

Dr. Herman Lynn Womack

Washington, D.C.— On August 25, U.S. District Court Judge Barrington D. Parker sentenced Washington's chief erotica publisher, admitted-homosexual Herman Lynn Womack, to 2½ to 7½ years in prison for transporting and mailing gay "ob-

## GUILD GUIDE PUBLISHER JAILED

Dr. Womack Draws 2½ To 7½ Years BY PERRIN SHAFFER

scene matter" across state lines and fined his Potomac News Company \$30,000. Two co-defendants, officers in Womack's organization, had been acquitted earlier for lack of evidence. The sentence was handed down a month after a two-week-long jury trial which the federal government hopes will set a precedent for banning pictures of nude adolescent and pre-adolescent youths.

The trial grew out of nationwide FBI bookstore raids conducted in April, 1970,

in five cities. The sole object of these raids was Womack's erotic publications, all of which are gay-oriented. According to Womack's senior editor, J.J. Proferes, the 15 publications ruled "obscene"—as well as several others—have been removed from bookstores to prevent further raids. Proferes complained that neither District Attorney Flannery's office nor the Morals Division of the D.C. police will tell a publisher what they consider "obscene" before marketing, but only after a "bust."

Of the 17 publications labelled "obscene" by the prosecuting U.S. Asst. Attorneys Hibey and Campbell, the jury disagreed on only two. The two were "Auto-Fellatio and Masturbation" and "Checkmate." They had nude males, but no sex action. Of the 15 judged "obscene," the subjects ranged in age from 5 to 17 years, according to Proferes. There was no sex action, although a few subjects displayed erections. Only one publication had duos

(continued on page 8)



Photo by Richard C. Wandel

LONG ISLAND POLICE ATTACK and beat up on Charles Burch, a Gay Activist who was peacefully demonstrating against sodomy laws in Suffolk County. Burch was arrested and GAA paid \$300 bail.

## Activists Beaten/Clubbed By L.I. Police

BY RICHARD C. WANDEL

Suffolk County, Long Island—A Suffolk County Patrolman attacked and beat a gay activist during a peaceful anti-sodomy law demonstration at the County Police headquarters in Hauppauge. The policeman attacked Charles Burch, wrestling him to the ground and beating his head on the pavement while other police maced Mr. Burch and other demonstrators who were attempting to break up the fight. The August 22 demonstration was in response to the arrest on August 7 of a Fire Island vacationer on charges of sodomy. The peaceful demonstration was a response by New York's GAA and GAA, Long Island. Early in the picketing several young "straights" began heckling the gays and carrying a crudely made sign reading "Queers Suck." The police merely watched and did nothing to quiet the "straights" even as they showered us with rocks and dirt spun from the wheels of their car. When some of the demonstra-

tors removed the sign and began carrying it in the picket line, a patrolman decided it was obscene and demanded its surrender. The protestors refused, stating that sign was political and protected under the U.S. Constitution. The police then attempted to take the sign by force, grabbing it from the hands of an activist. Charles Burch, in an effort to quiet the incident, interposed himself between the cop and the demonstrator; at this point the patrolman attacked him. After the fray Mr. Burch was charged with harassing an officer and resisting arrest. He was released on 300 dollars bail.

### Demonstrators Take Over

In response to what was called an "unprovoked attack on a peaceful demonstrator," the two GAA groups staged a second demonstration on August 27 with a takeover of the Suffolk County District Attorney's Office in Riverhead. About thirty demonstrators seized the office as

150 demonstrators picketed loudly outside. Although the District Attorney George Aspland was not in at the time, his subordinates reacted swiftly removing several of the intruders including GAA president Jim Owles who had strayed too close to the demonstrators. Arthur Bell, reporter for the *Village Voice*, was also removed but managed to regain entrance. After about 15 minutes to a half-hour, the sheriff arrived and informed us that unless we vacated the office immediately we would be removed. He implied that all would be arrested. Seventeen activists re-

mained to face arrest but as the sheriff's men began to escort us out of the office, it became apparent that no arrests were intended.

### More Beatings

I was the first being led out on the arm of an officer and I asked if I were being arrested. When no response came I pointed out that if arrested I would not resist but as I was not, I intended to refuse to move. The officer's foot quickly came between my own feet and I tumbled to the floor as the officer joked about how I had "tripped." As I was pushed out into the corridor, I repeated what I had said and was told that I would be shoved aside and left until last. As my fears began to grow, my brothers and sisters entered the corridor and one by one declared their intention not to move of their own accord. The sheriff's men were in an ugly mood and began a forced ejection of the group.

(continued on page 8)

## Inside

Los Angeles Bar Guide	..... p. 2
Holland's COC Club	..... p. 4
Ohio's Tightest Asshole	..... p. 7
West Side Life	..... p. 13
N.Y. Bar Guide	..... p. 19

# WHERE WILL YOU GO TONIGHT?

## A DIRECTORY FOR DISCRIMINATING DISPOSITIONS

### LOS ANGELES

#### HOLLYWOOD—LOS ANGELES

**ALDO'S**, 6413 Hollywood Blvd. Smack dab in the middle of Hollywood's hustle and bustle. If you enter through the front door, don't be put off by the coffee shop you must trek through to get to their CONTINENTAL LOUNGE. Fine dinner at reasonable prices and the bartenders are of the Hollywood tradition. GM, GF

**BLACK PIPE**, 2440 So. La Cienega. Packs them in. One of the most continually popular real bike bars in area. Has one hell of a waiting line to the men's room. GM

**BOLD VENTURE**, 6357 Hollywood Blvd. The old Alley has had a complete refurbishing. Boasts a nautical theme throughout with aquariums and ship models in abundance. The long narrow bar area has been fully utilized with mirrors to give the impression of a much larger area. A game room and an intimate piano bar area with booths along the walls. Rumor has it that the 6 am shift is now manned by the indomitable "Twiggy." If this is so, look for some wild action there between 6 and noon. GM, GF

**BUNKHOUSE**, 4519 Santa Monica Blvd. is billed as "a Western bar with a taste of leather." If this kind of bar is your bag, then you shouldn't miss it. The crowds are friendly and the atmosphere unique. GM

**CARRIAGE TRADE**, 8077 Beverly Blvd. Excellent cuisine served at moderate prices in an atmosphere of quiet elegance... except for Sunday Brunch—then it bears more resemblance to a buffalo run! GM, GF

**CLOSET**, 7561 Sunset Blvd. Opening at 8 pm weekdays, this popular tavern pulls in the young dancing crowd during the late week and weekend. Earlier in the week it's quite a pleasant spot for a quick beer on the way home. Initially gained recognition because of the friendly atmosphere that prevails. GM, GF

**CORNER POCKET**, 8800 Sunset Blvd. No one seems to know why this is a gay bar since the majority of the clientele insists it's straight. However, this popular Sunset Strip club packs Hollywood's most beautiful bodies in night after night and seldom does anyone go home alone! GM

**CROWN JEWEL**, 754 Olive St. Downtown's only fun bar. For drinking and cruising stay in the bar upstairs. For dancing and unbelievable atmosphere run downstairs to the IN CROWD PRESENTS. GM

**DAVID**, 7013 Melrose Ave. This extravagant venture cost someone tens of thousands. After closing due to police pressure a few years back, the old Red Raven opened with a blast of thunder and roll of drums... very mod, very chic, tons of shit hanging from the ceilings. People loved it 'til someone came along with another gimmick. DAVID then transformed itself into a dinner house. A couple of months ago, change-over was completed to restaurant and cocktail lounge with cathedral ceilings, sunken bar and very heavy on the mirrors. With all this elegance and change, one wonders when they are going to remodel their men's room and make sure there is soap in the washbowl dish before opening their doors. GM, GF

**DePAUL'S**, 1729 N. Ivar. One of the nicest spots in downtown Hollywood. Suffers from the desertion of settled people from the area. If it were located in West Hollywood or San Fernando Valley, it would pack them in nightly. Popular spot to stop for a drink after the office. GM, GF

**DON'S MALE BOX**, 1087 Manzanita. One of the most successful real leather bars in town packing in mobs seven nights a week. The whole bar is like a chapter out of a Larry Townsend leather novel. Don recently acquired a bar across the street and called it THE OTHER BOX and is trying various themes to get it off the ground. GM, GF

**DUDE CITY**, 836 No. Highland. Possibly the most elaborate gay bar in existence. The main bar itself is paneled in unfinished wood with a bar right out of the old west. All the light fixtures, mirrors, etc. are authentic. Through a rear door into the unbelievable. The place is actually a city! Complete with cobblestone streets, antique street lamps, shops, small entertainment area. It must be seen to be believed! The opening of DUDE CITY did not meet with the same enthusiasm from bar owners as it did customers in Hollywood since some other clubs reported a drop in business anywhere from 2% to 75%. GM

**THE END**, 7994 Santa Monica Blvd. Very popular with the young crowd especially as an after-hours gathering spot. Has the advantage of being next door to the Farm. Not a place for a quiet drink any time of the evening, however, since the music blasts from opening at 8 pm 'til closing at God knows what time. GM, GF

**FALCON'S LAIR**, 742 No. Highland. Lives up to its motto—THE bike bar. Offers off-street parking for bikers and very discreet entry. Watch for it or you'll miss it. It is so innocuous you'd never know it was there. But wait til you get inside. GM

**FALLEN ANGEL**, 2709 West 6th St. Beer bar that keeps grinding on year after year. Across from Richard Harris' MacArthur Park, pulls in a unique crowd that you'll find nowhere else in

the city. GM

**FARM**, 7978 Santa Monica Blvd. One of America's popular bars for the young folks. Very hip, young crowd. Not really a makeout bar since everyone there is so busy having fun that they don't think about who they're going home with. One drink minimum on weekends and holidays. GM, GF

**FOUR STAR**, 8857 Santa Monica Blvd. New owners have completed three delightful rooms for dining: The Patio Room, The Old English Room and finally the Fountain Room. For the money, the best food in town but menu rather limited. Service excellent, and it's still one of the most popular 6 am spots the city has to offer on weekends. GM, GF

**1170 CLUB**, 1170 N. Western Ave. One of the newer entries in the sudden rash of leatherbar openings with the rear entry and innocuous front that doesn't even tell you that it's there. GM

**GARDEN DISTRICT**, 747 North La Cienega Blvd. Popular bar and restaurant. Features two of the most outrageously comic bartenders in the city: Warren (more commonly known as Frieda) of Jim Bailey fame; and Wayne (aka Wanda The Witch) who operated a true institution a few years back called Aunt Charley's. Offers patio dining on fashionable upper La Cienega Blvd. and an interior unique. Hanging plants abound, flowers are everywhere, on the table, on the walls. See it. It's delightful. GM, GF

**GASLIGHT**, 1761 North Cahuenga Blvd. No matter what kind of place you're looking for, this is it! Tiny, intimate, cozy, friendly, name it and it will be it! This is THE place for the 6 am crowd on weekends. GM

**GAS STATION**, 6550 Santa Monica Blvd. One of the most personable bars in town. Decor is indescribable, and sound system can match or beat any of the straight rock palaces of Sunset Strip any night of the week. GM, GF

**GOLIATH**, 7011 Melrose Ave. Needless to say, this bold little beer bar stands next to the huge lavish DAVID. The similarity ends with location. When nude dancing became fashionable last year, even the neighborhood bars jumped on the bandwagon. Then came the "art" films! Following that were the busts. GOLIATH is the only bar that weathered the police and the court decisions, stayed open, kept the dancers bare assed and reeling while the films kept rolling (there was one period where for about a week the dancers were covered). They are now reaping the rewards as people mob the tiny room every night to find their pleasure where they may. GM

**HANDLEBAR**, Franklin Ave. A popular leather bar in the Hollywood area. Operated by Rudy Schmidt of Tradesman, Gear Box, and Schmidt HAUS days, this jumpy spot pulls its clientele just as much from the college campuses as from the bike runs. GM

**HUB**, 7864 Santa Monica Blvd. For nine years this veritable landmark has withstood competition right smack dab in the middle of L.A.'s gayest area. True, it has suffered its setbacks, but only to make three giant steps forward in just a short time. As the bar scene goes, it's like an oasis in a desert. The people are friendly, it's always busy, but never hectic. This is a back room bar in the true sense of the word: the back room sports a pool table that Minnesota Fats himself would be hard pressed to take. No plaster statues here. Jump in and enjoy yourself. The crowd is unique! GM

**HOLLYWOOD MUSIC CENTER**, 4658 Melrose Ave. Offers nude dancers, art films, dancing, coffee after-hours, and a host of surprises. It usually books a live band for the weekend and the people pack the oversized rooms. It's a natural for cruising since there are all sorts of alcoves and little stairways. When the place is really busy (and it gets jammed), you may find yourself walking around in circles. GM

**HYPERION**, 2810 Hyperion Ave. It never fails, there is always one bar in your own backyard that you never went to. No special reason for it, but you just never made it over. Then you go, and find just what you've been missing: some of the nicest people who go out once a week, live in their quiet homes nestled in the hills of Silverlake, an atmosphere that makes you walk up to people and say "HI!" and makes them respond positively. The bartenders are friendly and make you feel that you're a guest at their home rather than a customer. GM, GF

**LEMON TWIST LOUNGE**, 6423 Yucca. This quiet place halted the trend that had gays deserting the downtown Hollywood area for the nicer, more sophisticated bistros of West Hollywood or the Valley. It has a pleasant decor and personable staff. It's neither an entertainment center nor a sardine can, but a cozy, intimate place to socialize without all the gimmickery that seems so fashionable these days. GM, GF

**LITTLE CAVE**, 3111 Sunset Blvd. A very beautiful BUT very confused bar. Gay or straight as the case may be, the club does feature dancing, and one of the city's strangest decors: it is a reproduction of an actual cave, complete with drawings, stalactites and all. GM, GF

**LITTLE CLUB**, 1725 W. Florence. It's not so little! Their show regularly packs a real wallop

even though it only occurs on weekends. Their version of "Hair" attracts as many people today as it did at the Aquarius Theatre on opening night nearly two years ago. GM, GF

**OLIVER**, 365 N. La Cienega Blvd. Delightful room serving cocktails and dinner from 4 pm to 2 am seven days a week. Menu is extensive and prices are stunningly below any other restaurant of its calibre in town. Atmosphere is that of quiet elegance. Service tends to be rather inconsistent which is to be expected from a club this size that is relatively new. GM, GF

**SEWERS OF PARIS**, 1608 No. Cosmo Ave. One of the first atmosphere bars to hit L.A. The place actually resembles a Parisian sewer. You walk up an outside flight of stairs, through a door, across a landing, then down a stairway to one of the most unique rooms in town. The wall to wall, ceiling to floor, murals were all done by John Klamik of BUCKSHOT fame. Whether you go for the excellent luncheon or dinner or the unbelievably loud live band that plays after-hours for dancing, you can be assured of a unique experience. Int.

**SPOTLIGHT ROOM**, 1601 N. Cahuenga Blvd. What can you say about a tradition? In this one's case, it certainly is NOT dull! Don't be deceived by its initial impression that it's strictly a rough type bar! There is absolutely no telling who you're liable to run into there. It is unique in Los Angeles. Int.

**TRADESMAN**, 7505 Melrose Ave. Hollywood's most popular after-hours spot. Giant black light murals give first impression that it's a head bar, but it pulls crowds of all ages from all walks of life. Serves beer before 2 am. GM

**WAGON**, 7832 Santa Monica Blvd. The most authentic Western bar in existence to serve cocktails with a rumored expenditure of almost \$100,000. The place will undoubtedly see the hoards that once packed the old STAMPEDE again as the crowd there grows every night. GM

#### AT THE BEACH

**FRIENDSHIP CAFE AND LIQUOR SALON**, 112 West Channel Road, Santa Monica Canyon. During the summer forget it! You probably won't be able to get in. Directly across the street from State Beach (roughly 75% gay), one must cross Pacific Coast Highway through a tunnel that spills out directly in front of this fun spot. The bartenders pride themselves in overpouring, and after a long day in the sun, the bikini clad bronzed bodies pack the dance floor well into the morning hours. Upstairs, the "deck" holds a lot of surprises. During the winter when the "tourists leave," the locals still make it one of the funnest places around. Famed clinical psychologist Peggy Sue Gomez reigns supreme during the colder months as "Empress of Crazy Canyon" as she sings, dances and wears pretty hats. Find out how it got its name any night from late October 'til late April. GM, GF

**GOLDEN BULL**, 170 West Channel Road, Santa Monica Canyon. Half gay, half straight steak house. Boasts fine service but the food tends to ride the rollercoaster from above average to mediocre. Rather quiet, but often a pleasant change from the chaos of the other bars in the neighborhood. Quiet, that is, until PSG invades on one of her belly button cleaning projects. Int.

**HOLD**, 147 West Channel Road. Friendly beach bar across street from SS Friendship and Golden Bull. Follows the same trends from summer to winter as does Friendship. Features dancing. Very busy during summer on weekend afternoons. GM, GF

**LA CARAVELLE**, 54 Channel Road, Santa Monica Canyon. Pseudo-elegant cocktail lounge and restaurant. Prices are a little too high, but the food is generally above average. Their service has been known to send customers storming from the dining room. Just watch which waiter you get! The bar area is very gay and a party atmosphere prevails. Appeals to the older Malibu residents. Int.

**MATCHBOX**, 824 Ocean Front Walk, Venice. Popular little beer bar that packs them in off Venice Beach (almost as gay as State). Any bar in Venice is heavily populated with the female of the species since the younger gay male element in the area is too busy sitting home puffing on weed to get out to bars. Int.

**STUD**, 3913 W. Olive, Burbank. Unique as a leather bar since, instead of featuring the regular fare of leather bars like bike christenings and open meetings, they get their crowd with movies and one-night appearances by hypnotists and the such. GM

**TONY'S**, 10618 Burbank Blvd. SFV. Having dumped the show CHANGES that brought people from all over town to this spacious room, TONY'S is going through some changes! Fire dancer Fel Andrews is now pouring there to a hearty crowd and that's really the only attraction that a club needs. GM, GF

**WESTWINDS**, 1015 Ocean Front Walk, Venice. Owned by the same fellow that gave L.A. its first private club dance bar, the CANYON CLUB, some years back. Summer of '70 saw a new policy instituted at this very popular spot. To keep out the less desirable elements, the club went private after extensive remodeling. It

must have been the undesirable element that pulled in the crowds because it has spent summer of '71 trying to build its business back up to what it was, now that it has dumped its private club restriction. Int.

#### SAN FERNANDO VALLEY

**ACROPOLIS**, 6230 N. Sepulveda Van Nuys Blvd., SFV. A jumpy spot in the West Valley. Open only a few months, the tavern attracts a younger crowd with their very current jukebox and spacious dance floor. Beer only. GM, GF.

**ATTIC**, 11717½ Victory Blvd. N.H. Campy with a fun crowd that can keep a newcomer glued to a barstool for hours! Whether you walk in at 2 pm or 2 am you can be assured of a lot of laughs. Probably the San Fernando Valley's most popular beer bar. GM, GF

**BINOCHIO'S** Lankershim and Vanowen, SFV. If there's a memorial to Charles Pierce anywhere, then this is it. As a straight club (Lazy X) this giant showplace featured big names like Troy Walker and Phyllis Diller. It changed policy when the Gilded Cage in S.F. shut its doors and the inimitable Pierce needed a place to showcase his talent. Charles stayed a year and then signed with Les Natalli. His career is jumping by leaps and bounds and BINOCHIO'S is left with no show to speak of, and just hundreds of empty seats. Management is hanging in there though, hoping to find another act that will captivate audiences like the one they just lost. Int.

**BLA BLA CAFE**, 11059 Ventura Blvd., SFV. A relative newcomer to town, it quickly became well known and patronized for a number of reasons. It's not uncommon to see big names from stage and screen getting up to "do their thing." The food is excellent and quite moderate in price. Regular entertainers there are live and generally far above the fare offered by most gay clubs. Int.

**BLUE ANGEL WEST**, 12179½ Ventura Blvd. Popular dance/cocktail club. Frequently features live entertainment. GM, GF

**C'EST LA VIE**, 11920 Ventura Blvd. Like a number of other entertainment bars on Ventura Blvd., this relative newcomer makes a strong pitch for the tourist trade. Features excellent ½-price dinners Tuesday-Thursday from 6 pm - 7:30. Usually three shows a night with dancing between shows. Cast changes regularly so what it lacks in coordination it makes up for with variety. Home of Jack deVine, voted Personality of the Year at 1971 MAGGIE AWARDS. GM, GF

**GALLERY INN**, 11938 Ventura Blvd. Nothing to say about this cozy little cafe and cocktail lounge except it's consistently full of attractive people and the food can't be beaten for the price. Boasts some of the best looking waiters in the city! GM, GF

**HAYLOFT**, 11818 Ventura Blvd. A world unto itself! Nestled in the midst of drag bars, elegant cocktail lounges, fine restaurants, and dance bars, this strange tavern utilizes its high ceilings to duplicate the appearance of a real hayloft. It has a funky Western jukebox, and is generally packed with numbers in Levis and T-shirts. Very cordial crowd if you leave the black patent heels at home. Manager's name is Ralph Rotten—he lives up to his name. GF

**JOANI PRESENTS**, 6413 Lankershim Blvd. N.H. Comfortable dance bar that attracts both girls and boys. Features dancing and entertainment. Highlight of the evening is invariably when Joani herself lets loose on the drums. She's something not to be missed, this female Gene Krupa! GM, GF

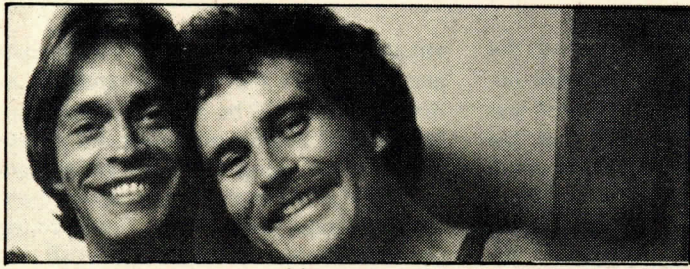
**KEITH'S**, 11801 Ventura Blvd., SFV. Valley landmark for years. Owners of Four Star acquired some time ago and utilized campy Western decor to establish one of the most popular restaurant/cocktail lounges in the Valley. Serves champagne brunch every Sunday for \$1.35. GM, GF

**PIER XII NORTH**, 2722 Main St., Santa Monica. Large beer bar that features a rather well-produced female impersonation show on weekends and dancing during the week. For the price you can't beat their Sunday afternoon buffet. Int.

**QUEEN MARY**, 12449 Ventura Blvd. Dates back to when full drag on stage was illegal in California. Ah, the good old days, with Sahdji sacheting down the runway with chiffon flying and wig coiffed to perfection. Underneath the gowns, the artists were required to wear slacks, shirt and tie. It got rather comical in the very dramatic numbers when they would wear those sultry off-the-shoulder gowns only to expose a white shirt and black tie. Today however, in more permissive times, Sahdji and crew are knocking both straights and gays cold with their elaborate shows. Undoubtedly the most professional in L.A. GM, GF

**WESTSIDE**, 6112 Venice Blvd. Rapidly becoming one of the city's most popular bars. It is one of the few bars in L.A. that offer the combination of dining, dancing and cocktail. On weekends, the liquor cabinets are locked up at 2 am and the place fills up even more for their swinging coffee hours. The cuisine is excellent and well in line pricewise with other restaurants in the city. Located across from Black Pipe. GM

# The Editors Speak



Lige and Jack

## THE HERESIES OF DR. HERMAN LYNN WOMACK

Richard Nixon, peeking through his White House blinds, can see homosexuals frolicking happily across the street in Lafayette Park. J. Edgar Hoover is privy, peeping through his office blinds, to the goings and comings of gay crowds in one of the more popular dancing bars in the nation's capital, directly across the street from the F.B.I.

Both men have been watching such carryings-on for years. Both, being sexual frustrates, are opposed to the strong, vibrant hedonism which characterizes much of gay society. Yes, as Tuli Kupferberg says, "Governments oppose fucking because old men oppose fucking."

Thus, it comes as no surprise to us that the F.B.I., backed by Nixon's absurd (publicly stated) belief that "Smut pollution is just as important a problem as the pollution of our physical environment," has been involved in a nationwide raid on bookstores carrying gay erotica. The crusade conducted by

these prudish frumps has resulted in the sentencing of Dr. Herman Lynn Womack, grand gay czar of the male nudie book industry. Dr. Womack lives in the same city with J. Edgar and Tricky Prick, and they've been reading his nudie books and going into absolute snits.

That Dr. Womack was sentenced to 2½ to 7½ years and branded by U.S. Assistant Attorney Campbell as "a danger to the community" is indicative of the rigid moralistic climate engendered by the current Administration.

Such federal bureaucrats pose a flagrant danger to freedom of the press, and to the rights of citizens to see/read sexually heretical books of their own choosing. Their opposition to such books is on a par with those religious fanatics who, centuries ago, burned nonconformists and their publications at the stake. Dr. Herman Womack is now a martyr to such idiocy, and we can only hope that higher courts will reverse the putrid decision of the U.S. District Court in Washington, D.C.

Walter R. Bishop, Chief of the Morals Division of the D.C. police, stated that "hard-core pornography" constituted penetration. None of the books, for which Dr. Womack was sentenced, contained pictures showing penetration. Since Washington's District Attorney prosecutes only 1% of "hard-core" materials seized, we must assume that Dr. Womack's prosecutors have aimed their guns at him—not because of "pornography" but because he is a homosexual pornographer. GAY believes that the Government's attack on him therefore constitutes an attack on the homosexual community itself—and on its right to read.

# GAY

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# Ohio Gays Open Community Center

Columbus, Ohio—The first week in August was a busy week for SIR of Ohio and their friends who assisted in the tremendous job of moving into the organization's new headquarters. One week later, the brand-new SIR Cultural and Community Center was ready for opening.

The SIR V.D. Clinic will remain at 129½ E. Naghten St., occupying two of the largest rooms previously used as SIR headquarters. All other facilities, including the research library, reading library, and general offices are now located in the new center at 140 E. Spring St.

"The additional 3,000 square feet of floor space allows us to considerably expand our activities and to relate more directly to a larger portion of the Ohio homophile community," said Tom Lewis, Executive Director of SIR of Ohio. "Viewing the New York GAA firehouse facilities encouraged us to accelerate our own scheduling, making this the third major expansion of SIR facilities in the last eighteen months," said Lewis.

The new center contains executive offices, counselling rooms, television lounge, recreation room, assembly hall, as well as greatly expanded storage space and work areas. Most of the needed furnishings and equipment were provided by friends during the moving-in week and all office furniture from the old quarters had been refinished in preparation for the move.

The assembly hall will feature a continuous display of works of art produced by Ohio gay artists. Oil paintings, water colors, drawings and other forms of art and craftsmanship will be displayed. Some will be offered for sale or rental.

The hours of operation for the V.D. Clinic will remain 8:00 pm to 10:00 pm Tuesday and Thursday evenings, and at other times by appointment. The new center hours have temporarily been established as 3:00 pm to 2:00 am daily. All facilities will be closed on Mondays; however, the center will be open Fridays and Saturdays until 5:30 am to allow "after bar" activities.

"Ohioans have long needed a central meeting place to coordinate functions of community need and interest. It is neces-

sary that we have an alternative to the 'typical bar' scene, if our culture is to thrive and recognize itself as a respectable, productive and contributing part of society. A relaxed atmosphere where individuals can relate to one another without exploitation, without 'alcohol-numbed' minds, and without the pressure to spend \$3.00 or \$4.00 an hour is essential," said Lewis.

Mr. Lewis concluded: "We must learn to express our brotherly love on a broader scale, but at the same time, we must

direct more love and compassion to our own people. Each of us can contribute toward the welfare of the homophile community. Real and substantial aid takes little giving, but can easily mean survival to one in need. The new SIR center will provide an opportunity for Ohioans to work together, to play together and to grow together."

All mail should be directed to P.O. Box 9761, Columbus, Ohio 43206. SIR telephone for all locations remains (614) 469-0154.

# Naval Commander Peeps And Tells

Annapolis, Md.—A demand has been made here for the Court Martial of Capt. R.D. Steele, Commanding Officer of the Annapolis Naval Station, on charges of Extortion and Communicating a Threat in the case of Dental Technician Ronald Stinson accused of off-base consensual homosexual acts. According to Dr. Franklin Kameny, President of the Mattachine Society of Washington, Mr. Stinson was accused of such acts and threatened with a Court Martial if he did not accept a less-than-honorable discharge after his commander, Capt. Steele, learned of his activity through an anonymous letter and photograph purported to show Mr. Stinson performing fellatio. Mr. Kameny stated that: "Our fine American Navy has been noted over the years as being the bastion of racism and anti-semitism among our Armed Services. Having been forced to abandon these nefarious discriminations, it has found another minority group against whom to take out its viciousness. Let it be known that the homosexual community, also, is fed up with the bigotry of the Armed Services . . . Apparently our Navy has nothing better to do than to use its time, energies, manpower and funds to needlessly harass, persecute and destroy our own citizens . . . The Navy is not doing anything worthwhile these days anyway, and seems to



Dr. Franklin Kameny: "Eliminate the Navy!"

have outlived its usefulness; let's just eliminate it completely as a bad job."

Dr. Kameny plans to begin his fight against the Navy at a Discharge Board Hearing in the case of Mr. Stinson called for September 8, at the Annapolis Naval Station. It is the Navy, not Mr. Stinson, Mr. Kameny stated, who will be on trial.

# The Randy Wicker Basket



A Street in Old Amsterdam



The Dutch publish their own version of "GAY"

BY RANDY WICKER

Most gay tourists visit Amsterdam's famed C.O.C. club located at 49A Korte Leidsedwardsstraat just a few feet from a small square filled with coffee tables and tourists called Leidseplein. They find a lively discoteque where a glass of beer or a shot of Dutch gin costs the equivalent of 33 cents and not particularly different from gay dancing bars anywhere else in the world except for a required two-week membership card costing \$1.40 and a small literature table and bulletin board near the door featuring a collection of books on homosexuality—all in Dutch.

For many years I had heard of the C.O.C. and as an activist in the then impoverished American gay movement was greatly impressed by the fact that the C.O.C. owned its own club and the building it occupied and managed to employ a small staff to pursue its goals. Having come to Amsterdam on vacation, I decided to investigate.

C.O.C.'s main headquarters is located some ten blocks from the club off Leidseplein. It consists of a four-story building at 14 Frederiksplein filled with modern office equipment and conference rooms. This building, unlike the one housing the club itself, is only leased by the C.O.C.

I was directed to the second floor where one of C.O.C.'s eight paid staff members, Mrs. Marie Rynders, set aside a pile of correspondence to answer some of my questions.

As head of the Foreign Committee she received *The Advocate* regularly and followed events in the States with interest. However, she explained, the approach taken by the gay movement in the United States and that taken by the C.O.C. were quite different. The American way of doing things was different—militant confrontations, demonstrations, marches.

In discussing the internal politics of the movement, I ventured some personal observations on the male-female divisions so difficult in the United States. At one point, I indirectly implied that she was a lesbian.

"You see, I am not a homosexual myself," she explained. "I work here at the C.O.C. in public relations, but I myself am heterosexual."

She said that Co Sterken, General Secretary of the C.O.C., was the person I should talk to in greater detail and arranged an appointment for later in the week.

Notebook in hand I went to interview Mr. Sterken in a psychology lab at Amsterdam University where he worked. He was a scholarly-looking chap in his late twenties with dark hair, a firm handshake and a warm grin. The following is a transcription of notes taken during the two-hour interview which followed:

"To understand the COC, what it is, what its philosophy is and how it developed that approach," Sterken commenced, "we must proceed in a structured way."

You see, there have been several unique scientific studies in Dutch and these studies form the basis of our approach. The first one was done a few years ago and was financed by the government, by the Minister of Culture, Recreation and Social Work. It sought to determine the different attitudes about homosexuality found in Holland.

It found that there were two types of negative attitudes widely prevalent in the population. The first group, which comprised approximately one third of the population, was aggressively hostile to homosexuality as a phenomenon and to homosexuals as individuals.

This aggressively-negative group expressed the feeling that homosexuals should have no influence in society, that they should be thrown out, that they were bad people. By using certain social indexes we could locate them exactly. They had lower educational levels, lived in rural areas, were more religious than the population at large and tended to be older. They tended to be aggressive to other minorities as well, had what we call in psychology *authoritarian personalities*.

The second negative group which was separate from the above and which also included about a third of the population was not aggressive toward homosexuals as persons but had feelings of uneasiness

about the phenomenon laced with sorrow and pity. They feel homosexuality is an illness and should be hidden, allowed only in special homosexual clubs and private houses. This group was more generalized in the population and could not be located in specific groups. It included young and old, liberal and Catholic. We call this an isolation attitude.

There is an overlap in our study. You see, this middle group is positive toward homosexuals personally but feel the phenomenon should be isolated. Because of this overlap we found that two-thirds of the population had an isolation attitude while at the same time two-thirds had a positive attitude.

It's my impression that the aggressive attitude is much larger in the USA, although a positive mood seems to be growing. We do not need to demonstrate to show that there is a homosexual problem or that there are homosexuals. People in Holland know that.

We would try to avoid homosexual candidates for office. You might end up with a bad one. There are Members of Parliament in the Labor Party who publish the fact that they are homosexual and one member of Parliament, a woman who happens to be a heterosexual, is a member of the COC. We are struggling for *integration* and against the gay community.

"What about psychiatrists in Holland?"

Psychiatric developments have been quite different here when compared to the United States. Dr. W. Sengers developed a theory, a psychiatric approach to homosexuality which started with the fact of homosexuality during puberty and the process of self-recognition.

Dr. Sengers saw a three-stage development. In the first stage the person rejects his homosexuality and there are negative feelings of self. Here Dr. Sengers felt the person should be given insight into the reason for rejection of his feelings.

The second stage of self-acceptance comes when a person accepts his homosexuality on an individual level but still rejects homosexuality socially. This leads to a double life. Psychologically they accept their homosexuality, but they move to an anonymous big town, sometimes frequent toilets, have separate groups of friends and are outwardly more conservative than the average citizen. Such a double life is unhealthy and always permeated by the fear of discovery. Here Dr. Sengers said he encouraged the homosexual person to be more open with parents, friends, co-workers.

The third stage is complete self-acceptance. At this point the homosexual accepts himself and is internally satisfied. He feels free to talk about and show his relationships in society.

This theory had a big influence here in Holland and psychiatrists no longer discuss things like "is he a real homosexual or not." Changing homosexuals into heterosexuals is also not discussed.

Homosexuals with problems can go to the Consultation Bureau Schorer Foundation here in Amsterdam which is supported by the Government.

Schorer was the man who in 1911, when the first Dutch law against sex with those under twenty-one was passed, spoke out against it and started working for its repeal. He started the movement here in Holland and worked until 1940 when the Nazis occupied the country. Then, after the war, we began again. So the COC is about sixty years old.

The Schorer Foundation, as I said, is sponsored by the Government and has three points which it uses in its approach. First it aims at helping the person accept his homosexuality in a complete sense so

(continued on page 12)

# DESERTED ON THE DESERT

BY JOHN FRANCIS HUNTER

Author of THE GAY INSIDER

Careful readers with long memories may be expecting me to start off this second episode of my Gay Insider U.S.A. saga with a graphic narration of how my GAA sticker ("The person next to you may be a homosexual./Does it matter?") got me laid in New Mexico. Which I promised to relate (in issue no. 57), because it *did*, but as there's so much else to tell about the gay life in The Land of Enchantment, I'm going to make short shrift of the tale. I mean, it simply concerns a humpy youth who offered to help me with my luggage at the air terminal in Santa Fe; who came on very straight at first about his being a former Air Forcer once stationed in Turkey now checking out a local college (which has a Christian Brothers franchise); and who offered to let me share his motel room when it looked as if my reservation at LaFonda Hotel had been fucked up. Once we were alone together over a Red Eye (half beer, half Snappy Tom), he confessed, "I noticed that sticker on your shopping bag (I have a matched pair), and..." He was randy, you see, more randy than *simpatico*.

It seems to me everybody, genital male, that is, is randy in Santa Fe. Maybe it's the chili peppers. Or the fact that the culture is so ancient, and products of ancient cultures, despite the entrenchment of parallel ancient oppressive institutions like the church, have learned what's important in life. Like sex. Anyway, they're horny in Santa Fe, and I'm not sure which group is the horniest. The Chicano locals who occasionally rough up a long-hair (and, it was rumored recently, castrated a couple of hippie hitchhikers in a back seat)? The rodeo cowboys in their form-fitting shirts and crotch-gripping Levis? The swaggering wranglers in Western straw (never Dude felt) hats who supply stock to the movie companies descending in ever-increasing numbers on this land of delphinium blue skies and majestic, mesa-crenellated horizons? The urbane, imported staff and apprentices of the flashy Santa Fe Opera Company (which on its dazzling opening nights rivals the Met for chic and social clout, straight and gay)? Willowy, bearded and banged heads newly settled in the high desert who live like the lilies of the field or from the proceeds of their cottage industry? Groovy tanned couples on their way through from Phoenix or Boulder or Dallas on vacation? Or affluent members of the local jacket-and-tie gay society?

## Plays No Favorites

I sampled representatives of each category and am not about to make a group disclaimer or, either, tout one over the other. I have catholic tastes. And am always horny myself. However, if you prefer numbers, that is quantity, well, it's open season during the summer on couples, male-male, that is, looking for a sandwich. Especially on Saturday nights.

Now Santa Fe is not a mecca for a New Free gay who practices the "Blatant is Beautiful" philosophy. No matter what the currently available guide books say, there is no gay bar per se. This is automatically inhibiting. The well-known local gays play the dating game frequently while fooling nobody, of course. (And please note that there is some obligation to *fool* around here, I don't want to mislead you as I enthuse.) Doyen of the closed Santa Fe society is a dashing handsome painter who plays a lot of kissy-kissy with matrons and *soignee* genital female singles in town for a new art show or an opera premiere (this year it was *Yerma*, yet!), and he often has in tow some enormously tantalizing young GM import whom he keeps hands off until he's had one too many Tequila Sunrises, then he gets a little overtly amorous. He never gave me a single tumble in six weeks of residence, which I suppose was my one major frustration. I mean, if you're going to report properly on the gay culture anywhere you have to manage entree to the grand homes as well as the Gay Lib milieu and the tearooms, don't you?

## Lonesome on CSLD

Let me tell you flatly there's no Gay Lib Movement in Santa Fe. Feeling morose and left out the night before Christopher Street Liberation Day, I ruefully suggested to the hippest member of the opera company (name of Jim, and he's a cruising buddy and make-out artist of the first order) that we organize a demonstration the next day, brandishing pillow slips emblazoned "Gay Power" and "Gay Is Good." He rather seriously said he was willing to risk it, but we were cautioned by another opera groovy guy (an ex-lover of a dear friend in New York who gave me a grand reception) not to give the Brown Berets anything to shoot at. The Brown Berets, Chicano activists? But aren't the Third World people on *our* side? (Whatever happened to the precepts of the GLF?)

On the afternoon of the big day itself there was an endless procession of frilly pious children and chanting senoras in lace mantillas and skirted priests and somber-suited laymen stretching from far



John Francis Hunter visits a desert hot spot.

down San Francisco Street up past the ancient Plaza and across the Santa Fe Trail to the Cathedral of St. Francis—in celebration of the Assumption of the Virgin! What about Gay Liberation? By nightfall I was so frustrated I was ready to expose Francis at the foot of the monument which proclaims the City of the Holy Faith as the oldest continuous seat of government in the U.S. (from 1610) and cry out, "Haven't you heard what happened at the Stonewall two years ago!" Then I talked long distance with my lover and Lige and Jack, who had celebrated all together along with thousands of others in the Sheep Meadow, and my lover had met a beautiful person named Michael, and I realized the world was still spinning gayly somewhere. Becalmed, I went in and found a trick, right in the bar of LaFonda...

## Not a Gay Bar

The bar in LaFonda is madly integrated. Sometimes it looks like a cruise ship ballroom with all those sharkskin suits and crisp frocks and joined arms pumping to "The Jersey Bounce." (Honest, I don't know whether it's coming back in or left over, but you can see the *turistas* Lindying up a storm any night of the week to it—and the vocalist belts out "Granada" to furious huzzahs along about the witching hour, too.) But at the bar itself during Rodeo or on opera nights or when late summer Fiesta is in full sway it's males elbow-to-elbow. Rather reminiscent of the old Bon Soir with its tables-for-couples and standing-room-for-gays where you could get a blowjob in the corner right during Felicia Sanders). Cruisy as

can be—for an integrated bar.

Though you may be directed to the Forge at the Inn of the Governors and the Plaza Bar (on the Plaza, right), don't be misled. The former, with its piano bar, is almost entirely straight, and the latter is a Chicano neighborhood bar where the locals tank up on Dos Equis and play it *muy macho*, generally with *chiquitas* snugly at their side. LaFonda is the only place to make out except for the sidewalks surrounding it after two a.m. closing (midnight on Sundays).

## Fun For a Dime

And in LaFonda's basement is the cruiseiest tearoom between the first truck stop west of Topeka and Los Angeles. In the marble wall between two of the stalls is a glory hole bigger than a fist on a Movement banner—and which can accommodate your cock *and* balls if you're agile enough to crouch down and thrust everything through. Reliable pickup spot morning, noon and night, anything from long-hairs to superstraight transient studs to cowboys. Believe me, Michael Giammetta! Perhaps it was just coincidence, but after my second week in town they installed a pay lock on the hallway door...

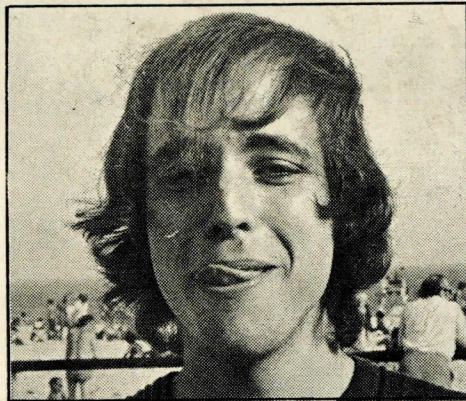
If you are traveling through the Southwest, by all means route yourself through Santa Fe. If you are contemplating moving out of a polluted urban area into a land where the arts (and crafts) abound, where the young are establishing themselves in the mountains and on the high desert (chiefly in Taos and Santa Fe and in and around the pueblos between), and where the old come to renew rather than to wither and die (as in Phoenix), investigate The City Different and its environs. There really is plenty of room, in this fifth largest state where the population hovers at a million, for individuality to flourish, and that includes the sexual. If the game-playing and role-playing seems a little heavy for you in Santa Fe, though, there is Albuquerque, don't forget...

## Wild West Means Albuquerque

It took me all of fifteen minutes, at seven in the evening, to connect with a whole party of gays at the venerable Heights Cocktail Lounge, 4209 Central Avenue, N.E., and be invited by an incandescent New Mexico University senior, Frog, to go on to the private dance bar, The Upstairs, 2933 Monte Vista, above the Brass Kettle. If you're staying at a motel on Central, the main drag, Highway 66, be

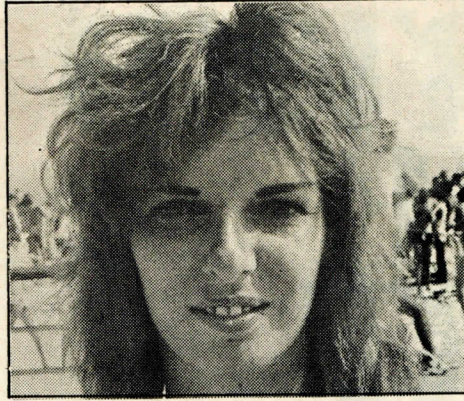
(continued on page 14)

# The Cruising Photographer



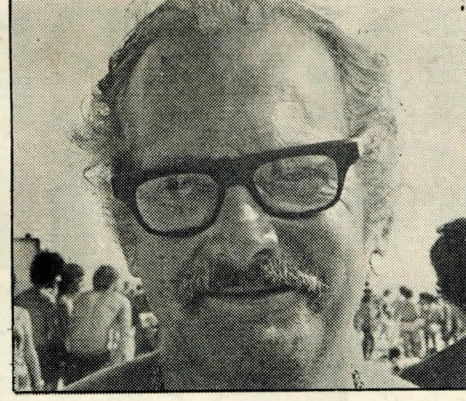
Bob Roth, Saddlebrook, N.J.:

"I'm really glad you asked me that because ice cream and sex have always been two of my favorite things in life. I think that the choice of what flavor tastes best is up to each person—and in that respect ice cream and sex are very much alike—it's just a matter of personal taste. Also both can be very filling. The similarity ends there though, since if you want some ice cream it's almost always because you want to eat it (unless I'm very old-fashioned), but there are all kinds of things you can do with another and what you want to do with a person can determine what kind of a person you want to do it with. There are at least 37 different kinds of ice cream, and the question seems to assume that there are only two kinds of people. If Howard Johnson's just offered banana and cherry, I don't think I would go there. It's good that there are all kinds for all tastes. The variety of people is almost limitless. The choice of ice cream is more limited—that's why I like sex better than ice cream. Some people, I suppose, like ice cream better—if that's what you like, do it."



Tracy Childers, Queens:

"I feel that the main reason that people, myself included, turn homosexual is that there is so much more feeling and compassion for the other party. Of course there are exceptions to every rule, but in general the feelings run deeper. Also there are no legal ties to choke you, you're together because you want to be and not because it's cheaper."



Guy Charles, Manhattan:

"Definitely not! The oppression which gays have experienced for generations has produced lifestyles that make a gay a different being from the straight. This is one of the reasons that straights essentially cannot understand gays and their lifestyles. You might say that there are many flavors in gay lifestyles but we will never be placed on the same cone as straights."

## QUESTION:

Do you agree with the statement that being Gay or Straight is no different than preferring one flavor of ice cream over another?

## Pem Points

### HOLY UNIONISM

Dear GAY:

Re: Your article August 16, 1971: *A Good Jewish Boy Attends A Christian Service*:

Never having been joined in holy union to anyone, I can not presume to criticize the manner in which Robert Clement and John Noble meet the challenges and problems of that way of life.

Being joined in holy union—at a place other than my own church—because permission was refused at my normal place of worship, is a problem I am not in a position to cope with.

We are not all religionists, nor are we all Deacons or Priests, nor do we all belong to that New American Denomination, the *Church of the Beloved Disciple*.

As for *joined in holy union* being not a *marriage*, it appears to be the duty of a servile species to support a patriarchal priest and emulate heterosexual marriage.

Might one suggest less exhibitionism and more men's liberation?

Perhaps less pretension and ceremony patterned after what dark ages theatrical rite we know not of, less press coverage and less emulation of Christian religion, will lead us on to more positive objectives.

Our true objectives are thrown completely out of perspective when the press is invited to a *private* ceremony, that should indeed be *private*.

T.C.  
NYC

### CLOSET READERS

Dearest GAY:

One of the luckiest days of my life was the one when I discovered GAY. I was driving in St. Louis and passed an "adult book store" that I had passed many times before, afraid to stop. Well, that day I was alone and in an adventurous mood, so by damn, I turned around, parked, and went in. There I saw GAY and several other homosexual publications. I purchased a copy of each and discovered yours to be the best. As soon as I can acquire a P.O. box, I plan to subscribe (I live with my parents and am still "closet"). That will be next month when the "P.O. year begins." In the meantime I'm sure others as well as myself would greatly appreciate it if you would add a page of listing action spots in parts of the country other than N.Y. and N.J. This would probably help raise circulation even more, particularly here in mid-America. Being a "closet case" as I said above, I have a great deal of trouble finding much action. I would like to develop a "meaningful relationship" with another guy, but I can't find anyone other than in the john. This doesn't lead anywhere. Others must have my problem, and a page as I suggested would be a great help. Other than this, I have no other suggestions. The paper is near-great for all and great for the N.Y.-N.J. areas. Keep up the good work.

Sincerely,  
J.T.

ED. NOTE: GAY is growing. You will note that we have just opened a West Coast office in Los Angeles, 373 N. Western Ave., Suite 203, Hollywood, Calif. 90004.

Middle Americans who wonder where to go in their particular states may get the *International Guild Guide* (1971) for \$5 from Guild Press, 507 8th St., S.E., Washington, D.C. If there's a gay club or bar near you, the *Guild Guide* lists it.

Hope you're able to come out of your closet soon!

### MORE DEVIATION LESS POPULATION

Dear GAY:

That homosexuality in both men and women may be nature's way of curbing population growth seems obvious but it has always seemed to me that a gifted writer (and you have many on your staff) might be able to make something readable of it. After all, the base upon which most of the world's piled up troubles rest is right there. How about it?

And I enclose an "Ode" of mine that you might possibly find useable.

It is a relief to find that what might have been construed as Mr. Leitsch's *Valedictory* turns out not to be. Whether fact or fantasy or both, his piece about servicemen in Germany is a delight, practically on a par with the Auden one.

Admirably yours,  
Alfred O. Wyker

ED. NOTE: Although homosexuality is

one way of curbing the population growth, it's not THE way. In spite of what Archbishop Neverfuck says, artificial devices are still tops. Thanks for your groin poem which we're pleased to print:

### ODE TO THE GROIN

*Hail Groin! Thou shallow, shadowy cave  
But home of Phallus, erotic  
Consumer of his webbed, supporting spheres,  
Vulnerable now thou art, Groin,  
But not so anciently.  
Now on two ill-designed and delicate feet  
Man stands erect; thy former, harboring cave  
Scarcely depressed at all in consequence.  
But hail Groin! In adequate shelter of man's  
ecstasy.  
—A.O.*

### GAY LIBERATION'S GREAT GRANDFATHER

Dear GAY:

I have read your article, "Gay Liberation's Great Grandfather," in the Aug. 30, 1971 issue of GAY. I enjoyed the article very much and I would like to know where I could obtain the books of Edward Carpenter.

Yours truly,  
P.G.

ED. NOTE: Edward Carpenter's works are found mostly in second-hand bookstores. "The Intermediate Sex" was reprinted in Donald Webster Cory's excellent anthology, "Homosexuality: A Cross-Cultural Approach" published by Julian Press.

# OHIO'S TIGHTEST ASSHOLE

## The Mayor of Columbus

BY THANE HAMPTEN

**H**ATE! isn't healthy. We all know it, but do very little to avoid it. Some even make a profession of it. I always feel guilty about Hate—(why play the enemy's game, even if it does feel so good?)—and try to limit myself to just one satisfyingly festering sore at a time. And it's much easier to concentrate on the individual subject. The only drawback: you must always have a spare loathing in cold storage in case your prime object dissolves. (I wandered around, a lost soul, for weeks after Joe McCarthy died.)

Gays, of course, have it easy. We have our choice of innumerable targets. Oh, the vipers at beck and call! Alas, beside the guilt, and fear of too much poison entering my body, I don't have the time to catalog, much less actively despise all our nauseating nemeses. Sometimes a single Object of Immediate Loathing of such magnitude comes your way that it glows with irresistible presence and you feverishly abandon yourself to it.

This one was custom-made for me as it allowed me to return to the source of one of my horned toad haunts: Middle-America. More specifically: Columbus, Ohio. Now, don't get me wrong. I have nothing in particular against Columbus (except indifference) or rather, I *didn't* have—until I became aware of its seventy-four-year-old, three-term mayor, "Jumping Jack" Sensenbrenner. Any town that would elect such a . . . *person*—(I'm saving the name-calling for later)—for three or more terms must approve of, and be in total accord with his diseased mentality. Therefore, hear ye, citizens of Columbus! May the Great Flaming Cocksucker visit your mud hovels and render your women, your parakeets, and your fields barren for a thousand years.

Last December, one of the networks televised a two-hour presentation called *The American Adventure*. This documentary utilized Columbus as a focal and reference point. It had been chosen as a "microcosm of America." Included was a speech given by Mayor Sensenbrenner to a local meeting of the United Steel Workers Union. (Oh, yes . . . oh, yes . . .) He mounted the podium and surveyed his blue-collar, beer-belly loyalists. Applause. Lots of it. They know him; he knows them. And he gives them what they want. There is nothing new or revelatory in his speech. It is simply a fond recitation of The Bigot's Catechism. They know it by heart. They lip-sync with Sensenbrenner. They grin broadly and nod in enthusiastic unison. They *love* it.

"You gotta have a dynamic faith in God, that's number one. And a dynamic faith in this



Ohio politics are handled with a certain . . . flair?

red, white, and blue. This American flag and a dynamic faith in the American home. It's just too bad I don't have a lot of students here and some of these little nuts who don't like their dad and mom. They better change their mind. They need to get back to what made America the greatest nation in the world!"

In the short pep talk—(coach to team—*Rah! Rah! Zis-Boom-Bah!*)—"Jumping Jack" managed to cram the absolute maximum in lavish vituperation; contempt for youth, ridicule of homosexuals, disdain for anything intellectual, not to mention the expected rampant chauvinism, ethnic slurs, abysmally cheap vulgarity and colossally mangled grammatical construction.

Sample the unintentional humor: (In his one grudging tribute to the floundering younger generation)—"Did you know the students at Ohio State wheeled a bathtub downtown on roller skates, collecting money for the heart fund, crippled children, cerebral palsy, *all the good things in life.*" (Italics mine.)

Sample the intentional humor: "I walked up to one screwball at 15th and High and I said, 'George, where you from?' He says, 'My name's Florence!'" At this point, Sensenbrenner drops his wrist heavily, flutters his eyelashes, and twists the mouth into a petulant little moue. Wild applause and raucous guffaws. *Beat up a Queer for Christ, Boys! Beat up a Queer for Christ!*

On civil rights: "You're looking at one mayor who'll never order his policemen, or highway patrolmen, or deputy sheriff, or national guardsmen anywhere in this world for a riot *without their guns being loaded!*" At the mention of "guns," his audience pops a collective hardon, pupils dilate, and breathing becomes labored.

But most interesting of all to me were his constant evocations of The Diety as all-encompassing panacea for social ills. I carefully counted ten references to God that spilled in calculated yet automatic profusion from his lips. His concluding remarks *alone*: "Stand up for God. Stand up for America. And stand up for pop and mom, the greatest people that made this America the kind of a nation that God wants it to be!"

And who should know better what kind of a nation this very peculiar God wants it to be than "Jumping Jack" Sensenbrenner? After all, they think exactly alike. And doesn't J.J. speak to The Old Man every night before retiring? Sometimes, when the connection's bad, he gets William Jennings Bryan on the line, but that's okay. All on the side of the angels.

But does Sensenbrenner really believe all the horseshit he spouts? No, of course not. This is just another two-bit patent medicine salesman; a horny backwoods evangelist, dripping rancid Jesus-sweat; an ordinary, cynical, dogmatic, despotic demagogue. Ignorant, but not dumb, he gains his position by thinking slightly faster than the other clods, and by willingly and publicly orchestrating their astonishing spectrum of prejudices and fears. The only thing *he* fears is *change*.

After that program ended, I was depressed, as I usually am when reminded that such fossilized smegma as Sensenbrenner still exist. I know . . . How could I forget? Simple suppression, that's all. I live in my warm little cocoon, surrounded by my loving gay friends who protect me from the Blue Meanies. I know they exist, but if I close my eyes, they go away. Except that this time, "Jumping Jack" kept

prancing before my eyes. And I suddenly realized that I had a genuine, authentic Hate in my line of vision. Which also reminded me that we need an occasional Sensenbrenner around to keep us *on our guard*. In gratitude, I tried to write an article about him for *GAY*, contrasting him with one of my favorite people, Dr. Margaret Mead. It was a fine concept, but it didn't jell. The two individuals are so far apart the idea became a grotesque joke and an insult to Dr. Mead.

I abandoned the project, cautioning myself to never go through Columbus without a fresh tetanus shot. Back to the cocoon, (but *on guard!*) And then, in the August 15th *GAY* (issue no. 57), a headline: *Ohio Mayor Says: "No Gays In My Town!"* (Correction for the editors—J.J. would never speak of godless-commie-fruits as "Gays." Too kind; too . . . *intimate*.) I read further, activating my dormant ulcer. With the barbarians battering the bulwarks, His Dishonor took to the radio. "I will not permit homosexuals in my All-American city. They are sick, perverted degenerates that require treatment. Anyway, homosexuals are full of condensed milk." (Bordon's or Carnation?)

Well, I do *de-clare!* Ain't that a knee-slapper? Shucks, I'd know ol' Jumpin' Jackoff's red-hot rhetoric anywhere. Just so cute you wanna run right up and take a juicy bite outta his calloused ol' fanny. *All-American* city? Why, this can't be the same Columbus that allowed one of its citizens to get up before that teevy camera and spout: "The blacks are saying that the white has overpowered him, which is not true. If they want equal rights, which they *have* got, they have the option of getting out and work for it which they want everything handed to them which I believe is wrong." (Note—exact, verbatim quotation; the incomprehensible structure is too amusing and revealing to change.)

*All-American* city? Yup. *Literally*. Where niggers have all the rights but are too lazy to use 'em. Where signs of immorality are based upon evidence of " . . . topless waitresses, nude love scenes in movies, premarital sex, and swear words." Where happiness is a warm *Bonanza* and unending football games in living color. Where security comes with knowing the mortgage will be paid off in fifteen years and both cars are still running okay, thank God. Where the kids stick to beer and there's not one speck of that mary-jouanna stuff floating around, thank God! Where there are no homosexuals, *thank God!!* And that's a fact. *Our mayor would never lie to us. Ain't it a shame you all don't live in Paradise, Ohio?*

(continued on page 17)

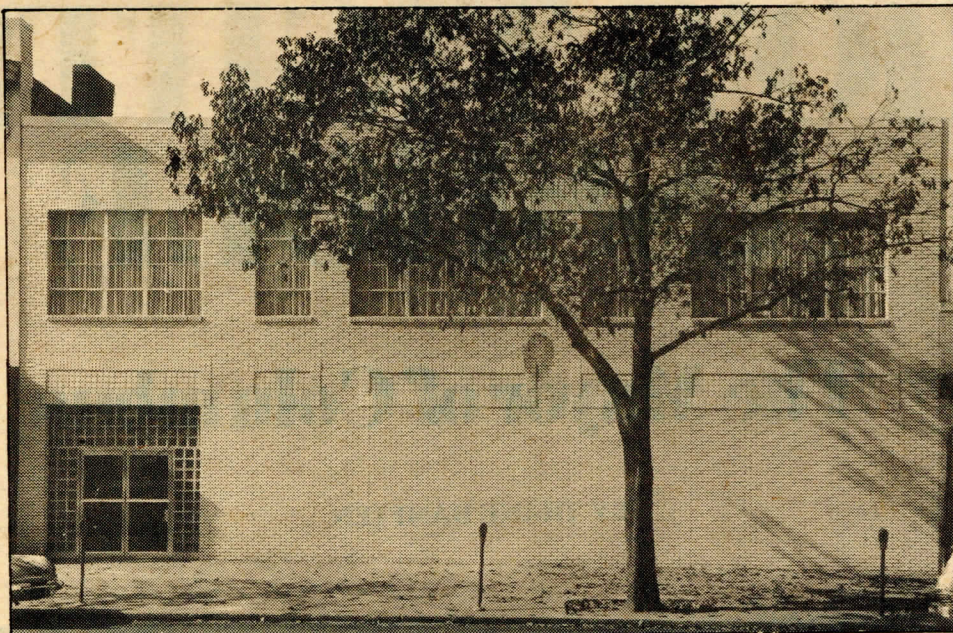
# Dr. Womack Draws 2 1/2 To 7 1/2 Years

(continued from page 1)

and only three featured pre-pubescent males.

On a post-trial CBS show on the D.C. erotica business, Inspector Walter R. Bishop, Chief of the Morals Division of the D.C. police, said that "hard-core pornography" constituted penetration. By that definition, none of Womack's publications was "hard-core." Although District Attorney Flannery's office prosecutes only 1% of the "hard-core pornography" seized by Bishop's men, in Womack's case his office has prosecuted material which falls far short of Bishop's definition of "hard-core." The defense charged discrimination against homosexuals, since similar heterosexual material was not being prosecuted. The government denied the charge, conceding to the defense that homosexuals had a right to their own literature.

The main battle between the defense and the prosecution centered less directly on the charge of anti-gay persecution than on the concept of "obscene." The prosecution labeled the seized publications "obscene, lewd, lascivious, and filthy." The defense countered that there was no such thing as "obscenity," that the publications aroused only "normal erotic interest." Homosexual leader Frank Kameny was asked if he, as an expert on homosexuality, thought the gay



A plain, little-noticed building houses Dr. H. Lynn Womack's enterprises, Guild Press, at 507 8th Street, S.E., Washington, D.C. It is here that the International Guild Guide to gay bars and clubs is published annually.

community would consider the publications to be "prurient" in the Supreme Court's sense of the word: "appealing to shameful or morbid interest in sex, nudity, or excretion." Kameny responded "No," likening the publications to a *Playboy* centerfold. The defense countered the "contemporary community stan-

dards" issue with the assertion that erotic bookstores would not be thriving and increasing in number if the community did not support them financially.

Typical of erotica trials, the prosecution presented no studies or other evidence alleging the harmful effects of the material on trial. Nevertheless, Judge Par-

ker refused bond at trial's end on U.S. Asst. Attorney Campbell's contention that Womack posed "a danger to the community." The sense of outrage felt by Washington's gay community at this unusual action was expressed in a letter from GAA:

In view of the routine issuance of bond to murderers, thieves, narcotics dealers, and those guilty of other crimes with victims, we find outrageous the denial of bond to a publisher of books—ANY books—on the obviously specious ground that he is a "danger to the community"

... We feel that not only has Dr. Womack not been doing harm to the community, but he has supplied a valuable service to the community and should be commended, not condemned. We, the homosexuals, know this and it is our community which utilizes the materials in question.

At the sentencing, when Campbell again requested that bond not be issued—again due to "danger to the community"—Judge Parker asked what the danger was. "Campbell just stammered and stutted and couldn't answer," Frank Kameny reported.

J.J. Proferes and Judge Parker both feel that the Court of Appeals or Supreme Court will reverse Judge Parker's sentence. However, Proferes looks apprehensively at a government which is paradoxically turning more against erotica as its citizens turn more towards it.

## U.S. Student Ass'n Establishes Gay Desk

BY ERIK LARSSON

Fort Collins, Colo.—The U.S. National Student Association established a Gay Desk and won a no-discrimination pledge from an insurance firm at its 24th annual Congress which ended here August 29.

Named to run the Gay Desk was Warren Blumenfeld, the NSA staff member who was active in the Gay Caucus at the convention and who was instrumental in putting gay rights on a convention agenda that, until the last minute, ignored the issue.

Blumenfeld was formerly with NSA's Center for Educational Reform. From the Gay Desk he is to provide help to campus gay liberation groups and design "programs to combat sexism at member campuses" of NSA, at an estimated 200 or more colleges.

The resolution, offered by the 30-member Gay Caucus and the Minnesota-Dakotas Region schools, requires that the Gay Desk be run by a gay person chosen by NSA gay caucuses. Funds are to come from the association's general budget. The measure was approved by the 300 convention delegates with only a handful of nays, perhaps three or four.

The 10-day Student Congress at Colorado State University featured not only NSA's first Gay Caucus but its widest, most open and most detailed examination of gay rights in the history of the 24-year-old federation of college student governments.

Jack Baker of Minneapolis, student body president at the 43,000-student University of Minnesota, said gay delegates "had no trouble getting items in the convention's daily newsletter. They printed everything we gave them."

The Gay Caucus held almost daily rap sessions on sexism and gay rights, from which gay women angrily withdrew on two occasions in protest.

Militant women and gay men marched onto the stage August 20 during an opening night concert by rock star Wayne Cochran and the CC Riders to protest what they termed sexist and rigid role maintaining gestures by Cochran—skin-tight slacks and cock-stroking among them. The disruption threw the conven-



Jack Baker: Student Body President

tion into a discussion of sexism and disruptions that lasted until 3 a.m.

The day before Baker declared he was satisfied with a pledge by American Health and Life Insurance Co., Baltimore, Md., not to discriminate in its sales against gay applicants.

American Health, which sells low-cost \$10,000 policies to students through NSA and its member student governments, made the declaration at the urging of Baker and NSA Vice-President Don Shall.

A person's race, color, creed, national origin, ethnic origin, homo-heterosexual habits or political beliefs are of interest to the company only to the extent that they adversely affect mortality prospects, according to a letter from George J. Bereska, vice-president of American Health. Heavy drinking, a repeated arrest record or frequenting bars where fights often

erupt would be adverse effects that would make a difference, the company indicated, either bringing a higher premium or a refusal to insure.

In letters to American Health, Baker had suggested they incorporate same-sex material into their advertising or take ads in gay publications, but he said he would accept the no-bias declaration. Without it, he said, he would have asked the convention to terminate its relationship with American Health.

Baker, who is taking a similar approach with Globe Life Insurance Co., Milwaukee, Wis., which seeks to sell on the Minnesota campus over his personal endorsement, said he was told at Fort Collins by a representative of the Associated Student Governments that they would seek a similar no-discrimination pledge from their insurance firm.

## Activists Beaten/Clubbed

(continued from page 1)

The video tape machine was first to be ejected; several were thrown down the stairs. All of us felt the blow of clubs to our kidneys. Arthur Bell was struck, producing a small wound on his forehead. Apparently even a press pass was not sufficient protection in Suffolk County.

As we rejoined the demonstration, circling outside in the rain, we were greeted by the standard shouts and chants of Gay Liberation. Large posters were carried showing blow ups taken during the beating the previous Sunday. Then came the word. The D.A. had agreed to meet with us, but in Hauppauge, some ten or fifteen miles away. A quick conference was called and the meeting was agreed to on two conditions. First, the press, in the person of Arthur Bell, would have to be present; second, the representatives would not go alone, but with the entire demonstration. The conditions of the meeting were agreed to and we left Riverhead led by a car of plainclothesmen followed by three buses and several cars. We



Photo by Richard C. Wandel

returned to the scene of the previous Sunday's beating and set up the picket line as two representatives and one newsman met with the District Attorney of Suffolk County. After the meeting, Jim Owles and Doe Hansen, President of GAA, Long Island, announced that the D.A. had

promised a full investigation of the incident last Sunday as well as of the harassment on Fire Island. The demonstrators left promising to return in even greater numbers if the investigation were not carried out or if harassment and brutality continued in Suffolk County.



## Loosely About Women

# THE KOOKIES GO TO KOOKIES

Photo by Richard C. Wandel



BY SOREL DAVID

**T**here was a demonstration last night. After the Saturday dance, it was DOB with support from GAA marching down to Kookie's at one in the morning, a candle light march, I believe, one in a series of demonstrations to protest syndicate control of gay bars. I forgot to go. You what! You idiot Sorel! You forgot! Yes, I really and truly forgot to go. I guess that pretty adequately sums up my attitude towards demonstrations, their relative importance in my life and so on and so forth.

The thing is I really wanted to go to this one. Sitting around Saturday night, trying to figure out what to do with my life and the rest of the evening, I knew, in the back of my mind, there was some reason for going to the dance. I knew that I had definitely planned to go for some specific reason but I couldn't, for the life of me, remember what it was. And I just couldn't face the thought of another DOB-Lesbian Center dance. The one I'd been to the night before turned out a pretty dismal affair as far as I'm concerned. That's the way it is with these things, three or four weeks in a row they're great, then the next weekend rolls around and everything turns sour. Same old faces, same undanceable music—you have to stay away for about a month. I ended up taking a walk down Bleeker Street to look at the freaks and/or creeps—ah yes, the glorious degeneration of the Village.

So I missed it—the action. I got all hopped up on the idea of the demo at the Thursday night DOB meeting prior to the great event. What was supposed to be only a short announcement announcing the thing before the scheduled probing and insightful discussion of 'how to tell

your parents' (how to tell them what?) turned into a full scale and heated debate, a veritable imbroglio about lesbian oppression and the bars. From what I could gather, some felt the thrust of the protest to be essentially misguided, that marching on Kookie's would serve only to alienate those sisters who choose to go there. Note, however, that this articulation represents an immense intellectual upgrading of their remarks so as to make them almost intelligible. Generally they were saying things like, "Well I doan think it's so nice—if dose girls wanna go dere den who are we to tell dem it's no good." A right liberal and lofty sentiment if I do say so myself.

The other side restricted itself to grandiose statements about oppression, exploitation and the Lesbian Community with a capital COMMUNITY. Something called 'making these women aware of their alternatives' (the DOB Lesbian Center, I assume) seemed an important issue. It should take only a moment of thought to realize how laughable this is. The fact of the matter is that for the most part, the women in the bars, and particularly that select group that frequents Kookie's consider the DOBers a bunch of messy radicals who involve themselves in all that nasty political stuff only because they're too ugly and creepy to score. So much for the great and legendary, perhaps mythical would be a better word, lesbian community.

I got interested in it all when the meaningful dialogue turned to the question of the media. Remember that GAA was partially involved in this little sortee and GAA doesn't fool around. No sirree, DOB may be content to march up and down Fourteenth Street with candles and signs, but GAA has to get the lights, camera, action—the news media—involved in their demonstrations. They probably even have some kind of a long-standing arrangement



with the Mayor's office to have their delegate-at-large Arthur Evans arrested each time so the thousands of TV viewers can watch him as he's dragged off screaming justice! justice! on the evening news.

Most of the DOBers were dismayed by the thought that some of the closeted bar types would be exposed as lesbians by the TV news cameras when they tried to leave the place. This would be an unfair way to treat sisters, they thought. Myself, I harbor no such noble and altruistic sentiments. In fact, nothing would please me more than to watch those bitches running around, shielding their faces and trying to hide, unsuccessfully, I should hope, their teased heads. That's the real reason I wanted to go to the demonstration, you know. Well, but everyone knows that I'm nasty. And I am too. I'm out for blood. I really hate those creeps. Chic lesbians, they're the type that go around saying things like—"just because you're gay doesn't mean you can't be feminine." Talk about oppression, I find their unquestioning support and acceptance of the boring, artificial, Miss American aesthetic personally quite oppressive. I could

care less who exploits them and why. As far as I'm concerned, the syndicate, Kookie and her customers all deserve each other.

Meanwhile, in another part of the kingdom, now that all the uproar and furor surrounding the controversial Martha Shelley—is she or isn't she—a real lesbian—with or without a capital L—I thought I'd do my bit to bring it all up again. I see, in the *Village Voice* a few weeks ago that Ms. Shelley has taken to signing her letters Martha Shelley—Independent Lesbian. *Independent Lesbian*—now where is that at? What could that possibly mean? Is it the sign of some creeping elitism—the formation of an aristocracy where prominent members of the movement start writing titles after their names? Martha Shelley—*Independent Lesbian*—maybe I'll start signing myself in as *Sorel David—Plain Old Garden Variety Lesbian*. Actually it's a toss up between that and Sorel David—Independent of some things, very dependent on some others, Lesbian. Or maybe, and this is probably the best idea of all, I'll just start ending off with—cheers, Gregory.

# Minnesota Student President Adopted By His Lover

BY ERIK LARSSON

Minneapolis, Minn. The two gay lovers who have drawn national attention in their legal battle for a marriage license now have a new legal relationship, parent and adopted child.

J. Michael McConnell adopted Jack Baker in an order signed by a judge August 3.

The adoption does not mean they're quitting their marriage license fight, however. Oral arguments before the Minnesota Supreme Court are scheduled for September 21 with a decision due several months after that.

The reason for the adoption, Baker ex-

plained, is to qualify him to pay law school tuition at the lower rate charged Minnesota residents. Baker, a Chicago, Illinois, native who is student body president at the University of Minnesota, can qualify for the cheaper tuition only by being attached legally to someone who did not move to the state to enroll. His lover arrived to accept a job—a librarian's post later denied to him after publicity about the marriage license, and which he is fighting in court to get.

Further, Baker explained, adoption will legally qualify the lovers to file a joint income tax return, saving even more money.

"If Mike had gotten that \$11,000-a-

year librarian's job, that would be one thing," Baker said, "but when you're living on the GI Bill (Baker's) plus food stamps, you need every penny you can get."

McConnell, like Baker, is 29 years old, has been working recently at a gay community center in Minneapolis for a token salary.

Their adoption petition cited many of the same legal benefits in adoption that marriage would bring—the right to inherit without challenge, the right to sue for wrongful death, and others. These are the only reasons mentioned by daily newspapers, which upset Baker and McConnell by treating the story as a morsel of titilla-

tion.

Baker said he is considering legal action against Clerk of Court Gerald R. Nelson and Judge Lindsay G. Arthur of Juvenile Court, which passes on all adoptions, for leaking details of the adoption to reporters. Minnesota law imposes strict secrecy on adoption and juvenile court proceedings.

Judge Arthur, in his ruling, said he had no standing to make moral judgments on adoptions but could merely consider whether the parties' best interests would be served.

Adoption poses no legal barrier to getting married, Baker said.

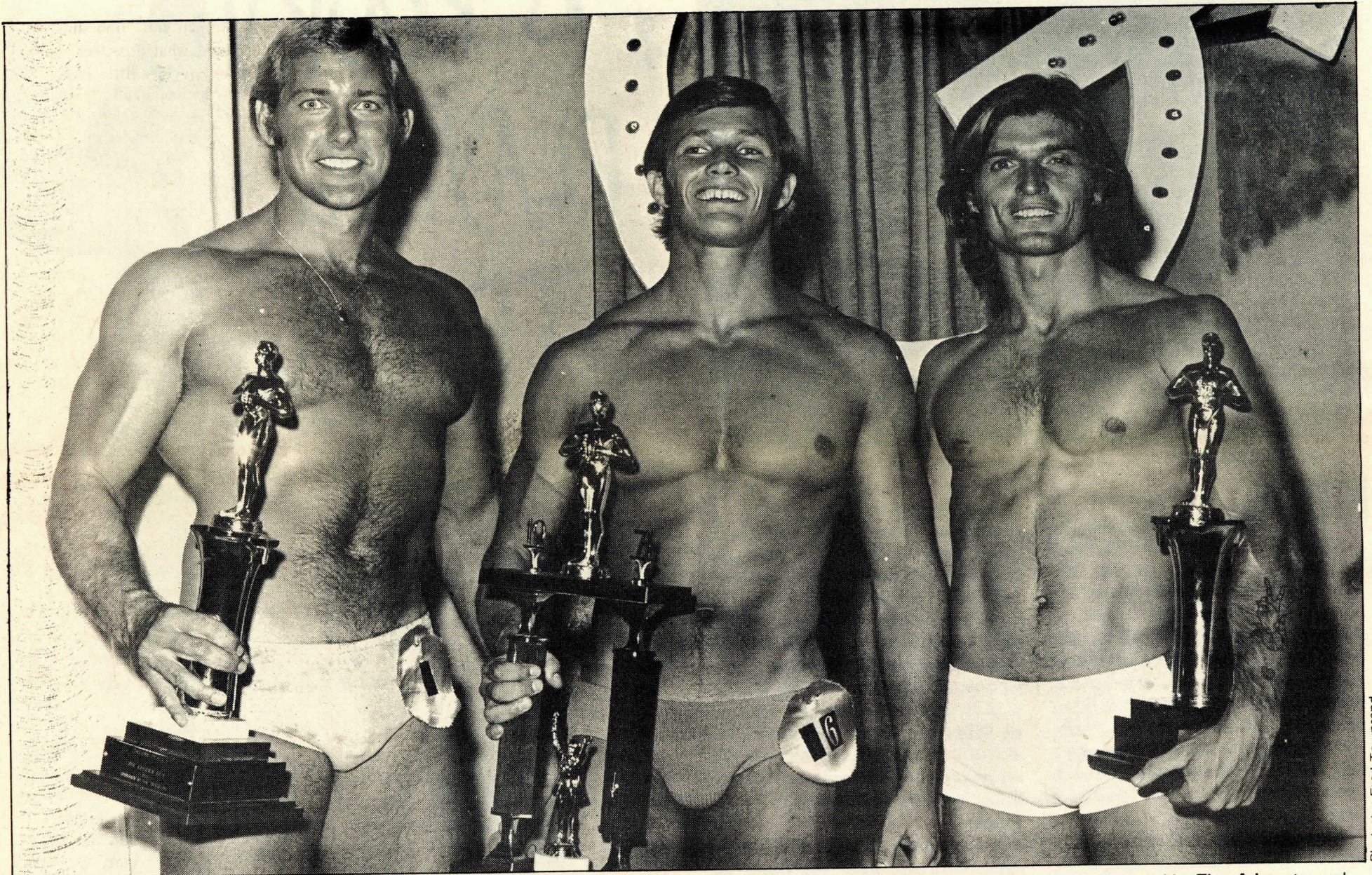


Photo by Fred Townsend

Los Angeles' Groovy Guy for 1971 is Jimmy Hughes, 21, ex-Little League All-Star catcher and hairdresser-to-be. The Groovy Guy contest was sponsored by *The Advocate*, and was held in the main ballroom of L.A.'s Sheraton-Universal Hotel. A crowd of 1200 attended the gala event. Jimmy is flanked by runners-up Dakota (left) and Dell Brooks.

## "New" Stonewall Draws Pennsylvania Crowds

Allentown, Pennsylvania—A new night spot, The Stonewall Club, Inc., has opened in this city at 28-30 North 10th Street and is drawing hundreds of patrons from neighboring Pennsylvania towns and from as far away as Washington, D.C. and Manhattan.

Manager Joseph Monack says that the "new" Stonewall is the first nightclub of its kind to attract large numbers from small towns and cities in Eastern Pennsylvania. "Last weekend," he says, "we did a booming business with over 500 customers. This week we entertained a chartered busload from Philadelphia, and recently fifty-two kids from Harrisburg rode in on a bus."

"We've been using the club for special social occasions too," says Monack, "and not long ago a wedding and buffet were held in the downstairs area. One hundred and fifty people attended by invitation



Stonewall newlyweds

only. We have a full-sized kitchen which catered to the wedding party, and a full-size theatrical stage for contests, shows, go-go boys and bands. The Stonewall boasts two dance floors, one upstairs and one downstairs, with complete lighting effects."

Reaction to the Stonewall Club on the part of Allentown residents is enthusiastic. "For the first time we've got a really swinging spot for young and old in this part of the country," said Ron Seeds, Secretary of the Le Hi Ho, the area's gay liberation group.

Larry and Frank, owners of the club, are sending invitations to visitors up and down the Eastern seaboard, and are always on hand to greet new faces. "Bar hoppers," they say, "will be glad to know that there are two other gay nightspots in town, the *Le Hai Kai* around the corner and *Rubes* at 9th and Hamilton, a block away."

# THE LOVE LIFE OF A WOULD-BE STUD

BY AARON BATES

**T**his column consists of a belated review of *Carnal Knowledge*. I hadn't intended to review it at all, but the editors decided that it was such a talked-about movie, this illustrious paper should at least make some mention of it. Since GAY was footing the bill, I readily consented and found myself at the Cinema I Theatre.

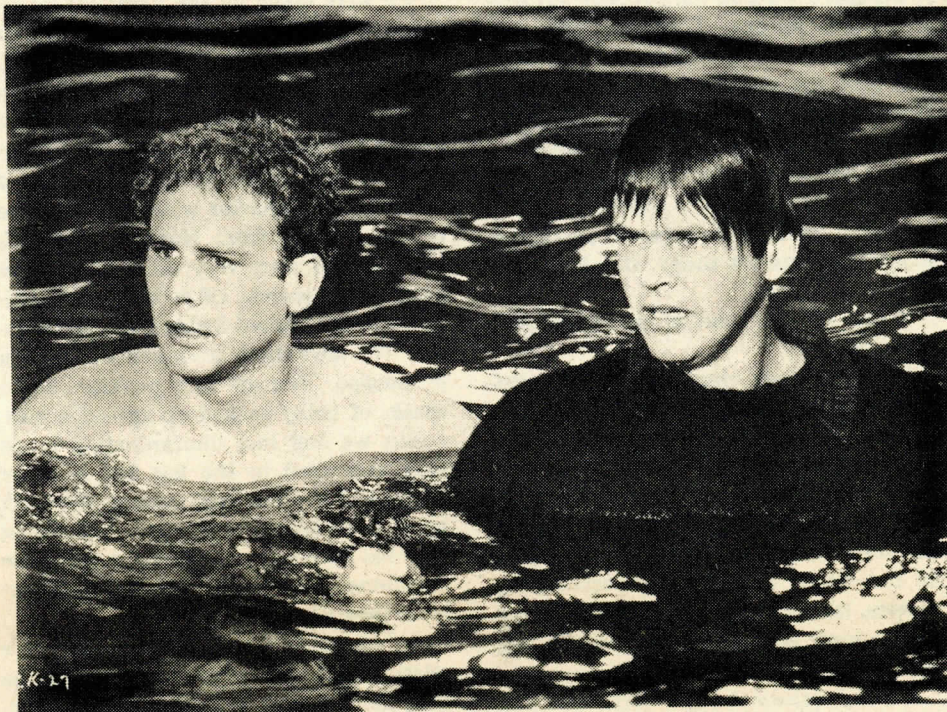
Since I have previously disliked Mike Nichols as a director, I wasn't really expecting too much. As it turned out, I was pleasantly surprised. The fact that Nichols was able to get such solid acting performances out of Candy Bergen and, would you believe, Ann-Margret, was in itself inspiring. I was also surprised to learn that Ann-Margret had such big tits, one didn't have to be a male chauvinist pig to notice them.

I hear that some of the women's liberationists are coming all over themselves because *Carnal Knowledge* exhibits that curious animal, the male sexist, AS HE REALLY IS! Golly! If I were still a freshman in college, I might be young enough to believe it. Even if I were a sophomore, I might fall for it. As it is, I did get a charge out of Jack Nicholson's portrayal of a would-be stud, not because it was deeply meaningful or profound, but because Mr. Nicholson was so entertaining. Actually, it is Art Garfunkel as Nicholson's college roommate and longtime friend who is believable. In fact, half of the men in the theatre looked as if they could double for Garfunkel without even acting.

Garfunkel plays the type of person who reads the *Village Voice* regularly and believes it. He is sensitive, good-hearted, impressionable, unimaginative, and a bit dull-witted.

Nicholson, the main character, is the type of frat personality we used to joke about—you know, the chap with a compulsion to constantly prove his masculinity and an equal compulsion to screw and tell. The poor insecure slob!

However, Nicholson decides that fucking girls with the right Hugh Hefner-scaled measurements should be his life goal. Since his college days take place during the fatuous fifties when the whole country was breast-fixated, it is no wonder that his ideal woman should fit the mold (or bra, if you prefer). Of course, he also believes that women are sex objects and that he is their master. Naturally his show of virility does attract women to him but his affairs don't last. "Ballbuster!" he screams as each one passes from the scene. Unfortunately, nothing really happens in *Carnal Knowledge*, which is the fault of writer Jules Feiffer.



They poked their twangs in the same slot.

Though Feiffer has a definite flair for capturing the things people say and developing interesting characters, he reaches the period at which he doesn't do anything with them. During the first third of the movie, which is the best part, most of his points have been made and the remainder of the film doesn't tell us anything we didn't know. In fact, even the first part doesn't tell us anything we didn't know, but it gives us pleasure to recognize those old school days, those old bull sessions, those first bumbling attempts at sex.

Candy Bergen serves nicely as the first girl in the two men's lives. Although Nicholson snatches her cherry, Garfunkel marries her, not discovering till many years later that Nicholson also had his fingers in the same pot. It seems logical that Candy should wind up with Art, since he attempts to relate to her as a person. Although her relationship with Jack is more passionate, her discussions with him are

somewhat more limited, due probably to his "sexist" attitude toward her and women in general. Even though she may not consciously be aware of this, or more likely, she is blinded by her emotions, she decides to stick with Garfunkel, a man she can be relatively secure with.

The years go by and Garfunkel becomes a successful

doctor, husband and father, while Nicholson continues his search for the lay of his dreams. Ultimately he gets hooked up with Ann-Margret because of her tits, her ass, and her docile subservience. She agrees to shack up with him on a no-strings basis, yet secretly she wants to fill the traditional role of wife and mother. A year later, with no proposals in sight, she devotes her life to sleeping and fixing frozen dinners. Sleep and slovenliness become her escape, and Nicholson is about to get rid of her when she pulls something unexpected and hooks him into marriage.

By this time, Garfunkel has tired of Candy and is trying on other women for size. Each one, he claims, is teaching him more profundities about himself and the art of loving. Bravo!

Five years later, Nicholson give Garfunkel and Garfunkel's latest mistress (sort of an eighteen-year-old flower child) a gross slide show of all the "ballbusters" in

his life. They are not amused.

In the final and stupidest scene, Nicholson visits Rita Moreno who plays an oft-repeated little fantasy in order to get his jaded cock functioning. (This confirmed my suspicions that "sexism" is a disease resulting in impotency.) Anyway, Rita goes through all this nonsense about how virile and superior he

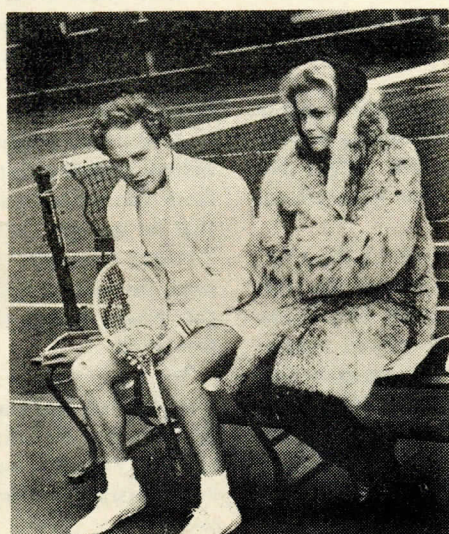
is and how women are dumb shits who don't understand what a perfect man he is. Needless to say, her little speech results in instant hardness and then, with a smile of ecstasy on his face, fade out.

I repeat: it's a stupid scene, created for one of two reasons. Either Feiffer couldn't figure out how to end the movie (which really *can't* have an ending since it's not moving in any valid direction) or secondly, in case any members of the audience suffer from sleeping sickness and are awake for only the last ten minutes, they can easily figure out what the whole movie has been about. I personally felt as if I were being hand-fed on Mommy's knee again and I resented it, in spite of the fact that I always like to watch Rita Moreno act.

A few readers are going to wonder what I mean by the film's inability to have a justifiable ending. To put it simply, the movie is developing along the lines of a character study, but traditionally speaking, it lacks a plot. One mustn't confuse a theme with a plot, for the movie definitely has a theme. But there is no climax and the emotional power of *Carnal Knowledge* is found solely within its individual scenes. Last year's highly successful *Five Easy Pieces* might also be accused of lacking a plot as we know it, but the hero, also played by Nicholson, makes a final decision that gives us the necessary impact in place of a climax, so it works. However, in *Five Easy Pieces* practically every scene was a knockout so nobody cared whether a plot was developed or not. Feiffer in *Carnal Knowledge* is not so successful. Nor was he successful in the movie version of his *Little Murders*, which fell apart half way through. Nonetheless, the virtues of this film far outnumber its faults and I think most people would get some kind of bang out of it. It certainly isn't the great film that certain critics would have us believe. (I mean, if I were Wanda Hale, I'd give it only three and a half stars.) Still, it's the first film that I can recall which is blatantly about the evils of "sexism." Although a play like *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* was more profound in its comments on role-playing, *Carnal Knowledge* will probably be the first of a series of movies that actually move into the bedroom, thus starting a whole new schtick. I'm glad that the movie has been so successful because I was living in deathly fear that the new year would unleash fifty different versions of *Love Story*.

I'm sure that for many women's libbers, the character that Jack Nicholson portrays will stand as a symbol of the enemy to be destroyed. Although he may

(continued on page 17)



Sportsy stud with jeune fille.

# The Ramdy Wicker Basket

(continued from page 4)

it is irrelevant.

Secondly, the process of consultation deals with social problems rather than psychiatric problems. Most homosexuals have 'social problems' with parents, at home, at work, etc. Very few have real psychological problems.

Finally, the Schorer Foundation maintains that regarding young people coming to the foundation, it is irrelevant if they develop into homosexuals or heterosexuals. It is only important that the person develop a style appropriate for his behavior.

The Schorer Foundation, because it is an official state foundation, has a big influence on all other bureaus of information in the country.

Another field in which COC has been active is in the moral one. In 1960 the COC started discussion with one of the most important Roman Catholic psychiatrists. He subsequently began a work group for the clergy.

Two important books were published here that had a big influence in Holland. The first one for Roman Catholics was called *Pastorall Cahier*. It has now been translated into French and is currently included in the official series of publications of the Bishop here.

The second book was one for Protestants. It was called *De Homosexuele Naaste*. I am not certain but it may have been translated into German.

Today one Roman Catholic priest is a member of the COC's national board. Another works with the foundation and is appointed by the Bishop to have contact with this group.

Recently, the Pastoral Working Group, an official inter-denominational clerical group, made a declaration to work against anti-homosexual bias.

Everything has not always been so easy for us in the Netherlands. Actually, COC itself began with a publication in 1946, with a meeting of readers of a publication.

Before we established our official club, the state inspected our publication and made us cease publication. There were no homosexual pictures, no pornography. We were ordered to stop because "homosexuality was discussed as if it were a normal thing and that was against the public's welfare."

So each new issue was published in another form, a new name, a new format. Meanwhile, there was a discussion within the Government. Some wanted to have a censor of publications for the first time in the history of Holland. We know this now because some years later the dossiers of the ministers involved fell into COC's hands. But this idea of a censor went against the liberal traditions of this country which stretched back hundreds of years. After all, even Rousseau and Voltaire came to Amsterdam to publish books they couldn't publish elsewhere.

Then the Police of Amsterdam said it would be better to have the status quo, a place where homosexuals could come together and they could have supervision more than if they were all on the streets.

We were then allowed to form our organization and open our first club, but we were warned that if we went too far we would be stopped. We started on the level of communal contact with police and other officials. There has always been an internal conflict whether to have personal contact with these people only, but COC has always sought formal contacts with the government whenever possible.

Our first problem in the COC was to have a large homosexual group for our struggle. When we opened our club, for the first time we had a gay community and COC didn't want that. We don't want any specific facilities for homosexuals, no letters, no public areas, no bars, nothing.

We opened our first club in 1947. Today we have 7,000 members. COC has eleven branches, six of which operate their own clubs. Each group has a local board and working groups which go to schools and churches to talk. Sometimes these groups take some social action against discrimination.

In Rotterdam, for instance, two lesbians had a market stand together for some years. The one whose name the stand was in died and the other wanted to continue, but the law said only married couples could continue.

COC conducted an inquiry of all the market stands and the customers patronizing them and discovered all wanted the woman to be able to continue. They then went to the City Council and they changed the article in the law to read "and other reasons" besides marriage.

We don't want to have specific articles about homosexuals. There was only one paragraph about homosexuals in Dutch law, and last year that was withdrawn. Previously age of consent for heterosexuals was eighteen years and for homosexuals twenty-one years. Now age of consent for sexual activity is sixteen years for everyone. There is no separate paragraph about homosexuals today. It is the same law for everyone.

"What do you think of gay churches?" I queried.

"We think gay churches are separatist and a very bad thing," Mr. Sterken replied.

And how is COC structured?

Each of eleven branches holds a general meeting twice a year. Everyone comes and votes for financial plans and members of the board at the first meeting. Six months later they meet again to discuss the actions of the board and possibly make changes.

We had quite a struggle within the Amsterdam COC this past year. The local papers covered the dispute like any other news since the basis of the dispute was our political viewpoint. We had a conservative board here in Amsterdam which mainly wanted to work at running clubs. The faction which won, however, wanted to put more emphasis on work groups within each branch and to intensify the activities like sending speakers out to social groups, schools and churches to educate the public about homosexuality and help eradicate popular prejudices.

On organization again, each branch's general meeting elects representatives to the COC national congress. These representatives have a voting strength equal to the number of members they represent from their branches. The Congress meets twice a year and chooses the National Board.

In November the National Congress plans the financial affairs, the social and political activities it wants implemented. In April, they meet again to discuss if the Board has worked properly and if the financial results are good.

There are fourteen members of the National Board. In April half of the board withdraws and it is the custom that everyone is re-elected.

You see we are as democratic as possible. Our struggle is for democracy in society, for individual freedom within the complete society, not for homosexual rights.

Many homosexuals come to the COC only because they want to visit the club and meet other homosexuals. This is important but COC is not a contact organization, but an integration organization seeking the emancipation of homosexuals. Ultimately we want to withdraw from clubs, to put the accent on the social action of work groups in the various branches. We have an annual budget of about a half-million guilders (\$140,000). All financial donations given at branches

of the COC go to the national headquarters. The branches themselves have limited financial autonomy. Each makes its own financial plans and then takes them to the National Board to see what is possible, all things considered. We have more arguments over ideology than over finances.

"What do you think of the homosexual movement in the USA?"

"Well, we get the impression that there is much militance in the American movement, which is a good thing, but you do things in a way we don't. We only have confrontations on relevant things. For instance some people from COC will go to a dance and the boys will integrate the dance by dancing together."

I interjected to assure him groups in the States conducted the same types of actions.

We were asked by the American movement to participate in the demonstrations on Christopher Street Liberation Day. There was some discussion of this in Europe and small groups did march in Paris and in Copenhagen. However, the International Committee for the Integration of Homosexual Behavior which is comprised of gay groups from Norway, Denmark and Holland were very divided over this issue of the march. Of course, more militance in the United States is understandable. The laws there are much worse than in Europe. You are in a position, so to speak, of being backed up against a wall.

But we feel that discrimination is not only expressed in the law but in other things like the marriage system. We don't want homosexual marriages, but rather feel that heterosexual marriages should be questioned and young people should not be so pressed to marry.

We embrace the theory of alternative relationships. That relationships can be long term, short term, in a group, between a younger and older person. Social relationships are realities and then the state gives finishing touches.

Two boys live together, for instance, and at a certain point they want to have common property. There is a parallel between different social relationships and facilities. We have proposed a new law for human relationships, an alternative to the current marriage law. Some members of Parliament have expressed interest in it.

This law would not be just for homosexuals but would cover situations where, say, you have two sisters living together in a relationship with no sexual connotations.

In some localities we have gotten provisions in the laws changed where previously married people had been given priority in getting housing. But these changes do not mention homosexuality. They simply provide that priority not be given to married people, that single people have equal rights to housing.

"I understand that you do have some problems with discrimination against teachers here in Holland."

Well, there is no prejudice on the University level. As you can see I work here and my association with COC is well known. However, I know the case you are referring to.

A boy who taught at a Roman Catholic School rented a flat just across the street from the school and everyone could see that he was gay. Although the old idea of "danger to youth" is not current in Holland, he was kicked out anyway because the school board thought that was just too much.

We would not seek a Fair Employment Bill here in Holland because laws don't prohibit discrimination. If the law prohibited a person's removal on grounds of homosexuality, they they would find some other reason to get rid of him if they were prejudiced.

"Has the COC gotten involved in other

issues?" I asked.

Yes, the COC supported students when they occupied buildings here. Another time a soldier refused to cut his hair and we supported him by social action, questionnaires, signs, petitions, declarations in the press because we felt the same mentality which would ban long hair in the military would tell us "don't walk hand in hand in the streets."

We also supported an American sailor who had gone AWOL here and sought refuge. At first the Government ordered his deportation but then the court ruled that he could stay for half a year while NATO studied the situation.

"I understand that the Queen lays a wreath in Dam Square here at the National Memorial for those deported and liquidated during the war."

Well, the Queen lays a wreath every year for the various groups of people who were rounded up and deported during the Nazi occupation—the Jews, the Communists, various nationalist groups.

After twenty-five years, last year some people from COC wanted homosexuals to be included in the memorial tribute. Since the affair was arranged by a planning committee, they made their application too late and were denied. So, when the Queen was laying the flowers, a group of homosexuals also attempted to lay their own flowers.

The immediate result was that the Mayor of Amsterdam said that they were welcome to join the communal memorial that afternoon. And this year homosexuals were included in the memorial tribute.

The interview over, we left Mr. Sterken's seventh floor office and got on the elevator. One floor down, a colleague got on the elevator and the two of them fell into effusive conversation in Dutch until the car reached the ground floor and then his friend walked in an opposite direction.

As we stood chatting on the corner nearby just before parting, I commented that being a gay psychologist must be easier because there weren't aversion therapists to contend with.

"Oh, my friend who rode down on the elevator with us," Mr. Sterken interjected half laughing, "he is also a member of the COC and he works with aversion therapy—he just doesn't use it on homosexuals."

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**CORRECTION:** Issue no. 59 of GAY carried a photograph of actors who, we were told by Ron Link, were the cast of "Georgie Porgie," a current off-Broadway play. The group pictured dropped out of the proposed production, and is not the current cast of the play. GAY regrets this error.

# WEST SIDE STORY

(Retold)

BY DICK LEITSCH

People keep telling me the world is changing. When I was very young I believed in change, but the older I get the more I agree with the old French adage, "The more things change, the more they stay the same."

Take Manhattan's West Side, for example. That area (roughly bounded by 65th and 96th Streets, from Central Park to the Hudson River) is fast becoming the newest place for chic gays to live. A gay activist has even declared it "ripe" to become a homosexual neighborhood. He's a bit late. In 1963 *Harper's Magazine* focused national attention on the West Side as "New York's middle-class homosexual ghetto."

Even then that wasn't news. I have a taped interview with an elderly gay gentleman who told me he moved to West 75th Street in 1911 because that was the neighborhood where "all the youngest and most interesting" gay people were living. He repeated tales told him by an older friend who'd cruised Central Park West in the 1870's and 1880's on horseback.

Mayors, police commissioners and other do-gooders have come and gone; their methods of entrapment, harassment and "clean-ups" have long been forgotten; some of their victims are now great-grandfathers, but the benches along Central Park West are still cruisy any night.

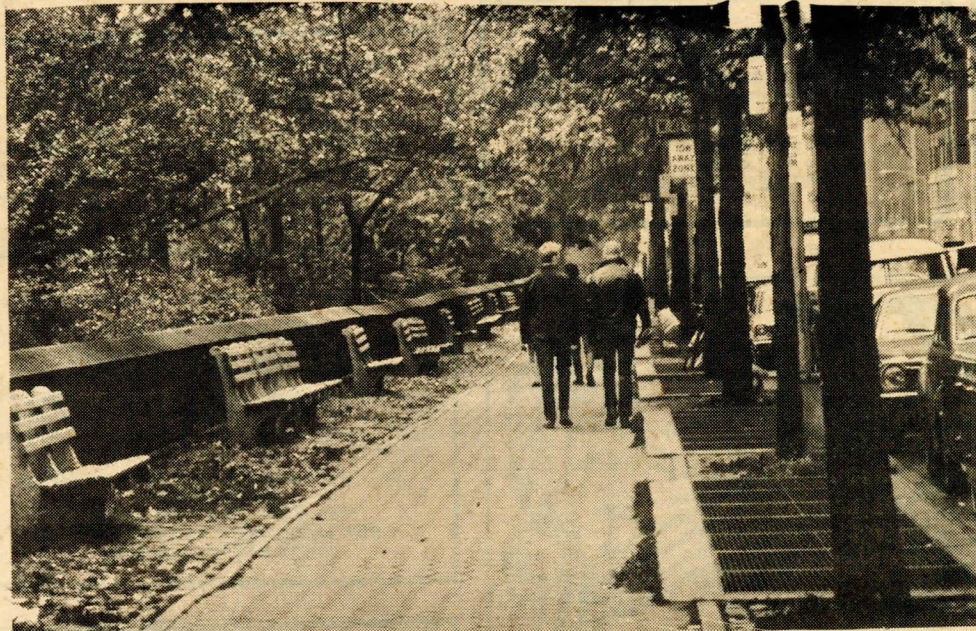
I understand that the best—and most—gay bars in Manhattan were located on the West Side until 1959. When I arrived here in 1960 nearly all the bars were padlocked (but people still spoke fondly and reverently of them). There'd been yet another Liquor Authority scandal. Someone had "discovered" that some of the bars were owned by the underworld, a "revelation" which shouldn't have surprised anyone. The underworld exists to provide goods and services we want and need but which are being denied us by the do-gooders. The villains are not the underworld figures but the do-gooders who put them in business. Give me the Mafia over the moralists and politicians any day. The Mafia is honorable and trustworthy.

When Nelson Rockefeller became Governor of New York in 1958, his administration immediately undertook an investigation of the Liquor Authority and declared it "corrupt." The Commissioner slipped off to Florida, never to return. Liquor agents mysteriously disappeared. Cops "jumped or fell" (as the *News* gracefully put it) under moving subway trains. After the obligatory "scandal," Rocky replaced the Liquor Authority gang with his own collection of petty political hacks to whom he owed favors. If there was no Mafia, one suspects the politicians would invent one.

The gay bar scene moved downtown and to the East Side. In 1966, gay bars became "legal" and more honest; often gay people began running them. Some



Bartenders Frank (left) and Brian (right) cheer the opening of the new Westsider Bar (76th & Broadway)



Central Park West: Graveyard cruising grounds

West Siders grew richer and/or more pretentious and moved to the Village or the East Side—or the suburbs. There was always a gay tenant to replace him. (Note to sociologists: why is there a new gay "generation" every five years? There was one in 1959-60, another in 1964-65, and we're still assimilating the 1969-70 one.)

The West Side isn't all gay, of course. Few urban gay ghettos are. There's a large Jewish enclave, many immigrants who came here in the 30's and 40's to escape the troubles in Europe, and a huge intellectual community on the West Side composed of gays and straights. Most of the books written by New Yorkers come out of those lovely brownstones or huge, rent-controlled apartments, and the neighborhood has more than its share of painters, singers, actors, magazine and book editors, writers, dancers and other culture vultures.

To me the nicest things about the West Side are its international flavor, its easy pace, its convenience, and especially the attitude of its people. One is instantly accepted on the West Side solely because one had the good sense to choose this neighborhood, out of the whole world, to live in.

West Siders make good neighbors. They tend to be sophisticated, to be to-

tally unimpressed by anyone else, and to mind their own business. East Siders may call City Hall to complain about their neighbors, and Villagers may have Ed Koch and the elderly virgins of the *Village Voice* to mind everyone's business, but West Siders leave one another alone.

They might bar Barbra Streisand from the East Side or hold a rent strike to protest a neighbor's working as a prostitute, but the West Side is proud to have Rex Reed, Lauren Bacall, Judith Christ, Maureen Stapleton, Harry Belafonte, Lena Horne, Clive Barnes, Ruth Gordon and other achievers in our midst. We even like, and get along with, our prostitutes and our neighborhood pornography czar, **SCREW's** own sex god, Jim Buckley. (Jim says he's straight, but we let him stay in the neighborhood in the hope that he'll breed many sons who'll look like him but grow up gay.)

We could almost have GAY staff meetings in our neighborhood gay pub. Gregory Battcock, Aaron Bates, Leo Skir, Bob Amsel, Donn (*The Gay Militants*) Teal and I all live a few blocks from the Candlelight.

The Candlelight Lounge which, with Helen's Handy Bar (alas, no longer with us) and the Lighthouse, survived the Great Purge of 1959, may be the oldest

continually-operating gay bar in New York.

There's a rumor (which I can deny out of my own experience) that no one ever made out at the Candlelight. Actually, the place is more like a London pub than any gay bar in New York. After a hard day at the typewriter, the drawing board or the voice coach, neighborhood gays drop in for a beer and a chat with friends. Evenings, when the television is dull, one goes to the Candlelight to play shuffleboard, rap with friends, or gossip about the neighbors. The place is not a gay bar, it's more of a continuing gay party where, if you're not acquainted with the other guests, or not naturally a good mixer, you won't have a bit of fun.

The other West Side oldtimer, the Lighthouse, has recently gone through several changes of ownership and is now known as the Westsider. (By the way, check the bar list on page 2 if you want the addresses of these places.) The new owners have spent a reported \$50,000 on renovations. There's a new facade, a whole new interior, and plenty of new faces. The ground floor is now a bar and restaurant; there's a beer bar and a game room in the basement. Added attractions are 50¢ beer and two stunning hot-pants-costumed bartenders. Brian is a blonde stud who could give the Pope wet dreams and Frank has the most gorgeous calves and thighs in all of New York City. If you can tear your eyes away, it's a camp to watch the other customers eyeing the bartender's gams. (For those less sexist than I, Brian and Frank are both charming conversationalists, so you can love their minds, too. But get there early before they get to busy to make charming conversation.)

The first stage in the "West Side Renaissance" (known locally as "The Campaign to Keep Our Boys Home") was the opening of the Continental Baths a few years ago. When Steve first opened that pleasure palace he achieved something the cops never could manage: he ruined cruising along Central Park West and in Riverside Park. Nobody has matched that place

(continued on page 14)

(continued from page 5)

# DESERTED ON THE DESERT

sure to get a room with two double beds, as I did. You'll need them for group gymnastics, Albuquerque's favorite sport. Represented in the happy fray were Fargo (N.D.), Kansas City (Kans.), Tucson, Albuquerque, of course, and, obviously, Manhattan! They're wild and friendly and uninhibited in Albuquerque, whether local or passing through. I couldn't connect with the Gay Lib group there (letter returned), but during the school term there seems to be one, with a small membership, alas.

And out in the gorgeous wilderness between the Sandia and Sangre de Cristo ranges you'll find such unexpected surprises as the San Juan Pueblo, where one of the founders of the original Mattachine Society (of L.A.) lives and receives mail under the aegis of the Circle of Loving Companions. Up in Taos County there still exists a secret flagellant sect known as Los Penitentes, an occasional member of which you may find yourself in bed with and recognize from the vertical cross-hatched scars astride his spinal column. I'm not implying they're a gay order, but one of my cherished memories of

New Mexico involves one of their communicants who was and who welcomed a few lashes across the buttocks. Then there was the generous beauty who shared his coke and engaged me in applying the leather tourniquet around his bicep as he shot up before sex with his visiting comrade and comrade's "woman." And the handsome painter from the hills who wrote just yesterday, "Come back, come back to Santa Fe and share my adobe."

I shall return to New Mexico. Though I must say that, after Denver and the joys I encountered there, if I were going to settle Out West, Colorado would present a mighty alluring alternative. You'll read about it next . . .

*John Francis Hunter, author of The Gay Insider, published by Olympia Press, is currently touring the country—now in the company of his lover and co-author—researching a new book about the gay culture in America, to be entitled The Gay Insider U.S.A. Readers who wish to contribute information, insights, or personal experiences to this anthology-in-the-works may write to John at Box 439, Ansonia Station, NYC 10023.)*

(continued from page 13)

# WEST SIDE STORY (Retold)

yet and it is justifiably famous the world over. On weekends it's so crowded with Europeans, Villagers, Californians, East Siders and other foreigners that we West Siders must go to the new bars or back to the streets.

The next stage of the revival was the opening of the La Boheme, a dance bar, just around the corner from the 20th Precinct Station House. Billy the Bartender made that one of the friendliest, cruiseist bars in town. Then the building was scheduled for demolition and the La Boheme became a memory.

But Willie's West Side opened with dancing, humpy bartenders and a lesson in integration for the straight world. Black, brown, pink and yellow skin is all gorgeous there, and Spanish is spoken as readily as English. The Picadilly Pub, with a charm of its own, bloomed on Amsterdam Avenue while another Willie (a handsome stud) opened the This 'n' That. Bar-

tender Gordon thought he'd freak out the neighbors by loading the windows with gay pride signs for weeks before and after the gay pride parade. The neighbors freaked him out by walking past and shouting in the door, "Right on, brother!"

The new Studio 72 took over the old Don's bookstore and turned it into a swinging shop. There, amid slides, photo sets, paperback and hard-cover books, films, skin magazines, etc., Billy Kamp holds afternoon court. Everyone drops by to say hello and browse a bit. Some even buy something.

So here it is 1971 and we've gone full cycle. The straight singles have taken over the East Side with their version of gay bars. The Village Voice wants gay people out of the Village. The West Side is the "new" gay chic. "It's so nice," as Dolly Gallagher Levy once said, "to be back home where we belong." Gaytown, U.S.A.

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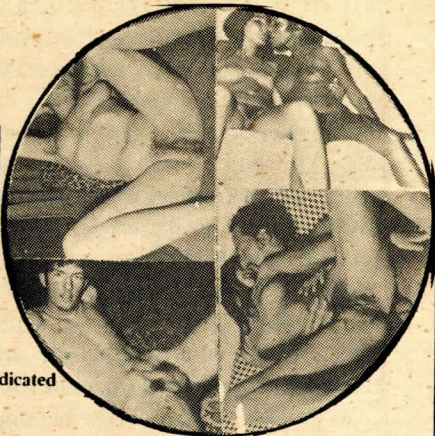
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## GAY OPENS LOS ANGELES OFFICES — CALIFORNIA DISTRIBUTION ON THE RISE

Los Angeles, California— GAY's West Coast offices opened September 1 at 373 N. Western Avenue, Los Angeles, boasting a staff of three and new contributors to GAY's pages.

Don Warman, former news editor for *The Advocate* is GAY's West Coast News Editor. Ron Taylor, previously the advertising representative for *The Advocate*, and Tony d'Vries are manning the advertising,

distribution and business offices.

"The first issue of GAY sold relatively well after its cover price dropped from 75 to 50¢ despite its lack of West Coast coverage," Taylor said. "I worked with Don Warman for some time previously and feel confident that he will continue his high journalistic standards with us that he maintained at *The Advocate*."

GAY's local Southern California

distributor has increased its order 250% in the anticipation of a tremendous circulation jump now that the L.A. office is open. The distributor is servicing newsstands and bookstores with copies of GAY while the bars continue to be served directly by GAY's representatives.

Dealer and advertising inquiries should be called directly in to the office. Telephone (213) 462-3237.

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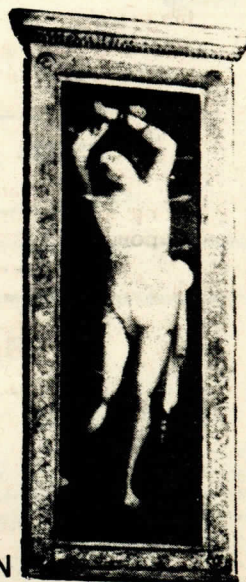
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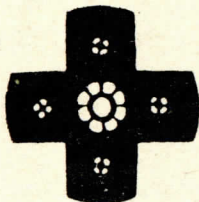
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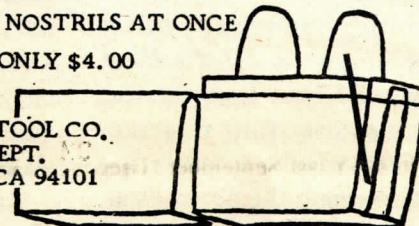
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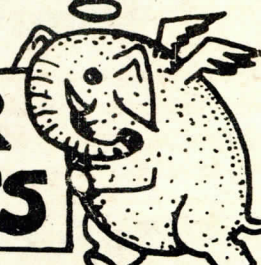
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4. COME IN, by Frazer Curtis, Surrey House Inc., \$1.95.
5. AH BUDDIES, by J.C. Alpert, Surrey House Inc., \$1.95.

(continued from page 7)

# Mayor of Columbus

Why do I go into all this? Why do I let Sensenbrenner bug me, and why do I exhume the diatribe against Middle-America when I was quite thorough in my condemnation in GAY last September? Gregory Battcock reproached me for "preaching" in those articles. It's true, there's nothing as dreary as sermonizing, whether spiritually or temporally instigated.

However, I am compelled to stick in a sneaky little reminder to all you kiddies out there in Cocoonland that there are still plenty of Sensenbrennerian slobbs around. You don't have to be an active militant to recognize them. Oh, I know what you're going to say. "The man is 74 years old. His kind will soon be dead and the prejudice dies with them." Nice thought but I'm afraid you're in for another rude shock. You've been reading about these various Jesus Brigades that have been gathering recruits all over the country? (One is based near Columbus.) Reformed teen hip-advocates, "flying high on Jesus" as they say with little originality but great verve.

My first reaction: If it keeps them from mainlining Horse, swell. Let them worship Francis Bacon or Joyce Kilmer. Jesus Christ Superstar is outselling Joplin's Pearl now. Next Christmas, I can give

John the Baptist Superstudevangelist to my friends instead of a depressingly post-humous Jim Morrison. However, it has come to my attention—(no, I'm not really surprised)—that one prerequisite for the reformation of these adolescent libertines (besides compulsory shearing of the lengthy locks) is the total disapprobation of anything stinking of homosexuality.

We can go into the sad retrogression involved with this project another time. (I'm quite sure it does warrant rather close surveillance . . .) I am simply trying to point out that although Sensenbrenner's days are happily numbered, there are scores of replacements waiting in the wings. And some of these itchy under-studies with gnarled and dusty minds are but eighteen years old. I weep.

And, yes, I hate. (Hate is at least a positive reaction and I know I'm still alive and able to react.) I hate the Sensenbrenners of the world for their corruption of youth. They, as well as Needle Park Pushers, inhibit the mind's expansion. In order to correct some of these measures and insure a more proper balance, I think I'll go out in my All-American city and do a bit more crusading of my own. Anyone able to show proud evidence of condensed milk in his veins may join me.

(continued from page 11)

# A WOULD-BE STUD

resemble certain men we have known, he is not really made of flesh and blood, although Nicholson's superlative acting is practically enough to make us think so. He is more like the slick equivalent of a Grade B western villain. Real villains may have a little good in them somewhere (forgive me, Ayn Rand) and real "sexists" may possibly (forgive me, women) have a

few positive human traits. P.S. Will somebody send an exterminator to the Cinema I Theatre? If East Side Theatres are supposed to be chic, why was there a mouse scuttling down the aisle of this one? I could expect such things on 42nd Street where I'm not paying three bucks to get in to find myself hobnobbing with rodents.



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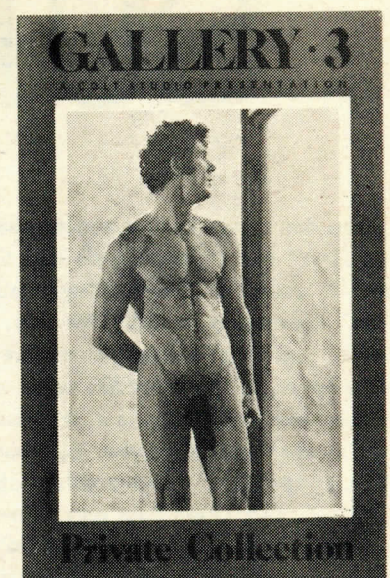
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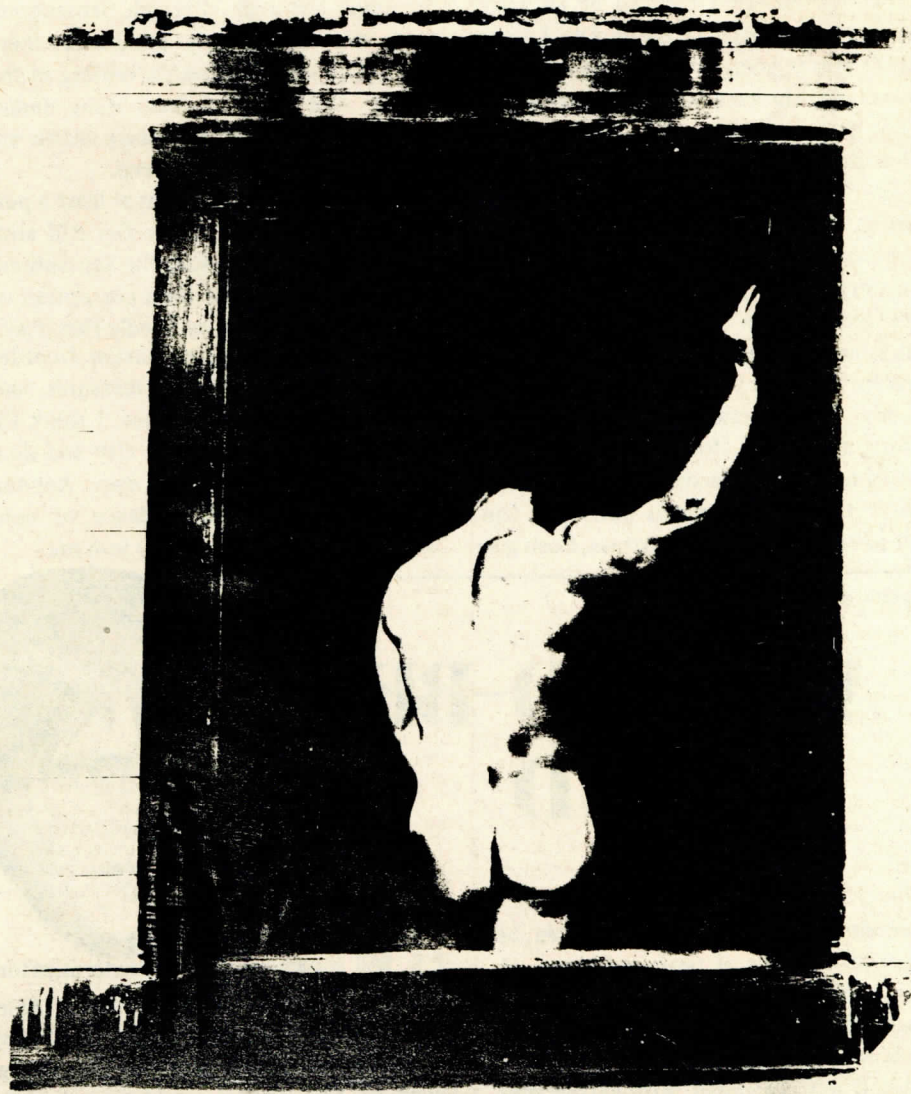


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**MALE BOX**, 1716 Second Ave. Intimate bar, dancing, and dining with that East Side charm. GM

**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

### A NEW RESTAURANT IN THE VILLAGE!

Since the closing of J.B.'s restaurant (on West 13th Street, Manhattan) deprived those of us who eat out in that area of a much-needed spa, until now no comfortably elegant eatery of comparable quality has tempted our palates.

Thus, we're tickled lavender by the recent opening of The Squires Nook at 18 East 13th Street, right off Fifth Avenue. This luxurious little bar/restaurant is a credit to its owners, two male lovers, and to everyone who enjoys intimacy, excellent food, and an atmosphere for quiet romance. The waiter, Don, is a gentleman of top calibre, and Frank, the manager/bartender, creates cozy camaraderie in this corner of the Nook. Prices at The Squires Nook are moderate, ranging from \$3.50 for Sliced Beef Steak to \$6.50 for Lobster & Steak Combination.

If you're tired of all the old spots in which you've been dining, give The Squires Nook a try. And if you're into fish, don't pass up the Shrimp Scampi Mediterranean, which is served with a large fresh salad you'll long remember.

**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

**NEW JIMMY'S**, 1576 3rd Ave. bet. 88 & 85 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.

**ONE POTATO**, 518 Hudson St. at 10th St. (691-6260). Very friendly bartenders dispense the drinks at this reasonably-priced restaurant/bar. Good food, too. GM & GF, neighborhood straights.

**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

**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

**THE SQUIRE'S NOOK**, 18 E. 13th St. off 5th Ave. (255-4746). This luxurious bar/restaurant advertising itself "for peasants with money" may bring back elegance. Lunch: 11:30-3 pm.; dinner 5-10 (midnight on Saturday). 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 (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

**THREE**, 314 E. 72nd St., at 2nd Ave. (734-9303). The popular kitchen is closed for the summer, and the delightfully intimate bar is now the social center for East Side lesbians. GF, some GM

**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 marvellous 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

**THE WESTSIDER**, 2160 Broadway at 76th St. (SU 7-9791) New and exciting Upper West Side center with dining room and bar on the ground floor, beer bar and game room downstairs. Brian and Frank dispense the drinks and the

charm. 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 steam-room. GM

**ST. MARK'S BATHS**, 6 St. Mark's Place (473-7929). Low rates for rooms and lockers. This ancient building is the birthplace of James Fenimore Cooper. Recent improvements signal management's belated desire to keep up with the times. Open 24 hours. 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

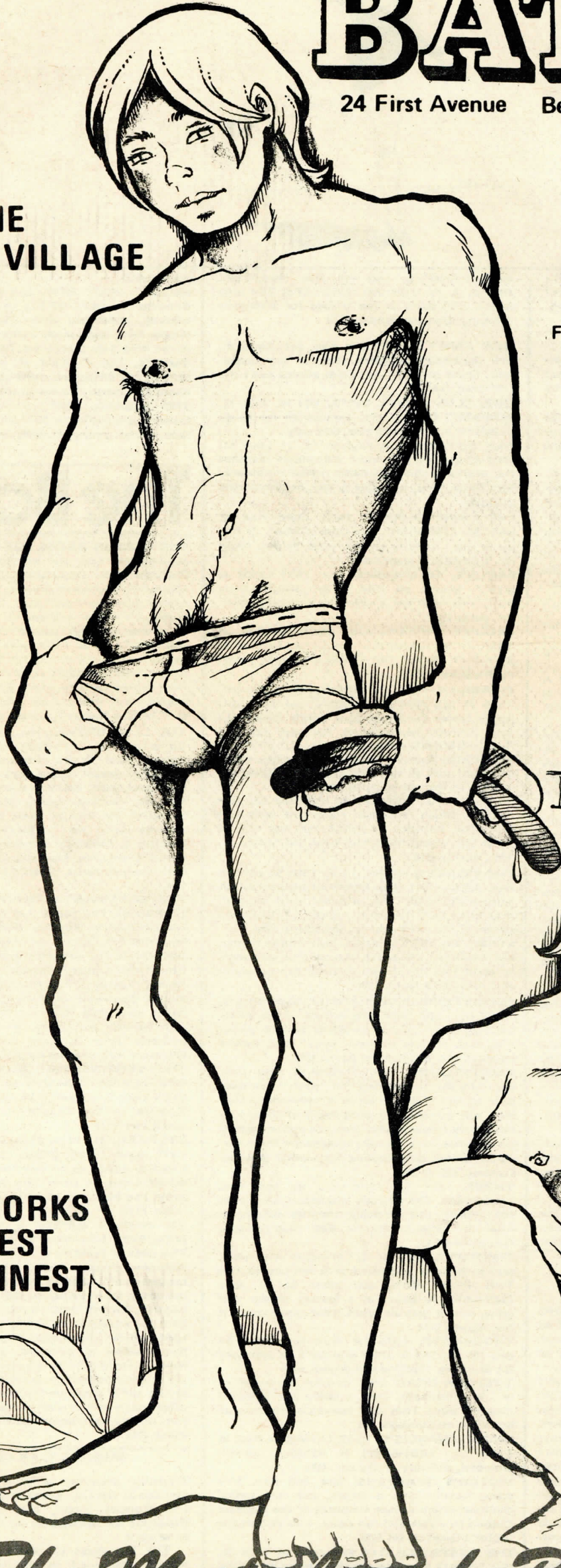
Thursday evenings (6:30 p.m.) women are meeting at the Gay Activists Alliance Firehouse (99 Wooster Street, two blocks south of Houston) for discussions on topics of interest to women.

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 CLUB BATHS

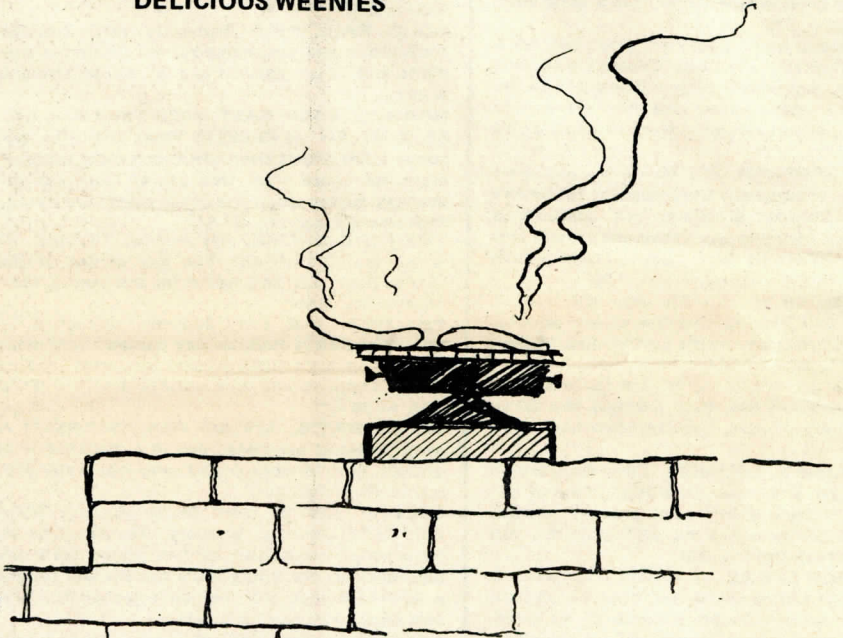
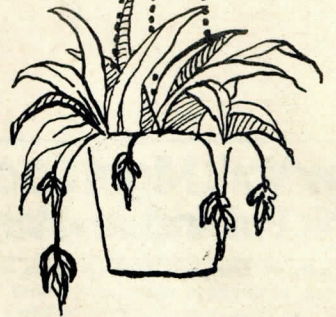
24 First Avenue Between 1st & 2nd Sts.

IN THE EAST VILLAGE



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



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