



Activists chain themselves to McGovern Headquarters telephones.

Activists Invade McGovern Hqtrs.

BY JOHN P. LeROY

New York, N.Y.— At about 11 a.m., Monday, August 21, a delegation of 25 or 30 members of the New York Gay Activists Alliance paid an unexpected visit to the McGovern for President headquarters at 605 Fifth Avenue in order to protest the Democratic Party's presidential nominee's apparent disavowal of his previous stand in support of gay rights. They spilled out onto the fourth, fifth and sixth floors, brought all campaign operations to a grinding halt, seized the switchboards, blocked all incoming and outgoing calls, and staged a good-natured sit-in. They took over former Mayor Wagner's office. Wagner was in Syracuse. Many of the volunteer McGovern workers chatted with the gays, or went about their business as best they could, but with all communications severely curtailed, and in a general atmosphere of confusion, very little work was accomplished.

Three GAA members, Martin Clabby, Bruce Voeller and Jimmy Green, chained themselves to the phones at the main switchboards, told all incoming callers that the place was under the control of the gay liberationists, and hung up. A demonstration was formed outside McGovern Headquarters, leaflets were passed out, and singing and chanting for gay rights took place extemporaneously while reporters and TV cameramen from all major newspapers and networks took it all in. A minor scuffle broke out as the gays inside tried to seize the switchboard and presented the McGovern people with their demands. Bruce Voeller got knocked down, but as he lay there, the bright lights of the GAA videotape crew (GAA videotapes all major zaps and demonstrations in order to deter brutality through eyewitness evidence and to keep a historical record) beamed down on him. Someone shouted "Let him go," and Voeller proceeded to chain himself to the

phone.

An anonymous call for the police went out, and several patrolmen arrived shortly thereafter, ready to make mass arrests. Ethan Geto, a witness at the Michael Maye trial who is now on a leave of absence as press secretary to Bronx Borough President Abrams in order to handle the public relations for New York's McGovern campaign, asked the police to leave, and discussed gay rights with the activists. It is Geto's position that no violence or brutality take place, for it is contrary to the McGovern style. He and his aides could only use a few private lines that did not go through the central switchboard. They were cornered into a few small offices while the gays sang, ate and rapped.

According to GAA, the reason why they were occupying McGovern's New York Headquarters was to induce the Senator to publicly repudiate a speech made by Kathy Wilch at the Democratic National Convention, which was a vitriolic attack on gay rights in general, and homosexuality in particular, whose purpose it was to get the proposed gay rights plank stricken from the Democratic National Platform. The speech was carried over national television at about 5 a.m. Eastern Daylight Time. The convention proceeded to vote down the proposal as it had done on abortion reform and other controversial issues.

On February 12, during the primaries, McGovern had issued to various gay or

(continued on page 13)



Activists picket McGovern Headquarters.

Bar Ass'n Skirts Gay Resolution



San Francisco Sheriff Hongisto.

San Francisco, August 16. The American Bar Association decided to send to committee rather than approve a resolution urging repeal of the nation's antiquated

sex laws pertaining to private conduct of consenting adults.

The vote at the A.B.A.'s annual convention held here this year was 143 for referring the resolution to its section on criminal law while 82 members wanted it approved. William J. Thom of New York City, who introduced the resolution on behalf of Gay Activists Alliance, told the chair that "you cannot shut off debate that way."

Invoking parliamentary procedure, a member from Illinois arose to say that it was "improper to refer" the proposal to committee. "The matter is so disposed of," declared President-elect Robert W. Meserve. The Illinois delegate then added that "the effect of a sub-motion is to amend the main motion which would make the main motion still before the floor for discussion and further amendment. He asked that Robert's Rules of Order be read. "No," shouted the angry Meserve. "I'm going to conduct the meeting."

The main motion (the resolution) reads:

"Resolved, that the legislators of the several states are urged to repeal all laws which classify as criminal conduct any form of sexual conduct between consent-

(continued on page 13)

"Sex Prohibitions Unconstitutional" Says Law Professor

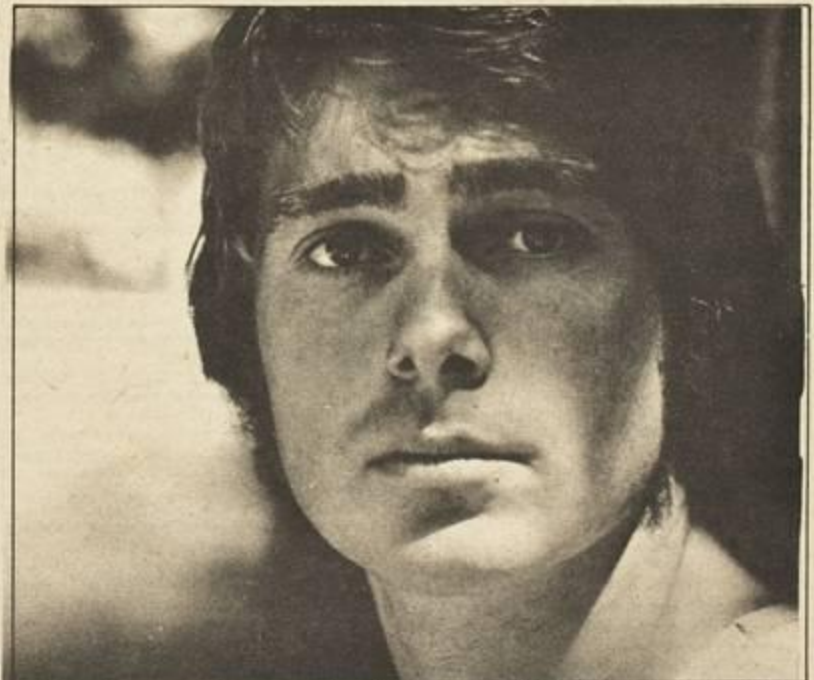
San Francisco. An expert on sex law reform is optimistic that the prohibitions on oral copulation, anal intercourse and other sex acts can be challenged on Constitutional grounds.

Walter E. Barnett, professor of law at the University of New Mexico, called the sexual prohibition statutes in 45 states an "absurd patchwork which result in one conviction for every six million acts." He

addressed the Gay Law Students Association which is also meeting in San Francisco in conjunction with the annual American Bar Association convention. (See separate story.)

Barnett contributed to the gay liberation movement by preparing a legal brief for the North American Conference of Homophile Organizations Legal Commit-

(continued on page 13)



Craig Dudley appears in a new play, *I Have Always Believed in Ghosts*, by Michael Gibbens. *Ghosts* opens September 4 at the New Old Reliable, 231 East 3rd Street, Manhattan, and runs through September 27. Directed by Bob Bogdanoff, the production advertises itself as "the first play produced in NYC that has gay characters integrated in a story which does not deal with homosexuality." Curtain: Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays 7:30 p.m. Call 541-8827 for reservations.

Barbara Walters Comes Out!

Photos by Eric Stephen Jacobs



Smile, Barbara, SMILE! Homosexuality is only as serious as you make it.

BY THANE HAMPTEN

Thursday morning, August 17, 1972, 9:30 a.m. NBC, Rockefeller Center, 3rd floor, etc. I follow the arrows, dodging beefy characters lugging pieces of sets used on the Today show. Enter a corridor and know I'm in the right place when I see Randy Wicker, Rich Wandel, Vicki Richman and other familiar faces. We bring each other up to date. I wave to Merle Miller and he comes over to explain why he hasn't had a chance to call me lately.

After a few minutes of rigidly enforced confusion and delay, we're ushered into the studio. Lots of tables covered with blue cloth. Ashtrays, pens, note pads with the show's logo on top. I take a seat next to Bob Milne of Mattachine. We're soon joined by four matronly ladies; Westchester and Scarsdale written all over them. I know the type well. Too much leisure time; kids grown and flown from the nest; husbands not home until 7:15; silence and boredom and thank God for the telephone. They've seen every matinee in town twice and *Fiddler* eighteen times. Came to NBC out of desperation—and to see some freaks in the flesh. Why the hell did we get them at our table?

An assistant director stands before us, begging for quiet. She toys nervously with the inevitable clipboard and yellow pencil. Brightly: "Good morning! Welcome to Barbara Walters' *Not For Women Only*. As you may know, we tape today for an entire week's programming, so you'll be here until about 2:30. We'll have five-minute breaks between each segment, and lunch after the third one. Please don't ask

to make any statements. Most of you are supporters of the Gay Liberation movement, but we'll only have time for really pertinent questions. Please watch for the flashing "applause" sign at the beginning and end of each program. Thank you."

Barbara Walters appears, introduces herself and comments that the program will be aired sometime in October. They don't know exactly when but will let us know. (How?) She tries to smile but apparently has little more talent for jolly facial expression than her videossociate, David Brinkley. And she... never laughs. I don't trust her.

She goes to the moderator's cockpit, gives last-minute instructions to the panel, then waits (with ever such Professional Composure) for the countdown. One of the matrons leans to me. "Do lesbians call themselves 'gay' too? Or is that word just for the boys?" Oh, dear. Was "the boys" in quotes or capitalized? I'm afraid Bob and I are in for a rough time of it. I give a cursory nod and try to concentrate on Miss Walters' opening statement.

"... because of the great interest in all forms of liberation today. And none has been more controversial than Gay Liberation. This entire week we will be exploring the many areas of gay liberation, and of homosexuality in general. And now I'd like to introduce today's panel.

"First, Merle Miller, author of *On Being Different: What It Means to Be a Homosexual*. Mr. Miller has written many other books including the best-seller, *Only You, Dick Darling*, and is currently working on *Marshalltown, Iowa*, which is about a return to his hometown."

She then introduces Arno Karlen, author of *Sexuality and Homosexuality—*

A New View; Barbara Love, co-author with Sidney Abbott of *Sappho Was a Right-On Woman*; Arthur Bell, author of *Dancing the Gay Lib Blues*, *Village Voice* columnist and one of the founders of Gay Activists Alliance; Melvin Wolf, lawyer for the American Civil Liberties Union.

Okay, now we can get down to business. Walters turns to Miller. Referring to his work-in-progress on Marshalltown, and with the slightest flicker of an icily detached smile, she asks if one can "go home again"—after making such revelations about one's sexuality.

Miller: "Well, my mother still refers to the original piece in *The New York Times* as 'that article,' and I was disinherited... for a while. But I actually found them kinder and more loving now than ever before. My hometown is similar to so very many in The Heartland. The only Gay Lib is at the university. I met a young man there who was too ashamed to check *On Being Different* out of the library, so he temporarily 'stole' it. His mother found him reading *Only You, Dick Darling*, which has nothing to do with homosexuality, but she made him stop reading it. She was afraid something awful just might rub off on her boy."

Everyone laughs... except Walters. She asks how he feels about the Gay Liberation movement itself. Miller raises his head proudly, almost defiantly. "I'm very much into Gay Lib! As to my original reasons for publicly coming out of the closet, I was forced to say to myself, 'If not me, who? If not now, when?'"

Applause. Arthur Bell volunteers that Gay Lib is a search for self-identity. Barbara Love agrees. "You have to announce that you're gay for self-respect. Lying is a form of mental illness!"

There are questions from the audience. Michael Maye and the lack of justice in New York. Melvin Wolf draws on his scholarly pipe and says that the law is less to blame than the general atmosphere of prejudice. But he agrees that laws must be changed, and there have been some progressive developments—as in Washington, D.C.

Walters asks what laws homosexuals want changed. There is a mild groaning and shuffling in the audience. (At intermission, Walters reminds us that the very familiar material and views being presented is not at all familiar to the many communities that receive her syndicated program. She asks for our patience.) Arno Karlen discusses "moral turpitude clauses" in teachers' contracts, and agrees with Wolf that it is more important to change attitudes than laws.

Walters seems to be uncomfortable with the word "gay" and rarely uses it. Perhaps it is too intimate for her? She asks if the term Gay Liberation doesn't leave us open to ridicule. (As we've always been open to ridicule, on every level, it never occurred to me to question its use in this connection. The word Gay is a symbol of great significance for us.) Miller, simply and flatly: "We have a right to use whatever term we wish." End of subject. End of first program.

Our suburban companions have been scribbling wildly on their note pads. They have a flood of questions, for the panel, for Bob and me. They push the sheets of paper eagerly across to us and are obviously enjoying themselves. At no time do they seem self-conscious. Indeed, they seem astonishingly willing to enter into the spirit of things. We glance at their questions. Very logical and sensible

thoughts. I'm beginning to re-evaluate the ladies. Bob gives them a capsule history of homosexuality from 571 B.C. to the present. Their eyes are wide.

The studio is once again flooded with light and Walters appears in a Tasteful Knit. She looks archly into the camera. "The Gay Liberation movement may be made up of less than one percent of the total homosexual population, but they're making a lot of noise." Bell smiles proudly and nods.

Karlen and Wolf carry on a dialogue about the necessity of testing the ridiculous sodomy laws in court. Wolf sends the current Supreme Court directly to hell—and I get my first satisfying thrill of the day. Ms. Love explains the "gallantly defeated" platforms at the Democratic convention.

Walters is still concerned about the damaging effect of "labels." Bell and Love insist that we hate labels and are working for the day when they're unnecessary, but that day hasn't yet come. Arthur: "We have a saying, 'Better blatant than latent.' All causes are militant at the beginning, then simmer down. At this point, it's essential for me to advertise." The woman next to me stiffens.

The origins of homosexuality within the individual are discussed. I open my Times to the editorial page and see what Russell Baker is up to. Milne doodles aimlessly on his note pad. I hear Bell saying, "I love my parents for making me a homosexual!" Barbara Love makes a face and shakes her head. "A good family is simply one that allows you to grow up as yourself—whatever that may be. That's where love should come in."

Another taping session ends. Walters promises the television audience at-large that there will be more about "cause and cure" on Wednesday. Break. Plump Adele turns to me, urgently. "But why advertise? Look, I'm Jewish. I've been in lots of places where I sense Christian hostility, but I don't start yelling, 'I'm a Jew! Accept me!'" I remind her that she isn't compelled to hide it. Anyway, sexual and religious prejudice aren't really analogous.

The third session is about to start. I'm getting hungry. I notice that Dr. Albert Ellis has replaced Wolf on the panel. My appetite is somewhat diminished. Milne turns to me with a mischievous grin. "Do



MERLE MILLER

Merle Miller, author of "On Being Different."

Photos by Eric Stephen Jacobs



Barbara Love, co-author of "Sappho Was a Right-On Woman."



Arthur Bell, author of "Dancing the Gay Lib Blues."

you realize that Ellis looks exactly like Woody Allen?"

"Hell, Bob, I thought everybody knew Woody Allen is Albert Ellis. That's why Allen gave David Reuben such a royal screwing in his new movie. Ax the competition."

Walters opens this program standing at one of the tables. She makes a point, in introducing Ellis, of mentioning his belief in the value of curing homosexuals. She suggests that Bell might disagree with the good doctor's philosophy. Arthur gives Ellis one of the most deliciously indulgent and patronizing smiles I have ever seen. Arthur: "The very word 'cure'... sends chills... up... my... spine." Cheers from the floor. Walters glares at the offending clique.

Ellis protests blusteringly to various attacks. "You seem to forget that there are many homosexuals who want desperately to change." (And for all the wrong reasons, I muse.) "What I'm against is the rigid, fixed, compulsive type of homosexual." Love voices equal concern and irritation at the rigid, fixed, compulsive heterosexual.

Miller shames Ellis for sticking to out-moded and unshakable definitions, then accuses him of believing in the concept and power of machismo. Ellis issues denial. Karlen deplores the great amount of opinions in psychiatry with so few hard facts behind them. Someone in the audience asks what approach gays should take with parents. Love answers that "we are trying to educate our parents to not feel guilty about our homosexuality." And she laments Ellis' presence instead of George Weinberg. More arguments and a tentative truce.

Musical theme up and out. Lunch is served and I get my chance to find out if Carson is right about the NBC commission. He's right, but I'm too hungry to care. And the pickles are great. Our ladies have a hundred more questions and comments. Rae offers me her chocolate pudding and decides that her cousin's daughter is a lesbian. Sylvia wonders breathlessly if any of her girl friends are secretly gay. I tell her that I'm sure there must be one or two. I can see her mentally rummaging through the spectrum of familiar faces. ("Which one? Which one?") Tomorrow's meeting of the Mah-Jongg Club

may have some curious aspects. I should have kept my big mouth shut.

The fourth taping is still Get-Ellis-Time. Love accuses him of representing "oppressive psychiatry" and brings out the standard gay view that such doctors are acquainted only with disturbed homosexuals and should stop making those abominably generalized statements about us. (I still think it's a case of the blind men and the elephant...) Ellis accuses Love of bigotry and claims that gay militants are "fighting intolerance with intolerance." Love continues to interrupt and Walters' temper flares. (This all too human emotional display will no doubt be eliminated from the finished tape.) Bell goes to sleep. I turn to the movie section of the paper. The fourth segment ends.

Everybody seems to be getting up now to stretch their backs and legs. Enjoyable experience but I wouldn't want to go through it every day. Our companions present us with this hour's notations. Bob and I grade and return their papers. They want to know the meaning of "cruising," "proselytize," "tearoom," and most parents just want to see their kids happy and Jews are more tolerant of gays than you might think because one minority shouldn't make fun of another one but you can't blame mothers for wanting grandchildren, can you? No.

The final program begins with a new discussion of politics. Love reminds (warns) the public of the large gay voting bloc that is now beginning to assert itself. Heterophobic fear of gays is brought into the conversation. Bell: "The fear is ignorance. The media must help erase this fear." (Right on.) Miller thinks one of the greatest hetero-fears is of gay teachers. He lists several reasons why this is completely ridiculous and should be overcome—including the fact that there are entirely too many gays to purge from the school systems. That loss of thousands of instructors, you know. "Why, there are more gays in teaching than in any other group except maybe the United States Army and the New York Ballet." (Much laughter and applause. If it weren't for Miller and Bell injecting the program with their keen humor, these proceedings would be overcast with a most deathly pallor. God knows, Walters doesn't add any sparkle.)

Karlen announces pessimistically that there will always be a degree of social prejudice against homosexuality. Ellis tries to shove in a quick defense of psychiatrists and is ignored. I feel a bit sorry for him. I did enjoy one of his Playboy popularizations. (He says nothing more during the balance of the program and exits immediately at the end. Everyone else remains to chat and exchange further views.) Miller insists that gay liberation will do a great deal for heterosexual liberation. Gays are not working selfishly just for themselves. Bell agrees and invites Walters to share the "warmth, love and fun" to be found at GAA Firehouse on Friday and Saturday nights. Walters accepts! A historic television first! (Maybe she'll M.C. one of the cabaret shows?)

One of her associates holds up a sign with the numeral "5" on it. She quickly begins her summary. Gays do not want to seduce or corrupt. They do want an end to all role-playing, an end to senseless and vicious prejudice, an end to ignorance and apathy. They want the opportunity to function as human beings. They want the freedom to find, give and experience love.

The day's taping is ended. Walters thanks the panel and they in turn thank her for the "necessary exposure." Our ladies applaud with great enthusiasm. I'm worried that they've become over-converted. They shake our hands and tell us it's been a "real treat" and they've "learned so much that's valuable." I tell them I've learned a few things myself. (True. Not from the program, but directly from *The Girls*. At no time did I feel the slightest hint of hostility or hypocrisy. This could have been a neighborly quilting bee.) Adele insists I take that nice roast beef sandwich home with me. A shame to waste it. Okay.

I promise Bob that I'll drop by Mattachine one of these nights. Then I go to congratulate my friends on the panel. Good show, everybody. Hope it helps. Well, who knows? The programs are seen across the nation. Got to reach some people. Still lots of resistance though. But at least Willard and Maude Olesby can see we don't have horns, huh? And—there are four nice suburban ladies who won't let their husbands or friends make cracks about "fags" any more. Little by little...

CRUISE WITH CONFIDENCE

SEND FOR CERTA-FOME

A newly developed antiseptic foam FOR INTIMATE HEALTH CARE. A substance that checks the growth or action of micro-organisms especially in or on living tissues.

40-50 Applications per Bottle

Please send me _____ bottles @ \$5.00 per bottle. Total order \$

CERTA-FOME
Box 91

Whitestone, N.Y. 11357



NAME
ADDRESS
CITY STATE ZIP

MALE GAY ENCOUNTER GROUPS

Experience facilitator (see GAY, April 17, front page article). 2 1/2 hour sessions weekly. Openings: Monday, Tuesday, Thursday evenings.

ROD PARKE

751-1694 Tues.-Fri.

Free initial interview required.



249-6540

PARTY
SUPPLIES
PAPER
PLACE

Master
Charge
Honored

1024A LEXINGTON AVE.
(AT 73 ST.)



the TROUBADOR

1078 FIRST AVENUE
bet 58th & 59th Sts.

Open at 4:00 P.M. for Cocktails

Dinner Served

6:00 P.M. to 2:00 A.M.

OUR ATMOSPHERE
ENHANCES OUR MEALS

Your Host: KENNY WINTERS

755-1955

The money we spend
on Vietnam
could help
every drug addict
in the state.

Help America.

Write your Congressman today.

Help Unsell The War. Box 903, F.D.R. Station, New York, N.Y. 10022

EXCLUSIVE ENGAGEMENT NOW!

WAKEFIELD POOLE'S

BOYS IN THE SAND

ALL MALE CAST
ADULTS ONLY



GARRICK THEATER, 152 Bleecker (At Thompson), 533-8270
12:10, 1:40, 3:10, 4:40, 6:10, 7:40, 9:10, 10:40



THE WESTSIDERS

"Biggest & Best in the West"

OPEN DAILY AT NOON
COR. 78th ST. & BROADWAY
874-8013

BICYCLE SALES



3-5-10 & 15 SPEED

ALL SIZES & KINDS
INCLUDING:

WE STOCK:

SHOES...
JERSEYS...
CYCLE SHORTS...
GLOVES...
CAMPY-PARTS...

GITANE
FICELLE
BSA
RALEIGH

Good for Purchase of any 10 Speed Bicycle.
1 per Customer. Must Show Coupon.
Not Good on SALE BIKES.

\$10 \$10

"WE GIVE SERVICE & WE CARE"
WHOLESALE - RETAIL - PARTS - ACCESSORIES - BICYCLES
RENTALS... SALES... REPAIRS

BICYCLE WEST INC. TEL: 874-0439

329 COLUMBUS AVE. BETWEEN 75th & 76th

BICYCLE EAST INC. TEL: 628-4300

1449 THIRD AVE. ON 82nd STREET

Singapore Sling

A Drink on Bugie Street



The Queen and it



A gay bar in southeastern Asia.



The Bugie Street boogie.



A lady (of/by?) choice.

BY STANLEY SEYMOUR

My business affairs have taken me to Singapore a number of times in recent years, usually for brief visits of four or five days. "Business" in this case means calling on local executives by appointments made weeks in advance, before my departure from New York. Since my clients are Chinese and since the Chinese are lavish with their hospitality, I usually have more invitations for lunches and dinners than time permits.

Despite my tight schedule, I manage to save one evening for some non-business friends who are reporters on one of the major Singapore newspapers. My friends are Indians, the smallest of the three ethnic groups in this small city-state: the vast majority are Chinese who have been there for generations, and then there are the Malays who form a significant minority. There is also a large British colony—many businessmen and a large military establishment which is currently being withdrawn as England slowly comes to the realization that it is no longer a World Power.

On each visit, my friends urged me to join them for a look-see at Bugie Street and made it clear that not only was it the

vice center of Singapore, but of a sort not to be seen anywhere else in the world. Since my friends are both straight and reticent, it was not clear what the attraction was all about except that the highlight was an open-air fashion show put on by a bevy of dazzling young hookers. Since Bugie Street does not come alive until after midnight, and since I'm not a connoisseur of ladies' fashions, I insisted that I couldn't afford the time and energy if I was to be fresh and competent for my morning appointments.

On my last visit, I gave in to their urgings and my own curiosity and planned a schedule with a free morning so I could sleep off the night before. We had a late dinner at an excellent Indian restaurant and settled in at a Cafe on Bugie Street in time for the post-midnight show. My friends assured me that while we were on dangerous turf, we were completely safe in this particular Cafe because they knew the manager and he would watch out for us. (It made me think of the old days when black friends would take me to Small's Paradise in Harlem explaining that Whitey was as well protected within those doors as he'd be at the Waldorf.)

Bugie Street is a wide avenue, comparable to Fifth Avenue in width, running about the equivalent of five city blocks in length. It is lined with Chinese-owned restaurants and bars arranged like Paris cafes

with most of the tables outside. There is no vehicular traffic and in the middle of the road are food stands selling Chinese and Malayan delicacies. There are swarms of beggars, shoe shine boys, pimps and whores. Above most of the restaurants are impromptu opium dens which emit a sweet smell that mixes well with the varied food odors and passing perfumes.

Since Singapore is not yet a major tourist city, the clientele are mostly residents and most of these, British servicemen who arrive in large drunken groups and consume huge amounts of the excellent local beer.

And then came the girls. About twenty or thirty of them strung out in a loose formation wearing copies of the latest French and American fashions. They were all petite Malays who have small bones, light brown velvet skins and huge luminous black eyes. Like chorus girls on a runway, they stopped at tables to be photographed, to sip a soldier's beer, to kiss a bald man on his pate. The fashion show was in three or four installments: after the first turn, the girls disappeared and returned after fifteen minutes in different costumes with different hair pieces and new jewelry. In the final parade they all wore elaborate evening dresses and I looked at one relatively tall specimen who had been giving our table special at-

tention, and remarked to my friends that she had rather broad shoulders for a Malay.

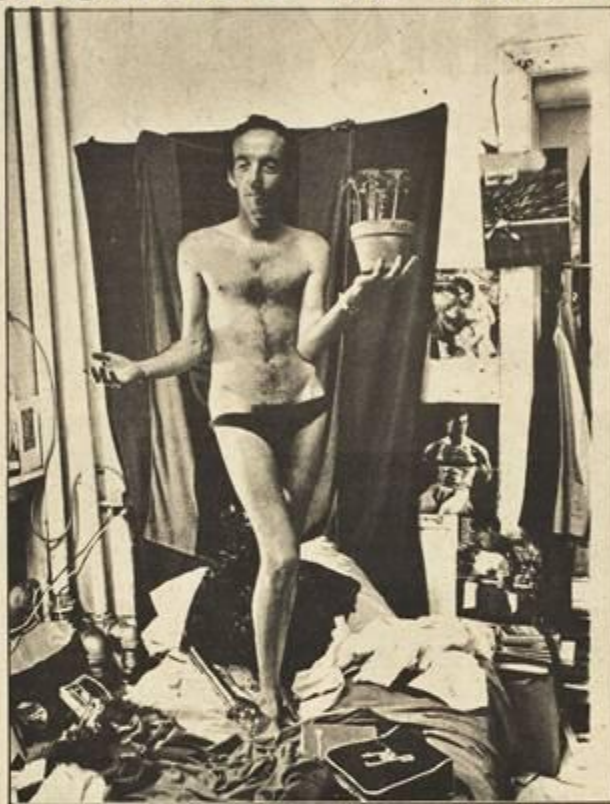
Much hilarity. Of course these beauties were "genital males" (an expression I've read somewhere) and the joke was on me. The whole point of the excursion was to see how long it would take me to figure it out.

After the dawn broke, my curiosity was really piqued. Although I didn't discuss the matter with my friends, it occurred to me that the fashion show was only a preliminary and that now these little morsels were going to get down to the real business at hand—hustling. And the prey had to be the young military types. But how does a soldier detach himself from a table of buddies, find the hooker of his choice, and wander off into the night. Not openly of course, since, drunk as he was, he knew he'd have to face his buddies in the morning.

The techniques were about as subtle as the back room at the Barn. Young John Bull would make eye contact with the lady of his choice and then stand up and announce in a masculine baritone that he'd had too fucking much to drink and was heading back to the base. Off he'd stagger into the darkness and the lady.

The mysterious East isn't so mysterious after all!

The Gentle Art of Making a Nuisance of Yourself



Taylor Mead in the glorious environs he calls "home."

BY VICKI RICHMAN

The Saturday night show at the Continental Baths seems almost an afterthought, a suddenly remembered chore to be endured in good spirits and disposed of uncomplainingly. It's a diversion from the real business of life—the evening, that is—and everyone pitches in, from moving chairs to welcoming the star, to make fast work of the interruption, while Steve Ostrow's silvered head, a threatening beacon balanced on a shaky stilt, glimmers nervously above the huddled, sweaty throng, as he waits to lead the dignity of his official presence to the half-serious lovers.

And this evening the moment has come once again for the agile entrepreneur, like Zeus returning to Olympus after raping a peasant wench, to make his mythmaking ascent to the stage, but a squat gargoyle, who probably had been there all the time if only we could have seen him, manages somehow, clad only in a flaming orange minitowel, to be in the spotlight first. Laboriously, in deadpan, as if the effort of moving at all made the additional effort of showing pain or pleasure impossible, the figure tries to undulate his way across the stage in impotent mockery of every go-go dancer we have ever seen. His paunch nearly obliterates his minitowel, which itself does not quite reach the tip of his penis; his large irregular head seems too much for even the solid support underneath and it slumps either to one side or the other. The owner and brightest star of every show is left motionless, seemingly poised in midair between stage and floor, not knowing whether to chase the intruder away, to pretend he isn't there,

or to wait until he has finished his still-unexplained parody of a meat-for-sale go-go boy. The crowd titters, obligingly at first, then tensely, and finally compulsively, as they remember every sex symbol they've already been bored by in these pleasure-doting seventies.

Taylor Mead is the gag joke even fags gots laugh at.

The biggest joke was that not one in a hundred knew whom they were laughing at. "That's Taylor Mead," one of the noscenti whispered to his friend, and I had to stare in disbelief. My God, so it was! I'd never seen Taylor undressed, but I doubt that I'd have known him, even fully clothed. He's the most unrecognizable celebrity ever filmed. It's not that he's commonplace in appearance; it's that his appearance seems to have been conceived in totally random fashion. He has a habit of vanishing and popping up when you'd least expect it.

Like breaking up a show at the tubs after you thought he'd split the New York scene for good. But he's not unknown for approaching the footlights from the opposite direction either. He's been featured in eighty films. The pornography is "people's movies," and the ones from the underground are "art films."

"One of my first movies was *Too Young, Too Immoral*, twelve or thirteen years ago. It ran for four months. That set a record on Times Square." Taylor's television screen follows the path of another Willie Mays homer while we talk. Superstars are expected to set records. "The people of 42nd Street really believed in the film. I've always wanted to make other movies for the people, but instead I've been mostly in art and avant-

garde films." He's in a slump, I guess.

He's also abandoned the least common denominator of 42nd Street for the prime numbers of Off-Broadway. He worked with the man who was known as LeRoi Jones, and in 1963 walked away with an Obie for his portrayal of General MacArthur in a Frank O'Hara play. Theatre buffs and superstar groupies are still trying to figure that one out. Taylor Mead is not supposed to get awards. He's supposed to make loud noises and obscene remarks and finally be kicked out of places where other people get awards.

"What disrupt?" Taylor tosses back at me, unable or unwilling to understand my question. Then, as he becomes accustomed to my presumption, "Of course, when I don't like something... But I don't do it arbitrarily." Annoying people is an art, not a hobby.

"Like when the Cockettes were in New York, I just couldn't help getting up and yelling. 'Where's Jackie Curtis?' Here's this \$1,000,000 worth of hype that had been given to the Cockettes, and Jackie has ten times the talent of whoever organized them. But she's playing in little theatres that seat only 45, while the Cockettes come to town with all this publicity in a theatre seating several thousand. It could end the theatre altogether—people just wouldn't go. It wasn't I who wrecked the Cockettes—it was the director, or whoever it was who put the show together. My getting up and yelling relieved a lot of people. Otherwise the audience might have gotten really ugly." Still, they don't give Obies for disruption.

Taylor Mead is barely comfortable today as the last member of the best generation. When *The Village Voice* stopped running his stuff, he wrote the editor, "I

knew the art Mafia was after me, but this is getting ridiculous." The truth is that he'd probably do the art world a greater service as an exhibit in the Museum of the City of New York than as Union Square's least noticed resident.

So he strikes a blow for sexual freedom by shimmying around in a towel, while the naked men making out in front of him look the other way. He'd like to read poetry in a basement cafe, although his audience is popping pills outside on MacDougal Street with the transistorized latest in sex and revolution blared into their ears. He wants us to laugh at him in lipstick and curls when teenyboppers swoon over Mick Jagger and Alice Cooper.

He's the rebel that the rebels are rebelling against. In the early sixties he contributed some of the best poetry to *Ed Sanders's Fuck You: A Magazine of the Arts* (long before Al Goldstein even tried to find a typesetter willing to print that word), and now watches his former editor's book on Charles Manson climb the best-selling charts. Taylor's three volumes of poetry are out of print. He's performed in coffee houses when Bob Dylan was hoping he wouldn't be thrown out for sneaking a second espresso after having sung for nothing. Dennis Hopper portrayed a stand-in to Taylor's Tarzan in Warhol's film *Tarzan and Naomi*. ("It was the first time Dennis really relaxed. In his earlier films I thought he was very stiff.") Had Taylor managed, in addition, to worm his way into the Fourteenth Street loft that the Living Theatre called home before it became acclaimed as the international symbol of revolutionary drama?

"Well, I've interrupted performances," he recalls tentatively, not so much in apology, as in recognition that they don't

in fact give Obies for distinguished heckling.

"You can't interrupt the Living Theatre," Judith Malina, the troupe's co-founder, says in almost genuine incredulity when I tell her. "Taylor can't lose this outdated concept of stage vs. audience. When we perform, the spectators are as much a part of the play as are the actors."

Their theatrical and actual disruptions of law and order through the sixties have made New York culture what it is today, but Taylor sees the Becks only through the nonheroic eyes of a house guest too blasé to be impressed by the genuine Oldenburg in the middle of the room. "I've known Julian and Judith very well for many years and think they're personally fabulous, and most of their plays are marvelous, but when they get into messages, it gets a bit sticky."

Poor Taylor. All his old beatnik friends have been able to squirm past the careless hippies into the seventies, leaving him a rebel, not without a cause, but without a rebellion. Even gay liberation looks on him as a relic. "Every time I get on a picket line, I get so bored, I can go around only once. I get claustrophobia or treadmillitis or something."

In an earlier decade, it probably was a tonic for closet queens to see Taylor on the screen cavorting around in dresses and making love to only half-embarrassed straight men. But *Taylor Mead Sings and Dances*, which Paul Morrissey made before his collaboration with Warhol, would probably be booted out of the Firehouse today. They accept Taylor as fondly as a Black Panther remembers Stepin Fetchit.

But saying that he exploited gays for his own image is like saying that Chaplin



Taylor Mead has appeared in more than 80 films. Here he stars in "Brand X."

exploited the poor when he did the Little Tramp. You'd be absolutely right. But you'd miss the point—and the fun. That is, you'd overshoot the level he was trying to bring you to.

"How could women take it that seriously?" Taylor asks about Warhol's *Women in Revolt* with the mock exasperation of a college professor patronizing his bored pupils. "Life isn't that serious. Women's Lib is great on male chauvinism and things like that—but leave the drag queens alone! So far women's lib hasn't been clever enough to come up with unsmashingly funny plays on male chauvinists, like Andy can do with a few drag queens having a meeting. In the first place, just being a drag queen takes ten times more nerve than being a liberated woman. I mean, Jackie, Holly, and Candy are so much further out in left field, they should be allowed to do whatever they want."

As people complain about the token fag in the straight underground, you can remember only that it takes ten times more nerve to be Taylor Mead than to write an angry letter to your congressman. Vincent Canby wrote, "Every breath Taylor Mead takes is an insult to vested interests." And Taylor Mead was Taylor Mead when Merle Miller was still trying to keep the ACLU from defending homosexuals arrested in Johns.

"Once they got me in Washington Square," Taylor recalls. "Someone I wasn't the least bit interested in put the make on me, and then he and another 200-pound detective threatened to kick the shit out of me unless I answered all their questions. I went through the whole thing, with their court-appointed lawyer telling me to plead guilty and all that

shit." He stops abruptly, like a classroom instructor aware at last that the bell has already rung. "It's the story of our lives," he finally concludes the lecture, for himself really, as he watches the noisy, chattering students rush for the door.

The same thing happened in Morocco. After 21 days in the hospital, he was bailed out by the American consul, who, instead of being outraged, was delighted to be called in for a sex crime instead of drugs. Taylor has brightened hospitals and jails in the unlikelyst corners of the world. In fact it was his habit of wiring Warhol for money that caused his much-discussed break with the Factory.

"It's all true," he says indifferently as I repeat New York gossip to him about how he was fucked over. But, like anyone else who has dealt with Andy, he can't hide his love for the platinum-topped fantasy hustler. Taylor calls him the finest filmmaker around. He nostalgically talks about driving cross-country with Andy and Viva. "That really is part of your payment, because the group you're going with is too much for wherever you're going." Imagine joining the trio at a McDonald's in Iowa, and if you'd rather have money, you probably deserve the job you're devoting your life to.

But he blames Warhol for turning his back on the stars who helped make Andy who he is. "We worked for nothing when he was unknown. Now that he's made his millions, he turns around and hires Sylvia Miles for five or ten grand."

Listening to him, you wonder whether Taylor Mead has been heckling the world, or whether the world has been heckling him. But like the greatest clowns, who know only their craft, not starring vehi-

cles, he doesn't want you to guess the truth. He cultivates the ambiguity as if his very integrity as a craftsman depended on it.

His greatest moment may well have come on the night a penniless Taylor Mead got his chance to unite both disruption and performance at the Metropolitan Opera. With fifty others, he was paid a few bucks to walk onstage in costume so that the chorus for *Aida* would seem larger. It wasn't long before he had wandered away to join the diva in a *pas de deux* that the City Ballet might borrow for *Peter and the Wolf*. He imparted meanings Verdi never imagined into the Ethiopian slave's scene-ending "Gods, have pity on my suffering." But he was able to escape into the orchestra, perhaps in critical response to one of the players' own version of that plea. Every time the conductor shook a fist at Taylor, the tenor missed a beat. The whole orchestra was powerless. But when the act was over, Taylor insists, he was "nearly attacked by oboes and cellos."

The Met has moved to Lincoln Center, where it's no longer worth even a novice's while to give it any trouble. The Living Theatre has taken to the streets. Although I try to get him to say something slanderous, he won't bother doing a number on John Wayne. "He can't be gay; he's so dull." So what can possibly be left for Taylor Mead in this decadent age? Making life miserable for Steve Ostrow?

"You go to the baths looking for a man," Taylor offers by way of critical evaluation, "and suddenly find you have to do the screwing."

It's the story of our lives, Taylor, honey.

The Last Estate

BY GREGORY BATTCOCK

I got one of those stupid "programmed" letters from American Express, complaining about a late payment. It was the kind in which they keep on inserting your name in the middle of sentences, to make you think it was typed out especially for you. It had that idiotic tone, like when you address a low-I.Q. four-year-old. It ended with the words "Thank You" followed by an exclamation mark. Here is my reply:

R. Graham
American Express Card Division
Phoenix, Arizona

Dear Sir or Madam:

I discovered your letter of August 25th almost by accident. You see I have been traveling almost constantly since early May, and am off tomorrow on another trip.

In your letter you point out that there is a previous balance on my American Express card account that is one month past due. You also point out, quite rightly, that this condition was recently called to my attention by a "special notice" as you put it.

Now, you seem to imply that I have deliberately ignored your "special notice." Of course you must be aware that I have been traveling a great deal lately. In fact you may have also noticed that all my American Express Card encumbrances since May first are from places far away, such as Greece, England, Israel, Italy, Cyprus and so on and so forth. That explains why the charges frequently appear in English Pounds, Italian Lire, Greek Drachmas, etc. Therefore it seems reasonable, does it not, that when one is traveling one cannot receive each and every notice that comes in the mail; many people only use their credit cards when traveling; thus it is sometimes impossible to pay bills immediately upon presentation. I think you people are aware of that kind of thing. You have been in this business for some time and are, I am sure, intelligent, sensitive folk well cognizant of such practical dilemmas. American Express Company would not be what it is today if the situation were otherwise.

However, as it happens, I actually did get your "special notice" a month or so ago, when I returned to New York from a trip that included stops in Crete, Italy, Germany and France. There was quite a lot of mail waiting for me including a statement from your billing office that contained, among other things, an item that confused me; it was a reversal of a "temporary credit" to the tune of \$150. Way back in December 1971—Christmas day it was—a domestic airline charged me for a ride on their Boeing 727 that I did not actually take. Several months later I accidentally discovered the overcharge. Thus began a series of letters to my Customer Service Representative, the ever patient D. Jenkins, at your sunny Phoenix, Arizona office.

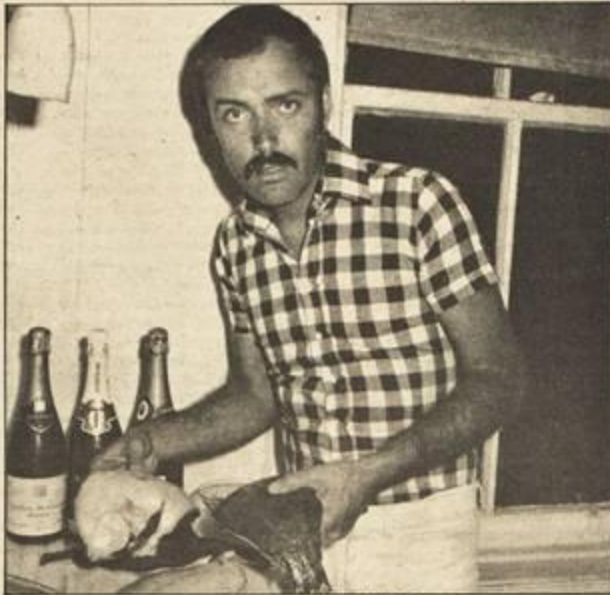
I am not an accountant. I am a writer and as such never cease to be amazed at the monetary manipulations that occur under the labels "debit" and "credit." In fact I never understand one iota of what it is all about and have come to rely upon the sympathetic (if not childish) explanations of your extraordinary billing practices that are prepared for me, at my request, by the benevolent D. Jenkins.

So you see, I did not, as you seem to imply, ignore your "special notice," R. Graham. In fact I replied to it immediately and requested an explanation of the confusing (to me) reversed credit. And that was, you may want to know, my eighth letter concerning the attempt by the domestic carrier to defraud me for services never discharged. Had I not, in my clumsy and plodding way, discovered the fraudulent overcharge, I would this day be out \$150.00.

And that leads me to another point.

In the second paragraph of your letter, R. Graham, you do more than imply; you actually state that I have a serious "credit problem." You refer to my "account history" in a very grim tone and conclude with a threatening note: "the privileges of your card may be restricted."

Let's take each of these three points separately, shall we? Firstly, let's deal with my "credit problem." What exactly do you mean



Gregory and Fish. Who's Who?

by "credit problem"? Actually I think I know what you mean, but it is only speculation on my part: I find it difficult to believe that the ladies and gentlemen of the American Express family would actually accuse a loyal, moderately wealthy customer of long standing of "not paying his bills." But that IS what you had in mind, now isn't it?

May I ask how you know I do not pay my bills? Yes, it is true, in July I was several days late with the rent (payable in advance) because a 20% increase, of which I had not been informed and that was, it turned out, illegal, had been added to the regular rent. However the matter was cleared up and my \$350 monthly kickback for a small, comfortable apartment in a rather shoddy building, located in a very slummy block, was paid in full. Another incident springs to mind. There was a squabble with Mrs. Sullivan at the telephone company, who insisted on billing me in advance for "suspended service" charges and then threatened to suspend the service if I didn't pay the suspended service charges BEFORE she suspended the service. Or something like that. Well, no doubt, even out there in the fine desert air of Phoenix, Arizona you have your problems with the phone company!

My employees also feel, or at least give the impression, they are pleased with both the pay scale I offer and my promptness in meeting payrolls. They fall into three categories that sometimes overlap: domestics, free-lance and trade. To a man they discharge their responsibilities in a friendly and efficient manner.

So you see, R. Graham, I think I pay my bills rather promptly, thus insuring the good will of business acquaintances and tradespeople, usually when delays in payment occur they are the result of an attempt by a supplier to cheat me, causing me to check and double check things in my stupid, slow way. Sometimes, when I am traveling I am late with a bill but, you know, the butcher, the greengrocer and the fish market all offer credit generously, and provide me with fresh products in pleasant surroundings.

Let us move on to item number two on our list: "account history." Did you know, R. Graham, I earn my living as an historian? However, the history I deal with has little to do with accounts payable. Therefore I must ask you to forgive my stupidity in not knowing what, exactly, it meant by "account history." Have you, perchance, been keeping records of all my accounts, including those maintained with agencies other than your own? What do these records tell us? What will they tell posterity? No doubt biographers decades from now will end up rummaging through your dusty archives in search of spicy goodies gleaned from my carefully compiled "account history." It is with this thought in mind that I advance a very serious and legal request. Would you kindly send me an

your patience. I only point out the above because I sense a hint of suspicion in your tone: suspicion that I may not be of sufficient financial worth to merit possession of a credit card as distinguished as the one you offer. In this vein I think you should know that, while my possessions are modest enough, they include a fine European sports car that I rarely use because it's always getting repaired; I have several electric and manual typewriters, all of domestic manufacture and none of which is any good; I take five or six European vacations each year in addition to weekends in the Caribbean; I have published several books and royalty payments, including payments in advance upon new publications come to about \$15,000 to \$20,000 yearly. In addition, I am salaried by the State of New Jersey at \$20,000 per annum. Lastly there is a certain income from lectures and articles that varies from year to year; last year it came to an additional \$5,000 more or less.

On the other hand, my expenses are very considerable. Besides the answering service, there are payments due New York University where I am purchasing a doctoral degree in philosophy. I have proffered several "gifts" to deserving youngsters of limited financial means. Few will deny but that I entertain nicely. Champagne is not reserved for special occasions in our house. But you do not require all these details; let this letter begin to wander, let me comment briefly upon your uncalled for threat to "restrict" the "privileges" of my credit card.

What privileges? Am I not paying you for the use of the card? Please remember, R. Graham, you are not benevolently dispensing privileges; rather, I am purchasing services. I think once we get that point cleared up we are not far from resolving this entire, tedious altercation. Once we understand that, are we far from realizing that the quality of those services must be maintained to my satisfaction? Or, you see, I may have to warn YOU that "the privileges of serving me may be restricted." In other words, if I continue receiving thoughtless, nasty hate letters from your office accusing me of being a poor credit risk, you may find yourselves less one customer and, I might add, that includes eight or ten thousand yearly in travel checks and another several thousand in travel agency bookings.

I am sorry you have forced me to clarify our relationship in such a blunt way. It was rather amusing, allowing your company to assume I was some kind of dependent, if not completely idiotic relation that would wither and die if not for the opportunity to purchase your indulgence. However, let's see things in a more realistic light in the future, shall we?

Sincerely yours,
Gregory Battcock



GAY's Editors, Lige Clarke and Jack Nichols, are on cross-country tours promoting their recently published book, I HAVE MORE FUN WITH YOU THAN ANYBODY. They are scheduled to appear in Detroit on September 3rd for the TV talk show, The Lou Gordon Show (8 p.m.). At the same time they will be aired on Los Angeles' KBSC-TV. On September 10th, from 10 p.m. until 11:30 p.m., Lige and Jack will appear in Cleveland (WKBF), San Francisco (KBHK), Boston (WKBG) and Philadelphia (WKBS). (Photo by Eric Stephen Jacobs)

BY SOREL DAVID

A great line I heard one time at a GAA Lesbian Sunday poetry reading—"Lesbians On The Road—Chapter One—When we're on the road, we're not Lesbians." Credit it to one Emily Rubin Weiser. With this little poignancy fresh in our minds, Billie, Penny and I set out for California. Split for the coast as we used to say back in the psychedelic era, mere history now. We set out in our 1968 Plymouth Sport-Fury, oh yes how do they think up those names, drive-away car. Inside the car, at least, it was nice and safe. Inside, we could go cruising along the highways and the byways of the straight world with our Lesbian identities relatively intact.

First thing over the G.W. Bridge we picked up a brave woman hitchhiker. A young hip type, heavy into the women's movement with all the right-on slogans and things, but all in all a nice kid basically. We were starting to feel good, good to be out of the city, good to have participated in this fine act of community. A group of women picking up a woman hitchhiker, it was so much solidarity, a sisterhood is powerful kind of thing, you know. Next we sailed into a New Jersey gas station owned and operated by three women. Three good, strong-looking, obviously gay women taking care of automotive business like they was born to it. The whole scene was very "after the revolution" and peaceful. A post-revolutionary pax terra, peace and harmony throughout the land, the sun was setting, the air fresh and clean, green things growing all around.

I couldn't believe it. It was like we had slipped into some kind of a time warp or

something. Coming over the bridge and leaving the city behind, it was as if we had left the present for some future time. We left what is, exchanging it for a vision of what might be, a small pocket of some utopian dream just a few short yards off the Garden State Parkway. There was an instant unspoken communication, a communion perhaps, between us and the women of the station. In the eyes, it was, a moment of identification, a sweet moment unmarred by any revolutionary declarations or other radical self-consciousness. It was all so surprisingly natural, an unspoken but very real kind of identification, a mutual delight in finding each other here, two groups of strong, independent women, subtly underscored this very straightforward and normal business of buying and selling gas.

Leaning up against a coke machine and looking west, out across the station to where one of the women was explaining something to Billie and Penny, a feeling of warmth and well-being began to steal over me. The two of them poring over the hood with the garage woman, the glory of the setting sunlight streaming through their hair, one a honey blond, the other strawberry blond, my tribe, I thought, women of my tribe taking care of business, exchanging friendly information with women of another. "This is an omen—you see what kind of a great trip this is going to be?" Billie said of the garage episode. A strong pride in collectivism, on one level a kind of gut primitive feeling of kinship between women rose within me. New ways for women to relate. My nostrils began to flare with the idea, quickening to the scent of this brave new world waiting for us down the next turnpike, somewhere in California, lurking just beyond the horizon.

At the same time, whenever I think this way, whenever I begin to feel these

things, some other dark disturbing thoughts begin to thrash around in the bottom of my stomach. I am not, I will not be at all suited to the new age. In fact, I am in some ways uniquely unsuited to it. A product of years of tradition, a left-wing Jewish intellectual, twentieth century American gay female incarnation, my world is steeped in ideas, somewhat scholarly and self-contemplative almost to the point of other-worldliness. Hardly a position, it would seem, from which to meet the demands of the new age, the new world of women striving to actualize themselves to their full human potential. In the end, it comes down to the age-old conflict between content and form, in this case, as it stretches across a conflict between specialization vs. collectivization.

In creating the new society, the old must be rejected; specialization, the old forms, the old types will be swept away. The new forms will be simple, new ways of relating more basic, and everyone will have about the same number and kinds of diverse skills, diverse roles to play. Meanwhile, I am here, at this point in time, saddled with an ancient heritage like an albatross around my neck, a line which descends from the tradition of dreamy, remote Talmudic scholars down through generations of contemplative, reflective Eastern European tea-drinking intellectuals and finally to America around the turn of the century. There is nothing in my background which would lead me to fix a car, to master the arts of self-defense, or perhaps grow my own food. The antithesis of the strong, self-sufficient new woman, I am helpless in the physical world. I leave all such things to the technicians, to the machines and the technicians. This is, after all, the technological age.

I am a thinker, an intellectual, a highly

skilled and specialized existence. There's no place for me in the new world, the emerging new consciousness. I'm useless, superfluous, obsolete and perhaps a little ridiculous. I wake up every morning to drink coffee, dream, reflect and then I begin to write. For what? It's a question of form, an overdevelopment, a super-elaboration of form and style almost to the exclusion of meaningful content. Who cares about anything I have to say, these subtle and slight forays into my emotional life? Who has the patience, desire, or indeed even the ability to follow the tortured twists and turns of my self-conscious, breast-baring explorations of psyche—my Love Story, my St. Adrian's fantasies or my homicidal daydreams? Judging from the feedback I get from my columns, the answer might indeed be nobody. Thank God I'm gay and so have, at least, some small claim to relevance.

A thinker on the threshold of a new age of action, a fish out of water. In some sense the position rivals the tragedy of European aristocracy facing the coming of democracy. All thought, all speculation and intellectualization on the current state of affairs leads to one conclusion. The technical age is crumbling, the world is dying. All thought leads only to a deepening understanding of my own obsolescence. How perfect, a self-contained, closed system of tragedy. Steaming down the Indiana Tollroad lost in this deliciously self-pitying and satisfying reverie, suddenly, as if following my very train of thought, the wheels of the machine ground to a halt. The Sport-Fury threw a rod and was no more a useful functioning thing. Forced out into the cold light of reality, we became Lesbians On The Road, hitchhikers to the promised land, California. Tune in next issue for Lesbians in San Francisco.

Don't Ask Me to Fix Your Car!



Jerry's Sphere

(continued from page 2)



Ms. Maehs (Richard), the bride's lover.

made, that is, human law. Humanity has made many mistakes. The antiquated sex laws are just an example. I therefore maintain that I am truly human first, gay second. And as a human being, I must join forces with other human beings, straight and gay, to fight for law reforms within the system. So that one sweet day, I shall be able to live my life with HUMAN DIGNITY alongside my straight brothers and sisters. LEARN YOUR CANDIDATE'S VIEWS FROM THE SMALLEST OFFICE SEEKER ALL THE WAY UP TO PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES. REPEAL ANTIQUATED LAWS IN THE VOTING BOOTH. Make it completely unlawful for our sisters and brothers on the front lines to be subjected to the crap that some of them have gone through in the courts of justice(?).

MORE ON LAW REFORM: Last week Village residents marched on the methadone boat at the foot of Christopher St. to demand its removal. The boat has, according to the residents, brought addicts all the way from the Bronx and Queens for treatment. I have seen many of these unfortunates on Christopher St. and can sympathize with the residents. (I saw a boy stabbed in broad daylight by a girl. Both were from the boat.) Most of the people getting treatment go right up to Sheridan Square (which is hardly habitable these days) to sell their "meth" so that they can go and buy their fix. But the sad truth is that getting rid of that boat will in no way cure the problem, or, for that matter, help. The problem, as I see it, is the law. If narcotics were legalized there would be no profit in drug traffic. And if there were no profit we would have no pushers trying to hook a kid in junior high. Organized crime would have to look elsewhere to make its big money. I am a longtime believer in self-determination. If someone wants to fuck up his body and mind with drugs, let him. Make those drugs available. Open up store fronts. Take the kids by these store fronts and let them see what drugs do to the body. But take the high profit away from people who would sell their mothers for a buck so that they would not be gut to get some poor unfortunate hooked to make a dime. FIGHT DRUG TRAFFIC, ABUSE, AND ORGANIZED CRIME IN THE VOTING BOOTHS...

CLEANLINESS IS NEXT TO... Had a very nice chat with Bill McNeely (hope that's spelled right) and Rex of the CLUB BATHS. Bill told me that the CLUB was so clean that when one left if he checked his feet he would notice that they were clean. I agreed, thinking to myself, "this cat is on some trip, that's impossible." Guess what? He was right. Go over and make the test yourself. (Of course, there are a few other reasons that I think you should try it out. Find one for yourself.)

VIEWS 'N' PEOPLE: What three workers walked out of their west side establishment because the boss had the nerve to put a tape in the register? (Can't believe he was so naive that he's let them get away without it this long.) And then the

bigger nerve to walk back and ask for their jobs back, and GOT THEM BACK!!! Good Lord, it's really getting crazy around here... My favorite Gypsy to do a show for my favorite Ms., Gwen Saunders, at OUT OF THIS WORLD, Sept. 9th. Don't miss it... Lou, from the SPIKE to do a leather column for DAVID, while cutie pie, June Von Hummil, to do a layout and her Barbara to do articles of special interest for our sisters (GF TYPE)... George back extolling the virtues of southern hospitality, courtesy of his trip to New Orleans. I'm surprised they let him get away... Speaking of the SPIKE, one of their barkeeps went out to the Island of Fire and hasn't been heard of since. Another non-pro making it difficult for the pros to prove a point. I don't care how "pretty" they are if they take a job, they take the responsibility that goes with it... First Anniversary Party at the ROADHOUSE a SMASH. Among the



Wedding at the Roadhouse: The Bride.

guests were Frank Elliot and Billy Kierman of ONE POTATO, Gypsy of PAINTED PONY, John Francis Hunter of GAY INSIDER, U.S.A., humpy Doric Wilson, Bob La Courte, Nancy Haskill, Jack Hartman, Tommy Long (LJMELIGHT), Jiggs, looking ravishing in the latest copy of a copy of (GAS STATION). Robin played hostess and M.C. He had to do it without a mike but that didn't hinder him in the least. But after he had introduced the bride, someone gave him some rice to throw. He threw it before realizing that it was COOKED! Poor Ms. Kitty got it all over himself and the stunning dress... BEAU GESTE has a super beauty in Dan Reilly. Have a peek... Another talented beauty, NEW JIMMY'S Jerry Scott... A DONT MISS: BETSY ROSS in Queens having an all-day outing September 10th. It promises to be a day to remember...



The Bride's Mom & Dad (Tom & J.L.).

I'd like to get my hands on the four queens who pulled the fire alarm at WHAT A DUMP, also in Queens. I thought that shit went out with the flood. Besides being a pain in the ass to the people at the bar it is a very dangerous thing to do in case there is a real fire while the trucks are out because some dizzy queen got pushed out of shape, probably because he couldn't make out. Grow up, schmucks... PIPERS LOUNGE, Mickey, birthdaying. Happy happy... That ol' hvy, Stella (TURN-OVER) got my room at Robert's and John's. Damn it... Bill McNeely of the CLUB, a me... An old friend, Don in at TJUANA CAT... I asked Hank over at SINGLES if he'd do a centerfold but he turned me down. Pity, I really wanted to fold his center... What Village manager thinking early success meaning there won't be any problems? Get wise, brother, it isn't always roses... Dottie and Rod from HOWIE'S HIDEAWAY seen bouncing around town... LEO'S LION



Bride Attempts (Alan, Dale and Bill).

added Randy... And a first anniversary. Congratulations... Billy Herna (COUSIN) and Bobby Marino (JIMMY'S) caught me. Thanks a lot guys... Had a very good time rapping with Hap (JULIUS) the other night. First time we've done that in a long time... Heard John Michel at MARIE'S CRISIS had quite a time at his junior prom! Almost flipped the cab driver out... FLASH: Just received work that I can't believe. The hotel in the Grove was previewing Wakefield Poole's new flick "BIJOU." A certain restaurateur in the Pines called the police to lodge an obscenity complaint. It seems that he was showing "Meet Me in St. Louis" the same night and, I suppose, feared the competition. The restaurateur is an old friend of mine and I find it very hard to believe this. With shit like this flying amongst our own it's small wonder an imbecile like Kathy Wilch could defeat us in Miami. NOW IS THE TIME FOR US TO STAND TOGETHER. IF MONEY IS THAT IMPORTANT TO SOME THAT WE WOULD STOOP TO THIS LEVEL OF RETAILIATION WE'RE REALLY IN BIG TROUBLE. I'm an old line capitalist and have been working since I was 10, but if I couldn't beat the competition fairly, I'd hang up my jock. INCREDI-

Love and peace, Je



Wedding Guests: John Francis Hunter, Jiggs, Ronda and Doris.



Maid of Honor (Ronda), Bride (Kitty), Groom (Buddy) and Best Man (Keller).

BLE!!! Interesting that Judy Sexton packs in the guys and Joey Cord doing the same with the gals. Is it reverse sexual identity?? Joey Miccoli (CHARLES ALSO) going to challenge Raquel Welch to a race around the rink for old times sake?? Thanks to you there is talk of the syndication of this column throughout the country. Don't know if Aunt Nell is ready for it. I hope so... Also, because some of my burbs are making some people in certain quarters a little edgy, I've taken out some "accident" insurance...

BAR PROFILE: The Cave, 131 Bank St. (242-9550). If you've ever wondered where the next generation of leather lovers is coming from, here it is. Hank and Kevin have a good-looking, comfortable bar. A tiled bar in front, with a pool table in the back. Sawdust covers the floor. And the clientele is young, humpy and friendly. (One advantage of being young is that he doesn't have any of the hangups we older folk were brought into the scene with.) The sex symbol here is Dave, a Floridian beauty. Stop by and say hello...

PERSONALITY PROFILE: Joey Cord isn't really a bar person in that he doesn't tend bar or work tables, but he surely works a room. He is currently at the SUNDOWNER. Joey comes on like a ball of fire. He doesn't wait to get you in the mood. He creates it as soon as he grabs the mike. He'll do a hot number and while you're catching your breath he'll go into something like "Maybe This Time" and rip out your insides. He has that rare quality of believability. You know that he's been there and returned. Some of my more militant brothers will probably object to his using the female pronouns in his love songs but with a giant talent such as Joey's I think that they will forgive him. Do yourselves a favor and go over and enjoy the dynamic song stylings of Joey Cord. Well, I guess that's all for this trip. See you next time.

Cruising off Broadway...

Photos by Eric Stephen Jacobs

BY IAN AND DANIEL

ADO ABOUT SOMETHING

I must admit I had my doubts about whether the current production of *Much Ado About Nothing* at the Delacorte Theatre would really work. The major change has been a complete time shift. It's all been moved to Victorian England, shortly after the turn of the century I would guess, complete with a 6-piece genuine brass band—plunkin' and raggin' away with about ten tunes, before the actual show got underway.

It seems obvious to this reviewer that J. Papp and company has decided to try and do a repeat of their absolutely brilliant rendering of their last year's production of *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, a review of which appears below. That's a hard act to follow, especially since the latter was good enough to make the (once) ubiquitous Broadway scene. How do you match a Tony and N.Y. Drama Critics Awards for Best Musical of '71? It's probably unfair to review this production in light of last year's smashing success and so I will desist as much as possible.

The story concerns two sets of lovers-to-be, and how they are brought together through various and sundry drifts that Shakespeare could spin so very well.

Don Pedro, Chief of State, returns from what I gathered were diplomatic sojourns, accompanied by Benedick, his Captain, and Claudio, his Lieutenant, to lodge for a few days with his friend the governor, Leonato—who, it seems, has two eligible daughters—Hero, the younger one, pert, cute and very feminine—and Beatrice, who fashions herself as self-sufficient, self-made and full of disdain and scorn for the opposite sex—they being somewhat beneath her station, or so she would have us believe.

Claudio is the young lieutenant, a bit shy, naive, modest and something of a dupee, i.e., one who is easily duped by others. Benedick is the brass-spoken captain whose disdain for his opposite number is the equal of our lady Beatrice. He is content and forewarned to remain a bachelor, or so he would have us believe, etc....

Of course, if one is the least bit familiar with the oldie Bard, you can see what amorous connections he is about to fashion, with the help of cunning and simple drifts. Claudio and Hero, and Benedick and Beatrice—the latter seems impossible on the surface yet proves the less difficult in the end.

Don Pedro and his bastard brother Don John represent the good and bad guys of the plot—the latter undoing the good deeds of Don Pedro.

The plot thickens and takes shape as the drifts are executed. Don Pedro woos Hero in Claudio's stead (he really is a novice) unbeknownst to Hero and once she is won, he breaks (intercedes) with Leonato on Claudio's behalf and the match is consummated. All very nice and tidy except that Don John has other ideas (?) and proceeds to undo things with a counter-drift by having one of his henchmen, Borachio, woo Margaret (a friend of Hero's) at her bedroom window but calling Hero's name, all the while knowing that Claudio and Don Pedro are hidden nearby listening to every word. And hence, our Hero is undone.

Don Pedro has also arranged with Claudio and Leonato to invent all sorts of glowing words and thoughts of Benedick as coming from Beatrice. Of course, they make sure that Benedick is well within earshot and they pretend that they are unaware of his presence. It then becomes easy for olde Benny to believe all he has



"Coming Out" re-opens September 7 at the Washington Sq. Methodist Church (Manhattan).

by weaving the plot even thicker and in the end the drifts tripped themselves and all ends well.

The casting, as usual, is excellent for the most part. I could find no fault with the major players—though one or two of the minor roles just didn't work for me. Bernard Hughes as Dogberry was quite excellent as the incompetent, word-jumbling, not-too-bright Chief of Police. Kathleen Widdoes and Sam Waterston are also outstanding as the disdainful yet inevitable lovers. Mark Hammer as Leonato and Douglass Watson as Don Pedro were also really fine throughout. The settings by Ming Cho Lee were again up to his consistently high standards. The Victorian England costumes were great, as were the dance sequences by Don Saddler. Mr. Antoon's direction had a light touch which I appreciated. It could have been a disaster with less skill. There were two songs which didn't do anything for me; however, all of the backdrop music was rather tasteful. Quite honestly, I didn't know if it was original (in some cases) or just tunes before my time.

Well, as I said above, I really had my doubts about whether the "updating" would work. I'm glad to say that it does which only proves, of course, that like heard since Claudio and Leonato and Don Pedro are honorable men. Likewise, Beatrice is made to overhear her lady friends extol on her virtues etc. as they heard them from Benedick. And hence, the drift is set on its inevitable course—collision.

Shakespeare then really does his thing



A gay teacher is run out of town in "Coming Out," a splendid new play. Don't miss it.

friend Valentine. All of this is complicated by the fact that Sylvia's father, the Duke of Milan, has already promised her to Thurio—a bit of a cry-baby and dipshit dummy. This is further complicated by the fact that Sylvia really loves Eglamour, a soldier that her papa didn't approve of and sent off to war to be killed. Are you still with me? It really gets a bit thick when Eglamour returns to discover Valentine and Proteus zeroing in on Sylvia. Ouch! Thurio is never really in the picture. As easily as he weaves the plot thicker and thicker, Shakespeare unravels it all and things work out for the best.

Virtually the entire cast is intact from thyoriginal park production, the one major change being the role of Julia played by Diana Davila. Her interpretation of the role put me off a bit—it being too broad and comic—lots of eye-rolling, a hesitant speech delivery, etc. She did it well but it seemed out of context with the show. With all due respect to Hattie Winston who done good by the role of Sylvia, the role really belongs to Jonelle Allen, who, I suspect, was on vacation or something.

The biggest improvement was the role of Valentine as played by Clifton Davis. I remember wincing at his performance in the original production last year. He just didn't have the timing and nuance that is necessary for doing Shakespeare. He was speaking a series of words without the proper understanding of their meaning. In the current production, he's 100 per cent better.

The show is as bright and exciting as before—though some of the vitality and festive atmosphere which seemed to stem from playing in the open Delacorte Theatre are missing. It's still a fantastic show and it richly deserves the awards and honors it won for the best Broadway musical of 1972. Git it on and go dig it.

The incredible success and acceptance of *Two Gentlemen of Verona* is due in a very large part to the deliberate casting of the play along ethnic lines, specifically, Puerto Rican, Black and Oriental. The play is brilliantly contemporized by the use of ethnic gestures, expressions, sequences and dialects. The New York audience which viewed it in the city parks enjoyed it immensely because it was New York, or any other large, urban metropolis in the U.S. with these particular ethnic groups in evidence. I think now that a large percentage of the audiences now viewing the play are non-New Yorkers or at least not part of the inner city and its unique qualities. They enjoyed the show to be sure, but I think they missed some of the more subtle goodies.

TWO CATS FROM VERONA

I had seen the original production when it opened at the Delacorte Theatre about this time last year. It went on to tour the city parks and to put frosting on the cake, it made Broadway. I decided that I wanted to see what had been done to the production to flesh it out a bit for the "big time."

The story concerns two gentlemen from Verona who are best friends. One (Valentine) is away to Milan in search of adventure—love—women, while his friend Proteus finds love in Verona but is spirited off to Milan by his father, to join his friend. Unfortunately, they fall in love with the same fair (ebony, really) young lady—Sylvia, and through a cunning drift (here we go again) Proteus devises a plan that will win him Julia but lose him his

AND FURTHERMORE:

Coming Out by Jonathan Katz and directed by David Roggensack is coming back—this time at the Washington Square Methodist Church at 133 West 4th (just off Sixth Avenue). It is again being presented by the arts committee of the Gay Activists Alliance and it will open on 7 September. If you didn't see it during its "run" at the GAA Firehouse, get your ass in gear and drop by the W.S. Methodist Church. If you did see it, take a friend. Contribution is \$2 and it's well worth it.

The Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre is about to become a permanent fixture of the City Center of Music and Drama, joining the New York City Ballet and the Joffrey Ballet—which means we'll be seeing more of them now that they have a permanent home. Welcome to "Fun City," Alvin.

Coming up next issue—reviews of the *Fantastiks* and possibly one of the plays now in residence at the Mercer Arts Center. Later, boys and girls!

- *We are not the newest . . .
- *We are not the largest . . .
- *We are not the most expensive . . .

BUT BABY, WE REALLY ARE THE BEST!

YES, THE NICEST AND MOST SUCCESSFUL PEOPLE IN TOWN DO GO TO THE



Beacon Baths

227 East 45th Street, 11th Floor
New York City, Phone 687-0322

24 HOURS A DAY

OPEN 7 DAYS A WEEK,

WORLD'S MOST ECONOMICAL



THE TA-5600A

TELEPHONE ANSWERING MACHINE

AUTOMATICALLY ANSWERS YOUR TELEPHONE!

ELECTRONIC MARVEL!

- Answers your telephone on the very first ring.
- Electronically greets all callers with a pre-recorded personal 20 second message.
- Utilizes latest transistorized space age circuitry for superb quality reproduction.
- Also will record up to 75 incoming messages when plugged into any common cassette or reel to reel recorder.
- Measures a compact 12" x 11" x 5".

UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTEE!

IF THE TA-5600 EVER MISSES A CALL WITHIN 1 FULL YEAR OF DATE OF PURCHASE . . . SIMPLY RETURN UNIT FOR REPLACEMENT OR FULL AND PROMPT REFUND OF PURCHASE PRICE!

**Unbelievably Priced
At Only \$69⁵⁰**

Send \$69.50 to: GOLDIES GOODIES
P.O. Box 432, Old Chelsea Station
New York, N.Y. 10011

Brilliant, Compassionate, Infuriating, Convincing—

"[Dr. Weinberg's] book might be considered liberal, but it is really revolutionary, once its basic assumptions have been accepted, as they must easily be. Logic, humaneness and imagination are all on his side." —GERMAINE GREER, *Author, The Female Eunuch*

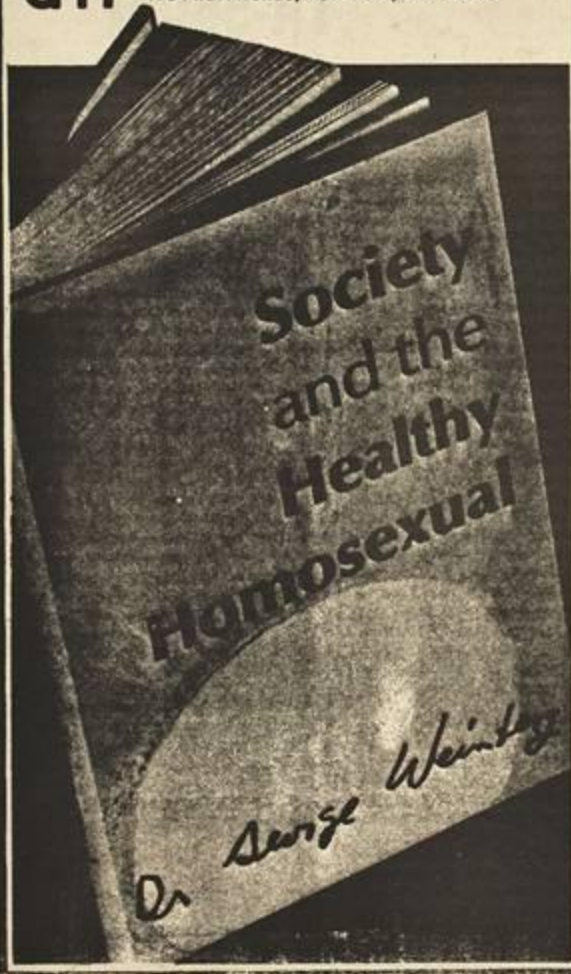
"I recommend this book, with some sense of urgency, to all parents and teachers in this country. It is a highly informed statement in the best American tradition of social criticism and fair play. This is a truly loving book." —DR. EDWIN BARKER, *Associate Professor of Public Psychology, Harvard University*

"Dr. Weinberg is the only therapist I know who has taken the trouble to learn how to write; as a result, he is a pleasure to read. What's more, in *Society and the Healthy Homosexual* Dr. Weinberg has something very important to say to everyone, no matter what his sexual preferences are. I think this is an enormously valuable book." —MERLE MILLER, *Author*

"*Society and the Healthy Homosexual* is the best thing that's happened to the gay community since Cory's *The Homosexual in America*. It will be read and quoted for a long time to come." —REVEREND TROY PERRY, *Metropolitan Community Church*

\$5.95 at your bookstore

smp St. Martin's Press
175 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10010



Can a relationship between two people be truly gay?



*I have more
fun with you
than anybody*
Lige Clarke
and Jack Nichols

"Unembarrassed...marvelously entertaining...The best antidote to the psychological propaganda that homosexuals are wretched and cannot love one another."

—Dr. George Weinberg, author of *Society and the Healthy Homosexual*

"Their book is lighthearted, their perspective healthy and strong throughout and what they have to say about their rewarding life-style should be of interest to anyone."

—Michael Perkins, *Screw Magazine*

"Full of zest for life and appreciation of its finer values."

—*Publishers Weekly*

\$5.95 at all bookstores

smp St. Martin's Press
175 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10010



Subscribe To Gay

GAY is a new experience in reading delight! It means JOY as well as homosexual. GAY is interesting, entertaining and informative on its own account and not simply because it deals with taboos.

GAY believes there is only one world. Homosexual and heterosexual are mere labels. GAY looks forward to the day when sexual labels will disappear, leaving only people who, like this newspaper, are interesting on their own account, and not simply because they belong to a group.

GAY is a lifestyle newspaper which points the way to new values. It is the newspaper of sensual freedom. It says: Open wide the doors of your mind and body! Edited by SCREW columnists Lige and Jack, GAY contains news of events from around the world as well as go, play reviews and interviews with well-known personalities. GAY is into its second year of publishing.

Subscribe sooner than immediately. GAY arrives in a plain brown envelope, first class.



I understand that I will receive a copy of GAY in a plain brown envelope (first class mail) and that I will receive:
..... 13 issues of GAY for \$7 26 issues of GAY for \$13
..... 52 issues of GAY for \$25

GAY is Bi-weekly, sent 1st Class.
Please allow three weeks for your subscription to be processed.
MAKE CHECK PAYABLE TO: Four Swords, P.O. Box 431, Old Chelsea Station, NYC, NY 10011.

I certify by my signature that I am over 21.

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY STATE & ZIP

ALL SUBSCRIPTIONS MAILED IN PLAIN BROWN ENVELOPE

WANTON ADS

Wanton Ads

CLASSIFIED AD RATES: 20 cents per word for Wanton Ads or Classified Ads.
MAIL TO: Four Swords, Inc., P.O. Box 431, Old Chelsea Station, NYC, NY 10011.

GAY is unable to accept phone numbers for either Wanton Ads or Classified Ads. Phone numbers will be printed only on display ads.

RETIRED TCHR-WRITER, int. bks., thea., music, ballet, sks frnds., yng or old, for fun, affection. Also tutor Eng., wrting., hist. Box 65, Mineola, NY 11501.

YOUNG SLAVE SOUGHT for one of two understanding big brothers. Box 1242, FDR Sta., NYC 10022.

RICHARD McDONALD—I know what happened while I was in Florida. I'm back now & want to help. I still need you & love you. Please call me or your mother. Jim.

I'M WHITE, 26 YRS., 6', 175 lbs., good build; looking for permanent relationship with guys 25 to 35. Write to: Jose Morales, 218-11 Hillside Ave., Apt. 2F, Queens Village, NY 11427.

BLACK & LATIN friends wanted by sincere, flexible, well-endowed, blond, blue-eyed guy. Well established, 31, hot, wide interests. Promise a fantastic time & sincere relationship, if desired. Photo & phone a must. NY area only. Occupant, Box 308, Gracie Sta., NYC 10028.

DUTCH MASOCHIST, 41, looking 31, dark blond, slim, cultural interests, seeks younger, slim, dark sadist. Write: Cor Bakker, 4-Dusseldorf 1, Flingerstr 43, West Germany. Tel. 17266.

YOUNG, GOOD-LOOKING GUY interested in meeting young, disabled Viet Nam veteran. Don, PO Box 5246, Cleveland, Ohio 44101.

PHILADELPHIA AREA W/M, 33, sincere, discreet. Seek others (21-35) for friendship, etc. Send description, interests, phone to: PO Box 271, Hatboro, Pa. 19040.

SLAVE WANTED. Desire w/m under 25 to share home in Atlanta with w/m, 170 lbs., 5'11". No experience necessary. Vern Paxton, Box 7305, Long Beach, Calif. 90807.

DAVID N. L'Shanah tova teekatayv ve'taychataym L'alter lechaim. B'havah uvshalom. Israel-David.

FRIENDSHIP WITH MAN 50s to 70s?? Looking for "average," somewhat shy, stocky, portly, heavyish older man who puts warm human relationship first—not just any body. I'm 30s, atypical of so-called "gay." Plain photo(s), please! Box 438, Mid. VII. Sta., Flushing, NY 11379.

VISITING NYC late August, early Sept. Seek good-looking studs 18-26 yrs. old to f— & feed. Send photo & telephone no. to: Peter, Box 251, Abilene, Texas 79604.

ATTRACTIVE BLACK MALE, 27, wishes to meet attractive & sincere white & Latin males (21-35). Please send photo. Occupant, Box 280, NY, NY 10004.

WITH 8,000,000 PEOPLE IN NYC, surely there's a masculine, sincere, attractive, honest guy, any race, 25-35, who might be interested in a 38-year-old, non-butch, passive, white, Manhattan, bright, fun guy, for friendship. N. Damon, Suite 504, 152 W. 42 St., NYC 10036.

PHILA., SO. JERSEY W/M, 5'10 1/2", 169 lbs., masc., age 34, seeks others 21-35 for fun & friendship. Send photo, will return. Box 19551, Phila., Pa. 19124.

TRAVELING SALESMEN, construction workers, truck drivers, through Poughkeepsie, over-night hospitality with young, attractive guy. No S&M, no kooks. Replies with photo. Box 5271, Poughkeepsie, NY.

BI-MALE, WHITE, TV, passive, with female sexual needs, seeks other males for groovy times. Write: Box 696, Newark, NJ 07101.

INEXPERIENCED MASCULINE servant, Spaniard, 32, 5'9", 155 lbs., good-looking, seeks masculine, experienced, decisive white boss, 22-40. No fakes. Please write, details: P. Montalban, 25 W. 24th St., NY, NY 10010.

"HAND-RUBBED LOVE JUICE!" It's the real thing! Sent sealed from young, hung & horny guys! Now you can be on the "receiving end" any time! Sincere, no rip-off. Only \$2 to The Student Work Force, Box 763, East Lansing, Mich. 48823.

ORIENTAL FRIENDS wanted by blond, blue-eyed, Anglo-German. Attractive, 30, sincere & stable. Wide interests, well established, much to offer. Don't be shy, write & send photo. Box 308, Gracie Sta., NYC 10028.

CLASSIFIED ADS

PENIS → PIPES
ROSEWOOD SERVICES
1300 10th Ave. N. #100
MINNEAPOLIS, MN 55412
TEL: 865-1234

SISTER LENA
Card and Palm-Readings
READER & ADVISOR
Advice on all problems of Love, Marriage, Business and Health
Guaranteed Satisfaction
Phone (212) 81-2387
11 WEST 46 STREET
New York, N.Y.

WHITE MALE, 28, slim build, will pose nude. Send \$5 for sample photos, information & phone no. Also photo sets @ \$15 & movies. Write: Boxholder, Box 186, Mt. Clemens, Mich. 48043.

HUMPY NUDE BLACK DUDES meet groovy nude white lads. All holds barred. Each set consists of 8 top quality 5x7 photos for \$5. No. 7F, "Tony & Billy," No. 6D, "David & Paul." Please add 50c postage. Alexander, Box 1275, Manhattanville Sta., NYC, NY 10027.

WANT NEAT YOUNG MAN for companionship to nice looking man. Nice home & lots of love. Picture a must, will answer all. Write: Box 15863, Tulsa, Okla. 74115.

Classified Ads

CONFIDENTIAL KODACOLOR developing. 90c roll plus 25c per print. Ekta-chrome slides 20 Ex. \$2; 36 Ex. \$3. 8mm movies \$4. S. Photo, Box 258, Syracuse, NY 13201.

KEITH STEPHENS—get in touch with Bob Pollock about the commune. He's in London. Write: 147 Boulds Green Road, London N. 11, England.—Jesse

SEND 75c FOR THE GAA Information Kit to: GAA, Dept. 5.F., 99 Wooster St., NY, NY 10012.

ARE YOU FED UP with the bars, the games & the searching? Can a gay computer dating service assist you? Free questionnaire. Total cost: \$5.95. Six dates guaranteed. Dial-A-Date, PO Box 162, Village Sta., NY, NY 10014.

APARTMENT TO SHARE—young man, private s/c bedroom, \$150 monthly includes phone, utilities. Write or call: David Linden, 94-30 60th Ave., Elmhurst, Queens 11373.

SINGING BARTENDERS, waiters, waitresses, reliable professional type entertainers: full-time positions available for bright new prestigious east mid-town restaurant opening in Sept. Send complete resume in strict confidence to: Box 336, Baychester Sta., NYC 10469.

GAY SEEKS 1 or 2 gay young men (lovers only). Free room & board to live in early 18th Century farmhouse—brook swimming, 13 ski areas 30-mile radius, private room, TV. Must be dog lovers, in exchange, care my mother & dogs 3 days week (Wed. to Fri.). Strictly business. Include phone no. Write: PO Box 273, Readsboro, Vt. 05350.

LIBRARY SERVICE, INC., offering quality adult gay fiction, has a new brochure. Write today for an immediate reply. Library Service, Inc., Dept. G, PO Box 20308, San Diego, Calif. 92120.

HOUSEBOY WANTED: young man, to 29, for young bachelor upstate NY State. Live-in job a good situation for the right person. Send resume & photo (if possible) to: Lee, c/o P.J.A. Assoc., Suite 1101, 175 5th Ave., NYC 10010.

EXCLUSIVE MALE—the classiest, most inspiring gay monthly magazine available today. Information, write: Dept. G, Box 154, Sta. "Q," Toronto 7, Ontario, Canada.

FOR GAY MALES—A computer dating service with the personal touch. Make more gay friends in one month than you will meet in the next year. Send \$2. Man-to-Man, Dept. F, PO Box 155, Paramus, NJ 07652.

ADVERTISEMENT

QUEENS AREA

Complete Oil Rub by Young Italian.
Satisfaction Guaranteed.
John 268-7866

VISITING MONTREAL? THE INN
"In the heart o' town"
\$7.00 — Guest — \$10.00
Single — Rooms — Double
\$4.00 each add. pers. (per day, per room)
TV, RADIO, FREE PARKING
Reservations with deposit guaranteed.
1070 MacKay Street
Montreal P.Q., Canada
Telephone (514) 878-9393
As recommended by Guild Guide Int'l. and Most Homophile Publications

MASCULINE MASSAGE
675-9344
ANYTIME
P.J.

BONDAGE!
Bondage pictures, devices, and correspondence club. See—most nude slave women! For club magazine and photo-illustrated brochures, send \$3.00 to: KARAVALL, Box 3215, Houston, Texas 77035. Enclose \$1.

FRENCH OR GREEK MASSAGE
by Matt or Michael or both
Weekdays - after 5 In or Out
Weekends - anytime 989-8472

Just off the Boardwalk—near Everything
Jo-Ann Beach House
176 S. Ocean Ave.
Atlantic City, NJ 08401
▲ (609) 348-1059
Clean, Comfortable, Friendly Reasonable Rates

young black athlete
Photograph

ADVERTISEMENT

GOLDEN CALIFORNIAN


Available as Model and Masseur
Call ANDREW 260-5864

PENIS EXERCISER
Soothing suction of vacuum chamber expands and stretches the organ. This could be what you are looking for. \$1.00 for series of pictures of organ "stretch" during exercise period. Details and 5-day free trial offer. VACUUM SYSTEMS, Dept. U-40 P.O. Box 2517, Van Nuys, Calif. 91404 Dealer's Inquiries Invited

MASSAGE BY TONY THE GREEK
For complete Relaxation Studio or Residential
Call 242-3710 Any time

ADVERTISEMENT


STARTS TODAY
GAY GUIDE TO CRUISING
IN COLOR
plus Selected Shorts



ALL MALE CAST • ADULTS ONLY
THE JEWEL
3rd Ave (bet 12 - 13st) 260-1090
Continuous from 11:30

ADVERTISEMENT

WORLD PREMIERE TODAY
HOLD YOUR PIECE




—PLUS—
NEW AND BEST STORY LOOPS
IN COLOR • DIALOGUE

FOR ADULTS OVER 18 ONLY
EROS 1 ALL MALE CAST
CONT. 9 AM TILL MIDNIGHT
732 8th AVE. 45th & 46th ST. 581-4594

ADVERTISEMENT

Young 'Tigers' at the Threshold of Innocence
BARRY KNIGHT PRESENTS
A SWEET TASTE OF YOUTH



Starring **JEFF COLT**
and **CRAIG WEBSTER**

also SPECIAL SHORTS
ALL MALE CAST

ADULTS ONLY
PARK-MILLER

BR 9 39:10 CONT. 9 45 AM MID
MID SHOW FRI & SAT NITE
43rd ST. (BET. 6th & 8'WAY)

ADVERTISEMENT

FOR FAST RESULTS
ADVERTISE IN
GAY
For Information
Call Stefani Lyon
749-6675
or
989-1660

ADVERTISEMENT

ADULTS ONLY
LIVE STAGE SHOW
Starring
Hoyt
PLUS
ADULT T.V. ALL MALE FILMS

Tomcat THEATRE
424 W. 42nd St.
NEW SHOW EVERY MON
DOORS OPEN 9 AM • MID SHOW FRI & SAT
CONT. LIVE MALE BURLESQUE 12 noon to MID

ADVERTISEMENT

FOR FAST RESULTS
ADVERTISE IN
GAY
For Information
Call Stefani Lyon
749-6675
or
989-1660

MASSAGE
80% of my clients repeat.
Richard
595-6115

ATLANTIC CITY
Rooms by Reservation Only.
OCEAN HOUSE
127 S. Ocean Avenue
Tel: (609) 345-8203
Open all year Low Rates

ADVERTISEMENT

FOR THE GAY ONLY
MAGAZINES NOVELS NOVELTIES
PERSONALS FROM GAY SWINGERS
INFORMATION ON HOW TO BE A GAY MODEL



Hi! Want to lay your hands on the hottest Gay Magazines and novels that ever hit the market. Just send \$1.00 to us & receive our fantastic catalog. You also get FREE hundreds of ads from Gay guys who want to meet you and information on becoming a gay model. Please sign a statement that you are over 21 & wish to receive this material.
SOVEREIGN ADV. CO., INC.
BOX 539 PHILA., PA.
We now have an all new GAY BOOK STORE for your pleasure. Come & see us at:
ADAM & EVE'S BOOK STORE
40 S. 2nd ST. PHILA., PA.

ADVERTISEMENT


Cinemabilia
THE SHOP
TOTALLY DEVOTED TO MOVIES (NEW & OLD) EVERYTHING!
Over a million film books, magazines, graphics & photos. Send for our FILM BOOK CATALOG No. 4 @ \$2.50 post-paid.
10 Cornelia St., NYC 10014
Tel.—(212) 869-8519

ADVERTISEMENT

SISTER TINA PSYCHIC PISCES
reads your palm and tarot cards. Questions and help concerning all phases of past, present and future. Results guaranteed. Call for appt. 12-5pm.
982-7766
124 MacDougal

ADVERTISEMENT

Open Daily
4pm
Wed. 2 drinks for 1
UNCLE CHARLIE'S North



Free Hot Hot O'Obsvrs
1045 Lexington Ave. at 75th St.
Cocktail hr. 4-8pm. All popular drinks 75c.
Sunday open at 2pm. Hot & cold free buffet.
Telephone No. 861-6132

ADVERTISEMENT

—MALE MODEL—
A young, lithe German with a beautiful body & a handsome face. Complete versatility. Andrew — 228-1307.

ADVERTISEMENT

CLIMAX YOUR DAY
after a stimulating body rub by young French masseur in complete privacy of your home.
Ely or Studio 486-1189

ADVERTISEMENT

Love boutique
Every thing for sex
Water beds
Mood lights
and the most complete line of leather and rubber toys in NY
Two convenient locations:
152 7th Ave. South
(between Charles & Perry Streets in the Village)
242-4372
248 East 50th Street
(between 2nd and 3rd Avenues, Midtown)
838-8417
THE PLEASURE CHEST

ADVERTISEMENT

Meet **DUKE!**
You'll be hearing a lot about **DUKE**: he's got a big future. He's got a big everything—and you'll get a big jolt when you see how Rip Colt's photographed him. Now Rip, did you have to photograph that...?
K-21—8 a/w photos 5x7 \$5
5-65—6 35mm color slides \$5
(add \$0g for first class mail)



Check out our 16-page Colt Super catalog no. 3, with several samples \$3

COLT
"We handle men only!"
Box 187-G Village Sta.
New York City 10014
You must state that you are over 21!

ADVERTISEMENT

Get Involved NOW!!
ANYWHERE IN U.S.A.!! ... Since 1968
FIND OUT HOW GSF CAN CHANGE YOUR ENTIRE LIFE—ESPECIALLY YOUR SOCIAL LIFE
CALL NOW!! — (213) 654-3491

gsf

Tired of the bars?
FORGET THEM...

GSF is perhaps the most successful means in the U.S. of bringing gay people together.
Find out why more people are getting involved with the new GSF.
Progressive — Discreet — Sophisticated —
GSF can help you get more out of your gay life through exciting personal introductions, no matter where you live!

Send Now!
JOHN RAYMOND Dept.
President GSF Organization — G85
9235 Santa Monica Blvd
Los Angeles, CA 90046

Yes, John, I'm interested in learning more about the GSF Organization and how I can expand my social life. I enclose \$1.00 for postage and handling.

Name _____ Age _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____
Zip _____ Phone No. _____

THE CLUB BATHS

24 First Avenue Between 1st & 2nd Sts.

Tel. 212-673-3283

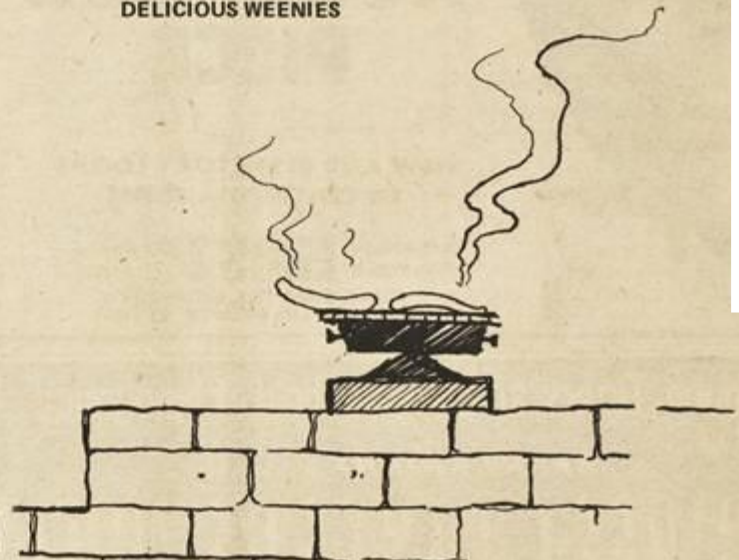
IN THE EAST VILLAGE



NEW YORK'S NEWEST AND FINEST

SUN DECK now open

FREE BAR-B-QUE EVERY EVENING ON OUR OUTDOOR PATIO DELICIOUS WEENIES



Open 24 Hours 7 Days a Week

4 FLOORS TO SERVE YOU PRICED TO FIT ALL BUDGETS

STUDENT RATE \$2.75

Everything at the CLUB is bigger and better, from the spacious cedar sauna and refreshing spring water plunge to New York's largest double steam room and only carousel shower.

CENTRALLY AIR CONDITIONED ENTIRELY CARPETED

VISIT ALL 20 Fabulous Club Baths throughout the USA



Toby

"The Most Lavish Bathhouse Ever Built"