruous because we expect such a person to grovel, to take the defeat quietly, for the sake of his social status or because he is embarrassed. We sense that the victims of swindles like this one are usually those persons who have already suffered guilt over desires, and perhaps been persecuted for them—desires which, we all know could be satisfied in a humane society with as much diversity as ours.

I have heard frequent complaints against police intervention in cases like these. However, if you really believe that your yearning for the fulfillment of your fantasy in sex or elsewhere is valid, then being defrauded is an outrage, and should be met with anger. Failure to feel outrage is usually due to confusion about the legitimacy of the desire in the first place. If you don't get what you want, instead

of trying harder to get it, you reexamine the question of whether you deserve it or not.

On the other hand, if you honestly believe that you have the right to fulfillment, then whether your fantasy is homosexual or heterosexual, and regardless of the form it takes, those who defraud you are bitter enemies.

I've always admired this businessman, who felt outraged at the abuse and was willing to act on his outrage. If there is humor surrounding him, it is connected with his tenacity regarding the premise that what he is doing is acceptable. Such a righteous attitude is quite appropriate when concerning the desire to have a sufficient life space, and to enjoy sexual experiences suggested by one's own fantasy, that fantasy being harmless. Yet few people are able to bring a sense of righteousness into the context of their own pleasurable fulfillment, though it could never be more relevant than in this particular story. If you send twelve dollars as payment for pictures of two women and a dog, and it is implicit that the women will be naked and engaged in sexual contact involving the dog, then you deserve those pictures. As is common knowledge, where sexual exploration is taking place, much must be left unspoken because of various risks and embarrassments. To cash in on this fact, by adhering to the letter of an agreement when it is quite obvious more was intended, is to further abuse the only apparatus available to sexual explorers. To do this is vile.

There is one more point to be made concerning the businessman. It is quite conceivable that in the early days he harbored some doubts over whether his

writing away for the pictures was morbid. Don't think of him as an utterly resolute man at the outset. We don't know that he was. It would be a great mistake to judge him by the outcome, and to assume that whatever qualities he possessed, he possessed at the outset of his mission. Doubtless he enjoyed pornographic pictures before sending away for these. But perhaps he also had misgivings over whether to pursue the matter, especially when he saw it was not going as he had expected it would go. Probably a slight sense of embarrassment almost deterred him from following through.

To think of him this way is important, since by the end of his venture he surely felt the right to own the pictures he had paid for. And by the time he had pursued his right, at some cost to himself, his feeling of entitlement was almost certainly unalloyed by embarrassment or guilt over what he wanted. Consider this fact carefully: his every act of pursuing the pictures was a vote in his mind for his right to be given them and to enjoy them. Whatever else he accomplished, if there were misgivings along the way, he certainly dimmed them by not allowing them to deter him from his course.

This would seem to be a matter of common sense, and it, to my mind, the moral of the adventure. You cannot fight for something without increasing your belief that you deserve it. In the public eye, the fellow I am discussing seems even more outlandish than homosexuals do. But it didn't deter him, and I would bet that he is not a sufferer from guilt. This means that a great number of us, homosexuals and heterosexuals, can find something to admire in him as well as to laugh about.

BY WILLIAM WEST

How many heterosexual couples would last if there were no marriage counselors, books of advice on "How to Make the Marriage Last," or legal definitions of marriage? If there were no children "to keep the marriage together," no moral support from parents, and probably no married friends to whom to turn for experienced sympathy? If their very state of sexuality were subject to ridicule at best, punishment at worst, and constant danger of ostracism and loss of livelihood in case of exposure, in a situation where for two people of opposite sexes to be too close is suspect?

How many marriages would last under those circumstances? You'd have to be very much in love, very neurotic, very lucky and/or very brave to make a go of it. And yet there are a few, a very few, homosexuals who have held their relationships together against all these odds. As one enumerates them, it seems a miracle. Probably luck plays the greatest role. I'm one of the lucky ones... I'm thirty six, and this year will celebrate my twentieth anniversary. I quite frankly enjoy the surprise which that fact engenders when I mention it. It is a special thing, and a fact of my life I am proud of. But luck does play an enormous role... and, quite literally, so does the other guy.

I crack up at those interviews with centenarians you see on TV, when the inevitable question comes up as to the secret of his (or usually her) longevity. "Well," the oldest cackles, "I've not gone a day since I was eight without smoking four packs of cigarettes," or something equally perverse.

The secret of making a homosexual relationship last may be equally perverse, but it certainly isn't so simple. I'm honestly very hesitant about trying to say anything about it, feeling as a general rule that the best advice is no advice. But at the same time, people have got to know that it can be done. And perhaps I can at least state some things I have noticed and thought about.

What goes into a long relationship? (For some reason I don't like the word *marriage* in this context... too many bad hetero connotations.) And I mean literally goes into. The first and foremost thing, the absolute necessity, the *sine qua non*, is that you have to want it, and keep wanting it more than anything. More than your career, more than good relations with your parents, more than the current arrangement of your furniture, more than privacy, more than anything. If that sounds extreme, I'm sorry, but it's true. You may not have to sacrifice any of those things, but you damn sure have to be prepared to. I have friends who keep claiming to want a steady lover, but somehow everyone with whom they get involved is just not the right person. And one eventually sees that they may want someone, but not enough to change the pattern of their lives.

There's also the fact that you've got two guys (sorry, you girls will have to speak for yourselves), both with careers of their own, that could conflict at any time. If Fred's office sends him to Cleveland, will Tim follow? He'd better be ready to. But what does Tim do in Cleveland? It's like the old female question of career versus marriage, but the male does not even have the dubious



photo by Art Rocco

TWENTY YEARS AFTER Reflections of a Long-Time Lover

choice of being a housewife—despite all the crap written about "roles," few men want to be homemakers.

As for the role question, it's certainly not that old hetero legend that one mate plays the male, the other the female. There are roles—any relationship involves role playing—but it's not that simple. There will probably be a passive one and an active one, a gregarious one and a solitary one, a talkative one and a quiet one, not enough difference to be incompatible, but certainly enough to be complimentary. And roles will change over the years because people change. The young ingenue type turns into the steady rock, the leader becomes the led for a while.

What else? Well, patience and flexibility and kindness and all those things the marriage manuals advise, which will have to be used not only to combat the internal strains, but all those negative external factors I brought up at the beginning.

And there are other outside forces, too. That's where the luck comes in. I haven't known other couples well enough to make a scientific survey (who has?), but it seems to me that most of those I have known have started their relationships at a young age. This may not be a necessity, but I'm sure it's an important factor. I feel this is accounted for by the fact that the groundwork was laid (as it were) before their lives were solidified into a pattern, or less ambiguously, they got together early enough to plan their lives around each other, consciously or unconsciously. A friend of mine carries the thesis a bit

farther: he thinks the solidity of the affair depends on its establishment soon after one's self-acceptance as a homosexual—that is, very soon, before one becomes programmed totally into "the gay life." A debatable, but interesting theory.

And speaking of external factors, there's that eternal one, of debbil infidelity. Frankly, I've no solution to that one, and am extremely skeptical about any couple who claims to have a solution. Two people who move in a sexually permissive society that has promiscuity as a norm with no social pressures against infidelity, are going to have to cope with this problem. If the only reason that Tim shouldn't be unfaithful to Fred is that it hurts Fred, it's pretty selfish of Fred to try and stop him, right? This lack of any outside standard is the basic problem behind all the bitterness over infidelity that breaks up so many couples. That and the fact that there is an undefined and ephemeral relationship between sex and love that nullifies the old excuse of "just because I'm going to bed with someone else has nothing to do with us." It does, and that's all there is to it. I mistrust the couple that has an "arrangement" just as much as I mistrust a couple that claims to have both been totally faithful. I mistrust any general solution, and I guess I can only say that if it's going to happen, it's going to hurt, and the more you're aware that it hurts the other guy, the more you're likely to keep it within reason.

Which year is the hardest? Oh, the first, and the second, and the third, and the... Seriously, the first, because

you've got a hell of a lot to adjust to, and only the first rosy glow of romance to carry you; the second because the rosy glow has faded and things are not quite set into a groove yet; the third because you start wondering if this is really what you want for the rest of your life and maybe there's something better around the corner. After the fifth, things are a bit safer because you start becoming proud of your accomplishment, but on the other hand a bit more dangerous because you start becoming complacent and letting the other guy down a bit. All in all, it's like walking a tightrope, and, buddy, you never get off of it. All in all, I think often of Caitlin (Mrs. Dylan) Thomas' remark, which went something to the effect that it's not a matter of "I'll love you all my life," it's more a matter of "I'll put up with you all my life." Cynical, but sound.

But now that we've mentioned love—which I've almost avoided—where does that fit? Well, there are as many different kinds of love as there are people, and as many combinations as there are couples. But it's the initial kick in the pants that makes you want to try all this. And to directly contradict Mrs. Thomas, it's what comes to the rescue when things get bad, if it's still there.

The only necessary justification for homosexuality, so far as I can see, is that it brings two human beings together in a state of love. Anything that does this cannot be evil, and it is the homosexual lovers that are the proof. Despite the current social trend against marriage, all the world still loves a lover. May there be more of us.

BY STEFEN VERK

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

Q. There was an article in GAY No. 13 written by Hector Simms, which he called THE CHUBBY CHASERS. I never read anything on this before. It really floored me. I certainly never heard of anything like the CHUBBY CHASERS CLUB, and I didn't even know there were such people. Mr. Simms carefully explained what makes the chubby chasers tick, but what about the chubbies? What is our story? That's the part that directly affects me, and I'm almost afraid to hear the answers. I know there has to be something besides what I've already heard about guys like me, because some of the pieces of the puzzle still seem to be missing. I am 25, 5' 9" tall, white, a chef, weigh 390 lbs., and although I have a reputation as a happy-go-lucky fellow, I am miserable inside and starved for love. Three doctors have already told me there is no glandular problem in my case. Each one said it was an emotional thing, like I eat when other guys would get drunk or stoned. I understand that, but I still think there's more. Isn't there?

F.A., Phila.

A. There certainly is. Your doctors were quite accurate, of course, but there is an uglier, sadder aspect biding beneath the obvious surface. The over-eating for emotional reasons is just the symptom of the problem. You have not yet recognized what the problem is. Let's sweep away the nice-nelly terminology

first. The word CHUBBY is just too damned cute to describe a 390 lb. adult male of your height. Let's be realistic. Regardless of the causes, GLUTTON is a more honest choice of words. Unflattering, right? Ugly, right? Annoying as hell, right? But isn't it accurate? If there are no glandular causes for your obesity, then you gorge yourself in this infantile porcine manner to alleviate various emotional needs, as your doctors have bluntly told you. But why do you do this? Well, this is still another of the infinite variations on the popular sport of coping-out. Every surrender, where there is a demonstrable possibility of change, is a cop-out. Self-rejection is completely negative, so you are



guaranteeing that other people will share that distorted image of you by enveloping yourself in mountains of fat. You are using that fat as a suit of armor to keep others far enough away from you that they will not be able to get close enough to see you as you see yourself. You are perfectly aware that a 390 lb. human hippo is not most people's idea of a sex symbol. You certainly wouldn't covet one, would you? As long as you stay resolutely obese, you are safe from really close scrutiny by others. So, instead of dieting or satisfying your emotional needs like an adult, you function like a 5-year-old schoolgirl who stubbornly eats her way into elephanthood to spite Mommy... because Mommy, who knows absolutely everything in the world, has no right to see you're less perfect

than all the other little girls... which is, of course, the way you see yourself. So you wind up with chubby chasers, who want your FAT, not YOU. Or you wind up with paid hustlers or alone. Insulting, isn't it? WEIGHT WATCHERS makes more sense. Over-Eating solves nothing except your grocer's turnover.

Q. I get mad as hell every time I read your opinions on transvestites. For my money, you seem to have a hateful compulsion to put down anybody who enjoys wearing drag. Why shouldn't everybody dress the way they want to? I'm tired of hearing all that psychological bullshit that's supposed to explain all about it. Maybe you don't realize that some people like drag just because they

are more comfortable in it. I am a 42-year-old, proud, butch lesbian who just happens to know that with my masculine face I look a lot better in men's clothes than I would in a frilly dress. I also make out a hell of a lot better with the kind of girls I dig. For your information, I also like to smoke cigars. What do you think about that?

P.G., San Francisco

A. It's your mouth, honey. You can haul coal in it for all I care.

Q. I am a 17-year-old boy and I have been having sex with my 19-year-old brother for the last two years. He is straight but I enjoy doing it with him because it's sort of convenient to have it right in the house when I can't find anybody else, and he is always ready. We

get along fairly well, but he just gave me a new problem and I don't like it a bit. He runs around with three close friends, all straight, and now he keeps bugging me to do him a favor and blow his friends, too. They never said anything about this stuff to me, and I don't think they know about his idea. I think he just wants to use me to make himself more popular with his friends. I keep telling him no, but he won't stop trying to eat my mind. How can I handle this?

J.J., NYC

A. Tell him you'll be glad to do it, if his friends will blow you, too. And stop having sex with him. He's trying to put you down.

Q. I am a terribly shy man of 34, fairly nice looking, college graduate, and junior partner in a specialized Wall Street law firm. My shyness does not extend to my career, and I am highly capable in court or office. Sex is another matter. I am a complete failure when it comes to cruising or getting acquainted with other gay people. It is absolutely impossible for me to speak to a stranger in a gay bar or other gay place. Even if I am introduced to anyone on the gay scene, I remain almost speechless and frozen. It makes me look cold and snobbish, but I am not really like that. I just am too shy to make the bridge to the other person. What can I do?

R.S., NYC

A. Pull out the old mirror and look closely at yourself as you REALLY are. Your shyness in gay situations indicates that you privately believe you are inadequate or defective in some way that would make others reject you, if they got to know you. You use this shyness as a device to prevent others from proving with their opinions the opinion you actually have of yourself. You can have no way of knowing what their real opinions are unless you permit them to show you. Uncertainty can be dissipated through testing to make sure.

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HORNSCOPE

BY STORM NETHERLAND

THE CELEBRATED GERMAN ASTROLOGER LOUIS DE WOHL SAID: "LET US GET THIS STRAIGHT FROM THE START: IT (ASTROLOGY) IS NOT PROPHECY. IT IS DEALING NOT WITH CERTAINITIES, BUT WITH TENDENCIES. IT HAS A FAIRLY WIDE MARGIN FOR ERROR—BUT IT WORKS."

ARIES, Mar. 21-April 20—Watch your diet, honey, and stay away from clams. Hepatitis lurks in clams. Don't rim either. Defer to a Leo, especially romantically, you won't be sorry. Up through the Twelfth concentrate on straightening out your finances. If you have a lover there's a difference of opinion that may cause trouble this week. You court trouble and danger, you Ram, you, but this month avoid it wherever there is water, either at the beach or in the tearoom. Don't be afraid of getting fucked, especially by the aforementioned Leo, by a Sagittarius or by a Scorpio. A Libra friend should bring you luck.

TAURUS, April 21-May 21—Lots of romance should highlight the first half of this month for you. You and your lover, if you have one, are going to do some traveling. Use the current week for financial planning, as this is a good month for you financially. You should be a Bull in bed this month, with lots of legs thrown over your Taurusan shoulders. If you want sensuality, mate with a Virgo, but if you groove on turbulence, Scorpio is your number. Remember you must allow Scorpio freedom and privacy, though. You grasp many facts, but your mentality seldom changes. Try a little tenderness.

GEMINI, May 22-June 21—It's not easy to tell you this, but you face a financial loss of some kind this week. It could be a theft. Lock your doors. Don't carry your wallet to the Barn or into the bushes at Cherry Grove. Don't make major decisions this week, especially regarding a love object. Keep your eye open for a Libra, possibly an evolved Aries, as they are the only people likely to be able to withstand your mercurial nature, which is at its most undependable this month. Keep your Gemini hands to yourself in public places. Cool it.

CANCER, June 22-July 20—Discount the hunches you may have from this week through the end of the month. Let your logical, practical side take over, deciding in the light of things as they are and not as you wish them to be. Especially in romance, honey, you've got to be realistic just now. Watch for an ideal Pisces or Capricorn. Make love freely this week regardless. Let go.

LEO, July 21-August 21—People are going to be very generous with you this week. Spontaneous affection from an intense Aries increases, and don't knock it. Career prospects brighten, but financial troubles continue. Get everything in black-and-white. Monday and Friday are good career days for you. Tuesday very lucky!

VIRGO, August 22-September 21—Be tactful with your friends and love objects. Make few demands. Stay clear of a financial involvement this week. Be skeptical of anything you may hear on Friday, particularly that your dearest is doing a little extra-marital cockucking, et cetera. Don't overeat, don't overindulge. Watch for that Piscean, you need one. Or Capricorn.

LIBRA, September 22-October 21—Things are happening that relate to your desire for freedom. Be alert to a new idea which may already have been presented to you. Careful of your dignity. Don't go down on your knees too readily, unless it is with that favorable Gemini. You are traditionally the most beautiful people of the Zodiac, but watch your diet. No creampuffs, either from the bakery or Third Avenue! Discipline this week will pay off.



SCORPIO, October 22-November 21—Don't travel if you don't have to. On Friday of this week be sure you make yourself clear to avoid a misunderstanding. You are going to lead with

your groin as always, so go ahead, the times are propitious. Keep your mouth shut and don't pick fights. A Taurus could make you feel secure.

SAGITTARIUS, November 22-December 20—Be sure you don't have any venereal disease or hepatitis. Take a laxative if you need it. Don't let anyone interfere with your personal affairs this week. Keep quiet, stick with old friends, be cautious about a love affair. Calm yourself. You usually shoot your arrow into all corners, but this week, keep it in the quiver.

CAPRICORN, December 21-January 20—This week get into double harness, whether it be career-wise or marital. Your lover's people may seem to reject you this week, but don't get dramatic. Thursday, a lucky day, you're going to have a bright idea with a foreign-sounding name! Beneficial interests are at work, but you risk antagonizing people close to you. No new sex experiences in the offing. Sorry.

AQUARIUS, January 21-February 20—Beware getting drawn into a casual flirtation just now! Avoid making a love object or long-standing friend jealous. This could involve a trick on Tuesday night. This is not on the surface a very auspicious week for you, but a partnership decision could have long-term favorable repercussions. Do some walking to strengthen your legs. Don't be throwing them up in the air promiscuously.

PISCES, February 21-March 20—Dear lovely watery child, this could be a splendid, exciting month for you, and it begins this week. You are going to have to make a choice between love objects, perhaps between a dependable old and a glamorous new. You seldom make decisions with your groin, and don't do it now. You are loved and deserve to be. Listen to your still Piscean voice. Have a pedicure or be watchful of foot odor. Go where you're asked. Peace. It's a good season for fish so if you are a genital female, enjoy June.

WEATHER FORECAST

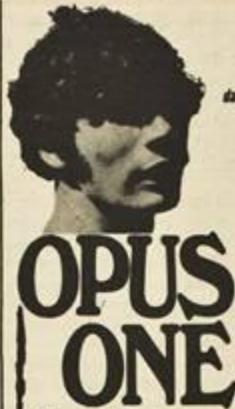
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- "BAR BEACH" Hot Mystery Film starring Rick Durham, Jimi Feelgood, Miles Jordan & Dan Shearer. The next time you pick up a hitchhiker, perhaps you will have the same luck that our two young travelers have when they pick up two hitchhikers and proceed on a wild romp in the sun, surf and sand.
- "TRAVELING SALESMAN" starring John Geary, Howard Stern & Frank Ford. The wish of every lonely travelling salesman.
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GAY'S CALENDAR

Monday, June 15: New York Mattachine Society Legal Clinic at Society offices, 6 p.m. "Homosexual News" rebroadcast of 6/12. WBAI-FM (99.5), 11:30 a.m. (new time)

Tuesday, June 16: Mattachine Society discussion groups at Trocadero, 180 Christopher St., 8 p.m. Donation \$1.00.

Wednesday, June 17: West Side Discussion Group regular meeting, Church of the Holy Apostles (28th St. & 9th Ave.), 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 18: Gay Activists Alliance regular meeting, Church of the Holy Apostles (28th St. & 9th Ave.), 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. Women only.

Friday, June 19: "Homosexual News" on WBAI-FM (99.5) 8:15 p.m. (new time)

Saturday, June 20: GLF Dance at Alternate U., 530 Sixth Ave. (14th St.) at 9 p.m. Donation \$1.50 singles, \$2.50 couples.

West Side Discussion Group Dance at St. Peter's Church, 346 W. 20th St., 9 p.m. Donation \$2.00.

Sunday, June 21: GLF regular meeting at Church of the Holy Apostles (28th St. & 9th Ave.), 8 p.m.

HI! open meeting at St. Peter's Church, 346 W. 20th St., 7:30 p.m.

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.

Dorian Society of Seattle 320 Malden Ave. East, Seattle, Wash. 98102. Telephone (206) EA 9-8737.

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

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

Mattachine Society, Inc. of New York 243 West End Ave., NYC, 10023. Tel. (212) 799-0916. Office open every night except Sunday, from 6-9pm, and Saturdays from 2-5pm.

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

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

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

Philadelphia Action Committee for Equality (PACE) 1511 Pine St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19103. Telephone (215) KI 6-8929

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

Bigoubi, 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, Cornelia 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; GM

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; eclectic; 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 bicycles 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 ***

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