

GAY

50¢

VOLUME 2, NUMBER 58

ANGRY MOB ATTACKS FESTIVE GAYS WOMAN BADLY BEATEN



Photo by Richard C. Wandel

The beating of a young woman and police inaction in Bridgeport, Connecticut, are protested by activists who stood for over an hour in pouring rain demanding equal protection for gay citizens. Police had laughed when told that an unruly mob was beating on a homosexual woman and that she was bleeding profusely.

Bridgeport, Conn.—A small group of gay men and women, participating in this city's Independence Day celebration, were driven from a downtown site when a mob of angry rock-throwing citizens advanced on them. One woman, beaten repeatedly by the mob, was left bleeding profusely as her friends ran to the police for help.

"A woman is still under attack in the park," they told a policeman at a nearby hospital. "She's bleeding badly." The cop replied with a laugh. "Are you kidding? What do you want me to do? Go down to the park and knock on car door windows

and ask if anyone's seen a girl running around bleeding?"

According to Lee Dana, the woman attacked, the small group was watching fireworks and dancing when the first rock was thrown. The festive gays ignored the rock until several more were thrown. Then, they advanced on the rock thrower and put him on notice that such behavior was no longer acceptable. He left and returned with a group of about fifty. A general melee began of rock throwing and clubbing. The gays managed to flee in their cars except for Lee Dana and one of the men who was pursued through the

park by the mob. A second policeman refused them help.

Wes Polier, President of The Kalos Society—Bridgeport's gay liberation group, explained that after filing complaints about police inaction, his organization decided to march in protest. With the assistance of Tri-Cities GLF (Albany), New York's GAA, and various New England groups, the Kalos group marched on July 30 in pouring rain, first to Bridgeport's police headquarters and then to City Hall, demanding an investigation of the incident and the dismissal of the policemen involved.

The march went almost without incident except for a brief skirmish between an unidentified man and a woman in front of police headquarters. The man attempted to push the woman out onto the sidewalk. Other marchers, however, quickly separated them. Finally after an hour had passed, during which marchers stood and shouted in the rain, a meeting was arranged with the President of the Bridgeport Police Board of Commissioners. As they left, march leaders promised that if satisfactory action was not forthcoming from police officials that they would return as often as necessary.

RAE BOURBON DEAD

Brownwood, Texas—Rae Bourbon, the gay entertainer whose career spanned five decades, died of leukemia on July 26. The great comedian and female impersonator, who had appeared in three shows with Mae West and who got fan letters from Franklin D. Roosevelt, the Duke of Windsor and Queen Elizabeth, among others, died in an obscure jail in Brownwood, Texas. Death came to the 79-year-old performer just fifteen months after he began serving a life sentence for involvement in a murder case.



Rae Bourbon

A hitchhiker whom Bourbon had befriended and another man killed a veterinarian with whom the star had had some unpleasant dealings. The entertainer denied any knowledge of the crime but the State of Texas alleged Bourbon's gun had been the murder weapon. He was convicted and imprisoned. An appeal was being prepared, and friends and well-wishers from all over America and the

world were sending funds and encouraging letters to help the comedian. His recording company has just re-released the ten long-playing records made over the years by Mr. Bourbon.

"I know I haven't much longer to live," the performer wrote his numerous well-wishers. "I only pray that I'll be able to die outside of jail."

A prominent composer arranged to have Rae Bourbon's body cremated and the ashes will be interred in Forest Lawn.

THE ARMY: WHY YOU CAN'T CHECK THE BOX

BY PERRIN SHAFFER

Washington, D.C.—Because it's no longer there. It hasn't been there since about April, when the Army began using a new form at pre-induction physicals. The new form does not mention homosexuality.

The old form, Public Health Service Form 89, was used by most agencies of the federal government. It was to be filled out by the job applicant or job

appointee—depending on the agency—or by an individual receiving a physical prior to entrance into the Armed Services. A few years ago, Senator Sam Ervin (North Carolina Democrat), chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee's Subcommittee on Constitutional Rights, convinced the Civil Service Commission that the form constituted an invasion of privacy. Since then, the Commission has gradually banned use of the form at most agencies.

The question that homosexuals allude to as "checking the box" read "Do you have homosexual tendencies?" It was just one of many highly personal questions. One question even asked about bed-wetting! About the only question not asked was "Do you rim?"

Although the Navy prosecutes anyone who doesn't "check the box," and is later discharged for a homosexual act, to the (continued on page 10)

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WHERE WILL YOU GO TONIGHT?

A DIRECTORY FOR DISCRIMINATING DISPOSITIONS

New York Night Spots Drink, Eat And Be Merry!

THE BARREL INN, 568 Ninth Avenue, bet. 41 & 42 Sts. (563-8212) Basic, as its cory name implies, and usually lively. Some hustlers looking for the tired businessmen, but a good mixture of people. GM

THE BEADED BAG, 315 First Ave., bet. 52 & 53 Sts. Originally a chubby chaser's bar, now mixing all gay male types. Manager Sonny Trenchy has redecorated and now serves fine gourmet Italian food (prix fixe) in addition to super drinks.

THE BIG SPENDER, 315 W. 48 St., just west of 8th Ave. (586-9880) Very popular for before and after theatre drinking, but basically a watering spot for the gay theatrical crowd, this is where you'll find that gorgeous hunk who's third-from-left in the chorus line. GM

BON SOIR, 40 W. 8th St. bet. 6th Ave. & McDougal (473-9859) Cha-cha palace popular with the dance-crazy young Latins. Also known as "a bit of San Juan in old New York." GM

BONNIE & CLYDE'S, 82 W. 3rd St. bet. Sullivan & Thompson Sts. (GR 3-9304) Big dance floor, Monday movies, Sunday brunches. Mostly GM

CANDLELIGHT LOUNGE, 309 Amsterdam Ave. bet. 74 & 75 Sts. (874-9607) One of the "landmark" bars that's been around forever. Neighborhood crowd, a bit cliquish, but fun once you break the ice. GM

THE CANDY STORE, 44 W. 56th St. bet. 5 & 6 Aves. (581-4664) Piano bar, popular particularly with out-of-towners because of its longevity and international reputation. Suit-and-tie requirement no longer stringently enforced. GM

CARR'S, 104 W. 10th St. (255-9742) Where Villagers go to get away from the invading hordes from Great Neck and Staten Island. This place is to Village residents what the neighborhood pub is to a Londoner. GM

CHARADE, 1800 Second Ave. at 93rd St. Where Black is Beautiful, the age to be is young, the food and music is Soul and the dancing is outasight! GM, mostly.

CHIPP'S, Columbus Ave. bet. 66 & 67 Sts. A pleasant bar/restaurant/sidewalk cafe close to Lincoln Center. Mixed, but the bar is getting gayer and gayer. GM

COUNTRY COUSIN, 1313 Third Ave. bet. 75 & 76 Sts. (879-6614) The "in" eatery for the gay jet set. Excellent food, fine liquor and all the Beautiful People you could want to see. GM, some GF

DAMON & PYTHIAS, 105 W. 13th St. bet. 6 & 7 Aves. One of the smarter Village-area dining-drinking-dancing palaces. GM

DANNY'S, 139 Christopher St. (929-9321) An old landmark that's seen better days but still draws the business. GM (See also: New Danny's.)

DIRTY EDNA'S SCOREBOARD, 264 W. 46th St. at 8th Ave. (265-9077) The ads say "If you are elegant or pretentious, you won't score with us." but the word is out that everybody makes out at Dirty Edna's. GM

THE EAGLE'S NEST, 11th Ave. & 21st St. They won't let you in if you're not wearing leather or western gear. If you manage to slip in, they won't serve you. GM, super-studs only.

FEDORA'S, 239 W. 4th St. (CH 2-9691) The only place to eat in the Village. Excellent food, "family" atmosphere. After your second or third visit, Fedora and the waiters treat you like a rich uncle. GM & GF

FINALE, 48 Barrow Street (CH 3-7538) Another famed gay eatery in the Village. GM & GF

FIRESIDE INN, 411 W. 24th St., just west of 9th Ave. (WA 4-0665) Fine restaurant, good bar with dancing from 7 p.m. to 1 a.m. Popular with the chic Chelsea set.

THE FOUR SEASONS, 99 E. 52nd St. The grand ones cruise the bar—cautiously, as the place is integrated. GM

FRANCIS, 115 MacDougal St. bet. 3rd & Bleecker (at the Cafe Wha). Free admission, light show, dancing. Soda bar open 8 p.m. to 4 a.m. GM

GAY DOGS, 180 Christopher St. A 24-hour sidewalk-cafe snackery. Near the trucks so you can satisfy one hunger after taking care of the other. Mostly GM

GIANNI'S, 53 W. 19th St. (675-9809) A dancing bar for women ONLY. GF

GOLD BUG, 83 W. 3rd St. (677-9874) A dancing place popular with the (very) young set. It has everything: shows, buffets, door prizes, the



The size queens are restless tonight!

works. GM

GOLD RAIL, 2850 Broadway (MO 2-4704) Restaurant and bar, hang-out for Columbia students and (way) uptown gay set. Mixed straight & gay.

HARRY'S BACK EAST, 1422 Third Ave. bet. 80 & 81 Sts. (249-6991) What can you say about a bar that's been the City's most popular place for more than five years? Go—even on Monday nights when the other places are dying. This one is always busy. GM

HEAT WAVE, 131 West 3rd St. (GR 5-9325) No longer a gay bar, this one's turned into a straight strip club with a gimmick. That's the inimitable Pudgy Roberts, Camp Queen of the Drag Set, and the fabulous Mr. Tony Winters.

THE HIPO-DROME, 165 Avenue "A," bet. 10 & 11 Sts. (228-9984) The gay center of the Lower East Side and haven for the young, radical chic set. GM

THE HOT LINE, 1544 2nd Ave. bet. 80 & 81 Sts. (734-8863) Popular gay supper club—with phones on each table so you can cruise sitting down. Dancing and live entertainment nightly GM, some GF

JIMMY RAY'S, 729 8th Ave. (582-9507) A neighborhood bar-restaurant in a gay/theatrical district. Not terribly cruisy, and not really gay, but loads of fun. Int.

JULIUS, 159 W. 10th St. at Waverly Place (929-9672) Popular, possibly because of its international reputation as The young set's gay bar. Back in the mid-1960's the owners fought a landmark case that helped establish the present legality of gay bars. GM

KELLER'S, 384 West St. (near Christopher) (CH 3-1907) The mother and father of New York's leather bars; the Landmarks Commission ought to put a plaque on the front of it. Still popular with the cognoscenti. GM

KOOKIE'S, 149 W. 14th St. (242-9226) New York's longest-running lesbian bar. It has a national reputation, and is the first stop for immigrants from whatever is on the other side of the Hudson. Hence, it's the only place for girls to find girls who haven't been toughened by New York. GF only.

LIGHTHOUSE, 2160 Broadway, corner of 76 St. (SU 7-9791) An old-time West Side spa coming back via three free buffets a week and a new "image." GM

LUIGI II, 104 W. 13th St. (929-9568) Intimate dining in the Village area. The pleasant piano bar provides background for cruising, chatting or just listening. GM

MALE BOX, 1716 Second Ave. Intimate bar, dancing, and dining with that East Side charm. GM

MARK EAST, 313 E. 46th St. bet. 1 & 2 Aves. (355-9180) Lovely and lively new dance palace with all sorts of inducements: new faces, free buffets Mon. thru Thurs. and Wed. night drawings for a free weekend at Fire Island. GM

MENEMSHA BAR, Hotel Allerton, 132 E. 57th St. at Lex. Where the over-30 crowd retreats when the Youth Culture gets too cloying. GM

NEW JIMMY'S, 1576 3rd Ave. bet. 88 & 89 Sts. (860-4509) Another GREAT gay restaurant. Quiet elegance, excellent service and truly fine food. GM

NINE PLUS SOCIAL CLUB, 149 W. 21st St. (924-9387) Private club, exclusively for lovers of leather and western gear. GM only.

NEW DANNY'S, 140 7th Ave. South bet. Charles & W. 10th Sts. (691-8373) The only really "in" place in the Village for afternoon drinking, Dancing nightly. GM

OLD VIC, 309 E. 60th St. (832-9049) Very cruisy dance palace with intimate atmosphere. Most popular with the classier Latin set. GM

THE PAINTED PONY, 1485 Third Ave. at 84th St. (744-9580) Live entertainment at the piano bar, friendly crowd, good drinks. What more could you want? GM

PAULA'S, 64 Greenwich Ave. (691-3360) A lesbian lounge on The Street. Kind-hearted Paula will even sell a drink to a thirsty male. GF, some GM

PAULINE'S INTERLUDE, 2267 7th Ave. at 135th St. A Harlem landmark before most of us were born. Mixed, but widely-known as a gay-male watering spot.

PICADILLY PUB, 324 Amsterdam Ave. bet. 75 & 76 Sts. (874-8632) One of the newer and busier Upper West Side bars. Lately it seems to have become headquarters for very tall gay males which has given it the neighborhood nickname, "Sequoia National Park." GM

PEPY'S PLACE, 153 W. 48th St. (265-9792) It's gay in the evenings and a hard-hat hang-out during the daylight hours. The hard-hats may love you but the day bartender won't. GM

THE ROUNDTABLE, 151 E. 50th St. (758-0310) Dancing to live rock bands, entertainment and all types of gay males. Some say it's like dying and going to heaven. GM

THE ROYAL ROOST, 28 Cornelia St. (CH 2-9557) Small, excellent restaurant with tiny bar. The friendly ambience reminds one of what the Village must have been like before... Int., mostly GM

STAGE 45, 305 E. 45th St. (532-0290) Young, hip (racially) integrated crowd. The dancing's so good that it's almost as much fun to watch as it is to participate. GM

THE STRIPED SHIRT, 1393 2nd Ave. bet 72 & 73 Sts. (861-3450) Good restaurant and delightful bar. Relaxed atmosphere for conversation and getting acquainted. Reservations required for dinner. GM

THE (INTERNATIONAL) STUD, Greenwich & Perry Sts. 50¢ beer and hordes of gorgeous numbers make this an excellent pick-up place. The raids on the near-by "orgy" bars should heighten the closing-time panic. GM

TAMBURLAINE, 148 E. 48th St. near Lex. (PL 1-0030) The current "in" spot. (You may have to wait in line to get in on weekends.) Gay men and women, including many of those elusive lovely lesbians who, like rare orchids which bloom once in a decade, materialize for a few weeks before disappearing for several seasons. Dancing. GF & GM

THIS N' THAT, 221 Columbus Ave. at 70th St. (874-9535) A new gay bar, one of the few (maybe the only) that festooned its facade for Gay Pride Week. For that alone it deserves your support. GM

THREE, 314 E. 72nd St. at 2nd Ave. (734-9303) Delightful eatery with good food and busy piano bar.

TIMOTHY'S, 28th St. & Lexington Ave. New, said to be busy and filled with fun people. GM

THE TOOL BOX, 507 West St. at Jane (989-9496) It began as a leather lounge and grew; now it gets all types. That alone makes it fascinating. GM

TROUBADOR, 1078 1st Ave. bet. 58 & 59 Sts. (755-1955) A justly popular East Side spot for drinking, chatting and dining. GM

TWELFTH NIGHT, 281 W. 12th St. corner of W. 4th. Intimate, very friendly bar presided over by Billy. They give marvelous champagne brunches on Sundays. Int.

UNCLE CHARLIE'S, 1049 Lexington Ave. at 75th St. (861-6132) A friendly, always-crowded, and very cruisy bar. GM

VICTOR'S QUARTERS, 984 2nd Ave. This place usually gets a mature, but not senile, clientele which causes members of the Counter Culture to shriek and run away. This pleases the Victor's Quarters set GM

WILLIE'S WEST SIDE, 224 W. 82 St. east of Broadway (874-9833) A crowded, very friendly, dance bar where Blacks, Latins and Whites meet and mingle under the pleased eyes of the West Side Liberal set. GM

YUKON, 140 E. 53rd St. bet. Lex. & 3rd. (421-8122) Where the older set gathers and the Midnight Cowboys come to score. GM

THE ZODIAC, 1487 1st Ave. at 77th St. Dancing and live entertainment on the chic East Side. Rather young set. GM, some GF

The Baths

THE BEACON BATHS, 227 East 45th Street (687-0322). Take the elevator to 11th floor. Features: New Observation Deck overlooking Manhattan's fabulous skyline, Sauna, Wet steam room, Piano lounge, color TV, snack lounge, dormitory and private rooms. As a special public service, the management conducts a free and confidential V.D. clinic every Wednesday between 3 pm and 8 pm. In the heart of Mid-Manhattan. Popular public relations director Walter Kent works hard to make Beacon a best buy. Highly recommended by John Francis Hunter in "The Gay Insider." Open 24 hours.

THE CLUB BATHS, Inc. 24 First Ave. bet. 1st & 2nd Sts. (673-3283) A most lavish bath house. Four floors, features: large sauna, beautiful double steamroom, carousel shower, whirlpool bath, swimming pool fed by natural springs, exercise room, dormitory section, beautiful TV lounge, game room & backyard summer patio for sunbathing. Great music, lighting & carpeting throughout. Good afternoons & evenings. Students half price every day with student cards. Open 24 hours. Best Buy. GM

THE CONTINENTAL BATHS, 230 W. 74th (799-2688) The place that revolutionized the tub business in America. Features: Live entertainment Fri., Sat. & Sun.; restaurant facilities open 24 hours, complete gym (with instructor three times a week), Olympic-sized pool, steam rooms, sauna, TV lounge, library, futuristic lounge downstairs with dancing, massage, VD clinic, roof deck for summer sunbathing, private rooms, dormitory, you name it, they probably have it. Open 24 hours. Students half-price with student card. GM

THE CONTINENTAL SAUNA CLUB, 111 West 56th St. Operated by the Continental Baths people. Elegant, but on a less grand scale than the "mother church" on 74th Street. Still a best buy. GM

EVERARD, 28 West 28th Street (684-8935) Left over from before the "revolution," Everard stands as an example of what Continental saved us from. It's dingy, the help is surly, and all it has going for it is a fine steamroom. GM

ST. MARK'S BATHS, 6 St. Mark's Place (473-7929) Superficial cleanups haven't changed the somewhat dangerous and ugly vibes emanating from this shanty. It's the place to find surly management. Open 24 hours except for the main steamroom. GM

SAUNA BATHS AND HEALTH CLUB, 300 W. 58th St. (above Child's) (PL 5-6880) A smaller spot which encourages "togetherness," the Sauna closes at midnight, and does its best business from 4:30 in the afternoon until 10 or 11, as the midtown junior executives stop in to knock off a piece on the way home. Doesn't offer much in the way of facilities, and therefore directs everybody's attention to the main thing. GM

WOMEN'S TALK GROUPS

Thursday evenings (6:30 p.m.) women are meeting at the Gay Activists Alliance Firehouse (99 Wooster Street, two blocks south of Houston) for discussions on topics of interest to women.

The Daughters of Bilitis is also open to women interested in meetings, dances and feminist workshops. DOB is located at 141 Prince Street (at West Broadway). Phone: 475-9870.

The Editors Speak

RAE BOURBON: NOSTALGIA

Perhaps only the over-30 crowd remembers Rae Bourbon, but the under-30 set would do well to listen to the newly released recordings made available since the recent death of this famous transvestite. His humor takes one back to another age: the 40's and the 50's, when bar raids and party raids were an accepted part of every day life. Rae Bourbon's camp was in tune with the spirit of those times, and tells us a great deal about how attitudes have since changed. Drag chatter, powder puffs, squeals, giggles and "fairy" stories such as "Jack and his big long beanstalk" punctured his monologues. Little songs about finding a bit of sunshine at the YMCA, and insane tales about suburban cocksuckers and gay "weddings" performed by the minister's son ("who was always under suspicion, but after the wedding everyone KNEW FOR SURE,") will remind listeners of "goings on" that still take place today.

Bourbon's recordings were part of every well-heeled host's collection in those days. For the past few years they've been difficult to come by. But now, after his sad death in prison, they're once more available. Does anyone remember their titles? "Pardon Me, You're Stepping on My Eyelashes," "An Evening in Copenhagen," and "Don't Call Me Madam." Listen as Rae describes a police roundup at a

gay wedding. People jumped over each other like frogs to escape the fuzz. There was chaos. "It looked like someone had thrown a handgrenade at Elizabeth Arden," he said. The wedding party escaped through the church's windows. "It was the first time," he quipped, "that I've ever seen faggots running down Michigan Boulevard wearing stain glass halos."

VOTER REGISTRATION IN N.Y.

You have until August 31st to register through the auspices of GAA, which has been empowered by the City to collect your name. If you should decide to wait until after the October 2nd deadline of this year, you will not be eligible to vote in the June primary elections of 1972.

GAY suggests that since the Democratic party is dominant in New York, and has thus far produced the largest number of gay rights spokesmen/women such as Bella Abzug, Shirley Chisholm, and many others, that it would be most effective if large numbers of people who stand for personal/sexual freedoms enrolled in this party so as to be eligible for the primaries. Hopefully, there will be well-qualified homosexuals running in these primaries, as well as others who have taken positive stands on the issue of sexual freedom. (See news columns on voter-registration in this issue of GAY.)

POLICE NAB BLACKMAILERS

Los Angeles/St. Paul—Attractive young men who found extortion a profitable practice have been arrested in Los Angeles, Calif., and St. Paul, Minn., after they finally tried it on men who went to the police.

In Los Angeles a 33-year-old businessman joined police to track down two Michigan men, only hours after they posed as vice detectives and robbed him of \$45.

The man was driving down Hawthorne Ave. July 9 when he picked up Lester Lemon, 26, a neatly groomed hustler type. They negotiated Lemon's fee and then drove to an apartment house where Lemon said he lived.

In the carport Lemon unzipped his fly, said "Suck on it," and was immediately joined by Ronald Legenore, 23, who announced:

"We're the vice squad. But don't worry about anything, all we want is your money."

They took \$45 from his wallet.

Later, driving home on Sunset Blvd., the victim saw Lemon getting into a car with a gray-haired man and immediately resolved to go to the police.

He cruised with two officers down Hollywood Ave. until they spotted Lemon and Legenore, who were promptly arrested and charged with armed robbery and impersonating vice officers.

The St. Paul extortionist, now serving a one-year sentence for coercion, is Donald E. Gibson, a 27-year-old redhead.

He demanded \$200 from his victim, under threat of exposing him as a homosexual. The victim called police instead, and officers accompanied him to the place where the \$200 was to be paid.

Gibson had plied his practice for two years or more on dozens of St. Paul men. Judge Roland Hachey of Ramsey County District Court told GAY that Gibson had

been convicted of a similar offense in 1969.

Details of that incident were not available, but one St. Paul man told GAY of the time in November 1969 when he picked up hitchhiker Gibson, toting a lunchpail during a bus strike.

The driver insists that while he admired Gibson's tight tan levis, he made no advances. It was Gibson, he said, who began massaging his thighs and suggested they "do something"—directing the driver to the Mendota Bridge on the other side of town for the action.

Once beneath the bridge, Gibson unzipped the driver's fly with one hand and yanked out the ignition keys with the other, demanding "your billfold, you fuckin' queer."

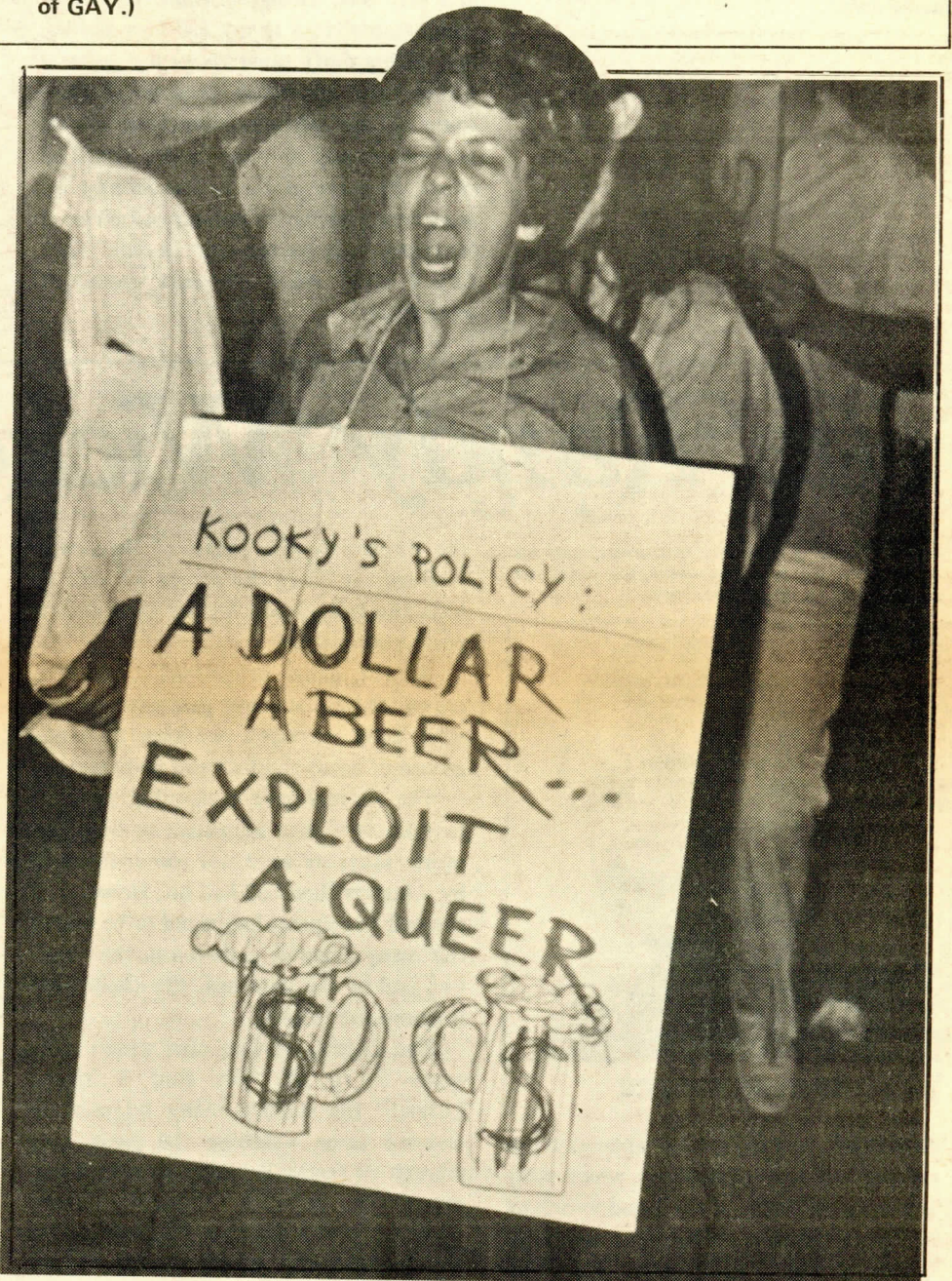
The billfold contained little cash and, when Gibson insisted on searching the trunk, the driver flipped his checkbook and additional cash out the window. Seconds later Gibson returned to frisk him for the missing checkbook and then demanded to be driven back into the city.

Several days later Gibson appeared at the victim's office, guided by a business card from the wallet. Pay cash now, he said, "or I'll tell everybody in your office that you're nothin' but a queer." He accepted a \$10 check and left.

The victim, 37, later learned from friends of a similar-looking man pulling the same stunt on other drivers and was delighted to learn that in June 1971 someone finally called the police on Gibson.

Judge Hachey said Gibson, a cab driver, served 30 to 60 days in jail for the 1969 offense, not the one described above. Gibson also pleaded guilty to the 1971 attempt and asked to be sent to Stillwater State Prison rather than the county jail.

Judge Hachey granted the request.



A liberated woman protests the high cost of beer at Kooky's, Manhattan's longest-running lesbian bar, at 149 West 14th Street. Nearly 100 demonstrators, mostly women, representing the Daughters of Bilitis, Gay Women's Liberation Front and the GAA, charged the bar with serving watered-down drinks at inflated prices, insulting customers, and refusing service to women affiliated with the gay liberation movement. The movement women insisted that the bar is syndicate controlled. Kooky, on the other hand, is said to have reiterated her belief that "all these demonstrators are just communists."

GAY

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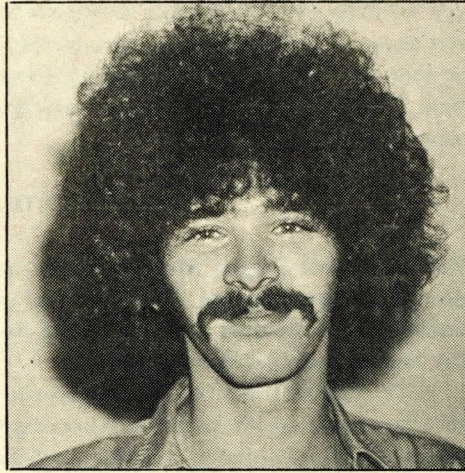
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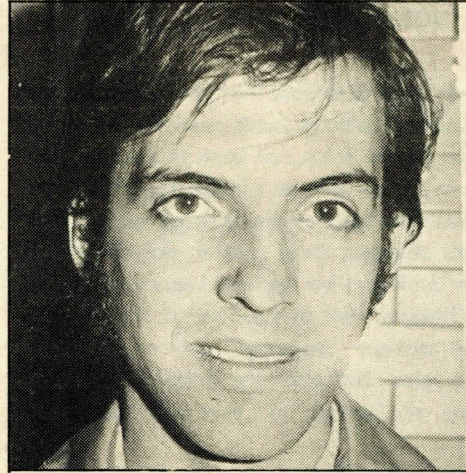
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The Cruising Photographer



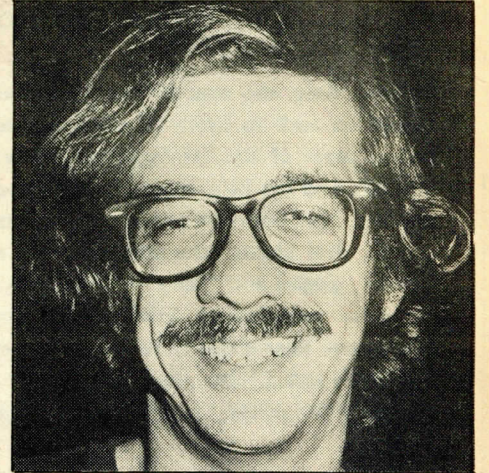
Rich Feeney, Albany, N.Y.:

"I would prefer to live in a gay ghetto rather than a mixed area. This is because in a city like Albany I would feel more comfortable close to my brothers and sisters. Being fairly open about my gayness would open up much harassment from some of the less accepting members of our society and in many cases I would be afraid. In many places in this country we must stay together to protect ourselves. A lot depends upon the city. In New York City I don't think it would matter in most areas."



Warren Wyss, Manhattan:

"I prefer to live in a mixed area—definitely. Variety is the spice of life. There are beautiful people to be found everywhere and within everyone. Why limit contact with only one type of people then? Coming into contact and getting involved in a neighborly way with all manner of people—whether they be gay or straight, black or white, American or foreign—can only enhance and expand your life. Fundamentally, I believe in the unity of all mankind. We must have the opportunity to live together as neighbors in peace and harmony in order to achieve this goal."



David Doyle, Manhattan:

"I live in the West Village by choice because I want to feel free to hold a guy's hand or kiss him when I feel like it. But that's only because the 'straight' world doesn't accept my kind of love. I'm really not a separatist, and hope that the new society we're creating will not have ghettos of any kind, that we'll live together with mutual acceptance and understanding."

QUESTION:

Would you prefer to live in a gay area or a mixed area?

The Randy Wicker Basket

Randy Wicker is currently in Europe, and his columns, for the next few weeks, will cover the European scene. Next issue: Paris.



BY RANDOLFE WICKER

LONDON: London's GLF appears to be on the wane. The meetings which were attracting 300 plus at the London School of Economics now are held in a cavernous cellar at 43 King Street. The LSE bounced GLF saying they didn't want 'public' meetings attended by so many persons to be held in campus facilities. The group has established offices, however, at S. Caldonia Road and is listed with London information. Altogether, there are now 26 gay-lib groups in England.

On Sunday, July 10th, London GLF sponsored a Gay-in in Victoria Park, an expanse of small boating lakes and open rolling green in a working class neighborhood of London. The "ideological reason" being that all other gay-ins, of which there have been only three, had been held in fancy middle-class areas.

About 100 gays came for the gay-in. A kissing game was organized with everyone sitting in a large circle. The person in the middle took a volleyball, spun around with his/her eyes closed and let the ball fly out toward those in the circle. The person the ball hit first then got up, came into the center of the circle, and kissed

the thrower to the cheers of the assembled throng. Then the person who got up took the ball, closed his/her eyes, and repeated the process.

As the game progressed, a growing crowd of park strollers gathered. Women with baby carriages, working men and groups of small children and teenagers.

The players gave each other perfunctory kisses if they happened to be of opposite sexes or were not too enamored by whoever their ball had hit. However, if the ball's recipient happened to be one of the many beauties gathered in the meadow, and of the same sex, the kisses were tonguey and longer.

The English working class wasn't quite ready for it all. "My God, a friggin' Lezzie!" the startled teeny boppers exclaimed after watching the game long enough to realise it wasn't exactly a heterosexual exercise. "Fucking queers. Look at 'em!" the boys blurted to one another. The vibes got increasingly tenser.

Two policemen stood just outside the circle as the game commenced. They did nothing. The only hostile acts came from young men who kicked the ball violently into the air when it came near them—sort of a show of machismo and a disavowal of being a player.

About an hour passed. The gays were now outnumbered 3:1 by onlookers who began getting into arguments with the small groups of lesbians and gay boys seated at the fringes of the circle. The police had called for reinforcements and now numbered about twenty. When arguments got heated, they waded in, threw up their hands and separated antagonists before anyone came to blows. Finally they told the gays they had to stop necking because the park was a "public place."

A lesbian got up on two gays' shoulders and challenged "any of you women out there with baby carriages to ask me one sensible question." No one took her

up on the challenge.

Most of the onlookers were negative in their reactions but simply stood scowling. Two boys standing next to three or four gays kissing several of their friends commented to one another, "My, those gay parties must be fun." Finally the gays left the park chanting "G-A-Y. What does it spell? GAY! What does it mean? Good!" The American "Gay Power Now" chant, they used it as well.

I'll never forget the fat old woman standing next to me in that meadow shaking her fist at a beautiful blond boy in his late teens or early twenties shouting, "It's disgusting, that's what it is. If you were my son, I'd kill you. So help me God, I'd kill you." Who says the English are so liberated? They're not even liberal.

The English, so, however, enjoy female impersonation. Many pubs with predominantly straight clientele feature drag comic routines along with regular entertainment. Danny LaRue, England's most famous impersonator, has had a show running at the Palace, one of London's largest legitimate theatres, for nearly two years. It originally opened as a Christmas revue but proved so popular it has been going now for twenty months. LaRue, however, has more heterosexual than homosexual humour in his shows—such as standing next to a couple of beauties in the "Miss World" contest and feeling their breasts with his elbow.

England is an early-to-bed society. Bars close at 11:00 p.m. and subways stop running at 11:30. Since few people can afford their own cars, there is a mad rush for the subways just before they shut down. A few after-hours clubs do offer dancing and soda pop until 3:00 a.m. or so. British television signs off at 10:30 p.m. and pop music fans are entirely dependent on Radio Luxembourg across the channel for lively sounds on the airways later in the evening.

Gay tourists who like places to eat af-

ter 10 p.m., traffic on the streets, convenience to after-hours clubs, and rooming houses too small to have an all-night attendant standing guard at the door should get their sleeping accommodations in the Earl's Court section of London.

While consenting acts between adults are legal here, English gay groups complain of a complete media blackout of their activities. At best, they get a brief mention when they join in joint demonstrations with women's lib or other activist groups.

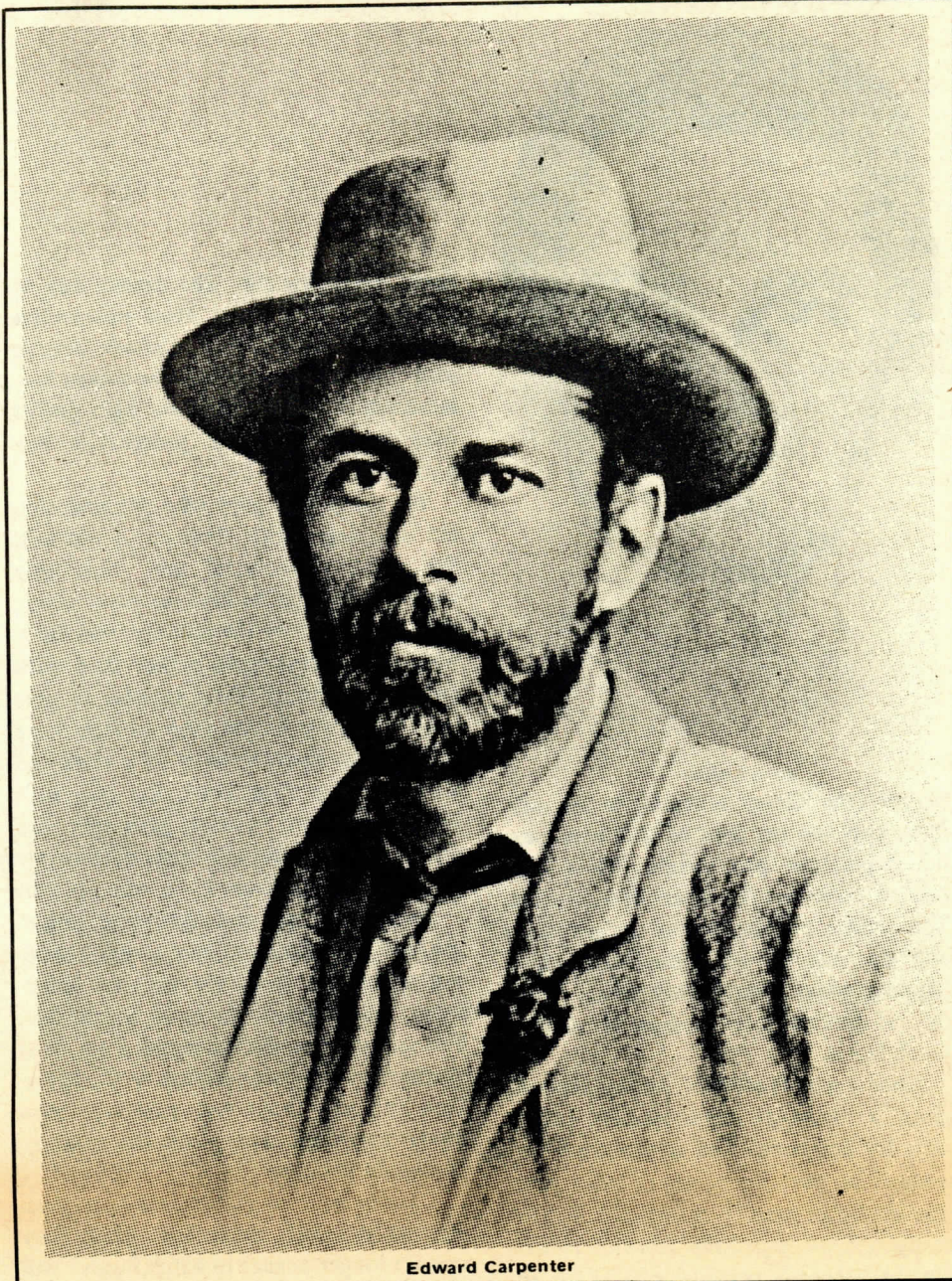
Kate Millet is among the familiar faces currently gracing the local scene. She is in London making a film about three women, one of whom is gay. She's also been active in getting local gay activists to volunteer for physical therapy work with a four-year-old boy whose family can't afford paid therapists twenty hours a week. "This is an opportunity for gay people to do productive and beneficial work and to have meaningful contact with children, something most gay people do not have an opportunity to have," she explained, while recruiting additional volunteers.

Finally, the arts are not so free in England. Every cartoon or film shown has "Approved by British Board of Censors" tagged onto it. Offerings in erotic shops feature a type of peek-a-boo erotica that was popular in the States ten years ago.

The graffiti on local John walls reflects a great deal of S & M overtones—pleas for caning, whipping, bondage and discipline. One shop in Soho specializes in such gear. In the window, however, is a sign saying "Rubber and leather garments and objects are not displayed in window because they may offend some members of the public."

And for those seeking other exotic thrills, poppers can be bought in certain local pharmacies such as the Roland Pharmacy just outside the entrance to the Paddington Railroad Station for \$1.83 per box.

GAY LIBERATION'S GREAT GRANDFATHER



Edward Carpenter

BY IAN YOUNG

While Walt Whitman is well-known for his homoerotic poetry and is occasionally presented as something of a folk-hero of gay liberation, his English disciple, the poet and essayist Edward Carpenter, a far more honest, outspoken and courageous spokesman for gay love than Whitman ever was, is scarcely known in North America, even to people in the homophile movement.

Yet Carpenter, living and writing in Victorian England, was one of the first to stand up for the homophile cause in his writings and lectures and to matter-of-factly declare his own homosexuality. Following the then-current theories of Carl Ulrichs and Magnus Hirschfeld, he saw homosexuals as a distinct 'Third Sex,' a view that has since fallen into scientific disrepute (although it seems recently to have been given new credibility by the researches of Dr. Margolise).

A 'philosophical anarchist' and advocate of 'simpler' (non-industrial) ways of life, Carpenter wrote about sexual behavior and relationships at a time when it was considered indecent to speak of them, and supported the cause of women's rights when it was much less popular than it is now. He influenced such diverse writers as Havelock Ellis, E.M. Forster and D.H. Lawrence, and many of his interests—not only his social and sexual concerns, but such topics as Oriental philosophy and organic foods—make him a precursor of the attitudes—and fads—of the 1970's.

The son of a minister, Carpenter went to Cambridge where he was elected to a clerical fellowship and, in 1869, ordained a deacon. In spite of his disagreement with the central Biblical theme of human sacrifice and Atonement, he became a priest of the Church of England, but as a curate, soon rebelled against 'the deadly Philistinism of a little provincial congregation.' His pattern of life had already begun to change when in the late 1860's he first read Whitman, who was to remain the chief influence on his life and work. Whitman's broadly democratic attitudes came as a refreshing shock to Victorian England and Carpenter was immediately taken with them, especially as Whitman's lyrical insistence on 'the manly love of comrades' was an essential part of his

democratic gospel.

Carpenter soon left the Church to become a University Extension lecturer, and his talks brought him into contact with representatives of the new 'Women's Movement'—suffragettes and women's rights reformers—and he quickly became their outspoken supporter. At about the same time, he began to realize his own homosexual leanings. His previous isolation, he later wrote in his autobiography, 'was in a sense my own fault—due partly to reserve and partly to ignorance. When at a later time I broke through this double veil, I soon discovered that others of like temperament to myself were abundant in all directions, and to be found in every class of society; and I need not say that from that time forward life was changed for me. I found sympathy, understanding, love, in a hundred unexpected forms, and my world of the heart became as rich in that which it needed as before it had seemed fruitless and barren.'

Under these influences and given financial independence by an inheritance from his father, Carpenter took up a life of 'open-air physical labor' in a wooded valley in Derbyshire where he built a cottage, laid out his small plot of land for market gardening and began publishing the books of poems and social essays which made him famous.

One of these, *Homogenic Love, and Its Place in a Free Society*, was, like John Addington Symonds' *A Problem in Modern Ethics*, published four years earlier, a plea for tolerance and understanding of the homosexual. Unfortunately for Carpenter, it was released at the time of the Oscar Wilde scandal, and in the reaction

that followed for several years afterward, his other books were boycotted by most publishers and bookshops.

'The Wilde trial,' Carpenter wrote, 'had done its work and silence must henceforth reign on sex-subjects.' A few years later, however, he found a publisher, Sonnenschein, who began to distribute his works to the public. In the meantime, from his cottage at Millthorpe, he wrote, grew and sold his own food, made his own sandals, and generally went about life in his own way.

Montgomery Hyde writes that he was 'generally regarded as a socialist crank on account of his complete disregard of social and class distinctions—engine drivers, coal miners and farm lads sitting down to meals in his cottage with parsons, dons, suffragettes and the sprigs of aristocracy.' In 1898 he was joined at Millthorpe by his 'kindred spirit,' George Merrill, a working-class man who was to be Carpenter's lover and companion for thirty years.

Visitors to their home—and there were many of them over the years—were almost always warmly welcomed. 'The only people,' Carpenter wrote, that George 'could not put up with were those whom he suspected (sometimes unjustly) of being pious or puritanical. For these he had as keen a flair as the orthodox witchfinder used to have for heretics and I am afraid he was sometimes rude to them. On one occasion he was standing at the door of our cottage . . . when a missionary sort of man arrived with a tract and wanted to put it in his hand. 'Keep your tract,' said George. I don't want it.' 'But don't you wish to know the way to

heaven?' said the man. 'No, I don't,' was the reply, 'can't you see that we're in heaven here—we don't want any better than this, so go away.'

In the first years of the 20th Century, Carpenter's books began again to be printed and one of these, *The Intermediate Sex*, was perhaps the first English book not only to present an intelligent view of homosexual men and women and to argue for tolerance, but also to suggest the real benefits to society of acceptance of homosexuality. A later volume, *Intermediate Types Among Primitive Folk*, is a study of homosexuality and the status of homosexuals in other civilizations—not only those we would call 'primitive' but the Greek and Japanese Samurai societies as well.

Love's Coming of Age attacked the artificial separation of sex from the rest of human nature, and combined essays on sex and love generally with chapters on marriage, the family, the status of women and homosexuality. Much of the book reads as well today, beside the literature of the homophile and Women's Lib movements, as it did when first published, and in fact, in its graceful and reasonable way, makes many of the points that have only recently become familiar in more strident form.

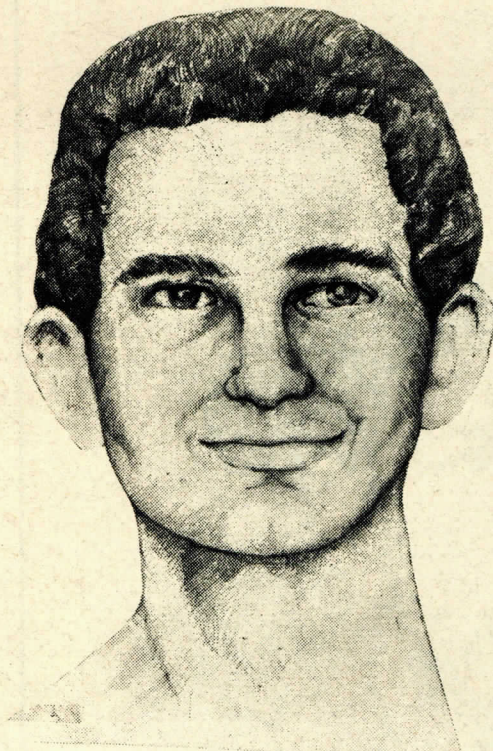
Civilization, Its Cause and Cure is an attempt to delineate a balance between the benefits of scientific, technological civilization and the values of a simpler life, 'closer to Nature.' Here too, as in so many ways, Carpenter's writing seems to foreshadow trends in our own time.

Although Carpenter was a leading 'socialist' propagandist of his time, he never accepted Marxist doctrines, save as working hypotheses, and his real drift, as he wrote in *My Days and Dreams*, was 'naturally toward Anarchism.' Were he alive today, his sympathies would probably be more with experimental libertarian ideas than with the regulatory socialism that grew out of Marx's theories.

Certainly he always maintained a sense of humor toward his own ideas and to their more ludicrous implications. In *My Days and Dreams* he tells of a pair of London ladies who came to visit him at the cottage. You know,' said one of them, 'I heard you once speak at the Fabian Society. I belong to the Fabian

(continued on page 19)

I'M 4-F AND PROUDER STILL



John LeRoy

BY JOHN P. Le ROY

Homosexuals and the Military, by Colin J. Williams and Martin S. Weinberg of the Institute for Sex Research, founded by Alfred C. Kinsey. Harper & Row, New York, 221 pages including appendices, bibliography, and index, \$8.95.

Every year, about 2,000 men are given less than honorable discharges from the military, and I would probably have been one of them. I thought I had made a wise decision when I let the Army know of my homosexual tendencies at the pre-induction center (for an account of this, see *GAY* No. 55, page 5). After reading *Homosexuals and the Military* by Colin J. Williams and Martin S. Weinberg, I am positive of it, for the authors give a thorough description of what would have happened to me, had I not declared myself.

I would have been surrounded with hundreds, if not thousands, of young men, many of whom I would find irresistible. Day after day, I would see them, talk to them, sleep next to them, eat next to them, march next to them, and perhaps even fight next to them. For a day or two I might be able to resist all temptation. In extreme circumstances, and by exercising extraordinary force of will, I might have been able to hold out for a whole week. But two years??? Why not ask any straight guy to lock himself up for two years in the same room with Brigitte Bardot, Verna Lisi, Sophia Loren, Claudia Cardinale, or Jane Fonda and tell him he can look, talk, and even be friendly, but he mustn't touch? If he does, he forfeits his future career and is branded for life as a deviant.

You don't have to be a sociologist, a psychologist, or a psychiatrist with a long list of degrees, distinguished academic titles, and memberships in learned societies to predict that any healthy male would try to fuck the lot of them without getting caught or else get out of the room. Now, with the help of modern science, and the use of statistical analysis, extensive interviews, questionnaires, and sampling techniques, the authors have proved that the policy of the military with regard to homosexuals is not only insane, but not very effective.

Given a ten per cent homosexual pop-

ulation (the Kinsey estimate) in the military, only ten per cent of that homosexual population gets caught. More than half of these are the result of informers. The others are caused by indiscretions and the rest by self-declaration, which happens when a serviceman wants to get out of the military because he doesn't much like it.

Once a man is *accused*, he is classified, given a thorough interrogation (often with lie detectors) and is promised leniency if he gives the names of other gays, who are subsequently questioned. The investigators are especially fond of searching the suspect's personal effects for address books, diaries or love letters. Once he has "confessed," he is referred to the military psychiatrist who defiles his professional ethics by encouraging the "patient" to tell all so that he can be helped and then betrays him by using the information as testimony against him.

The degradation does not end there. While awaiting a trial or hearing, the accused can be put into a special brig or military prison where he is often forced to give blowjobs, clean the latrines with a toothbrush, and be subject to the lowest form of derision. If he doesn't contemplate suicide when he enters, he soon does once his head is shaved down to the scalp, or he is put into a hot, smelly, noisy sweatshop all day, served substandard food, and not allowed to talk to anyone except during rest and recreation periods (about once a week).

Even though most gays are not imprisoned, the authors point out that they do *nothing* to defend themselves once they are discovered. *If they did, convictions would be nil.* It is very difficult to prove beyond a reasonable doubt that a homosexual act has taken place. That would require witnesses who were willing to testify and corroborating evidence, both of which are difficult to obtain. Not being advised of their right to remain silent or of their right to seek legal counsel, accused gays willingly cooperate with the authorities the moment their friends, lovers or folks are threatened.

Fortunately, the damage need not be permanent. Even the stigma of a gay undesirable discharge, while it may bar them from some civil service jobs and deny them security clearances, does not make

them unemployable. The easiest way to get around it is to lie. Most prospective employers don't bother to check because investigations are expensive and most businessmen would rather show high profits than snoop on their prospective employees.

By comparing gays who got undesirable discharges with those who did not, the authors concluded that those who were caught liked to have sex more often, both in and out of the military, and did it with other servicemen rather than with civilians. Although their samples of gays may have been biased (the subjects were drawn from Mattachine of New York and S.I.R. of San Francisco), the bias isn't very significant because gays who are members of homophile organizations are not too different from those who are not.

Because tables and statistical jargon are held to a minimum, and several revealing quotations from the subjects themselves are included, the book is readable. For sociologists, that is saying a lot. It is therefore a valuable addition to the literature. But now that a reasonably objective study has been done, will the military change its policies?

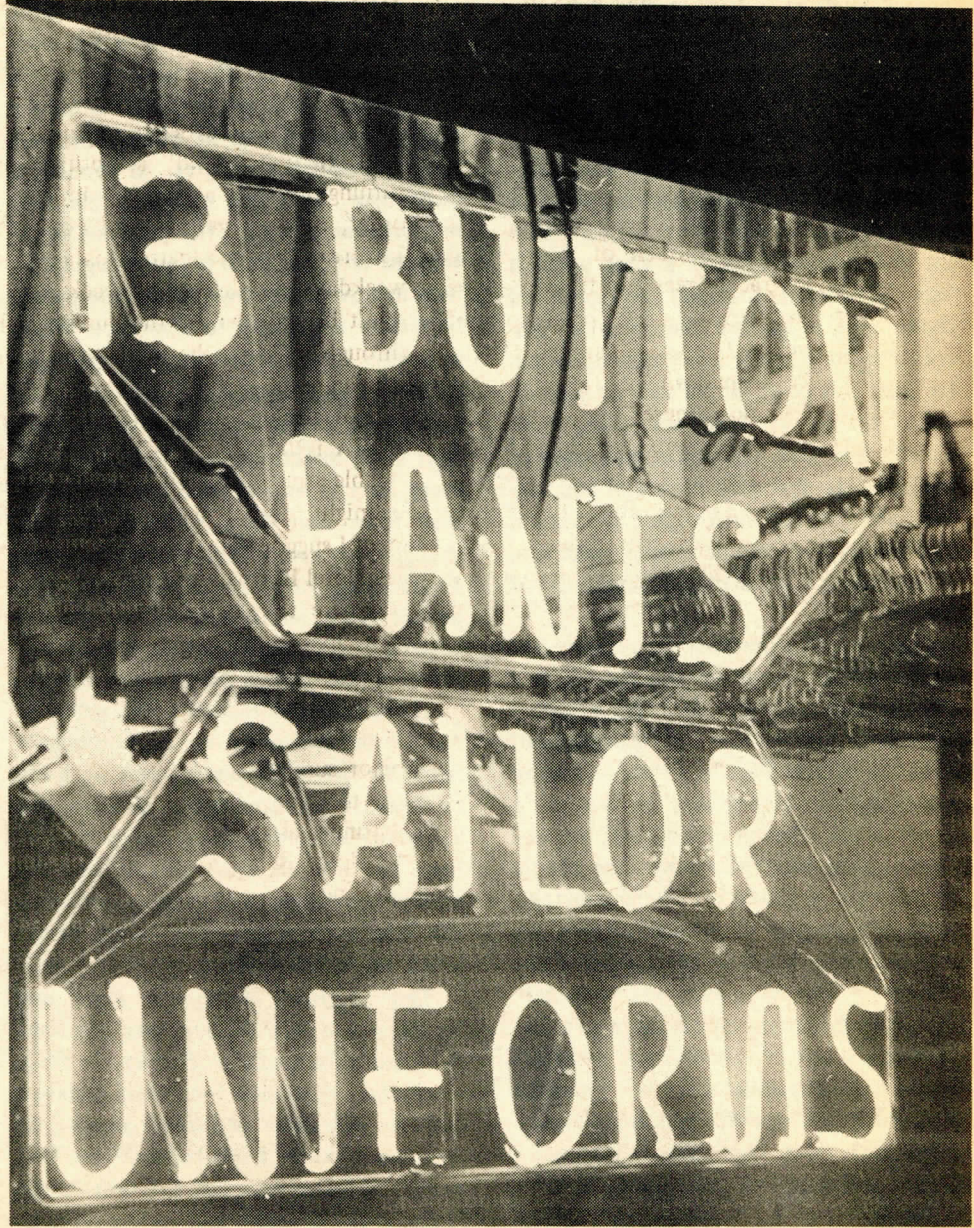
I doubt it. What will the military investigators do with themselves when they can no longer engage in witch hunts? Will they do something constructive like helping to make this country secure by deterring our real enemies, both from without

and within? Don't be absurd! These people must believe that the United States can be secure only if it remains as sexless as possible.

They can't stand the thought of men and women giving joy to each other (especially if they're not getting enough themselves). Better to make sex a no-no, rely on threats, distrust and innuendo, and enjoy the sadistic pleasure of humiliating in public those who enjoy loving too much and killing too little.

Although the military no longer asks if you have the tendencies before induction, it still hasn't changed its basic policy. By letting homosexuals in, it only gives them more homosexuals to catch. Most likely, too many gays have been declaring themselves before induction, and draft boards were having difficulty meeting their quotas. If this is the case, then if all gays and many straights (on a matter of general principal) were to march to their commanding officers and demand to be expelled in accordance with official regulations, the regulations would have to be changed, for then, manpower would be seriously depleted, and the drill sergeants might outnumber the privates.

And that would be truly unthinkable. For in truth, the military exists not so much to defend freedom and democracy—there's not much of that left in the world anyway—but to defend the threatened manhood of its officers.





MONTREAL: A City for All Seasons

BY MICHAEL BARNETT

Montreal is different. French, Canadian, European, British, Mediterranean, and gay—this and more. Defining it negatively, it is not as tiresome as New York; nor as mechanical and impersonal. It is not as freaky as Amsterdam, nor as colonial as Puerto Rico; not as aristocratic as Paris, nor as overwhelming as London. What Montreal is—is a marvellous blend of multinational diversity, an easy going cosmopolitan suave, and an unassuming elegance that adds up to the smoothest gay scene in North America.

Although the largest city in Canada, Montreal offers the charm and easy availability of a small city. The modern gleam of its new and ever-expanding downtown core, begun for Expo and continuing for the upcoming Olympics, is softened by the touch of a cultivated European grace. Trees and flowers define street boundaries, and a patchwork of distinctive neighborhood parks and fountains lace a pattern of floral gardens against historic stone edifices and monuments as well as contemporary steel and glass.

The 494 acre natural forest of Parc Mt. Royal dominates the city from its central prominence. The park, designed by Olmstead, who did New York's Central Park, has maintained its integrity as a retreat and sanctuary for those weary of town ways. Even on weekends, one can lose oneself on the rugged pathways round the inactive volcanic peak finding peace, solitude, and perhaps a lover.

Down below in the city's heart, the streets are charged with action. But the style of movement is excitingly fresh. The city's pace is set to a personalized rhythm and a chic aesthetic. Here both the French and English elements come through. Montreal is bilingual and bi-cultural. French style and English decorum unite to form a Montreal manner of interaction that is characteristically intimate and respectful.

Homosexuality between consenting adults is a private affair outside the province of the law, although alien tourists may be asked to leave if an official com-

plaint is lodged. There is no need to be wary except for hustlers. Beware of the fact that the cops here are on a big macho trip, delighting in the well-publicized abuse of freaks, and knowing nothing about civil liberties. Freaks should carry identification and a minimum of bread. If you need help, call the head radio station CKGM-FM 931-9251.

The city's action (for everything) is for the most part concentrated in a thirty block long area, from Atwater on the West to St. Laurent on the East, and three blocks deep, from Sherbrooke to St. Catherine Streets, North to South. The Metro (subway) links the entire area with remarkable efficiency, no waiting longer than 4 minutes, ever! It is also the most modern and beautiful subway system in the world: sculptured space turning chaotic movement into artistic order, modern murals, and even music. Unfortunately the metro closes at one on weekdays and at 2 on weekends. But don't hesitate to use the buses which go through most of the night, nor the cabs which are inexpensive.

For accommodations, the Central YMCA is the most convenient spot imaginable and a veritable backroom after midnight. For a more elegant environment I suggest the very beautiful and very gay Hotel Bonaventure.

Where to go and what to do? Well, pick up a guide book and follow your interests. There are over 40 art galleries, 50 cinemas, the ballet, theater (including local Black troupes), concerts, etc. The major summer action is of course at the fair to Expo: Man And His World, which continues as an exciting international exhibition. Rock entertainment on the weekends is A-1 quality. At La Ronde, the amusement section, a carnival, free-for-all type atmosphere pervades; cruising here is excellent.

For daytime sightseeing dig the street life. Visit the Parc which is magnificent, particularly the natural paths through the wooded areas. Below the Museum of Fine Arts is the Crescent Street area with its chic boutiques and cafes distinctively Parisian in ambience and atmosphere. Cruising is a refined way of life. Dining here is a sensual delight. At the Bourgatel,

Casa Pedro, and the Annex, the beautiful people collect to look at the beautiful people. Just below the Annex, the Prague is the head coffee and trafficking center. For the natural food trip there is the loveliest of restaurant-boutique shops: the Cuckoo (2055 Bishop). The Fine Arts Museum's restaurant is marvellous for lunch, providing inexpensive and delicious food in a charming atmosphere. Don't overlook the Russian Coffee Mill for its lovely cakes, nor La Crepe Bretonne, both on Mountain St.

No visitor to this city can leave without a visit to St. Joseph's Oratory, Montreal's major shrine. Brother Andre, a tiny French Canadian monk, following the messages he received in visions of St. Joseph, successfully struggled to build this magnificent church to his saint, the site of major pilgrimages and successful miraculous cures. It is a trip. Brother Andre is being considered for canonization. His heart is on display in a special chamber devoted to his life and heroic efforts; continuous performances of his story on film run throughout the day both in English and French. If you like this and want more, visit Rigeaud out to the West and St. Anne de Bellevue to the North.

Montreal is a mosaic of ethnic groups which maintain their identity and so afford a miniature tour of the entire world. The West is English. As you progress East you go through a series of distinct neighborhoods. Around McGill and Sir George Williams Universities you have the student ghetto, the eastern section of which is very heady and is called the "Village," once the Jewish ghetto of Mordechai Richler's novels. Parc Ave. begins the Greek neighborhoods, interspersed with Portuguese and Spanish a bit to the North. On St. Laurent you will find a cacophony of languages screaming out in the beauty and life of a market street. This should be dug. Down St. Laurent to St. Catherine you hit the famous area known as the "Main" which offers the lowest in rough trade. Further East is entirely French. Many of the small parks are lovely for a quiet stroll and for meeting people. Parc La Fontaine is famous for easy cruising.

Stop at any of its corners and a circling car will do the same.

Montreal has a Chinatown with the best Chinese food restaurants in the world, far superior even to San Francisco. While all are worthy of note, I particularly dig the Sun Sun, a plain formica top scene which provides a 12-page book for a menu. And scrumptuous food.

Old Montreal preserves the colonial flavor of the city's early French history. To appreciate its artistic and historical significance take the free tour offered by the Museum of Fine Arts. Among its stone streets are located the city's finest restaurants. Augerbe Le Vieux St. Gabriel is the oldest inn in North America and offers a satisfying meal. Certain to delight is Les Trois Singes (273 St. Paul East); a bit more expensive but providing an incomparable Portuguese touch is Fado's (423 St. Claude). Catering to the growing bohemian element in the neighborhood is the interesting Cafe St. Vincent. If you can swing some French to get by in this nationalist environment it will be a sure hit. Although not decidedly Gay, the French folksingers and swinging, heady student crowd offer interesting if not happy vibes. A good Black jazz spot in this area of town is the Black Bottom (22 St. Paul E.) whose bar is a mixed bag.

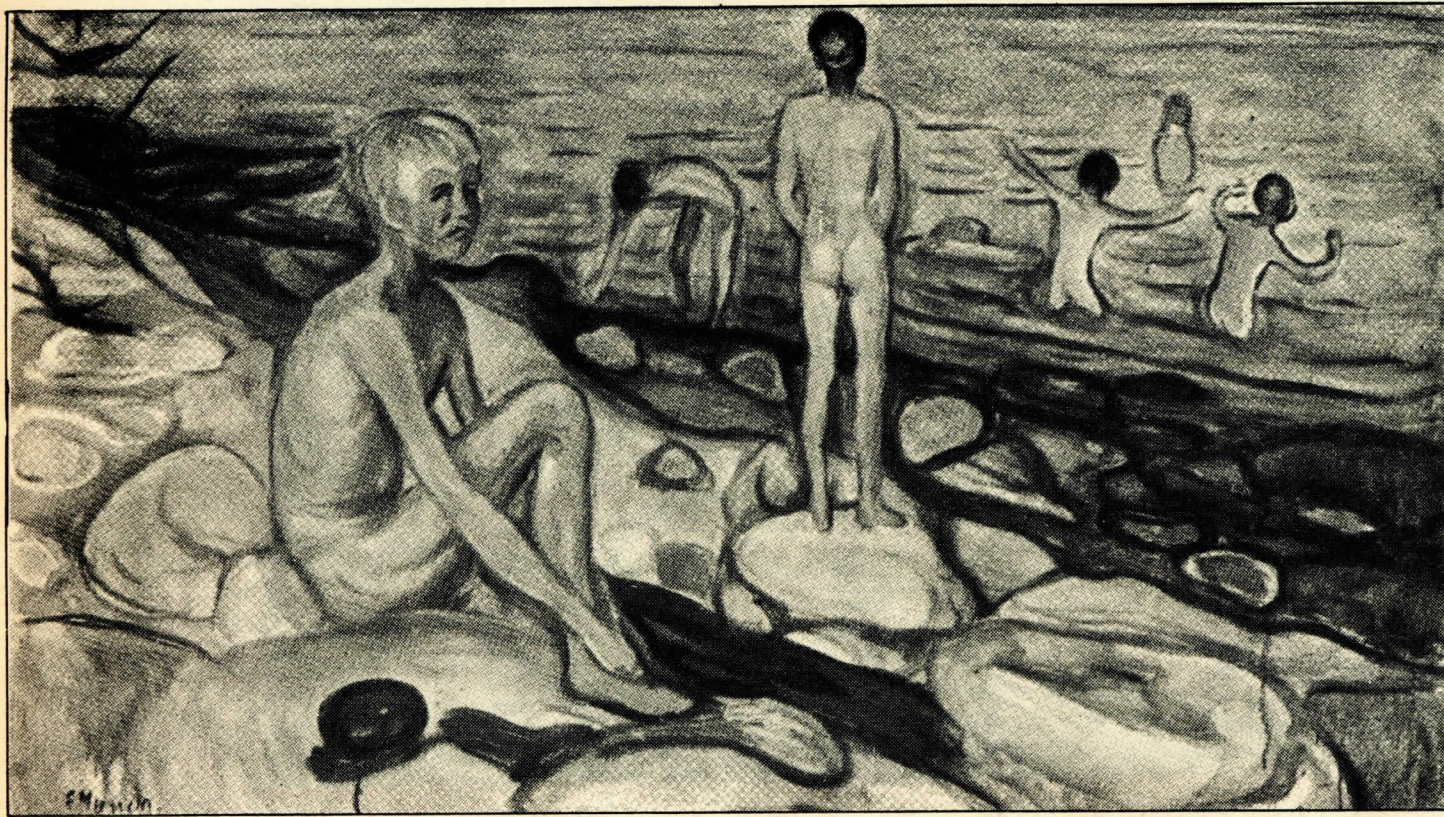
Some restaurants downtown worth your while include the superb and gay Pickwick on Drummond St. in the Medical Building. Phone ahead for reservations as the room is small and intimate, the prices very reasonable, and the food without rival. The best in Italian food can be had at Osteria Dei Panzoni (2070 Metcalfe); the Troika for Russian fare. La Bodega is a delightful and inexpensive Spanish restaurant (3456 Parc Ave.) with a marvellous macho Iberian aura that somehow always touches teasingly as gay; certainly many of the customers are. And don't forget the restaurants out at La Ronde and Man And His World.

Clothing is an obsession in this fashion conscious city. The boutiques are fun places and afford a good opportunity for cruising. All the help is gay. The hippest shop is Le Chateau. Uni-Sex is fine. John Warden is at times very good. And visit

(continued on page 19)

Joie de Vivre

BY THE STAFF OF GAY



Dear GAY,

I've been out only a short time and I have a problem. You see I can't always get it up for somebody. One or two guys who have been around for a while have told me that if you can't get it up all the time something's wrong with you. I'm puzzled and somewhat frustrated since I'd like to meet more people on a more personal level than strictly sex. I'm afraid this might have an effect on what they think of me as a person. It's important for me to make friends since I have decided that gay is good and I feel better now that I don't hide it. Yet due to these experiences I feel like some kind of cheap whore. Is it peculiar not to always be able to get a hardon? Is there something

wrong with me?

T.J.
N.Y., N.Y.

Dear T.J.,

There's nothing wrong with you simply because there are times when you can't get it up. Many things influence our abilities, such as how tired we are at the time, how much we've been drinking, etc., etc. Those guys who are supposedly experienced are all wet. Don't worry too much about their opinion of you either. The person who is put off by the fact that you don't "perform" on a particular occasion is only looking at your plumbing anyway and not at you as a person. The man who is capable of a true friendship

won't be upset by an occasional night off. If this happens quite often, however, unrelated to physical causes, it may indicate a slight problem. If a person is uptight or frightened by sexual expressions it will affect him in bed. If that's the case, the trick is to stop worrying about it by learning to pursue sexual delights uninhibitedly.

Dear GAY,

A friend of mine has been sending me occasional articles from your newspaper. I'm just finishing my tour of duty in Vietnam and can't wait to get back home to the States and to New York. I wish I could relate some "exotic" adventures of Vietnam to you but no such luck. The

most exciting thing that has happened was when I jerked off three times the other night while on guard duty! Oh well! I think everyone over here has entered a closet and locked the door and thrown away the key. It's really difficult to find any action here.

E.A.
Vietnam

Dear E.A.,

We're not sure exactly where in Nam you are, but if you get near Da Nang you can try the *Sonic Inn*. When in Saigon there are several places to try including the *Continental Hotel* and the *Scientific Steam Baths* right behind the USO no less! If you make it to these spots, you should be able to get directions to other good places to try.

Dear GAY,

I've recently met a cute guy about my own age whom I've really flipped over. As far as I can tell he's also freaked out over me. The problem is I don't really know how to tell him that I love him. I'm afraid it might not be really mutual and if I say anything it just might embarrass both of us. I'm going out of my mind trying to figure out what to do.

H.F.
Chicago, Ill.

Dear H.F.,

If you've "flipped," as you say, and your friend is obviously "freaked," there's no reason why you can't tell him as much. Love builds, usually, over a longer period of time, but if things are going as well as you say, your cute friend shouldn't be embarrassed by an admission that you really dig him. As long as you are doing things together, seeing each other often, and enjoying it, Love will speak for itself. It usually does.

Pen Points

DISILLUSIONED DICK

Dear GAY:

Despite my agreement with Dick Leitsch (Disillusioned Dick, GAY Aug. 2) on a number of points raised in his article, I think he's allowed himself to be somewhat carried away by his penchant for hyperbole.

Dick suggests that gays aren't oppressed any more, that 'oppression' is just a ploy of gay movement leaders to bring them prestige, money, votes and tricks. Well, Dick has been one of the most effective leaders of the homophile movement and I'm sure he wasn't acting for those motives. Why then does he assume that others necessarily are?

He says he doesn't want to 'tell men and women who are happy and well-adjusted that they are... oppressed.' Of course, it's quite possible to be well-adjusted and oppressed at the same time. Quite a lot of us manage it.

By denying the existence of oppression, Dick is contradicting his own statement in the recent *Playboy* symposium on homosexuality in which he said, 'You hear very frequently that homosexuals are paranoid, that they think everyone is after them. But if you read the newspapers, you see that the cops are after them; the government is after them and everybody else is after them. It's not par-

anoid to think somebody is after you if he really is.'

As for his suggestion that Dr. Kameny only joined the homophile movement because he got bored with star-gazing, I hope Dick doesn't expect anyone to take this seriously. In fact, Dr. Kameny can only carry on his work in the homophile movement at considerable personal expense.

Dick is right to stress the primary importance of individual liberation. But he should not let that lead him to echo those frightened closet queens who are continually assuring us in high-pitched, panicky voices that all's right with the world. Nor should he impugn the motives of those who continue to fight the battles he has now (apparently) ceased to fight.

Sincerely,
Ian Young
(Toronto)

A GUT REACTION

Dear GAY:

Congratulations to Sorel David. She is the only reporter on the gay women's scene who describes my gut reactions. When I've gone to DOB, which I'm awfully glad is there, I too am struck by the frantic behavior by some of the leaders. I really enjoy reading her columns, and

hope to meet her some time. Keep up the good work.

F.M.
New York

A NOTE FROM CANADA

Dear GAY:

After reading the latest issue of GAY (No. 56), I was surprised to see the American public does know something of the laws we have in this country, CANADA. Many Americans whom I have had the (often, but seldom) pleasure to meet and talk to are surprised at this country's stand on matters concerning sex. As they point out, we do have strong censorship of movies and foreign publications coming into this country, but we are not as conservative in thinking as many American states when it comes down to homosexuality, which has been legalized in this country. We also do not have a law which forbids a homosexual to join the armed forces. We may not be able to read or see pornography in the movies or magazines, but at least our government, and the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, do stay out of the nation's bedrooms.

Thank you,
B.N.
Alberta, Canada

ED. NOTE: Now, what you Canadians need is a uniform age of consent for gays and straights; the removal of nebulous terms, "gross indecency" and "indecent

acts," from the criminal code (many gays are still charged under those terms); and the removal of all references to homosexuals from Canada's Immigration Act. Persons who wish to join Canada's first protest of these inequities may call Toronto Gay Action (416) 368-6583, which is sponsoring a national demonstration in Ottawa on August 28, 1971. Toronto Gay Action insists that the passing of the criminal code amendment legalizing homosexual relations between consenting adults has done little to effect meaningful changes. The demonstration will be the first of its kind in Canada.

A SATISFIED ADVERTISER

Dear GAY:

Just a short note to thank you profusely for the great favor you did me in running the ad. I received three (3) calls the first evening the paper was on the newsstands and have obtained regular and full-time employment.

I accepted a position with a messenger service in the office at a beginning salary of \$100.00 per week. I am very happy and satisfied with this job and again I wish to express my extreme gratitude to you for your help.

In all I would say that I have received in the neighborhood of 35 to 40 calls.

Thanks a million.

(Name Withheld)

Loosely About Women

SHREDS OF ORANGE PEELED

BY SOREL DAVID

I used to like Jill Johnston, but that was before she became a professional lesbian. I remember discovering her column in the *Village Voice* quite by accident one time. When I get up in the morning I like to sit around drinking coffee and looking over some essentially mindless reading matter for a few hours before deciding whether or not to go through with that particular day. *The Village Voice* is perfect for this mode of endeavor. I pick it up when it comes out every Wednesday and along about the end of the weekend, after I've finished all the exciting articles about junkies and buying heroin on MacDougal Street, after I've read all the movie and off Broadway play reviews I start getting strung out for something to read. At this point it becomes a question of reading the rock columns, which are a colossal waste of time, or going through the paper from the beginning again and picking up on all the boring political crap I skipped the first time. One morning it was really bad, I had finished everything in which I was even remotely interested and it was a choice between Nat Hentoff and something called *Dance Journal* by Jill Johnston. I couldn't really imagine myself reading about something as remote from my life as modern dance but I just wasn't up for Hentoff's white liberal whine that day.

So I read the dance bit. First three paragraphs—nothing about dance—halfway through, it was even interesting, sort of—and still nothing about dance. It wasn't till after I'd read the column three or four times in succeeding weeks that I figured out it wasn't supposed to be about dance. Then I discovered some casual, semi-veiled lesbian references and I was hooked. It was wonderful to read them, the way she just mentioned something or other about women or the woman she loved every now and then as if it were just an ordinary everyday part of her life, nothing special, nothing to jump up and down and write a political theory about but a definite part of her nonetheless. Stuff like that can do more for your head than all the Gay Power chants in the world. *Dance Journal* became Wednesday morning top priority reading for me.

This was around the end of '68 and into the beginning of 1969. At that time she was writing a light gossipy kind of column about her life and many friends, famous and not so famous. Now Dutton has published *Marmalade Me*, a collection of Johnston's writings in the *Voice* from 1960 to 1970. Over this ten year period one can see a gradual change in the writing and the development of a personal style. The earlier parts of the book consist of what might be termed straight



Jill Johnston does her "lesbian grope."

criticism, although there is so much talk both in the book and on the flaps, back cover and in the introduction about art, art criticism and the art of criticism I don't know which is what anymore. Critical essays, I suppose, they are, more or less straightforward accounts of the avante garde, for lack of a better term, happenings in the art, dance, music and theater worlds of the early sixties.

I found these early sixties mostly boring. Who wants to read detailed descriptions of what Yvonne Rainer and Jim Dine did, or what John Cage didn't do at the what's its face gallery nine or ten years ago. Not me anyway, though I suppose the essays might be useful or important as a kind of record, an historical catalogue of these events, if such an historical catalogue is important at all. It might be, considering that you can't really buy a happening and stash it safely away for posterity on some museum wall, but then I don't know. It's a good thing to read if you want some esoteric ultra-art names to drop. You'll be able to rattle off such ones as Carolee Schneeman, Lucinda Childs, Steve Paxton, John Cage and Billy Kluver, Nam June Paik, that's a good one, how many people can mention Nam June Paik over coffee anytime they want to, Jackson MacLow, Gregory Battcock, I think I've actually heard that one somewhere, and a whole host of others that you might otherwise never have heard of.

The writing in this section is very serious, academic almost and heavy with sentences frequently sounding like this:

"Indeterminacy in music has meant primarily the interpenetration of sound from simultaneous juxtaposition of material from independent sources." (p. 54)

Admittedly, this is about the worst of the lot but I couldn't resist quoting it, it's so deliciously nonsensical. Then there is this feeling I get that all of Johnston's descriptions and careful explanations of art events are merely a means of self-aggrandizement. Her constant attitude towards all these far out happenings is one of explaining that there is simply nothing to explain, that obviously the works themselves explain it all. For example her statement on a Steve Paxton dance in which six people do a series of ordinary motions, sitting, standing, kneeling etc. is "Nothing to it. It looked like part of the fixtures." (p. 106) Yet she is constantly explaining, describing and analyzing it all to us poor slobs who buy the *Voice* on our way to the subway Wednesday mornings, telling us that we really shouldn't need an explanation at all. She sets herself up as a sort of bridge between the far out art world and the masses thereby removing herself, raising herself above the ordinary folks.

Later on, after year 1965 or there-



Marmalade Me by Jill Johnston, E.P. Dutton & Co Inc. New York, cloth \$7.95, paperback \$2.45.

criticism and openly sets out to aggrandize herself it gets a lot better. It's as if she began to realize that the questions and problems raised by the art she concerned herself with eliminates the need, even the possibility of a spectator critic. And so following the direction of this art, she went on to celebrate herself and her life, a far more interesting and entertaining endeavor. As for style, I must say something specific about style, as to many the unique style is the most important thing about Johnston's writing. I don't particularly like her style. The loosely structured, stream of consciousness mind rambling of her later entries in the book are a little too cute for me. It's all too giddy somehow with far too many verbal gimmicks and sloppy sound associations. Then there are all those updated urban folksy witticisms like "Life is a raincheck to oblivion" (p. 106) which tend to bring me down a bit. I don't know, somehow, I like my superstars a bit more cynical than that.

What I like is the intimate gossipy quality of the later columns. I've always been a fame freak of a sophistication only slightly above that of the most rabid autograph hound. It's perfectly fascinating for me to read about what Polly said to George Segal about Joan Baez on Thursday, or what color George painted his barn on Wednesday or what Yoko Ono wore to Gregory's party on Saturday. Gregory Battcock, in his introduction says, "This is not a simple ego trip." Rather than label her work and ego trip people ascribe all sorts of fancy adjectives to it—poetry, prophecy, criticism, history and self revelation. Well maybe, but what's wrong with ego trips anyway? An ego trip is only as interesting as the particular ego involved. I judge hers to be far from simple. Complex, then, I guess, a fairly complex and interesting ego trip. All in all it's a good book to pick up, open anywhere and read for a few pages when you haven't anything else important to do.

THE ARMY: WHY YOU CAN'T CHECK THE BOX

best of government/homosexual expert Dr. Franklin Kameny's knowledge, the Army never did this.

About a year ago, the Army announced that it would replace Form 89 with a new form. Some gay spokesmen interpreted the move to mean that homosexuals would no longer be excluded from the Army. But Dr. Kameny just couldn't believe that the Army would condone sleeping in the same bunk with "the gay boys." In May, he wrote to the office of then-Secretary of the Army Resor. He concluded his letter with the assumption that Army policies hadn't changed:

While we vigorously oppose these policies of exclusion of homosexuals from the service, find them offensive, and are doing our best to have them changed, we feel that as long as those benighted policies are in effect, with the destructive less-than-fully-honorable discharges which go with them for those inducted into the

service and later found to be homosexual, they should be implemented for those individuals coming into their purview and wishing legally to avoid service thereby.

We are sure that the army would not have those policies unless it wished to see them implemented as effectively and efficiently as possible in every case to which they factually apply. The purpose of this letter is to enable us to cooperate with the Army by rendering the maximum possible assistance in applying those misguided policies.

As so often happens to Kameny when he writes a bureaucrat, the bureaucrat remained silent. After waiting his standard month for a reply, Frank wrote his standard follow-up letter, concluding:

We have had neither the pleasure of a response nor even the common courtesy and decency of an acknowledgement. Our inquiry was a serious one and a proper one. We urgently require the information requested and expected. Thank you.

That, Kameny told me, usually gets results. A few days later, a reply came. The

Army referred him to the Selective Service System. On July 2 he wrote pretty much the same letter to Curtis Tarr, Director of Selective Service. He added a slogan from a Mattachine picket sign, "We don't dodge the draft; the draft dodges us." To prevent being referred again, Kameny ended the letter with the request that Selective Service not "pass the buck back to the Army or elsewhere."

On July 13 this reply came from Walter H. Morse, General Counsel for Director Tarr:

This is in response to your letter of July 2, 1971, relative to the method by which a registrant who is a homosexual may make known to the Selective Service System that he is a homosexual.

The registrant in completing his Classification Questionnaire (SSS Form 100) could appropriately indicate in Series XI, Question Two that he is a homosexual and he could also indicate that fact by a letter to his local board.

After the registrant has been classified he has a duty to keep his local board currently informed of any change in his status and physical condition. See 32 C.F.R. Section 1641.7.

Series XI is "Physical Condition" and Question Two reads: "If you have any physical or mental condition which, in your opinion, will disqualify you for service in the Armed Forces, state the condition and submit a physician's statement, if you have one, with this form or submit such a statement at a later date." The "later date" could be the date of the pre-induction physical. A gay who wishes to declare himself at that time should contact his local gay liberation group for details.

It is apparent from this Selective Service letter that the game's the same, notwithstanding the legal questions arising from the June 30th expiration of the draft.

EROTIC FILM FESTIVAL TO OPEN

New York, N.Y.—The first annual New York erotic film festival is scheduled to take place in November in Manhattan. Ken Gaul (sometime writer for GAY—see issues no. 4 and no. 23) and Roger Sichel (formerly of Grove Press) are producing the event, which will be held in three different theatres.

"We'll be presenting the finest in international erotic films in a 5-week festival between November and December," Ken Gaul told GAY. "For years, films of an erotic nature were always referred to as 'French films,' as though France possessed some sort of an exclusive right to this genre of film. In recent years, however, Scandinavia moved into the forefront as the home of the best 'blue movies' around. Now, due to recent Supreme Court decisions in this country, plus a whole new breed of American filmmakers, the United States is emerging as the leading showcase for erotic films from around the world."

Mr. Gaul, former managing editor of SCREW magazine, stressed that he and his partner were anxious to represent homosexual eroticism as well as that of the heterosexual variety. Gay filmmakers are urged to contact the Festival's producers to enter their films. "Write to us c/o The New York Erotic Film Festival," he asks, or telephone (212) 684-0470.

Asked by GAY about the purposes of the Festival, Ken Gaul replied, "The festi-



Ken Gaul

val will at last provide a vehicle whereby international filmmakers can do their erotic thing unhampered by the hangups of producers, backers or local losers. Those who enter their films will help take erotic films out of the hands of the smut peddlers and establish them in their legiti-

mate place as a valid art form. As New York City is the showplace of the world, as far as films are concerned, worldwide publicity and recognition will accrue to entrants in the festival. Screenings will take place in first-run New York theatres and will be viewed and reviewed

by noted and established critics."

"Another noteworthy benefit of entering a film in the Festival," said Mr. Gaul, "will be access to an already established international distribution apparatus, thus giving winning films maximum exposure around the world." "Everyone," he said, "is welcome to enter his or her films, no matter what sort or size. Even video tapes are acceptable."

Judging of the films will be divided into various categories: Best Film; Best American Full-Length Film; Best Foreign Full-Length Film; Best Short; Best Animated Film; Most Original Screenplay; Best Performance; plus various and sundry other categories. Cash prizes will be awarded in all categories as well as the coveted Onan Statue. Prizes will be dispensed at a special banquet to be held in New York City at the close of the Festival and to be attended by participating judges. The judges chosen to date are Betty Dodson, America's leading erotic painter; Al Goldstein, executive editor of SCREW magazine, America's only real sex paper; Sylvia Miles, Academy Award nominee for her role in the film *Midnight Cowboy*; Alex Bennett, controversial commentator and disc jockey for WPLJ-FM New York; plus a number of other distinguished leaders in the entertainment, legal and educational fields.

"We've got the medium," says Ken Gaul, "now the film entrants must give us the message."

N.Y. VOTER REGISTRATION BEGINS

New York, N.Y. . . . The first massive voter registration campaign, aimed directly at homosexuals, is now underway in New York. A special voter registration subcommittee has been established by the Gay Activists Alliance with the purpose of increasing the effectiveness of homosexuals as a voting bloc. Ken Wallach, who heads the subcommittee explained that several GAA members received authorization from the New York City Board of Elections to act as deputy registrars. The group has been setting up tables on the streets in an attempt to get Gays to registrars. Most of the areas covered so far were chosen because of the heavy concentration of Gays, such as the West Village, the East Side and the Upper West Side of Manhattan. With more volunteers in the program, the subcommittee plans to expand its efforts to other parts of the city.

In addition to establishing registration centers on the streets, GAA will be sign-

ing up voters every Thursday night from 8pm to 10pm on the second floor of the "Firehouse" at 99 Wooster Street. Registration is also being conducted on the third floor of the building during the Saturday night dances.

When he announced the start of the new registration drive, Bruce Voeller, the new chairman of GAA's State and Federal Government Committee, said that it was "part of a major effort to make homosexuals, heterosexuals and politicians aware that Gays are forming and are rapidly becoming a voting bloc. This bloc should be of such power and strong leadership that Gay people will never again allow the passage of bills or election of officials discriminatory or hostile towards homosexuals." Voeller went on to say that signs promoting the registration drive for Gays will soon begin appearing on subway walls and streets.

Breck Ardery, the former chairman of the State Government Committee, hailed

the registration drive as a major step toward Gay political power. He also said, "it is important for people to enroll with a political party, even if they consider themselves to be generally independent voters. Failure to enroll in a party means that you are not allowed to vote in primary elections where the candidates are chosen."

The special registration drive by GAA will extend only until the end of August. After that time those who wish to vote must register either at the Board of Elections office or in their local election district on September 30, October 1st and 2nd. On those days, registration will be conducted from 5:30pm to 10:30pm on September 30th and October 1st and from 7am to 10:30pm on October 2nd. The location of your local election district can be obtained by calling either the Board of Elections or one of the major political parties.

ADVERTISE IN GAY

A New Medium

"I received three calls the first evening the paper was on the newsstands . . . In all, I would say that I have received in the neighborhood of 35 to 40 calls," writes one satisfied advertiser.

ASK FOR GAY:

DISPLAY ADVERTISING:
989-1660



FLAT ASSED AMSTERDAM

BY AARON BATES

For years I have heard that Amsterdam is the gay capital of Europe so I decided to see for myself. That was my first mistake. My second was arriving on a holiday weekend with a ton of luggage and without hotel reservations. If the East Village has appeared desolated these last few years, it's because the hippies have moved en masse to Amsterdam and are presently residing at the railroad station. Far be it from me to dictate bathing regulations to anyone, but the stench reminded me of the Times Square subway station during the hottest day of summer. For people who dig body odors, Amsterdam is a mecca in every way. I, however, am not so inclined.

I spent my first night in the provinces, due to lack of hotel space in the city, but on my second day I was able to secure a room at the Palace Hotel on 33 Raadhuisstraat. It is owned and managed by a charming Dutchman named Adrian Van Leersum whose natural flamboyance makes itself felt especially in the interior decoration department. In short, the words "too much" do not exist in Adrian's vocabulary and what can not be gold-plated has tassels attached to it. But Adrian's lavish touches give his hotel a lived-in feeling rarely found in a public establishment. His warm, dominant personality enables one to feel more like a friend than a paying guest, and if you wish to seek the dubious pleasures of Amsterdam, you would be getting off to a good start by staying at Adrian's reasonably priced hotel.

The city of Amsterdam itself has a number of things to recommend it, especially at dawn before the populace awakens. Walking on the cobblestone streets along the picturesque canals, one can recapture the city as it was several hundred years ago. But when the working day starts, the magic quickly wears off. While an old man can be seen fishing on one of the canals, a woman can be seen emptying her chamber pot into the same canal a hundred feet away. In short, the canals seen in broad daylight have all the charm of the Hudson River at any time and like the Hudson, they can literally take your breath away.

The same people who spend their lives polluting the canals which flow past their homes are scrupulous when it comes to personal property. The Dutch keep their houses spotless, probably because in the provinces the houses all have large picture windows on the street level and it is considered bad manners to close the blinds or draw the curtains. Thus, everyone's home is a constant showplace for everyone's neighbor and must be kept in tiptop shape. Unfortunately, the Dutch spend too much time washing the floors and not enough time washing themselves. One notices this particularly in a crowded bar and even more so when one picks up a Dutch boy and goes home with him. The hippies have nothing on the Dutch when it comes to bathing habits. This is certainly not true of all the Dutch, just the ones I went to bed with. However, one can avoid this problem in two ways. First, one can visit Holland during the tourist season and only make it with visiting Germans (delicious) or Englishmen (reserved except in bed). Or secondly, one can go to the Saundabad Thermos, 246 Egelantierstraat, which is the best bathhouse in Amsterdam. Not only are the Dutchmen clean there, but handsomer than the ones

you see in the bars. While in Germany, I noted that there was an abundance of beautiful men although the women seemed rather dowdy. The reverse of this goes in Holland. So many Dutchmen seem to have fat hips and no asses. "My dear," remarked a friend, "it comes from riding all those bicycles." I leave the wisdom of this statement for you to ponder. Needless to say, these are general observations and if one looks hard enough, one can find a handsome partner. But is it worth the trouble?

On the pro side, most people speak English, quickly becoming *the* international language (except, of course, in France. But nobody goes to France anymore anyway). The Dutch are very skilled in many languages, and since Amsterdam is such a touristy city, it's well that they should be. The Dutch language, apparently a strange cross between old English and German, is extremely guttural and I defy any American to master it well.

Probably the most popular bar is the frenetic D.O.K. Club on 460 Singel. Although a private club, one need only present a passport to buy a temporary membership. It is packed every night of the week and is a favorite with younger

people. The basic fault with the place is that it is too large and too packed. The grass seems always greener on the other side of the room, and after hopping around like fruitflies most of the night, many people find themselves going home alone.

I personally preferred the C.O.C. Club, also requiring a passport to purchase a temporary membership. Located on 49 Korte Leidsedwardsstraat, there are a lot less people and a lot more intimacy. Though not as fast-paced as the D.O.K., the chances of finding yourself in someone else's bed later in the evening are far higher. Not only did I run into my host Adrian at the C.O.C., I saw GAY columnist Dick Leitsch who was also vacationing in Amsterdam, which all goes to prove what a small world this really is.

Most of the other bars I visited were deadly dull. The Bonaparte Bar on 50 Kerkstraat was marvelously elegant with rich Empire decorations. It was also very expensive and practically abandoned on the night I was there.

The Eldorado bar on 14 Amstel offered one handsome bartender and one not so handsome. They both danced in unison when not waiting on customers. A few attractive hustlers hang out there—the Dutch quaintly call them "business boys." There's little else to recommend it.

The Incognito Bar on 59 Kerkstraat also had its share of "business boys" except that they looked more hard up and smelled worse than the ones at the Eldorado.

However, MacDonald's Bar on 11 Reguliersdwardsstraat (don't blame me if the proofreaders screw up some of these Dutch street names) was charming as far as neighborhood bars go and caters to a younger crowd. I believe that it's the oldest bar in Amsterdam.

The only dancing bars, by the way, are the C.O.C. and D.O.K. Clubs if dancing is your thing, although I don't recall any slow dancing anywhere.

While in Amsterdam, one should visit the Rijksmuseum, an amazingly ugly Victorian building on 42 Stadhouderskade which houses all those famous Rembrandts and Vermeers. The Anne

(continued on page 19)



STREET TRANSVESTITES ON THE AIR

BY TEO SKIR

New York, N.Y.— 5:15 Eastern Standard Time, Saturday July 17th. My phone operator called to give me a message he's been sitting on.

"Arthur Bell called to tell you there's a WBAI program on at 4:30 you'd like to hear."

"Why didn't you tell me before?" I asked him.

"I don't know," he replied honestly. He's not efficient but he's honest.

I called WBAI and they told me to come over, I could hear the tape. I zipped down, into a cab, and over to 359 E. 62nd Street and into the basement that WBAI has. It turned out the tape wouldn't be ready till 7 p.m. but Arthur Bell and his girlies were there.

They are a small group of transvestites more or less headed by Sylvia whom Arthur Bell had begun writing about a year ago in *Gay Power*. Arthur was holding that first article in his hand and facing his "girlies" who were seated in an anteroom outside a studio. Sylvia was there.

I was curious as to where the STAR (Street Transvestite Action Revolutionaries) were now living. When Arthur had last written of them, for the *Voice*, they were being faced with eviction from their 213 East 2nd Street building.

"We're still there," Sylvia explained, "But all packed and ready to move."

"Won't the Welfare Department help you?" I asked one of the girlies.

"I'm on Welfare," said the girlie, "I'm a transsexual. See, here is one of my breasts." (She here exhibited the sort of breast one sees on many fat Brooklyn teen-age boys.) "I can't get a job because I'm a transsexual . . ."

"Because of the oppression of our sexist society . . ." said Sylvia.

"Right on," said Arthur.

"I had no I.D." replied another girlie. "The only way I could get Welfare was to tell them I was an addict and I wasn't an addict. I was just sick. I'd had hepatitis and was sick and couldn't work but they wouldn't give me no Welfare on account I had no I.D. but when I was telling them I was an addict, they gave me Welfare right away and I had to take Methadone to keep on getting it and I took it though I wasn't an addict at all."

"I couldn't get Welfare because I didn't have proper identification," said Sylvia. "And they would want me to go to Bellevue and get a certificate that I'm mentally unbalanced and I won't because I don't think I'm mentally unbalanced just because I'm a homosexual."

"Where are you from?" one of the girlies asked.

"GAY," I said.

"How much did the house at East Second Street cost?" I asked.

"\$300 a month," said Sylvia. "There were five apartments."

"How many people were staying there?" I asked.

"Twenty," said Sylvia.

"That's \$15 a month each for rent," I said, "Couldn't you raise it?"

"Not in this oppressive society," said Sylvia. "And besides, there was no lights, no water, the toilets don't flush and we needed all our funds to support the street people that came to us for aid."

"I have to go now," said Arthur. "Sylvia, I think it would be a very good idea to go down to the next GAA meeting and ask them to help you. Make an announcement at the beginning of the meeting that you need help."

I went out with Arthur, and got something to eat and was back at the studio before 7 p.m. I'd found my memo pad missing from my back pocket after I left

the station. When I came in Sylvia was saying, "We're known as rip-off artists." Now I looked around for my memo pad and found it on a desk in the anteroom.

We went into one of the studios to listen to the tape. Sylvia and another semi-girlie (not a STAR resident) talked about the effects of hormones.

"Once your body gets used to it, your cock comes back and you can have regular sex," said Sylvia. "I'm going to keep my cock. I won't have a sex change. Last time I had sex I came on the inside."

Said Bebe: "I love my breasts. I love having them sucked. You have to have them sucked for them to develop right. Did you know that?"

They talked about getting hormones orally by taking birth control pills.

"How old are you, Sylvia?" I asked.

"Twenty. I first had sex when I was seven and I was into being Sylvia and out on the streets at eleven. I was named by a Lesbian Godfather and a gay Godmother. I think homosexuals are the Chosen People."

Now the tape is on and to me it seemed very sad. The life in the house on 2nd Street was sad. There were lots of animals, often untended. There was never any ease, always quarreling. There were unions broken by a partner being killed. "He was a junkie and had to support his habit and he went out to get some money and picked an off-duty policeman who shot him through the heart. So I went to the cemetery and planted a flower so that even if I couldn't come out he would always have flowers." The "girlies" had no realistic idea of how to get any sort of regular income. Some were determined to remain on Welfare "till she runs dry."

They described their life, the long whore-stroll, before you hit a number ("A whore-stroll is anywhere in the city a

whore walks."). There was no mention of terrible poverty, of pain, of humiliation. Prostitution was described as enjoyable. Sylvia: "You always have a good time when you're hustling."

Questioned by Arthur, they conceded they might be induced to take on a profession such as interior decorator but would always keep a little whoring on the side. Episodes of physical abuse, being beaten by the police, were passed over as more amusing than horrific. The Movement (both Gay Activist Alliance and the Gay Liberation Front) was put down. Sylvia claimed that in Gay Activist Alliance she was "put down for being Third World" and when she first came to a GAA meeting Richard Flynn, taking down her name, would not accept a girl's name from her.

Mike Morrisey, the Secretary of the group, felt that the Gay Activist Alliance had accepted society's structures and the STAR people, breaking from them, were among the freest he knew.

Arthur, winding up the tape, had led the group to discuss their revolutionary activity. It developed this consisted of stealing from their patrons.

The tape was over. I left with Sylvia. She was thin and worn. She had not been able to perform the many many tasks which make for beauty of the feminine sort.

"Do you think," I asked, "you could stop taking drugs and get a job?"

"I could never work at a job because I would have to pay taxes and support this society with the taxes," Sylvia explained. "About drugs, I got into them from working for the Movement. I was so exhausted with all my involvement in the Movement work I had to take speed."

LONG ISLAND WOMAN GANG RAPED

Long Beach, L.I., New York—A young woman, wearing the GAA "lambda" symbol embroidered on her jeans, was raped and brutally beaten under the boardwalk in this Long Island town. The "lambda" has become a well-known symbol of gay liberationists.

She was walking on the Long Beach boardwalk when a group of men, whom she said were mostly dark skinned, shouted "let's get the dyke." They ran after her and pulled her under the boardwalk, where, for approximately an hour, she was repeatedly raped until two men apparently frightened away her attackers. "There were no police in sight," she complained bitterly, "and I couldn't go to the police because of my elderly grandmother with whom I live. My grandmother doesn't know I'm gay and she would have literally died if she'd known what happened to me."

She reported the incident to the GAA of Long Island, and on July 18, the group led a motorcade of nine cars to demonstrate in protest on the Long Beach boardwalk. The demonstration, which lasted for two hours, was well-received by passers-by who generally expressed sympathy with the organization's complaints. Thirty-five members marched.



GAY salutes the Institution of Marriage! A holy sacrament without which all of us might very well be bastards. The above photograph bears witness to the sanctity of this ancient rite and is a telling comment on its relevancy to homosexuals and other modern people.

Photo by A. Tress

This young pup is being shamelessly exposed to an artificial vagina purchased in the vicinity of Times Square.



by Dick Leitsch

They're on the march again, those Vestal Virgins of Uplift who consider it their business to mind our morals. One needn't be little, old, or female, to be a little old lady of the sort caricatured by D. W. Griffith in *Intolerance*, the kind who preach "We must have laws to make men good." They just can't face the fact that there are no political answers to moral and social problems, and men cannot be made good through legislation.

Like the temperance ladies of the old Woman's Christian Temperance Union, the Vestal Virgins of Uplift in the persons of the New York Times Corporation, judges and prosecutors with identity problems (they think they're Carrie Nation), and various political hacks, are stomping through Times Square in another Crusade Against Smut.

It is not only my sperm and yours, or our morals, that these people are worrying about when they denounce "smut" and sexual permissiveness. They have something more important at stake: their pocketbooks. Those midtown porno

CURB YOUR DOG ON 42nd STREET!

who are these people? The New York Times Corp. (whose newspaper is spearheading the clean-up crusade), the members of the Times Square Association, an agency formed to push the crusade, and entertainers like Dick Cavett and Johnny Carson, whose jokes about the area are more of an effort to blackmail the City Fathers into a clean-up drive than attempts to make audiences laugh.

Of course Times Square is a honky-tonk area of sex, cheap movies, tacky

Do whores walk the streets and flaunt their tawdry wares along Broadway? Do they flock to the front of the Belasco Theater to offer real sex to people unsatisfied by the phony sex of *Oh! Calcutta!*? Of course they do, and they offend the uptight moralists, those who aren't making any money out of them, and people with good taste. But overweight suburban women who squeeze their fat asses into hot pants and display their varicose veins are tacky, too, and the Jesus freaks, the strident militants of every stripe with their loud, obtrusive demonstrations, campaigning politicians, and other tasteless people are as obnoxious as the poor working girls. Taste, like morals, can't be legislated.

As regular readers of this column know, I distrust all social reform and humanitarian movements. All of them, from the crusaders for purity through woman's lib, gay lib, the Counter Culture, back to the Birchers, seem determined to tell me how to live my life and to limit my freedoms. I see them as having too much in common with fundamental Christianity and political conservatism, and their leaders are a bit too similar to Elmer Gantry and Sister Aimee Semple McPherson for my taste.

It pleased me to discover (in the Spring, 1971 issue of the *New York Historical Society Quarterly*) that some historians hold a similar view. The author of the article, M.J. Heale, writes of scholarly reactions to such 19th century humanitarian causes as "the antislavery crusade, the battle for temperance and universal peace, the campaign for women's rights, the heroic struggles of Louis Dwight, Dorothea Dix, and Horace Mann."

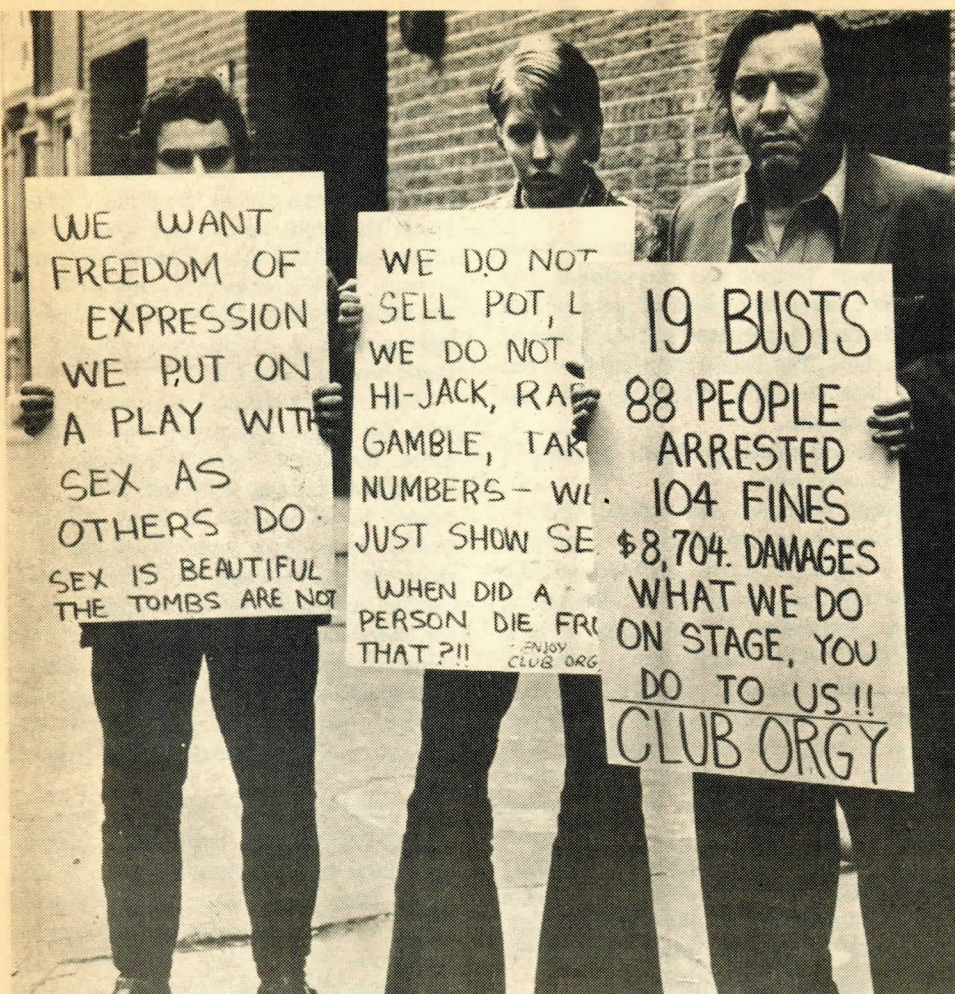
To Alice Tyler reform was largely a product of evangelical religion and frontier democracy. More recently historians have tended to argue that there was an essentially conservative impulse behind the reforming movement of the early republic. Clifford S. Griffin, for example, has suggested that these early social reformers saw themselves as stewards of the Lord, anxious to preserve the rule of the righteous. . . .

All of that is as true of the Times Square cleaners-up, woman's lib, or any humanitarian movement today as it was of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. The WCTU was convinced that you and I would be better off if we were

not allowed to drink; Gloria Steinem, Bella Abzug, and the rest are equally convinced that all women would be better off if they thought like Steinem, Abzug and Co. Vincent Sardi, Jr. is sure we'd all be better off in Sardi's after an evening in a Broadway theater than in Nedick's after seeing a fuck film.

What it all comes down to in the end is that these people want to impose their views and life styles on the rest of us, make us conform to their views of what the world should be like and, in short, "improve" all of us.

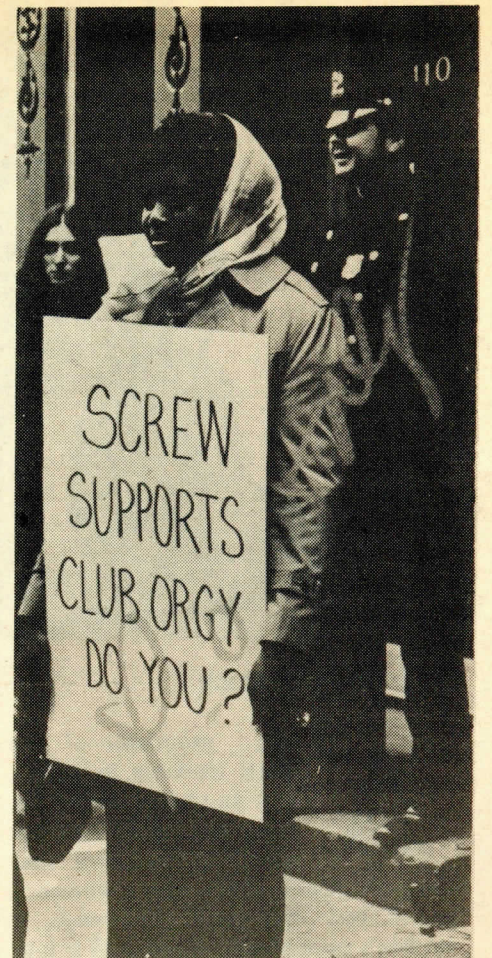
What social reform, humanitarian agency does not immediately go off on this kind of trip? In 1817, a group of middle-class businessmen formed the New York Society for the Prevention of Pauperism. They weren't interested in giving money to the poor, and their ultimate aim was to preserve middle-class virtue. "The reports of the society show," writes M.J. Heale in the NYHSQ, "that it was anxious to preserve an orderly society and that it hoped to do this by indoctrinating the poor with sound moral values."



shops and sex shows make considerable profits, enough to pay high rents. The long-term investors in Times Square real estate are making good money from their investments and don't want to sell. The real-estate developers who are trying to put together land parcels on which to build unnecessary and unwanted skyscrapers are balked.

Thus, those who have invested in Times Square property in a get-rich quick scheme to make a killing on the aborted urban-renewal boom are stymied. And

bars and greasy-spoon restaurants. Tacky people have the right to a place in this town where their needs can be served. Not everybody wants to (or can afford to) dine at Sardi's or drop \$16.50 on a bad Broadway musical. Some people are happier with a 25c peep show and a hot dog at Nedick's. And the peep shows and Nedick's are outgassing Sardi's and the Broadway shows, which infuriates the theatre owners and Vincent Sardi Jr., and has caused them to pressure the City Fathers to drive out the competition.



The puritans cannot abide Club Orgy.

The Prevention of Pauperism Society immediately came out against idleness, "intemperance in drinking," gambling, "want of cleanliness," ignorance, "Houses of ill fame" and the like. Homosexuality, of course was not invented until later in the 19th Century by Oscar Wilde, and never existed in America until Gore Vidal imported it in 1948, so this agency didn't oppose it—but they would if they were around now. One man's "sound moral" (continued on page 19)

The Last Estate



by Gregory Battcock

Alain, proprietor of the Hotel Moderne in Cannes, said he prefers conversing with men, rather than women. He proposed that the next time he sleeps with a woman, I go to bed with them. Of course, it wouldn't work because whenever I talk to somebody in bed, they promptly fall asleep.

This afternoon, in San Gimignano I visited the Chapel of Santa Fina "who is known as the Saint of the Wallflowers because these flowers sprang up on her coffin. . ." Charming, 25-year-old Guido sprang up on me in Florence, as a matter of fact he kept springing up, but then, it's a small Florence. Ah, but I rush ahead of my story. Guido can, in fact he will, wait (until next year, no doubt).

My vacation is, once again, a mess. My jerry-built English car has had two major breakdowns, my friend George thought

the cute little ferry that crosses the Seine at Caudebec "an eyesore," I was served a dish of lukewarm pasta in Fiesole, got rebuffed by a dancer from the North Carolina Dance Theater who was performing in the Piazza del Duomo at Montepulciano, left my bathing suit AND mouthwash in a hotel room at Laiguaglia, bumped into a bore at three-star L'Oasis at La Naupole, got stood up by Richie who was supposed to meet me in Cannes, and antagonized Franco, student at the Architecture Faculty at the University of Florence because I didn't feel like making it with him. I should have anyway. He was busy with examinations and disruptions at school—when he saw the upside down American flag decal on my MGB he decided I wasn't a "pig American."

(The village of San Gimignano is a cluster of buildings set up as to watch over a humanized and cultivated landscape. In contrast modern urban design DISTRIBUTES the landscape; parcels it out to the people and therefore effec-

tively taking it away from the people and destroying an opportunity for natural community. . Thank the Car.)

Today's column begins in Paris. Took Jill Johnston to a one-star restaurant (Chez Maitre Paul) where she tried to order some butter to put on her mayonnaise. They brought her a beer instead. She borrowed my typewriter and fucked up the ribbon. I think it's time to put an end to Jill Johnston. Her French is terrible. What was she doing in France? Ha! She got a letter from some chick in Toulouse (or Toulon?) who promised her the moon and proffered her a six-pack of neurosis, instead.

At the restaurant, Jill queried: "One star huh? How much did they have to pay to get it?" To start, George and I had the escargot. Jill had the cold haricots verts. Next, George and I had the specialite de la maison, a coq au vin. Jill had a salad du tomates. We drank a 1959 Corton that was a beaut. Jill was utterly charming and endeared herself to George, who just happens to be a publisher.

After dinner Jill suggested we make a date to meet Simone Swan; she's been chasing Simone for years. O.K. Meet Simone at the Dome; Pierre Restany, who just published an article in *Domus* on Jill and Gregory (outstanding something or others of Merica) is at next table, etc. etc.

First stop, on the way south from Paris was the 2-star HOSTELLERIE DE LA POSTE in Avallon where my car broke down and where I occupied the room Napoleon slept in. It was charming, with a big bust of Napoleon and everything. Before dinner I took a little drive over to Vezelay and discovered that the Hotel du Cheval Blanc, pictured in my French text book, was right there on the main square! Trembling with excitement I rushed in and showed the picture to the madame. "Yeah, we know" she yawned. Dinner, at the famous 2-star HOSTELLERIE was Pate of Pike with watercress sauce, pate of sweetbread, and pintadeau roasted and set aflame in a sauce of cognac, butter and foie gras.

In Lyon, the next day, dinner at 1-star Restaurant Vettard was exceptional. The 45 franc menu consisted of pate of foie gras du canard, prepared so that it looked like a duck. The Pate'd liver had been put back into the skin, complete with legs sticking up, etc.

There was a coquilles fruits de mer and I forgot what else.

People really are destructive. At Voilier restaurant, in Cannes, two girls promoting a cigarette brand and dressed like airline hostesses, went from table asking diners permission ". . . to offer a new cigarette?" The diners were delighted with a free chance to shorten their lives by another minute or so and before you knew it everybody in the fucking place, whether they were awaiting their hors-d'oeuvre, in the middle of their grilled dorade, just finishing their lapin provençal or picking through their fromage, were puffing away. To make sure people would immediately smoke their free cigarette, one of the girls would stick a big gold lighter, aflame, in their face.

I sat there pretending to read LeRoy Jones' "Raise" because I didn't realize it was. . . well because I didn't have anything else to read. Jones says "Merica" for America, which is nice, and he says "shit" a lot. O.K. He says, about education: "Enlighten by delighten" but he says nothing about his gay brothers.

My first stop, after leaving Cannes, was Laigueglia and while it isn't exactly St. Tropez, it IS full of beautiful young Italian youths. Before calling it a day I made several round trips between Laigueglia and Alassio taking hitch-hikers back

and forth. I was exhausted but they bubbled with excitement, had barely time to trot out their entire English vocabulary, and were off with a wave and a ciao. A Spanish boy at Chez Les Lee in Cannes asked me what I thought of the French. "They're nice to look at" I said. "No they're not. They're pushy and awful" he remarked.

Today, and everyday, the Pitti Palace is jammed with tourists trudging around from Fillippo Lippi to Raphael to Sodoma. Only the Lord knows why—no, we all know why. Because they were taught, someplace along the line, (at school) some kind of spiritual satisfaction is gained from a pilgrimage to the pictures. It's a wonder they don't go from gallery to gallery on their knees. They gaze at pictures made at another time, in another place, for and by people who had never seen color T.V., photographs, movies, comics, etc., and they all do make a big difference in overall visual comprehension. Whatever real value the old master paintings have is reserved mainly for the connoisseur, a specialist who is moved by factors including subtleties of composition, nuances in pictorial structuralisms and vague stylistic considerations and rarely the drama contained in a view of, say, King Peter the Whitehanded kissing the feet of St. John Bosco of the Bats. Our poor tourist, on the other hand, must trot out whatever criteria he can dig up so he ends up admiring "eyes that stare at you no matter where you stand," "enigmatic smiles," "cute, wistful gazes," etc. Well, why not. Of course the whole thing is wrought with hypocrisy as people end up enjoying just those same maudelin, sentimental factors that we pretend master paintings have "risen above." It's hopeless.

After the ordeal in the galleria our tourists dash off to restaurants where, in hot, noisy surroundings they wolf down lasagne and an orange soda.

By way of contrast, I dash off to the Lungarno General Diaz to keep an appointment with Guido the Prompt whom I met the night before and who led me off to the hills of Fiesole where we fooled around, a bit cramped, in my MGB, all the while admiring the views of Florence (rather than a movie at a drive-in, so that's how spiritual I am).

Last night I struck up a conversation with an Italian girl occupying the next room. We shared a common terrace and sat naked, talking until all hours. She rapped about women in Italy, and suggested Italian men need liberation even more than the women. In America heterosexual men have the most urgent need for liberation. Women, who share at least some responsibility for the racist, militaristic society come next in the liberation line-up. Homosexuals (and blacks) are least in need, and already the most liberated.

Homosexuals share relatively little responsibility for the hypocritical society that they have been effectively barred from. They don't man the police agencies, government bureaus and military installations. In short they have (willy-nilly) been prohibited from participation within the repressive institutions. In general they are concentrated within the humanistic and socially oriented institutions and indulge in sensual, service and intellectual pursuits of constructive orientation.

"Liberation" should not imply desire for acceptance within established society by any excluded group. Those who are authentically oppressed, who are the real victims of society, are those who support, protect and willingly participate within prevailing cultural patterns.

Cheers,
Gregory

THE HOMOPHOBIC SCALE

BY DR. GEORGE WEINBERG

If two adults commit a sexual act and a neighbor downstairs goes wild at the thought of it, tosses in his bed all night and demands imprisonment of the participants, should we study the lovers or the citizen who suddenly loses his bearings? Most of us would agree that if anyone needs study for his own sake, it is the distraught and disruptive citizen.

Yet mental health organizations allot giant sums for research on homosexuality and nothing for study of contemporary attitudes toward it. Even if nothing is found, the very fact that such research is being done and reported on is harmful in giving the public a framework for viewing homosexuality.

To apportion millions for study of lovers and how they developed their taste and desire, while not regarding an irrational loathing of homosexuals as a problem worth study, is a purely arbitrary choice. When the person downstairs tells frenzied jokes about his upstairs neighbors with his pulse racing, it seems that he is the one who might use the benefits of study. If study is appropriate at all, the revolted citizen's homophobia deserves scrutiny, for his sake and to reduce the danger that he will burst loose and become disruptive to his upstairs neighbors.

The very knowledge that homophobia was being investigated—its correlates and its roots in the personality—would emphasize that homophobia is a personal problem. The mere fact of such study could give to millions second thoughts about holding the attitude. It would discourage persons from acting on it, and it would help others identify the phenomenon and label it. Homophobic persons would be limited in how much damage they could do.

A colleague, Kenneth Smith, who read a paper of mine on homophobia, did the first piece of research on homophobia that I know of. There will be hundreds of such studies in the future (as there have been thousands of research studies on the prejudice against blacks in recent years), and so I am happy to report on this one as possibly the first of its kind.

Kenneth Smith is a highly trained researcher and a fine therapist too. His first step was to write out a set of nine items, which he called THE HOMOPHOBIC SCALE. Ken honed the phrasing of these items, and I think they illustrate his



Senator Joseph McCarthy and Roy Cohn, two of the most famous homophobes of all time.

agility of mind. The answers YES to six of these items and NO to three of them indicate homophobia. Here is the list, with the homophobic responses checked in.

1. Homosexuals should be locked up to protect society. yes no
2. It would be upsetting for me to find out I was alone with a homosexual. yes no
3. Homosexuals should be allowed to hold government positions. yes no
4. I would not want to be a member of an organization which had any homosexuals in its membership. yes no
5. I find the thought of homosexual acts disgusting. yes no
6. If laws against homosexuality were eliminated, the proportion of homosexuals in the population would probably remain about the same. yes no
7. A homosexual could be a good president of the United States. yes no
8. I would be afraid for a child of mine to have a teacher who was homosexual. yes no
9. If a homosexual sat next to me on a bus I would get nervous. yes no

Ken sprinkled these nine items among others into 2 questionnaires consisting of 24 items in all. "The remaining 15 items were created to sample opinions on varied issues." He then had a set of instructors give the 24 item questionnaire to 130 stu-

dents at his university. The students (who were told nothing of the purpose of the study) took their questionnaire forms home, filled them out in private. Ken got 93 questionnaires back (a 77% return) and determined a HOMOPHOBIA SCORE for each of his 93 respondents. The highest possible score was 9, the lowest was zero. He then identified the group highest on homophobia and the one lowest, keeping 22 in each of these groups and putting aside the rest of the questionnaires. So far he had not considered how his subjects (who were male and female) answered the remaining items.

Ken's sample was admittedly small. To use more high-powered statistical techniques than he chose would have been pedantry. This was merely a pilot study—a systematic canvassing and an attempt to see where conclusions could be drawn about the population he studied. For instance, his sample was too small to reveal fundamental differences in attitude between men and women, if there were any. But even in his small sample—and smallness of sample makes it *harder*, not easier, to demonstrate relationships—Ken found a remarkable number of connections which, as a group, were almost certainly not a chance phenomenon.

Ken found that homophobes tended to say YES significantly more than non-

homophobes did to the following four statements.

1. 'My country right or wrong' is a very admirable attitude.
2. It is only natural to find the thought of mental illness disturbing.
3. Sexual fidelity is vital to a love relationship.
4. Although I don't always like to admit it, I would like friends to see me with a big house and fine car after I graduate.

The homophobes tended to disagree significantly more than the others with the following three statements.

1. There is nothing wrong with a man's being passive when he feels like it.
2. A belief in God is not so important to the maintenance of morality.
3. The income and professional level of a job are not so important to me as being happy with the work I do.

On the remaining eight statements there was no demonstrable difference between the homophobes and the others. Ken described his research as "exploratory" and "tentative." But pilot studies like his seldom yield as high a proportion of items that discriminate as sharply. At several junctures, Ken deliberately employed methods making it harder, not easier, for the experiment to reveal trends. The use of these safe-guards was deliberate. And so the findings—the so-called significant differences he obtained—were unlikely a consequence of experimental bias. How far we can generalize is a matter for future discovery. I believe that other experimenters giving the Kenneth Smith Questionnaire to other groups will confirm what he found. And of course new items will be invented and the question answered whether they receive different responses from homophobes and others.

The days when giant subsidies are given by big foundations for research like this are still far away, because the very purpose of this sort of study presupposes an outlook not found officially in our great universities. Being affiliated with an institution of status is almost a requisite when applying for a grant. Universities in their official stand are still virulent against homosexuals. The research that might change some of these attitudes is largely prevented because of the attitudes.

I think all this is changing. Time will tell. In the meantime, it is good to know that research like Ken's is being done at all. In this case it was at Ken's own cost of time and money.



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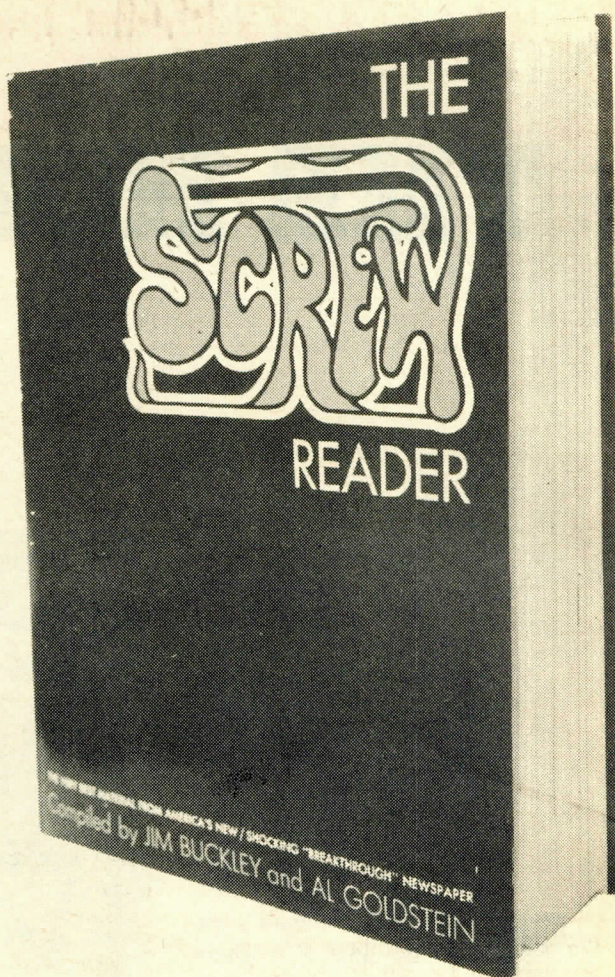
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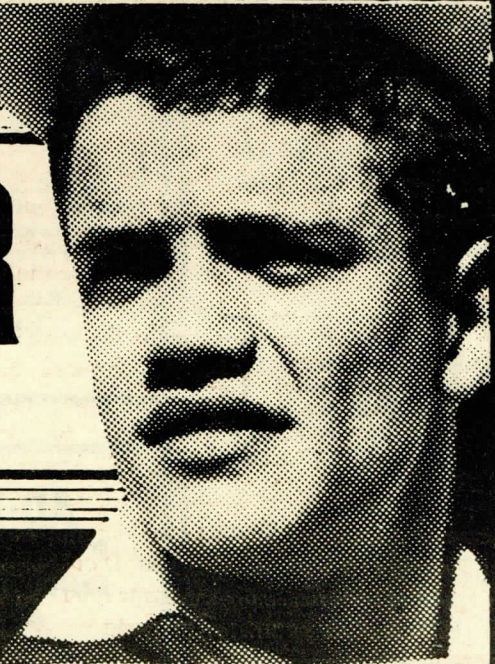
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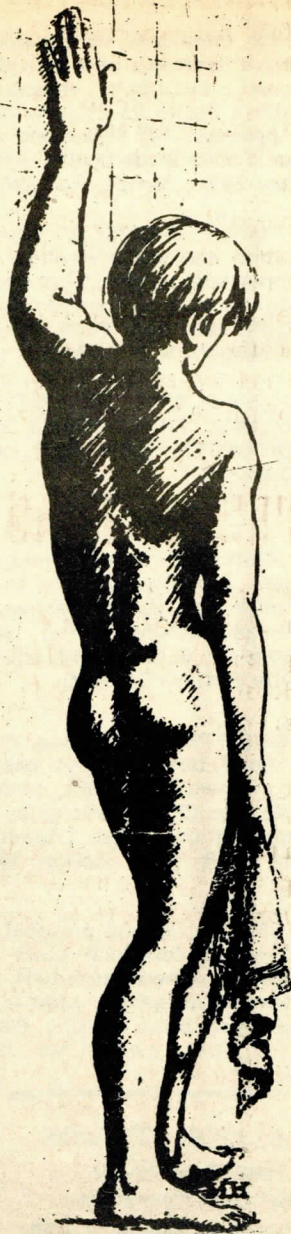


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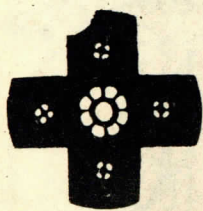
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GRANDFATHER

(continued from page 5)

Society. And my cousin and I were near here, and thought perhaps we might call.

"Very glad to see you, I'm sure."

"And is this *really* where you carry on your Simplification of Life? Oh! Madge! isn't it interesting."

"I don't know about that; but won't you come in and sit down?"

"Thank you so much, I should be glad of a rest."

"Will you have a bit of cake and a glass of milk?" Carpenter asked.

"Oh no! but I *should* like a piece of dry bread!"

"Well, you needn't 'simplify' so much as that."

"Oh! but I am so *fond* of dry bread!"

Carpenter and Merrill lived happily in their cottage until Merrill's death in 1928. Carpenter, heartbroken by the loss of his friend, survived him by barely a year. Michael Davidson described a visit to them in their old age: "As one's great-aunts used to recall being patted on the head by the Duke of Wellington, I can say I was pinched on the bum by England's Walt Whitman."

Carpenter's writings are out of fashion now, but his calm determination, his kindness and good spirits, his rationalism and his quiet courage will always be attractive. Perhaps, in view of his influence on other writers and the contemporary relevance of much of what he wrote, some of his works may be reprinted and interest in him revived.

Certainly he should be remembered and honored by the women's and gay

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movements. Of the latter he wrote, in *My Days and Dreams*, 'as (the) sufferings of women, of one kind or another, have been the great inspiring cause and impetus of the Women's Movement—a movement which is already having a great influence in the reorganization of society; so I do not practically doubt that the similar sufferings of the Uranian (homosexual) class of men are destined in their turn to lead to another wide-reaching social organization and forward movement in the direction of Art and Human Compassion.'

AMSTERDAM

(continued from page 11)

Frank House on 263 Prinsengracht remains a chilling reminder of the Nazi occupation of Holland and a schoolgirl's faith in a faithless world.

As a place to visit, Amsterdam remains one of the most inexpensive capitals in Europe (excepting Madrid and Lisbon). If one is planning a trip there, let me recommend a small paperback you can purchase here called *Surprising Amsterdam* by Arthur B. Frommer and published by the Frommer/Pasmantier Publishing Corporation at 70 Fifth Avenue. Though a little outdated, it remains one of the most complete guides to things you would like to know about the city. KLM Airlines will give you a copy free.

As a tourist, you can find many lovely facets to this city. But as a homosexual, you might do well to remember Judy Garland's final words in *The Wizard of Oz*—"Oh, Auntie Em, there's no place like home!"

MONTREAL CURB YOUR DOG

(continued from page 7)

Eaton's (department store) Adam Shop for the most elegant European hip garb.

The Bars. As Gay Lib (here called the Front de Liberation Homosexuel) has not yet set up any community house, an exclusively gay environment for drinking, dancing and scoring can only be had at the bars. First, note that the bars do not begin to fill before 11 and are closed by 3. The present in spot where it is happening every night is Le Rocombole (1476 Staley St.). I find it too crowded after 12. A somewhat larger bar which has an interesting crowd of students and business execs is the very inviting Au Taureau D'or (1419 Drummond). Here you dance on a plexiglass raised floor under which explodes a multicolored light show. The bar area is very welcoming and comfortable. For a good time dancing in a hip mixed atmosphere of very beautiful people the place to go is the Pamplemousse (94 St. Catherine East). Here is where it will be happening this summer. A new light show and planned expansion to include a heady peace and love room to dig music and food will make this the most swinging of spots. The dance floor is large enough that you can comfortably do just that. And the people here make this real Montreal. Other regular gay spots include Bud's and the Hawaiian Lounge (both on Stanley St. below St. Catherine), and the Peel Pub (on Peel and St. Catherine). For freaky lower depth trips try the Altesse Tavern (67 St. Cath. W.), The Monarch (164 St. Cath. E.), and the Lincoln (4479 St. Denis). The Apollo (5116 Parc Ave.) attracts a heavy Greek and French working class crowd. And remember by three into the streets.

After 3 you can go back to your hotel or onto Mother Arthur's (2170 Bishop), redeemed from its straight management who called it Pussy Galore. Now it's a very swinging after-hours club. Your other delightful alternative is the brand new, super elegant Sauna Aquarius [Baths] (1183 Crescent St.). Although the beds are designed with the bodies of slim French Canadian boys in mind, so be careful not to roll and land on the floor, the place will please. And prices are delightfully low, by New York standards. The break of dawn should find you tired and satisfied.

Montreal is truly fun. It sets a stage that is fresh and clean so that something new and bright can happen. And it will.

(Continued from page 13)

values" is another man's repression.

With equal evangelical zeal, woman's lib opposes prostitution (and sometimes comes awfully close to opposing all sex!), harps for more and better education, and has its Mrs. Abzugs telling us how women are going to "uplift" politics. (She conveniently forgets that the suffragettes made that same promise, only to see women use their first vote to elect the handsome, but corrupt and incompetent, Warren G. Harding!)

Gay lib has promised to take us out of bars (why don't they just call them gin-mills?) and lead us into middle-class virtue. They're going to replace promiscuity and sexual freedom with church weddings; gay bars, baths and orgy clubs with municipal-sponsored social centers (shades of Jane Addams' settlement houses!) and hedonism with calvinistic "social responsibility."

Father Hill and his friends in the anti-smut drive, the gay lib spokesmen, the women's libbers, even the counter-culturalists (those harbringers of the neo-Franciscan movement), adopt righteous poses and consider themselves, if not the stewards of the Lord, at least the possessors of a superior moral code that must be imposed upon the rest of us. They stand four-square behind that basic tenant of the old-time religion: "If man will not be virtuous by choice, we shall make him virtuous by law, through pressure, and, if necessary, by force."

Morality cannot be legislated. The temperance ladies tried to keep us from drinking and instead created organized crime. Father Hill tried to stamp out smut and established organized crime in that industry (one supposes they contribute heavily to Father Hill's movement). The little old ladies in army boots who run the *Village Voice* want to censor ads for model studios and massuers on the ground that these are "fronts" for whorehouses and call-boys. They ignore the reality that their attempts to squelch independant operators only insures organized crime will prevail in that field, too.

"Selfishness," Oscar Wilde said, "is not living as one wishes to live, it is asking others to live as one wishes to live." We'd all be better off if everyone lived by his own moral standards instead of trying to force his opinions on others. In other words, you go to the church of your choice and leave me alone to go to the warehouse of my choice.

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