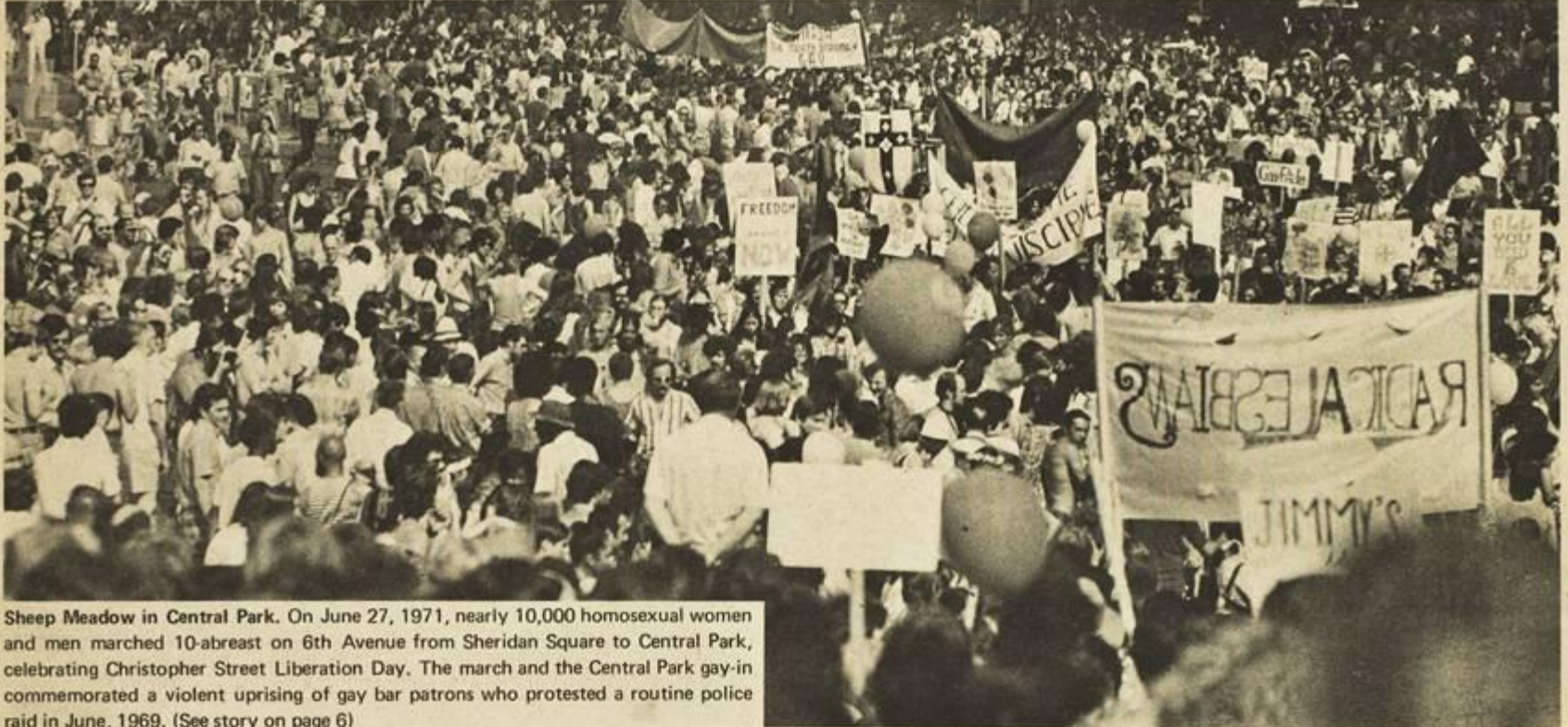


GAY

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Vol.2 Issue 56

ARE YOU IN THIS PICTURE?



Sheep Meadow in Central Park. On June 27, 1971, nearly 10,000 homosexual women and men marched 10-abreast on 6th Avenue from Sheridan Square to Central Park, celebrating Christopher Street Liberation Day. The march and the Central Park gay-in commemorated a violent uprising of gay bar patrons who protested a routine police raid in June, 1969. (See story on page 6)



Photo by Kay Tobin

Librarians were treated to free kisses at the Kiss a Homosexual Booth. Barbara Gittings (left) longtime activist and movement lecturer gives a happy demonstration to curious friends.

Librarians Get To "Kiss A Homosexual!"

BY ERIKA HASTINGS
Dallas, Texas—Gay liberation roared HOWDY to the Dallas-held annual meeting of the American Library Association, June 20-26. Working within the ALA structure, but using confrontation tactics or guerilla theater when needed, is the Task Force on Gay

Liberation of the Social Responsibilities Round Table.
The gay lib contingent shattered the Association's traditional decorum by featuring a Hug-a-Homosexual booth for an afternoon in the exhibit hall. Free hugs and kisses were distributed to all takers. "We hope this will encourage

people to be less afraid to express affection towards others of their own sex," said Israel Fishman, a librarian at Upsala College and coordinator of the gay group during its lively first year. Same-sex kisses and hugs were shown on two Dallas TV channels and were also photographed by LIFE.

Two evening lectures drew sizeable crowds. J. Michael McConnell, a librarian who was refused a librarian's job at the University of Minnesota after he applied for a license to marry another man, said in his address: "Gay librarians must no longer be willing to hide their inter-personal orientation. We must demand protection by our professional organization against job discrimination." In another vein, McConnell called most books on homosexuality in libraries "just plain crap."

The next evening, Joan Marshall and Steve Wolf gave a pair of talks under the joint title "Sex and the Single Cataloguer: New Thoughts on Some Unthinkable Subjects." They called for an end to classification and subject-heading systems that place homosexuality under "perversion" or "sexual deviance" or "sexual aberration." Wolf, a librarian at the University of Massachusetts in Boston, declared: "The current library classification and subject heading systems do not reflect the changing social attitudes. Fifteen million gay men and women in this country refuse to be called sexual aberrations."

Attention was drawn to the gay task force and its work by vigorous

continued on page 11

Activists Arrested At City Hall

BY PETE FISHER

New York, N.Y.—Nine members of the Gay Activists Alliance were arrested in front of City Hall in the early afternoon on Friday, June 25, after attempting to stage a sit-in in the office of Thomas J. Cuite, Democratic Majority Leader of the New York City Council. In what was probably GAA's most severe confrontation with the police to date, the activists stated that four of the organization's officers, the President, Vice-President, Secretary and Delegate at Large, were singled out for arrest and quickly hurried from the scene.

Following a week of increasingly militant picketing in front of City Hall, twenty GAA members started a picket line there at 1:00 p.m. on Friday, while a number of other members mingled

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POSTER BY ERIC STEPHEN JACOBS

The Editors Speak



RICHARD NIXON

It is too early yet to rejoice at the wise decision of the Supreme Court to uphold freedom of the press against an insidious attack by the Nixon Administration.

While a temporary victory against the President and his cohorts has been won, we are sure that he will soon launch further attacks on those who dare to expose the moralistic self-righteous framework in which his Administration operates.

Those who cherish personal freedoms—particularly sexual freedom—know that Nixon is the political architect of a rigid puritanism. He has proved, as GAY said he would in Issue No. 16, to be a foe of those freedoms we hold dear. Those who would protect personal freedoms, must work steadily to discredit him before the



next election. Two Supreme Court justices are old and infirm. Justice Douglas, an outstanding libertarian, will try to hold out, we are sure, until after the election. If Nixon is reelected he will replace splendid men such as Douglas with persons of narrow vision such as himself.

Our first column in SCREW (Issue No. 1) was an appeal for Nixon's defeat at the polls (November, 1968). There should be no doubt in the mind of any person who has followed the curious career of this McCarthyite ghost that he is a dangerous person.

THE GREAT MARCH

Thane Hampton, writing in this issue about the Christopher Street Liberation Day march, has captured our sentiments: "It felt good!"

This year's march to Sheep Meadow, a mind-blower for those who'd never seen it, seemed gloriously festive to many of us who marched last year. Balloons, laughter, dancing, kissing, hugging, touching, feeling . . . all under clear skies and a bright June sun. Men and women, old and young from every background and persuasion joined in one happy throng leaving an indelible impression on astonished bystanders. America's homosexual community once more offered an awesome demonstration of its pride and strength as well as a hand of joyous comradeship to everyone who longs for gay liberation—the liberation of joy!

GAY

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Activists Arrested At City Hall

incognito with the lunch hour crowd in City Hall park, avoiding the attentions of a rather obvious plainclothesman who lurked in the park attempting to overhear the activists' plans. At 2:00 p.m. several members attempted to gain entrance to City Hall to make appointments with Cuite and other Councilmen. Although other people were permitted access, the gays were told that the building was temporarily closed to the public.

When it proved to be impossible to gain entrance quietly, about fifteen GAA members gathered at the main door to the building, demanding that at least some of them be permitted to see Cuite's secretary in order to make an appointment with him. Cuite, they explained,

had refused to meet with GAA representatives in spite of six months of letters, phone calls, and personal visits requesting an appointment.

As the activists crowded around the doorway, police suddenly swarmed out, attempting to push the gays down the flight of stairs in front of City Hall. From the sides of the building, police on horses rode into the crowd of demonstrators, knocking them about and attempting to herd them away from the front of the building. Several of the gays were bruised in the scuffle, and one demonstrator's shirt was torn to shreds.

After being pushed down the stairs, GAA President Jim Owles raced back up

continued on page 11



GAA President, Jim Owles, is chased by a policeman as he runs a copy of GAY in his hand, to gain entry to the office of Thomas Cuite, the Majority Leader in New York's City Council. Owles and other members of GAA were thrown off the steps of City Hall as police rode horses into the protestors and singled out GAA officers for arrest.



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The Randy Wicker Basket



BY RANDOLFE WICKER

New Orleans District Attorney Jim Garrison who tried to build a national reputation for himself by scapegoating alleged homosexual Clay Shaw in JFK assassination plot has been arrested on Federal charges of accepting bribes to protect gamblers. Garrison joins Rep. Dowdy (D-Tex.) another homosexual



Rep. John Dowdy

scapegoater, who was also arrested for bribetaking a couple of years after trying to outlaw Washington's Mattachine Society's fund raising activities.

An all-night gay boatride-dance around Manhattan didn't quite come off as planned. The venture, a private undertaking but one widely publicized at various gay group socials, advertised live-band entertainment. The band, however, didn't know they had been booked for a gay boatride and when the time came, three out of the band's nine members declined to fulfill their contract. As a result, the merry-makers had only recorded music from a turntable dependent on current generated on the boat itself. The current proved to be erratic and the music dragged and ebbed as the uneven current flow caused the turntables to run at an uneven speed. The backers claim they failed to show a profit on their undertaking.

Ralph Ginzburg, publisher of *Eros* magazine who was convicted eight years ago of obscenity and "pandering" for, among other things, attempting to mail advertisements from *Blue Ball and Intercourse, Pa.*, and *Middlesex, N.J.*, has lost his final appeal to the Supreme Court. Ginzburg, who assumes the stance of a sexual liberal, hurled an upcoming article in *Eros* some years ago promising

to expose San Francisco as a "sanctuary for homosexuals." His latest publishing venture, *Moneysworth Newsletter*, gloated recently: "Gay is sad: Usually an influx of city-folk will send a rural region's real estate prices soaring. Not so in the case of Markleeville, Calif. (pop. 163), in the mountains near Nevada. Reason: the city-folk are all members of the Los Angeles Gay Liberation Front, who hope to establish Markleeville as a refuge for persecuted homosexuals. The town clerk estimates that land values in the region have dropped at least 15%. Ginzburg's latest "expose" is complete



Rev. Troy Perry

fabrication. No homosexuals to date have managed to purchase land in or near Markleeville.

The Moroccan army has been sent into Tangier to help police protect tourists from muggings and robberies. Gay tourists say that tough Tangier has become even more dangerous.

The bathhouses on the beach, once a mecca for horny gays, have been clamped down on. Secret police are everywhere. Any boy on the streets after eight p.m. is stopped and if not a native of Tangier, their heads are shaved and they are put on a bus back to the town they came from.

A native of Tangier claims that recently one tourist who was into "rough trade" left a local gay bar to meet "two divine soldiers" and was found strangled on an empty lot shortly thereafter. In another instance, two gay tourists who reportedly "hadn't paid enough" were taken out on a soccer field by two natives and shot in the back of the head.

Dotson Rader in doing a feature on Guido Orlando, one of the top publicists of yesterday who has currently fallen on poorer days, describes how Guido decided Rev. Troy Perry needed him as a publicity man and sought out Perry at his Metropolitan Community Church.

"He had preached his heart, denying accountability for what his community could not help, their inversion," Rader recalled, "and now he was lurching at by my flimflaming companion, Orlando, standing about a foot shorter than the preacher, grabbed his hand in a viselike grip, never letting go, and went into his routine intensely. The man had no subtlety."

"Great speech. You're a great preacher, young man. You'll be big. I tell you, like my dear friend Sister Aimee, may she rest in peace. (Perry does not know how to take the "Sister Aimee" crack. He smiles.) No, bigger, big as Billy Sunday himself, another client of mine. They both was clients of Orlando, but

you got to expand, you got to think big, you need management, father (Orlando confused in denominational address), and I am what you need!) I watched you. I examined the crowd. (Perry scans the room for an exit.) You got to get big fairies in here. Just a bunch of poor



Don Sister: The Homosexual Information Center

history has its seamy side. He and his brother Natividad, a known homosexual...

The *L.A. Advocate* reports that on May 9th, Gay People at Columbia defied an administrative order forbidding them use of a basement dormitory lounge in Fernald Hall, which is open to other minorities. There was no effort to move the gays out of the lounge and Morty Manford, a director of GPC says: "It appears it will remain, de facto, our lounge come fall."

On April 28th Columbia's Afro-American Society stated in the school paper that they "do not want to be associated with such social misfits as the local campus homosexual group."

Manford wrote an article taking issue with the statement. As a result he was called "fag" by one black student and assaulted.

"He started choking me and I threw him off," Manford said. "That was it."

A local television station, Channel 7, in Miami, Florida, has asked the pastor of that city's Metropolitan Community Church to tape several short sermons which it has been broadcasting at sign-off time. The MCC church was recently rejected membership in Dade County's Metropolitan Fellowship, a local church association.

The *Sex Book*, a new guide for sex education courses which is finding increasing acceptance, says homosexuality is not a perversion. According to the book, other activities not considered to be perversions are cunnilingus, analingus, anal intercourse and pederasty. Still considered perversions by the experts are sadism, masochism, voyeurism, exhibitionism, pedophilia, transvestitism and fetishism.

Is there a price war going on in the gay bars in Queens? The Fountain Blue on Queens Blvd. at 69th Street just lowered their prices on both beer and drinks to just 75 cents. Hopefully the other bars notably the Trysting Place on Lefferts Blvd. at 83rd Avenue and the newly opened Coup on Yellowstone Blvd. will take the hint in de-plasma-sizing our gay brothers and sisters. (Thanks Bob.)

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murderer Juan Corona: "Indeed, his



DEATH IN VENICE

BY PETER HADLEY

The problems of making a movie from a book, especially from a great book, generally involve either an accurate adherence to the plot or a reverent devotion to the spirit of the piece. These two elements rarely survive together the adaptation to a new medium, but when the plot is as thin, or rather as easily summarized, as in Thomas Mann's *Death in Venice*, the obstacles to keeping faith on film with what Mann had to say are enormous. And Luchino Visconti, in spite of his accuracy of detail in general plotlines and atmosphere, does not communicate what Mann has to say. As a film, *Death in Venice* is a very pretty failure.

The plot of the book could be summarized in a few sentences. A fiftyish German writer named Gustave Aschenbach journeys to Venice for a respite from overwork. While staying in a plush hotel on the Lido, he becomes obsessed with the extraordinary, almost unearthly beauty of a Polish boy about fourteen or fifteen years of age. The two never speak to each other, but the older man is so carried away by this demonic vision that he follows him everywhere, even daring to stand outside the door of his room, risking scandal and humiliation. And even after Aschenbach learns of a plague of cholera that is sweeping Venice, he refuses to leave, preferring to die there rather than to be separated from the object of his adoration.

What makes *Death in Venice* in Mann's hands the masterpiece that it is obviously depends less on plot than on the communication of the relationship between art and beauty, which on the face of it seem to go hand in hand. In point of fact, they can be mutually exclusive and even antagonistic. The pivotal role is that of the artist himself. In the book, which by the way can be read in a few hours, the artist of an extremely self-contained, austere, virtually sexless disposition, who fashions his celebrated works, themselves of extraordinary beauty and depth, in an atmosphere of almost monastic concentration and labor:



Visconti's Aschenbach, unlike Mann's, is a closet queen with lewd intentions.

"... then, setting a pair of tall wax candles in silver holders at the head of his manuscript, he sacrificed to art, in two or three hours of almost religious fervor, the powers he had assembled in sleep... [his works] owed their excellence, both of mass and detail, to one thing and one alone; that their creator could hold out for years under the strain of the same piece of work, with an endurance and a tenacity of purpose like that which had conquered his native Silesia, devoting to actual composition none but his best and freshest hours."



Visconti captures the Edwardian luxury of Venice in 1911.

From the standpoint of surface narrative and the physical detail of the era, Luchino Visconti's adaptation of *Death in Venice* might well be considered a model, were it not for a few small but very important points. And Visconti's departures from Mann are in almost direct proportion to the degree in which the film not only fails to convey but even perverts what Mann intended to say.

To begin with the positive aspects of the adaptation, the scenery and costumes alone beggar description. Venice, 1911, could not be more beautifully reproduced—the languid, almost cloying Edwardian luxury of the Hotel des Bains, the boring sitting rooms of the very rich tourists and their families, the rigid formality of both hosts and guests. Aschenbach's behavior regarding the awesomely beautiful Tazio (played by Bjorn Andresen, who despite the femininity

and the disintegration of his self-discipline are due to his coming face to face with a new, liberating and haphazard model of beauty, which his own austerity could never conceive. Rather than the cold, calculated, and in the words of one of the new characters in the film, "stillborn" fashioning of a perfectly beautiful work of art, Aschenbach is assaulted by a spontaneous and unplanned beauty which nature had artlessly produced in one of her more bounteous moods. Yet in the movie, neither the discussion of what constitutes the Aschenbach ideal of beauty and art, nor what the camera itself records can change the fact that Aschenbach is more obsessed by Tazio in the flesh than by Tazio's abstract beauty and what it represents to him as an artist.

There is a scene, for example, where Aschenbach (played with consummate subtlety and economy of gesture by the marvelous Dirk Bogarde) is in the lobby of the hotel, listening to Tazio one-fingering a little piece by Beethoven, and this piece of music is used as a flashback cue to a rather ornate whorehouse. This gratuitous scene, which does not appear in the book, totally contradicts the inherent asexuality of Mann's Aschenbach, and thus insists on an interpretation of the artist as some sort of closet queen dirty old man. When a playmate (himself a great beauty) kisses Tazio on the beach, Aschenbach arches his brow almost as if to think that Tazio might actually be had. And though almost everything that happens in the book has its counterpart in the film, its context is thus warped and distorted. Indeed, the lack of sensual pleasure in Aschenbach's life is underscored in the book by the fact that his family life is dismissed in only a single paragraph.

The transition from writer to composer may have some positive justification for two reasons. First off, writers don't have pupils, composers do; and thus the pupil can act as a sounding board or interpreter of Aschenbach's theories of art and beauty which are expressed by the omniscient author of

the book. The other reason is an allegation that Aschenbach was really the composer Gustav Mahler, which seems dramatically useful, since we have the unique opportunity of hearing some of Mahler's music (notably the ravishing Adagio from the Fifth Symphony) used as a prop as well as a soundtrack. But stories like that are usually apocryphal anyway, and strike me as just one more vaguely annoying form of name-dropping. The pupil by the way, appears in a dream sequence (which in the book is an orgy) as a kind of avenging angel, insisting on the falsehood of the artist's theories and at the same time denouncing the composer's ugliness and age, archly suggesting that beauty is the exclusive property of the very young. This underlines what frequently goes down as a facile fancy among heterosexuals that homosexuals are all fixated on pretty little boys, which is an unfair, dangerous and misleading notion.

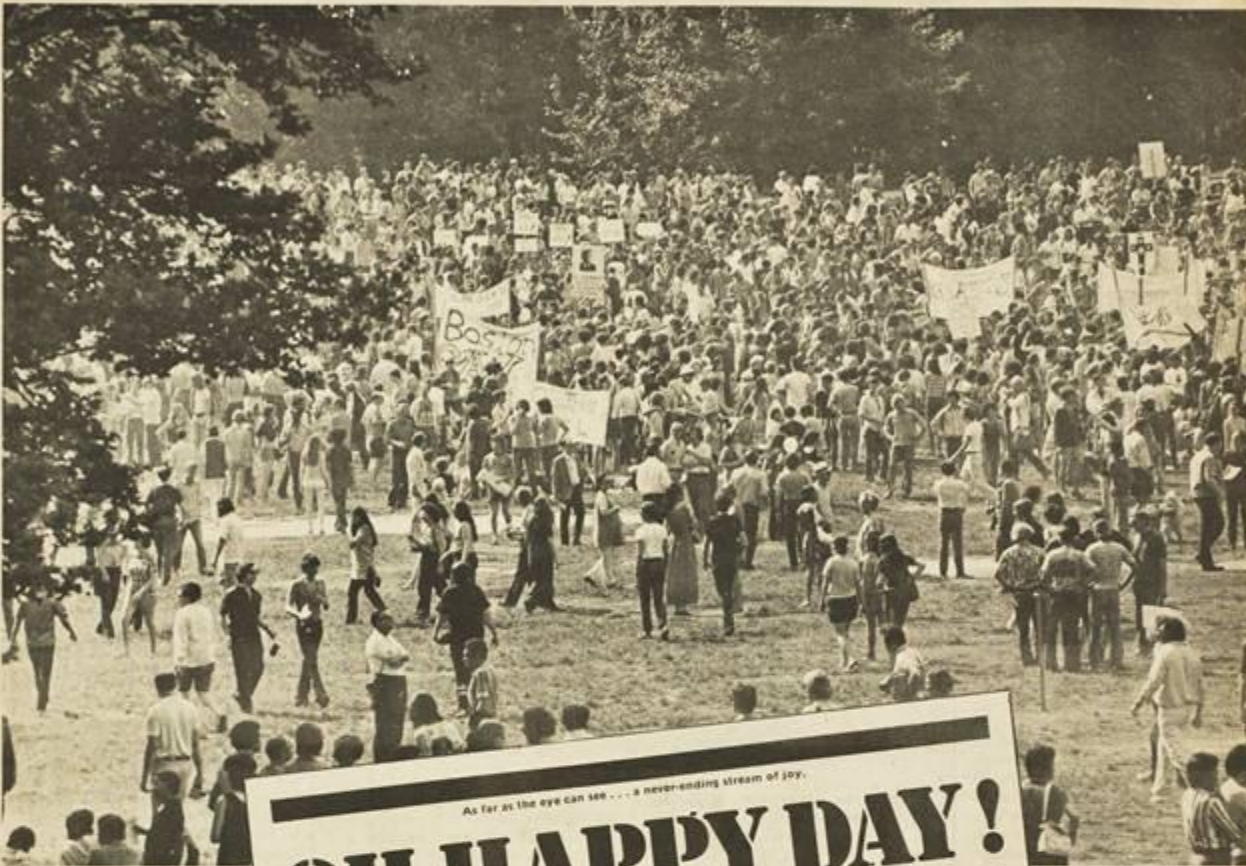
Gay viewers may applaud the homosexuality implied in the Visconti version, but I suspect that Mann's ideal beauty was male because an older man chasing after a beautiful young girl would have doubtless been labelled as a dirty old man. Maybe at the turn of the century young boys, by their inaccessibility in Victorian thinking, were safe. But what is important here, as in the gospels, is that the life-giving spirit of beauty is more important than the mortal flesh that contains it.

And all the while, we are in great sympathy with this poor hung-up old man. At the end of the book, Aschenbach, having embraced with joy his humiliation, having given in to his impulses to regain his lost youth by allowing a barber to do a grotesque dye and makeup job, and having abandoned even his life to the dangers of the plague for the sake of his unattainable ideal, dies in his beach chair while looking out at Tazio (now symbolically as Angel of Death) standing in the water: "It seemed to him the pale and lovely Summoner out there smiled at him and beckoned; as though, with the hand he lifted from his hip, he pointed outward as he hovered on before into an immensity of richest expectation." Aschenbach's death is seen by Mann as a triumph of the awakening, even in death, of a new free spirit. In the movie, however, the insidious physicality of it all is the prime mover, so we see



Tazio, haunts Aschenbach's dreams

wretched Dirk Bogarde gasping and spitting, with makeup and dye dripping down his cheeks, trying to reach out still to make contact at the last unhappy minute in a cold and rigid life with this beautiful piece of flesh. Visconti's Aschenbach is a wretched man indeed. And the Visconti *Death in Venice* is, for all of its surface sheen and panache, only a shell of what is one of the most powerful and deeply revealing stories of the century. It traduces not only Mann's intentions, but leaves the viewer fundamentally unsatisfied as well.



As far as the eye can see... a never-ending stream of joy.

OH HAPPY DAY! JUNE 27, 1971

BY THANE HAMPTEN

So at 1:15 P.M., I leave the streamlined 1934 subway at Sheridan Square, looking like the typical unhinged tourist with twenty four cameras around my neck. Trusty walking shoes that have carried me all over France, Italy, England—bless 'em. Dark glasses to protect me from the sun, J. Edgar, and ex-lovers. Steadfastly non-partisan, the only button I have chosen to wear simply reads: "Fellatio Is Fun."

Balloons. Balloons in profusion. Yellow and lavender—or purple, if you feel lavender exploits gays). Bright little helium-filled faces, bobbing up and down in welcome, encouraging others to join. Come on in; the water's fine! Posters by the hundreds. All with one common theme: proud defiance. The Radicalesbians move into position with their banner of Peter Max-ish primary colors. The girls don't look Radical to me; they look pretty, and happy. There's the Washington group with Frank Kameny, of course. And soon—Baltimore, Canada, Texas, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, GAA, DOB, G.L.F. Who can count them all!

Mr. Pigtales hawks his papers: "Getcha red-hot Marxism!" A plump gentleman

directs traffic with his dripping ice cream cone. A marshal, already hoarse and frenetic, yells continuously: "All marchers off the sidewalks and into the street!" At one point, and in front of the church, he becomes momentarily confused and cries out: "Off the streets and onto the sidewalk!" The church officials cringe and scurry into the sanctified recesses.

I greet an old friend who has come back, all the way from Wyoming, just for the parade. How's that for loyalty, kids? Pity some of you couldn't make the long trek back from the beach. Suspiciously, I look around for other comrades. I'm amused and touched by a tall boy with his arm protectively around a diminutive Latino. I see them throughout the day. They never relinquish their hold on each other for a moment. They are impossibly radiant.

Four girls scream in delight and rush to hug each other, jumping up and down energetically. I am more than pleasantly surprised to note that a quite well-known young composer-pianist is with us. That helps. I continue to take films, indiscriminately, until I spot a couple of friends; the last people in the world I expect to find in The Open. Even though I'm trying

to appear casual for their benefit, they detect the amazement on my face.

"Slumming?"

"No! Well... we heard so much talk about the last one, we... um... we decided to come on down and look it over this year."

"Idle curiosity, or are you gonna go all the way?"

They smile sheepishly and shrug. (They go all the way.) I give them a Victory sign and leave, still hunting Lige and Jack. We should have had a definite meeting place after all. It's filling up so fast. A hell of a lot more than last year, surely. Everybody is so damned full of themselves. Disgusting. No shame at all.

According to the *New York Times* (who was too concerned with prudery and Pentagonery to give us more than four short columns, and no picture, the following day), a parade spokesman said this of our reason for being together: "We are united today through the strength of our love for each other, in affirming our pride in ourselves and in our life-style." Others have said we were there for public recognition, to force political issues; or to end harassment, job and housing discrimination. Peter Ogren speaks of celebrating

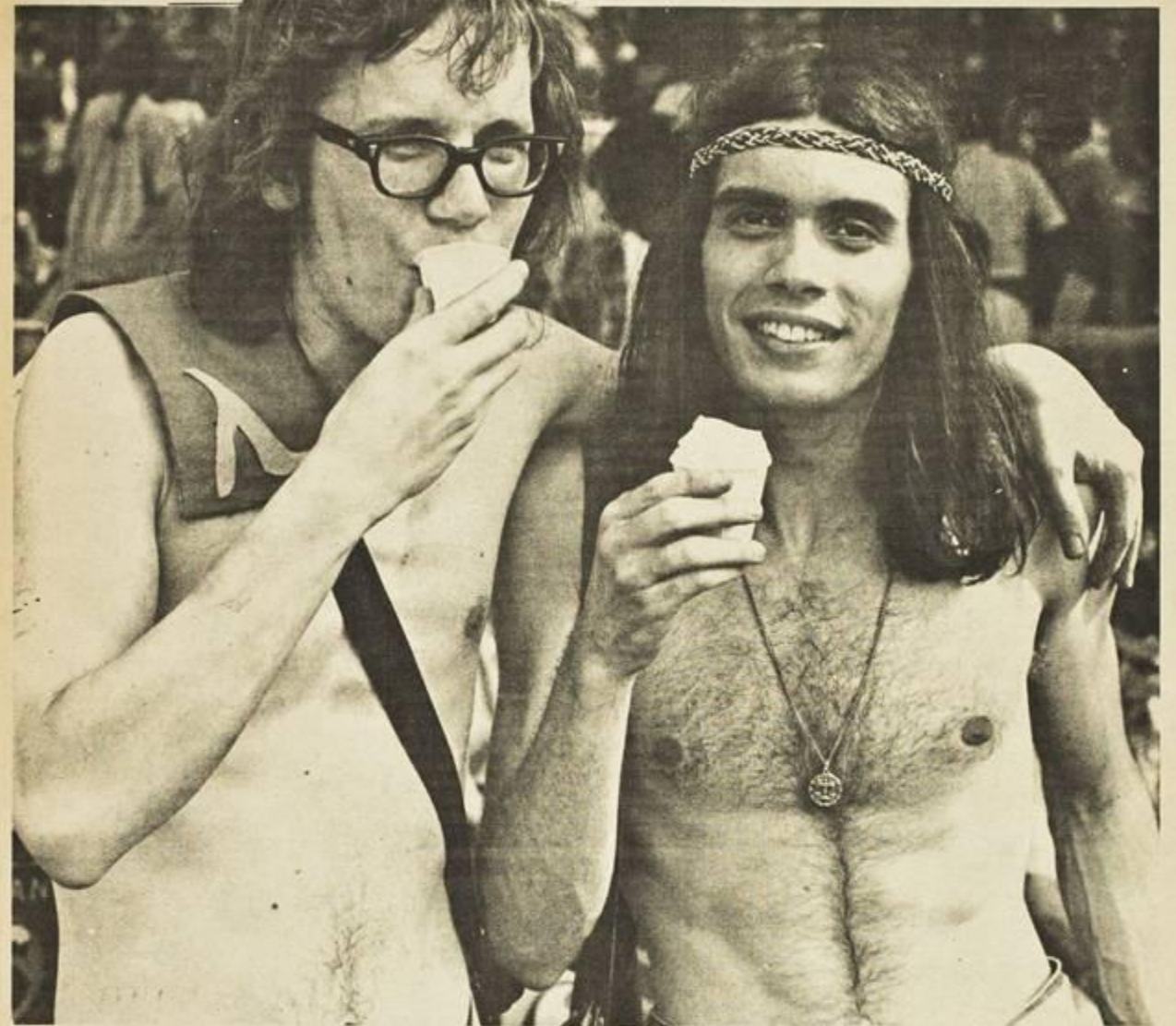
the evidence of our achievements.

Yes. True. All that and much more. But at the risk of sounding flippant and shallow, might I suggest in simplification that we were there for one prime reason: It felt good. It felt good! If, after centuries of darkness, that isn't reason enough, heaven help you.

Moments before the parade starts, I spot Messrs. Clarke & Nichols with their guests. I wave and force myself through the crowd. (Several kissing contests are already underway.) GAY's editors decide to march part of the time with the Washington contingent. Fine with me. I'd march with Nome, Alaska—if they were in evidence. (Perhaps next year.)

2:00. We start. It's slow at first, with a bit of confusion. The truck filming the event stops repeatedly. The lead banner sags and then perks up. Tambourines rattle a minstrel intro; floppy felt hats are thrown into the air. The weather is all we could have hoped for. The chanting begins. All of the usuals, which ricochet antiphonally through the streets. Cheering. Singing. "Happy Birthday to us!"

The police look on stoically, desperate to show not the slightest vestige of emotion. Voice over bullhorn: "Please stay to



Taking a break: GAY's photographer Richard Wendel and his lover, Herman.



Sheep Meadow boys: Tensuality incarnate.



Lovers and friends... everywhere everywhere!

Photo by Eric S. Jacobs



Several young men, including this one with his leg in a cast, proved that the nude is not lewd.



A bare bear hugs love in the afternoon.



OH HAPPY DAY!
JUNE 27, 1971

the left of the barricades!" Boing. "Over the barricades and into the streets!" Laughter. "No! Out of the sheets and into the streets!"

Another camera-bug friend has joined me. He wants to go to the head of the parade where the action is. Glenda, the Good Witch of the East, has joined the vanguard. Her aluminum foil wings shimmer in the sun. She wears a Gioconda smile and offers occasional benedictions with her wand. We pass the Joffrey Ballet and urge them to come down from the studio. They decline but raise clenched fists of encouragement.

The Antique Flea Market freezes in a tableau of momentarily distracted barter-

ing. I savor the vision of venerable queens hiding in terror behind piles of decaying antimacassars and tarnished silver tea caddies.

3:00. 42nd Street. Will it be ugly? Will some crackpot take crackshots into the marchers? No, everyone behaves. (Less can be said of events at the following day's Italian Unity festivities.) Claudia joins the parade. Spangles and flowing cape. She does the Ann Miller bit for photographers. The barricades get pushed further into the street. "To hell with this shit! We deserve more than one lane!" I climb to the top of some construction machinery to take movies. For a moment I am too astonished to start the camera. 42nd is straight, and the day is clear. Where is the end of the parade, if there is an end?

A cop tells me to get off the machine.

Three construction workers insist I can stay as long as I like. They begin to applaud the gays. One of them offers a cold beer to a marcher. Good grief! Do they know who we are? Is it sun-stroke? Are they bombed? Or could they actually... no, impossible. Still...

50th Street. Radio City. Many observers now. Many gays refusing to join us, and looking so desperately as if they wish they could. (The saddest part of all.) A middle-aged man and woman converse: "I didn't know there were so many of them in the whole world!" I smile. Sweetheart, you're looking at an infinitesimal fraction.

An ancient Irishman grins and scratches his head. Moves to my friend. "I've lived a long time. Now, I see ever'thing! (Not yet, Grandpa...)" An extremely haggard, dour and crypt-gray old woman rushes us with her tattered Bible. She hunts frantically for the proper passage of all-encompassing condemnation. We have learned, the hard way, of the destructiveness and futility of hate. We smile tolerantly and pass her by. She bellows in frustration. Compassion is a luxury she is unable to afford.

But unlike the previous year, I personally see no real evidence of audience hostility. By the time we reach the park, we are being urged on with jubilant enthusiasm by the bystanders. A woman taxi driver stops against the light, honks her horn repeatedly and gives a glorious salute. A gay girl rushes to the taxi, opens the door and kisses the driver, *con brio*.

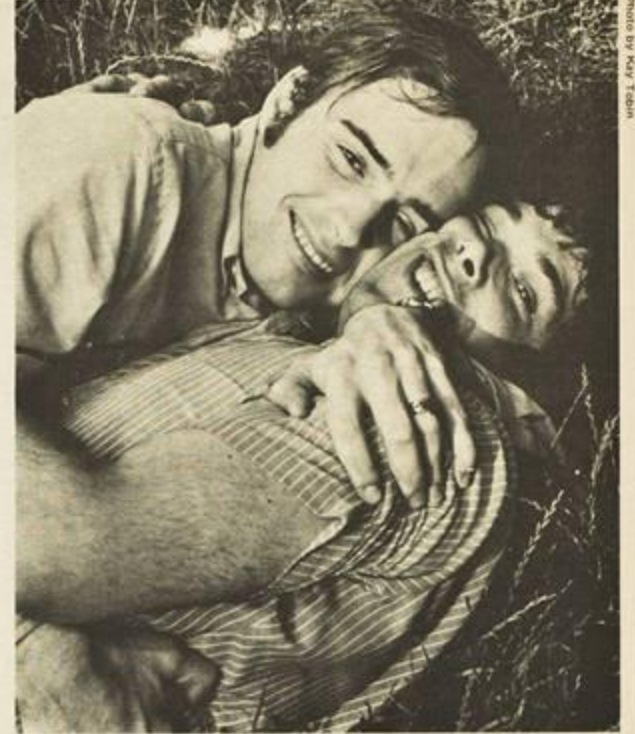
We enter the park. Finally. "Attention, squirrels! Out of the trees and into the streets! Eat nuthin' but gay-roasted peanuts!" One brother rushes to an Italian ice vendor, clutching his throat. "Quick! Gimme a cherry one! Do you take food stamps?"

4:00. The Sheep Meadow. Kids are running in the hundreds for the far hill. The dust! I haven't seen anything like this since the homestead race in *Cimarron*. Glory be! All are intent on covering the rolling vistas. Soon every inch of that hill is wall-to-wall perversion. And who is King of the Mountain? We are! Are we proud? Betcherass!

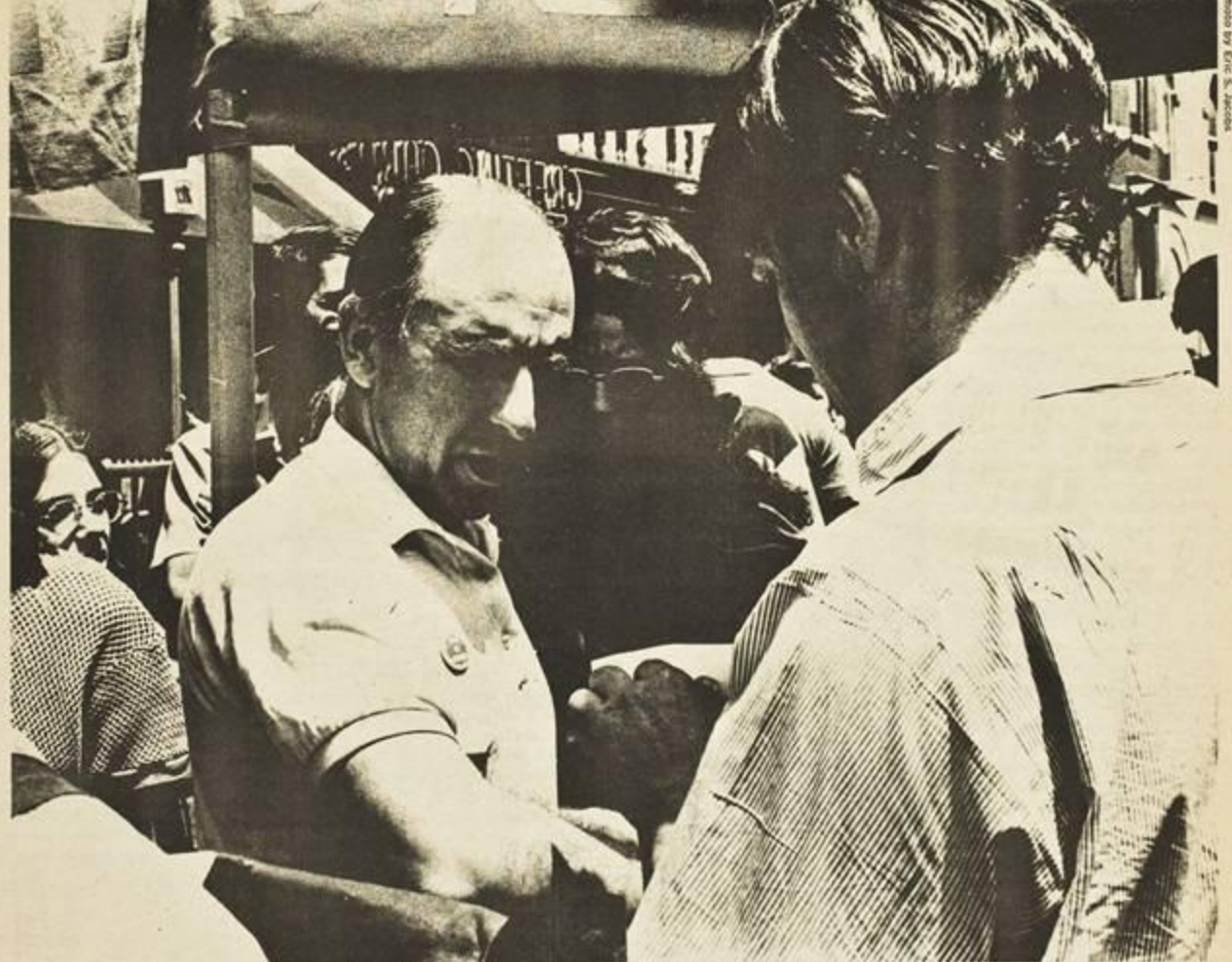
I do a belly-whopper into the center. It's now 4:30 and the gays continue to pile in. Other large groups, non-marchers, appear from nowhere. It is getting sen-



Kate Millett, author of SEXUAL POLITICS, points far ahead to the starting point of the march.



Celebrating their first anniversary in Sheep's Meadow.



Frank Kameny, the Congressional Candidate, wears an armband: "Next year — Washington!"

uously congested. Individuals struggle in around 5:00. (a) "I had to work." (b) "We had a family reunion today." (c) "I stepped on a piece of glass at Rias and couldn't march." (d) "I didn't even know anything about it! Why didn't somebody tell me!" No one, on the 27th of June, ever confesses apathy or indifference.

Four gays strip and stroll about. At first they are allowed the pretense of naturalness. Then the crowd surges in on them. "Quit pushing! We're just being free... and happy with each other! You're ruining it, so leave us alone! We're not exhibitionists!" (Well...) Some distance away, a handsome black lies nude in the sun. A straight white chick chides him for not having a fat hardon. He gives her an icily contemptuous look, then resumes playing with his young son.

Television cameramen and reporters. Hetero couples valiantly risking contamination to join in. *Irresistible!* And the beauties at large! Such wee waists and compact buns. Ah, to run barefoot through acres of satiny tan. Transistor radios, kites, orangeade, bottled spring water, popsicles, blankets, beer, pot, sweat, *ozone!* Dogs, cats, birds, monkeys, children; sandwiches, soccer players, sensory games, sex! Catholic, Protestant, Jewish; Democrat, Republican, right, left, and middle-wing; black, white, Chinese, Spanish, Scandinavian, Russian and me! *Precious polyphyletics!*

Here's Randy, his Wicker-Basket and tape recorder. There's Father Robert and members of the American Church. They move in a stately ecclesiastical ellipsis. They desire to be seen. I take pictures of Lige and Jack in an embrace worthy of that first night of passion. They introduce me to a friend and we discuss the Wolfenden Report, of all things, until I realize my mouth is an Oklahoma dust bowl. I search for lemonade and pass two tiny black girls walking hand in hand. The older wears a sign: "One of Us is a Lesbian!" Their mother encourages me to take a picture of them.

6:00. I hunt for friends. They are watching an erotic wrestling match and I announce that if I don't immediately consume 20 gallons of water I will turn back into a whisk broom. They shrug and return to sucking off the gladiators with their eyeballs. I run home, glorying in my apartment's close proximity to the park. I gulp ice water, writhe on the floor with stomach cramps, and get up refreshed. I change into my vinyl hotpants (the fuchsia ones with the tasteful hamster trim) and dash back to the party.

7:30 and the crowd has thinned. Most of those remaining have formed individual cliques. It's all getting a bit raunchy. Nobody wants to cut and so we do anything, reasonable or silly, to keep it fresh. I sit in the grass and think with awe and gratitude of all those responsible for pulling the thing off again this year. And I remember what I had overheard a woman say to her companion on the corner of 57th Street. "You know, they must have something pretty big in their favor if they're willing to come out like this."

At 8:30, I realize I'm almost numb with tiredness. Enough is enough. I'm reluctant to leave but in profound need of a long, hot shower. It's getting dark. Next year: Washington. (It should be an all-out assault on that kindergarten playground, the New York State Legislature.) And 1973? A march down the *Champs-Elysees* to the International Gay-In? Who knows? The sky, as they say, is indeed the limit.



Is it Ryan O'Neal? No, he's better looking. So's his friend.



Thousands of handsome faces. Is yours among them?

Librarians Get To "Kiss A Homosexual!"

continued from page 1

leaflet-distribution of 4,000 copies of a brief pro-gay bibliography. Women and men from Dallas gay groups helped hand out the list and were supportive to the entire effort of the Task Force on Gay Liberation.

A highlight of the gay group's program was the presentation of the First Annual Gay Book Award to a lesbian during the business meeting of the Task Force on Gay Liberation. Isabel Miller, author of *A Place For Us*, flew from New York to Dallas to accept the award. Her novel was published in 1969 by Bleecker Street Press, which was set up by the author when no commercial publisher would handle her book. Since 1969, attitudes about gay people have changed, and McGraw-Hill will be bringing out a hardcover edition of the book late this year.

"The value of *A Place For Us* is that lesbianism is handled as a mating as natural and spontaneous as any mature friendship or marriage should be," said Israel Fishman during the ceremony.

"It's time for gay artists to see our own lives as our subject and create a literature and other arts for ourselves instead of just for the straight world as we've always done before," said Isabel Miller in accepting the award.

Ms. Miller went on to say,

"I think the existence of this award tells gay people something we've been needing to hear: that homosexuality is an interesting and valid source of subjects for artists, that it is worth the full concentration of artists, and that the true things we observe in it have a general human meaning.

"As our great anti-homosexual artist Robert Frost said in another connection, 'Something we were withholding made us weak, until we found it was ourselves we were withholding... and forthwith found salvation in surrender.'

"I hope gay artists will more and more stop withholding themselves from their work. I hope we will more and more look to our own lives and our friends' lives and to our great secret history for subjects and inspiration, and I hope organizations like this will more and more confirm us when we do."

The gay lib task force achieved a political victory the last day of the convention when the ALA Council, the policy-making body of the American Library Association, passed the following resolution: "The American Library Association recognizes that there exists minorities which are not ethnic in nature but which suffer oppression. The

Association recommends that libraries and members strenuously combat discrimination in service to and employment of individuals from all minority groups whether the distinguishing characteristic of the minority be ethnic, sexual, religious, or of any other kind."

Michael McConnell took this statement as a measure of support for his fight to get the library job once offered him by the University of Minnesota. His lover, Jack Baker, helped draft the resolution and push it through the ALA channels in Dallas.

Each night the gay liberation hotel suite, decorated with gay literature from all over the country, was the scene of a friendly open house. Topping the social activity was a highly successful dance sponsored by the Task Force and held at a gay club in Dallas. The attendance at the dance was one of the signs that librarians are ready to come out of the stacks and into gay liberation.

The new coordinator for the 1971-1972 Task Force on Gay Liberation is Barbara Gittings, a member of Gay Activists Alliance and the Homophile Action League. In accepting the post, Ms. Gittings called for an all-out attack on "the lies in the libraries about gay people."

Any librarians or bibliophiles who want to liberate libraries by working at a particular job on the task force or by helping in other ways should contact Ms. Gittings at P.O. Box 2383, Philadelphia, Pa. 19103.

The Social Responsibilities Round Table was established by the American Library Association in 1969 to provide a forum for development and implementation of new concepts in library service. The Task Force on Gay Liberation, constituted according to the by-laws of SRRT, was formed in 1970. Its purpose is to raise issues of discrimination against gay people within the library profession and to eliminate anti-gay prejudices in all aspects of library service.

Activists

continued from page 3

to the door of City Hall, where he was grabbed around the neck and dragged inside by the police, who seemed to recognize him. Although no warning of arrests had yet been given, the three other GAA officers were quickly collared and led away.

About thirty activists remained in the area in front of the building for the next half hour, chanting, dodging mounted police, and calling out demands for a meeting with Cuite. The police warned that the area was being sealed off and that those remaining would be arrested. Five more GAA members were taken and led away.

Thomas Cuite has been one of GAA's main targets in recent months, because it is widely believed that he alone is

responsible for delaying consideration of the Clingan-Burden-Scholnick-Weiss Fair Employment bill for gays in the City Council. Negotiations with the Mayor's Office led to Lindsay's lukewarm endorsement of the bill, but a promised official request from the Mayor to Cuite that the bill be brought out of committee has failed to materialize so far.

The nine arrested activists were released on VERA summonses late in the afternoon to await arraignment at a later date. GAA President Jim Owles said, "We have tried all the regular channels. We have exhausted every conceivable form of lobbying for the bill. We are not about to sit quietly while one man destroys this legislation which is so important to the gay people of New York City."

A Street Fair In Old New York



The GAA Street Fair was judged a rousing success by all.

NEW YORK, N.Y., JUNE 26—"Win a sticker or a lei from Long Island GAA" was one of the many cries emanating from Wooster Street between Spring and Prince as the GAA Street Fair got into full swing. The Fair, one of the Gay Pride Week festivities, featured over twenty different booths set up by various individuals and groups, ranging from felaful stands to a "psychiatric help" tent where those attending could have their cards read and gain a glimpse of the future. Games of all types abounded but with a difference. At one spot a dart board was replaced with pictures of Dr. David Rubin (author of *Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex But Were Afraid to Ask*). In the center of the Fair a large dummy representing City Council Majority Leader Thomas Cuite hung in effigy. In addition to the everyday events such as the nickel toss, or booths selling belts and jewelry, the Fair featured more serious matters. A Voter Registration booth signed up over fifty

gays during the day; gay authors Leo Skir and Donn Teal autographed books and inside the Firehouse Action Rap Workshops were being held to discuss various aspects of the liberation movement. As the afternoon wore on the visitors began to dance in the street, and by the time the new head of the fourth precinct, Capt. Cutter, arrived to take a look, men and women were happily dancing in a huge circle in the middle of the street. The Video Workshop of GAA was busy as usual on the third floor showing tapes of the recent zaps and the newly made "Somebody to Love," an erotic story of a young man's first experience with another man. When the Fair came to an end, those present were treated to a Pot Luck supper in the Firehouse. The supper provided a happy and necessary respite from the activities of the day where people could relax at least long enough to decide whether to head on home for some rest before the March or continue the fun at the Mattachine Dance held at the Eighth Day Club on Broadway.

City Councilman Addresses A Candlelight Rally

BY PETER HADLEY

New York, N.Y.—On the night of June 24, over 300 homosexual men and women staged a candlelight march on City Hall to protest the City Council's neglect of Intro 475, a bill which would end discrimination against gays in jobs, housing and public accommodation.

About 200 men and women from the Gay Activists Alliance were joined at the Wooster Street Firehouse by about a hundred more women from the D.O.B. Center on Prince Street. Under the banners of GAA and Radicalesbians, the

group paraded with flaming candles across Spring Street to Broadway, then down Broadway to City Hall Park. Shouting slogans all along the route—"Gimme a G-A-Y-P-O-W-E-R"; "3-5-7-9, ---bians are Mighty Fine"; even "Radical the Butch" from a small contingent—the marchers trekked at a rapid pace past lines of traffic, curious night watchmen in the municipal buildings along the route, past dozens of police officers who were on hand to see that all went smoothly. There were even refreshments provided by some Gay Activists

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Loosely About Women

BY SOREL DAVID

June 28. The day after the march. Italian-American day in New York. Yesterday morning they were out drumming up support for today's extravaganza. A line of cars a block and a half long, all decked out with banners and Italian flags, with passengers hanging out the windows screaming and yelling, honked and beeped their way through the neighborhood. Not one car was a Cadillac. Who do they think they're

I decided—no, it's okay, it's alright. After all, this isn't supposed to be a news story, a factual account. This is expressionistic journalism, baby, it's impressionistic, if not impressive prose, a personal subjective view. Why it's practically creative writing, maybe even, dare I say it, maybe even—art—and certainly timeless, as is all great art. Besides, I haven't thought about anything else these past two weeks.

In a world where sooner or later is usually later, where more or less is generally less and Campbell's Pork & Beans is largely a matter of beans what can one say about Christopher Street Liberation Day? The event is still sufficiently charged with emotion to render it above criticism, and all negative

reason. Not that there aren't many things and people who I greatly admire in this world, it's just that I always feel slightly ridiculous and lame for saying so. It's like I think that these things naturally go without saying, or are somehow beyond words.

The first thing that struck me about Christopher Street was the amazing diversity of types who turned out, and of course the number, the great numbers of people who showed. Marching in the middle of the march, it all seemed a bit disorganized and haphazard with all kinds of people walking every which way, people who wouldn't be caught dead in each other's company at any other time, from hippie types to very establishment-looking gays, drag queens,

from the self-righteous seriousness of the perpetual gay is angry crowd screaming justice! justice! for forty blocks or more to the exaggerated posturing of those who seemed to think it was all one big contest to elect a queen for a day. Then there were those who were just walking along, having a good time talking to people and greeting old friends. For once, I didn't find myself growing annoyed at all those silly little girls, in blue bell bottoms, who run around, desperately trying to be right-on leserated women, cheerleading for the revolution all the time. In fact they seemed right in place, their usual mien and level of emotional existence being most suited, I think, to the demands of the march. Maybe I can be more tolerant of them in the future if I regard them as merely practicing all year for the great event.

Billie and I spent our time wandering around among the various contingents, always in search of the women, trying to find the area with the largest aggregation of women. First we were marching under the Radicalesbian banner, but before long this small but valiant enclave of Lesbians was overrun from the rear by the Street Transvestites and the socialists. It was at

WE'LL BE THE WOMEN



PHOTO BY KEV TOBIN

kidding? Certainly not me—living across the street from Little Italy, I see them all the time, the big Daddies with their caddies, swooshing through Mulberry and Mott Streets trying to run over as many hippies and Puerto Ricans as they possibly can. Proving that there really is no Mafia in what it's called. They must have all borrowed their wives' or their mother-in-laws' cars.

Meanwhile, after that minor morning annoyance, over on the other side of town, the great gay revolution! I wanted to write about the march this time. I've been shelving all my thoughts these past two weeks till after yesterday so I could write about the march this time. But as I was falling asleep last night, exhausted and with visions of bodies, thousands of gay bodies and faces dancing in my head every time I closed my eyes, I realized that, deadline dates being what they are, this, intended to be the final word on the great march, won't come out till three weeks after the fact. Makes it almost not worth writing, I thought at first, But then

AND YOU BE THE GIRLS!

sentiment for me. The march, even the idea of the march, is, was strictly speaking—outtaight! Every gay in the world should go if she (you know how it is—God is a black woman and all that) possibly can. The whole thing and seeing all those hundreds of gay people all together in one spot is just simply a terrific shot in the arm of gay power, gay pride, self-affirmation, pride and self-love—all of which makes it extremely difficult to talk about. Phrasing praise has always been next to impossible for me. Saying something is commendable, groovy or even just alright fills me with a profound embarrassment for some

swishy faggots camping it up, campy numbers swishing around, young Adonis (spelled the way I pronounce it—what do I know from Latin or Greek) looking aggressively gay and proud, from sleekly man-tailored bar lesbians to the raggle-taggle radical lesbian types. There was the air of a circus, a gay carnival about it all. But from the outside, stepping out of line for a minute to grab a soda, the overall view was one of impressive unity and strength, a staggering succession of solidarity for over five blocks.

Each group had its own style and manner of relating to the march ranging

this point that Billie made the famous remark, for me the final word on the SWP—and I quote: *they all have fat asses*. There were some really priceless moments, like the chanting of *Madam Binh! Ho Chi Minh! Lesbians Will Help You Win!* Something about the delightful irrelevance of this to anything remotely resembling reality, ours or the Vietnamese's, tickles me. But I think my favorite was the utter dismay on the faces of a group of right-on women when a can-can kicking line of queens boisterously joined in on the chorus of their "I'm a Woman" song. At the end of the number one queen loudly proclaimed to the others—Gee girls that was great. How come we never do anything like that? Outraged, one of the singing women whirled around, eyebrows raised indignantly. Girls—she was about to shriek, but then, looking at the can-can-ers for a moment, she turned to rejoin her group. Girls? Okay girls. We'll be women and you be girls, the shrug of her shoulders seemed to say.

Cruising Photographer

QUESTION:

What effect will the Christopher Street March have on the gay community? On straight society?



Ken Allison, Portland, Oregon:

"I think that the effect of the march on both the gay and straight will be good ultimately. Hopefully through the march gay people will achieve a sense of pride and a sense of power. One of the reasons I came to New York is because of the march and the great things that it will do to my head to be part of something that big. Wow! It's so great to be gay."

"Oh yeah, and on the straights? Well, it should be good for them too. For us to demonstrate our numbers and our power. Actually I don't mind straights, as long as they know their places."

Donn Holley, Buffalo, N.Y.:

"I think just seeing that many gays free and out in the open can just blow the minds of those still in the closets. People from out-of-town who come to Christopher Street will be less tolerant of oppression in their own cities, and in turn

will liberate others around them. It's not foolproof, it's a slow process, but it works. Christopher Street makes gays more aware of their oppression, which is the most important step working towards changing it.



"As far as straights go, Christopher Street shows them that there are gays that refuse to apologize for their homosexuality, that are gay-proud. It makes straights this is a revelation and it makes them think twice about our civil rights."

Bruce McKeon, Amherst, Mass.:

"I believe what the effect of Christopher Street on the gay community throughout the country will be is that of an awakening, a realization of their being as a complete person. A feeling of pride, of freedom, self-acceptance should swell within every gay-person. There is so much freedom in self-acceptance."



"As far as the straight society is concerned, I feel they will have to finally face the reality that Gay people are here, there is not just one 'Jag,' in the Port Authority in N.Y., one in the Trailways in Boston, etc., but that we exist everywhere, and we're not going away."

THE LAST ESTATE

BY GREGORY BATTCOCK

"BON VOYAGE"

They laugh when I tell them I'm going to Europe on the Queen Elizabeth. "You're going by ship?" they ask, smirking. Yes, and it's difficult to explain why. Perhaps because it's the slowest and most expensive way to get there.

People I don't even know have been calling up, trying to get invited to my Bon Voyage party. They had a lot of advice to offer: "Make sure you order the Champagne beforehand. The service is terrible, you know." Or "Three o'clock! Why three o'clock? They won't leave on time, will they?"

Anyway John and Yoko were in a tizzy because my departure coincided with their film screening "for the press." Of course everybody in the press came to my departure festivity, leaving John and Yoko stuck with an usher, their press agent and some groupies.

Charlotte Moorman and John Perreault were, perhaps, the most distinguished of uninvited celebrants. Perreault, drunk as the lord after a heady luncheon with Jill, discussed his new idea about getting lots of distinguished people in the arts to sign a statement stating they are homosexuals and that they seek equal rights legislation, such as that proposed by William Passanante and rejected by the state (of N.Y.) legislature. Jill thought the idea smacked of liberalism; something more dramatic was in order. Actually getting the famous big shots in the art world to declare themselves and lend their prestige to progress within Gay Lib is pretty dramatic. Can you see Jasper Johns, Robert Rauschenberg, John Cage, Gian-Carlo Menotti, Susan Sontag, Philip Johnson, Jerome Robbins, Samuel Barber, Merce Cunningham, Ned Rorem, John Ashbery, Andy Warhol, William Burroughs, etc., etc., signing the thing? Anyway it would be pretty dramatic. Imagine a full page ad in the Times. (The above list leaves out more people than it includes because of the enormous number

of prominent homosexuals who keep the fact a secret, even from themselves: others might sue the newspaper or have a breakdown upon reading their names in GAY.)

(As I'm writing this, prior to my actual departure, and still at home [notice the confused tenses] I got a call from Jill who says that John and Yoko want to screen their movie on the ship. A quick call to Cunard. Yes, they like the idea. Calls back and forth. Think I'll save this story for the next column—of course by then Jill will have blabbed it all across the pages of the Voice. This is going to be some Bon Voyage party. We all meet in the conference room on the Quarter Deck... but I stray from my prepared text.)

I've been very busy preparing for my departure. The answering service demanded payment in advance for suspended service. I wrote them that I would gladly pay for suspension after it hasn't been rendered. Ditto for the phone company. This is my sixth crossing by ship. The first, some ten years ago, was on the Cristoforo Colombo, which is a nice, small boat and probably very comfortable in first class. In tourist it was a good experience for a nice American boy just out of a midwestern college. The only problem was you couldn't find a place to sit down. The food, I thought then, was great and the Italians were then, as no doubt always, divine. It was, after all, another era and people thought nothing of taking a boat to Europe.

The next crossing, a year later, was on the S.S. United States. They provided the most comfortable tourist class accommodations afloat. The service, rendered by extremely grouchy employees, was, for tourist class, remarkable. Breakfast in bed in TOURIST yet. And a big bar with 5¢ beers.

Nowadays "tourist" doesn't exist. All liners (except for Italian Line) are two-class ships. My next crossing, in 1966, was on the notorious Grootse Beer, flagship of the Dutch Student Association. I gave lectures in "fine arts" which means I pulled a lot of nasty tricks,

made unauthorized announcements over the loud-speaker, fucked up our poor musician, Mr. Fruchtman (from the University of Texas in Austin) with an announcement about a non-existent art show I broadcast in the middle of the cadenza of what's-his-name's concerto for violinello. Charlotte should have been aboard that crossing.

The next crossing was aboard a ship that, it appears, hasn't been heard from since—the Maasdam. The funnel was sort of squashed. If you looked at it from dead sideways, it looked round, but from any other angle, which meant practically every other angle, it was sort of elliptical. It was a very un-shipshape ship. The food was terrible. One dining room special was "Spring Chicken Titanic." It went down well with just about anything. Anyway the Maasdam made it from New York to Rotterdam in a record 8 days, without hitting an iceberg.

Following that was a succession of unspeakable aeroplanes and then the now-famous voyage aboard the Michelangelo, and our encounter with Cabin Class Steward Franco (from Venice).

Most ships were taken for short trips. I don't remember the name of the boat from Brindisi to Piraeus. I remember taking a horse-drawn carriage from the station to the port, and not having any food aboard (traveling deck class) until a Greek sailor sold me his plate of stewed lamb for a dollar. There was the American, traveling deck class because he didn't need a cabin or bed. He slept in his Mercedes that was aboard. I didn't care. A Greek shepherd boy, with whom I couldn't exchange a word, shared my little blanket, and we slept on the top deck under the stars. We had sex. In the morning, when I awoke, he was gone.

Another voyage, that took several days, was aboard an ancient tub called the Lydia. I was deck class again, but evenings they allowed us up to cabin class where we were allowed to sit on the floor, amidst the wicker chairs, to watch the movie that had subtitles in four languages. And there were ladies with fans, and everything.

They allowed us in the tourist class bar, where you could get Greek coffee evenings, before they closed. I didn't know all that shit about not drinking the coffee grounds, but loved the whole thing anyway. Reminds me of my first artichoke, in Naples, when I started chewing on the leaves; some man came over and tried to explain (to a 19-year-old, buckle in the back Phi Delt) how to eat the fucking artichoke. They never taught us to eat artichokes at Michigan State.

They stole my electric razor at customs in Alexandria, but I expected anything, having gone there because of Durrell's "Quartet." I had been given an address, a barber shop, and the man there took me to his little "bachelor" apartment on the quay. That evening he picked me up, we had dinner, and he



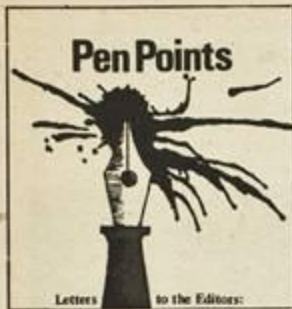
Gregory's Mom bids farewell: "Did you remember your hot pants?"

tried to fuck me, or something. Anyway, we ended up at this big place, see, and a bunch of young boys came over to our table, and one took out his cock, and we all went someplace, and I ended up (if memory serves) with all of them in a bed... I took some of them back to my pied-a-terre and they were real nice but stole my watch and camera, which didn't matter... and all this happening to a 19-year-old humpy, bright-eyed Yonkers boy who came out of the Eisenhower years with his crew-cut intact.

We had to stay down in the hold on the Lydia. The Greek and Arab boys danced every afternoon. The German tourists photographed us from the safety of the bridge, above.

Other sailings were aboard the City of Tunis and the Marseilles to and from North Africa, and the Aznamour (Marseilles to Casablanca) and the S.S. Copenhagen. Next week: THE QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Cheers, Gregory



GOD BLESS THE QUEEN!

Despite the facts that Gays cannot legally hold hands or kiss on the streets of London, that British Courts refer Homosexuals to psychiatrists for aversion therapy (electro-shock treatments), and that Homosexuals may not hold civil service jobs, Gay bars and sodomy are legal in England.

Yes, God Bless the Closet Queen! Gays are forced to hide themselves in their daily lives. But when the London Gays come out of their closets and into the bars, they are strong rivals of New York's New Free Gays.

Their manner is friendly and warm. They love to talk and to dance.

The number one Gay men's bar in this quaint city is called The Catacombe. Open from 11 p.m. till 2 a.m., 3 a.m. on weekends, it is located twenty-five paces east of Old Brompton Road on Flinborough Road; it is directly opposite a hospital, so mum is the word. There is no sign outside, but the doors are kept wide open. One descends down a flight of concrete stairs to a teller's window. The fee for visitors is twenty new-pence (about

49 cents). Coat check is available for two and one-half new-pence (about 6 cents). The layout of the bar is indeed like a catacombe. Beyond the teller's window and coat room is an entrance area. To your left is a maze of water-closets (that's British for bathrooms). Directly ahead is a chatting area where one can purchase a soda, a cup of tea or a cup of coffee for ten new-pence (about 25 cents); sandwiches are available for fifteen new-pence (about 37 cents). Tipping is not expected.

Looking over the snack bar one beholds masses of bodies pulsating to the latest British and American rock music. Around the snack bar and you're there. Eighty-five per-cent of the people here are dancing. Their entire bodies gracefully and artistically beating out the rhythm. How relaxed they are! What joy they get from dancing! The record is over, but they go on and on. London Gays love dancing so much that if they don't have a partner, it matters not—they dance on. Even if dancing is not your scene, you won't be able to resist the ecstatic vibrations captured on the dance floor here.

At the perimeter of the dance floor are four arches doorways leading to a mysterious hallway. People stand along this semi-circular retreat chatting and cruising. Two alcoves with tables and benches are situated along the hallway and down a couple steps. When you've found your partner for the evening, the alcove is a fine springboard to the coat room. Here you can get to know whom you are with better.

Smiling is the most common way to let someone you're interested in know. If he returns the smile, introduce yourself. Chances are that you're set for the evening.

The age group at The Catacombe is primarily twenty to thirty, but the crowd varies in age from fifteen to fifty. Dress is casual.

If you are planning on visiting London, do go to where the Englishmen come out. The Catacombe is a must. Cheerio for now!

Love,
Morty

THE BIBLE AND GAY

Dear GAY:
While Walking along a street in Con. I saw in the gutter (Which I might add is an appropriate place for it) a copy of one of your Filthy papers.

I do not plan to preach you a long sermon because I feel you already know more about God than you would like to think. I will instead just quote 1 Scripture to you and then remind you of What Jesus often said when warning people of SIN. "He That hath an ear, Let him (or Her) Hear."

Because That when they knew God, They Glorified him not as God, Neither were thankful: but became vain in their Imaginations, and their foolish heart was darkened. Professing themselves to be wise, They became fools, and changed the Glory of the uncorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man, and to birds, and fourfooted beasts, and creeping things. WHEREFOR GOD ALSO GAVE THEM UP TO UNCLEANNESS THROUGH THE LUSTS OF THEIR OWN HEARTS, TO DISHONOUR THEIR OWN BODIES BETWEEN THEMSELVES: Who changed the truth of God into a lie, and worshipped and served the creature more than the Creator, who is blessed for ever. Amen. For this cause God gave them up unto Vile Affections: for even their women changed the natural use into that which is against nature: and likewise also men, leaving the natural use of the women, burned in their lust one toward

another; MEN WITH MEN WORKING THAT WHICH IS UNSEEMINGLY, and relieving in themselves that recompense of their error which was meet. AND EVE AS THEY DID NOT LIKE TO RETAIN GOD IN THEIR KNOWLEDGE, GOD GAVE THEM OVER TO A REPROBATE MIND, TO DO THOSE THINGS WHICH ARE NOT CONVENIENT. HE THAT HATH EARS, LET HIM HEAR. ROMANS 1: 21-28

The wonderful thing about God though is his mercy to those who will Repent and turn to Jesus for Forgiveness and newness of Life. He would even forgive you if you would really repent.

Sincerely,
Redeemed and Cleansed
by Jesus Christ

ED NOTE: God didn't save you from being a poor speller!

ALAS!
NO CHOCOLATE DONUTS!

Dear Gay:
As usual, Sorel David is unfair to DOB—(July 5th)! As I understand it, she describes her attendance at two of the recent "structuring meetings." In the past, as I understand it, she had attended one or two of the DOB dances. I would like to set her straight (excuse the expression): DOB never had chocolate donuts at the "structuring meetings"—they always only had them at the dances. And the last dance I attended was complete with chocolate donuts. So there.

Julie Lee

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,

In my fraternity house at school one of the brothers is constantly boasting of his hetero conquests. However, both of us know that he is gayer than a goose. (I've slept with him.) He refuses to join the campus homophile union and will not go to the bars. We are going to be roommates next year. Would it be advisable for me to be forward and ask him to liberate himself or should I suffer by listening to his "fairy tales"?

B.C.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dear B.C.,

Remember that each person has to live his own life, even if we know it would be better for them to live differently. Don't try to pull him out of the closet by force. The best way is by example. When he sees your own enjoyment of gay life without hiding, he may begin to get the point. A few words to him would be okay but do it gently. Let him know how refreshing it is to live openly with one's feelings. You could also point out to him that his "boasting" is offensive from anyone, including a heterosexual male. The time is



long past when we can regard women with the "male-conquering" attitude. Your future roommate's problem is fear. Handle him gently and maybe you can help him free himself so he'll enjoy life a bit more.

Dear Gay,

I'm sure you're too busy to do this, but if you could help me get in contact with "L.J." of Atlanta, you might make two people very happy. I'm 19, a sophomore at the University of Georgia (Athens) and I occasionally go to Atlanta, which isn't far from Athens. As L.J. and I are both young and very lonely, I think (and hope) we could get along very well. I'm sure it would be unethical for you to give me his address, but could you send him mine?

T.H.

Athens, Ga.

Dear T.H.,
Unfortunately L.J. didn't include a return address so I'm afraid we can't pass your letter on. Perhaps he will see this and write again. In any case, as we told him, life in Atlanta swings. There are lots of bars, baths, parties, and dances. Try checking out some of the action. If you start having some fun, maybe some of that loneliness will disappear.

Dear Gay,

Almost a year ago I met a beautiful guy, the same age as I am (22), very beautiful with a terrific personality. After a short time we decided to become lovers. All was well until a month ago when I found out that he's been sleeping with other guys. At this point I don't know what to do, I love him very much and don't want to lose him. He claims he also loves me and that the others mean

nothing to him. I can't understand why I can't satisfy him. What can I do to keep us from breaking up?

G.S.
Boston, Mass.

Dear G.S.,

As long as you and your lover are open and honest with one another, neither of you should fear that the other may receive pleasure while one is not around.

If you don't want to break up, you should count yourself secure in the knowledge that he loves you. At the same time, you should become more of a companion to him (a vice-versa) sharing experiences, curiosities, and adventures, not only sexual, but of every variety.

Sexuality and sensuality are pleasurable. A sexual experience with another person is not necessarily better, but it is different. Relationships, both homosexual and heterosexual, are undergoing vast changes today. The old formal structuring is crumbling and with it the religiously-induced belief in the importance of virginity, monogamy and the like.

Jealousy shows insecurity in oneself and is destructive of a good relationship. Sexuality gives us a sense of our oneness with humanity. Lovers, instead of trying to determine the use of each other's genitals—where, why and with whom—should be glad for each occasion of pleasure experienced by their mates.

Love does not mean possession. If your relationship ends, don't let it be because of your lover's enjoyment of variety. If this happens, it will be because of your inability to understand his needs.

BY AARON BATES

Maestro has struck again, but has he succeeded? Federico Fellini's latest trip into a world peopled by grotesque human beings is entitled *The Clowns*. Since the movie is fundamentally a documentary it should be judged accordingly. From Italy to France to Italy again, Fellini and ensemble interview famous circus clowns and film the acts that made them renowned. The interviews for the most part are pretentious and this is not the fault of the clowns themselves, but one would suspect, of Fellini's super ego. The tedious arrivals, the setting up of camera equipment, the blank-eyed scriptgirl's endless note-taking, the various hangers-on may create a somewhat disorganized, behind the scenes reality, but are nonetheless, boring. Of course, if Maestro himself is seen repeatedly, frowning as if he had just been rejected for a pivotal role in *The Godfather*. In several brief scenes, we also see our hero as a boy gazing out the window at the arrival of a traveling circus. "Forced to reflect," Fellini tells us, "I would say that clowns—those aberrant figures, those regged, bungling, drunken



fine points to the art of the clown. We learn about the different types of clowns—Pierrot and Auguste. Pierrot is always the white clown with the pointed hat. He is intelligent and idealistic, the leader and teacher. His power is not always directed toward serving the good.

Auguste is the innocent one—a child under the dominion of Pierrot. He can be mischievous and easily influenced by Pierrot and is usually the clown who gets acted upon. He is the one who learns to take the blows.

In a world divided up among the good and the bad, the beautiful and the ugly, the givers and the takers, the shepherd and the sheep, there are also the Pierrots and the Augustes. "If I imagine being a clown myself," says Fellini, "I think of being an Auguste. But a white clown, too. Finally, perhaps I am the director of the circus. The doctor of the lunatics become a lunatic himself."

If Maestro points out that circuses are dying out, and with them, the art of being a clown. When one speaks of the great clowns, one speaks of the past. Perhaps, people no longer wish to pay to see such caricatures of human beings. With so many Abbie Hoffmans and Andy Warhols running around loose, I suppose that one

FELLINI GROTESQUE



Federico Fellini and his friends, the clowns

grotesques—in their complete irrationality, in their violence and abnormal whims, were an apparition of my childhood, a prophecy, the anticipation of a vocation, the annunciation made to Federico."

At any rate, the results of his annunciation are overblown and overelongated on celluloid, in spite of the rare visual treats of the circus acts themselves. Less of the great Fellini, and more of the clowns could have helped immensely.

The only bit with Fellini on-screen that is truly memorable occurs as he and a young reporter observe one of the clown acts. "But what does it mean?" asks the young man about the movie. Before Fellini can answer, two buckets from the arena come flying, landing on both of their heads. In short, the movie doesn't mean anything. Since making *Satyricon*,

Fellini has concentrated on creating elaborate and often surrealistic visual images. In this sense, *The Clowns* is more of a theme than a film.

While Fellini was making *Satyricon*, he was constantly asked to interpret his movie. "Older people and journalists are always asking me these questions," he noted. "It shows that they are prisoners of some conceptual, intellectual, sentimental... chains. Without their meanings, they feel unprotected. When watching my movie, the audience must fight as never before their... their prejudices."

In spite of his words, one cannot help but gather certain psychological impressions of the freak show in progress. Fellini realizes, however, that everything said about the circus has already been said in one form or another. His gift is not to reiterate but to visually interpret what

most of us already know. When he chooses to do this instead of using the interview format, he is as brilliant as ever.

There are some striking moments toward the beginning of *The Clowns* in which Fellini parallels the circus figures to some of the actual freaks who peopled, one would imagine, his unusual childhood. Naturally, he is right to take certain liberties exaggerating these unfortunate pedestrians, since a child's eye does this automatically.

He gives us a hypersensitive station master, a mad midget nun, an ex-soldier who harmlessly relives his war escapades with a certain regularity. So far we are removed from the concept of being clowns ourselves. But not for long.

As the circus acts progress, we begin to identify with the caricatures of human behavior presented. We are... the

can take in some of the freakier aspects of life without having to pay for it. And yet, can we identify with such "real" people? Can we see ourselves in them as we could with the clowns of yesterday? I hope not, but I can only speak for myself.

I don't imagine that *The Clowns* will do as well as some of Fellini's other features. There usually is not that much demand for a full-length documentary, no matter who created it. Undoubtedly, the big city critics will rave about it and this will help the metropolitan box offices. But it is probably too "arty" for the smaller towns. It will never be considered Fellini's most memorable movie, but there are dream images that will stay with the viewer after he has left the theatre. And this, of course, would be the greatest tribute to the man who created *The Clowns*.

BY DICK LEITSCHE

It is possible that the organized homosexual movement has become the major oppressor of homosexuals in modern America? As a wise man (or was it Pete Hamill?) once said, people do tend to become what they hate the most. Members of the Youth Culture daily draw nearer that dreaded Thirtieth Birthday; women's libbers become increasingly infected with machismo, and Russia becomes more capitalistic as America gets more socialistic. Vatican II made the Catholic Church more Protestant and Protestants keep getting closer to the Whore of Babylon. Why should queens be any different?

America, and particularly Movement America, is no place for a thinking man with a conscience. If one can get involved in a movement (any movement) and be carried by emotions—responding to slogans and rhetoric without examining the meanings, following leaders without asking where they're going, and just enjoying the group identity, movements can be a gas. But if one is analytical and intellectually curious, movements are problematical.

I got involved in the homosexual movement cock first. I met a trick, liked him, and let him get me involved. I allowed myself to be sold on the idea that homosexuals ought to be "liberated." I didn't feel oppressed and of my whole circle of overt (and often blatant) gay friends, only one or two had ever suffered any discrimination for being gay. Hell, I knew more heterosexuals who'd gotten in trouble because of their straight sex!

The movement people convinced me some very serious discrimination did exist—entrapment and harassment of gay institutions were the two major areas. I'm a liberal boy from the South and our hearts bleed readily, so I accepted my responsibility to pitch in and do my part to help liberate homosexuals. We beat entrapment and harassment of institutions, and fought (and often won) in other areas as well.

It struck me as being odd that the more victories we won, the louder the shouts of "oppression" grew. It seems that no one dares speak out when there's real oppression. As oppression diminishes, more and more people yell "Help, I'm oppressed!"

It also struck me that we were running out of issues. They kept having to dig deeper and deeper to find places where homosexuals were being "oppressed." It became "oppressive" that we couldn't marry in St. Patrick's (does anyone still get married in St. Patrick's?). It was "oppressive" that various gay organizations couldn't run social halls without a Certificate of Occupancy and an Assembly Permit (all these things mean is that the building has been inspected and found not likely to cave in on the heads of the people in the building). It was "oppressive" that the underworld could not run all-night gay bars (and often dope centers) in firetrap buildings in the Village.

I thought we were losing touch with reality. It wasn't until recently that a very perceptive man who has been on the fringes of the gay movement for years complained: "The movement is relevant only to itself; it is almost totally irrelevant to the homosexual community."

When I began becoming disillusioned with the movement, a series of fights



Looking quite un-disillusioned, Dick Leitsch (right) and his lover were seen by GAY's photographer at Sheep's Meadow on Gay Liberation Day.

DISILLUSIONED ★ ★ DICK ★ ★

broke out between movement people and the Headshrinker Trinity: Beiber and his friends. The movement people accused the shrinks (justly, I think) of oppressing homosexuals through self-fulfilling prophecy. Through articles, books, radio & television appearances and the like, the shrinks told homosexuals that homosexuality is "sick." This imposed guilt and fear in homosexuals and created emotional problems, thus fulfilling the prophecy.

The motive of the shrinks is financial and other profit. Not only do they make money "treating" the people they've confused, but they gain all kinds of ego gratification: power over people's lives, prestige as "experts," speaking fees, publication of their silly books and articles, and respect.

I agreed with the condemnations of the shrinks, but don't movement people do the same thing, I wondered. They too tell homosexuals that gays are oppressed. They seek out platforms to enable them to reach perfectly normal, well-adjusted, and happy homosexuals. They tell these people, "You are oppressed! Don't you know you can't get married in St. Patrick's? Don't you know the *New York Times* won't print our press releases? Don't you know that they (that great anonymous bogey-man 'they' so useful to all demagogues) are after you?"

Like the shrinks, the movement people were saying "You only think you're happy. You ought to be miserable, because gay life is tragic. Give me your money, your support, your votes. Make me powerful and I'll rid you of that oppression I just laid on you."

The ultimate heresy in the movement

is to say that homosexuals can be (and often are) happy, successful and fulfilled. Regular readers of this paper may recall my article "Let's Put the SEX Back in HomoSEXuality" (GAY No. 51). I simply said that gay life is good, it has, and always had, a lot going for it, and we should enjoy it. Does that sound even slightly controversial?

Dig out your old copy of GAY No. 54 and read Frank Kameny's response. The erstwhile astronomer tells us we're very oppressed, I'm irresponsible for enjoying gay life, and that everything is very tragic. But he's going to save us, he indicates, if we give him support, money, votes, etc.

Without the movement Kameny would be back looking at the stars, which work can make a man feel mighty insignificant. As a "movement leader" Kameny is right up there in the firmament with Jane Fonda, Joe Colombo, Kate Millet, Abbie Hoffman and the other "stars" of movements. We'd better feel oppressed or it's back to the old telescope for him!

Did you happen to read in a recent issue of *Time* the results of a recent research project into poverty? The researcher concluded that poverty has become an industry. There are thousands of social-workers, lawyers, psychiatrists, sociologists, doctors, government workers (and whole government agencies) whose sole business is poverty. If poverty ever disappears, all of these people will be out of work. They lose not only their incomes but their power and prestige. Therefore, the researcher concluded, the poverty industry will make sure that poverty continues to exist.

Gay liberation is also becoming an in-

dusty. Not many people are making much money out of it—yet. Some get speaking fees up to \$500 and "honoraria" (ranging from almost nothing from the *Advocate* to several hundred dollars in national magazines) for articles. A few have books on "oppression" in the works (I exclude other authors who write just about homosexuality; that's not part of the "oppression" industry). Where are these people if you and I don't feel oppressed?

Others in the movement have found being a "homosexual leader" helps even the ugliest person find tricks. People with a compelling need to "be somebody" find the gay lib movement a short cut. It also serves the needs of political exploiters, would-be demagogues, and those on ego trips. (Without the movement and her questioned lesbianism, Martha Shelley would be just another aged spoiled brat prone to throwing tantrums; in the movement she's a "spokespeople" or so we're told.)

There are some very sincere, honest, and concerned people in the movement, but they seldom stay around very long. They get disgusted and leave, they get thrown out (and often smeared), or they maintain their membership in organizations and take no active part in the movement.

The more meetings I went to, the more I really listened to what is being said by the organized homosexual movement, and the more I probed the issues, the more convinced I became that the organized homosexual movement is no place for an honorable man. Accordingly, I resigned from the organizations late last March.

I can't see myself competing with psychiatrists and "spokespeople" in an effort to tell men and women who are happy and well-adjusted that they are unhappy and oppressed. Movement people are so reactionary; their heads are in 1950 and they haven't yet heard that it's 1971 and we are liberated.

I couldn't see myself as a Cora Hoover Hooper, the malicious Mayoress from *Anyone Can Whistle*, with her fake Lourdes-like spring (fed by a pump manned by the Chief of Police).

"Come and take the waters for a modest fee," sang Cora. "Come and take the waters and you're bound to be happy and successful, liked and loved and beautiful and perfect; healthy, rich, handsome, independent, wise, adjusted and secure and athletic." Yeah, and Lyndon Johnson was the peace candidate in 1964.

Was it not the wonderfully wise George Weinberg who explained the "action approach" to us? Act like you are what you'd like to be and you'll become what you want to be. Liberate yourself; no one can do it for you. Others might help, but you have to do the real work yourself.

If it's any help to you, my advice is that you are liberated; you are as free as you want to be, you are liked and loved and beautiful and perfect and all the rest. Don't let anyone—not Irving Beiber, Paul VI, Richard Nixon, your local movement freak, or even your dearest "sister"—tell you otherwise.

Go out tonight and celebrate your perfection and your liberation. I'll bet tomorrow you'll still have your job, your family will still speak to you, and you won't feel at all guilty or unhappy. If I'm right, do me a favor. Drop a postcard to your local homophile organization and tell them that *gay* is good.

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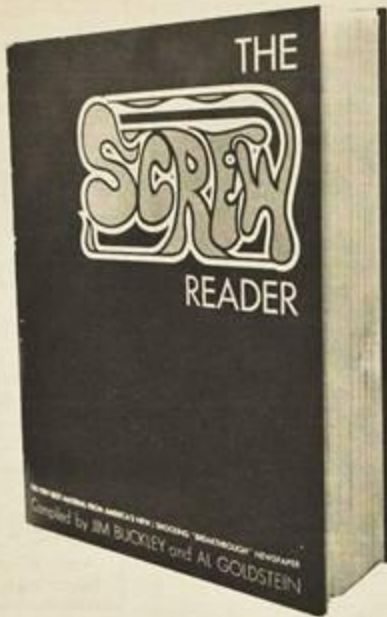
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City Councilman Addresses Candlelight Rally

continued from page 11

who'd rushed some fruit juice down from the firehouse.

After reaching the park, the marchers gathered together for a brief rally, which was highlighted by an address by City Council Minority Leader Eldon Clingan, who is sponsoring Intro 475...

Assembly man Manuel Ramos, whose "filth and scum" remarks on the floor of the Assembly helped to defeat the equal-rights bill which would have forbidden discrimination in jobs and housing throughout the state...

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The candlelight protest march moves on to City Hall.

legislature, he'd take a long time about that..."

"A couple of weeks ago we had a meeting of a national liberal organization called Americans for Democratic Action. I put in a resolution calling for the application of the anti-discriminatory law for homosexuals..."

Afterwards, Jim Owles of GAA, who had addressed the rally earlier in the evening, remarked about Mr. Clingan, "It's so nice to have a guy who's on our side as wholeheartedly as Eldon Clingan who doesn't preface everything he says by saying ten times over that he's straight..."

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