

# GAY

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November 9, 1970 Volume 1, No. 37

NO. 37

## N.Y. Candidates Come Out For Gay Rights



RICHARD OTTINGER: "Homosexuals, long oppressed because they have been a silent minority, are now demanding the basic civil rights that are the heritage of all Americans. I endorse that goal."

### Vast Outpouring Of Political Support

New York, N.Y. The Gay Activists Alliance of New York City has successfully elicited answers from nearly one-third of New York's candidates for State and Federal offices on questions of interest to the homosexual community, as such.

The Gay Activists' questionnaires were directed to all senatorial and congressional candidates (Federal) and to all NYC candidates for the state assembly.

Representatives were sent to Gay Activist meetings by Senate candidates Richard Ottinger and Charles Goodell. The responses of these two senate candidates to the GAA questionnaire are a separate news item in this newspaper. Candidate James Buckley did not respond in any manner whatsoever.

Neither candidate for the post of Governor has responded (at deadline) to the questionnaire. Arthur Goldberg's mumbled comment, "I have more important things to worry about," when confronted by GAA demonstrators, and

Nelson Rockefeller's admission of ignorance about New York's sodomy laws (See GAY No. 36) each tell their own story. Earlier it was hoped that Arthur Goldberg, a civil libertarian, might be



SENATOR CHARLES GOODELL: "Constitutional principles are today being abridged and denied in reference to homosexuals, and I therefore support efforts to secure their basic rights under the Constitution."

persuaded to take a stand on gay rights.

A letter to Jim Owles, GAA President, from Attorney General Louis J. Lefkowitz, was sent as a substitute for the questionnaire. The letter, however, was non-committal, and simply said, "I am opposed to illegal harassment of any citizen in any place." His opponent,

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## U.S. Senate Candidates Support Homosexual Struggle

### Ottinger & Goodell Make Statements

New York, N.Y. Candidates for the United States Senate, Senator Charles Goodell and Congressman Richard Ottinger, have both released statements which are of interest to the homosexual community, as such.

Richard Ottinger's statement was released to GAY, through the auspices of the Gay Activists Alliance, on October 14th. Senator Goodell's statement, also released after his aides conferred with Gay Activist Alliance members, was given to GAY on the morning of October 15th. Both candidates had previously sent representatives to speak at meetings of the Gay Activists Alliance.

Richard Ottinger's statement said: I endorse the rights of homosexuals to live

## Kate Millett Discusses Lesbianism

New York, N.Y.—"I'm very glad to be here. It's been kind of a long trip . . . I've wanted to be here I suppose in a surreptitious way for a long time, and I was always too chicken . . . Anyway, I'm out of the closet! Here I am!"

Before you saw her on the cover of TIME and read about her there, Kate Millett told this, her real story, to the Daughters of Bilitis on August 20. She is, of course, the author of the celebrated best-seller SEXUAL POLITICS. However, by her own admission, she is now a very different woman from the one who wrote the book as a doctoral thesis many, many months ago. She told her story this way to an audience of over 200 women at DOB.

"One of the worst oppressions of being homosexual in this society is that they just scare you so much. All of my life I've been afraid, just terrorized. When I went to gay bars, I was afraid even to go . . . When you stop being so scared, everything gets a whole lot easier."

Kate said that the gay world she knew when she was in her early 20's (she's now

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their lives free of political, social and economic harassment and discrimination. I feel it is essential that they be permitted to enjoy those rights we feel are so fundamental to our society.

I support extending to homosexuals the existing Fair Employment Practices laws relating to both public and private establishments. Included in this is the right of homosexuals to be employed in government. I am opposed to the collection of data on the sexual preferences of individuals by government agencies. This is an onerous and unwarranted invasion of privacy that serves no public end.

I have introduced and will continue to work for passage of legislation to end the present discriminatory policies which tax the incomes of single persons at an oppressively high rate.

Homosexuals, long oppressed because they have been a silent minority, are now demanding the basic civil rights that are the heritage of all Americans. I endorse that goal.

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# WHERE WILL YOU GO TONIGHT?

## A Directory for Discriminating Dispositions

### GAY CALENDAR

**Monday, Oct. 26 & Nov. 2:** Mattachine Society, Inc. of New York Legal Aid Clinic at Society offices (243 West End Avenue—Telephone 799-0916) 6 p.m. Free advice and information on legal matters. Women and men welcome.

**Tuesday, Oct. 27 & Nov. 3:** "Homosexual News & Comment" WBAI-FM (99.5) 11:30 p.m.

**Wednesday, Oct. 28 & Nov. 4:** West Side Discussion Group regular meeting. Church of the Holy Apostles (9th Ave. & 28th St.) Call 989-7572 for information. Women and men welcome. Donation \$1.50. Subject for October 28: Political Views on Homosexuality. Guest Speaker Jim Owles, President of G.A.A. "Homosexual News" rebroadcast WBAI-FM (99.5) 1:30 p.m.

**Thursday, Oct. 29 & Nov. 5:** Gay Activists Alliance regular meetings at the Church of the Holy Apostles (9th Ave. & 28th St.) Donation 50 cents. Women and men welcome. Daughters of Bilitis regular meetings at 8 p.m. 240 West 36th Street. Women only.

**Saturday, Oct. 31 & Nov. 7:** Times Square Studio Festival of Physique Stars at the Legend Gallery, 152 7th Ave. Festival to run throughout the week between Oct. 29 and Nov. 8. Saturday buffet between 6 p.m. and 8 p.m. with personal appearances by models, dildes, dildys. Call 929-4757 for information.

**Sunday, Nov. 1 & Nov. 8:** The American Church regular worship services at 2 p.m. Church of the Holy Apostles (9th Ave. & 28th St.). Social hour follows.

Gay Liberation Front regular meetings at the Church of the Holy Apostles (9th Ave. & 28th St.). Women and men welcome.

### BEST BETS

(Symbols include GM for genital sizes, GF for genital females, Int. for integrated straight and gay. It is suggested that you telephone certain bars on Friday and Saturday nights to determine minimum or cover, since policies fluctuate.)

In MANHATTAN right now the major action is at

A Woman's Place 29th Cornelia St., Village. Fri. & Sat. Coffeehouse from 6:00 p.m. till midnight. Women's books, crafts. GF

Beaded Bag 114 Ave. bran 52nd & 53rd Sts. Cubby Chasers. GM

Candy Store, 44 W. 56th; jackets and tie evs. Sun. GM

\*Carnival, 507 West St. at Jane, above Tool Box, back room; GM  
Carr's, 204 W. 10th; GM

\*Christopher's End, 180 Christopher; you never know what to expect at the door three days - or in the back room; GM

Cinderella, 82 W. 3rd; dancing; GF, GM  
Country Cousin, 1313 3rd Ave.; restaurant where Sunday afternoon Bloody Mary brunch for \$1.50 now begins its busy season; GM

Danny's, 139 Christopher; a little leathery; GM  
Den, Little W. 12th & Washington; a lot leathery; GM

Fedora, 229 W. 4th; restaurant; Int.  
Finale, 48 Barrow; restaurant; uptight about the idea of advertising in gay press, but very gay, though Int.  
Five Oaks, 49 Grove; restaurant; GF, GM  
Four Seasons, 99 E. 52nd; restaurant; bar crony at cocktail hr especially now that the season begins; Int.

GLF Coffee House, 210 W. 82nd; rapping from 4:00 p.m. to 1:00 a.m. Sunday; GF, GM  
Gianni's, 53 W. 19th; restaurant; GF  
Ginger Man, 51 W. 64th; restaurant to the Lincoln Center trade; Int.  
Gold Bug, 85 W. 3rd; dancing in black light; GM

Good Table, 45 Lexington Ave.; restaurant; Int.  
Harry's Back East, 1422 3rd Ave.; New York's most popular and stable bar in terms of quantity and quality of its clientele; GM  
\*Hades, Jane St. at West, downstairs; private after hours with back room; GM

Haven, 1 Sheridan Sq.; private, after hours, fruit juice and dancing club where the young gather, advertised as Unisex.

Hippodrome, Ave. A bet. 10th & 11th St.; GM  
Keller's, 384 West St. near Barrow; rather leathery; GM  
Kookie's, 149 W. 14th; GF

Milano, 267 Amsterdam; restaurant; Int.  
Oak Room, bar in Plaza Hotel, 5th Ave., at 59th; venerable last stand of a bygone era; Int.  
Pub Society, 1649 2nd Ave.; restaurant now serving the best food at the most reasonable prices in Gay Manhattan; GM

Roundtable, 151 E. 30th; mad dancing to wild rock and the best training school of Harry's, probably the most representative cross section of gays in town; GF, GM  
Royal Root, Cornelia at Bleecker; restaurant; GM

Stage Forty-Five, 305 E. 45th; dancing, where Black is Beautiful; GM  
Stud, Greenwich St. at Perry; biggest bore in town, but fun if you like to watch posing and beer's only fifty cents; GM

Seotland Yard 146 West 4th St. Dancing, pool, BYOB. Private membership. 8 p.m. till 7 a.m. Int.

Tenth of Always, 82 W. 3rd; private and after hours; GM  
Tool Box, 507 West St. at Jane; GM

Tor, 21 Greenwich Ave.; sidewalk cafe currently on the homophile hot seat because the alleged heterosexual owner allegedly fired a waiter for publicly kissing a friend of the same gender for goodnight before the customers who are known to most of us to be gay, too, so if you are nervous about being picked, don't go in; Int. (?)

Triangle, 34 9th Ave.; GM  
Troubadour, bet. 58th & 59th on 1st Ave.; featuring Ava Williams; GM  
Uncle Charlie's, 1049 Lexington; still a happy look but not as pretty as it used to be; GM  
Victor's Quarters, 984 2nd Ave.; GM

Willies West Side, 224 W. 82nd (off Bkwy) Dancing; GM

Wine Cellar, 531 Hudson; restaurant; Int.  
Yukon, 140 E. 53rd; restaurant resumes serving sometime in Sept.; jacket required, no tie; GM

\*Zodiac Downtown, upstairs above Den; one up on the back room bars, it provides orgy facilities with windows wide open onto warehouse rooftops; GM

Zodiac Uptown, 1487 1st Ave.; dancing; GF; GM

\*Zoo, 421 W. 13th; the original bar-with-back room and music celebs of the spring now seems to be in the autumn of its existence; GM

Also as warm weather persists in MANHATTAN popular tubs are

Bacon Baths, 227 E. 45th; go in the main

entrance and take the elevator to the 11th floor; still a best buy, GM, of course  
Continental Baths, 230 W. 74th; first tubs in N.Y. to have any class, they are now so with it they present "lounging acts" on weekends; GM (see ad)

Everard, 28 W. 28th; Old German alternate spelling Everhard, and most who go there now aren't; GM

St. Mark's Baths, St. Mark's Pl.; the East Village types are shabby here but there's a lot of cleaning up going on; GM

Sauna Baths and Health Club, 300 W. 58th; between 4:30 and 5:30 in the afternoon, this is where you'll find the businessmen coming in to knock off a piece before going home to Soledade; GM

In WASHINGTON, D.C. avoid White House socials and go to the:

Brass Rail, 13th St. & N.Y. Ave., N.W. A toughie bar. Trade and hustlers. Paranoias. Good juke music. Psychedelic posters. GM  
Carroll's Tavern, 9th St. bet. E & F Sts., N.W. A little bit of Whooing. West Virginia in the nation's capital. GM  
Club Baths East II 20 "O" St., S.E. telephone (202) 547-9631. Clean, modern, healthy atmosphere; GM

1832, at 1832 Columbia Rd., N.W. GM  
Georgetown Grill, Wisconsin Ave. near O St., N.W. Intimate seating arrangements; GM  
Hideaway, 9th St. & Penna. Ave., N.W. Dancing. A large rathskeller under the Hickory House restaurant. GAY's editors met here in 1964. GM

Two Jims Statue, Arlington, Va. Open air action in the vicinity of this famous statue brings occasional police harassment. Take care! GM  
Johnny's, 8th St., S.E. 1 1/2 blks. south of Penna. Ave. Famous for maintaining elaborate Xmas decorations year-round. A congenial spot. Piano: singalongs. GMM

JoAnna's, 8th St., S.E. 1 1/2 blks. south of Penna. Ave. A swinging place for women. GF  
Leon's, 1720 H St., N.W. Used to be "The Chicken Hat." One of the nation's oldest bars, where Howard, the pianist (who died two years ago) made himself legend as a bridge between generations. Today there is still a pianist. A place for lovers. GM

Look!, 9th St. & Penna. Ave., N.W. Park your motorcycle at the door. GM

Naplex Cafe, N.Y. Ave. & 13th St., Bus station crowd. Hustlers. Trade. Hillbilly juke box. GM  
Pier 9, 1824 Half St., S.W. Dancing under strobes. Telephones for communication btwn tables. Off the beaten track, but worth the hunt. Washington's largest bar, whose 70's splendor few spots can match! Cover on weekends. GM

Plus One, 529 8th St., S.E. Dancing. Fine food. One of the city's largest and most tastefully decorated night spots. Not to be missed. GM  
Victoria Station, 14th & I, N.W. Where black is beautiful. A swinging spot. Cruisy. GM

### NATIONAL DIRECTORY

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

Cleveland Mattachine Society, 10404 Clifton Blvd., Cleveland, Ohio 44102. Telephone: (216) 651-3220

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

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

Daughters of Bilitis, Inc. For information write DOB, 1005 Market St., San Francisco, Calif. 94103. Telephone (415) 861-8689. In Los Angeles, DOB meets the last Tuesday of every month at 7:30 p.m.; write P.O. Box 3237, Hollywood, Calif. 90028. In New York, phone (212) 565-8865. Women only.

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

FREE: Gay Liberation of Minnesota, B-67 Coffman Memorial Union, University of Minnesota, Minneapolis, Minn. 55455. Telephone (612) 338-1805.  
Gay Activists Alliance, P.O. Box 2, Village Station, NYC, 10014. Tel (212) 691-2748.  
Gay Liberation Front c/o Come Out, P.O. Box 92, Village Station, NYC 10014. Tel (212) 243-2437.

Gay Liberation of Washington, D.C. Meetings Tuesdays 8 p.m. Grace Episcopal Church, 1041 Wisconsin Ave., N.W. 234-2000 (days) or 234-4287 (evenings).

GLF of Philadelphia, 611 S. 2nd St., Phila., Penna. Telephone (215) 896-8236 or 732-8384. Meetings Tues. 8 p.m.

Gay People at City College, Finley Student Ctr., CCNY, 133rd St. & Convent Ave., NYC, NY. 10031 Telephone: (212) 966-4684

Gay People at Columbia, 109 Earl Hall, Columbia Univ., NYC, NY 10027. Telephone: (212) 280-5115

Homophile Action League, 928 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Penna. 19107. Telephone: (215) MA 7-0532

Homophile Union of Boston (HUB) Box 217, Dorchester, Mass. 02124. Tel. (617) 282-9181. Homosexual Information Center (the Targets Group) 34735 Cabuena Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. 90028.

"The Ladder" The only Lesbian magazine in the U.S. is a 48-page bi-monthly. Subscriptions are \$7.50/year. Samples \$1. Available from Box 5025, Wash. Sta., Reno, Nevada 89503.

LE III IHO Box 1003, Moravian Station, Bethlehem, Pa. 18018.

Los Angeles Gay Liberation Front, P.O. Box 29280, L.A., Calif. 90029. Office at 5771 N. Vermont Ave., L.A., Calif. 90004. Sunday meetings 3 p.m. Telephone: (213) 665-1881

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

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

Mattachine Society of Washington, P.O. Box 1032, Washington, D.C. 20013. Telephone (202) 363-3881.

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

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

Society for Individual Rights (SIR) 83 Sixth Ave., San Francisco, Calif. Tel. (415) 781-1570. SIR of Ohio, Inc. P.O. Box 9761, Columbus, Ohio 43206. Tel (614) 469-0154.

West Side Discussion Group, Box 502, Cathedral Station, NYC, 10025. Phone 989-7572.

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

# EDITORIAL

NOVEMBER 9, 1970, Volume 1, No. 37

### A JOB WELL DONE

The Gay Activists Alliance has done a splendid job eliciting campaign responses and promises from New York's Senatorial, Congressional, State Senate, and State Assembly candidates for office. This is the kind of gay organizational work which most effectively raises the status of homosexuals through responsible community action. GAA's campaign work, no doubt, was grueling and tiresome. Chasing after candidates is no easy job. The idealism of these workers and their dedication to sound principles; a nonviolent changing of the system, is a boon to homosexuals everywhere. The editors of GAY are most grateful to those who have labored hard to draw statements and commitments from New York's major candidates.

We regret that GAY's deadline has not allowed for a full inclusion of all the candidate's responses to questions about gay rights. We urge interested voters to call (212) 371-5026 after October 31, 1970, for further information about candidates not listed in these pages.

### GAY ENDORSES:

It is not the policy of the Gay Activists Alliance to endorse political candidates. GAY, however, is not bound by such rules.

For the past of Attorney General we urge GAY's readers to vote for Adam Walinsky. His forthright answers to the gay questionnaire are commendable.

For the U.S. Congress we are pleased to endorse Mrs. Bella Abzug (D.-19th C.D. Man.), Shirley Chisholm (D.-12th C.D.-Bklyn), and Edward I. Koch (D.L.-17th C.D., Man.)

For the State Senate we endorse: George N. Spitz, Jack E. Bronston, and Nathaniel Hendricks.

For the posts of State Assemblymen, a careful reading of the answers given by those candidates listed who were concerned enough with the gay community to respond quickly to the GAA questionnaire, should suffice. We would call special attention, however, to Dionisio Cruz, Charles V. Drew, Henry E. Del Rosso, Rainey Pinkney, Gebre Sponakos, Antonio Olivieri, Richard N. Gottfried, and Stephen J. Solaz, whose stands on gay rights show unusual degrees of understanding of matters involving sexual civil liberties.

### IMPORTANT:

Don't forget: For last-minute information about candidates' stands on civil liberties and social rights for homosexuals, call (212) 371-5026 after October 31st.

## N.Y.C. Deputy Mayor Meets Gay Spokesmen

New York, N.Y. Deputy Mayor Richard Aurelio met with members of New York's Gay Activists Alliance, Jim Owles, Eben Clark, and Arthur Evans, accompanied by City Councilman Carter Burden and Eldon Clingan to discuss police harassment of NYC homosexuals. The meeting followed two public confrontations by GAA members of Mayor Lindsay. GAA spokesmen contended that police harassment of the gay community had increased and that the Deputy Mayor's office had not kept its promise of an open liaison with the homosexual community.

Aurelio confided that a representative from the Mayor's office had been present during the gay riots in Greenwich Village and had reported to the Mayor's office that police were acting within the law and that no illegal harassment had been noticeable to him.

Eben Clark: We are not discussing police harassment during the Greenwich Village riot but the harassment of individuals which led to the protest march on 42nd Street.

Aurelio: I am not aware of any harassment prior to the demonstration. Without individual badge numbers, names, squad car numbers and precincts, I can only regard this information as hearsay.

Arthur Evans: While I served as a GAA observer on 42nd Street, I was arrested with three other GAA members. All of us were illegally arrested. We took badge numbers.

Aurelio: This too is hearsay.

Carter Burden: I have been notified of several cases of police harassment in my district (Manhattan's Upper East Side) and I feel that a statement from the new police commissioner stating his policy with respect to the homosexual community is in order.

Aurelio: Police Commissioner Murphy is far more sophisticated than any police commissioner in the past.

Eldon Clingan: There are many other problems facing the homosexual community

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### N.Y. CANDIDATES COME OUT

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Adam Walinsky, however, replied to the questionnaire in full.  
GAA spokesmen indicate that a full report for interested voters should be available by October 31, 1970. Voters may secure last minute information by calling (212) 371-5026.

Candidates for Congressional seats who responded to the questionnaire were: Bella Abzug (Dem.-19th Congressional District, Manhattan), Shirley Chisholm (D. 12th C.D., Bklyn), Edward I. Koch (D.L.-17th C.D.-Manhattan), Jonathan B. Bingham (D.L.-23rd C.D.), Robert M. Schneek (R.-22nd C.D.-Bronx) and Peter J. Sprague (R. 17th C.D.-Manhattan).

Candidates for the State Assembly who responded to the questionnaire were: Dionisio Cruz (R.-75th Assembly -Bronx), Martin R. Fine (R.-64th Assem.), Charles V. Drew (R. 63rd Assem.-Manhattan), Henry E. Del Rosso (R.-60th Assem.-Manhattan), Rainey Pinkney (R.L.-54th Assem.-Bklyn), George Sponakos (R.-52nd Assem.-Bklyn Hgts.), Sidney B. Levitt (R.-40th Assem.-Bklyn), Rosemary R. Gunning (R.L.-34th Assem.-Queens), Oliver Koppell (D.-84th Assem.), Seymour Posner (D.-76th Assem.-Bronx), Stephen S. Gottlieb (D.-71st Assem.), Antonio Olivieri (D.L.-66th Assem.-Manhattan), Richard N. Gottfried (D.-26th Assem.-Manhattan)

EDWARD I. KOCH: Has demonstrated concern for homosexual constituents by seeking an end to police harassment. Rep. Koch is a Congressional Candidate for Manhattan's 17th Congressional District. Democrat-Liberal.



QUESTIONS FOR CONGRESSIONAL CANDIDATES

1. Would you support an end to discrimination against homosexuals in obtaining federal security clearance?

Bella Abzug: Yes; Shirley Chisholm: Yes; Edward I. Koch: Yes; Jonathan B. Bingham: Yes; Robert M. Schneek: No; Peter J. Sprague: No.

2. Do you support the right of homosexuals to serve in the armed services?

Abzug: This question is not clear enough particularly to those large numbers of people who are anti-draft and anti-war. I'd like to talk to you about it.

Chisholm: Yes; Koch: Yes; Bingham: No; Schneek: No; Sprague: No.

3. Would you work for an end to income tax discrimination against single persons?

Abzug: Yes; Chisholm: Yes; Koch: Yes; Bingham: Yes; Schneek: Yes; Sprague: Yes.

4. Would you support the revocation of the tax-exempt status of those tax-exempt institutions (religious, psychiatric and educational) that defame homosexuals and lobby against them?

Abzug: Yes; Chisholm: Yes; Koch: Yes; Bingham: Yes; Schneek: No; Sprague: Yes.

5. Would you work to oppose governmental collection of data on the sexual preferences of individuals?

Abzug: Yes; Chisholm: Yes; Koch: Yes; Bingham: No; Schneek: No; Sprague: Yes.

6. Would you favor ending the State Department's policy of denying visas to foreign homosexuals?

Abzug: Yes; Chisholm: Yes; Koch: Yes; Bingham: Yes; Schneek: No; Sprague: Yes.

7. Would you favor ending the policy that often denies to foreign-born homosexuals the privilege of obtaining American citizenship?

Abzug: Yes; Chisholm: Yes; Koch: Yes; Bingham: Yes; Schneek: No; Sprague: No.

8. Would you work for a federal fair employment law which prohibits the refusal to hire and the firing of homosexuals solely on the basis of their homosexuality?

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BELLA ABZUG: "What can I do now for the homosexual community?" Mrs. Abzug is a Congressional Candidate for Manhattan's 19th District Democrat.

Candidates for the State Senate who responded to the questionnaire were: George N. Spitz (26th State Senate, Manhattan), Nathaniel Hendricks (R.-22nd State Senate, Bklyn) and Jack E. Bronston (9th State Senate). George N. Spitz and Nathaniel Hendricks gave unqualified "Yes's" to questions 1 through 9. Jack E. Bronston answered all questions with a "Yes" except for questions 6 and 7, which he answered with a "No."

# GAY

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News Editor: Cary Yurman; Copy Editor: John LeRoy; New York Correspondent, Kay Tobin; Midwest Correspondent, Erik Larsson; Advertising Manager, Polly Holden  
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Submission of double-spaced, typed, 5-page manuscripts, as well as drawings, and photographs is encouraged. Unused materials will be promptly returned and published writers will be paid upon publication. GAY does not assume responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts. Advertising rates upon request.



The American Church stands for Love... Respect... Dignity." The speaker is Reverend Father Robert M. Clement. It is a typical warm, late summer Sunday afternoon. The place is the Church of the Beloved Disciple at 300 Ninth Avenue in Manhattan. Gentle vibrations from the organ... solemn chiming of mellow bells... kaleidoscopic patterns made on the pews by slanted sunlight filtering leaf shadow through stained glass windows. The first hymn... a beautiful theme of Haydn's, and a favorite of mine (even though profaned by Nazi Germany). And there I was. Strange. The last time I had entered any house of worship was two years previous when sleuthing for a certain *Larabo* by Donatello, found in the cathedral of San Lorenzo at Florence.

There I was, a dirty old atheist attending a gay orthodox mass. This should have brought on the same kind of uncontrollable giggles that used to overtake sister and self years ago while listening to our befuddled old Presbyterian minister who was so fondly addicted to spoonerisms. However, I listened intently. Perhaps I might learn something. I had grave doubts. I had come there simply to gather material for this article, but had to admit that curiosity alone would have forced me there anyway, eventually.

Did I go there, prejudice in hand, dukes up, ready to sneer and leer? Oh, perhaps. But look, I'm not a Militant Atheist. If formal religion is your bag, I swear I won't argue with you. (Never will I adopt the popular hobby of arguing religion or politics. Arch-Futility! A lesson well learned in college dorm bull sessions.) My philosophy, which I do not force upon anyone, is that The Church is an unreasonable, dogmatic bitch; a sadly archaic, yet always arrogant anathema; a peculiar phenomenon that, with every charitable act, has made counteraction of cruelty that would make Satan envious, hysterical theatre that has embraced as much corruption as the decadent Rome it despised and unfairly used, propagandistically. Would that Suetonius had lived to chronicle the Popes as well as the Caesars.

It has been the ultimate society of hypercritical, hypocritically pious prudes, so intent on suppressing the healthy animal in man that they reduced him (with nobly iconoclastic exceptions) to a grovelling, schizoid automaton; "purified" him to the level of our contemporarily "enriched" white bread, with its taste and sustaining value of reprocessed toilet paper. The Church, an exclusive fraternity for those willing to pay the outrageous dues in such pitifully misguided self-denial. The Church intolerant. "Mother, may I go in the church?" / "Yes, my darling daughter. Hang your sin on a hickory limb, but don't go near the altar."

Before the service of the American church started, I picked up a few of the programs of the Holy Apostles' regular services. On the back of one, a reaffirmation of *Original Sin*. (Oh, dear...) Inside, the following social notice—(given here in its entirety):

This morning the sermon, and a special program following the Hospitality Hour will break open the possibilities of a ministry to individual persons and groups who are self-identified as homosexual.

Now that LIFE, LOOK, TIME, ESQUIRE and other magazines as well as the newspapers have "discovered" the homosexual sub-culture,

# ORIGINAL SIN REVISITED



Father Robert and associates celebrate an orthodox Christian mass.

## A Dirty Old Atheist Goes to a Gay Mass

BY THANE HAMPTEN

perhaps it is time that the Churches faced up to the task of ministry in this area? It is now time to examine all the prejudices we "straight" people hold regarding our brothers and sisters who hold this different orientation: most of us are totally unaware of job, housing, and a myriad other social discriminations visited upon the homosexual in our society. Come to this program and find out how YOU can help! (Only the italics are mine.)

Food for thought. The halcyon days of the once all-powerful Church must indeed be over if it has actually taken the non-sectarian, proletarian periodicals of today to open Pandora's shameful little box, so that religious organizations can tentatively "face up to the task" of benign council. After nearly two millennia of gleeful blackballing, the Church is now ready to discuss "job, housing, and a myriad other social discriminations" against the homosexual. Keen! But where were you when the lights went out? I am historically knowledgeable enough to be aware of the many times when "housing" was not quite the main bugaboo of buggery, but various intriguing types of religiously

instigated fun and games involving our absolute annihilation were. But now, Ah! How fashion forces compassion. No one (or group) wants to miss the revolutionary bandwagon, least of all The Church, once so proud and dictatorial, now ignored as ultimate arbitrator by the subscribers of LIFE magazine.

There are now "possibilities" of reconciliation with God's lasciviously errant sheep. Never mind St. Paul, so prissily didactic. His politics (and I do mean politics) just reflected the fashion and temper of the times, as much as ours do today. Never mind the inconsistencies, the ignorance, sociological distortions, miscalculations, misinterpretations, and intentional political corruptions of the Good Book throughout the sodden centuries. We've re-coated again! Come home; all is forgiven. The Prodigal Son, limp of wrist, returns to Old Testament Tara. Hosanna!

Pardon, Parson, while I sip bitter herbs. And pardon if it seems I am attacking Episcopalians. Not so. They

have consistently shown a more liberal, more intelligent and humane attitude. I suppose I should be grateful for even slight reform of ecclesiastical ecstasies and assume I would be if I had any real respect for The Church in general. As it is, I am as relieved and excited by the tentative desire of select religious groups to finally abandon sexual apartheid as I would be to find that the Hardhats had ceased to confuse true patriotism with belligerently mindless chauvinism and were willing to let the freaking effete snob fag anarchists into the American Legion.

Nifty! As to the American Church, I am not at all sure it has really separated itself enough from Mamma. It probably has no intention of doing so, but it has made a step—(under the circumstances, I might say a gallant gallop) in the right direction. Obviously, I would have preferred a fresh start, from scratch. When I first saw the name, "American Church," I envisioned an interesting fusion of Quaker meetings and Indian rain dances, with the optional

chewing of peyote buttons. However, if the ritual of the American Church is that of the parent, there are a few blessed differences at the heart. The sermon, the Sunday of my attendance, began with announcements. If I recall correctly, there was a bit of confusion as to who was to occupy the facilities after the service: The Radical Lesbians or the devout gays. (Good natured laughter. These hallowed grounds are currently used to capacitating and capitulating to the West Side Discussion Group, Gay Activists Alliance, Daughters of Bilitis and Gay Liberation Front. No doubt there are others and my admiration for the administrative forces of Holy Apostles increases, at least.)

Father Robert opened the sermon with references to the Casting of the First Stone, a Biblical quotation that must surely be enjoying quite a clerical vogue these days. He spoke of Christianity and the majority; "The majority is changing and as it does, it will take some heat." (?) It was also established that gays have a unique place in the world today, (agreed...) and that many churches are "unfortunately still tied to fundamentalism"—(Agreed! Only I would have worded it less diplomatically.) And that Jesus didn't speak against homosexuals, "but the disciples may have."

Oh, my. How long will we debate Christ's approvals and condemnations? Was Jesus a closet queen? A hippie? Perhaps simply a well-meaning and naive shepherd? Or was the evangelical career too short for dissemination of The Word regarding not only homosexuality, but necrophilia, coprophagia, gerontophilia, pedophilia, and urophilia as well? Were

they beneath his notice? Would He have been shocked, repelled and distressed by the actual gamut of sexual expression? Or would He have embraced us all with infinite compassion, wisdom, and the knowledge that His Father placed us all on this planet for good (if rather curious) reasons? I would like to think of Christ as tolerant and compassionate. If He were so, His disappointment in The Church must be profound and the degenerative metamorphosis of His teachings must be a grievous burden indeed. And such discussions of His actual meaning and intent have all the value of those medieval mental caprices concerning the angel population upon a pinhead.

Father Robert continued by advising that if being gay makes you a fuller person, it is good. "You are here because you have found yourself." The communion was free to all. I would have been a cad to partake and surely some form of etheral lightning would have struck me down if I had, so I contented myself with observing the congregation and those receiving communion. If eclecticism denotes success, the American Church is assured of a healthy future. And I pay great compliment in saying that it has obviously succeeded in making itself attractive to diverse types. The church was not filled, but it was a larger group than I would have expected to see at any... um, normal service these days.

Several rows ahead of me were two leather/cycle queens, one sporting a moderately discreet earring. (I found it slightly disconcerting when he went forward to take communion as the massive assortment of keys on his belt, and the thud of those sturdy boots were

Father Robert on the steps of the church.



Reading the scriptures

somewhat at odds with the traditionalist's sanctuary. There was a generous sampling of young executive types, a few single girls sitting rather apprehensively, a few elderly couples—(perhaps there to try and understand the problems confronting because of the location of the church, I wonder how long it will remain in captivity. If there are any with philanthropic urges among my readers, I, an outsider with only cursory examination of the facilities, could give a vital and basic list of supplementary aids this group could put to good use.)

their sons and daughters? I wish I had been bold enough to ask.) There was, as could be expected, the lone middle-aged gay, so foolishly calling attention to his age by dressing in jump suit with pink-seined strands around his neck. But the majority were ordinary people with average faces, dressed causally and unassumingly. (There was certainly a most refreshing absence of ties and tight collars, flowered Easter hats and embroidered bags.)

Next to me sat an elderly black woman who seemed as unsure of the mechanics of the service as I. The young man on her other side effortlessly assisted her and they shared the same hymnal from mid-point in the proceedings. This, I thought to myself, is true "communion," with this, perhaps the entire Church might save itself.

After the service, there was a social hour. About one-third of the congregation came. I have no idea why more did not take advantage of this invitation. Was it due to pressing engagements, fear of too much exposure, or indifference? I found it interesting. Active participation and exchange of ideas in literate conversation has always satisfied me more than the passive observance of ritual.

After helping myself to coffee, and while waiting for a chance to speak with Father Robert, (the center of an eager crowd of admirers) I moved around the room looking over the various signs on tables and walls. One advertised the availability of color photographs taken at the American Church's first communion. Another: "Join Our Gay Pamphleteers!" Another: "Are You Gay?" Married? (with wife and children?) Join H.U.M.A.N.—Homosexuals United Married and Natural." I was told by Father Robert that one of his parishioners was in the process of gathering together those with the same background as he. (Revealing. This could be an interesting article in itself. I am especially curious about "Natural"...) I did manage to grab a few moments of Father Robert's time. I began by asking if printed copies of his sermons were available. Sadly, they are not. From notes, he speaks extemporaneously and, due to the theft of a tape recorder, they are behind in transcribing the sermons. (They now have another recorder, but

I didn't feel I was privileged to enough of his time to reveal myself as a heretic, so I simply asked if he felt that religion was really necessary for everyone, even today.

"Oh, yes. Absolutely."  
"Even if one has a well-developed sense of moral commitment?"  
"But how many of us do?"

Father Robert was once again pulled from me and I began conversing with another official of the American Church whose name I didn't get and am sorry about as he proved to be as charming as Father Robert. We were joined by another young man and the three of us explored some of the avenues open to the American Church. We ended with the tentative agreement that when homosexuality is no longer considered a "disease," a "social problem," the American Church, as such, would cease to exist. It seems rather odd to hope for the demise of a noble institution, doesn't it? However, one assumes that day is far enough in the future that we needn't plan the funeral rites just yet. Very few religious organizations are ready to encourage sodomites to join the flock. I dare not even dream of a time when people can come together in complete honesty, without violently cataclysmic repercussions. I sincerely wish the American Church well. There is a need for it. As long as there are gays who have deeply and sincerely loved their faith, only to have been callously and contemptuously abandoned by it, yet have refused to abandon it themselves—(such incredible loyalty boggles the imagination)—there is a need for the American Church.

I have felt since beginning this article that I have not approached the subject correctly. My visit, and the depth of my exploration, was superficial to say the least. I started to postpone the project until I could be more thorough. Then it occurred to me that I was simply being presumptuous. It is Reverend Father Robert Clement himself who should speak for his church. Obviously, I thought of interviewing him, but I am hardly the person for that task.

In our limited conversation, Father Robert spoke of the limited outlets for advertising their services. Beside the "grapevine," the ad placed in GAY had been quite successful. (This is where I noted the information I needed.) Therefore, I would like to invite him to discuss the American Church in a future issue of this newspaper. It should prove beneficial to him as well as to our readers.

Parting Shot: ("Where-Is-My-Wandering-Boy-Tonight?" Dept.) On the wall of the Holy Apostles' ladies room—(well, everybody else was using it...) appears the most delightful bonbon of graffiti I have seen in some time. Without elaboration: "Attention RANDY AGNEW—Please call your father." "Nuff said."



# THE LAST ESTATE

BY GREGORY BATTOCK

Two major problems right now are 1) mouse and 2) getting to Paris over Thanksgiving. The apartment is full of mice. I mixed poison with sugar and they gobbled it up, licked their plates clean and returned with their pals from 3C, 2D and 2B. They aren't afraid of people and, like the rats in Riverside Park, follow around expecting a tid-bit.

I tried to borrow a cat, except the cats people offered for rent didn't look like they'd ever catch a mouse. Finally, on Riverside Drive I stumbled upon a poor, messy, skinny cat. It was a horror, and like a fool, I bought it fish, ground meat, cream, cooked for it and put up with the smell and the howling. At last, the day before I was to get rid of it, she caught her first mouse, which would have gotten away if I hadn't intervened with the dust pan.

I conned Majorie Strider into "boarding" the fucking animal until Majorie realized I wasn't traveling and could re-assume my responsibilities... she was on the phone in two shakes calling me a "... stupid shit" and demanding I take the "vicious beast" back.

Oh, I almost forgot. The reader will, no doubt, remember my poor sick mother—the one I buried in Tangier? Well, in fact she's alive and kicking, however it's father who is worrying.

Father, who was lucky enough to get separated from mother a few years back, lived in an exceptionally squalid apartment in a slummy part of Yonkers (after he got rid of Mother, of course) but it was home. Since his stroke at

Glenwood Falls last week, the tacky apartment, furnished with ash-tray stands, magazine pictures of Johnson and Kennedy, old menus and empty liquor bottles has been ransacked by mother. The father has by no means enjoyed his last breath, she raided his pad, went through everything and, faced with his demise, maintained her familiar, vicious hatred for poor daddy.



Battcock takes flight

Well, dear reader, by the time you start in on this column Daddy will have slipped away, Mommy will be happy and on her way to Parma de Majorca, and everybody will still be wondering where daddy hid all his money.

I thought I'd make the above passage very moral, like... well, it's all quite filthy. So let's leave morality to the church. They don't know what to do with it either. Today was a nice day and I went to the beach. Some man succeeded in ruining the afternoon by following me around, hanging around, sitting there staring at me. Finally, in order to get rid of him, I showed him my cock. He didn't go away. Only two alternatives left—insult him or leave myself, which I did.

I think we'd all be better off if we stopped trying to communicate. That's how a lot of bad, anti-human ideas get spread around. The rampage against humanity by modern industrial society can be stopped quite easily if everybody would only shut up for a minute.

Everybody should stop talking, stop buying, stop paying taxes, stop listening, stop looking, stop thinking, stop obeying, stop wanting, stop reading, stop working and stop hoping. Instead we should just sit there and have a bit of grass or a sip of wine and leave them with nothing to manipulate, regulate, subjugate or humiliate.

While sipping my wine I have to figger out how to get to Paris over Thanksgiving. I also promised to take Jaime, who I made friends with in the park last night. Jaime is from Rincon, lives on East 178th St. in the Bronx and has never been to Paris. "Well, maybe Andy Warhol will send both of us to Paris over Thanksgiving" I said. "Who's Andy Warhol?" he asked. "He's an artist" I said. "So am I!" he replied. "What do you paint?" "My aunt and my mother. And I can paint cars and flowers." "Oh, Andy Warhol paints flowers too." "Perhaps you could paint Andy Warhol's portrait" I added. "I don't know. What does he look like?" he said. "He was on Time magazine." Well, dear reader, I guess that's enough of that. Incidentally, the story ends nicely. I called up Andy and left a message with his service. Later that night my phone rang. "Bertha Schaeffer Gallery" I said. "Well, this is Bertha Schaeffer" said the voice. "Bertha who?" I asked. "Bertha Schaeffer" said Andy. "Oh, it's you. I wondered if you wanted

to send me and my Puerto Rican friend to Paris over Thanksgiving this year?" "Yes, O.K., fine." Andy said. Now I've got to find the Puerto Rican again. I didn't even get his name.

On Thursday I bought a tape recorder at Korvette's. By eleven p.m. it was broken. On Friday I had a wreck on the Garden State Thruway. I got demolished between an Oldsmobile and a Cadillac. American cars should be banned from the roads. They are unmanageable and unsafe. On Friday night, bleeding and battered, I gave a little dinner party for blank and blank. (They complained once about my mentioning their names in this column. Just one complaint is all it takes, and you never get mentioned again. Some people would give their right arm to read their names in print. I know I would. Some people never complain. I've mentioned Craig Clairborne's name quite a few times, and there's never been a peep out of him. Dr. Henry never complains. Jill Johnston (and sometimes John Perreault) show their appreciation by retaliating in their respective columns. Henry at least occasionally dedicates a book to me, which is always nice.)

At the dinner party for the blanks, we had a pheasant pate and a duck pate. Then a nice roast (tho perhaps ever so slightly over-cooked) with plain Dijon and Bordeaux mustards. There was a nice stringbean salad and the wines included a white Mersault (1961), a 1966 Chateau Nenin St. Emillion, a 1962 Bran-Cantenac Margaux, and a '61 Pommard. We would have had chicken breasts in a cream and champagne sauce if the fucking butcher wasn't on another of his perpetual holidays. When I complained that he had had another holiday, he explained that bla bla was seven thousand years old. "That doesn't justify it" I said. "No wonder this country is going to the dogs. Too many holidays. Nobody gets any work done." "You're right" he said. "It's the Puerto Ricans and those Italians..."

# MILDRED PIERCE MEETS KING KONG



A tender moment

BY ARTHUR BELL

The man I love and a tough lady editor of children's books have both accused me of being a packrat and I am. I read newspapers and magazines with scissors in one hand and a ballpoint in the other keeping a filing cabinet and manilla folders stuffed with such business as cat literature, letters from someone I knew in Texas, and Joan Crawford.

I started the Crawford folder in 1965 because Life Magazine did a reporting job on a cross-country Crawford tour to promote Pepsi Cola and her then current vehicle, *Straightjacket*. Life pictured La Crawford as a tough, automated, real-life bitch, driving business associates and hired help to a frenzy, demanding perfection from all. I kept the article because it gave a good insight into a lady who takes herself too seriously and who is still powerful enough to create fear and faithfulness.

The phenomenon of Crawford is a fascinating one—a forty-two year fight to stay on top. Her career started in the pre-sound days of *Our Dancing Daughters*. Star roles in *Grand Hotel*, *Rain*, *The Gorgeous Hussey*, *Susan and God*, *A Woman's Face*, sleek MGM days that blossomed into black-and-white Warner Brothers nights—*Mildred Pierce*, *The Damned Don't Cry*—and faded into Columbia and Republic freak show matinees. Whatever happened to Baby Joan continues to happen at your local neighborhood movie house with the soon-scheduled opening of *Trog*.

The day I saw *Trog*, I also saw *The Women*, MGM, 1939, at the Museum of Modern Art. In *The Women*, Joanie-girl plays Crystal Allen, the bad lady who comes between Norma Shearer and her off-screen husband. Joan's bubble-bath telephone scene is viciousness incarnate. Her role is one of the two meatiest in the film (Rosalind Russell has the meatiest part), but I disliked Joan's playing of it because I got into that terrible thing of



Trog nurses a child.



Joan enters the cave with a camera



"We won't take him any Pepsi"

where does the screen Crawford end and the real Crawford begin? The total Crawford reminds me of the mother of a beautiful Columbian boy I know, a woman who plays little girl helplessness to her son and has him so wrapped up in the game, he can't break. He takes mama out on dates, plays the husband-lover role. Mama loves all of his friends and cuts his balls off. Joan Crawford, along with Bette Davis and Barbara Stanwyck, are the movie mamas of all Columbians. I, for one, would rather be nursed by Carole Lombard.

I must confess, however, that I enjoyed *Trog*, and I must also confess that I'm a fool for the *King Kong*, *Terry and the Pirates*, serious-funny films, and that my chief delight in *Trog* is the same Miss Crawford. Why, after all this? Because Joan Crawford gets her come-uppance. She takes herself so damn seriously that the Crawford thing works and comes out funny Carol Burnett. There she is, an anthropologist in her laboratory, pale blue smock, enormous eyes, heavy brows, honey blonde hair. "Did it crawl?" she asks. "Did it make sounds? Malcolm, I must go into that cave before the police."

Joan, of course, goes into the cave and poor Trog is captured. He, or it, is nothing but a prehistoric cave dweller who looks like a sick cousin to Kim Hunter in *Planet of the Apes*. Trog is backwards, being prehistoric, of course, but has a heart of gold. Joan, in the Crawford manner, goes about training him, humanizing him, Pepsi-Colaing him into modern submission. She knows he has all of those great human values, but just can't express himself adequately. He grunts. Evil Michael Gough doesn't like what's happening, breaks into the laboratory, taunts Trog, and Trog goes berserk (which, incidentally, is the title of a 1968 Crawford classic which is well worth missing). Trog kidnaps a little blonde girl, more Sparkle Plenty than Fay Wray, and carries the child back to the cave from whence he fled. Everyone in England is hysterical. But brave Joan Crawford knows where Trog's hairy head is at. "Malcolm, get me my hypo gun. I'm going into that cave again." Does Joan conquer Trog as she did *Johnny Guitar* and Michael Widing in *Torch Song*? Of course she does, in a pants suit, yet.

If you love Crawford, you may be horrified by *Trog*. If you expect a great film, you'll be disappointed. But if you're in a silly mood, and you want to see the self-made queen of them all playing court jester, I suggest you run down to 42nd Street for the time of your life—and be sure to treat yourself to a Pepsi at intermission.

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## Pen Points



## HAIRDRESSER'S HORROR

Dear Gay:  
I just received my issue of GAY which says "Hairdresser Shelters Agnew's Son."

As a hairdresser, I have had to battle being labeled and now when the profession is finally accepted and we're joining the ranks of the business world as sound and secure people, you allow a writer to use the hairdresser to imply that Randy Agnew is a fag and latent queen and then to put two drooly pictures of him looking super butch.

He's gorgeous and the son of the Vice-President. Run his pictures all you want, but this sort of "Confidential" report was not in keeping with your policy of the past.

You should apologize to hairdressers first and also to Randy Agnew. What a really dumb thing to do. Shame on you!

C.S. & R.B.  
Washington, D.C.

Ed. Note: GAY reprinted (for general interest) the story uncovered by the

well-known syndicated columnist, Jack Anderson. We didn't let things rest with Anderson's story, however, but commissioned Arthur Bell to gather facts in an exclusive interview with young Agnew himself. Both Agnew and the hairdresser denied that they were homosexuals in GAY No. 35.

Even if the hairdresser and the Vice-President's son were homosexuals, so what? As with pot-smoking, it happens in the best of families. In the case of the Vice-President, if it were true, we might be able to say it happens in the worst of families, too! But homosexual behavior is perfectly honorable behavior. Even hairdressers may behave homosexually without fear of beamirchment, although, as you so ably demonstrate, not all do

## GLF-N.Y. OBJECTS

Dear Gay:

Please print the following in the interests of responsible reporting and as a rebuttal to the inflammatory falsehoods contained in Randolph Wicker's GLF GOES BROKE (The Wicker Basket-GAY, Oct. 12th).

Mr. Wicker charged that GLF members threw bottles at policemen thereby starting a riot in the Village (following the 42nd St. Demonstration). When I confronted him, Wicker admitted he was not even on the scene when bottles were thrown and got his information from people who claimed to have been there BUT could not give names or even vague descriptions of the alleged "riot inciters!"

Wicker further judged the politics of "many of those arrested and bailed out"

as well as their moral characters by implying that they would jump bail. Exactly three people arrested required bail—one a sixteen-year-old boy and two men in their twenties. None are GLF members, none have any political leanings that I am aware of (and I have spent considerable time with all three since their arrests), and all have been present in Court as directed!

As regards the accounting of the GLF treasury, I will be happy to correct the glaring discrepancies when similar accountings of the following treasuries are made public by Wicker: GAA, MATTACHINE, DOB, CSLDC, and WSDG.

Wicker's column was a vicious and unwarranted attack on The Gay Liberation Front reflecting his own prejudices with no basis in fact!

Bob Kohler

Gay Liberation Front-N.Y.

## ROMANTICISM &amp; THE BIBLE

Dear GAY:

I was quite impressed by the thoughts expressed by Larry Schramm in the September 21 issue of GAY since they agree exactly with my own. His statement in the 4th column on Page 10 about the majority of the gay people being as food as the straight is very true. I will go one further and say that in some cases they are even better. It seems to me that some people who are gay push themselves beyond what they would normally do in life, possibly because of the stigma society has set up against them. In many instances they are more conscientious and

loyal than their heterosexual counterparts.

I am in complete agreement also with Larry's statement on Page 11, column 3. I could see little meaning to a gay life if it was not based upon a sincere love and devotion in which one would die for the other and would want to spend their lives together. Can sex have a meaning without love, could it be supported by the Bible, or would it be just a passing fancy with one disappointment after another?

Contrary to popular opinion, I do not believe the Old Testament account condemned the people of Sodom because they were gay, but rather because their acts were not based upon love but were based solely upon self-gratification equivalent to that of an animal.

Sincerely,

F.T., New Jersey

Ed. Note: You'll be pleased to know that L.A.'s Groovy Guy, Larry Schramm, says he's found "The One" since the contest. The man for him is Mike Britain, who gave Larry an engagement ring. "I'm not taking it off," said Larry.

Sorry, we can't go "one further" with you by saying that gays may be better than straights. Generalizations frighten us. People are people. Nor are we, in spite of the fact that we are lovers, anxious to perpetuate Hollywood myths which say that lives are meaningless without lifemates. Many wonderful single people lead meaningful lives. Why create a value system which locks them out?

Finally, we do not share your enthusiasm for the Bible, nor for reinterpretations of the "good" book. ■



## to love is not to keep score

Norma Louise Hutman, Ph.D. is a university professor in northern New York State. We are very pleased to welcome Dr. Hutman to the pages of GAY.

BY  
DR. NORMA LOUISE HUTMAN

After complimenting GAY on some of the most literate writing and sanest thinking to be found anywhere, I should, I think, voice my single misgiving: I fear that not everyone who could profit from GAY is going to read it. (I mean, we all know people we cannot imagine picking up a copy at the corner newsstand and actually walking down the street with it!) I propose, then, a campaign to spread the gospel: saving only those issues containing pictures or articles with which you can't bear to part, leave other issues in suitable spots such as the magazine rack of your local New York Public Library. I deposited two issues, in proper alphabetical order between *The French Review* and *Genetic Psychology* on the college library shelves and they had circulated somewhere within the ensuing 24 hours. (I like to think that some colleague reached absentmindedly for a familiar journal and got instead a surprise similar to but more pleasant than Pandora's.) You might similarly enlighten habitues of the Long Island Railroad or deposit copies in such likely spots as the pamphlet rack in St. Patrick's. But you get the idea: spread the word.

One word I am particularly anxious

should be widely publicized is the recognition—see the first issue's editorial—that there is only one world: not straight, not gay; one. And because this is so, everything that happens to one social unit, group, nation, effects everyone else. Increasingly, I'm convinced that in this interaction of people, the social majority stands to gain more than it gives. All that society can offer the gay community is acceptance (legal reform, removal of job discrimination are all sub-divisions of acceptance; sometimes we are forced to substitute law for intelligence as in racial integration, but it's a mediocre substitute); what the gay population, like any minority, can contribute to society is all that characterizes its identity. And if indeed gay is good, that can add up to quite a bit.

In this single, envisioned and emerging world of mutual acceptance, I can see several very specific things which the gay community, having been forced to define itself and to explore life more honestly than hypocritical occidental society is wont to do, can contribute.

For starts: the recognition that sex is good. How on earth or anywhere else, the Judeo-Christian West, which so literally believes god-made-little-old-me that it fought scientific demonstrations of human evolution, can then decide that the body and the ordinary, spontaneous functions of the body are evil escapes me. As a tenet it defies logic, but as a belief it's been around for a long time. Perhaps it represents some kind of communal death wish: deny the flesh because flesh is life.

2. Love is positive rather than

negative. Love consists in doing for someone, not in doing to or, if you will, doing in. To love is not to keep score. For insofar as the number of violations of some artificial code of literal fidelity determines our relationships we make love a matter of numbers (how do I love thee? let me count the times I've caught thee cheating?) and substitute astuteness for honesty. It becomes more important not to be caught than to make your lover the intentional center of your life. Exactng a promise of literal fidelity (I solemnly swear not to screw except with you) imposes a kind of verbal chastity belt which, like its physical counterpart, usually doesn't work.

3. Not obligated by marriage vows to false honesty, many homosexuals recognize—as literate gay fiction attests—that the categories of emotional and sexual relationships are vertical not horizontal (okay, let's agree that the pun is the lowest but also the most universal form of humor and then let it lie—oops!). Specifically I mean that people are related to one another by various degrees of disinterested or self-serving concern, from the kind of absolute devotion in which the mere mention of his/her name turns you on and inside-out to, I suppose, sex-for-money. Love is love, desire is desire, lust is lust, exploitation is exploitation. In these and all the intermediary categories, the sex of your opposite number is important only insofar as it determines what fits where. The possibilities can be endless.

4. And life is precisely that: a possibility or potential to be explored and fulfilled, in mind and body because

we are—puritan culture, Jansenist inheritance and St. Augustine notwithstanding—mind and body. One of contemporary drama's more devastating lines is Jacques Roux' observation in Peter Weiss' *Marat/Sade* that "anyone believes what he is told over and over again." The Judeo-Christian tradition has been telling us that we are dust, dung and doomed to a life of suffering. Such a theory produces, of course, its own evidence: if you convince people that it is their destiny to be miserable, they will not do anything about being happy. Pie is to be had in the sky; also, presumably, the rest of the goodies. Cultures which have believed the opposite—that life is an opportunity to exploit—tend to leave after them besides dust things like the *Orestia*, the *Iliad* and the Acropolis, not to mention a state of mind which has made civilization possible for some 25 subsequent centuries.

At the moment the notion that life is endless possibility seems the exclusive property of minorities and Thoreau enthusiasts. It is possible that a radical dose of such thinking a few decades ago might have prevented the environmental mess we have made of the planet, a kind of ecological "after me, the deluge." At its best, hedonism affirms the creative dimension in life; in turn, homosexual society at its best is hedonistic.

5. The hedonist is able to see that sex can be its own *raison d'être*, an end in itself. It needn't be, of course. It is just as silly to argue that love and sexual union are incompatible as to accept literally the idiot lyrics of the song which proclaims

continued on page 10

## HALLOWEEN COSTUME PARTY

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# The Wicker Basket



BY RANDOLFE WICKER

**HARPER'S TO BE SEIZED:**

An outrageously prejudiced article entitled "The Struggle for Sexual Identity" appeared in the September issue of *Harper's Magazine*. Writer Joseph Epstein filled 11 pages with his personal reflections about homosexuals who he obviously loathes and has felt personally threatened by since an older man first approached him when he was sixteen years old and suggested they go to bed together. His propositioner offered money. He refused explaining, "It really is nice of you to ask me and I certainly don't mean to hurt your feelings, but the truth is, next year I intend to begin studying for the priesthood. I hope you'll understand."

"He accepted this," Epstein recalls, "wished me all good luck, and left. Fishing some change out of my pocket while walking down to the subway, my hand shook badly."

Epstein, whose wife has recently divorced him, not only dislikes homosexuals, but he actively worries about gay couples copulating in the sanctity of their own apartments.

"On those occasional bleak mornings when I should like to drive away from it all, and keep driving, do I hate homosexuals for eluding the weight of my own responsibilities?" Epstein muses. "Do my difficulties go still deeper, are they even more elemental? A lady of my acquaintance, a woman in her forties of considerable sophistication, lives in a building in Chicago in which also live a homosexual couple who have invited her to a number of parties. She, in turn, invited them to some of hers. Although they fool no one about the exact nature of their sexuality, both men attempt to pass as heterosexual. One of them, thinking he has hit on a successful formula for his duplicity, pretends to get drunk and proceeds to make heavy-handed passes at her female guests. 'Why, the nerve of that son-of-a-bitch,' she said. 'You just know that after

putting on that spectacle, the two of them go down to their apartment and fuck the daylight out of each other. I must say I find it appalling.' I must add, I do too. Not the duplicity, but what goes on in that apartment. How middle-class, how irretrievably square, how culture-bound, how unimaginative—I cannot get over the brutally simple fact that two men make love to each other."

As the pages pass, the article gets even worse until finally Epstein sums up: "There is much my four sons can do in their lives that might cause me anguish, that might outrage me, that might make me ashamed of them and of myself as their father. But nothing they could ever do would make me sadder than if any of them were to become homosexual. For then I should know them condemned to a state of permanent niggedom among men, their lives, whatever adjustment they might make to their condition, to be lived out as part of the pain on the earth."

GAA established a committee several weeks ago to approach *Harper's* about printing an equally lengthy and detailed article giving the homosexual's point of view. At first, *Harper's* said they would consider such a piece but after two or three articles were submitted, they changed horses in mid stream saying that they felt "The Masculine Mystique" pretty well covered the area of homosexuality so far as they were concerned.

Now that regular channels have been exhausted, GAA plans to seize *Harper's* offices. Some will sit in until told to move by the police, several are ready to be arrested if necessary. Feminist groups used a similar tactic to win concessions from *Cosmopolitan* magazine during the past year.

**RADICAL LESBIANS AT ODDS WITH ALL:**

New York GLF, if we are to believe their publication *COME OUT*, is riddled by male-female conflicts. The radical lesbians charge that GLF "continues to exhibit sexism, racism and middle class political attitudes."

Things really came to a boil when GLF allied itself with the Black Panther Party. Male-female conflicts were intensified by homosexual-heterosexual conflicts. This was especially evident when the radical lesbians attended the Black Panther convention in Philadelphia a few weeks ago.

After much negotiating, the Panthers agreed to allow a third world woman to speak to the convention regarding women's liberation and the lesbian's demands. However, when evening came, the woman who was supposed to speak was denied admission to the convention hall.

The Panthers finally called an "all woman's meeting" which was presided over by a Panther woman while male Panther guards ringed the rooms and balconies. The male guards enraged the lesbians.

On issues, the Panther women and lesbians split. The abolishment of the

nuclear family, heterosexual-role programming and patriarchy was dismissed as "bourgeois" by Panther women while demands for 24-hour child care centers were hailed as "right-on revolutionaries." Finally, however, the lesbian demands were deleted from the list of final demands issued by the convention. The radical lesbians left with a decided distaste for Black Panthers and the Black Panther Party.

**PLEASE DON'T TOUCH:**

Members of L.A.'s GLF picketed the Farm, a popular West Hollywood gay bar, demanding customers be allowed to "touch, hold hands, put our arms around each other, kiss."

An abortive "touch-in" the previous week resulted in the bodily ejection of several of the demonstrators. The bar's owner charged that GLF was trying to force him to allow groping. GLFers replied they only wanted for homosexuals to have the same right to display affection in public as heterosexuals.

The owner said such behaviour could lead to a "lewdness bust" and put the continued existence of his business in jeopardy. He could lose his liquor license, he declared, which has a market value between twelve and fourteen thousand dollars.

**GAY CLUBS BURNED IN TEXAS:**

A number of gay spots have been hit by fires and bombings in Texas during the past year or so. The Palace, Plantation Club and Bullseye clubs have been hit in Houston. La Casita in Corpus Christi was the first hit about a year ago. Since then the Maison Rouge, also in Corpus Christi, and the Kon-Tiki in Galveston have been burned. Ron Lavine of Houston's Palace Club which as reopened at a new location has offered a \$10,000.00 reward for information leading to the conviction of those responsible.

**FIVE YEARS FOR MURDER:**

An 18-year-old marine who allegedly sported a knife early one evening last February and bragged to two marine buddies that he was going to go out and "roll a queer" received a 5-year sentence for stabbing a 46-year-old Norfolk, Virginia accountant to death.

He claimed Samuel T. Crosswhite Jr. had made advances toward him, that when he refused and asked to be driven back to town, Crosswhite pulled once again into a darkened area and had commenced choking and beating him. Gregory Hire, the marine, claimed he killed Crosswhite in self-defense.

He was convicted of voluntary manslaughter and sentenced to five years in jail. Since he had already served six months, he will be eligible for parole in nine more months.

The marine's defense attorney said Crosswhite's death was the "high cost of proclivity." Crosswhite had been cut twice on the left hand, twice on the right arm, and stabbed seven times in the torso. Hire, the marine, "came out without a scratch."

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**N.Y. CANDIDATES COME OUT**  
(continued from page 3)

Abzug: Yes; Chisholm: Yes; Koch: Yes; Bingham: No; Schneck: No; Sprague: Yes. (Schneck wrote here: "This is not the province of the Federal Govt. No one should be forced to hire someone that he feels is unqualified because of emotional aberrations.")

**QUESTIONS FOR CANDIDATES FOR THE STATE ASSEMBLY**

1. Do you favor total repeal of the New York State Sodomy and Solicitation laws?  
All candidates for State Assembly listed above answered "Yes" EXCEPT FOR Sidney B. Levitt (40th Assembly District, Brooklyn), Rosemary R. Gunning (R.L.—34th Assem.—Queens), Seymour Power (D.—76th Assem.—Bronx), and Martin R. Fine (R.—64th Assem.). The following candidates qualified their "Yes" by excluding minors as objects of the repeal of state laws: Pinkney, Koppell, Gottlieb and Gottfried. Seymour Posner did not answer.

2. Will you work for an end to police harassment and entrapment of homosexuals?  
All candidates for State Assembly listed above answered "Yes" except for Seymour Posner (D.—76th Assem.—Bronx).

3. Will you work for an end to police harassment of bars and other public facilities catering to homosexuals?  
All candidates for State Assembly listed above answered "Yes" except for Rosemary R. Gunning (R.L.—34th Assem.—Queens) and Seymour Posner (D.—76th Assem.—Bronx).

4. Would you support an investigation of the State Liquor Authority concerning its harassment of bars and other public facilities catering to homosexuals?  
All candidates for State Assembly listed above answered "Yes" except for Martin R. Fine (R.—64th Assem.), Rosemary R. Gunning (R.L.—34th Assem.—Queens) and Stephen S. Gottlieb (D.—71st Assem.). Mr. Gottlieb did not understand the question and affixed a question mark.

5. Would you support a fair employment law which prohibits the refusal to hire and the firing of employees solely on the basis of their homosexuality?  
All candidates for State Assembly listed above answered "Yes" except for Martin R. Fine (R.—64th Assem.), Rosemary R. Gunning (R.L.—34th Assem.—Queens) qualified her "Yes" by writing: "Except for security or where appearance more necessary: positions dealing with general public or action."

6. Would you work for an end to income tax discrimination against single persons?  
All candidates for State Assembly listed above answered "Yes" except for Sidney B. Levitt (R.—40th Assem.—Bklyn.) and Seymour Posner (D.—76th Assem.—Bronx). Oliver Koppell (D.—84th Assem.) answered "To some degree."

7. Would you support the revocation of the tax-exempt status of those tax-exempt institutions (religious, psychiatric and educational) that defame homosexuals and lobby against them?  
All candidates for State Assembly listed above answered "Yes" except for Martin R. Fine (R.—64th Assem.), George Sponakos (R.—52nd Assem.—B'klyn Hgts.), Sidney B. Levitt (R.—40th Assem.—B'klyn.), Oliver Koppell (D.—84th Assem.), Seymour Posner (D.—76th Assem.—Bronx), and Richard N. Gottfried (D.—65th Assem.). Candidates who questioned or commented on this question were Rosemary R. Gunning, who wrote: "Where real defamation and not expression of moral or public policy position," next to her "Yes." Stephen S. Gottlieb wrote: "This hadn't occurred to me before." and Richard N. Gottfried who wrote: "As to No. 7, the criterion for tax exemption should not be the particular position of a group, but whether its activities go beyond the kinds of activities allowed to any tax exempt group."

Stephen J. Solari (D.—45th Assem.—B'klyn.) indicated that he did not feel that the question was clear, and thus could not answer.

8. Would you work to oppose governmental collection of data on the sexual preferences of individuals?  
All candidates for State Assembly listed above answered "Yes" except for Martin R. Fine (R.—64th Assem.), Sidney B. Levitt (R.—40th Assem.—B'klyn.), Oliver Koppell (D.—84th Assem.) and Seymour Posner (D.—76th Assem.—Bronx).

9. Would you work for an immediate investigation of the insurance and bonding companies which practice discrimination against homosexuals?

All candidates for State Assembly listed above answered "Yes" except for Martin R. Fine (R.—64th Assem.) and Oliver Koppell (D.—84th Assem.). Rosemary R. Gunning qualified "Yes" with: "If real discrimination not valid security concern."

Several candidates wrote comments and words of encouragement at the bottoms of their questionnaires. Others, such as Bella Abzug and Edward I. Koch have long demonstrated concern for the rights of homosexual citizens.

Candidates' comments (both federal and local) were as follows:

Shirley Chisholm: Homosexuals are human beings and should enjoy all liberties and opportunities afforded all other citizens.

Edward I. Koch: A letter of support was attached to his questionnaire.

Bella Abzug: telephoned and asked "What can I do now for the homosexual community?"

Martin R. Fine: Most of the questions are



**SHIRLEY CHISHOLM:** "Homosexuals are human beings and should enjoy all liberties and opportunities afforded all other citizens." Rep. Chisholm is a Congressional Candidate for Brooklyn's 12th Congressional District. Democrat.

**KATE MILLETT DISCUSSES LESBIANISM**  
(continued from page 1)

35) "was hell, every damned moment of it. I hated it!" She explained that she had had two unhappy love affairs with women. Then she had gone to the bars on and off for about five years, but had only picked up one woman in the entire time. She commented, "I was looking for a friend, someone to love, companionship. And it wasn't to be found there. It was horrible. I was shy and uptight and scared to start a conversation with anybody."

Another thing she was scared of, she admitted, was "What will my Mother in Minnesota say?" It's terrible the way parents censor their kids and hold family councils over them, she exclaimed. For her, the upshot had been that she was disinherited by her family for being gay. Not until, however, a rich Aunt sent her to Oxford University because "she didn't like the fact that I was in love with a woman—That Woman, as they always referred to her!" So they sent her off, and she went, knowing it was the only break she was going to get. "It was that or Woolworth's, sort of," she admitted.

Looking back, Kate said that to her rich relatives "it was a social sin to be queer. But to Mother—it's a real sin! That's awful to grow up with, too." So, she explained, "I was drummed out of my own tribe. My people haven't spoken to me for 15 years. Because of supersin, you know."

After her years of unsuccessful forays to gay bars, Kate found a man she liked, and lived with him for seven years. Somewhere along the line, they succumbed to social pressures and got married, "got away from the slack, got respectability, got all those privileges." He's a marvelous person, she says, but she didn't really want to be married and it got to be oppressive. "But I had to reconsider—did I want to get back in that old (gay) bag?"

Knowledge of the gay movement actually pushed her to the point of being lesbian again, she revealed. "Things like the gay pride march—I marched in it and it just blew my mind!... Everything was different now. No oppression, no roles! I'm crazy about it anyway, how's that?" It's so great, she said, that gay people are getting out of the old gay world and making another world for themselves that's free. "That's what liberation is, and it's beautiful!"

Kate said that in her opinion "it can be more fun to live this life, more beautiful, than any other life in the

too broad and ambiguous to permit a yes or no answer.

Charles V. Drew: Every man and woman has a right to do his or her "own thing" with regard for the rights of others!

Seymour Posner: Frankly, I haven't given enough thought to the problems outlined above to answer the questions intelligently. I think that there should be freedom of personal choice, however, and would oppose discrimination against homosexuals.

Antonio Oliver: All of these are perfectly reasonable proposals which I will support.

Stephen J. Solari: Keep fighting!

George N. Spitz: I endorse the Wolfenden Report (Great Britain).

The candidate for the office of Attorney General, Adam Walinsky, gave unqualified "Yes's" to all questions except No. 6 and No. 7. Responding to Question No. 9, he wrote: "If in fact these companies do practice discrimination against homosexuals, I would work for an immediate investigation."

## High Court Refuses California Bar Case

Washington, D.C.—Oct. 12. The Supreme Court declined today to rule on the power of officials to close down homosexual bars.

The court turned down an appeal from Corlon C. Keller, a Huntington Beach, California tavern owner whose beer license was revoked because he served homosexuals.

Keller, in an appeal, said the state law was unconstitutional in that it infringes on his customers' rights of free speech and association.

The state law prohibits the keeping of "any disorderly house or place... to which people resort for purposes which are injurious to the public morals."

**OTTINGER & GOODELL**  
(continued from page 1)

Charles Goodell's statement said:

The Constitution of the United States guarantees every citizen not only the right of free expression but the right of privacy. The sexual conduct of consenting adults should not be the subject of legislative regulation. It also should not—as it so often is today be grounds for discrimination in employment for an individual who is otherwise fully qualified.

Not should it be grounds for discrimination in housing or in other civil rights. People's private sexual conduct, like their private opinions, should not be the subject of governmental investigation. Information on an individual's private sexual activities should not be a subject on which files are kept or information is stored.

These constitutional principles are today clearly being abridged and denied in reference to homosexuals, and I therefore support efforts to secure their basic rights under the Constitution.

Tax laws, welfare laws, and other legislative provisions now contain wholly indefensible discrimination against all single persons. I have fought in the Senate to eliminate that discrimination. I have supported legislation designed to provide single persons with tax and welfare treatment similar to that accorded married individuals. And, I have introduced a single room occupancy bill which would provide housing for low income single adults.

world." She confessed that in short order, she fell in love recently with about three or four beautiful women. "I like to sleep with my friends—and I have a lot of friends!" she chortled. Now, with the gay movement on the scene, "it's possible to live this life and not suffer," she contended.

One of the aims of liberation is to get through all the guilt, the shame, the masochism and self-hatred, Kate noted. "You can't be in a society that thinks you're shit without beginning to think you are. Interiorizing your oppression is hell."

But, she insisted, the marches and the various gay meetings indicate that "there's going to be a new kind of world for us to live in."

"And what's a revolution if it isn't fun?" Kate continued. "Things are really going to have to change because the old way is so horrible, and we all got smart, we got together, and we're not going to put up with it anymore. We've got a new idea of how we're going to live—we're going to live free!"

"Love changes you a lot. I dig it! I'm a love freak!" she exclaimed, adding "that's what's so beautiful about the lesbian side of the women's lib movement. This side has parties and dances, and they kiss each other."

The rest of women's lib doesn't. I'll tell you a secret—they ought to! For two reasons: they want to, and if they did, they wouldn't yell at each other so much and everybody else!"

Straight women in the women's lib movement are "patriotically straight," she charged, adding that when you love somebody and you can't let yourself kiss them, it turns to hatred and hostility.

"How do you think we're going to change the male power structure?" asked a member of the large DOB audience.

"I've got a bad habit of being a pacifist," Kate confessed. "I think you can change people instead of killing them... If you're going to change peoples' heads, talk to them, really put it out. We have to keep trying to tell people what's the matter, get the word out that the system is racist and sexist... It's a mess for everybody. That's why things like the gay pride march meant so much. But come on. It's hot in here. Let's all go downstairs for coffee and cookies!"

Clearly, Kate Millett had not given her real story to TIME magazine, but had saved it for DOB; and, perhaps, for the new and very personal book she has begun.



BY STEFEN VERK

column of counsel to our troubled brothers and sisters who seek meaningful positive guidance and not the further imposition of heterosexual or homosexual myths, hang-ups, or unearned guilts. Only letters of the widest general interest can be published, but all letters will be answered if accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope and \$1.00 for handling.

Q. I have always wanted to try anal intercourse, but I am so skinny that I am afraid anyone would find my ass too flat and scrawny to interest them. I don't suppose many people want great big fat asses, but isn't there sort of an ideal size most people prefer? I'm terribly curious as to what the ideal should be. Do you have any idea? In what country are the most perfect asses found? That might give me a clue. By the way, I'm not an old man, either. I am only 21.

M.C., Duluth

A. The ideal ass is the one on the person with whom you wish to have anal intercourse. In addition, everyone has different tastes in this matter, as they do in so many other areas. In Spain they say, PARA EL GUSTO, SE HICIERON LOS COLORES." Loosely translated, different colors for different tastes. So there really

is no ideal, except what each particular person considers most appealing. Those who argue over such esoteric matters seem to rate Puerto Rico and Morocco as leading contenders in the beautiful ass department, but I am reasonably sure that there is no lack of such attractive equipment in every other country. And don't be so sure about big fat asses, either. In some countries (not ours, of course), they are considered the very height of beauty. It might interest you to know that the fattest asses in the world are found among the Hottentots of South

penises. This dizzy number then went on to brag about how well-hung he was. The Japanese have always followed the pattern of imitating others and then bragging about how superior their versions of the borrowed idea or product turn out. They do seem to forget, however, that they... like all Mongoloid people... are racial descendants from common ancestors who originated in China! I've never been to bed with a Japanese, but I have slept with a great many Chinese and am one myself. From my experience among both Caucasians

A. Indeed, I do agree with you. One should be dealt with as a whole person, not an appliance such as a human dildo. I think you are a bit harsh on our Japanese brother, who may be misinformed about the Chinese, but whose attitude towards size-queens is the same as yours.

Q. I am a reasonably nice looking guy of thirty-five. Three years ago I had my rectum severely ripped in a wild sex session with a very sadistic one-night-stand. I required very embarrassing surgery and suffered a great deal of pain until I was completely healed again. The worst part is that it created such a fear in me that I have developed a mental block which has kept me from having sex since that time. Every time I meet some guy who appeals to me I sort of freeze up and try to get away from him as soon as I can. I immediately think of the pain I would suffer if I had sex with him. I know how idiotic this sounds, but I couldn't go through that pain and embarrassment again. Neither do I want to go the rest of my life without sex. I keep trying to think of ways to beat this thing, but I haven't come up with anything yet. I am getting desperate and don't know what to do about it. Can you suggest anything?

M.A.E., Hartford

A. Try socking. (Did you ever think of that?)

## WELL OF POSSIBILITY

Africa, and some of these have such enormous fatty deposits that they form a sort of definite shelf on which one could rest several coconuts or something, if one were so inclined. There is a delightful name for this condition, *steatopygia*, a very dignified way to say "Fat-assed." Go forth and try whatever you want. Don't try to be someone else's ideal. Just be you. That's enough.

Q. Some weeks back you printed a letter from some silly Japanese queen who insinuated that the Chinese are afflicted with the national curse of undersized

and Chinese, I would say that there is as much variety in size among one group as among the other. There are plenty of big Chinese dicks (usually of Northern Chinese background), and it might interest that snide little Madame Sukiyaki to know that I, a full-blooded Chinese, have a nice fat 10 1/2 inches hanging on my 20 year old body. There are big ones and little ones in all racial groups, but I go with people because I like them, not because of their size. And I would feel insulted if they wanted to go with me only because I am well-hung. Don't you agree with me?

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### N.Y.C. DEPUTY MAYOR MEETS GAY SPOKESMEN

continued from page 3

besides police harassment. I have been working with GAA on a fair employment law to protect homosexuals. It would be beneficial if Mayor Lindsay would speak out in favor of such a bill.

Aurelio: Mayor Lindsay has never been on the wrong side of a civil rights question.

Eben Clark: We're here to discuss the need for a meeting with Mayor Lindsay.

Aurelio: My office can handle any problems which might arise in the community. GAA has established two liaisons with the Mayor's office, which is more than any other group of people in New York has.

Eben Clark: We feel that the Mayor should hear about our problems from the lips of homosexuals! How can you expect us to believe that you can accurately relate our problems to the Mayor when you are so naive about the problems of the community? You are the most oppressive politician I've ever met since I started working for GAA. You have avoided every question put to you, not only by GAA, but by these two City Councilmen as well.

Aurelio: I am sorry to hear that, but I have more to consider than just the homosexual community. I recently had a meeting with the Greenwich Village Planning Board Councilwoman, Carol Greitzer and State

Assemblyman, R. Passanante who asked for more police to chase homosexuals from in front of the BonSoir and away from 6th Avenue and Greenwich. Perhaps if you have problems, you may establish rapport with local police precincts and a great deal might be accomplished in this manner.

Arthur Evans: We have attempted to establish liaisons with police and the gay community and police promises to GAA have never been fulfilled. It is now the policy of GAA to deal only with elected civilians to whom police are answerable.

Aurelio: I feel that you will find you can work through local precincts. I will issue a press release stating that I have met with GAA representatives, but I doubt that the papers will print it.

GAY contacted the Deputy Mayor's offices for a copy of the press release. It read:

Deputy Mayor Aurelio and Councilmen Eldon Clingan and Carter Burden met with four members of the Gay Activists Alliance to hear their grievances regarding discrimination, denial of civil liberties and other problems.

They were urged to continue their discussions with the City Commission on Human Rights and to provide the City Administration with specific instances of harassment.

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# Is There a Tea-Room on THE PRESIDENT'S FRONT LAWN?



## a visitors guide to Washington, D.C.

BY LIGE AND JACK

Listen America! Each evening before retiring, the President of the United States can sit furtively behind White House blinds and watch, in fascination and (for him) horror, as hundreds of shameless homosexuals parade across his front lawn (Lafayette Park.) If he squints, he may see a mild scowl on the face of Andrew Jackson, whose statue, spinning absurdly on a bronze horse, would voice objections (if it could) about the blatant sexual propositions flying wildly within earshot. But Andrew must, of necessity, remain mum. So too, must Nixon, except for the fact that his plainclothesmen haunt the park incessantly. Certainly no President (particularly the President of Middle America) wants to publicize the wonderful fact that his front lawn is a veritable breeding ground for unbridled homosexual behavior.

Well, what better use with which to put the President's lawn? Isn't it only right and proper that Washington, D. C. should be a gay mecca for the world's diplomats, and that repressed closetcases from Hazard, Kentucky should marvel at the fact that our nation's capital is a splendid showcase for the homosexual in America?



THOMAS JEFFERSON: "I have sworn eternal hostility against every form of tyranny over the mind of man."



THE IWO JIMA STATUE: What goes on beneath this famous monument?



THE NATION'S CAPITAL: A view from the air. Washington, D.C. is a city of broad avenues, trees, and parks. It has the deceptive face of a sleepy southern town, but is actually a bustling cosmopolitan center.

Dancing bars! Baths! Social clubs! Gay organizations! and a host of other commendable features mark the D.C. scene. You can say what you like about the dreary national tone set by our constipated politicians in high office, but their twisted ethics are happily ignored in their own neighborhoods. Three blocks from the White House stands one of the nation's oldest gay bars. For decades a summertime stroller could walk by its door and hear hundreds of joyful male voices singing. "I'm in love with a Pharmacist's Mate."

Howard, the elderly pianist, whose warm smiles greeted one generation after another, is now gone. He died sitting at the piano. But his magic touch still echos as we return to stroll through the tree-shaded streets of this enchanting city, remembering the first song we ever heard him play, "I used to walk with you, along the avenue, our hearts were carefree and gay..."

It was here in Washington that we met in 1964! Summertime. We spied one another in *The Hideaway*, a giant rathskeller across from J. Edgar Hoover's Department of Justice (9th St. & Penna. Ave., N.W.) The Beatles had just released *I Want to Hold Your Hand*. Barry Goldwater was the enemy. Our hair was short. Many Washingtonians still have short hair, but things are changing for the better. And rapidly, too!

Those were exciting days. Not to be compared to today's excitement, of course. But these were genuine seeds of optimism blowing about in 1964. America was solving her worst problems, it seemed, and the millennium was on its way. Sometimes, when we visit Washington, we can still feel the

continued on page 19



BY LILLI VINCENZ

Marcelle and I have returned from our vacation in Provincetown, Mass., where we stayed over Labor Day. Prior to that we spent three days with my parents and four days with my sister's family, consisting of one husband and three kids, who arose whooping at 6:30 in the morning. (The husband didn't whoop.)

Provincetown was our last stop, the pause that refreshed us. We slowly wound our way through all the little towns on Cape Cod, via Route 6A, rather than taking the more direct Route 6. One antique shop followed another, and the countryside was quaint and well-kept. Finally, the impressive mountain-like dunes of Truro and Provincetown came into view, a beautiful sight I hadn't seen in three years.

This was my sixth visit to P'town—and Marcelle's first. A lot of memories are associated with this colorful little town, because here, nine years ago, I sought out and met homosexuals for the first time in my life. In those days I wasn't even certain I was gay, and was still trying the other way. But when I chose P'town for my solitary vacation in 1961, I knew I would probably look up the mysterious Ace of Spades, rumored to be a bar for homosexuals, which drew me like a magnet.

My naivete was great. To make sure I didn't have the wrong bar, I asked the owner of the Gray Inn, where I was staying, about that funny little place with the pointed roof set off from the road with all those utensils hanging from the ceiling. He jokingly cautioned me to watch out when going there, lest I be assaulted by some aggressive Lesbian.

Check. It was about 8:30 when I entered the wooden cabin, which contained round tables with barrels to sit on and was decorated with different-colored light bulbs hanging from the ceiling amidst assorted antiques, like lanterns, pulleys, clothes, toilet paper, and even a lady's slip. Posters, pictures, and road signs lined the walls.

The place was almost empty. Two older women sat in one corner, a young man in another. Don't ask me why, but I sat at a table smack in the center of the room—under a light even, if my memory doesn't fail me. And there, with a vague sense of panic, I nursed my warm beer.

Nothing happened until another man entered and sat at the table next to mine. Shortly the young man joined him. At one point he turned to me, who was so patiently sitting, to offer me a cigarette "while you're waiting." Even though I refused, my gratitude at his humanitarian gesture was boundless.

Then, apparently finding his conversation with the new customer unproductive, he started talking to me, and I invited him to my table. "Are you gay?" he wanted to know. And I didn't understand. "Game?" I asked in confusion. Then I remembered having come across the word "gay" in Rollo May's book *Return to Lesbos*. "Well, I'm not excluded," was my hedging reply.

He, who was definitely gay, proceeded to tell me about his life. He'd been engaged twice, but chickened out both

times. Soon he started extolling the attractions of a New York dressmaker in her thirties whom I just had to meet. But he wanted to make sure I was interested before describing me to her. The prospect of meeting an "older" woman both intrigued and frightened me, and I remained noncommittal.

It was about 10:30, and the action was just starting, the place filling rapidly. But I had had more than enough impressions to digest for one evening and decided to reflect on my new experiences at home. Also, I didn't want to monopolize my friendly companion. We made a date to meet again tomorrow.

"Tomorrow" I was smarter and came later—too late, in fact. There was hardly any room, and the policeman at the door,

drink, and excused myself, saying I'd seen "some friends." That'll teach them to prejudge a person's inclinations!

My choice had been fine. Although no romantic possibilities were realized (to my regret), the three girls became my first gay friends. They lived together in a town with the symbolic name of New Hope, Pennsylvania. And, indeed, this time in my life brought me new hope!

I visited them there and then in Philadelphia when they moved, and got a glimpse of their complex lives. How I wanted not to be single! Particularly fascinating to me was the unattached member of the trio, a beautiful, dark-haired butch girl, who for the longest time thought I was straight, or

was led to believe so by the other two. So

Martha and Nancy (writer for the L.A. *Advocate*) had parties in their efficiency cottage, and dear old Tony accompanied us wherever we went, mainly in and out of all the marvelous little stores jammed together along narrow Commercial Street. We did lots of window shopping and people watching. A really varied assortment of types had flooded P'town over the Labor Day weekend. Truly the street "belonged to the people," for cars had to creep along humbly behind pedestrians strolling in the middle of the thoroughfare.

"I haven't seen a hateful person all weekend," said Tony as we sat at the Atlantic House listening to the superb jazz band of Perry and the Harmonics. We saw straights, gays, "hippies," older married couples, younger married couples with baby strollers, children. All intermingled peacefully.

Tony had grown a dark, curly beard, which Marcelle and I found very appealing. The dark-blue French sailor hat he had acquired at the marine surplus store, together with his mischievous smile, gave him a debonair and romantic air.

The Ace of Spades, unfortunately and sadly, seemed to have become the domain of the straight curiosity seekers. Marcelle and I went there once with Martha and Nancy (against their advice) and found the atmosphere that of a zoo—we being the animals. Although the decor was still as conducive to Gemutlichkeit as before and the piano player as good as ever, there were too many straights. A man at the next table constantly and unabashedly stared at us. We finally had to leave, as did all the other girls who came in. Usually they didn't even bother entering after casting a glance inside. Those who did, left after one drink. Sad. And sad also that not even the waiter seemed to want to make us feel at home. Ours was a grouchy man who didn't like women, or gay women specifically. I was tempted to ask, "Aren't we welcome here any more?" but decided to save my breath.

These days, of course, the bar to go to for girls is downstairs at the Town House. But this modern, dark, somber place doesn't attract me half as much as the old Ace did. It's full of people and there is dancing, but it's just not as much fun. A juke box can't compete with a piano player for atmosphere. All the singing that used to go on at the Ace, often by entertainers who happened to be among the clientele and who performed impromptu. Remember the little old lady in drag with her routine of the girl venter weaving through the tables chanting "Peanuts, Cigarettes!" as the girl gets progressively drunker? Remember her delightful rendition of "You must have been a beautiful baby . . . you must have made the little girls wild?" Everybody loved her. There were other singers, even dancers. Then, every night at closing time, the nostalgic strains of "Till Tomorrow" were sung with feeling by all—or at least I put a lot of feeling into them, as I sat there nine years ago, enchanted, in my new-found emotional home.

Is the old Ace really dead, or just temporarily "occupied territory?" Were we there at an unrepresentative time and season? I'd prefer to think not.

(to be continued)



# COMING OUT IN PROVINCETOWN

with patronizing protectiveness, seated me at a small table with two men right in front of the door, "where you'll be in good hands." The "good hands" were local yokels who had nothing better to do than ridicule the gay customers and who (the indignity of it!) assumed I agreed with them. Where was my gay friend? He was nowhere to be spotted, and my heart sank as I felt doomed to humiliation and frustration.

But despair can sometimes give rise to courage, and I scanned the place. At one table sat three girls. Three girls? They might like a fourth, I conjectured. Taking my heart in my hand, I approached them, asked to join them, and was cheerfully invited.

With the ultimate satisfaction, I returned to the old table, picked up my

much for my ability to communicate my feelings.

This meeting in Provincetown changed my life. And I wish I hadn't lost track of my three guardian angels in the gay promised land. Motherly Myra once told me, "Look before you leap." She was afraid I might get hurt. But no one could stop me from jumping into gay life—and it turned out to be a leap up rather than down.

Marcelle and I reached the old Gray Inn, which had changed its name to Ocean's Inn. We lugged our baggage up the stairs I'd climbed so often before.

But this was the best year yet, and next in importance to the first. It was a joyous, happy time, secure and peaceful at last.

We had friends from Washington there.

BY ALAN KUSHNER

**THE EVIL THAT MEN DO.** "A Newf Play" by Ed Jacobs, as the posters coolly put it, is the current, \$10.00-a-head, get-the-stupid-faggot-theatre-goer-for-every-cent-he's-worth play, and current resident at the charming Bouwerie Lane Theatre. Upon seeing the play one can only assume that title of the play is self-descriptive, and the producer is a shriveling coward. (For the record, the producer is Chandler Warren who spawned the classic of the American Theatre, *THE JUMPING FOOL*.) The presenter of Mr. Jacob's play is bravely listed as Mendo Productions. (get it) and this is the most subtle thing about the production, and the only moment of

lover, Dennis, arrive from the store, Dennis has no original lines, save one, the rest being lifted directly from (though credited) ALL ABOUT EVE, and THE BOYS IN THE BAND (Dem faggots like dose shows ya know). Dennis and Roy do not get along. To complicate matters further, Joel's younger brother, Beau, currently in an upstate New York military school (yes, the same one, though we may not know it yet) is due TOMORROW (that is important) on Fire Island for the summer. Roy and Dennis fight. Diane goes away for several scenes. Joel rubs Roy's back, and Beau arrives, a day early, filled with fear of something evil happening at school, and acknowledging knowledge of Joel's homosexuality, but saying it's all right, you do your thing, and I'll do mine. Joel skips off down the beach with joy, Beau

fight with Parish, Beau gives Roy a scissors, Roy stabs Parish many times, killing him, end of Act One.

In Act Two, Beau suffers from severe trauma, Roy tries to convince Beau that Beau killed Parish. Diane, Joel, and Dennis return from "that" party. (Don't ask any questions, please.) Roy and Beau decide to cover Parish's body with kerosine and burn it; Joel discovers them getting the kerosine. Roy threatens to burn Joel to death, Dennis grabs Roy from the rear, Joel and Roy wrestle. Beau gives Joel THAT pair of scissors, Joel stabs Roy many times, killing him. Joel, Dennis, and Diane go swimming nude. After the swim Beau tells Joel he is aware that Joel is not his brother, but his father "but I know what you are and what you want, on your knees Daddy, and unzip

relationship between the Acme Envelope Company and Lustre Cream Shampoo.

M.S. Kaplan, Production Supervisor on last year's AND PUPPY DOG TAILS has pointed out, that if such a thing as popular theatre, to which gay theatre would be a part, can exist in New York, it first must have popular prices. At \$10.00 a ticket for E.T.M.D. that makes Mr. Warren guilty of fraud! A valid theatrical experience is based on seeing real people in real situations react in a logical manner. Gay humor stems not from the random quoting of old Bette Davis lines, but using the ridiculous world of Hollywood of the Forties, to comment on the ridiculous world of the Seventies. Jokes are not written into plays, characters with senses of humor are written into plays. Audiences do not laugh at jokes, they laugh with people.

# THE EVIL THATS BEEN DONE



truth, with the possible exception of flushing the urinal in the men's room during intermission, that the evening holds.

For the record, the play is set at the home of a model agent on Fire Island (yeah, Max, da faggots'll like dat), where we meet Diane, a fag hag model, and Roy, a model-to-be who is posing as an ex-life guard from Fort Lauderdale but who is really an ex-swimming instructor at a boys' military school in up-state New York. (Please don't ask any questions, just accept this on blind faith.) Roy is apparently not gay, but does not object to being sucked off behind the dunes, and has at one time had an affair with Diane, who knows more about him than Joel, the model agent who owns the house, and has promised Roy he will help him make it big as a New York model. Joel and his

and Roy play out a type of what the author must think an S&M scene is. (The closest anyone connected with the show could have ever been to S&M is to make a chain out of paper clips.) Beau and Roy are also working together to get something from the brother Joel. Dennis and Joel now leave for one of "those" parties on Fire Island, but before they leave, Dennis hears Roy and Beau plot to do something to Joel. Roy and Beau steal Dennis' chain, and say if he tells Joel of Beau and Roy's relationship, Beau will tell Joel Dennis tried to rape him, and fighting back Beau broke the chain. With Dennis and Joel at the party, Major Parish shows up. Parish is Roy's old Boss and Beau's senior officer at the Military Academy. Beau may have stolen some money at school. Beau may be involved in a homosexual ring at school. Roy

me, unzip me Daddy and suck my cock." Curtain, End of Play.

Now this play seems to have been written by a mental deficient, and Loren Andrews, the director must be the pinhead from the ward next door. Strong words, not strong enough. These are not talented and well meaning people gone wrong. They are vicious exploiters of mankind and the theatrical equivalent of the Williams Gypsy. The show is without style, talent, humor and sex. There is about as much nudity as you see in a V.D. clinic, and it's every bit as sexy.

Last year it appeared New York may develop a Gay Theatre, everyone still talks about it, but to assume a play like E.T.M.D. is even related to theatre, gay or straight, or of any interest to a homosexual, is like assuming a direct

Last year the play goer interested in gay theatre could see David Gaaro's warmly human AND PUPPY DOG TAILS, Sal Mineo's slam bang and deliciously theatrical FORTUNE AND MEN'S EYES, and all sorts of baubles from the ingenious mind of Robert Patrick. That was a good start. Let's hope that this season will take an upswing. The gay theatre goer is a loyal friend. His ability to sit through a dog on Broadway, or a bomb on East Fourth Street and hardly complain leads us to assume "he loves the theatre. But love is a sensitive thing, and plays like THE EVIL THAT MEN DO can kill love of the theatre. That is their danger. When an audience is stolen from and insulted, that excitement of the "Theatre Experience" can go away, and when it does, it is sad for everyone, both playwright and playgoer.



**SCORE**

continued from page 9

'love and marriage go together like a horse and carriage' (I've always wondered whom the lyricist presumed to be on which side of the harness). In a culture trained to believe that pleasure is evil, survival demands some excuse for the pleasure afforded by fucking.

The only manifest by-product besides fun is offspring. Hence logic leaps into the breach (sorry about that) and offers that having babies is the sole purpose of sexual acts. In the Israelite's nomadic, theocratic society this impulse to population increase makes perfectly good sense; the deification of this practice into a principle which calls joy a sin and dismisses with anachronistic blindness both homosexuality and birth control is nonsense.

6. Equally anachronistic is the chattel concept which still writes into heterosexual marriage a notion of greater and lesser, of owner and owned.

Obviously in any relationship somebody is smarter or more experienced or more demonstrative than his partner, but these are distinctions which develop naturally. Unlike the structure of straight marriage, there is not—nor should there be—an a priori inequality in homosexual unions.

7. And if the individuals involved in a love affair bring their equally valid identities to that affair, then all role-playing is crap. Unfortunately, gay society is sometimes burdened with its own version of straight stereotyped roles: bitch and butch, dike, fem, drag queen and what-have-you. In a free experience of the man-and-man or woman-and-woman relationship, there is, however, an inherent freedom from the me-Tarzan-you-Jane lunacy which attends straight society. If you think homosexuals have been brainwashed, try talking to some women!

Men trapped in a pseudo-masculinity shell and women imprisoned by generations of maternal-passive-clinging-vine gobbledegook have a great deal to

learn from such relationships as allow each partner room to be himself.

8. And that human self is emotional. Emotions are good, like bodies—after all, they too are standard equipment on all models. Much falling in love is irrational (thank god); many very enduring relationships are logically indefensible. Survival is enhanced by trusting one's emotions a little. There is, I suspect, a certain danger in warning homosexuals against romanticism. It's irrational to sit around waiting for Prince Charming, but it's a dangerous risk to dismiss the Cinderella complex altogether. If you insist on computer matched personalities and pedigree papers before you flip out over someone, you rule out one possibility of romance and, not incidentally, a hell of a lot of marginal fun.

9. We really all want to have fun, to make the guy next door, take an occasional carefree vacation. But of course we puritans-never-do-that. Straight society tends to be an archetype of sexual hypocrisy. But where there is neither church nor state prescribing rules for one's conduct, you are free to establish whatever accords make for a harmonious relationship: this relationship and to hell with whether it's the same as all the rest.

10. More important, the emphasis on sexual freedom, the sense that one is always about to make a discovery or to be discovered creates one of the few valid clichés about homosexuals: gay men make a greater effort to look as superb as possible for as long as possible. Will someone please write a guide to looking-human-after-30 for your straight counterparts? I mean, since we get only one body, at least per incarnation, it seems a good idea to take care of it, treat it to luxuries, keep it in gloriously perfect repair. The only time I was ever in a gay bar, and thus denied the prospect of creative flirting, I did a great deal of objective looking and found the display worthy of proper aesthetic appreciation (albeit a little like dying of thirst in the Atlantic Ocean).

11. Pride in what you look like should and often does suggest pride in what and

who you are. Religion tells us to be meek, humble, eyes-downcast, knee-bent, and rubbish of that ilk. Hardly conducive to liking yourself. And it is absolutely imperative to be proud of yourself. Usually pride starts with defining yourself, something the few homosexuals I know well have done, something which the population in general might well try.

12. Pride implies self-confidence, the assurance that you are the only valid criterion for your own existence. To conform is to perish: one more ant on the anthill is a matter of some indifference, but every person who insists upon or has been forced by circumstances—as certainly overt homosexuals are—to define his own way of life makes a unique contribution to life just by being different.

One of those beautiful people I describe as my household deities, the geneticist Rene Dubois, once suggested that if we can program people, determine by genetic computer judgment how to make people, we should so program mankind as to create the greatest possible variety, for only in so doing do we make creativity possible. People who so preach should get some special award: whatever the hedonist equivalent of canonization would be.

And if variety and originality are virtues, then the straight majority—conditioned to fit into pre-described boxes (or bags, if you prefer)—certainly needs the gay segment of society to save it from its own built-in sterility.

What I anticipate is, optimistically, a kind of community lesson in sexual sanity for the anti-sexual society which has never been forced by social pressures to think about its reality—the reality of each individual—in sexual terms.

If science is progressively making it possible for everyone to live longer, extending youth to... what? 40? 50? (the power of positive thinking?) and middle age eventually to who can guess where (100?), the least we can do is learn how to enjoy living. All qualified instructors in that art, stick around; we need you!

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**WHITE YOUNG MALE**, looking for young (18-24) or younger white good looking male to enjoy each other at my East Side pad. Please only groovy people please answer. All answered. Send photos & phone no. to: Box 803, FDR Station, New York, N.Y. 10022

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**58-YEAR-OLD NOVICE** would like to meet friends any age. Please let me learn what your life is like. Occupant, Box 328, Elbridge, N.Y. 13060

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**SPANISH GUY** likes to meet Spanish butch, 22 to 35 years old, 145 to 155 pounds, 5'8". Appointment and food free. Has to live with me. Call (201) 353-9190 from 7 P.M. to 10 P.M. Roy

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**FRONT LAWN?**  
continued from page 13

heartbeats of optimism. Perhaps it is only our imagination, but the green hills of neighboring Virginia, the clean downtown streets, orderly life patterns, and fresher air stand in marked contrast to the hopelessness of Manhattan. Unfortunately, today's Washingtonians are getting paranoid too. Suburbanites won't venture into the center city at night. But for a New Yorker, night-time Washington seems serene and troublefree.

Patriots will be glad to know that a great deal of homosexual activity takes place in the immediate vicinity of the two Jimi statue in Arlington, Virginia. Beneath the brave boys who are lifting Old Glory, a dauntless group of sex addicts are fucking and sucking in the moonlight. It's always nice to know how national shrines and sacred spots are used for holy purposes, isn't it? And what is more holy than fucking? Of course the

Arlington police see things a bit differently, and get their jollies by staging periodic raids on these harmless wood nymphs. Not before joining the fun, however, Vice-cops, can never resist a tempting circle jerk and are only given to arrests after they've shot their wad. Do you remember how James Bond turned in a spy after he'd fucked her? We never liked him after that. Never liked him before that either, come to think of it.

But back to Washington. If you're planning a visit and the Christian decor of the YMCA is just too much for you, maybe you can get a membership to the Club Baths East II at 20 "O" Street, S.E. (phone: (202) 547-9631). Sleeping in this establishment may prove difficult, but other activities will provide adequate compensation.

If you're a bar fly, Washington boasts one up-to-date bar and restaurant that puts any New York spa to shame: the *Pier 9*, which is gay-owned by an enterprising young man whose name is Carlos. Telephones adorn each table, which adds to cruising a stylish new technological ploy. There's a sexy silver dance floor. And plenty of flashy space. The *Pier 9* (1824 Half St., S.W.) is gay

Washington's prime contribution to modernism in the 70's.

Or, if you're into dancing and dining, don't miss the *Plus One*, at 529 8th Street, S.E. This grand spot is also gay owned (Gay capitalism on the march). The *Plus One* had good food and atmosphere galore. The city's social cliques meet here for weekend meals and the dance floor is always clogged with a hundred horny government clerks. Nearby is JoAnna's, a bar catering to women, but which has recently been the brunt of a reverse of the McSorley's fiasco in New York.

Other bars include Victoria Station (14th & I Sts., N.W.) where black is beautiful, the *1832 Club*, at 1832 Columbia Road, N.W., Carroll's Tavern (9th St. between E & F Sts., N.W.) where you'll find a little bit of Wheeling, West Virginia in the nation's capital, and the *Georgetown Grill*, on Wisconsin Avenue near O Street, N.W., which has intimate seating arrangements. (George Washington cruised here.) And, of course, don't forget *The Hideaway*, (mentioned earlier.)

Washington is Jack's home town. We both lived here for over two years while

Lige worked in the secret offices of the Army Chief of Staff in the Pentagon, holding at the time, several security clearances, the lowest of which was top-secret. Such tidbits are always fun to drop into a column after you've received an honorable Army discharge.

Washington, D.C. is a grand cosmopolitan center with the deceptive face of a sleepy southern town. Don't be fooled by appearances. The tree-lined boulevards and streets, the parks and fountains, and the grand marble monuments to America's Founding Fathers only add to the gay romanticism of this fabled city.

We will always love Washington, and when time permits, we always enjoy our return visits. When are we going again? Next weekend, of course.

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