

BAR GUIDE INSIDE

GAY

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OUT OF
NYC 75¢

Vol.2 Issue 55

Prominent Citizens Speak Out For Gay Rights



City Councilmen Carter Burden and Elden Clingan announce the formation of NEW YORKERS FOR HOMOSEXUAL RIGHTS.

Leading New Yorkers Appeal to City Hall

New York, N.Y.—A group of prominent New Yorkers has announced the formation of *New Yorkers for Homosexual Rights*, a committee which will assist in lobbying for gay rights.

The new committee boasts the names of well-known City Councilmen, religious leaders, Congresswomen, psychotherapists, a borough president, members of the Human Rights Commission, Environmental Protection Administration, Civil Liberties Union, New Democratic Coalition, United Federation of College Teachers, Citizens Union, the Metropolitan Council on Housing, and well-known critics for the *New York Times* and *New York* magazine.

Among those listed as members of *New Yorkers for Homosexual Rights* are Percy Sutton (Manhattan Borough President), Bella Abzug, (D-Congress), Shirley Chisholm (D-Congress), Elden Clingan (City Council Minority Leader), Carter Burden (City Councilman), Dr. George Weinberg (psychotherapist), Dr. Irwin Rosenfeld (psychotherapist), John

Lassoe (Director of Christian Social Concerns, Episcopal Diocese of Greater New York), Bishop Paul Moore (of the Episcopal Diocese), the Reverend Howard Moody (Judson Memorial Church), the Reverend Richard Newhuas, the Reverend Robert Kennedy (Roman Catholic, Brooklyn Archdiocese), Rabbi Balfour Brickner (Union of American Hebrew Congregations), Reverend George Younger, Reverend William Glesnek (Spencer Memorial Presbyterian Church), Paul O'Dwyer (former candidate for Senate and prominent dove), Israel Kugler (President of the United Federation of College Teachers), Ira Glasser (New York Civil Liberties Union), John P. Scanlon (NYC Human Resources Administration), Daniel Collins (New York State Director of the New Democratic Coalition), Hon. Jerome Kretchmer (Environmental Protection Administration), Gloria Steinem (*New York Magazine*), John Lahr, Algernon D. Black (Director of the Ethical Culture Society), Jane Benedict (Metropolitan Council on Housing), Eleanor Clark French (Commissioner on the Human Rights Commission), and Clive Barnes (Drama Critic for the *New York Times*).

Pete Fisher, GAY news reporter, represented the Gay Activists Alliance.

A press conference was held on June 16, announcing the formation of *New Yorkers for Homosexual Rights*. Committee members called specific attention to the fact that City Council Majority Leader, Thomas Cuite, has tabled the gay rights issue, refusing to allow fellow City Councilmen to vote until he sees fit. Marc Rubin, a GAA

spokesman, says that nearly three-fourths of the City Councilmen canvassed by GAA have indicated they will support the bill. "I think that when the time comes for a vote, they'll stand behind their word," said Rubin in a telephone

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Connecticut Sunday Herald Blasts Gays As "Immoral"

Photo by Richard Wandel

Norwalk, Connecticut—The publisher of the *Connecticut Sunday Herald*, William Loeb, writing the editorial for his paper, has questioned the right of homosexuals to gather publicly, "to flaunt their immorality and their abnormalities before the eyes and ears of decent people."

Loeb's editorial came about when he discovered that members of the Young Lords had planned to march with homosexuals on Father's Day in Bridgeport, Connecticut.

"We're just expressing sympathy with the homosexuals' philosophy," said a Young Lord spokesman to the Connecticut newspaper.

Titling his editorial A SICK AFFAIR ON FATHER'S DAY, publisher Loeb wrote:

Why perverted people such as homosexuals of either sex should be allowed to flaunt their immorality and their abnormalities before the eyes and ears of decent people is something this newspaper does not understand. Presumably police authorities in various cities, this time Bridgeport apparently, feel they are under an obligation as a result of Supreme Court decisions to allow this type of filth to parade. But to this newspaper it makes absolutely no sense whatsoever.

The freedoms guaranteed by our Constitution were designed to create the freest of expression and exchange of ideas; they were not designed to permit the public display of obscen-

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9 Artists Discuss Their Homosexuality



Some artists removed their clothes.

New York, N.Y.—A June 21st 'Rap-Happening' of gay artists organized by Gay Activist Alliance's Theatre Committee began with much rapping and ended in a slight happening as nine gay artists assembled before a largely gay audience to discuss the question: *What can artists do for Gay Liberation?* The discussion was moderated by David Roggensack.

The primary answer which all nine artists agreed with was that the artist him-

self must 'come out,' declare his/her homosexuality. Arthur Bell, author of the forthcoming *Dancing the Gay Lib Blues*, declared that well-known artists like Bernstein and Capote would not do this. Jill Johnson, author of the 'Dance Journal' in the *Voice* spoke the consequences of hiding, the phoniness it caused in the art she knew, Dance. She claimed to have seen 150 years of fake male-female dance-lovemaking. Merle Miller whose 'coming-out' in the *New York Times* magazine section with an article about his own homosexuality (this after years of

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INSIDE

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WHERE WILL YOU GO TONIGHT?

A Directory for Discriminating Dispositions

New York's Night Spots

DRINK, EAT AND BE MERRY!

THE GAY INSIDER, by John Francis Hunter, is now available at your local paperback bookstore for \$2.95. It is the most thorough and entertaining guide to Manhattan. If you're spending time in New York on your summer vacation, be sure to pick it up. Or, write for it to Olympia Press, 220 Park Avenue, South, NYC 10001.

Symbols: GM stands for Genital Males; GF for genital females and Int. means that a bar or restaurant is sexually integrated.

- The Barrel Inn**, 568 First Ave., bet. 41 & 42 St. (563-8212) GM
- The Beaded Bar**, 931 Ninth Ave., bet. 52 & 53 St. Chubby Chasers, GM
- The Big Spender**, 315 W. 48th St. (586-9860) Theatrical types and before-and-after-the-show crowds, GM
- Boa Soa**, 40 W. 8th St. (473-9859) Cha-cha palace, popular with young Latin, GM
- Bonnie & Clyde's**, 62 W. 3rd St. (GR3-9304) Dancing and lots of activities, like buffets and movies, GF & GM
- Bullfeathers** 1716 2nd Ave., at 89th St. (722-9838) East Side neighborhood bar, GM
- The Candynight Lounge**, 309 Amsterdam Ave., bet. 74 & 75th Sts. (874-9607) One of New York's longest-running gay bars, a friendly neighborhood place, GM
- The Candy Store**, 44 West 56th St., bet. 5th & 6th Aves. (581-4664) Piano bar for the suit & tie crowd and out-of-town businessmen, GM
- Carnival**, 507 West St., at Jane (above the Tool Box, Back room policy, GM
- Car's**, 104 W. 10th St. A sociable bar in the Village! No posing, no frantic rush to make out — just nice people having fun, GM
- The Charade**, 1800 Second Ave., at 93rd St. Black is beautiful! Live music and food in Soul, and the dancing is wild.
- Chips's**, Columbus Avenue between 66 & 67 St. A charming bar/restaurant very convenient to Lincoln Center, it's expanded now, but the gay crowd is slowly taking over, especially the landscaped sidewalk cafe, Int.
- Come Back**, 185 W. 10th St. After-hours club where the bartenders and other nice people go to unwind, GM and some GF
- Country Cowell**, 1313 Third Ave., bet. 75 & 76 St. (879-6614) Good food, good liquor and nice people, GM, mostly.
- Dames & Pythias**, 105 W. 13th St., bet. 6 & 7 Aves. A smart, nice dining-dancing-drinking place in the Village, GM
- Danny's**, 139 Christopher St. (929-9321). It's seen better days, but the people still come here, GM
- The Den**, 835 Washington at Little W. 12 St. (989-8999). Don't show up without your leather strap, GM
- Dirty Eddie's Scoreboard**, 264 W. 46th at 8th Ave. (265-9075). A gay "saloon" with edge and wit. If you are elegant or pretentious you won't score with us, GM
- The Eagle's Nest**, 11th Ave. & 21st St. Private club for the leather/western crowd, GM
- Fedora's**, 239 W. 4th St. (CH2-9691). The best of the gay restaurants. Excellent food, casual atmosphere. Reservations suggested, GM & GF
- The Finks**, 48 Barrow St. (CH3-7538) Another famed gay salery, GM & GF
- The Four Seasons**, 99 E. 52nd St. The bar is crisy for the grand set, but be careful, the place is integrated.
- Francis**, 118 MacDougal St. bet. 3rd & Bleecker (at the Cafe Wha?). Free admission, light show, dancing, soda bar, Open 8 p.m. to 4 a.m., GM
- Glenn's**, 53 W. 19th St. (675-9980). A dancing bar for women, GF
- The Goldberg**, 83 W. 3rd St. (677-9874). The bar with everything, including dancing, GM
- Hades**, Jane & West Streets. Private club for the leather set, GM
- Harry's Back East**, 1422 Third Ave., bet. 80 & 81 Sts. (249-6991). The one place where it's always "in" to be. When the other joints are dying, this one is packed—even on Monday nights, GM
- Heat Wave**, 131 West 3rd St. (GR5-9325). Another new place in the Village, GM
- The Hip-o-Drome**, 165 Avenue "A", bet. 10 & 11 Sts. (228-9884). The gay center of the Lower East Side and haven for the young, radical chic set, GM
- The Hot Line** 1544 2nd Ave., bet. 80 & 81 Sts. (734-8863) Would you believe—a telephone on each table, a la "Cabaret," so you can cruise

- itting down, Dancing and live entertainment, too, GM, a few GF.
- Jimmy Ray's**, 229 8th Avenue (582-9507) A neighborhood bar & restaurant in the theatrical neighborhood. Not crisy, and not really gay, but fun, Int.
- Julius'**, 159 W. 10th St. at Waverly Pl. (929-9672) Very much a neighborhood bar, but also a haven for young out-of-towners who have heard of its national reputation, GM
- Keller's**, 384 West Street (CH 3-1907) The mother and father of leather bars, GM
- Kookie's**, 149 West 14th St. (242-9226) New York's best known women's bar, GF
- The Lighthouse**, 2160 Broadway, corner of 76th St. (SU 7-9791) An old-timer on the bar scene trying to make a comeback under new management, GM
- Luigi II**, 104 W. 13th St. (929-9568) GM
- The Lav Cage**, West 4th Street, off Sixth Avenue. An upstairs after hours private club for women, Dancing, GF
- The Maclean**, Hotel Empire, 63rd & Broadway. The discotheque for the young, mainly Latin, set on the balcony of the hotel just across from Lincoln Center, GM
- The Male Box**, 1716 Second Ave. A new dance bar with loads of that East Side charm, GM
- The Menemba Bar**, Hotel Alton, Lexington Ave., at 57th St. The place where the over-35 set retreats for peace and quiet when the "youth culture" gets too cloying, GM
- New Jimmy's**, 1576 Third Avenue, between 88 & 89th Sts. (860-4509) The newest, and one of the best, of the gay restaurants. Reservations suggested, GM and GF
- Nike Plus Social Club**, 149 W. 21st St. (924-9387) Another one of those private clubs exclusively for the leather crowd, GM
- The Oak Room Bar**, Hotel Plaza, 59th and Fifth. Formerly headquarters for the elegant club set, women's lib "operated" it and ruined cruising, Int.
- O.K. Corral**, 835 Washington St. Leather crowd, GM
- Old Vic**, 309 E. 60th St. (632-9049) Very crisy dance palace with an intimate atmosphere, GM
- The Painted Pony**, 1485 Third Ave., at 84th St. (744-9580) Live entertainment and a friendly crowd. What more could you want? GM
- Paula's**, 64 Greenwich Ave. (691-3369) The Street again has a gay bar! Intimate and friendly, Paula's is just starting to catch on, GF and GM
- Pauline's Intertube**, 2267 7th Ave., at 135th St. A Harlem landmark before most of us were born, Int.
- The Picadilly Pub**, 324 Amsterdam Ave., bet. 75 & 76 Sts. (874-8632) One of the newer (and busier) Upper West Side bars, GM
- Peggy's Place**, 153 W. 48th St. (265-9792) It's gay in the evenings, and a hand-out hangout in the afternoons. The hand-outs may love you, but the day bartender won't, GM
- The People's Coffee Grounds**, 210 W. 82nd St. Under the orange sign, down in the basement, for roasting, sipping coffee, meeting people... Sundays, from 4 p.m. to 1 a.m., GM, GF
- The Roundtable**, 151 E. 50th St. (758-0310) Dancing to live rock bands, mainly a young crowd, but excellent restaurant with a young & gay, Int.
- The Royal Roost**, 28 Cornelia St. (CH 2-9557) Small, but excellent restaurant with an intimate bar. Mostly neighborhood and very "in" people, Int.

- The Sanctuary**, 407 W. 43rd St. (247-4210) Church converted into a mad discotheque. Once the most popular place in town, but lost its liquor license. The high price for fruit juices is killing business, GM
- The School**, Amsterdam Ave. bet. 65 & 66 Sts. A noisy, busy headquarters for Latin types and lovers of Spanish music. Open weekends only, GM
- Scottish Yard**, 146 W. 4th St. Privates, after-hours club with dancing and pool tables. Bring your own bottle. Open 8 p.m. to 7 a.m., Int.
- Stage 45**, 305 E. 45th St. (532-0290) A dancing bar where Black is beautiful, GM
- The Striped Shirt**, 1393 2nd Ave., bet. 72 & 73 Sts. (861-3450) A marvelous restaurant with a delightful bar. Every other drink is 1¢ (except Sundays). Reservations required for dinner, GM
- The (International) Stud**, Greenwich & Perry Streets. 50¢ beers and swarms of gorgeous numbers make this an ever-popular pickup bar.
- Table Tops Club**, 2234 Third Ave. (722-9601) This very friendly club is planning to move its restaurant, bar, game room, etc., downtown soon. Discover it now while it's still "in." GM & GF
- Tambourine**, 148 E. 48th St., near Lex. (PL 1-0030) A chic new midtown bar with dancing, shows, door prizes and the works, GM
- Tank's Quarters**, 1497 York Avenue, at 79th St. (734-9866) The newest "in" spot on the East Side, GM
- This n' That**, 221 Columbus Ave., at 70th St. (874-9535) A neighborhood bar that's becoming gay at the Gay Renaissance on the West Side continues, GM
- Three**, 314 E. 72nd St. at 2nd Ave. (734-9303) A delightful eatery with great food and a popular piano bar.
- The Tool Box**, 507 West St. at Jane (989-8496) Another bar with everything: dancing, movies, buffets, the works, GM
- The Tar**, 21 Greenwich Ave. A sidewalk cafe, Int.
- The Triangle**, 34 Ninth Ave., GM
- The Troubadour**, 1078 1st Ave. bet. 58 & 59 Sts. (755-1955) Popular East Side spot, now serving diners, GM
- Twelfth Night**, 281 12th St. corner of W. 4th. Intimate, very friendly bar presided over by Billy. They give grand champagne brunches on Sundays, Int.
- Uncle Charlie's**, 1049 Lexington Ave., at 75th St. (861-6122) Friendly, crowded and very crisy bar, GM
- Victor's Quarters**, 984 2nd Avenue, GM
- The Washington Square**, 475 Broadway. Private, after-hours club with dancing and drag queens welcome, GM—but you can't tell by looking.
- Willie's West Side**, 224 W. 82nd St., east of Broadway (874-9833) A crowded, friendly dancing bar where the radical chic, revolutionaries and West Side Liberals all meet, GM
- Wine Celler**, 531 Hudson, Restaurant, Int.
- A Woman's Place**, 29th Cornelia St. Open Fri. & Sat. from 6 p.m. to midnight, this coffee house is also a center for women's books, crafts, etc., GM
- The Yukon**, 140 E. 53rd St. bet. Lex. & 3rd (421-8122) Where the older set gathers. Suit & tie required, GM
- The Year 2000**, 318 W. 49th St. off 8th Ave. (489-7262) A wild, marvelous discotheque populated by the younger set, GM
- The Zodiac Uptown**, 1487 1st Ave., at 77th St. Dancing and live entertainment on the chic East Side, GM
- The Zoo at the Zodiac**, 835 Washington, above the Den. Back room policy, GM

THE PATHS

- The Beacon Baths**, 227 E. 45th St. (667-0322) Go in main entrance and take elevator to the 11th floor. Features: water bed, television room, "Skyline Lounge," piano lounge, private room and dormitory. Open 24 hours.
- The Club Baths, NYC**, 24 First Ave. bet. 1st & 2nd Sts. 673-3283. A most lavish bath house. Four floors, features: large sauna, beautiful double steamroom, carousel shower, whirlpool bath, swimming pool fed by natural springs, exercise room, dormitory section, beautiful TV lounge, game room & backyard summer patio for sunbathing. Great music, lighting & carpeting throughout. Good afternoons & evenings. Students half price every day with student cards. Open 24 hours. Best buy, GM
- The Continental Baths**, 230 W. 74th (799-2688) The place that revolutionized the tub business in America. Features: Live entertainment Fri., Sat. & Sun; restaurant facilities open 24 hours, complete gym (with instructor three times a week); Olympic-size pool, steam rooms, saunas, TV lounge, library, futuristic lounge downstairs with dancing, massage, VD clinic, roof deck for summer sunbathing, private rooms, dormitory, you name it, they probably have it. Open 24 hours. Students half-price with student card, GM
- The Continental Sauna Club**, 111 West 56th St. Operated by the Continental Baths people. Elegant, but on a less grand scale than the "mother church" on 74th Street. Still a best buy, GM
- Everest**, 28 West 28th Street (684-8933) Left over from before the "revolution." Everest stands as an example of what Continental saved us from. It's dingy, the help is surly, and all it has going for it is a fine steamroom, GM
- St. Mark's Baths**, 6 St. Mark's Place (473-7929). Superficial cleanliness haven't changed the somewhat dangerous and ugly vibes emanating from this shabby, it's the place to find surly management. Open 24 hours except for the main steamroom, GM
- Sauna Baths and Health Club**, 300 W. 58th St. (above Child's) (PL 5-4880) A smaller spot which encourages "togetherness." The Sauna closes at midnight, and does its best business from 4:30 in the afternoon until 10 or 11, as the midtown junior executives stop in to knock off a piece on the way home. Doesn't offer much in the way of facilities, and therefore directs everybody's attention to the main thing, GM

WOMEN'S TALK GROUPS

- Thursday evenings (6:30 p.m.) women are meeting at the Gay Activists Alliance Firehouse (99 Wooster Street, two blocks south of Houston) for discussions on topics of interest to women.
- The Daughters of Bilitis is also open to women interested in meetings, dances and feminist workshops. DOB is located at 141 Prince Street (at West Broadway). Phone: 475-9870.



I hate to tell you, but that's not ME wearing the "Jungle Flower" perfume.

The Editors Speak

Vol. 2 Issue 55 July 19, 1971

THANKSGIVING IN JUNE

As this issue of GAY goes to press we are in the middle of the second annual observance of Gay Pride Week. On Sunday, thousands of homosexuals will march in city streets from San Francisco to New York. Looking back on the year that has passed, we have much to be thankful for.

We are thankful for our freedoms, which, we are beginning to realize, outweigh those enjoyed by sexually conventional people. Now, society is rebelling against the insane restrictions imposed by law and religion, and is beginning to envy homosexual lifestyles, which seem to offer wider and more relaxed possibilities for human contact.

We are thankful for the existence of those articulate and insightful people of both the past and the present who are extending and protecting our freedoms. We are thankful for the proliferation of their ideas which serve to bolster our self knowledge, and for the increasing sense we feel (as individuals and as a group) of our inner strengths and resources.

We are thankful for the surprises we are causing ourselves. Less than five years ago, the building of new cultures within ourselves and within society seemed hardly feasible. Today, there are thousands of idealistic women and men working hard to insure the existence of gay institutions, freed from the dark hands of exploitation and secrecy. At last, there are extraordinary places where we may gather to enjoy companionship and creative impetus on every level.

Vanishing are the pessimists who predicted that homosexuals as a group could accomplish nothing. How sad that they failed to catch the vision, to realize that homosexual love could not be stifled forever, but that it would someday erupt with awesome demonstrations of its long suppressed power. How sad that they never saw, as Walt Whitman did, "A city invincible to attacks from the rest of the earth . . . the new city of friends."

9 Artists Discuss Their Homosexuality

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being a straight-love novelist) gave several reasons for the writer's coming-out. First, it meant providing the homosexual who is 'coming out' in the sense of finding his sex-identity with some idea that there are other gays out there. He said his life would have been easier if, when young, he had known Peter Tchykovsky, whom he idolized, ~~had been gay~~. He felt that a writer such as Baldwin, giving in his last book (a dialogue with anthropologist Margaret Mead) the impression that he had never quite met Miss Right (Black-Right) was being false. He also felt artists who emphasized they were bi-sexual were making a concession to the straight world. He mentioned Gore Vidal discussing his bi-sexuality on David Frost's TV show. Arthur Bell noted that Rod McKuen has gone so far as to have his love-object as 'it' (not 'he' or 'she').

There was, however, a definite, a profound disagreement as to the place of the artist, after he has 'come out.' While Jill Johnson, Arthur Bell, Merle Miller and John Button (an artist) felt a duty to speak, to/for/of the homosexual population, the others felt, to varying degrees, that the artist's task was something else.

Gordon Merrick, author of *The Lord Won't Mind*, said, "It's more important to do your work." Jeff Duncan, choreographer, taking issue with Jill Johnson said that the homosexual artist would choose the homosexual subject but that the artist was "bigger than sex."

Charles Ludlam spoke at some length of the coming-out-beyond-coming-out. As one of the founders of the Theatre of the Absurd he detailed his use of the theatre for his own coming-out; how, at first, getting into drag, he had faced not only the

opposition of fellow artists John Vaccaro and Ron Tavel, but a resistance in himself. He had at first to have some drinks before getting into drag. He had learned much from his drag experiences but was now going beyond this and found most gays still caught in role playing. As an artist he was going beyond this homosexual-identity. "I have more to say about heterosexuality than most heterosexuals" he said. He labeled the GAA type picketing and buttons as "old-style communist horseshit" and the art coming out of it as "homosexual soap opera."

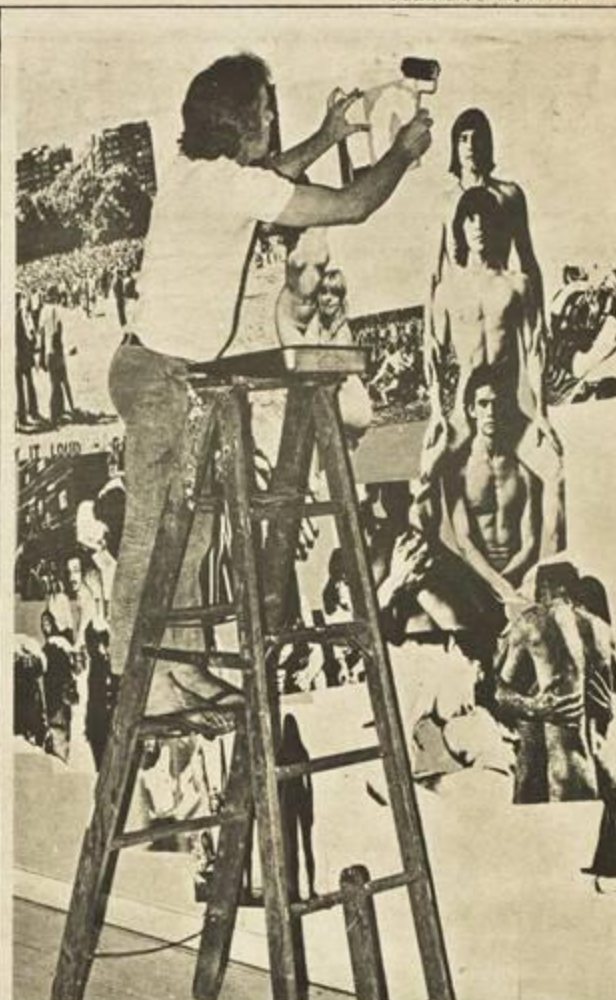
A man from the audience objected. He was about 40, had had a full-sexual homo-sexual life but found, viewing a videotape-made dramatic story (Encounter-in-the-Park) the evening before, he had been profoundly moved, more than he could ever have been with any heterosexual scene because male-male love-making was different and seeing it had filled a need in him.

Stuart Byron, one of the members of the panel, a writer for the *Village Voice*, objected. The preservation of the couple was a holdover from the heterosexual culture. The task of Liberation was to destroy the nuclear family.

John Button, the artist, who is working on the agit-prop mural of the GAA Firehouse, objected to Charles Ludlam's separation of 'Art' and 'Propaganda.' He said art has begun and continues to be propaganda, that the Greek classic plays were Propaganda, and that the art which followed Christianity in the Middle Ages was, that the art of the 18th Century French Revolution was, and this continues.

Jean-Claude van Italie who had been silent was asked to speak. He said he was terribly oppressed by this form of discussion (the round-table was a *straight* table!) and felt that we were all role-playing, even his silence. Was there no possibility of something non-verbal? Contact?

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A photo collage mural depicting the struggle for gay liberation was unveiled today at the GAA Firehouse. The mural, which measures forty by eight, is the work of John Button and Mario Dubaky, two professional artists associated with GAA. It is a continuous whole made up of three parts dealing with oppression, struggle and love. It was hung on the main floor of the Firehouse in time for the official opening of the center during Gay Pride Week.

The opening festivities began with a party for invited guests followed by an open dance and the showing of the movie *Gypsy* at 3:30 AM. Most of the photos in the mural were taken from back issues of GAY and from the personal files of GAY's photographer, Richard Wandel.



The Randy Wicker Basket



BY RANDOLFE WICKER

ALICE COOPER CAMPS AT FILLMORE:

A male rock singer who bills himself as "Alice Cooper" got standing ovations and encores after each performance at New York's Fillmore East recently.

Cooper saunters onstage in a *femme fatale* fashion. With an open-chested jumpsuit plunging nearly to his groin, lines of black mascara emanating from each eyesocket, he flirts with the audience like an Eighth Avenue whore before launching into his first heavy rock number.

Scattered cries of "Queer!" and "Faggot!" are subsequently lost in a roar of applause as Alice dances with a boa constrictor slithering up and down his arm, sliding into his pants, or simply dangling out over the front row audience.



Alice Cooper: from Wonderland

He's famous for his theatrics. One moment he's tied in an electric chair. The next he's led off in a straight jacket. In between he breaks pillows, sprays the audience with fire extinguishers, shines lights in their eyes and performs assorted other feats.

When he shines the spot out over the audience, flocks of teenage boys shoot him the bird, or give him the finger (depending on where you were raised). But in the end, Alice has them all safely in his hand, screaming for more.

Alice Cooper, although successful and currently getting bookings in the N.Y. area, has had a rough time. Many towns forbid his appearance because they disapprove of his mannerisms on stage. Critics are usually unkind, dismissing him as "a hyped-up version of a Hollywood transvestite."

He doesn't dress as a female but rather plays a male *femme* role while per-

forming. During his last show at the Fillmore, when the crowd went wild and called him back for an encore, Alice—who supposedly changes his show with each performance—took three posters, stuffed one in each breast, the third in his crotch and pranced up and down the stage calling out: "Hi sailors, buy a girl a drink? Hi sailor, buy a girl a drink?"

BEST BITS

* John Francis Hunter's *THE GAY INSIDER* has been so successful that Olympia Press has issued a press release asking for correspondents in all parts of the country to submit information about gay culture in their areas including "personal experiences of an erotic nature which would lend authenticity to their information." Honorariums will be paid by Olympia to writers whose material Hunter de-



John Francis Hunter: Gay Insider U.S.A.

cides to incorporate, with or without names or pseudonyms, as the correspondents request. Those interested should write John Francis Hunter, Box 439, Ansonia Station, NYC 10023.

* Dances at GAA's firehouse have a new attraction these days: gay video tapes on the third floor. The early showings featured playbacks of programs dealing with homosexuality which have been broadcast commercially. Recently, however, the video subcommittee at GAA has commenced producing its own dramatic and news presentations. "A Time to Love" which premiered during Gay Pride Week featured a 17-minute lovemaking scene. The film itself was only some 25 minutes long. The group meets every Wednesday evening at 7:00 at the Firehouse, 99 Wooster Street, and anyone interested in working on or producing their own programs is encouraged to attend.

* Every community has its sad moments along with its happier ones. Sad indeed was the tragic suicide of a 24-year-old gay, Michael O'Dare, who committed suicide by leaping from the top of the St. George Hotel. At first O'Dare was scheduled to be buried in Potter's Field since he was a "street person" with no family or permanent address. A gay friend, however, stepped forward and donated money for a burial plot in New Jersey. Father David officiated at the service held at the Washington Square Methodist Church. Friends said that O'Dare had used all sorts of drugs and most believed they had been a major factor in his final fatal plunge. About fifty gay people attended the funeral.

* Weekly devotional services for gay people are now held every Sunday afternoon at 2:00 p.m. at the Washington Square Methodist Church, 133 W. 4th St. A social hour follows. All are invited.

* The *Mattachine Times* discounts rumors that it is on the brink of folding. Claims that its reported feeler to GAA asking if they wanted to take over their library was misinterpreted. Insiders say that *Mattachine* is currently trying to get a SoHo center similar to GAA's firehouse.

* The David Frost Show which at one point hesitated about putting gay activists on one of their programs because their show was "family entertainment" finally backtracked and said it was all a matter of ratings. The Susskind homosexual program got higher than average ratings and on seeing the figures, the Frost show once again said they would let gay spokesmen appear.

* A TPF policeman reportedly called out "Faggot!" at two gay activists walking down MacDougal Street holding hands. The gays rushed over, got badge numbers and proceeded to file complaints with the Human Rights Commission and the Police Department.

* David Susskind got some sexual reassurance recently while interviewing ex-cons about life in prison. "How extensive is homosexuality in prison?" Susskind asked at one point. "How many people become involved in it or are accosted by someone seeking homosexual contact?" "Virtually everyone, David," one of the convicts replied. "If you were in prison, believe me, someone would be coming on to you, too."

* The *Wall Street Journal* reports that the men's suit field is one of the few major industries that is actually shrinking. "Despite population growth, annual U.S. men's suit output in the past decade has consistently fallen below the 1960 level of 21.3 million units. Production last year plunged to 16 million suits, down 24% from the previous year. And first quarter output this year declined a further 18% from the depressed quarter of a year ear-

lier, Department of Commerce figures show."

COPS TELL HOODS TO COOL IT:

Attacks on homosexuals in the West Village between Christopher and 14th Streets, Hudson St. and the river, became the subject of a community meeting between area residents, the boys involved, their parents and the police. The officer representing the 6th Precinct told the boys at least three different times: "We're here to enforce the law. If you beat up people, you're going to be arrested."

MORE POINTS FOR JOHN LINDSAY

Joining virtually all other gay groups in praising Mayor Lindsay's statement of support for the fair employment and housing bill currently pending in the City Council, the *Mattachine Times* said this was just "another milestone in Lindsay's record—a record which goes way back when he was a Congressman. Then he successfully led a fight to defeat a bigot bill which would have denied Washington *Mattachine* the right to solicit funds...

"When MSNY was the only gay rights organization," the newsletter recalled, "it fought out the issue with the Mayor's men and won an end to the fingerprinting and permits required of all employees (even entertainers) in any establishment where liquor was sold. Thousands of gays had once been entrapped and could not get work permits."

BEWARE OF "PEDRO":

Nearly a dozen gay New Yorkers have been attacked recently by a Puerto Rican using the name "Pedro" who's described as between 25 and 35 years old (says he is 29), of average height, has a cross-like tattoo on the forearm, carries a knife, and is probably an addict, and cruises the Heights promenade and vicinity regularly. He picks up gays, has sex, then assaults and robs his partner. Because he threatens to return and kill his victims, they have been reluctant to testify against him although he is known to the police who want to put him away.

The news that the question regarding homosexual tendencies will no longer appear on Selective Service Form 89 brings back fond memories. Way back in 1959, when I was notified of my imminent induction into the service, and when I had just come out, I was struck with terror at the thought of having to go into the Army. I questioned whether this country was worth defending with my life then, and now I find myself repeating the question with even greater urgency.

My mother, dazzled at the thought that her son might be a military hero, packed me peanut butter and jelly sandwiches to take along to the induction center. In true patriotic fashion, my father woke me up at the uncivilized hour of 5:30 A.M. and drove me down to the draft board by the dawn's early light, where a motley bunch of vaguely familiar young men proudly hailed me as I got out of the car.

"Hey, Johnny, they got you, too," yelled Arty Whitmore, my old high school buddy.

"Yeah, I guess so," I blurted out, still half asleep, and shocked to see anyone I knew.

I was in love with Arty in high school, but he never once suspected it, mainly because everyone else had a crush on him. He was that rarity: a truly beautiful young man. His body was lithe and muscular. His hair was dirty blond. His face had sharp angular features that were strikingly handsome, with eyes of turquoise blue. I had seen him naked only once. That was in the locker room at high school while he was putting on a new jock strap I had bought him. Arty was the son of a Lutheran minister and unusually modest. He would go off into a dark corner of the locker room and dress for gym class. I got him to change near my locker only because the janitor was doing some repair work in his dressing spot. As I looked at Arty once again, I thought that going into the Army wouldn't be so bad if I could have a bunk near him in the barracks.

But as fifteen or twenty other high-school acquaintances rushed out to greet me, nearly knocking me over with their back-slapping, that idea grew dim. There was Horace Hubschmidt, a fat acne covered midget, who was always borrowing ballpoint pens from me and copying my homework. There was Arnold Streckfus, the lanky center of the basketball team, who was always calling me queer because I never could dribble. And there was Fred Rafferty, class valedictorian, the last person I expected to see there, who had a scholarship to Harvard, won the all-state chess championship, and who, by now, I thought would have his Ph.D. in esoteric entomology or some other abstruse subject. I later learned that he had flunked out of Harvard, shacked up in the Village, and was writing a novel.

And there were others, some of whom I dimly remember, most of whom I would like to have forgotten. They were all delighted to be reunited so that they wouldn't have to face the ordeal of the pre-induction physical alone. As my father's car sped away, I could only think of being anywhere but there.

Others arrived, many were familiar; most were not. By the time the building

opened, there were over a hundred of us from various parts of northern New Jersey, all resembling stragglers from skid row.

As we filed into the shabby building with walls of institutional green and floor of the cheapest plastic linoleum available, a stocky grubby sergeant read off our names, assigned us numbers, herded us into shabby buses, and we drove off, I knew not where. After fifteen minutes on the road, we were informed that our destination would be the main examination center in Newark and, sure enough, ten minutes later, we entered the

sadistic sergeants in an atmosphere of unbridled boredom confined me. How to get out of this?

Like manna from heaven, the first form we were given to fill out was Selective Service Form 89. I recall, it was printed in light orange on yellowish-white paper, making it difficult to read. It was a medical history, but the fill-in blanks were so small, only those with the tiniest penmanship could possibly squeeze in all the requested information. One section had a group of boxes, where we were to check "yes" or "no" to questions like "Do you now or

of feet. Meekly, a burly Negro with a glaring scar on his lower lip raised his hand and asked in all sincerity, "Wall, sub, ah yooosly have awl mah sex at home since ah got married. Does that mean ah got the homo-sexy-all tendencies?"

The room burst into hysterics. The Sergeant pounded his fist on the table with rage, but the laughter continued. About three minutes later, when some semblance of order was finally restored, the sergeant, his face a deep violet and his eyes scarlett with repressed rage and embarrassment, tried to compose himself and answer the question.

"Homosexual tendencies means ya like boys when yer supposed to like girls, so if yer quee-ah, ya check off where it says yes. Undahstan?"

"Oh! Ah don-lahk non o' that," replied the Negro, his face flushed at the commotion his ignorance had caused.

The incident erased any hesitation from my mind. I put a huge check mark in the "yes" box, completed the form and handed it in. I did so with a clear conscience, for some fine print at the bottom warned us of dire penalties in store for anyone caught making false or misleading statements.

I went through the rest of the mental test with ease and nonchalance, but with an undercoating of dread. Suppose I get called in and they put me on a rack and grill me with questions. Will they tell my folks? Send me to a psycho-ward? Put me in jail?

I went through the physical waiting to be singled out for some sort of special treatment. As we dropped our drawers and spread our buttocks for inspection, I felt like laying a fart as the medical officer walked by, but it just wouldn't come. After we got dressed, we were handed a slip of paper informing us of whether or not we were judged fit for military service. I was classified as unfit and got 4-F. They never told me why, and they told us not to ask. Presumably, that was a military secret.

Outside, as we boarded the bus that was to take us home, my old high-school buddies all asked me the outcome.

"They didn't take me," I replied smugly.

"Queer," yelled Arnold Streckfus. "Don't be jealous," I replied bitchily. "You'll get to play lots of basketball in the Army."

I munched the peanut-butter and jelly sandwiches as the bus pulled out of Newark. I wondered why they exempted me without a struggle. Had they filled their quota? Did they take my word for everything? Did the physical reveal asthma, albumen in my urine, heart murmur, a tumor in my lungs, or bad eyesight? Bad eyesight! That was the excuse I would use.

So although I'll never know for sure the real reason for my 4-F classification, poor eyesight sounded acceptable without admitting to being gay, physically disabled, or cowardly. At job interviews, the reaction from veteran would-be employers was mostly envy. "Some people have all the luck," one of them remarked.

Now that being gay and proud won't necessarily keep you out of the service, and if life in Vietnam is half as gay as Dick Leitch says it is (see GAY No. 52, page 5), then it might not be a bad idea to re-enlist. HMMMMM!

I'M 4-F AND PROUD

BY JOHN P. LeROY



"You're blowing my... mind, sergeant."

Newark city limits, complete with stench and hopeless ugliness. Again we were herded into a huge faceless building with institutional green decor.

This time, a deep-tanned Italian-looking sergeant with a narrow face, evil green eyes, and the yellow pointed teeth of a cannibal took attendance. With relish he described the pre-induction procedure we would follow. A mental test in the morning and a physical in the afternoon. By this time, the thought of wasting two years of my life, being reduced to a number, and forced to grind a treadmill of obeying

have you ever had measles, mumps, chicken pox, whooping cough, leprosy, cancer, pneumonia, bedwetting, etc." At the bottom of the list was "homosexual tendencies." The green-eyed cannibal sergeant went through the list with us orally in his Newark hillbilly accent.

"Y'ever had dese-here diseases, ya check off where it says yes, and if ya haven't had 'em ya check off where it says no. Ya get it?"

He proceeded to go down the list, reading off each one. When he came to "homosexual tendencies," the room fell silent except for some nervous-shuffling

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Requiem (Mass?) Played At The Firehouse

BY LEO SKIR

"For he's a jolly good fellow!" sing the cast of *Requiem* as the short (one hour) play draws to its close. Jolly indeed. He's just been crucified. He is Christ, put-on and put-up by The Intense Family at the GAA Firehouse in a play called *Requiem* which played June 19th at 5:30 p.m. and June 22nd at 7 p.m. and 10 p.m. to large and enthusiastic audiences.

The *Requiem* is, more or less, the Mass (Catholic, old-style, Latin), vitaminized and gayed up by a sort of homosexual wedding ceremony where Jesus married Everyman. This was followed by "Jesus" being stripped while, in the background, a

journalistic-explanatory voice assured the audience this was a terrible humiliation.

But "Jesus" turns out (praise G-d) to be really built (are these people plying to homosexual voyeurism?). The piercing of the hands and feet is heard with high pitched cries while Christ lies outstretched on the floor. The announcer gives, in 20th Century English, a medical account of the agonies of the crucifixion process.

"Jesus" standing up, no-lincoln, gives the Last Words. Is acclaimed as resurrected. (Now "He's a jolly good fellow"), put on his blue denims (he and the other disciples all wear matching blue shirts and blue denims) and the cast hands out cookies and wine.

Have we been invaded by the Jesus Freaks?

I spoke to John Sillings, the director, later, and was assured that Intense Family doesn't do this all the time. They have about 12 members (hmmmmmm) organized two years ago when he was artist-in-residence at C.W. Post College in Long Island. He got a "family" together and they've done *Alice in Wonderland* and *Midsummer Night's Dream*. This play was one they all wrote together, the actors sometimes writing their own parts. He is now looking for original plays, not so much "gay" plays (he thinks the hetero/homo dichotomy horrible), but "sexually aware" things, things into the question of Love.

As for the play's Christian-propaganda, he is still a Catholic, not church-going, and thinks the Catholic Church's opposition to homosexual love the result of human failings in Church leaders.

He does not think of the Intense Family as a gay-theatre group.

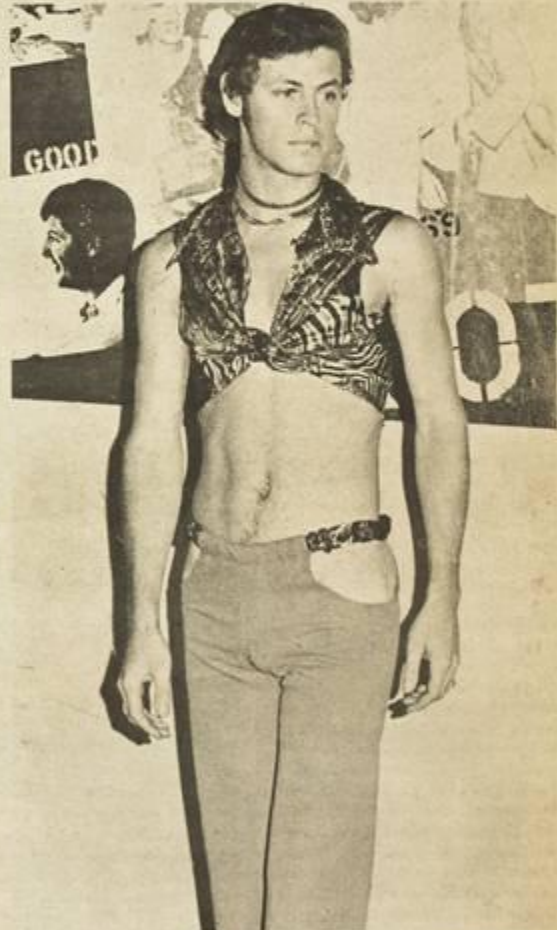
I thanked him and left. I saw Jim Owles, GAA president, coming down the stairs. "Jim," I said, "they say they're not Jesus Freaks so I don't understand why they're handing out sample masses. They say they're not a gay group. What are they doing here?"

Jim smiled sheepishly. "It's only one night," he said (as if two-night nights would be more significant).

I looked at the board to see what the next one-night (vs. two-night) would be—"Battle for Algiers," homage to Algeria? Leader in the drive to wipe out Israel and usurper of an internal women's rights movement (I heard this from radical-feminist Claudia Dreyfus). Should I complain? After all, it's only one night and what has women's rights to do with me? This is Gay Pride Week, and tonight wine, cookies and Christianity-Hits-The-Spot: tomorrow the Algerians!



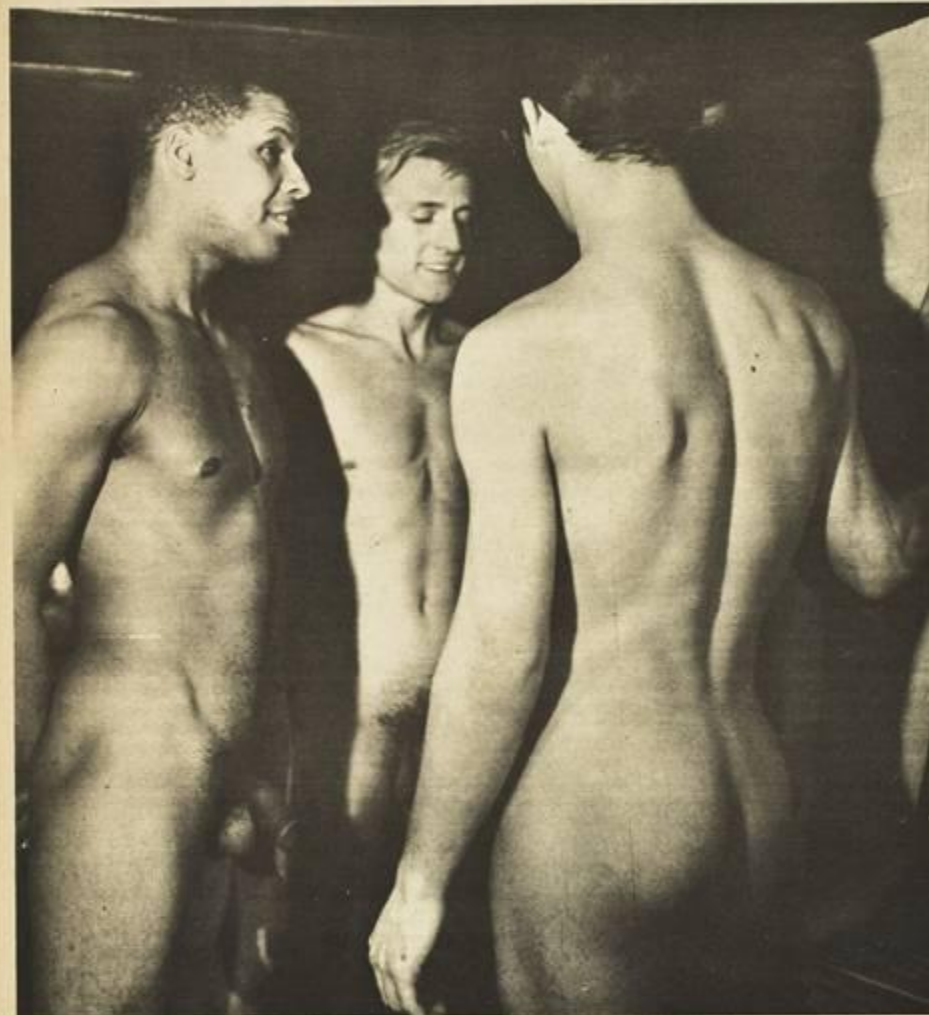
Photo by Richard Waner



GAA sponsored a Fashion Show on June 20, as part of its festivities for Gay Pride Week. The show included close to thirty different outfits for the man, woman or transvestite, from simple bathing suits or shorts and vest ensembles to the more elaborate 1930's style dresses. A dozen models showed off the fashions which had been donated by various clothing stores in the Village area. The seventy five people who attended could choose from all leather outfits, custom made by *Leatherman*, or a beautiful lavender outfit designed and modeled by *Natasha*. Almost every conceivable taste was represented, made from a wide variety of materials from denim to lace. The show was put together and hosted by Ron Diamond of GAA who wore a simple outfit and an outlandish hat. Ron's outfit was "ripped off from some of my friends."

PHOTO BY RICHARD WANER

See What The Boys In The Back Room Will Have



BY LIGE & JACK

Shortly before one of Manhattan's largest backroom bars was forced to close, we got our first real glimpse of the orgybar scene. Juan and David, our friends from Washington, D.C. were visiting us, and we set out to show them an unusual time.

Orgy bars have been part of the New York scene since Summer 1970. Unmarked doors on Manhattan's lower west side open cautiously for horny patrons who receive one or two tickets for drinks as they pay admission. The bars are just like any others inside, except for the fact that off to the side stands a *Game Room*, dark and crowded with squirming hot bodies relating to one another in spasms of anonymous passion. These are the spots that grandmother envisioned hysterically when she first realized we were going to gay bars. At the time we told her such places didn't exist. Now they do.

Police have closed more than a few of

these establishments, sometimes wielding axes and causing damage to private property amounting in some cases to as much as \$20,000. During raids, patrons are simply told to leave the premises. Bar profits are confiscated. Afterwards, the bar usually closes for a day or two and then reopens under a new name.

So, without telling our Washington guests where we were headed, we decided to strike out for the orgy bars to surprise our friends with New York sophistication.

To our way of thinking, an uptight, elegant cocktail lounge, where suit-and-tie types suck on cigarette holders, is just as bizarre (if not more so) as an orgy bar where men are having schizoid relations in the back room.

The first bar we chose (see GAY's "Where Will You Go Tonight?") for listings of backroom bars) was on the second floor of a Village warehouse. We paid \$3 admission, receiving two drink tickets apiece. It was not until our guests

noticed large pictures of butch males (a la 1950) adorning the walls—males who were fucking and sucking and licking and sticking—that they sensed that there was something different about the place. Over in a corner was the "Game Room," a dark doorway into which an unending flow of studs passed to and fro, zipping themselves up after the third or fourth orgasms.

Beyond the Pleasure Principle

We ordered a stiff drink, and meandered over to the pool table. It was then that we were treated to our first public display of sado-masochism. A shapely young man at the bar let his pants drop to the floor and removed his T-shirt: he was stark naked.

His companion (lover?) wielded a thick leather strap and brought the entire room to attention with a loud WHAP on the buttocks of his friend. The nude young man seemed not to care, and proceeded to lose himself in the

uninhibited groping of a nearby stranger. WHAP! His pleasure was compensated for by an equal measure of punishment. John Calvin, the founder of Presbyterianism, would have been quite proud of him.

His cock began to rise. WHAP WHAP WHAP. It was then that New York sophistication bared itself admirably. After their initial curiosity had been satisfied, patrons turned back to their drinks and conversations, and the S&M couple continued their scene unabated and unnoticed. We lost ourselves in an appraisal of the rather poor physique art, and then made our way into the Game Room in the far corner.

Slipping & Sliding

Once or twice we nearly slipped on the cum-stained floors. Dozens of men, their pants at half-mast, humped and pumped, panted and fondled, trying, upon occasion, to see who, by the lighting of matches, was doing what to whom. We remembered Jim Buckley's blasé platitude, "An ass is an ass is an ass," and constructed one of our own: "A mouth is a mouth is a mouth." We'd heard eerie tales about the orgy rooms in these bars, none of which had been verified, and most of which were probably rumors. Some hinted that castrations had taken place in the dark, that cocks had been bitten mercilessly, and assholes rammed with ugly mechanical contrivances. So, naturally, we were on guard.

As a matter of fact, everyone in the back room seemed quite polite. Only one or two burly bears tried to hug us for too long a time, but graciously released us when we choked them or sent an elbow into their ribs. Erect cocks stood at attention all around us. It was interesting, to say the least, but not particularly sensual.

Sensuality, from our viewpoint, requires comfort. And the orgy bars are not yet comfortable enough. Nor unfortunately, are they uncensored institutions. Dark rooms. Anonymity. Faceless, impersonal sex.

People don't take time to get to know one another as well as they might. They go to these bars as they go to department stores, trying on cocks for size and failing, often, to take them home for a hangup in the boudoir.

Places such as these, we decided, would be much groovier if only there were lush couches, dim lighting, and clean surroundings. Who in the world can have a truly sensual bout with pants dangling at the knees and shoes weighting down feet? Who can relax properly when he must worry about losing his wallet or his keys?

No doubt hot pants will be popular in the orgy bars this summer. They're easy to remove, and can be held in one hand. Hopefully, management will provide bright new facilities so that men can fuck each other proudly—in the open, lolling with greater intimacy and displaying their sensual charms in such a way as to demonstrate pride in their behavior.

On our way home, we laughed with our Washington guests about the strange sights we'd witnessed, thinking about the advice our friend Ruth had received from Mom: "Don't do anything you think you'll regret, but don't refrain from doing anything you think you may regret not having done."

The Cruising Photographer

QUESTION:

"How do you feel about Gay Weddings?"



Natalia Fromkin: "I feel about gay weddings just as I feel about weddings in general. I hope the time will come when no one will feel it is

necessary to have them and that they can live together and love one another without any official approval. However, it's a personal matter and I approve of gay weddings as such."



Ed Cason: "For myself a gay wedding would not have much meaning. It is an imitation of a straight wedding which is losing its appeal to many straights. I don't think a wedding, as a ceremony or a contract, is

important to a relationship. Gays who want a wedding, though, should have one."



Arthur Evans: "I am opposed to the idea of gay marriages. They encourage people to imitate heterosexual mores. They imply the right of Church and State to license and sanction certain types of sex. They promote monogamy and fidelity for which there is no functional need among gay people."

THE LAST ESTATE

BY GREGORY BATTCKOCK



hen David Bourdon calls, I never know what he's after. I immediately became suspicious when he rang up and asked for Jill Johnston's phone number. "Why do you want it?" "Because I wanted to know if I could drive with her up to John and Yoko's party Sunday afternoon," he said.

Now, nothing's that simple. Obviously David was calling to invite ME to John and Yoko's party; no doubt he had already promised them he'd get me to come up somehow. He couldn't simply say "Why don't you come to John and Yoko's party?" because I might simply have said "yes."



I told David I had mislaid Jill's phone number and that, other than wait for the upholsterer to come pick up the dining room chairs, I myself had no appointments on Sunday afternoon. "Oh" he said, and hung up.

Later David called again to explain that a car would pick up both himself and Andy and take them to the party. Jill, he said, would be going to the party with her son as escort, which was too bad because otherwise perhaps I could have been her escort and that way I would have been able to get to the party also.

At this point I should have told him that I had no intention of going to the party and had decided to take my mother to brunch at the Tower Suite. But no, dear reader, I cannot resist, livestock or barrel.

(All the while I was thinking of David's humiliating backfire, last Christmas day. We were posing for a double portrait at Alice Neel's while David chirped merrily about how he would soon be on his way to John and Yoko's hotel, for drinks and dinner. He couldn't sit still and Alice kept saying "Sit still, David! How can I paint you when you won't stop fidgeting!" In his enthusiasm and determination to inculcate us with the magnitude of his social schedule, he brought along and insisted on playing John and Yoko's latest album. Finally, Alice stopped daubing and dragged out her bottle of Bourbon. David made a bee-line for the phone and, after requesting Alice's permission, rang up John Lennon and Yoko Ono. You should have seen his face as he was told that everybody is "... very tired so let's meet some time soon?" The reader now understands why, this time David was playing the whole thing for all it was worth. And having the time of his life, to boot.)

Later, that long Saturday evening neither of us had anything better to do than sit home waiting for the magic ring. David called again to ask if I happened to know where Riverdale was. Now he knew perfectly well that I was FROM Riverdale and spent my high school years working on the Toscanini estate in Riverdale—only a stone's throw from the Kline house, site for the forthcoming festivity. In the interim he had phoned Jill, who told him she spoke to me earlier in the day. "He must have been trying to get you to invite him to the Lennon/Ono party" David told Jill. Of course Jill believed it because she stubbornly believes everything; it's one of her numerous devices for being difficult.

"Well, I suppose I could bring you myself" David ventured. "Perhaps nobody will notice. You really should go with Jill though. Everybody expects you to go with Jill. You two go together, you know, like Laurel and Hardy. You can drive up with her in the camper. That'll be fun. I'd prefer it myself, except the limousine has already been arranged and Andy will be disappointed if I don't go



Gregory, Jill & Jerry Rubin

with him. I'll call you tomorrow morning," he promised. The morning. Ring. Ring. "Hello" (It's Jill) "David said the reason you called me yesterday was that you wanted me to invite you to the Lennon party. I wondered why you called. You didn't say anything. You should have told me you wanted to go so badly. I'll pick you up at twelve."

The party, it turned out, was full of celebrities. No doubt Jill will list them in her column in the Voice. If not, Howard Smith might cover it. Ferreault won't mention it, because he wasn't invited. There was a swimming pool but only Jill, her son Richie and myself went in. The others were afraid of the lightning. "You can't go in a pool when it's raining" they said.

The party was catered by an ethnically mixed bunch—blacks, Japanese, Spanish and whites. They passed around hot salmon miniatures, tiny bite-size pizzas, egg-shaped hamburgers and raw asparagus with Hollandaise dip. There was a line up

for the omelets (cheese, mushroom and red caviar with sour cream) and slices of bloody roast beef on little pieces of rye. Except for the beef the food was terrible.

There was no wine, no Champagne. I was in tears. Jerry Rubin asked me questions about GAY newspaper and I got David to introduce me to Howard Smith (of Village Voice fame). "Oh, I've wanted to meet you..." Smith said, but before he finished the sentence he was back in excited conversation with Yoko. "Nice to meet you!" I shouted twice, but he didn't hear.

During the revel somebody stole Andy Warhol's tape recorder. Everybody had a tape recorder. They kept announcing Andy's loss over the loud speaker. Poor Andy. "It's bad enough having your tape recorder stolen without having the fact announced over the loud speaker" I told Jill. "Yes, that's terrible," she said.

Miles Davis was all smiles. John Lennon wore a light-weight denim outfit, and didn't seem to be wearing any underwear. He looked O.K. for an Anglo. Charming. Yoko wore a little black pants-skirt and white lace type top and those sunglasses you can't see through. Some man who said he lived next door, who asked me what I did (write for GAY I said, thinking it might shock him. He pretended he didn't hear) wore what may have been a golfing outfit. He used to live in the Village, on Carmine Street, but when things got bad he moved to Riverdale.

Jerry Rubin wore a red and blue shirt with a gold star—presumably a reference to the flag of North Vietnam and the National Liberation Front of South Vietnam. A nice gesture. Jack Nicholson wore dungarees, sported a new haircut and refused to be baited by Jill Johnston. "He's macho" Jill said, "... but in a good way." "How do you like being macho?" she taunted: Jack and Jill went up the hill and fell each other out; Jack was disarming and rather charming and Jill was left in doubt. (Anon.)

Later that evening, David called. "How dare you humiliate us, parading around their living room in those underpants?" he said. "Living room? I thought it was the cabana."

Cheers, Gregory

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BY MICHAEL PERKINS

"Afoot and light-hearted I take to the open road,
Healthy, free, the world before me,
The long brown path before me leading
wherever I choose."
—Walt Whitman, "Song of the Open Road"

As with most experiences in life, if you've ever hitch-hiked you don't need to read about it. You learn your lessons very quickly, and if you're good at them, you can get across a continent in no time. But for those who've never taken to the open road, *camarado*, these bits are for you.

The odds are that you've heard two versions of the song of the open road. One says, in lilting tones that lift a cheap, democratic heart: hitching is a great way to travel, doesn't cost you anything, and you meet a great variety of people. The other says (Johnny Cash sad ballad here) sticking your thumb out is an invitation to murder, maiming, and corn-cob rape. The truth, of course, is somewhere in the middle, and depends on your own acuity—and luck.

I began hitching rides when I was fourteen, and gave it up six years later. It was a weekly, sometimes daily, routine for me to grab rides that would take me 150 miles. I think the most distance I ever covered was 500 miles. I have friends who've spent years going by thumb to every part of the world, however: one couple got rides in ox-carts in Nepal. Thus I've heard a few horror stories, and many tales of resplendent, even embarrassing generosity bestowed on hitch-hikers.

During my hitching days the most famous horror story was about the farmer whose son had been murdered by hitch-hikers. (Yes, there are always some killer apes on the road; now that everyone has a car, who else hitchhikes but you, me, a million bearded youths, and the killers of *In Cold Blood*?) The farmer attached a shotgun to the passenger's door so that when a happy hitch-hiker pulled it open he got buckshot in the face. But there are dangers in anything, and homosexuals deal with the risks of picking up complete strangers more often than any other group except for hitch-hikers and cops.

Usually, good experiences completely outweigh bad ones on the road ninety to one. You simply have to be able to size up a driver in the few seconds of time you have before you get in his car. Most people in America who do pick up hitch-



hikers—despite the horror stories on both sides—are interesting, and often very generous. The real hassles turn out to be dull and routine: the weather, waiting for hours for a ride as it gets dark, cops, etc.

Once you've gotten your ride, there is an etiquette of the road which should be

strictly followed if you don't want to have the ride cut short. Remember the two women Jack Nicholson picked up in *Five Easy Pieces*? Bad hitch-hikers. That's not the scene at all. When you get in the car, you don't lean back and let the chauffeur do the rest. You're his guest,

and you have a function to perform. He's picked you up for conversation, and he has a right to expect conversation and elementary politeness from you. You don't change the stations on the radio because you don't like country music, you don't go to sleep on him, and you don't start arguments.

Common courtesy will still take you a long way, but what about getting the ride in the first place? That's really the most difficult part of hitching, and the most demanding. In general, you have to look harmless before any driver—no matter how much longer his hair is than yours—will stop. If you look harmless, your hair and clothes won't make any difference; if you don't—and most of us who have a few teeth don't—then the next best thing is to look understandable in a glance, which often translates into conventionality. The student routine is typical—a jacket, fairly short hair, no beard, and a sign that plainly reads, "Student, Going To—". If they understand you, they won't fear you, and they'll stop. I once travelled my weekly route (ten years ago) with an older, bearded friend. Always before I'd gotten rides very quickly, but with him along, my waiting time was tripled. I looked like a student, but who was he? It's a rule that still holds true.

Don't expect any romances with wild boys of the road. Then you'll meet in between rides, in hotels, bars, and YMCA's. I've heard of a few seduction stories, but I'd be willing to bet most of them are apocryphal. Of course there are always exceptions on the open road. Horny salesmen (you'll meet a high percentage of travelling salesmen) even school teachers. They'll feel you out conversationally for a long while, though, and you'll have plenty of time to decide which way you want to jump. I'd advise you to jump in: the water's fine.

Finally, there are guides to thumbing. Probably the best is the *Hitchhiker Handbook* by Tom Grimm (Vagabond Press, Ltd., Laguna Beach, Calif.) which lists the hitching laws of various states, and even offers excerpts from the diaries of two veteran thumbers.

Hitching is democracy enforced, and a marvellous way of throwing yourself upon the mercy of the gods; no telling who you'll meet, or where you'll end up, but there you are, healthy, free (in a way you're not likely to find elsewhere) with the world before you.

Leading New Yorkers Appeal to City Hall

continued from page 1

interview with GAY, "but it is definitely Thomas Cuite who is holding things up." The vote centers around the Clingan-Burden-Schnolnick-Weiss Bill, which Committee member Dr. George Weinberg describes as "an omnibus bill to prevent discrimination against New York's homosexuals in virtually all areas of life—wherever that discrimination exists." Dr. Weinberg, a well-known author, psychotherapist and regular contributor to GAY, stressed the importance of the Bill. "If this bill is passed," he said, "it will release many homosexuals to step forward and live their lives free of the fear that they may jeopardize their livelihoods by doing so. This fact alone makes support for the Bill worthwhile."

Dr. Weinberg does not, however, take

an optimist's view of the pledges of support received by City Councilmen. "I think that many of the City Councilmen may have been relieved that no vote has been taken," he said, "and I wonder if all of those Councilmen who have promised to support the Bill will do so when the time for a vote arrives. If they do, I will be somewhat surprised."

New Yorkers for Homosexual Rights released the following statement on June 16:

The homosexual citizens of this city and state have long labored with their heterosexual fellows in improving the life we all share. However, they have been oppressed by a society which accepts their contributions but refuses them simple civil rights, the freedom of their bodies and the right to make a living. Our gay citizens are made to live in fear of losing a job or apartment simply because their sexual orientation is towards people of the same sex. Such discriminatory policy robs our city and state of needed talent while it imprisons the

personalities of gay people in a dark, fearful world. Whenever any group is arbitrarily discriminated against, the freedom of the whole society is endangered. This city and state has taken the lead in guaranteeing the human rights of its citizens, regardless of race, creed, sex, or place of birth. It is only logical and proper that homosexuals receive their human rights.

The Clingan-Burden-Schnolnick-Weiss bill presently in the City Council would amend the administrative code to outlaw discrimination based on sexual orientation. This bill is a welcome but long overdue step in human rights. We, the undersigned, add our voice to that of the Mayor, the City Commissioner of Human Rights, Eleanor Holmes Norton, Congresswoman Bella Abzug and the United Federation of College Teachers in halting this legislation as useful, proper and morally right.

With over 75 percent of the Council committed to support the bill, we call on Majority Leader Cuite to bring this bill to the floor of the Council for a vote and quick passage. Our gay fellow citizens have waited for their rights patiently and worked to achieve them. It would be the greatest injustice on our parts not to support this valid cry for their human rights. We urge all citizens to add their voices to this call for justice, for common sense, for the proper treatment of our gay fellow citizens.

Sunday Herald

(continued from page 1)

ity, smut and filthy ideas of any variety. In the same way we do not think the founding fathers ever believed that the guarantees given under the constitution for freedom of assembly would be used to propagandize and advertise abnormal and unnatural human behavior.

This newspaper believes that it is absolutely morally wrong to encourage this type of abnormal behavior by allowing such public exhibitions.

This type of activity is the natural result of the permissiveness of our age. We have tolerated every type of filth in our books, our magazines, on our movie screens and in our theaters. This has encouraged these confused, sick people to think that they should be allowed to flaunt a disgusting habit before the public eye.

One of the sad byproducts of all this is that it encourages rather than discourages this type of abnormal behavior. It can possibly cause other people to be led astray.

From biblical days down this behavior has been frowned on as the enemy of a constructive and healthy society. It should continue to be a crime and those afflicted with this ailment should be given medical and psychiatric treatment so as to restore them to a normal existence.

That these diseased, confused and abnormal people should be allowed to have this parade on Father's Day is adding insult to injury.

However this sabbage, unfortunate event will bring it to the attention of the sensible decent element of society and make them realize that this sort of public behavior has to be brought to an end and these people should be arrested for public display of what, in many cities, is still a crime and should be in all cities.

William Leeb, Publisher

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"MORE EROTICALLY STIMULATING THAN MUCH CURRENT FARE."
VARIETY
pink narcissus
CINEMA VILLAGE

BY DICK LEITSCH

A friend recently commented that the homosexual movement is relevant only to itself and almost totally irrelevant to the homosexual community. Several good arguments could be made to support that view, and none better than the way the movement is standing idly by while the gay community is losing its hold on power bases our people formerly controlled.

I have it on excellent authority that there are now three top male ballet dancers with major companies who are totally heterosexual! We allowed Jacques D'Ambrose to produce babies and drive tractors for *Life's* photographers as our token heterosexual. Now two more have slipped in while we weren't looking.

Soon they'll take over. They'll have their kind in positions of power, and they'll start excluding us. Already they're in design, display, hairdressing, architecture, and even finance, in greater numbers than ever before. If this keeps up, we'll be driving trucks, emptying garbage, churning the boards of General Motors and running politics, and they'll have all the fun, glamorous, prestige jobs!

There's even a crisis in the Catholic Church which threatens our power there. We've owned and controlled that organization since at least the Fourth Century, when the Synod of Elvira decided that all high-ranking clergymen had to be "celibated." We tightened the hold in the 11th Century when Gregory VII ordered "celibacy" for all religion. That kept heterosexuals in their places—on their knees at the other end of the collection plate.

Who ever met a priest (until very recently) who didn't ooze at least latent homosexuality from every pore? Catholic kids are taught homosexuals must be celibate. Where is a Catholic celibate? In orders, of course! I'm the only kid from my Catholic school who was gay who didn't spend at least some time in seminary. Every incipient lesbian and male homosexual of my childhood at least tried religious life—and most stayed.

What is a convent or a monastery but a homosexual—or at least homosexual-culture? Lusty young people are jammed together in living quarters from which the opposite sex are excluded. If you don't go in gay, you become gay through the same sort of "situational homosexuality" that operates in armies, navies and prisons.

At times the religious have been gay and proud (who was gayer or prouder than the Knights Templar?), and other times they've been into a guilty bag. Then they'd trick, repent, confess, and sometimes finish off with a sado-masochistic celebration of self-flagellation or group beatings.

Now and again a straight number would sneak in, and once in a while the gays were repressed, guilt-ridden puritans who couldn't accept their own urges so denounced the fun others were having. These wrote books and fulminated.

St. Basil the Great (330-379) screeched, "Shun the companionship of other young men and avoid them as thou wouldst the flame. At meals take a seat far from other young men. In lying down to sleep let not their clothes be near thine, but rather have an old man



Pope Leo X with two of his favorite young cardinals.

Poking It To The Pontiff

between you. When a young man converses with thee, or sings psalms facing thee, answer him with eyes cast down, lest perhaps by gazing at his face thou receive a seed of desire sown by the enemy and reap sheaves of corruption and ruin."

St. Benedict commanded his monks to stop sleeping two to a bed, and the Council of Tours (567) extended that prohibition to all priests. The Council of Paris (1212) told the nuns to stay out of one another's beds and ordered them to burn candles all night and keep an eye on one another.

John Chrysostom raised hell in his sermons with homosexuals who went to church to cruise. Augustine, no stranger to homosexuality himself, became as puritanical as a reformed whore and denounced homosexuality in the clergy (he was old and ugly then). Clement of Alexandria said Christians wouldn't eat rabbits because rabbits are notorious pederasts. Peter Damians (1007-1072) told gay men to stop going to confession to priests who had been their sexual partners. (the penances were lighter that way).

All that had little effect. You can't stop something as groovy as homosexuality with mere words, especially when the system encourages homosexuality. And some of those convents and monasteries were swinging places. Those with gay abbots or abbesses were especially great. When the top man (or woman) was uptight, gays did what gay people always do when the heat is on: they went underground and practiced civil disobedience.

There was no underground in the Renaissance. Gay cardinals abounded and there was a whole series of gay popes. At one point, historians claim, the cardinals petitioned a bisexual pope for official permission to engage in homosexual sodomy during the summer months, when Rome's heat drove up the sex desires and made chastity unthinkable. The bisexual pope died before doing anything about the petition, and his successor was gay, so the point was mooted.

Giovanni di Medici was a beautiful boy of 14 when a lecherous pope made him a cardinal. When Giovanni, in turn, became a dirty old man, he became Pope Leo X.

Alexander VII Chigi, Julius III del Monte, Gregory XVI and others were from our crowd, as was Benedict XV, whose lover, Cardinal Merry del Val, dominated Vatican I and saw to it that his lover was declared infallible.

Julius III, history tells us, had "more than fifty Ganymedes"—a reference to the fifty-plus stunning numbers Julie raised to the rank of cardinal. The most beautiful of these was the pope's favorite, Innocent, a 17-year-old knockout.

Sixtus IV della Rovere had a matched pair in the Riario brothers. Raffaello became Cardinal at 17, then fixed his older brother up with the pope, who paid off with another red hat. To this day the Papal Chancery bears the combined arms of the della Rovere and Riario families, and the carved tangle branches of the della Rovere oak branch out to the stone Riario rose as though in embrace.

Raffaello died during the reign of Leo X, who died poorly by his "sister." The younger Riario's tomb is simple, with a plain inscription. The older Riario's tomb, which was erected by Sixtus himself, is just across the aisle from Raffaello's in Rome's Church of the Holy Apostles. It is carved with bare-bottomed cupids (whose butts are polished by the robes of the Conventual Friars Minor who pray there) and the inscription is beautiful: "High in grace, he left us greatly desiring him."

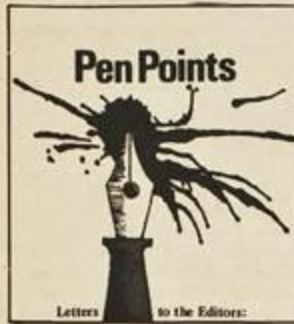
In the 1950's, ecclesiastical fools started hiring headshrinkers to screen seminary applicants and the candidates for nunneries and monasteries. Homosexuals, of course, were screened out. Now the church has twenty years' worth of heterosexuals who are trying to run things. What are they demanding? A married clergy!

Once heterosexuals get in anywhere they start taking over with their nasty habits. A married clergy will inhibit Roman Catholic homosexuality, eliminate the homosexual structure of Catholic religious life, and break the gay community's power in the richest, most powerful, most prestigious organization in the world—an organization begun by a gentle, long-haired man who traveled with eleven male friends and a Beloved Disciple.

Franny Spellman may have been the last of the great gay cardinals. Pius XII may well have been the last of a long line of gay popes. Oh, Paul VI tries to keep up with tradition, outlawing birth control and abortion to make heterosexuals pay for being heterosexual, and fighting to maintain the unmarried clergy. But Paul lacks the class of Pius, who is rumored to have had some marvelous bitch fights with Franny, and who grandly dispersed church money to his architect/lover so he could build his career by rebuilding much of Rome.

I understand Pius arranged with the King of Italy to make his (the pope's) lover a count. The count's coat-of-arms, they say, is the bark of St. Peter with two figures on the deck. The motto "By oar and sail," indicates that the Vicar of Christ, on St. Peter's Bark, was accompanied by a good navigator.

But presumably the days, recounted for us by the poet DeBelli, when the Vatican stairways were crowded with "catamites" while the female prostitutes in the Piazza Navonna lamented because they could no longer find clients, are gone forever.



Pen Points

Letters to the Editors:

TAYLOR MEAD AND THE TRANSEXUAL

Dear GAY:

Just a note to reply to Taylor Mead's benighted mouthings on transsexualism in GAY 51. He states that the operations are a failure: reference to all available documentation (including Harry Benjamin's The Transsexual Phenomenon and Transsexualism and Sex Reassignment edited by Richard Green and John Money) will reveal that there is a distinct improvement in the psychic well-being and social adjustment in about 90 percent of operated transsexuals. Those are good odds. The suicides Mead speaks of are among preoperative transsexuals.

The question of whether it takes

greater courage to change one's anatomy or to live with it is moot. We all do what we have to do. Transsexualism and homosexuality are separate conditions: I don't try to sell anyone vacation trips to Casablanca, and I don't like anyone trying to shame me into living his life style. I suppose everyone needs someone to whom he can feel morally and aesthetically superior; for the homosexual, the transsexual is convenient. When I read Mead's opinions stated as fact, or when Jill Johnston calls transsexualism a "monstrosity" exclusive to the ignorant, I react much as a homosexual might react to a biased and misinformed article in the Times. But transsexuals are a tiny minority (an estimated ten thousand in this country), and it is difficult to make our voice heard in today's anarchic din.

In closing, I would like to compliment GAY on its generally fair and objective reportage on transsexualism in news articles, but wish you would exercise a little more editorial control on personal opinions which are harmful to the transsexual.

Timmie

BELOVED BOSTON

Dear GAY:

Randolf Wicker's succinct byline on the Hub (Vol. 2, Issue 53) was greatly appreciated by this Boston converted New Yorker. The article was an outstanding glance at a town where at best I've found a warm embrace during a cold

New England night and at worst, tripped along with friends to dinner, the theatre, a bar, or a new rock album.

Randy did pass over the "beautifully sculptured parks and gardens" too quickly. Under lofty boughs, by the footpaths, beside stone bridges, "Down by the banks of the River Charles," many gay males have cruised up a trick or two or three. Ah! The Esplanade. While no one will promise "what you see, is what you get"—and you'll see a lot—the area around the bandshell and the boathouse have known much sweeter sounds after the Boston Pops' summer evening concerts than during them.

If some of GAY's readers are heading to the Cape this summer, it would enhance their vacation to make a detour to Boston for a few days of enjoyment. In any case, I hope GAY will bring more of Boston to New York in the future.

Sincerely, J.L.C.

STRAIGHT TALK

Dear GAY:

I wish you would quit using the word straight as the opposite of Gay. Straight means right, fairness, honesty, accurate, upright, reliable, candid. Its antonyms are tricky, dishonest, crooked, swindler, abnormal, devious, disolute, unnatural and vicious (per Funk & Wagnell's Dictionary). When straight is used to mean heterosexual, you imply that Gay is abnormal, unnatural, etc.

The continued use of straight has an undesirable subconscious psychological effect on the readers and militates against pride, self esteem—and causes Gays to think of themselves in a negative manner.

The non prejudicial word, "het," is now being used as the antonym of Gay. Why don't you adopt the new usage?

Peace, sex, joy
Don Jackson
Los Angeles, Calif.

ED NOTE: Your point is well-taken, although the word "Het" sounds rather like a minor Egyptian deity. In 1951, D.W. Cory made note of your criticism in The Homosexual In America. Now, in this age of "sexism" there are innumerable word squabbles and so we leave it up to GAY's writers to use the word they prefer.

"Straight" in East Village parlance means "linear"—that is to say, "logic-oriented, mechanistic, and conventionally rational." A "straight" person is one who is tied to the "straight and narrow." In this sense, the word "straight" is negative, but does not necessarily refer to heterosexuals. There are some very "heterosexual" homosexuals running around loose.

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

BY THE STAFF OF GAY

If you have a question about PERSONAL matters, write to the staff of GAY, c/o GAY, P.O. Box 431, Old Chelsea Station, New York, New York 10011. Only letters of the widest possible interest can be published. All letters will be answered if accompanied by a stamped self-addressed envelope.

Dear GAY:

I recently contracted an infection and had to have one of my testes removed. I'm twenty years old so I should have a lot of life left in me, or I did before this happened.

I have a lover and he tells me that it doesn't make any difference to him, but I know that my performance in bed is nothing like it used to be. Is there anything I can do to regain some of my lost power?

A.F.
Bronx, N.Y.

Dear A.F.:

There's nothing physical about your "lost power." The only reason men have two in the first place is as insurance against the loss of one of them. One testis works just as well as two; the problem is all in your own head. When your lover tells you it doesn't matter you should listen to him, he's right. Actually most sexual problems come from fear and misunderstanding, not from physical causes. Just relax a bit and you'll quickly find that your powers are just as great as ever.

Dear GAY:

I'm eighteen years old and have been out for two years. I recently was introduced to a twenty two year old who is also gay. I've met him several times at

Joie de Vivre



various parties and have fallen in love with him. My problem is I don't know how he feels toward me. We've tricked together a couple of times and I want very much to tell him what I feel, but I don't know how since I've never fallen in love before. What can I do to show him how much I care?

G.S.
Wash., D.C.

Dear G.S.:

Fear is perhaps the greatest foe of mutual happiness. Perfect love, according to that old rascal, St. Paul, casts it out. If you have your friend's phone number, why not give him a call and arrange to see a movie together. Or, if you see him at a party soon, tell him you'd like to spend a little time with him out of bed, if possible, and go dutch treat to dinner, or

spend an afternoon swimming. If you don't push him, you'll know better whether you really enjoy his company, and he'll get to know you as a personality, perhaps as a friend, and maybe even as a lover. Always be yourself in his company. That's important.

If your first date is a success, you'll have another, and before you know it, both of you will be showing your feelings to each other. Neither of you should make any ready demands on the other, tho. He should like you AS YOU ARE, and vice versa. If it doesn't work out, don't despair. Be patient. One of the Editors of GAY "came out" when he was your age, but was 26 when he met his lover, the other Editor, seven years ago. Finding a lover is difficult, sometimes, but it is quite possible. Never be afraid to say what you feel, but choose the right time and the right circumstances to say it.

Dear GAY:

About a year ago I discovered that I much prefer to sleep with another woman than with a man. After a few months my husband discovered what was going on and before I knew what was happening we had flown to Nevada and gotten a divorce. Since I don't really have any particular place I would call home, I decided to stay here. My problem is how to go about finding other women who are lesbians as I am.

R.W.
Reno, Nev.

Dear R.W.:

There is a lesbian group in Reno. Contact the Daughters of Bilitis—Reno, Washington Station, Box 5025, Reno, Nevada. Who knows, it could be the beginning of something beautiful. If it isn't, write to us again for further suggestions.



here's something weird—not new—but weird, a continuing weirdness from the old regime to the new, over at DOB. Yes folks here it is column time and once again I'm going on about DOB. I do have these moments of guilt every now and then about being so nasty and knocking them all the time, especially when I go over there and they're all nice to me or when I have a great time at one of their dances. But there's simply nothing else going on worth writing about anymore. The only other thing I came up with as a possible topic for this week was—how homosexuals relate to the Saint Anthony's festival.

I saw Leo Skir and a friend over there cruising the cannoles last Thursday as well as several other obvious GAA types, with that not quite conventional but not too hairy look about the ears, probably on their way to the Thursday night meeting at The Firehouse.

But I didn't see any women, loose or otherwise—all the obvious old butches I spotted without my glasses and from a block away turned out on closer inspection to be tough old Italian-American earth mother types with lacquered hair and myriads of children and grandchildren clinging to their legs. So after discovering that my ethnic food rave of the year—Chinese roast pork buns were selling for fifty-five cents at the fair and knowing perfectly well that they go for a mere twenty cents on the other side of Canal Street, I headed back to DOB. There's definitely something about the organization that disturbs me. Maybe I can get it down here once and for all and then I won't have to bother with it anymore. Then I can pull a Jill Johnston number and turn this Loosely About Women column into a mostly about Sorel kind of thing. Would you all like to hear about the many beautiful and exciting women with initials for first names I've seduced this week? No, that would make for a very short column, I'm afraid. Let's see—well there was B.—no, that's a lie. The truth of the matter is that we were two consenting adults. Isn't it nice to know finally what being an adult means? You're an adult if you know how to consent. Actually I've never seduced anyone in my life—I'm the type that much prefers being seduced. Lazy, I guess.

But the DOB—the weirdness—there's something unreal, something crazy about those people. I first noticed it back in February, right after DOB supposedly got radicalized by their experiences with the police who hassled them about their occupancy sign among other things. It was at this time that the president first started saying that DOB is on the map all the

Coffee In The Morning, Love In The Afternoon

time and I wrote the whole thing off as being due to the basic neurotic personality types of the president and some of the other officers. The old group is gone now, but still, I see the same sort of unreal revolutionary zest beginning to seep in, animating the minds and bodies of the new regime. A strange glow, an almost religious fervor pervades the place—fervor and ardor—something like that, a collective emotional response, anyway which seems grossly exaggerated and out of proportion to the reality of the situation. Tina Mandel does everything about twice as fast as she used to, if it's not racing about town in the middle of the night feverishly pasting up Dance in Sisterhood posters, it's jumping up and down, gesturing wildly at meetings to make some terribly important point or other. And the strident pitch of Ann Sanchez's voice admonishing her "Sisters! Sisters!" every few minutes frequently reaches the intolerable level. Indeed everyone connected with the running of

the organization seems to rush about with an exaggerated air of importance, moving their arms and legs in quick, vigorous, almost violent motions betraying this great sense of purpose as if coming to those damn meetings and engaging in long intense discussions about the by-laws of DOB is all part of some great and holy crusade against the oppression of women everywhere. It all seems slightly schizophrenic if you ask me—and you can ask me as long as you don't ask me what schizophrenic means. It's just this feeling I have—it's like they're all finding some new apocalyptic meaning to life over at DOB. There is this sense of it's all happening here and now, that they've finally got it together this time and DOB is the only reason to exist. It all makes me somewhat uncomfortable, not that I think it's bad or good necessarily, but they just make me nervous, that's all. I feel like I can't relate or even talk to any of them, they're all always so busy doing important and noble

things, fighting oppression all the time. Why does everybody have to do what's right and good all the time, why do they need to have meaning in their lives? For my part I think the world would be better off if we all just opted for a simple hedonism of sorts. Good nut-rich coffee in the morning and a warm bath, endless hours of leisure and love in the afternoon, cordials or good brandy after dinner and perhaps a mellow cigar, fine objects of art to gaze upon, good music of course and a silk dressing gown on a velvet couch. One must fight for gay rights simply because one wants a shot at all the good things in life plus a little human dignity thrown in on the side. All other reasons seem patently false—at least to me anyway. To hell with oppression, especially 'the oppression of all.' Maybe we should let the oppressed women of the world, the hungry Puerto Ricans, the depressed blacks, the subdued Indians and the starving Armenians take care of themselves for a change and who knows what liberation means, anyway?

BY DR. GEORGE WEINBERG

GAY is pleased to present the following word definitions and creations by a psychotherapist of matchless vision, George Weinberg, Ph.D.

Dr. Weinberg's many contributions to GAY, always in rhythm with the best spirit of the newspaper, are welcome reflections of thoughts which he long ago expressed as a leading psychological professional. In days when it was not popular to do so, Dr. Weinberg spoke out against the anti-homosexual prejudices of his colleagues. He continues to do so as a widely read author, now preparing what should easily be among the most popular and thought provoking of books on homosexuality by a first-rate psychologist. —The Editors

Within the next few years, someone is going to write a dictionary for sensualists. Meanwhile, if you don't like the words, or definitions that I will be presenting here, write in your own, and very possibly Lige and Jack will publish them.

The words I want to talk about are "homosexual," "gay," "to straight someone" (the verb), "homophobia," "coming out," "mature" and "homophile." These words need careful consideration.

HOMOSEXUAL. This word is to be distinguished from the word "gay," defined next. To be homosexual is to have an erotic preference for members of one's own sex. One may be homosexual for a minute, an hour, a day, or a lifetime. The Kinsey scale measures degree of homosexuality or heterosexuality on a scale from zero to six. Many people who write and talk on the subject are criticized for using the word "homosexual" without suggesting there are gradations involved. This seems like unwarranted criticism. The scale is used to classify people by their behavior over a lifetime, but when people talk about themselves it makes perfect sense to think about one's recent part, or present desires. Kinsey was a genius as a surveyer and classifier. But for most purposes in everyday life, it makes sense to use the word "homosexual" to talk about peoples' present outlook. As Dr. Franklin Kameny put it ten years ago, "Just as the heterosexual can abstain from sex completely and be no less a heterosexual for doing so, the homosexual can."

GAY. A homosexual person is gay when he regards himself as happily gifted with whatever capacity he has to see people as romantically beautiful. It is to be free of shame, guilt, regret over the fact that one is homosexual, that the searchlight of one's childhood vision of human beings shined more brilliantly on members of one's own sex than on those of the other. That, for whatever reasons, it illuminated those and gave them fascination—and burst them into sexual brilliance when the body learned to crave what it had been pursuing. To be gay is to view one's sexuality as the healthy heterosexual views his.

To be gay is to be free of the need for ongoing self inquisition, the sort that preoccupies those who feel abandoned and are searching for a reason. "How did I become homosexual?" "Is it a disease?" "Who's to blame?" "Should I go for therapy?" "Was Julius Caesar homosexual?"

WORDS FOR THE NEW CULTURE



Being gay means having freed oneself of misgivings over being homosexual. At its best it means not limiting oneself to a stereotype—a model of some previous homosexual—for one's personality, at work, at parties, with a lover. It means remaining free to invent, to imbue life with fantasy. It means being able to investigate one's preferences and desires in sexual roles where one chooses, without having to construct a personality elsewhere consistent with this, to justify it, to account for it. In essence, it means being convinced that any erotic orientation and preference may be housed in any human being.

This implies that homosexuality in a man renders him no less masculine than other men, and that homosexuality in a woman makes her no less feminine. Curiously, the larger culture has decided that in men homosexuality connotes weakened sexuality, whereas in women it is a sign of enhanced sexuality. Lesbianism, belittled and misunderstood, has served as pornography for heterosexual men over the ages.

Many homosexuals have, when they discovered their orientation, begun acting in ways they believed consistent and necessary for their identity as homosexuals. For instance, they adopted highly defined masculine or feminine roles and elaborated upon them. Where one's whole personality becomes frozen in such a role, there is doubtless a reduction of possibility—a capitulation to a stereotype to escape conflict and to accept being homosexual. But suppose the person enjoys the role vigorously. Who is to say that the loss is disproportionate, or that the highest aim of life is total flexibility of role? Individuals must make these decisions for themselves.

Civilizations have often tried to cultivate what they considered a lush garden without weeds—a wholly heterosexual population. This has never been done. Unwanted, homosexuals have sprung up apparently nurtured by the same elements as heterosexuals. And in each population some of these homosexuals have boldly believed in themselves and their rights while others have accepted the conventional prejudice.

Some have never recognized a choice in the matter. Others have come to the great void of discovery, unprepared, and have retreated. Society inculcated a romantic fiction on them. It told them that only one vision of life was sensible—monogamous, heterosexual marriage with children. The removal of this fiction creates the void. By the retreat, I mean the flight from accepting that there are many vistas and each of us chooses his own.

MATURE. "Mature" means "ripe, stuffy, rigid, ready to fall"—like a "mature apple." Mature means doing what other people want you to do. As part of my morning prayer, I always say "May I never be mature! May I never have friends who are mature!"

If you are not mature by twenty-five, there is hope for you.

TO STRAIGHT SOMEONE. To straight someone is to imply that he or she is straight, when in gay company. For instance, a bisexual girl goes to a lesbian dance on Saturday and there an acquaintance calls across the floor to her "How is your husband Arthur?" The girl has been straightened out of contention. With the fact of her straight life out in the open,

she has the same chance for romance with most of the girls there as if it were announced that she had syphilis. Who wants to start an affair with a dabbler? This is the usual woman's point of view. Then too, it is feared she may be cruising for her husband, himself too frightened to answer an ad.

Among homosexual men, "to straight someone" is often to benefit his courtship chances. To some, the discovery that a possible sex partner is straight is the highest form of praise. These men are often full of guilt and feel cleansed by the heterosexuality of the other person. And so, to straight someone means (1) if it is a woman, to blemish her chances for romance by attributing heterosexuality to her. And (2) if it is a man, to rule him out for some gay men, but to others it is to place him gently astride an elephant and call him a prince.

HOMOPHILE. Any humane person who has given serious attention to the status of the homosexual in our society, and pitches in to help—even by arguing the cause at cocktail parties. The practice of attributing homosexuality to all homophiles bespeaks the thought that people are not capable of sympathy for others but only of self-seeking motives. It is a practice that puts decent people in exactly the category that homophobes put them in. Most heterosexuals so fear the charge of homosexuality that even if their hearts tell them to fight for the cause of homosexuals, they are hesitant. Homosexuals must not make the mistake of discrediting people of good will who side with them.

The best definition of a homophile was given by Dr. Franklin Kameny off the cuff, when interrogated about a hetero-

sexual member of the Washington Matchless Society in 1964.

"She is a civilized person who wants to see a discriminated-against group of people—she wants to see their status improved, in precisely the same sense that there are many, many, many whites who are active members of the NAACP, and in fact officers, and I am sure there are many Christians who are members of the British Antidiscrimination League. They are civilized people who don't like to see other people persecuted and discriminated against."

COMING OUT. A change of mind produced by a change in action. The action consists of exposing to others some fact about oneself previously considered shameful and withheld. The action may be a direct disclosure, as in saying on the David Susskind Show that one is homosexual; or it may consist merely of allowing the trait to be guessed, as when walking into a gay bar for the first time, or down the street hand-in-hand with a lover.

But "coming out" most properly refers to the change of mind consequent on the bold actions. For instance, the person is a homosexual, or a transvestite, or a Jew, or is light-skinned and has decided to rejoin his black friends and be recognized as one of them. The change of mind centers on a vital truth: that repercussions are never as awful as they seem when contemplated from the shadows.

An old pal of mine, Billy —, had been ashamed of being homosexual; he was coming out slowly till an incident blasted him out, and he has been happy ever since. He was an accountant for a construction company and gave reports to six vice presidents who would meet around a huge mahogany table. Each had his own phone there. The group was listening to Billy tell of negotiating a delay on repayment of a loan. They were very happy at his handling of the bank president, when the conference phone rang. They picked

up the receivers of their phones around the table, in time for all of them to hear the gruff voice of the foreman of one of their work crews calling from the field. "Hey I want you to hear this." He went on nonstop. "That Billy —, who works for you is a homosexual. I just wanted you to know. A faggot. He sucked my cock on his trip to check up out here. Will you please tell him to leave me alone next time he comes around."

The six receivers went down almost in unison. One of the vice presidents said impatiently, "Billy. It's marvelous that you got us six months on the repayment of the first two-hundred and fifty thousand dollars, but are we stuck with a demand loan on that other deal . . ." Billy went on with his report. There was nothing else to do. Later he argued vehemently on a financial matter with another vice president. But no one mentioned the phone call. There was too much else to talk about. As the group put their papers in their portfolios and began filing out, they congratulated him on the deal once more. He had made considerable money for all of them. One of them, who had frequently engaged in heated arguments with Billy at the conference table, added, "By the way, don't give that phone call a thought." "No" added another bigwig. "He's fired." Fortunately, there was no homophobia in the particular group, who were all heterosexual, as far as Billy knew, and were married with families. Or if there was homophobia, Billy's talents had overcome it in the particular case.

The nightmares of the guiltiest homosexuals sometimes assume the form of one's being found out in a dramatic way, as Billy was. Billy had previously endured such nightmares. But he told me that after the incident, he never had a night-

mare on the subject of his being exposed as a homosexual, and was very relieved as a result of the incident.

HOMOPHOBIA. This is the dread of being in close quarters with homosexuals—and in the case of homosexuals themselves, self-loathing. Volumes have been written by psychologists, sexologists, anthropologists, sociologists, and physiologists on homosexuality, its origins and its development. This is because in most western civilizations, homosexuality is itself considered a problem; our unwarranted distress over homosexuality hides from being classified as a problem because it is the prevailing view.

Despite massive evidence that homosexuals are as varied as anyone else, the public clings to misconceptions that appear to justify its quarantines. Among them are the belief that homosexuals are child molesters (though child molestation is preponderantly a heterosexual practice); the belief that homosexuals are untrustworthy, that homosexual men hate women; that homosexual women hate men—all unsupported by evidence, but held unquestioningly by millions.

If there is any doubt of the existence of homophobia, consider that in England and the U.S. for hundreds of years, homosexuality was unmentionable. In the courts, homosexual crimes were alluded to in Latin, or implied by circuitous language, and judges have sentenced people to languish in jail for acts considered so vile that they should not be talked about. For this reason, homosexuality has sometimes been called "the crime without a name."

The cost of any phobia is inhibition spreading to a whole circle of acts considered dangerously close to the illicit act-

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"To straight someone" is to imply that he or she is "straight" while in gay company.

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WORDS FOR THE NEW CULTURE



tivity. In this case, acts that might be construed as invitational to homosexual feelings, or that are reminiscent of homosexual acts, are shunned. Since homosexuality is more feared in men than women, this results in marked differences in permissiveness toward the sexes. For instance, a great many men are withheld from embracing each other or kissing each other, and women are not. Moreover, it is expected that men will not express fondness for each other, or longing for each other's company, as openly as women do. It is expected that men will not see beauty in the physical forms of other men, or enjoy it, whereas women may openly express admiration for the beauty of other women. Ramifications of this phobic fear extend even to parent-child relationships. Millions of fathers feel that it would not benefit them to kiss their sons affectionately or embrace them, whereas mothers can kiss and embrace their daughters as well as their sons.

It is expected that men, even lifetime friends, will not sit as close together on a couch while talking earnestly as women may; they will not look into each other's faces as steadily or as fondly. And the fear is inculcated in early life. Studies have been done in which children are

asked to place paper figures on a background, to indicate the degree of closeness between imaginary characters represented by the figures. For instance, the instruction is given to indicate that the play figures like each other, or are acquaintances, or are frightened of each other. In one study, sixth grade boys and girls were subjects, and the cut-outs were of children their own age. The girls showed a strong tendency to indicate fondness by putting the cut-outs close to each other; by comparison, the boys did not put the cut-outs of boys near to each other. The differences were so systematic as to meet stringent scientific criteria. The author, Dr. Carol J. Guardo, concluded:

It is common knowledge that in our society, females are allowed to assume closer physical interaction distances than males are.

She noted that sex differences in interpersonal spacing have been found on numerous occasions... and observation shows that females can tolerate closer physical proximity than males in this culture. (Child Development, 1968 40, 143-151)

Society's fear of intimacy between males has implications far beyond the sexual realm. Apparently, boys learn it by the age of eleven, and it results in a significant deprivation of freedom for them. An Australian psychiatrist named Dr. N. McConaghy conducted a study typical of many in which the aim was to help perfect a device for spotting homosexuals. In this study, he put the penis of each of his subjects into an apparatus designed to measure whether it expanded or contracted as the subjects viewed pictures of nude men and women engaging in somewhat sexual acts, like towel-drying themselves. Eleven heterosexual medical students served as the controls for a homosexual population. In responding to the pictures of nude males, the penises of the heterosexual young medical students shrank! One understands easily why they did not expand, since presumably the medical students were not erotically aroused at the sight of the nude males. But why did they shrink? Fear seems like the answer. And if the sight of the naked body of the male has this effect on them, how will that influence them as practitioners, when they will be called upon to look at and handle the naked bodies of men?

Millions of heterosexual men who suffer from homophobia find it almost impossible to gaze at the bodies of other men, though they are understandably curious about them. By the way, in the study, many of the heterosexuals showed erotic arousal at the sight of the nude women, as well as at that of the nude men. The heterosexuals, much more than the homosexuals in that study, showed fear of members of the sex which was not the one they preferred.

When a phobia incapacitates a person from engaging in activities considered decent by a society, the person himself is the sufferer. He loses out on the chance to go skiing perhaps, if it is agoraphobia; or the chance to take the elevator to the street each day if it is claustrophobia. But here the phobia appears as antagonism directed toward a particular group of people. Inevitably, it leads to disdain toward the people themselves, and to mistreatment of them. The phobia in operation is a prejudice, and this means we can widen our understanding by considering the phobia from the point of view of its being a prejudice and then uncovering its motives.

9 Artists Discuss Their Homosexuality

continued from page 3

Nakedness, breaking the table up, sitting in a circle were suggested. Everyone scattered, the table was set aside, the audience and the artists sat around in a



The audience and the artists sat in a circle.

circle. People held each other. Van Italie took off his shoes and socks and after some hesitation his shirt (avant-garde!) and Charles Ludlam took off everything (avant-avant-garde!). Van Italie, shoeless, sockless, on the floor in a little row-board formation between two brothers, one holding his waist with arms and legs, he holding another's

waist, continued: We must go beyond masks. Genet had, His *The Blacks* was the best of the militant black plays. Merle Miller tried to speak. Ludlam interrupted him. Merle Miller objected, "I have listened to you long and patiently and you tend to be repetitive." He began to discuss the difficulty, even two years ago, of a homosexual novel such as

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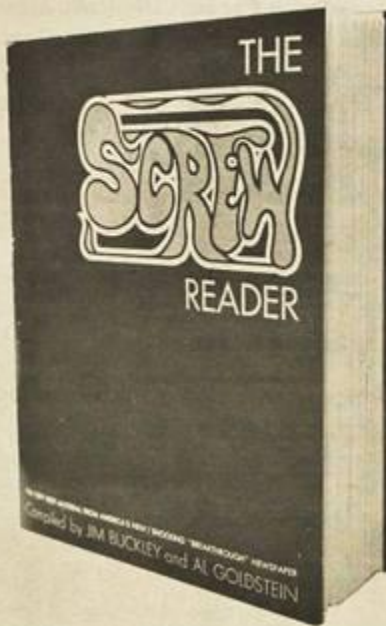
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