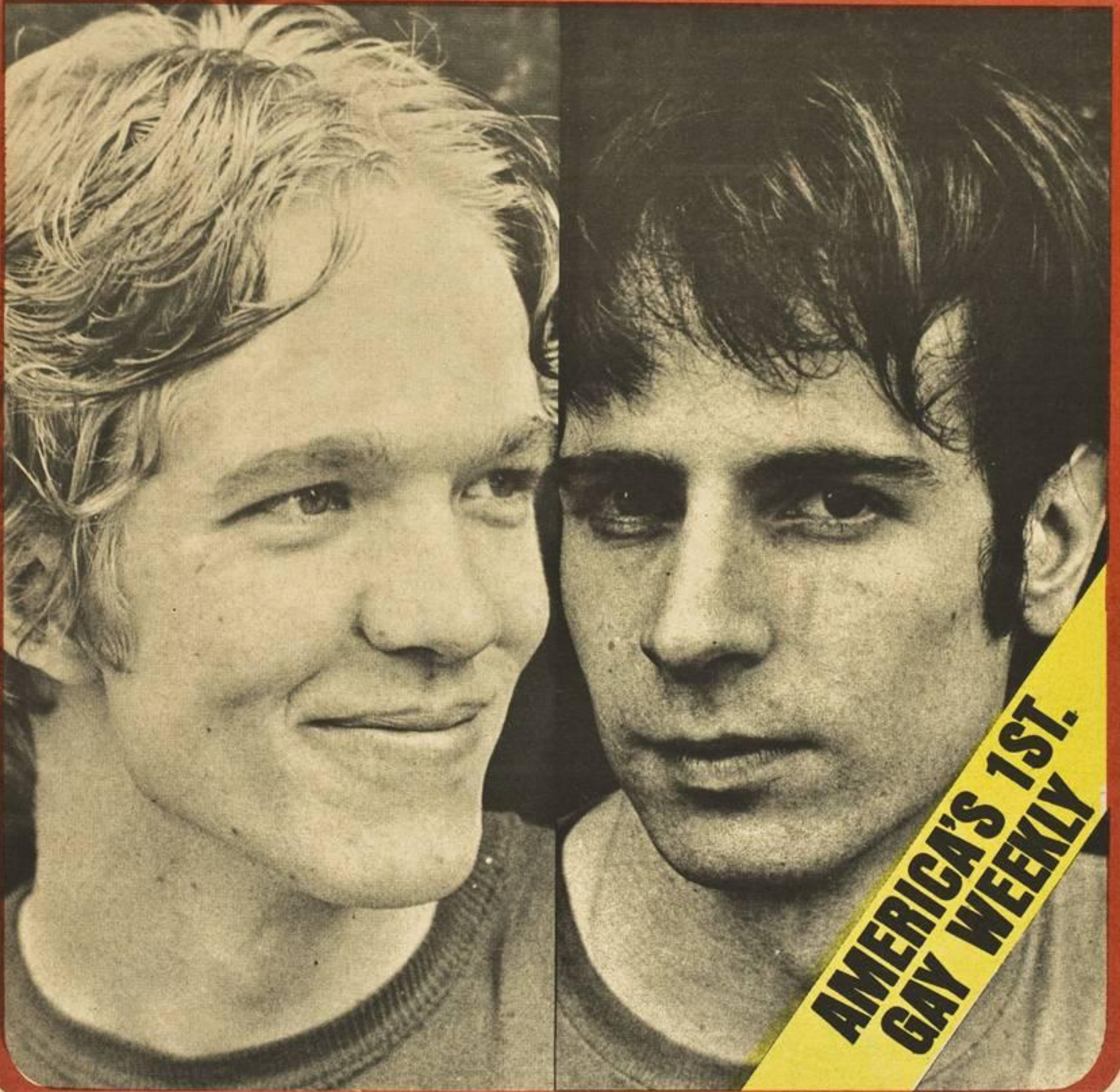


GAY PRIDE WEEK P.10

GAY

40¢
OUT OF
NYC 75¢

NO. 21



SCREW GOES TO TRIAL P.7

GAY ACTIVISTS—LOVERS TOM DOERR AND MARTY ROBINSON

The Editors Speak:

REMEMBER THE STONEWALL

On Sunday, June 28, 1970, young and old will march in several U.S. cities commemorating the violent Stonewall Inn uprising which took place a year ago. It was a splendid moment. Gay people refused, for the first time in U.S. history, to accept unwarranted police abuse. They retaliated, surprisingly, with violence, and drove police behind barricades.

The Editors of GAY hope that this newspaper's readers will take part in the many commemoration celebrations, dances, and workshops listed on the Gay Pride Calendar (p. 20). A mass march will take place on June 28th. Marchers will assemble at 12:1 pm in Sheridan Square and will walk up Sixth Avenue to a Gay-In in Central Park's Sheep's Meadow. Don't miss this grand outpouring of the New Conscience.

We hope that all participants, including police, will "cool it" and that the march will be a happy and memorable day for New York City and the nation. It should be.

AN IMPORTANT VOTE TUESDAY

Don't forget to vote in the primaries on Tuesday, June 23rd. Peter Ogren, Gay's Managing Editor, met Bella Abzug, candidate for the 17th Congressional District at the home of Barbara Streisand and reported to us, "Bella Abzug is one of the most dynamic people I've ever met, as well as one of the most constructive political thinkers in the country."

As Bella Abzug took the microphone, Peter thought, "She's completely her own person, a real give-'em-hell Harry type. Both New York and the country really need her. She's just outside!"

Bella Abzug is running against Leonard Farbstein. She has openly requested the vote of New York's homosexual community. She has also gone out of her way to help gay people in trouble. Her views on matters other than civil liberties for homosexuals are just what the city and the Congress need. Support her! Spread the word!

KOCH AGAINST RAO

Also, Vote for Congressman Edward I. Koch against Paul Rao (see Gay no. 15). Koch has also assisted the gay constituents by openly reprimanding police officials for bar raid abuses. He deserves our thanks for his outspoken approach.

THEODORE SORENSEN

Gay's news correspondent, Kay Tobin, spoke to U.S. Senate hopeful, Theodore Sorensen. "What do you think of homosexuals working for the U.S. Government?" she asked. "I don't see anything wrong with that," he replied. "What about security clearances for homosexuals?" continued Kay. "Unless there's some special security problem, I don't see anything wrong with that either!" It would seem that Theodore Sorensen is a sensible man. We salute him.

PAN AM AND MARY PHILLIPS

We are enraged by the unnecessary firing of pretty Pan American stewardess, Mary Phillips, Al Goldstein's (SCREW editor) wife. Mary wrote a fine Women's Liberation article for SCREW. Pan American objected to the fact that she had exercised her abilities outside of the narrow Pan American sphere.

GAY is also angered by Pan American's anti-homosexual hiring-firing policies. Pan Am "makes the going hell" for gay employees. Mattachine Director, Dick Leitsch, tells us that the Society has attempted to find jobs for six ex-Pan Am employees this year. Pan Am cares what people do in the privacy of their own bedrooms. GAY will continue to report on the sad policies of this banighted airline.

THE SCREW TRIAL

GAY's godfathers are Jim Buckley and Al Goldstein, the famous SCREW TWO, now on trial on six absurd counts of obscenity. Al and Jim are two of the Four Swords, Inc. who publish this newspaper. We have known them for two years, and we delight in their sense of good fun and their free spirits. GAY will proudly report on the progress of the SCREW trial. As we go to press, Al and Jim are smiling broadly (see page 7).



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The official views of this newspaper are expressed in The Editors Speak. Opinions expressed in by-lined columns, letters, and cartoons, however, are those of the writers and artists and do not necessarily represent the opinions of GAY.

Publication of the name or photograph of any person or organization in articles or advertising in GAY is no indication of the sexual orientation of such person or organization.

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NEW GROUP FORMS AT COLUMBIA

New York, N.Y. - A new group on the Columbia campus, GAY PEOPLE AT COLUMBIA, has replaced the former Student Homophile League. It differs considerably from its predecessor in purpose and outlook. When SHL was recognized as a campus organization by the Columbia administration in April of '67, its primary purpose was to fight the

intense discrimination against homosexuals which jeopardizes many of their legal and social rights. Since then, however, the gay liberation movement has begun to firmly establish itself in urban America.

GPC does not stress the libertarian goals of the Student Homophile League.

Rather, it seeks to provide a place on campus where gay students, faculty, alumni, employees, etc., can meet, not just as gays, but as individuals with other common interests, and with self respect.

GPC welcomes all types of gays of both sexes, and hopes to present as complete a view as possible of the

contemporary gay experience. In a relaxed and informal atmosphere an individual has the chance to discover and explore aspects of homosexuality which interest him and to meet others with compatible outlooks. Persons who have no affiliation with Columbia can be considered for membership. There are no membership dues, although all contributions are gratefully accepted. Activities of GPC are open to all interested in attending.

GPC will sponsor a series of dances on campus and small parties, probably off campus. The former will serve to bring many people together in an atmosphere of fun and congeniality; the latter will enable more personal contact and interchange in a quiet atmosphere, and also will provide the opportunity for group discussions on topics of common interest of concern.

For information, contact Gay People at Columbia, 109 Earl Hall, Columbia University, New York, N.Y. 10027. Phone (212) 280-5115, or 866-1043.

CHICAGO POLICE DROP DEFAMATION CHARGES

Chicago, Ill. - Charges of criminal defamation which had been pressed against David Stienecker, the editor of the Mattachine Midwest Newsletter, have been dropped.

Sgt. John Manley of the Chicago Police Department had made the charges after the publication of an article in the September 1969 issue of the Newsletter. In that article, Stienecker discussed the numerous arrests made by Manley in Lincoln Park restrooms.

On May 6, Stienecker and his attorney, Renee Hanover, appeared in court for the fourth time, and for the fourth time Sgt. Manley did not show up. Mrs. Hanover moved for dismissal of the charges on the grounds that the complaint was insufficient. The Assistant State's Attorney raised objections, but the judge agreed, and the case was dismissed.

Since the charges were never actually brought to trial, Stienecker points out, Sgt. Manley theoretically still has the option of re-filing the charge.



June 29, 1970, Volume 1, Number 21

BELLA ABZUG HONORED AT BARBRA STREISAND HOME

By Peter Ogren

New York, N.Y. - On the evening of June 9, Mrs. Bella Abzug, candidate for the 19th Congressional District seat and the only politician in New York history to openly solicit the gay vote (See GAY No. 19), was honored at a fund-raising party held at the new home of superstar Barbra Streisand.

The party resulted from an

completely empty of furniture pending renovations, but the house was otherwise packed with over seven hundred Abzug enthusiasts, including such celebrities as Harry Belafonte, Huntington Hartford, Martin Balsam, Jack Gilford, Jane Withers, and composer David Amram. Shelley Winters was there too, but lost her footing in a puddle on the stairs and was shaken up. Fortunately, she was



Bella Abzug, Barbra Streisand's guest of honor

(photo by Eric Jacobs)

accidental meeting several weeks ago in an East Side restaurant between Miss Streisand and Mrs. Abzug. Miss Streisand noticed Mrs. Abzug's large campaign button which reads, "Hello! I am Bella Abzug, your congressional candidate in the 19th C.D." Miss Streisand introduced herself and the two discussed mutual interests. At the end of the conversation, Miss Streisand offered the use of her new town house to Mrs. Abzug for a fund-raising event.

The five-story town house, only recently acquired by Miss Streisand, was

otherwise unharmed. Questions flew back and forth among the guests about the "names" in attendance--"Isn't that Pete Hamill of the Post?" "That's Judy Collins by the front door, isn't it?"

Upstairs, in a large reception room with windows flung open to permit broadcasting to the street, Mrs. Abzug, with Miss Streisand seated nearby, addressed the guests, who crammed themselves in to hear her.

Brandishing her microphone, Mrs. Abzug emphasized the urgency for



Peter Ogren, GAY's Managing Editor, talks with Bella Abzug

(photo by Eric Jacobs)

meaningful representation in the Congress, by officials who were responsive to the wishes and needs of their constituents, so that an effective way of ending the division of the country and ending the war in Indo-China could be realized. "I want to be an instrument of bringing the power of Congress back to the people," she declared. "Those in the seats of power must use that power for the people." Mrs. Abzug stated that the seniority system of the Congress is one of the greatest causes of this lack of responsiveness to the electorate. "I hope to help break the seniority system. To hell with rules--it's time for the people to end this war!"

The enthusiasm of the guests carried loudly into the street, and a large crowd collected outside to hear her speak. When pleas for new funds were voiced, several very large donations were announced, and bright-faced young volunteers roamed through the crowd waving blank checks for everyone. (Later, GAY was told by Abzug headquarters that the evening was a rousing financial success.)

When speeches were over, and Mrs. Abzug was asked if she had any comment about her hostess, she replied, "Miss Streisand has been fantastic--generous, meaningful and understanding."

GAY asked Mrs. Abzug if there had been any reaction from any New York members of Congress. She replied that Senator Goodell was "very interested in the campaign, and Senator Javits had also been in touch." She further said that her own campaign was "working on Senator Javits in regard to support for the Senate bill to cut off funds from the Cambodian war." Mrs. Abzug also noted that Mayor Lindsay had announced his endorsement of her candidacy that very afternoon.

The candidate later mingled with the guests, stopping to pose for photos with Miss Streisand and Harry Belafonte, chatting on the run with her husband and her two teenage daughters, joining in with the general merrymaking inside and shaking hands with the bystanders in the street.

When Mrs. Abzug was asked if her campaign was having any effect with the Women's Lib groups, she smilingly answered in the affirmative, then added brightly, "but we're not just going to liberate women. We're going to liberate men--

and the whole Democratic party!"

EVANGELIST ZAPS EROTIC BOOKSTORE

New York, N.Y. - Paul Bryant, a 24-year-old theology student from San Francisco, is an "evangelist for Jesus" who with a half dozen fellow "converts to Christ" began a campaign recently to "bring Jesus to New York."

The focus of the campaign has been a Times Square bookstore that specializes in erotic books, where he and his followers picketed, sang hymns and distributed leaflets to crowds on 42nd Street.

"I first arrived in New York about two weeks ago," Mr. Bryant explained. "I got off the subway at Times Square and this store was the first thing I saw." It was then that he decided to begin his campaign.

For the last year, Mr. Bryant has operated a religious commune outside San Francisco, near the Golden Gate Baptist Theological Seminary, a Southern Baptist Church affiliate, where he is a part-time student. Mr. Bryant has returned temporarily to San Francisco, but his work is being carried out by his group, which is known as the Jesus Mobilization Committee of New York.

"Problems are evident everywhere--air pollution, social injustice,

(continued on page 12)

PART 11

BY LILY HANSEN

OTTO: I had not yet met Frank (Kameny), which I did about two months afterwards, through a mutual acquaintance. That is how I got involved with Mattachine of Washington. I attended meetings for about a year, year and a half, when I finally decided to join the organization and started becoming a little bit more militant. I guess I had been militant, but, like so many people, I had been quietly militant—like a closet queen might be militant (?)

LILY: Only in matters relating to your own life.

OTTO: Yes. And I wasn't going out waving flags, so that, many years later when we finally got around to the first demonstration, I really felt I should demonstrate, but I was still working at the Library, and at that very first one at the White House [first U.S. gay picket, spring 1965] I didn't. Later I participated in the demonstrations at the Pentagon and the State Department. And the State Department picket resulted in the F.B.I. following me around physically—because they thought I was violating the Hatch Act. I never did.

LILY: What is the Hatch Act?

OTTO: The Hatch Act prohibits political activity of government employees. It's still in effect.

LILY: Is picketing a political activity?

OTTO: No, it's not covered at all by the act, as far as I could find out. Picketing is only political in the sense that we're fighting for the justifiable rights of the homosexual vis-a-vis his government. Then I got into Washington Mattachine, and before you know it, I've become much more militant and much more adamant that our government has to change—it's not us, because we aren't the sick ones. Whatever other faults we might have, our government owes us a positive degree of tolerance and acceptance, not merely an absence of prejudice. If we get an absence of prejudice, that will be some progress, and that's the kind of thing I'm fighting now by way of the security clearance and suing the government—which is what we'll be doing: suing the government.

LILY: You're suing the government?



OTTO: Yes, with the aid of the ACLU, who has just accepted the case recently. A lawyer has not yet been appointed.

LILY: Suing them for what?

OTTO: For my clearance. I don't know yet how it's going to be worded when the official thing is filed with the courts; that will be up to the lawyer.

LILY: You're suing them for the damages you will sustain as a result of—

OTTO: No, we're suing them to get the clearance back, and getting the ability to have the clearance. Because the only reason they have lifted the clearance is that I am homosexual. The government itself has admitted that I am not subject

to blackmail, and as part of the series of hearing and administrative procedures we went through in the Pentagon, I and my counsel—Frank Kameny and Barbara Gittings—issued two news releases, which were widely circulated. I myself sent them out to over a hundred fifty newspapers, radio and TV commentators, and individual commentators. They were also sent to the Secret Service, to the F.B.I., to the White House, to the Pentagon. Everyone was informed, and we were calling the Pentagon's bluff.

LILY: When did this latest series of events start?

OTTO: When I left the Library of Congress in 1967 I had a job with a company in private industry. This

LILY: When was this?

OTTO: Fall of '68. Frank and I went back and had a seven-minute interview with the investigators, in which they again harped on my membership in Mattachine, if I was homosexual, and wanted to know rather personal things. We told them anyone can belong to the Mattachine Society of Washington who is interested in its goals; it's a perfectly legitimate organization. We gave them copies of the organizational brochure, and we refused to answer any of their specific questions until they justified to our satisfaction how these questions were pertinent to having a security clearance. They got very nasty, and unfortunately we didn't get as nasty as they were. We

it. Frank, my counsel, drew up a magnificent rebuttal, reiterating all the data, information, testimony which we had already presented. We decided not to have another hearing and to let the examiner go ahead on the basis of the record and make a decision. The examiner sent to us five pages of sexual interrogatories. The questions were simply obscene! They were pornographic! We were not under any circumstances going to give them any information other



than my name, address, and where I work. That was that. The upshot, of course, was that they lifted the clearance for refusal to supply information... and the Pentagon still, no matter how hard we have tried in past cases, in my case, and in other cases which are now ongoing, they refuse to say why a homosexual is supposedly a security risk. They won't give any rationale for the questions they ask. They want details of your sex life, questions which have no obvious bearing on your competence to keep your mouth shut and safeguard classified information. And a check of all the publicized security leaks since World War II will reveal that there have been none whatsoever involving a homosexual, male or female, in this country.

LILY: You're lucky because your employer knows your situation and doesn't mind.

OTTO: Before my hearing took place, I informed my employer. I showed him the news release. My immediate supervisor at that time said that he'd prefer I keep it quiet within the department. My point was not to upset or cause any furor within the company. After the hearing, that particular supervisor left the company. Recently, when my clearance was lifted, I had another little talk with my new supervisor, and the reaction was in effect: "Well, so what? You're doing your job. In view of the social situation, our company can't take a positive public stand, but we're certainly not going to take a vindictive stand and fire you. You're doing a good job, and so you keep your job." And that's the way it stands at the moment.

LILY: It seems to me you have a perfect and air-tight case.

OTTO: Almost from the beginning (really—I sound like a Joan of Arc here or something equivalent), when working with Frank on this thing, we decided that we had an opportunity here of making a good test case. We have never lied or distorted. We have presented the truth as far as we've known it. And we've answered questions as far as we felt they were pertinent to the government's making a decision about my eligibility for a clearance. There has never been a

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continued on page 16

Remember The Stonewall!

BY LIGE AND JACK

Editor's Note: This article, written in July 1969, a few days after the Stonewall uprising, is reprinted through the courtesy of SCREW. The editors of GAY thought it particularly appropriate to remind our readers of what the fledgling New Conscience meant. P. O.

The last two weeks have been full of excitement for us. Today (July 8th) is our fifth anniversary and although we've spent all our money on a swinging vacation, we're planning a real shindig for ourselves anyway.

At the time of our first anniversary we took part in the first July 4th Annual Reminder Day picket at Independence Hall in Philadelphia. Since then the picket line has grown in size, and homosexuals from across the nation gather to protest laws, governmental hiring policies, and other inequalities.

This year's Reminder Picket took place as usual, but with a new consciousness in the air. The concept of homosexual equality, it seems, is spreading among younger gay people themselves, and is no longer the province of a few die-hard revolutionaries. The revolution is taking to the streets, and it is high time that it did.

We were thrilled by the violent uprising in Sheridan Square in which homosexuals put police on notice that they'd no longer accept abuse. For many decades gay people have been afraid to stand up for themselves and have allowed policemen to run over one of their most basic civil rights: the right to assemble in public. Today, however, a new generation is angered by raids and harassment of gay bars, and last week's riots in Greenwich Village have set standards for the rest of the nation's homosexuals to follow.

The police claimed that they were only trying to close an illegally-operated bar, the Stonewall Inn. If this was so, why didn't they do it in the daytime? Why pick on customers? And why have the fuzz allowed this "illegal" establishment to operate for the last four years without raising an eyebrow? Suddenly, at election time (the proverbial time for gay bar raids in almost every large city) the police are in full swing again. Other gay bars besides the Stonewall Inn have recently been raided. On one occasion 50 patrons were arrested and thrown into cells overnight. In the morning they were brought before the judge. Why?

The Sheridan Square Riot also showed the world the homosexuals will no longer take a beating without a good fight. The police were scared shitless and the massive crowds of angry protesters chased them for blocks screaming, "Catch them! Fuck them!" Young men and women hurled bottles, stones, parking meters and coins at stunned cops, driving them into the Stonewall where they barricaded themselves in utter fear. There was a shrill, righteous indignation in the air. Homosexuals had endured such raids and harassment long enough. It was time to take a stand. A parking meter, uprooted, was used to ram the door in hope of driving the police out. So tense



Frolicking on the night of the STONEWALL riot, June, 1969 (photo by Fred W. McDarrah)

were the lawmen, wrote a *Village Voice* reporter who was inside the Inn with them, that they were ready to shoot "the first motherfucker" that came through the door. Then the protestors tossed a firebomb through the window and a wall of flames arose just as the sirens of police reinforcements arrived.

In the days following the first riots the prophet of the new age, Allen Ginsberg, walked past the Stonewall, and the new activists filled him in on the goings-on. And then, after years of relative silence, Ginsberg said, "Gay power! Isn't that great! We're one of the largest minorities in the country—10 per cent, you know. It's about time we did something to assert ourselves." He walked into the Stonewall, dancing and bouncing to the music. "You know," he said, "the guys there were so beautiful. They've lost that wounded look that fags all had 10 years ago."

Homosexual activists from various groups passed out leaflets and literature in the streets. Some called for an end to Mafia control of gay bars. All insisted that police stop their raids. And then, the seemingly unbelievable occurred: one of the city's largest legitimate nightclubs, The Electric Circus, called on the homosexual community to use its facilities. "If you are tired of raids, Mafia control, and checks at the front door," said the Circus, "join us for a beautiful evening on Sunday night, July 6th."

Our good friend, Randy Wicker, was asked to speak at the Circus as a "gay militant." Randy, 10 years ago, had been the first homosexual activist in New York, and had successfully brought the subject of homosexuality onto radio and TV for the first time.

Jack urged Randy to wear the American flag shirt similar to that which he'd loaned to Abbie Hoffman when he appeared before the House on Un-American Activities. Properly attired in the shirt, with blue and white striped bell-bottoms, Randy went to the Electric Circus to give his "gay power" speech. "In years past," he admitted, "I would have dressed more conservatively but tonight calls for a new approach!"

The Circus was packed with a groovy crowd. They too lacked the "wounded look" of ten years ago. There were hip moustaches, long hair, and hundreds of handsome young men. The acid-rock band blared forth a medley of fast tunes, and the entire audience was lost in a maze of dancing. A few straight couples mixed in with the crowd, seemingly unconcerned with the fact that most of the customers were gay. It seemed like a take-over at first, but everyone wanted the experiment to work. The officials at the Electric Circus were thrilled by the turnout, and one commented that it seemed to be the best turnout they'd had in a month. For the first time in New York's history, a huge club was

experimenting with social integration between heterosexuals and homosexuals.

Shortly after midnight, an elated Randy prepared to mount the platform and give his speech in support of such ventures. The band stopped playing, and he was introduced by a well-known writer who told of Randy's many accomplishments in years past. Then, with the microphones still in disarray, Randy began to speak.

He was only able to say a few words when one rotten apple tried to spoil the barrel. An uncool creep rushed out of the audience and began swinging wildly at everyone within arm's length. "Faggots!" he shrieked, "Goddamn faggots!" For a few moments it looked as though he'd been subdued. Randy resumed his speech, but after only a few words more, the violence erupted again, and this time the creep jumped onto the platform. Several Electric Circus big-boys quelled him, however, and he was led from the premises screaming and shouting like a madman.

Next, Dick Leitsch, the Executive Director of the Mattachine Society, got up and asked for donations from homosexuals to help replant the trees that anti-homosexual vigilantes had uprooted in a public park in Queens. Much of what he said, however, was lost to the crowd, who, by this time, had had its attention riveted by the lone protestor.

Will the Electric Circus experiment work? We would like to believe that it could. Homosexuals are welcome at the Electric Circus, say officials, on any night of the week, and will be treated by the management as any other customers. They may dance, frolic and enjoy themselves "doing their thing." The Electric Circus does not tolerate violence.

We are sure that the vast majority of those present at the Circus on Sunday night wanted the new social experiment to work, too. Everyone seemed to be thoroughly enjoying themselves. There is no getting around the fact that the Circus is a first-rate nightclub with magnificent facilities for dancing or for just grooving. If only straights and gays could mix without trouble. We believe that it is possible. There's no reason why gay people should have to go to segregated, inferior clubs.

The revolution in Sheridan Square must step beyond its present boundaries. The homosexual revolution is only a part of a larger revolution sweeping through all segments of society. We hope that "Gay Power" will not become a call for separation, but for sexual integration, and that the young activists will read, study and make themselves acquainted with all of the facts which will help them carry the sexual revolt triumphantly into the councils of the U.S. Government, into the state legislatures which make our manner of love-making a crime. It is time to push the homosexual revolution to its logical conclusion. We must crush tyranny wherever it exists and join forces with those who would assist in the utter destruction of the puritanical, repressive, anti-sexual Establishment.

HARLAN SMYTHE GROSSFELD Boy Wonder Of The '70's



BY EVERETT HENDERSON

Harlan Smythe Grossfeld by Henry Edwards is the comic novel of the Seventies. It is definitely one of those now-in-with it books, but more than that, it has feelings and it has heart, and it will not only make you roar with laughter, it will help illuminate the goony, strange, mad time in which we live. Fast reading, enjoyable, groovy, Harlan Smythe Grossfeld is a name to remember.

Harlan is a young man who dwells in the center of Manhattan. He smokes pot, makes lots of love, files each of his

conquests in a specially labeled folder ("Fashionable Matrons," "Teenyboppers Beautiful") worries about beating the draft, and has a maddening desire to kiss the hand of Lily Dean, America's greatest rock star. Harlan is definitely a product of this age. However, he also belongs to history. He realizes that man is a product of all that has gone before. For him, the past is symbolized by the fops and fashionable ladies of seventeenth century England, a time of wit, style and bawdiness. In Harlan Smythe Grossfeld's closet, there hangs the costume of a Restoration dandy and one day Harlan knows that he must put it on and stroll the streets of a beautiful, elegant New York City. The materialization of this incredible fantasy and the incredible mishaps it causes form the crux of this pointed, devastating, delicious literary experience.

Harlan Grossfeld, in order to beat the draft, first signs up as teacher in the worst ghetto school known to civilized man. The school is run by a terrified principal who likes to whip beautiful girls and a Jewish supervisor who hates Catholics and blacks. The kids rip out each other's hair in the halls, stuff heroin on the staircases and stone the police with their remedial readers.

After school each day, Harlan Grossfeld becomes Harlan Smythe and bounces from party to party collecting an entourage of this city's most extraordinary freaks. There is Magda Holstein, a Tosca singing millionairess

whose greatest desire is to bomb the Whitney Museum. Then there is Lo Pongo, a Polynesian-Puerto Rican madame who is on Mayor Lindsay's payroll, supplying sex and exoticism to hordes of visiting diplomats. Leslie Lynn, a female impersonator, who is also a Communist, figures in the hilarious plot.



Author, Henry Edwards

Leslie, however, is painted in a totally sympathetic way. When Lo Pongo's whorehouse is busted, he hitches up his skirts and joins a picket line in front of it. "I don't know whether there should be a whorehouse in front of a school," he announces, "but I know that the police have no right to cart away

anyone who is trying to survive. Next they'll be dragging off Jews and blacks, homosexuals, transvestites, nymphomaniacs, anyone that doesn't measure up to their standards. And it must be stopped!"

In the midst of all this farce, Edwards is continually socking home important, serious points like this. The author tells us that systems are collapsing, roles are changing, new paths are emerging, and that the result is confusion as everyone carries on in the maddest way possible while trying to make sense of things. This may be the message but it is done with such a light touch that you will laugh yourself sick as you get the point. The comedy is what does it.

You will never forget Harlan's Nazi neighbors who spend their free time on the roof of Harlan's Yorkville tenement, dressed like knockwursts as they prepare a float for the Steuben Day parade. When they are not writing "Go Home Jew" on Harlan's door in magic marker, they are trying to form a Judeo-German alliance with him against the blacks who are grabbing control of the Yorkville schools. It is insane and true.

The press material accompanying Harlan Smythe Grossfeld informs me that it is going to be made into a big million-dollar movie next spring. Don't wait until then to meet Harlan. Go out and get the book. Tell your friends about it. Laugh! Laughter is the best defense against evil. And for that, Henry Edwards deserves our praise.



"YOUR QUEENS IN DANGER..."

OH? WELL, IF YOU TELL ME FROM WHO I'LL SCRATCH THEIR EYES OUT!"

John Flemer

By the time you read this, the trial which will go a long way in determining how much freedom of the press actually exists in this country will have begun. During the heated New York mayoral campaign of 1969, on May 21, the co-editors of SCREW, Al Goldstein and Jim Buckley, affectionately known as the SCREW TWO, were arrested for publishing obscene issues of SCREW were issues number 14, 15, 17, 22, 23 and 24. The Manhattan Assistant District Attorney, Richard Beckler, never issued a bill of particulars or stated specifically just what material in these issues was patently offensive. He probably doesn't know. Anyone thumbing through these controversial issues would get a good deal of sex news, reviews, humor, satire, invective and photos of tits, ass, cunt, cock and balls.

None of these can properly be said to appeal directly to the prurient interest because there are no photos of hard-ons or cunt-lapping or outright fucking. Nevertheless, there is a picture of a voluptuous lady with a metal statue of an erect cock being held lovingly between her tits, and enlarged heads of Mayor Lindsay and former Mayor Wagner are shown atop diminutive frontal nude male bodies (obviously not their own). It seems likely that these two pictures, together with a comic strip depicting a well-cocked world proved to be too much for the D.A., especially during the heat of a political campaign.

Before the arrests, SCREW's circulation was close to 100,000, most of which came from newsstand sales. Several newsdealers were busted for selling SCREW's alleged pornography, and many more that were not arrested were so frightened by the arrests that they stopped carrying SCREW. As a result, SCREW's newsstands have dwindled from over 900 in the metropolitan area to less than 250. Had it not been for the fact that Al and Jim had sued D.A. Hogan and Police Chief Leary for damages (the case was lost), the arrests might still be continuing sporadically. Nevertheless, the SCREW TWO deem it necessary to keep \$500 or more on hand at all times for bailing out any of their newsdealers who get arrested. Fifty-five such arrests have been made in the New York area, and several others have been made in 16 other states.

SCREW is not the only pro-sex newspaper that has been arrested for publishing alleged pornography. *Kiss and Pleasure* were also busted, but they pleaded guilty, paid fines up to \$4,000 and went back to business as usual. This may not have been as complete a cop-out as may seem. It is costing SCREW \$38,000 to take its case to court and fight its cause. Pleading guilty and paying the fine is, in the short run, far more economical. But because Al and Jim believe so strongly in what they are doing, and because SCREW has been a very successful enterprise, they are prepared to take their case to the Supreme Court, if necessary, even though legal costs and fees could come to \$100,000.

LEGAL TALENT RECRUITED

Some of the finest legal talent

available is being recruited for SCREW's defense. Al Gerber, the attorney who successfully defended Lenny Bruce, and who won 22 out of 22 obscenity cases, is

well-known Manhattan attorney.

Al and Jim are looking forward toward going on the witness stand. They believe that there is little chance that



Al and Jim with GAY's Editors

Screw Goes To Trial

BY JOHN P. LeROY



SCREW Editors Jim Buckley and Al Goldstein

donating his services. Eight other attorneys will be on hand, including Allan Levine of the New York Civil Liberties Union, and Ralph J. Schwarz, Jr., a

they will lose because they are confident of SCREW's redeeming social significance. They publish a newspaper, and their main purpose is to inform and

entertain, not to pander to sexuality for its own sake. They send no unsolicited mail, and display a disclaimer on the cover of each issue forbidding the sale to minors.

The fate of SCREW is of great importance to the gay community because it was the first newspaper to strongly endorse prohomosexual values within the larger context of being prosexual. In nearly every issue, the penis is glorified. Enemies of the prosexual way of life are depicted as being hung like chipmunks. In a recent issue a contest was announced awarding a prize for the photograph of not the biggest, but the cutest cock. GAY's own editor, Jack Nichols, who ought to know, will be one of the judges. Jack, together with his cohort, Lige Clarke, have been writing a regular column for SCREW titled "Homosexual Citizen" long before GAY existed. It was the first homosexual column ever to have been included in an underground newspaper.

POWER STRUGGLE

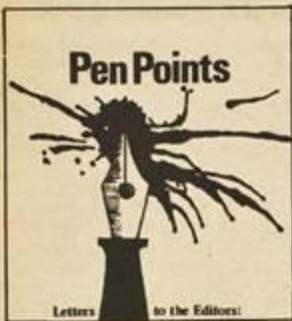
Although the case is not a felonious one, and will be tried by a three-judge panel instead of just one judge and/or a jury, it will put to the test New York's anti-obscenity statute, law 235.05. If convicted, a sentence of up to six years could result. However, it seems clear that publishing alleged pornography is not the real issue here. The timing of the arrests, and the failure of the district attorney to give a bill of particulars strongly indicate that the harassment of SCREW is a means toward political ends. The corruption of morals is always used as a campaign issue when the candidates don't have any legitimate ones. Because the 1969 mayoral campaign in New York was one of the filthiest this city has had in years, even Lindsay no doubt felt it necessary to tacitly approve of SCREW's arrests in order to take enough votes away from Marchi and Proccacino, both of whom promised to make New York City as sexless as possible.

Jim Buckley believes that an article in SCREW satirizing J. Edgar Hoover was instrumental in provoking an F.B.I. investigation. Buckley found that several of his friends, associates and acquaintances were being questioned by F.B.I. agents. There is a good chance that the phones are now being wiretapped.

Thus, the SCREW trial is essentially a struggle for power between those who take the Bill of Rights seriously and those who give lip service to it whenever it suits their convenience. The Establishment can no longer stem the tide of the sexual revolution. It is therefore prepared to let most of the population fuck and suck pretty much as it pleases so long as its power remains intact. Thus, if SCREW is judged not to be obscene, and if SCREW can legally make political figures look ridiculous when they are trying to get votes, then the United States of America will deserve to have some of its lost prestige restored.

However, there is no reason to assume that the fight will be easy or short. If you want to make America redeem its promises and reduce its hypocrisy, you have to have a lot of money, a lot of influential people in the right places at the right time, a certain amount of luck, loads of patience and unending persistence.

(to be continued)



Pen Points

ARE GAY COCKS REALLY BIGGER?

Dear GAY:
In Dr. Jan Raboch's study of 500 men (*Sexology Magazine*) there is nothing convincing that he found the flaccid penises of homosexual men averaged 3.3" in length and 1.08" in width against 3" x 1" for the control group of heterosexual men (6-8-70). Because atmospheric temperature greatly affects the size of the flaccid penis, were all the tests made under the same weather conditions? More accurate measurements would have been made of penises in a state of tumescence. If the division between heterosexuals and homosexuals was half, 250 subjects was not an adequate sample from which to draw scientific conclusions. Also, because of the wide continuum of ratios of

heterosexuality to homosexuality among bisexuals, were the two groups exclusively heterosexual and exclusively homosexual?

Sincerely,
Elver A. Barker
Newcastle, Wyoming

TUNNEL-VISION JUSTICE IN BUFFALO

Dear GAY:
Last evening I picked up a copy of GAY currently being sold on newsstands throughout the city. In the space devoted to letters from your readers there were a couple of letters regarding the situation in the Queen City, i.e., Buffalo, New York. The time spent by the Police Department in the protection of our morals and the over-zealous desire to rid Buffalo of gay people could be better spent in preventing muggings and robberies on the main street of the downtown area, even some murders.
For instance, take the Ballot Box, which is the purpose of this letter. The proprietress of the Ballot Box ran a real tight bar. She had operated a bar for twenty-five years when she was closed by the police and the SLA. There was absolutely no hanky panky allowed in the bar; no groping, no arms over the other fellow's shoulder, dancing was forbidden and if someone's behavior in general became a little "too much," they either quieted down and behaved in a gentlemanly manner or they were shown

the door.
When Buffalo's dancing bar, the Eagle, was closed so the building could be demolished, that crowd began to come into the Ballot Box. When this influx of new business came along, the policy at the Ballot Box became one where the doors were locked to prevent further customers once the crowd reached a number where the bar maids would have difficulty maintaining the rules of the house. People who went to the bars (gay bars, that is) in Buffalo for a quick feel or washroom action soon got the message.
One night a vice squad member was propositioned and, of course, a complaint was filed against the bar which led to the subsequent loss of its license.
At face, it would appear that the Ballot Box lost its license to operate because the police officer was the victim of an immoral suggestion. Take a walk-down Chippewa Street for two blocks and you will see the Silver Dollar. During the same period of time that the Ballot Box began to have trouble with a concerned Police Department, a chippie and two of her male playmates picked up a jewelry salesman in the Silver Dollar and in the robbery that followed in the gangway behind the Silver Dollar the salesman was stomped and kicked to such an extent that the injuries proved fatal. The Silver Dollar is still open every day.
It would appear, as far as operating a bar is concerned, that an invitation to sex

is a far more serious threat to keeping your license than allowing the chippies to operate openly with their mugging and murdering friends. In Buffalo, justice and the SLA appear to be blind, for a walk past the Silver Dollar any night of the week (especially on Saturday) would show even the casually interested on-looker which bar was more of a threat to a peaceful community. Yours truly,
Fritz Buffalo, N.Y.

A TIP FOR WAITERS

Dear GAY:
We are lovers (GMs) who happen to be ages 22 and 34. Since we dine out quite often we find it particularly aggravating that waiters, especially in gay restaurants, tend to give the check to the elder of us. We always share expenses equally. We feel this is usually a thoughtless assumption, rather than bitchiness, on the part of the waiters, and hope you will print this letter in order to set them straight. (If you'll pardon the expression.)
Both of us are avid readers of GAY and SCREW. We thank you.
C.S. and C.H., NYC

Ed Note: We hope that at least a few waiters will take heed. Age is meaningless.

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

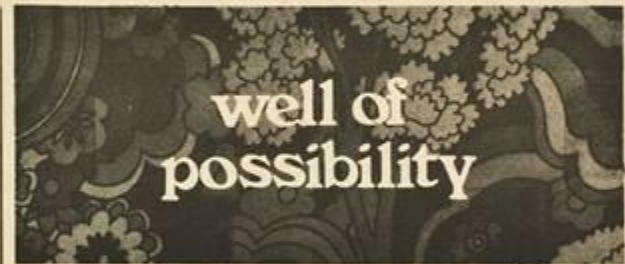
BY STEFEN VERK

A column of counsel to our troubled brothers and sisters who seek meaningful positive guidance and not the further imposition of heterosexual or homosexual myths, 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. My lover and I have been together seven years. We are both 29 and pretty attractive. Everything has always been nice and peaceful in our house, but I have just learned something which upsets the hell out of me. For the last couple of years I have been tricking on the side with other people now and then. I have always kept this a secret from my lover and have never considered it a threat to our love relationship, because I have always considered it just an extra sexual release, nothing more. My love has been reserved exclusively for him. I just found out that he has been doing the same thing behind my back, and I am furious. I know my actions have been just for sex, but he sees some of his tricks socially, too, I have discovered. This feels like a threat to our relationship, and it worries me. I know what I'm doing, but do you think I am wrong in resenting his carrying on even more intimate relationships behind my back?

G. F., Darien

A. When do you expect your beatification notice from the Vatican?
Q. Maybe you can help me pick the truth out of this puzzle. For the last two years, I have been having the strangest affair with this boy from New York. He is 19 and I am 32. He has always told me he loves me madly, but he cannot come down here to live with me because he can't get away from this guy he's lived with since he was sixteen. This guy is



madly in love with him and won't let him have any friends or go out anywhere alone. My friend tells me he is scared of this guy and he feels like a prisoner, but he doesn't know how to get away. He calls me very often, writes me every week, and has come to visit me here in Miami for three weeks each January and July. He tells his lover (?) that he's coming down to Miami to vacation with his married sister, who really does live here. Of course, he stays with me. I also send him money when he needs it, but I want him to move down here. He always cries when he has to go back, and I am heart-broken to see him go back to that sadistic bastard in New York. I want to go up there and settle it with this guy once and for all, but my friend won't let me. He is afraid that guy will kill him or something. What shall I do? Should I take the chance and go up there anyway, or do you think this kid is playing me for some kind of sucker? I really don't know.
T. R., Miami
A. I can't decide who is the bigger sucker, you or your rival for the hand of this adolescent little Machiavelli. Prisoner, indeed! What's to stop him from calling the police for help, while his lover is away at work? Or from simply getting on the subway and hiding out in the Bronx, where nobody in his right mind would ever look for anybody? I feel deep compassion for both you and this kid's lover, and don't forget that that lover (without the ? you chose to use) is also

being wronged by you. You stepped into his private life, and not he into yours. If this kid really wanted to get away, he could take the money you send him and get on a plane to join you in Miami permanently. On the other hand, why should he give up a game he thinks he is winning, as long as you two older men permit him to play it with you? This little angel of yours thinks the seat of power is between his legs. Is he right? You are tired of this situation? Put it to the test. Tell him it is time to put up or shut up. Move with you or forget you. Nothing less, and don't accept any more excuses. If he doesn't come, it is (as you well know) because he doesn't want to. It's time to make sure.
Q. Every time my lover gets drunk, he gets nasty and abusive to me and starts a violent fight, usually over imaginary things. I must admit that he also does this with his friends, too, and nobody wants to be around him when he starts drinking. He is marvelous and wonderful company when he is sober, and I love him very much. I can't seem to persuade him to do anything about his drinking, and I can't stand it any more. What can I do?
L. E., New York City
A. Those with drinking problems are very angry people who are that angry because they are unable to satisfactorily fulfill their basic needs... such as the need to relate in meaningful ways with other people and the need to feel of some value as a human being, to themselves and

to others. Drinking is their way of trying to stifle the hidden pain of these unfulfilled needs, but it never works. There is no escape from reality, except death or insanity. If neither you nor your lover's friends have been able to help him understand what his real needs are (and they are the same for everybody), and that he can find a way to resolve them with your affectionate assistance, then therapy is indicated. The motivation for seeking help must come from him. You can only point out to him how disastrously he is cheating himself out of peace and comfort and the warmth of shared friendships. He already knows this, which is why he is so angry, but he must come to believe that he can do something to change things. That will be his motivation. Perhaps you can convince him to at least give it a try. Therapy is much cheaper than heavy drinking. And much healthier. Good luck.
Q. I read your column faithfully. Very often I disagree with you, because I think you are too harsh or too concerned with material things. I have found total peace in Yoga and would like to suggest it to your readers as the ultimate answer to all their problems. I no longer need any other people because I have found what I was seeking in the innermost core of my being. That is perfect bliss and complete fulfillment. Isn't peace beautiful?
D. M., New York City
A. Wherever you find peace is a beautiful place. It must, however, be genuine and not a self-imposed illusion... or it will be too transitory to matter. Since I do not claim sainthood, I do not expect everyone to agree with me. If I am to be sincere, I must first agree with myself. The truth is sometimes harsh, but it is more helpful than lies or evasion. And my idea of peace could not possibly exclude other people, for I consider perfect peace to be with one whose mutual love I contentedly share. With the additional knowledge that I share another kind of love with my friends.

THE PRESIDENT'S PERVERTS:

BY ANGELO d'ARCANGELO

ne of the most commendable ideas in the documents which make up the substructure of our government is the notion that the church and state ought to be kept separate. Narrowly considered, this might mean the government of the United States is forbidden to adopt a state church. On a broader outlook, the provision is generally understood to mean that no government, federal or local, shall undertake to promote any religious sect, Christian or otherwise.
Now that summer is with us, this lofty, perhaps musty, topic, might be considered by the liberated community at large, for, with the inadequacy of public power, large cities are liable to suffer electrical breakdowns which may drive the more desperate of us to cooler places, such as theatres, railroad stations and air terminals, and, should these commodious structures become overcrowded, to churches, where, if we are not careful, services may be performed. Were we in older, more art-rich countries, we might pass the tedious (from the Latin: *te deum*) time by looking at art and architecture. Because we are not, I suggest a cursory rereading of the Declaration of Independence—inflammatory reading—and the Bill of Rights, while pew-bound.
No, it is not my intention to conduct summer civics classes for queers, but any attempt to lead the legitimate interests of such a vast segment of the tax-paying public into thoughtful duties which can only protect them from abuse is worthwhile. Anyway, the past few generations have been afflicted with the notion that politics, or any involvement with government at any level, was a low and disreputable business. Considering the tastes of many of my readers, there can be nothing more than titillation in the casual examination of our politics. And as regards this "separation of church and state" business, there's an odd perversion which honors it more in the attempted breach than otherwise. I need only mention our perennial drive to find some means to subsidize New York State parochial schools in spite of laws and precedents set up which clearly forbid doing so. It's no wonder the Southerners—wise in the ways of guile—laugh at us: They know segregated schooling when they see it, and school boards south of the Mason-Dixon must have laughed themselves pink at the spectacle of the demolition of the public school system of New York City by various "neighborhood" groups. Overpopulated as the country very obviously is, it falls upon the shoulders of the unmarried and the brainless to provide the vast but always inadequate sums which are funneled into that system of day detention which keeps some of our genetic trash off some of the streets some of the time. The proposition seems to be, *Every mugger and ruffian should know how to read and write. But at your expense? And mine?*
The last president worthy of the name happened to have been a Roman

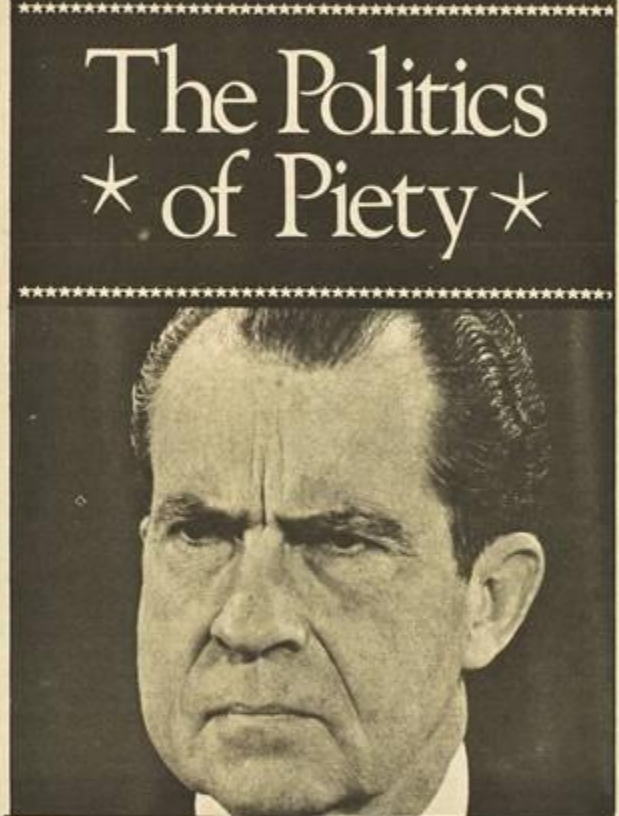
Catholic. Does anybody remember? Those few of us who do will recall with some satisfaction that the man rose to the now tattered dignity of the office in spite of the traditional fear of The Pope—and his possibly dire influence on American internal issues—and with rare good sense and taste conducted himself as though his religion was a private matter between only himself and his God. He frequented the company of princes of the church, but did not rant behind their skirts, or force their opinions on the population.

crowded amphitheatres; rather, that democracy may not always be on his or her mind at those times. No more picaresque obscenity can be imagined than that Save The War rally conducted by Nixon and his Vizier Graham at a college campus recently. At this festival, the casket salesman, with considerable amounts of soft soap disguised as "cool rhetoric" discredited his detractors under the panoply of God, the stars and stripes, and—to drown out protestors—*God Bless America*. It seemed an exercise in how to

the January *Evergreen*, this tax-exempt corporation has an annual income in excess of fifteen millions of dollars. That is, I think, big business, or, in the words of the late great Virgil Fogbound, "That's a lot of fuckin' bibles!" Mind, I don't say a preacher shouldn't make a profit, here or in Rome. However, I do question the ethical posture of a president who not only lends his prestige to such an endeavor, but uses this company and its facilities to bolster his popularity, who uses this company to propagandize his political aims in the face of the traditional ban against using any religious organization to do so.

GAY MONEY PAYS FOR GENOCIDE

(If you think this is a negligible point, friends, figure out the income of 15 millions of dollars compounded annually at, say, 10%. And now that you've done that, re-read Billy Graham's latest in the Reader's Digest on sex. And having done that, try to see if there's any relation between that and the veiled threats made by the vice president against "odd balls" and such. That's our equation for the week. Compare it with your tax statement, or better yet, with your weekly withholding salary stub. See what you come out with. Does it look like you're left holding the bag? What's it full of? Does it smell like god?)
Which leads us in a bee line to that old stand-by, *Crypto-Nazi-ism*. A wonderful term. We have it in all its pungency from Gore Vidal, who, paraphrasing the New York Times in an article in *Esquire*, used it to describe a giddy muck-raker. It seems to be a willingness to "pander to brutish instincts." The desire of this administration to discredit the academic community for its revolts against war policy and domestic repression can be called "brutish." The hot rhetoric of the vice president must certainly be called "brutish," particularly when we all know that the academic community throughout the nation is struggling to throw off the noxious influence of the military-industrial complex, and to regain its neutral position in cultural affairs. It is not coincidental that much of the personnel of the universities, staff, and student body, feels the influences of big business and its brain-drain to be detrimental to the quality of education. That is the kernel of the revolt and it would be, and is, "brutish" to insist that these revolts are either scattered, irresponsible or nihilistic.
THE BAD-MOUTHED CUCKOO STRIKES
Which leads us with a ten foot pole to Spiro Agnew, the secular mouthpiece of this Nixonian conspiracy to subvert the traditional guarantees of separation of church and state, among others. Those of us who have followed the astonishingly hard-batted and soft-brained speeches of this man have seen not only its inevitable consequences at Pace College—a working man's college at that—but realize more than ever his part in an over-all plan to edit the public consciousness, to censor and manipulate free thought and to smother the right to redress grievances.
continued on page 16



"When comes such another?" President Johnson, his successor, did not share Kennedy's weakness for the smell of incense and bee's wax, but again restricted his religious observances to tasteful and private affairs, well out of the way of national issues. So nonsectarian was he, apparently, that a Catholic-Protestant marriage was conducted within the confines of his family without tremor or tantrum.
GOD APPEARS AT MONSTER RALLY
These reasonable bounds between church and state have been willfully overstepped by what malicious mouths have called "Nixonian fundamentalism." This type of god-mongering can best be understood as that combination of interests—political, military, financial and religious—which condemns any opposition as being against God: God, as seen and mouthed by Billy Graham, high priest of the super-seance or monster rally. Which is not to say that God may not work his or her strange business in

present the Vietnamese genocide as good apple-pie Christian sportsmanship. This is very much a scene out of the rich ripe past. It would have been familiar to Czar, Pope, and Emperor (Dictator); in short, to anybody who sought to appeal to the population as head of church and state, crowned by acclaim and holding both orb and scepter: infallible. Faith does that. It lends the illusion of righteousness to scoundrel and saint alike. Properly handled it can discredit any opponent, whether right or wrong.
Religious faith, dear friends and fellow tax payers (or militant sectarianism as it is in practice) has traditionally shown itself to be the least dependable element in political government. That form of faith known as Fundamental Christianity has proven itself time and time again to be the least dependable form of them all. Which isn't saying much, except that there is something in our midst called, *The Billy Graham Evangelical Association*. According to Dotson Rader's article in

here do you send the congratulatory telegram, the Happy Birthday greeting in commemoration of a year of astounding and unprecedented progress toward equality under the law and universal dignity for homosexuals in America? If you consider this week to be an important anniversary, you certainly are itching to do something. You are familiar with this week's antecedent, aren't you, the Stonewall uprising of last summer that resulted directly in widespread organization of gays, an undeniable surge toward Gay Pride across the land (including the miasma of mid-America) and electrifying inroads into the hetero-establishment's policies, official and unofficial, toward all of us? You want to say thanks, take stock, genuflect at some household altar of your own devising or hold hands in public, joining in jubilation. Don't you? Well, for Christ's sake, why not?!

We've come a long way, whether we like it or not, since guilt still hangs over many of us like Joe Frippl's storm cloud. No small credit is due to the guilt-despising New Free who have led the way out of the bondage of solitude and silence that created the climate for spontaneous mass response on Christopher Street in 1969. Nineteen Sixty-Nine, our year of the Lord, when a few hundred to two thousand mostly young gay genital males and genital females angrily demonstrated outside the seedy Stonewall, one of the city's then most popular dance bars, in protest against a then routine police raid, is a memorable year for those who were once pariah. Gays stood tall, cried out stridently that they were fed up, and marched together. It was no *big skip*; it was no *dance macabre*. It was a civil rights march, undisciplined but earnest, by people who would no longer be placated by anything short of justice for all.

VILLAGE VOICE COVERAGE

"The forces of faggotry, spurred by... (the) raid... rallied Saturday night... in protest... and continued Sunday night to assert presence, possibility and pride until the early hours of Monday morning," wrote Lucian Truscott in the *Village Voice* (July 3, 1969). "The result was a kind of liberation, as the gay brigade emerged from the bars, back rooms and bedrooms of the Village and became street people."

One of those "street people" was Craig Rodwell, now a coordinator with eight others of the Christopher Street Liberation Day Committee. The CSLDC has been formed from among the original faithful of that first full week of reaction to what a pamphlet (HYMN) of the time called "the intolerable situation which has existed in New York City for many years—namely, the Mafia (or syndicate) control of this city's gay bars in collusion with certain elements in the Police Department." Rodwell and his colleagues have designated next Sunday (June 28) as Christopher Street Liberation Day and have applied for a parade permit to allow thousands of homosexuals from all over the Eastern Seaboard to march up Sixth Avenue from Christopher to the Sheep Meadow in Central Park for a Gay-In.

TOWARD EMPHASIZING AGREEMENT

"Last year provided a week's opportunity for standing up for one's

self. This year is a time when gays should show their solidarity, when we should act in concert basing our actions on what we have in common," Rodwell says. The radicals, the moderates, the conservatives (sic), the uncommitted, all are invited to participate in the march and in Gay Pride Week activities which begin today (June 22). Committee members recall with Rodwell that it was such unity of action which alarmed the police with its suddenness, intensity and determination as that historic week wore on. After the initial encounters on Gay Friday, when the crowd outside the Stonewall shrieked, "Police brutality!" and "Fags!" as a gay genital female was hustled roughly into a squad car and the crowd became a noisy mob, there were other confrontations on consecutive nights.

The gays would gather, and the Tactical Patrol Force would move in, embarrassed to think that riot police should have to be called in to quell a group of "fairies," as one expressed it. The TPFs were smarting, too, from the

conferences, and such frivolous diversions as a kissing contest (world record stands at something like nine hours for one straight, uh, continuous, kiss, we are told). The last will be sponsored by the militant but non-violent Gay Activists Alliance, along with "sensitivity games," a bicycle tour of the Village, an information booth, "adult" films and an erotic art show at the Thompson Gallery. Also introductions will be made among gays who congregate to show where their heads are at, to make tentative moves toward joining up, or just to cruise.

Such diverse (and sometimes hostile) groups as the radical Gay Liberation Front of New York (referred to often by this writer as the Lavender Left) and the Washington Mattachine Society are participating in GPW planning. (The GLF grew directly out of last year's uprising and still holds aloft the banner of the "gay revolutionary," while more moderate groups such as the GAA, outgrowth of the GLF, stand for considered, but cunning and ruthless, if

bedfellows as Troy Perry's Metropolitan Community Church and the GLF—will proclaim "Christopher Street West" and celebrate with a parade, including floats, on Hollywood Boulevard Sunday, a block party and dance, a teach-in, and movies to which Hollywood celebrities have been invited to make an appearance. In Chicago fifteen groups will join to commemorate the anniversary, while there will be a demonstration in front of Boston's State Capitol Building. In short, the proceedings take on a national coloration, and it's lavender all the way!

NO PROSPECTS A YEAR AGO

Such a healthy spectacle as that of gays coming together into the sunlight, describing their actions as Gay Pride, and reminding the *status quo*-oriented leaders of a sexist society that they will no longer submit to Medieval proscription was all but unthinkable little more than a year ago. That is except among the private thoughts of a handful of thinking gays and the public opinions of some leaders far ahead of their times such as Frank

milieu past, present and future. The ancient, in some cases legendary, past was easy. So was the immediate past. A search through the *Readers Guide* at the NY Public Library revealed six categorical headings for 1965 and nine for 1966, a total of thirty-three entries for 1967, and about twenty-five for the first six months of 1968. A few days at the main branch, in the New York Times morgue, and a visit to the *Time-Life* library, and one could easily compile a symposium of current homosexual information from American magazines and the national press. Many of the articles pertained to the British Wolfenden Report and other advances or studies or activities abroad. Several books, among them the stodgy *Gay World*, the sexist *Growing Up Straight: What Every Parent Should Know about Homosexuality* and pedantic *The Overt Homosexual*, were reviewed. Then there were allusions to *The Boys in the Band*, a new Off-Broadway comedy. That about did it for the "present," too. As for the "future," well, WHO WOULD

1969)? That *Midnight Cowboy*, story of a male prostitute with an unmistakable tender boy-meets-boy, boy-loves-boy, boy-loses-boy format, would win an academy award? (Of course, 1968 saw the release of such flics as *Boom!*, *P.J.*, *The Fox*, *The Producers*, and *The Queen*. Already on the way were *Staircase*, *The Killing of Sister George*, *The Sergeant*, *Boys* and the still-awaited *Myra Breckenridge*—but who could have anticipated *Meat Rack* or the spate of skinflicks of Pat Rocco, Warhol's *Lonesome Cowboy*, *Blue Movie*, et al.)

That there would be a domestic comedy Off-Broadway with natural nudity and love-making and happy ending such as *And Puppy Dog Tails?*

This by far is not the most impressive list of achievements and advancements, when a glance at the headlines of the *Advocate*, the *Free Press* and GAY alone tell the following mind-boggling story:

GAY PRESS SIGNIFICANT

To some of it is the very existence, not to mention vitality, of a gay press—from the news-heavy *Advocate*, to GAY with its illuminating features offering insights into all phases of gay life, to the militant, politically-minded *Gay Power*, to the erratic, radical *Come Out*—that presents the most significant of the past year's advances. A gay weekly in America?

Who would have thank it! Yet GAY did it. The sophistication as well as scope of the gay movement can perhaps be summed up by an anecdote and a list, the former resulting from an interview with the CSLD Committee, the latter filed away after last year's uprising.

First, the anecdote:

When young Rodwell presented this writer with a copy of a news release sent out by his coordinating group, he

Where Do We Go From Here? What Homosexuals Want

1. A public commitment from community leaders, political leaders and public officials to full equality for homosexuals.
2. An end to all forms of harassment of homosexuals by police and other public agencies.
3. A full investigation of the terror tactics and vandalism last week in the Queens park and prosecution of those responsible.
4. Reform of the state sodomy law to eliminate the penalties for private sexual behavior between consenting adults.
5. Reform of all laws that discriminate against homosexuals or hold us to a higher standard of conduct than our heterosexual brothers.
6. Amendment of municipal, state and Federal civil and human rights laws to prohibit discrimination against homosexuals.
7. Tax reform to give single taxpayers a break.
8. A thorough investigation and reform of the State Liquor Authority.
9. Leadership to halt discrimination against homosexuals by private employers.

(Signed) MATTACHINE OF NEW YORK

Whoever is calling for change, whoever is implementing it, whoever is lending his body and his spirit, offering his talent or contributing his money this week, Gay Pride Week, is welcome and belongs. True, we are people first and homosexuals second in these matters, and many of us are working toward the day when labels will melt away, but for now we should think gay—and grateful. Solidarity is a good word, a beautiful word this week. Unity is beautiful, too. And harmony, Peace, indeed, and love. That is, after all, what we want, isn't it, to make love in our own private way, to select our own mates and companions, to hold our heads up wherever we are without fear of derision at the least and official, sanctioned political and economic repression at the worst?

BIRTHDAY FOR 20,000,000

It is a time, as Rodwell put it, for "basing our actions on what we have in common." It is our birthday, a *celebre* for nearly 20,000,000 homosexuals, genital male and genital female, queen and butch, femme and dyke, faggot, fairy and nance, big cock and no cock, closet and New Free. If I were going to send a telegram, it would probably be to the leadership who brought order out of chaos, who had the vision to see that the most individualistic of American individuals (at their best they are so, all the Mart Crowley stereotypes to the contrary) can be brought together—if they can, by the philosophers, be brought out in time to find expression for their deep natural yearnings. Before it is too late. Before they have withered, atrophied and/or grown too old to grow and evolve as free people. I would wire the boys on this week's cover—and also my editors because of their courage and foresight in making this forum possible. I would say:

"Congratulations on this auspicious first birthday of Gay Pride in America. Thanks to you who have carried the ball for all of us. Those of us who are in part or totally silent and still afraid wish to say we are with you or hope to be when we are no longer afraid and no longer ashamed."



Marty Robinson addressed a rally

The Rise Of The New Conscience



Marching to Sheridan Square, July, 1969

Gay Power attracts attention

Scrawled on a Sheridan Square wall

BY JOHN FRANCIS HUNTER

GAY PRIDE ON PARADE

fact that on Friday three police officers had been injured, one, according to Rodwell, with a broken wrist. Then, on Wednesday, which the young "old-timers" who participated refer to as the "worst night," a cab was jumped, the driver had a heart attack and later died, while buckets of rocks were lobbed through police car windows, store fronts were smashed, and a few fights erupted on Sheridan Square. No one, however, was killed directly during that incredible week. Deaths have come recently, in San Francisco and Hollywood, as the gay movement accelerates its demands and the inevitable provocateurs spring up to turn non-violent appeals into riots.

IT'S A CELEBRATION

In anticipation of the possibility of a gay festival's becoming a joyless pitched battle, the committee and representatives of many participating gay groups are stressing the celebratory aspects of Gay Pride Week. There will be workshops, dances, guerrilla theatre "performances,"

necessary, confrontations within the system.)

MANY GAY GROUPS SUPPORT

Allies from elsewhere along the political spectrum include HYMN (originally the Homophile Youth Movement), HI, the Homosexual Intransigents of City College, the Student Homophile League of Columbia, the Forum of Ethics of New York, a religious group, and HE, the Human Enlightenment group of Newark, Delaware. Also the homosexual Law Reform Society of Philadelphia, Los Angeles' Circle of Loving Companions, the Gay Students League of NYU, the Kalos Society of Hartford and, from Boston, the M.I.T. and Boston University homophile organizations along with HUB, the Homophile Union of Boston.

While all these new and individually motivated outfits converge on Christopher Street, simultaneously Los Angeles' homophile leadership—combining the efforts of such strange

Kameny of the Washington Mattachine and a few hundred scattered activists and artists (Poet Allen Ginsberg joined in the Stonewall Uprising). Most of us thought it folly to dream of a ground swell among homosexuals inured to living a lie and accepting pronouncements of fearful psychiatrists such as Edmund Bergler in *1000 Homosexuals* that we were "willful perverts." We believed, many of us, that a "cure" was possible, and, more incredible and disgusting to those of the New Conscience regarding origins of sexuality and role-playing, that a "cure" was more or less desirable!

At the outset of 1969 this writer began a book on homosexuality that was tentatively titled *The Happy Homosexual: How to Be One*, using as his basic premise the assumption there was not such an animal and taking a negative Diogenean position. The first section, to have been called "The View from Sixty-Nine," was to have been a (superficial) look at the homosexual

HAVE BELIEVED...

That in 1969 the Unisex look would finally capture popular fancy, led by the likes of the emancipated East Villagers, of course, with the public responding to such ad copy as this of the Majestic Men's Store on St. Mark's Place: "Is he or isn't she? Whatever you are, the spifflet He or She clothes are at..." *et cetera!* That Women's Lib would strike at the very foundations of family life and the bondage of womankind by demanding, after several millennia of relative docility, an entire revision of the heterosexual institutional arrangement? Pussy power, indeed!

That, in May, 1969, the same month that the Sewer (an after-hours club) was raided, the NYC Civil Service Commission would finally (acting on a case brought to court in 1967) agree in a policy declaration that homosexuality was no longer a barrier for all jobs under its jurisdiction (See *New York Times*, May 9,

"NACHO (North American Conference of Homophile Organizations) Urges Draftees to Mark Box," "S.F. Council Candidates Back Gays," "Oregon Proposes Sweeping Changes in Sex Laws, Removing Constraints Against Homosexual Behavior," "Sociologists Back Gay Rights," "Texas Sodomy Law Unconstitutional," "Rev. Perry Leads 250 in L.A. March for Rights," "Gay Lib Conference Attracts Hundreds," "S.F. Militant Issues Manifesto," "Congressman Koch Questions Police Bar Raids," "Episcopal Group Admits to Oppression," "University of Nebraska Offers Gay Courses," "Gays Voted Role in (Minnesota) Rights Parley," "Councilman Greitzer Yields to 'Gay Activists,'" and "Gay Couple Files Joint Return." Without their accompanying stories the headlines form the gay and sympathetic press of 1969, and up to now, give a once-downtrodden, guilt-ridden, perhaps geographically isolated gay a sense of community.

explained there were two versions: one to the Establishment press, one to the more or less radical. "GAY, of course, received the Establishment release," he said. Such a distinction, placing a homosexual newspaper, with its cock shots and gay bar guide and occasional "erotica," in the Establishment camp would have been inconceivable a year ago. Following this drift to its logical conclusion, the old-line Daughters of Bilitis looks as respectable as the D.A.R. And, we might add, good-naturedly and truly in the spirit with which the alignment was intended, the Mattachine of New York becomes to the gay movement what the N.A.A.C.P. represents to the black. Yet, as long as we are exulting in progress of and for all of us, and offering our slapdash and admittedly hit-and-miss recapitulation of the innumerable triumphs accruing out of the first Christopher Street assembly, may we draw attention to the contents of a raspberry pink handbill circulated last year, to wit:

**EVANGELIST ZAPS
EROTIC BOOKSTORE**

continued from page 3
poverty, everything," Mr. Bryant said. We've given up on the traditional methods of solution. They haven't worked. Christ, I feel, offers the best alternatives to meet these problems."
Recently, Mr. Bryant and his followers marched in a circle on 42nd Street singing a hymn, "Jesus, Jesus." He himself carried a picket that summed up his position: "Jesus is the Right Groove, Smut's a Rat."

**PAN AM BUMPS
HIGH-WRITING
STEWARDESS**

By Peter Ogren
New York, N.Y. — Mary Phillips the wife of SCREW publisher Al Goldstein, was fired from her job as an international stewardess at Pan American World Airways, a position which she had held for four years. In a letter to Mrs. Goldstein, the airline cited as reason for dismissal an article on Women's Liberation which she had written for SCREW, a weekly newspaper of which she was formerly co-publisher.
The letter from Pan Am further stated that an employee "may not engage in business, professional or other

activities that conflict with the Company's interests, that an employee may not engage in any activity which might reflect adversely on the Company's reputation, and that failure to comply with these provisions may subject the employee to disciplinary action, including discharge. . . . Without making any specific reference to SCREW, the letter continued, "The magazine of which you are a co-publisher is not one with which Pan American wished to be identified. . . . The article appearing under your name in the March 29, 1970 issue of the magazine which you co-publish directly violates this regulation. The content and vocabulary of your article were such that Pan American could not have given its consent to publication. As author, you were identified as a Pan American Stewardess (on international flights no less)."
In an interview, GAY asked Mrs. Goldstein if she planned to sue Pan Am to reinstate her. Mrs. Goldstein, pert and attractive, stated, "I don't plan to sue them until I have exhausted every other means. I am turning to the Transport Workers Union Local 504, the Human Rights Commission, and the American Civil Liberties Union."
GAY: Aside from incompetence what are the usual grounds for dismissal from Pan Am?
MARY: Employees can be fired for having outside jobs, or for publishing any article that hasn't been cleared by Public

Relations. Two girls were once dismissed for co-authoring a piece for Wings, an airlines trade publication. And even in the union contract, there is a clause that says that women can be dismissed without explanation once they have been married for over six months!
GAY: Well, can't the union do something about your case? What about the others?
MARY: Oh yes, the union fights and usually wins for the employee even in the

case of an official reprimand.
GAY: Did you have any idea that there might be repercussions from your article?
MARY: Yes, I was told by my supervisor that the company knew about SCREW early in May. She told me that the higher-ups were considering firing me then, but instead they waited until I was on vacation to dump me.
GAY: What do you think of the regulations in the first place?
continued on page 14



Arthur Goldberg avoids GAA zap (photo by Kay Tobin)

**GAA CONFRONTS
GOLDBERG, BLUMENTHAL**

By Kay Tobin
New York, N.Y. — When Democratic gubernatorial hopeful Arthur J. Goldberg paid a routine campaign visit on June 5 to the huge, busy intersection of 85th and Broadway, he was met by anything other than a routine crowd. Three dozen members of Gay Activists Alliance were on hand with cameras and questions, and were completely interspersed with the many members of the public who had assembled in anticipation of his pre-announced visit.
As planned, Mr. Goldberg was approached quietly by GAA members when he first emerged from his white limousine. They shook his hand, smiled, and asked him if he was in favor of fair employment laws for homosexuals, if he favored repeal of the state laws against sodomy, and what could be done to end police harassment of gays in the state.
Goldberg's response was completely unexpected: "I think there are more important things to think about," he reiterated to each gay questioner. From then on, the intensity of the confrontation escalated. GAA members, who had previously obtained in open confrontation a variety of mildly favorable responses from other Democratic gubernatorial hopefuls, reacted by pressing the same questions in shouts.
A loud chant of "Answer homosexuals, Answer homosexuals," began. Goldberg moved through the crowd and seemed not to know which way to turn next in an effort to avoid grasping the out-stretched hand of a GAA member. He finally settled on shaking the hands of children as a safety measure. GAY's reporter dogged him through the crowd. "I'm against repression," he finally mumbled.
GAA members switched to the chant

of "Gay Power!" as Goldberg headed for his white limousine and climbed inside. "Surround the car, surround the car," a GAA member called out. This accomplished, Goldberg was treated to the final chant: "Crime of Silence, Crime of Silence, Crime of Silence!" Someone wrote "Gay Power" across the nose of the car.
Jim Owles, president of GAA, addressed a member of the Establishment press who was in the crowd. "When Goldberg goes to a Black community he speaks to Black concerns, when he goes to a Jewish community he speaks to Jewish concerns. He's in a homosexual neighborhood right now. Why can't he speak to our concerns?"
State Assemblyman Al Blumenthal, who had accompanied Goldberg to the site to lend support to his campaign, caught the attention of the activists present. They let Goldberg's limousine go and turned to Blumenthal. The assemblyman offered explanations for Goldberg's behavior. "He's not a seasoned campaigner. It's just difficult when you're not used to street campaigning."
Blumenthal was then questioned about his stand on gay concerns. "Job discrimination over anything that does not concern performance on the job is wrong, all of it's wrong," he said. "Job, housing, all discriminatory laws should be changed in this state. We are making efforts to change these laws and I think we're going to succeed." Blumenthal then went on to defend Goldberg's civil rights record in general.
GAA's president told Blumenthal, "I think we showed Arthur Goldberg that wherever he appears here in this city, he can expect to be asked questions by homosexual constituents."
Another demonstrator could only comment, "Goldberg's behavior was like a slap in the face."



Delon and Belmondo Buns Bared At Last!—French film stars Jean-Paul Belmondo and Alain Delon (right) have been having it out in court over the publicity on their latest film, "Borsalino." Belmondo complains that his name appears only once on the publicity posters, while Delon's name appears twice. "It's only fair," countered Delon. "I'm the producer as well!" During the shooting, however, the two were still good friends, and agreed absolutely on how to give their frank opinion of an obtrusive photographer (below)!

photo by Pat Rocca



BY DICK LEITSCH

Downtown Manhattan's skyline is presently dominated by the steel skeleton of a building to be known (appropriately, it appears as the World Trade Center. I'm not quite certain what the builders mean by that name, but the construction site has become the City's "trade" center, in the gay sense of the word "trade."
For anyone not familiar with the term, "trade" is gay jargon for a heterosexual man, or a man who pretends heterosexuality, who will act as the inserter in a homosexual act without reciprocating. There is never any foreplay or much romance in an encounter with "a piece of trade."
I usually find such encounters terribly dull, but there are those who fancy them, sometimes above all other forms of sexual contact. "Trade queens," I suppose, enjoy the super-butch role played by the "trade." I don't put them down. I believe that everyone should do whatever turns him on. Besides, this provides a needed service to the heterosexual community and cements relationships between the gay and straight worlds.
Last month the "hard-hats" held a pro-Nixon demonstration at City Hall. Trade fanciers turned the occasion into a

convention. All who could get away from their offices went there, knowing that blue-collar workers are the best and easiest-available trade there is, with the possible exception of long-distance truckers and merchant seamen.
One of my friends claims to have had no less than five construction workers. Two, he says, took him to the workmen's toilets on the site of the Trade Center and allowed themselves to be "done." He had two more in other places which we won't mention here, and the fifth, ("a real stud in a yellow hard hat with two little American flags like antennae," he says) he took home.
Another friend claims to have had three hard-hats and the leather boys were there en masse to "grab off the tightly-jeanned, hard-musled builders."
I asked if they cruised peace demonstrations as well as the pro-Nixon ones. The consensus was that they sometimes did, but seldom made out there. Peace demonstrations, they said, were populated by men "too soft," "too sissy" or "too Puritanical."
I suspect they meant that peace-marchers tend to be either hippies or middle-class people, while the others are lower-class, manual labor types. Lovers of trade tend to be hung up on some sort of romanticism akin to Rousseau's admiration for the "noble savage" unspooled by civilization. Blue collar

workers tend to be well-built, virile (in the John Wayne sense), rough and crude, but affectionate and decent in a savage manner, or so trade queens see them.
Trade is readily available all over the country, even in small places where no homosexuals are available for mutual sex and relationships. It (one always speaks of trade with the impersonal pronoun) is most accessible outside urban areas, or in poorer sections of cities. Trade can be dangerous, because some trade is rough and will rob, beat or even kill a "queer." Most often, and especially if the gay partner is hip, there is no danger at all.
When I went to college the boys from the Catholic college would date, of course, Catholic girls. They'd park and neck, pet and do everything short of climax. Just when the guy was about to fall apart with desire, the girl would demand to be taken home. The boys would oblige, though suffering almost terminal cases of "blue balls," then head for the library square or the back of the railroad station, where obliging homosexuals would set them at ease.
The nation is full of truck stops—those places provided by highway designers so that tired long-distance truckers can stop for a nap. Most of these stops are patrolled by trade lovers on "mercy missions." Using a whole code of headlight-flashing, code phrases in conversational openings and the like,

agreements are reached, the truckers are relaxed from their sexual tensions, and are able to drive better and more sanely. Who knows just how much of the trucker's impressive safety records are due to the efforts of those thousands of nameless homosexuals who nightly perform their errands of mercy?
A highly original method of picking up trade was recently explained to me by a friend from New Jersey. Two friends get into a car with very little gas in the tank. They pull into a filling station and order a dollar's worth of gas. The one in the passenger seat goes to the men's room and the other starts a conversation with the attendant. He mentions that he picked up the other guy hitchhiking back down the road. The guy blew him, and it was the greatest blow job he'd ever had, he says.
If the station attendant looks interested (and they say he usually does), the driver suggests that the attendant go to the men's room and try his luck.
Later, when the passenger and the attendant come out of the men's room, the two friends drive down the road a bit, change seats, and pull into the next station to give the former driver his turn.
Another friend has a police radio in his car, and he cruises around to where there's an accident, fire or other disaster. There's something about a tragedy that sets the juices to flowing, turns people on, and makes available people who otherwise would not be.
The South, of course, is known for "trade." Whether it's due to the heat, or the code of chivalry towards women that inhibits heterosexual acts, or whatever, most Southern men can be had. Even the married ones are available, as one is not supposed to "mess" with women to whom one is not married, nor make demands upon one's wife if she's not "in the mood," or is pregnant or menstruating.
It's not uncommon to see a man walk into a bar in the South, play with his basket through his pants, and say something like, "my wife is on the rag, and I sure am hot!"
There'll usually be a gay or bisexual man around to oblige and, if not, a "straight" friend might. There'll be no kissing or foreplay—that's "queer."
One summer a friend and I drove across Kentucky to North Carolina and another time we drove to Atlanta. All along the way, farmhands, country boys, and other fresh-faced Glenn Campbell types would be hitchhiking. Naturally we picked them up, and it was never long before we were off the road in the bushes, going at it hot and heavy. Mutual masturbation, full-body contact, and anal intercourse were the only acceptable practices. Kissing or oral play were "queer," and the trade would lay there on its belly, waiting like a number out of a pornographic novel, telling you about the "queer" who "picked me up the other day and wanted to suck me off! That dirty pansy!" We weren't queer because we didn't do that.
It's sort of a tragedy that urban life, "civilization" and middle-class "virtue" turn people off to that natural bisexuality we all share. At a time when we're all being divided into labeled groups—"homosexual" or "heterosexual"—it's nice to see the Silent Majority doing what Nixon isn't: bringing us all together again.

HORNSCOPE

BY STORM NETHERLAND

A famous English astrologer and editor of astrology periodicals, Alan Leo, said: "I am convinced that the problem of inequalities of the human race can only be successfully solved by a knowledge of astrology."

Note: The following horoscopes generally pertain to the dates Monday, June 22, through Sunday, June 28. Cup people (and there is wide disagreement as to beginning and cut-off dates of each Sun Sign) should heed admonitions relevant to both signs where merging takes place.

ARIES the Ram, (Mar. 21 - Apr. 20) - Be ready to attract new friends. You are highly romantic and idealistic, so a little promiscuity would be good for you to take your mind away from fantasizing a love arrangement prematurely. Don't be afraid of being a bit passive.

TAURUS the Bull (Apr. 21 - May 21) - Are you getting your full complement of

vitamins and minerals? Enough protein? Suck, it's no great threat to your masculinity. Catch up on your correspondence this week.

GEMINI the Twins (May 22 - June 21) - Stay clear of emotional entanglements this coming Friday. Turn your quick mind to helping an organization. Join in the Christopher Street anniversary activities or your local gayin, but remember that if you meet someone there you are offering only an intellectual companionship. Try not to deceive!

CANCER the Crab (June 22 - July 20) - Due to some changes in direction at the time of the full moon, you should be most circumspect. Do not hurry in bed. Get full mileage out of your tits or pectorals, but avoid love that comes from behind. Celebrate your birthday erotically.

LEO the Lion (July 21 - Aug. 21) - A good week for romance and career, but bad for money. Tuesday and Sunday are lucky days on which a love object may be most generous. Ball, but do it gently, you mad animal. Cool the roar or you may frighten away someone who hears the song that is within you.

VIRGO the Maiden (Aug. 22 - Sept. 21) - Are you seeking new funds? This is the time to approach those who may be able to help you. Frankly, you could profit from a little out-and-out hustling this week! The passive role is your bag just now.

LIBRA the Scales (Sept. 22 - Oct. 21) - Romance can hold center stage for you this week and on into the next, but be selective. Guard your kneecaps, elbows and shoulders from injury. A furious sixty-nine could result in discomfort. No self-flagellation.

SCORPIO the Scorpion (Oct. 22 - Nov. 21) - Introduce business associates into a group. This could take the form of an orgy. Your influence upon others to let their hair down can lead to substantial career advancement. Leave yourself open for an unexpected demand on your time.

SAGITTARIUS the Archer (Nov. 22 - Dec. 20) - Be distrustful of any financial offer made to you on Friday. This could involve even the solicitation and sodomy laws. This is not a time of high romance for you, but a visit to your local park around twilight on Thursday could offer pleasant release.

CAPRICORN the Goat (Dec. 21 - Jan. 20) - This is a good week for you where health and career are concerned. Make the most of Tuesday of a stroke of luck coming your way. On Wednesday cruise your own neighborhood. Thursday is a lucky day, though dissatisfaction may crop up on Friday. Throw an impromptu party Sunday night.



AQUARIUS the Water Bearer (Jan. 21 - Feb. 20) - Monday good for romance, Wednesday auspicious for career. Do a little decorating at home on Thursday. Show your ass and thighs. On Saturday have sex away from the neighborhood. A sister or cousin assumes the limelight on Sunday, and a trip comes into the picture. Don't be afraid of joining the gay march, the advanced one!

PISCES the Fish (Feb. 21 - Mar. 20) - Join freely in occult talk this week. Have you ever been the cynosure at a gang-bang? Give it a whirl, but do not get involved with one specific person just quite yet. Swim ahead, but keep an eye on your tail, too.

PAN AM BUMPS HIGH-WRITING STEWARDESS

continued from page 12

MARY: Pan Am should be more concerned with service-related issues rather than image issues. The spare time of an employee is private time, and isn't any of the company's business. When I am acting in my capacity as a Pan Am representative, then my actions become their business, but my spare time has nothing to do with Pan Am.

GAY: In what ways do you feel Pan Am treated you unfairly?

MARY: First off, I was never given a chance to explain how the connection between SCREW and Pan American was made. I didn't put it into my article—it was mentioned in an editorial introduction. The company also stated that I am part owner of SCREW, which isn't true. My involvement was strictly on a personal loan basis. And though I was listed as co-publisher, I had no editorial control over SCREW at any time.

GAY: I am quite familiar with the discriminatory policies of Pan American with regard to homosexuals. Dick Leitch of the Mattachine Society told me that he recently had to help six men find new jobs, men who had been dumped from Pan Am because they were homosexuals. But since your article was on Women's Lib in the first place, what do you have to say about Pan Am's policies toward women?

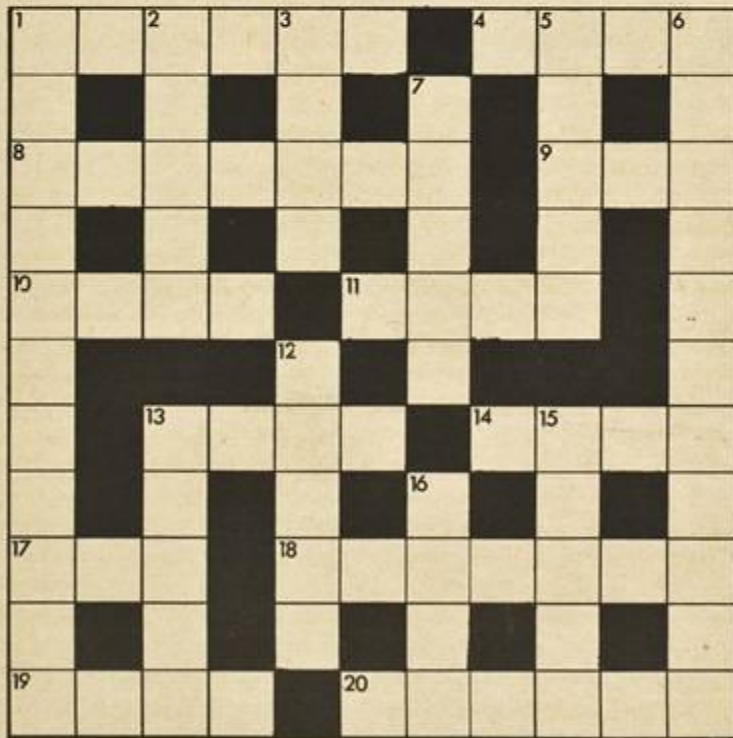
MARY: Well, as I said before, a woman can be dismissed just for being married over six months. Pan Am hires no women as pilots, flight engineers, port stewards, or even flight service representatives. In a recent training class of 58 flight service reps (which are really executive trainees) there were no women at all. There are no situations where women hold supervisory positions over men.

GAY: Well then, do you feel that you were being discriminated against?

MARY: Let me put it this way. If a flight mechanic wrote a piece for SCREW, I doubt very much that he'd be dismissed. I definitely do feel that firing me was a case of sexual discrimination.

PETER PUZZLE

Edited by PETER OGREN



- ACROSS:**
- 1. Cupboard type of queen?
 - 4. Ambisexual.
 - 8. GAY Co-editor.
 - 9. Murray or West
 - 10. —avis.
 - 11. Group gropo.
 - 13. Heap of rectal trouble?
 - 14. Horily suspended?
 - 17. Paul Newman role
 - 18. Circus location (w wds)
 - 19. GF switchable.
 - 20. Interlock
- DOWN:**
- 1. N.Y. hunting ground (2 wds)
 - 2. The world's wildest "sodomite"
 - 3. Greek god of love.
 - 5. Flamboyant
 - 6. Summertime Sodom (2 wds)
 - 7. Excess interest
 - 12. Kind of hole.
 - 13. Needle? Bitch!
 - 15. Non plus or violet
 - 16. Biblical whoremozer.

is there HOPE for the POPE?

BY EDDY ALLEN

His there? Judging by past performance in history, it is anyone's guess. Let's look at the record and see how it stacks up.

We will start with Pope John XII who was born in the year 938 A.D. as Octavian, son of the military ruler of Rome. The family of Octavian's grandmother had for many years been providing docile popes for the Church and the boy's father decided to have the papacy in the family once again. While being educated for the priesthood, Octavian's father died and the Roman nobles hailed the handsome 16-year-old lad as the Prince of Rome. One year later, Pope Agapetus II also died and the Roman nobles again rushed to the boy's side and elected him Pope at the age of seventeen!

But not one of the nobles knew of the admiration that their young pope had for a Roman emperor who had ascended the throne 720 years earlier at the tender age of thirteen. Becoming the first pope to take an apostle's name, Octavian became John XII, and decided to be a second Emperor Elagabalus. The new pope was excited with the account he had read about the four years of sexual orgies conducted by the 13-year-old emperor (most of them homosexual) and decided to emulate him. He immediately turned the papal palace into a grand arena for gala homosexual orgies. At seventeen the new pope was full of piss and pranks, making a boy of ten a full bishop, using a stable as the hall for the consecration of a deacon, and constantly drinking toasts to the devil.

His wild acts got him deposed and banished for a little while but he returned shortly with a formidable company of friends to recapture the papal chair and restore himself as pope. John XII died suddenly and mysteriously at the age of twenty-six—the cause of his death never clearly established.



PEDERASTY AND POISON

And then came Pope Benedict IX (approximately fifty years later) born as Theophylactus, the son of the Count of Tusculum. The papacy had fallen into the hands of this powerful family who filled the exalted office with friends or relatives. When Theo's two uncles, Pope Benedict VIII and Pope John XIX, died, the boy was installed as Benedict IX at the age of TWELVE!

Showing a remarkable resemblance to John XII, in more ways than just appearance, the young Pope devoted himself mainly to homosexual orgies for eleven years until he was driven out of office by the enraged Romans. His own family became indignant at this insult and had him reinstated after just a few weeks. Making the most of this opportunity, Benedict started selling rights, office, and

titles for cash. Becoming disgusted with the state of the Church, Emperor Henry III had the church council depose him, installing a new pope, Clement II. But within a year, Clement was dead from poison—administered by persons unknown—and Benedict IX returned to ascend the papal throne again. It took him less than a year this time to anger the authorities with his debauchery and he was again driven out—never to be heard from again.

Almost 400 years later—along came Pietro Barbo whose uncle was Pope Eugenius IV. At the age of 23, he was a cardinal and became known as a rich, handsome, collector of carvings, jewels, and good-looking boys. He was unexpectedly elected Pope at the age of 47. Taking the name of Paul II he was fond of luxurious living and embellished the costume of the cardinals; he provided

food, games, and carnivals for the people of Rome and helped greatly to beautify the city. His vanity about his good looks caused him to dress in robes lined with gold and encrusted with sparkling precious gems. Noted for his ability to cry in public with effeminate wallings at the slightest provocation, he was nicknamed "Our Lady of Pity."

"IN PRAISE OF SODOMY"

And then came Francesco della Rovere—who was actually 3 years older than Paul II. He was born of poor parents. Pursuing his studies in philosophy and theology, he was surprised at the age of 53 with his appointment as cardinal by Paul. His surprise was even greater four years later when, on the death of Pope Paul, he was elected to fill his shoes, taking the name Sixtus IV. He was a lover of the arts and commissioned paintings in great quantities, including those of Botticelli.

Sixtus had an unusual erotic interest in his young and beautiful nephew, Raphael Riario, whom he made Papal Chamberlain and Bishop of Ostia. Most of the cardinals created by Sixtus were young and handsome. A number of them presented him with a petition for permission to practice sodomy "during the warm season." The document was under favorable consideration when Sixtus died.

Twenty-nine years after Sixtus IV died, his nephew Giuliano della Rovere ascended to the papal throne at the age of 60 as Julius II. In 1510, Queen Anne of France sent two young emissaries to Rome on official business with him. In a letter from Emperor Maximilian to Henry VIII, he referred to the Queen's young minions as having fallen victim to the homosexual lust of the Pope. Accordingly, a year later, Julius was almost deposed by decree, calling him a sodomite. But he fought it, won, and died a year later.

And here's a name that surely ams off a spaghetti can—Giovanni Maria Ciocchi del Monte! A cardinal at the age of 49—he ascended to the papacy 14 years later, taking the name of Julius III. At the age of 66—the elderly Pope, weary of politics, divorced himself unofficially from papal matters and spent most of his time providing for his relatives and boy friends. A familiar story is told how Julius, while still a cardinal, would walk to council meetings attended only by his pet ape. One day the animal became enraged at a passing boy named Innocente and attacked him. The lad was so brave in striking back that he aroused the Cardinal's admiration, eventually leading to his adoption and installation as a lover. After the cardinal became pope, Innocente was made a cardinal. Keeping the handsome boy constantly at his side, Julius created a number of other teen-age cardinals as well. He enjoyed orgies involving multiple sodomy, often "arranging" it so that the participants would be "caught in the act" by his straight colleagues. Young papal pages had to be prepared for the pope's invitation to share his bed.

And when the Bishop of Benevento wanted to dedicate his poem, "In Laudem Sodomiae" to the pope, Julius III accepted the dedication with gratitude. English translation: "In Praise of Sodomy."

And so we come to the end of the parade of Popes who knew where it was at. Or is it the end? Your guess is as good as mine!

SNOOP SOCIETY

(continued from page 4)

clear-cut demonstration that the government absolutely needs to know, literally, how many cocks I've sucked before they can give me a security clearance! And that's what kinds of questions they've asked. And you can quote me on that.

LILY: Homosexuals are still eligible scapegoats.

OTTO: That's it. I may become a martyr, but I think it's a good cause. And we have a good case. I can't think of any reason in my background or behavior in the past, right now, or in the future that would lead me not to be eligible for a clearance.

LILY: You're not nervous about this at all?

OTTO: I was at one time—not so much nervous for being publicly revealed. I guess it was the excitement and tension of the actual confrontation. I'd never quite been through it—and it was an experience.

LILY: To meet these nasty and strange people, these strange creatures who live in the Pentagon.

OTTO: I was briefed somewhat by Frank before the hearing in July '68. The Screening Board and the type of man who sits on it were described to me, and I couldn't quite believe the description. After the hearing, I told Frank, "I think you weren't severe enough." And my immediate impression was that these old men—old: they were in their late forties or early fifties—sitting in judgement on me and my sex life, were sexually jealous. Because it looked like, from their behavior—the way they spoke and their uninformed questions—that they themselves probably hadn't had an orgasm in the last ten years. And they were jealous, because they obviously think that homosexuals have an orgy every five minutes—you know, they're raping little children right and left and anybody they can grab—which is nonsense; we know it's nonsense. But they're so misinformed, and they don't want to be informed. I know Washington Mattachine has made many efforts to inform the Pentagon and the F.B.I. and other agencies on what our activities are, what our goals are. Oh, they've accepted the literature, but they've never really read it and understood it and accepted it for what it is.

LILY: And now you are going to wait it out at home with your five cats.

OTTO: I'll wait it out at home with my five cats. They couldn't care less!

LILY: Well, if anyone can make it, I can't see how they could have a better chance than you do.

OTTO: An affirmative decision in my case, especially from the Supreme Court, will have a far-reaching effect nationwide. And while the immediate effect of such a decision obviously has bearing on all homosexuals who may be potential clearance holders, or who are now clearance holders, this will also have a bearing and vital interest to straights or to anyone else with any kind of sexual tendencies whatsoever. Because it slaps the government's hands in snooping in one's private life, which has absolutely no bearing on job. They have yet to demonstrate an objective criterion or relationship between one's private behavior—whether sexual or otherwise—and one's job performance, reliability, and dependability in safeguarding any kind of information, whether classified or not. The evidence is all against the government.

PRESIDENT'S PERVERTS

(continued from page 9)

Quoting Vidal to prick Agnew, I find, "The mad cuckoo befriend the little door could not resist casting a shadow upon the virility of his enemy, just as the cuckoo astonishingly characterized those who demonstrated against the war in New York, October 1965, as "epicure" and "mincing" slob, thus slyly assigning to Sodom's banner such unlikely recruits as I.F. Stone, Ossie Davis and Father Philip Berrigan. If this quote seems tailored for another, consider only that the cuckoos have now come home to roost, and it is

by their songs that we know them.

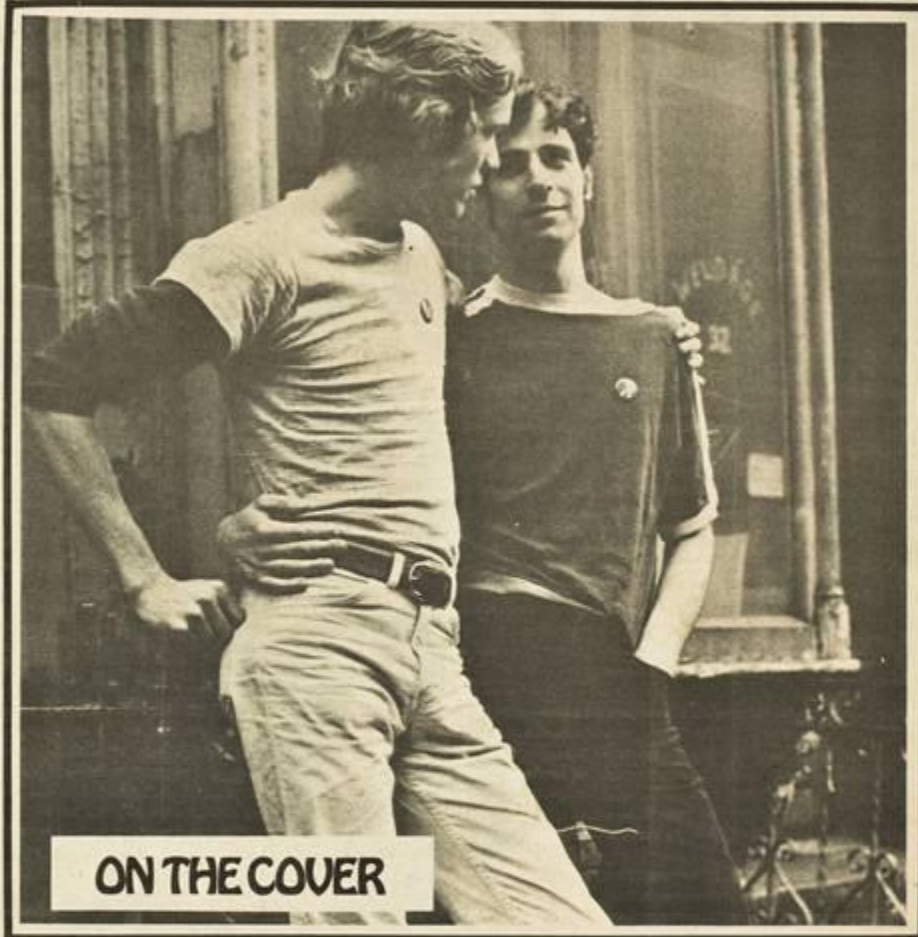
But what do you do with a cuckoo? Or two? You do what the Senate and the House did to President Andrew Johnson in 1868. You impeach, or "get rid of" them. Your Britannica will give you the blueprints for impeachment. It's eminently legal, and it is a step taken when "impeachment is warranted by any act highly prejudicial to the public welfare or subversive of any essential principle of government."

I ACCUSE

Like Zola' before me I point my

finger and accuse the administration of "pandering to brutish instincts" under the guise of protecting Christian thought, and I accept and quote the New York Times' definition of "brutish instincts." "Those instincts are fear, ignorance, racial superiority, religious antagonism, contempt for the weak and afflicted, and hatred for those different from oneself," and I think that's highly "prejudicial to the public welfare."

Then if we understand one another, and we understand them, get ready. One, Nixon, two, Agnew, three, Graham. Now ZAP!



ON THE COVER

Tom Doerr and Marty Robinson: Gay Activists Together!

New Free activists Marty Robinson and Tom Doerr are the first nonprofessional couple to appear on our cover. They are proud to be there because they "wish to be identified with homosexuals who want to move up." Both are indefatigable workers in the Gay Activists Alliance.

If there must be labels, they far prefer the more specific "New Homosexual" to the broader "New Free." However, in anticipation of the day when such distinctions as homo- and heterosexual will be obsolete, and feeling hopeful that already there is a breakdown of barriers among the young—who meanwhile are emancipated in their thinking as perhaps never before—I have elected to call them and others like them New Free. Marty and Tom and their genital female counterparts in the gay movement are similar to the straight youth in the peace movement and cultural revolution; honest in spirit, definite in conviction and dedicated to the pursuit of justice. They have declared independence from preconceptions, shibboleths and cant.

Marty and Tom are typical of the New Free in a wide variety of ways; as lovers living openly and asserting their right to do so; as militant radicals sharing their vital common interest in politics; as politicians who expect to succeed and intend to do it by testing and

exercising their constitutional rights in a dramatic upcoming action that, win or lose, will unsettle the establishment; and as Americans who are optimistic about the collective opportunity of gays to change the system lawfully, by hanging together, seizing the initiative and forcing confrontations with ignorance, apathy and prejudice in precinct caucuses and on the hustings.

ACTS AS SPOKESMAN

Marty, chairman of the GAA political affairs committee, will moderate the Thursday night workshop on now politics for Gay Pride Week at the Church of the Holy Apostle. He took part in the Stonewall uprising and almost overnight became a spokesman for the New Coscience.

In answer to the question of how he got involved, Marty replies he is not sure. Scarcely a month before the Christopher Street inscription, he had talked with a gay insurgent who proposed organizing a group called the Pink Panthers, but Marty was not too turned on. His original limited concept of homosexual liberation was to take over Bloomingdale's, he recalls laughing at his naivete. The sophisticated cultural and political ideas which he and Tom and their kind exuberantly discuss now came later.

FINDING PERSONAL ANSWERS

Marty soon found the movement offered opportunities to seek answers about himself through understanding other homosexuals. "And through really liking them and himself," Tom adds for both of them. Both were among the dozen or so who founded the "militant and nonviolent" civil-rights oriented GAA as an alternative to the Gay Liberation Front that in general spurns the system. Both boys express their outrage at police treatment of "our people" and are committed to doing something about it in a deliberate fashion, concentrating on gay advancement alone, instead of minority aspiration or rote.

"Gay power begins with the realization of innocence, the discovery that one's life has been affected by forces in our society which cause sorrow, twist one's thinking, inhibit and sometimes destroy people," Marty muses. "The solutions lie not merely in acceptance or education or liberal impulses toward reform, but rather in organized political action which will enable people to be what they want to be: free from repressive mechanisms like getting fired or being denied gathering places. Being a New Homosexual is recognizing that there is gay repression in the first place."

Whatever you call Marty and Tom, call them Gay and Proud, which is obviously why they are on the cover for Gay Pride Week.

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