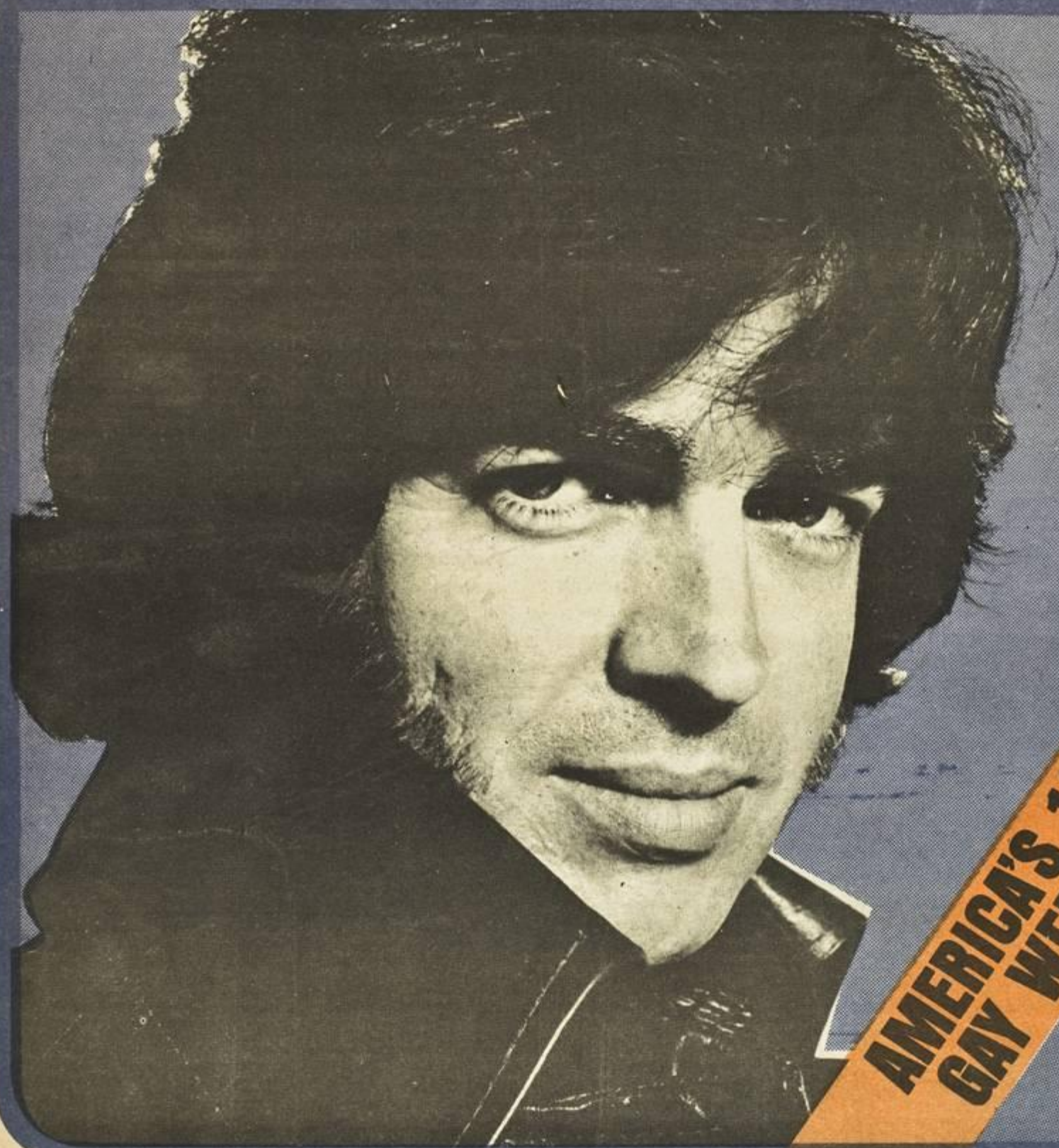


WHO IS JIM OWLES? P.4

GAY

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NO. 30



**AMERICA'S 1ST.
GAY WEEKLY**

**THE APOSTLES
OF UNISEX P.10**

The Editors Speak:

THE ACTION APPROACH

We are pleased to call your attention to a rare gentleman: a warm and thoughtful individual who is a psychotherapist by profession. His name is Dr. George Weinberg and he is the author of *THE ACTION APPROACH: How Your Personality Developed and How You Can Change It*, now available as a pocketbook.

Dr. Weinberg has freed himself from many myths and dogmas common to his profession. He is also one of the few Ph.D.'s who can present his ideas clearly, without the heavy intellectual jargon which so often plagues others with that degree. His book, which describes a highly effective psychological technique (a self-therapy program) is written in language that is lucid and profound.

Our first encounter with Dr. Weinberg occurred five years ago when he addressed a convention of homosexual spokesmen at the Barbizon-Plaza Hotel. His speech brought the entire convention to its feet with thunderous applause. On that occasion Dr. Weinberg, a heterosexual by inclination, established himself as an outstanding defender of the homosexual community, a man not afraid to question the entrenched antihomosexuality of his colleagues.

"By blaming their patients' everyday difficulties on what they do in bed," said Dr. Weinberg, "analysts not only demoralize them, but turn them away from discoverable solutions. Instead of increasing his understanding of how he offends people or prevents himself from living comfortably, the patient falls to an examination of how he became homosexual, and how his sexual attitudes supposedly manifest themselves in all his daily behavior."

"Homosexuals, and members of underprivileged groups generally, tend to be especially vulnerable to mentors and experts ready with advice, and should be on their guard. It is easy to confuse one's special condition with the deep sense of aloneness felt by every living human who reflects on his life, and about which nothing can be done. Homosexuals must not err in paying sizeable fractions of their incomes to experts in the hope of getting rid of his aloneness."

While we may not benefit by paying sizeable portions of our incomes to so-called psychiatric experts (as Dr. Weinberg says), the Editors of GAY do not doubt that everyone will benefit by reading his superb book, *THE ACTION APPROACH*. We know of no other self-help tome which speaks so directly to the human condition with such sparkling vitality and candor. All people have fears and problems. *THE ACTION APPROACH* enables one to attack and overcome unnecessary obstacles which make life less than joyous.

Homosexuality is not treated as a problem in *THE ACTION APPROACH*. "I'm tired of the old-fashioned chapter which in all too many self-help books, treats homosexuality as some sort of unfortunate concern," says Dr. Weinberg. Problems, he believes, common to homosexuals and heterosexuals alike, can be mastered. *THE ACTION APPROACH* introduces a powerful method by which to confront life: by seeing the power of action and learning to direct it toward achieving one's goals.

Copies of *THE ACTION APPROACH* are at your local bookstore (Signed pocketbooks, \$1.25). If not in stock, ask your dealer to order it.

Dr. George Weinberg is America's most hip psychotherapist. His wit, honesty, and straightforward dynamism will help open new levels of consciousness.

GAY

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HOMOPHILE CONVENTION OPENS AUGUST 25th

by Madolín Cervantes

San Francisco, Calif. — Some 30 or 40 homophile organizations representing all parts of the country are expected to have delegations at the convention of the North American Conference of Homophile Organizations (NACHO) which opens in this city on August 25th.

To be hosted by the Society for Individual Rights (SIR), the largest homophile organization in the country, sessions will be held at the SIR Community Center, 83 Sixth Street, in San Francisco. All indications now are that every philosophy in the movement,

ranging from the old-line stable and fairly conservative SIR, Mattachine of New York, Homophile Union of Boston and Institute of Social Ethics of Hartford, Connecticut, to some of the independent radical Gay Liberation Front groups will be represented.

Speakers scheduled to date include Dr. Laud Humphreys, Episcopal priest and sociologist, author of *Tearoom Trade, Impersonal Sex in Public Places*, Henry J. McCluskey, Jr., the attorney who carried the Buchanan case through, and California Assemblyman Willie Brown, who sponsored the homosexual law reform bill in the California legislature

which is now bottled up in committee and which the California organizations are trying to have brought to the floor of the Assembly for a vote. Brown introduced the bill at the last session of the legislature, but was unable to get it out of committee at that time.

Four days of business sessions have been planned and the organizations are hoping to come up with at least the skeleton of a nationwide program for obtaining law reform. They also hope to encourage the organizing of more homophile groups throughout the country. There are now approximately

125 such groups, although most of them are very small and presently clinging to a rather precarious existence because of local prejudice and the difficulty of making any meaningful contacts with city or town authorities.

Among the East Coast groups planning to send delegations are the Mattachine Society, Inc. of New York, the Student Homophile League of Cornell University, the Homophile Union of Boston, the GSHA at Harvard University, Buffalo's Mattachine Society of the Niagara Frontier, the Mattachine Society of Washington, and at least one group from Philadelphia.

REJECTED LIBRARIAN GOES TO COURT

Minneapolis, Minn. — The University of Minnesota Board of Regents illegally denied a gay Minneapolis man "equal protection of the laws" and "due process of law" when they refused to hire him as a librarian, American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU) lawyers argued in court here.

The man is James Michael McConnell, 28, who received a job offer and a warm greeting last April from University Librarian Ralph Hopp, since the job had been vacant for a year.

But in May, McConnell applied for a marriage license with Jack Baker, the university law student who has been McConnell's lover for three years. That drew wide publicity.

In June, McConnell was told he needn't report for work July 1. On July 10 the Board of Regents refused to reconsider that decision, although it had been ordered to by one of its committees.

McConnell immediately announced he would take the refusal, a blatant instance of discrimination, to court. He was backed up by the Minnesota Chapter of the ACLU, which provided him with two volunteer lawyers free, and by the local chapter of the American Association of University Professors.

At the hearing in U.S. District Court on Aug 5th, Regent John Yngve refused to give any reason why his committee denied McConnell the job, although at one point he testified:

"McConnell was openly proclaiming himself to be a homosexual by seeking that marriage license, and that action itself was basis for rejection."

"Do you feel," asked ACLU lawyer Stephen Goldfarb of Minneapolis, "that McConnell is a criminal?"

Answered Yngve, a suburban lawyer, "People that live together that are homosexuals engage in acts of sodomy, and people can presume that they will engage in acts that are against the law in Minnesota."

To do that, he added, would be a "terrible thing."

Q. Are you aware of the fact that a homosexual can have no contact with a person—that is, that there is a difference between a condition and an act?

A. Two people that live together and take out a license, there's no question about what they want to do and what they will do.

Q. Does the university have any rules

(continued on page 12)

GAY NEWS

August 31, 1970, Volume 1, Number 30



General Mills, Inc. (Betty Crocker) will hire homosexuals.

HONEYWELL, INC. ADMITS JOB BIAS BETTY CROCKER SAYS GAYS WELCOME

Minneapolis, Minn. — Honeywell Inc., the largest employer in the Twin Cities, has admitted that it discriminates against gay people in its hiring—and, its board chairman adds, that it considers the matter closed.

On the other hand, three other major Minneapolis firms say it doesn't make any difference to them whether a worker is gay or not—in their hiring, pay rates or promotions.

The four firms responded to a letter asking about discriminatory practices from FREE, the gay club based at the

University of Minnesota.

James W. Chesebrough, a member of FREE's coordinating committee, said FREE is seeking to establish a dialogue with Honeywell executives in an attempt to change their minds. And he said the other three firms will be tested with employment applications from persons who list FREE as a student activity, to make sure the companies' hiring policies are consistent with their words.

The three no-job-bias winners are: General Mills Inc., the home of Betty Crocker, Wheaties and Jack Armstrong,

the All-American Boy. "We do not discriminate against homosexuals or any other minority group," said senior vice-president Paul L. Parker in a letter to FREE.

The Pillsbury Co., another convenience-food maker ("Nothing says lovin' like something from the oven.") "The company has not knowingly discriminated against homosexuals or any other group," wrote Dean McNeal, group vice-president.

Dayton's, the largest Twin Cities department store and a subsidiary of Dayton Hudson Corp., which operates Detroit's biggest retail store and a chain of book, discount and other outlets. "We seek individuals with the professional expertise and creative energies needed to achieve our company objectives. This is our prime and only consideration," wrote Carl Erickson, store president.

Dayton's has sought out for employment, under a hiring-the-disadvantaged program, swishy young gays—along with blacks and Indians who also found decent jobs hard to get, according to Conrad Balfour, former Dayton's personnel counselor and presently Minnesota commissioner of human rights.

Honeywell, with 1969 sales of \$1.4 billion worth of computers, thermostats and defense contracts, is ranked by Fortune Magazine as the nation's 74th largest corporation. Its employment, at Twin Cities and other plants and offices across the country, totals 75,000.

"We would not employ a known homosexual. Our practice is the result of actual adverse prior experience," wrote Gerry E. Morse, Honeywell's vice-president for employee relations, in a letter to FREE dated June 29.

Morse did not elaborate in the letter—but after Chesebrough made the letter public at a press conference July 6—told the *Minneapolis Star* that gay employees haven't worked out because "they've tended to separate from the group."

He was also quoted as saying that gay employees have refused to accept transfers to other Honeywell sites.

Added Board Chairman James H. Binger, "I consider that that (letter from Morse) closed the matter."

Chesebrough, after making public Honeywell's letter, responded to Morse with a letter of his own, in which he quoted the 1969 report of the Task Force on Homosexuality of the National Institute of Mental Health.

That report called for a "reassessment of current employment practices and policy relating to the employment" of gay people. "FREE was hoping your firm might lead the way,"

(continued on page 12)

BY JOHN FRANCIS HUNTER
Part I—Introducing One of the New Free:
A Freak

If you seekers of the unusual truth who read this publication for its freak value and who have traveled with me before, truth and freak hunting, up the aisle of the Metropolitan Community Church, where we found Troy Perry, or into show businessland where we lost Zebody Colt, come with me now. I've got a real live one for you. Even "queers" think he's odd.

"Most homosexuals would consider me, as an activist, to be a freak!" he says. Those are his very words. There are only from a hundred eighty-five to two hundred men and women anywhere who nearly like him in the world at present, and though there are Gay Liberation Front-ers across the country by the hundreds, maybe five hundred parishoners on that oddball California church, perhaps all told a few thousand homophile crusaders of whatever stamp from coast-to-coast now, there is really only one like this one. For one thing, he's the first elected head and therefore official representative and whipping boy of a brand new kind of outfit.

A Tough Assignment

When you find yourself face-to-face with the first of a kind who is one of a kind and you are a seeker of the unusual who writes, you experience a dizzying feeling of inadequacy. To describe such a freak, i.e., "something (or someone) markedly unusual or abnormal," so that you convey some of the woof and warp of him, is one of the toughest assignments you can impose upon yourself. Especially when that person is a leader yet anything but the stereotype of what is popularly thought of as charismatic, packs a powerful wallop, yet is not "typically" dynamic, and reads as authoritative, but has had only a year and a half of college and doesn't give a fig for the preachments of recognized "experts" such as psychiatrists. He appears without qualm on television, self-assured about his subject, and before political warhorses with sufficient expertise to grab their attention. Also command their respect, if his group's successes with the Village Independent Democrats and New Democratic Coalition is any proof of the pudding. (The latter just agreed to the formation of a committee on homosexual rights!) Perhaps the safest thing to do is present him entirely in his words, without fancy verbal embroidery or editorialization but for one who calls himself a personal journalist, that is a cop-out. I must try to flesh out a bona fide freak for you...

Jim Owles, 23-year-old president of the nine-months-old Gay Activists Alliance, sits across from me on the floor telling me about homosexuality and the homophile movement. He has been an active homosexual, sexually speaking, about two years. It started in the Air Force, following his involvement in antiwar activities. Prior to that, he had had one tentative experience with someone back home in Chicago, just "fondling." The person was "easy to talk to, and at the time I really didn't think of sex." He felt "the need for a close friend, warmth, and understanding." Not very strange? No?

Hated to Hide

He didn't think his contact with



CBS' Gloria Rojas (visible over the shoulder of GAY's John Francis Hunter) interviews Jim Owles outside the courthouse

AN OWLES WHO GIVES A HOOT

Meet Jim Owles: President of the Gay Activists Alliance

another male was "extraordinary," and the only pangs he felt during or after the Air Force affair had to do with having to hide while risking being sent to the stockade "for twenty years." Jim knew little about his civil rights as a homosexual or lack of them and not very damned much about the oppression of homosexuals. There was no sudden dramatic turn of events in his personal life that left him wounded, no wailing in

the night for his demon lover, no self-flagellation. This is a *freak*? Where is the wrist-cutting syndrome? Jesus, I'll bet he doesn't even wet the bed or drink his bath water, you are saying.

Anticipating your disappointment, I stared at this polite, mild-mannered, unassuming slip of a man, who fixed me in return with intelligent dark bluish eyes as we talked, and I tried digging into his background for drama that left scars, for

unique family imbalance, for *taint*. I did it not just for you Doubting Thomases, but for me. After all, he is my acknowledged leader (I'm a GAA member) and head of the homophile group I feel to be the most effectual, promising, relevant, and pragmatic in the U.S. Because I know its actions are going to become more and more exacerbatng to the establishment, I've got to have confidence in him as head rabble-rousing

nut. Great leaders are always nutty, aren't they, by somebody's definition? If one is going to lead me, he's got to be something mighty different, anyway, and not just by his own admission.

My Cup Runneth Over

This *kid* here, this kid young enough to be my son, a publicly declared homosexual, was a self-admitted freak, so I wanted to see something odd about him other than that he doesn't fit the mass conception of leader, in order to convince you and me. Please note I didn't say I am old enough to be his father. I am the kind of person who sees a cup as half full rather than half empty. But these days the cup of a homosexual optimist runneth over, with Perry in L.A., fasting and going to jail to help secure my rights (though Perry's a recognizable weirdo in a clerical collar with all the glamour of a movie star in his commanding presence), and here on the East Coast, while we're making progress, too, under whose banner is it? Jim Owles and the Gay Activists Alliance? Why?

Why Jim Owles?

What brought him to sit in at Republican State Headquarters in an extreme effort to get an audience with the governor of all the people? To spend an evening in the tanks for the cause? How did he and his confederates manage to whip together dozens of street demonstrators to back them up, a group including, among the more likely loudmouths such as disgruntled drag queens and messianic long-hairs, dozens of super-butches and boys next door you'd never dream had sucked a cock in secrecy much less be willing to stand up and chant, "Say it loud. Gay is proud!"? Also women, some of them in dresses! Great day in the morning.

Jim Owles...

From whence his audacity, his chutzpah, his zeal, his courage, his determination, his steely calm in crisis? Trying to finger him freaked me out!

Resorting to Notes

Surely, in my notes, which I had taken at random over a period of months, I would find something to make him emerge as exceptional on the exoteric level, find what would make him believable to the public. From the sheaf marked "GAA meetings" came these pearls:

He looks fragile, but I've seen pictures of him throwing himself like David in combat with Goliath against police lines and he didn't break, so how can he be? He is pale, wan, physically unprepossessing, a grown-up waif out of *Oliver* whom you wouldn't expect to have the energy to sing his way to the table in "Food, Glorious Food." (By his own account he subsists on hamburgers



Jim Owles emerges from the Courthouse with the Rockefeller Five

and by the end of Gay Pride Week had so exhausted himself he looked as if he'd been getting only the pickles.) At first glance around the congress of stalwarts at the regular Thursday night meetings of GAA at the Church of the Holy Apostles, you might pick him as the runt of the litter. You do not know just when you begin to think of him as the giant.

The Peck's Bad Boy haircut (or is it, too, Dickensian?), the indifference to dress, the impassive expression with which he surveys his people filing into meetings (he's just had a couple of hours in executive session with his fiery and anything but subordinate lieutenants), the apparent ennui with which he rears up in his chair and glances around the room before calling the group to order, the apathy in his occasionally (during the interminable routine) lackluster eyes—all bely the energy with which he is capable of prevailing when he knows he must prevail for the sake of progress or must, to heal, become the arbiter, or when under attack, to top or stop the pyrotechnics. Is all this natural or acquired technique?

Appearances Don't Matter

I doubt that his appearance itself is calculated to please or displease. Like so many of the New Free he can't be bothered with superficials. It serves, however, to remove him as a target for the vain searching for something of themselves in him to attack, and his sometimes almost dilatory reaction to attacks on his office, his capacity as chief executive, disarms the vainglorious.

Does he know he is looking, being, doing all these things? Is it cunning?

His eyes blink more slowly than most people's. He shows his disapproval of time-wasting quarrelling, of wool-gathering rhetoric, of squabbling, of obtuse "humor" by half-shutting his eyes, fluttering his lids. You see the

serious child remonstrating "Oh come on, you guys."

There is none of the aggressiveness usually associated with people small of stature. He doesn't seem to "need" to be a kingpin.

Dominates By Presence

When he steps down from the chair, he still dominates the meeting by his presence, his occasional clarifications, his deliberate though not always dazzling rebuttals.

He has the accent of the North Central States, foreshortened vowels notable in words like "becuz." He mispronounces, his grammar occasionally lapses, he now and then is a Malaprop ("omnibus" for "ombudsman"). He never spouts leftist platitudes; "bourgeois" is not in his vocabulary. What he says seems to spring out of a personal lexicon. He is occasionally salty, but not coarse by default, not simply because he can't find the word. Words do not intimidate him.

His humor, when it pops out, is dry. Again his lids droop, as if in disapproval of his own levity, he looks askance, and zips on to the next order of business. A sense of timing?

He becomes more and more disdainful of pettiness the more he is beleaguered by it.

He makes swift decisions, but seems so judicious you rarely feel him to be capricious.

Is Loyal to Comrades

He clashes with his closest friends, and they with him, yet they seem to love each other no less. Away from them, behind their backs, he credits them, he has nothing but praise for them and their individual points of view. There is room in him for honoring the aspirations and achievements of others.

He pouts on occasion, but enthusiasm rekindles suddenly when a

particularly cogent remark is made, a sensible proposal for an action presented. When he senses, grasps the initiation of a valid action from the floor he is quick to express his approval of it, to lend it his weight, whether the chair is always in order or not. He respects the parliamentary procedure with which this militant organization has "strapped" itself, but seems loath to become a slave to it.

If he is uncompetitive, he is nevertheless watchful of his prerogatives and rarely puts himself down. Humble he can be. Arrogant he comes close to being only when unfairly pinioned.

Prefers Not to Fight

He is known to be scrappy in battle, but he reiterates again and again his dedication to the principles of nonviolence.

He is a together cat, but anticool; he is reserved but not glacial. Passionate and compassionate and dispassionate when he needs to be.

He is opinionated in that he has definite convictions and is unshakable regarding them.

Now and then he puts himself on the line with such precision that you cannot believe it is a 23-year-old speaking: "Appearing on a panel with someone like Dr. Socrates would be giving that man's philosophy, for lack of a better word, a certain credence."

Or: "I feel it's offensive that TV shows think they must 'show another side'... It's like inviting, whenever you have a Jewish speaker, a representative from B'Nai B'Rith, someone from the American Nazi Party to show an anti-Jewish sentiment. It's ridiculous."

If his notes and observations have not explained why Jim Owles is the numero uno in what I think is a numero uno homophile group, maybe his own words will. Next week Jim will talk. ■

HORNSCOPE

BY STORM NETHERLAND

(The following thumb-nail horoscopes pertain to the dates Monday, August 24, through Sunday, August 30.)

A he traditional order of the Sun Signs—Aries at the beginning of the Zodiacal year and Pisces at the end—represents, according to astrologist Ingrid Lind, "a progress from primitive unity and simplicity to complexity."

ARIES the Ram, (March 21-April 20)—Get a good grip on yourself and hold it, because this promises to be one of the duller and most uneventful weeks of the year for you. Jerking off for an Aries, though, isn't exactly a last resort measure, as you generally enjoy your own company!

TAURUS the Bull (April 21-May 21)—If there is an exchange of money this week, it should come your way. Cruising on Wednesday, will not turn up what you anticipate, and by Sunday you will be content with a leisurely fuck at home in a familiar sack. Take your time, there are still trying days ahead.

GEMINI the Twins (May 22-June 21)—A roll in the hay today causes anxiety by Thursday, interfering with your concentration on work and your relationship with someone close to you. Doing something rather irregular sexually would not seem so exciting if you unbenet more often and gave your earthy half way, ethereal one!



CANCER the Crab (June 22-July 23)—A current physical irritation could become more than that, though tomorrow you will be inclined to exaggerate its present possibilities. Do not discard an "old" trick in hopes of drawing to an "inside straight." Rather exciting week.

LEO the Lion (July 24-Aug. 23)—Oozy in the offing tonight or tomorrow, including your present favorite fucking partner! On Wednesday your erotic talents can bring money or opportunity your way. If you find yourself in a tearoom on Thursday, clear out at once, as danger lurks. Or disease, perhaps, in one of those back rooms. Saturday someone suggests a new position. Try it.

VIRGO the Maiden (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—Go to a friend's for hulling tonight; tomorrow night hit a bar, as you will still feel horny. And still on Wednesday you are giving into sexual whims. Saturday finds you on exotic turf, perhaps at a bath. All this is due to your entry into your sun sign span and in preparation for lively days ahead, probably in career pursuits.

LIBRA the Scales (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—Separate the interests of your groin from your pocketbook this week. Do not be too lavish with your coin in search of sexual gratification. You can get it cheap if you allow a trashy friend to bring you down to earth from your habitual aerial sphere. And no skin off your knees!

SCORPIO the Scorpion (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—You are lusting after someone in secret, and while this seems harmless enough at the beginning of the week, it could bring about a rift by

Wednesday that could cut off your home mookie. You are going to have to concentrate on demonstrating your continuing desire for someone close to you by being especially creative in the sack. Try shrimping with cool water in your mouth—if that is exceptional for you!

SAGITTARIUS the Archer (Nov. 23-Dec. 21)—Now hear this hepatitis is still afe in the land, and you must absolutely avoid any oral-anal contact with strangers. To keep yourself aloof from danger, concentrate on your work. Watch your appetites this week.

CAPRICORN the Goat (Dec. 22-Jan. 20)—'Tis generally a good week for you in all areas. Until Thursday. Thursday could see the break-up of a current sex, if not love, alliance, a strain on your health, and emotional upheavals at work. But, ah! Friday brings a reversal of your fortune. Lie low and do not lay at all 'til then.

AQUARIUS the Water Bearer (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—Beginning tonight, this is your week, baby, with an old immorata chasing you, a new trick diving for your crotch, and, no later than Wednesday, a young thing inspiring you into such athletic bed postures, you'll look like a pretzel. Ride high on through Saturday, including in career pursuits, as this is a time of great opportunity. Make the most of it.

PISCES the Fish (Feb. 20-March 20)—You are contemplating a change, or experiment, in terms of career. Do not discard any possibilities. As you ponder, hold a familiar body close, that may be all you require. How well two spoons fit together!

BY JOHN P. LeROY

"Forasmuch as there is not yet sufficient and Condyne punishment apoynted and limited by the due course of the Lawes of this Realme for the detestable and abominable Vice of Buggery committed with mankind or beast... that the same offence be from henceforth adjudged a felony and such order and form of process therein to be used agaynst the offenders as in cases of felony at the Common lawe. And that the offenders... shall suffer such paynes of death and losses and penalties of their goods, chattels, debts, lands, tenements and hereditaments as felons being accustomed to do accordyng to the Common Lawes of this Realme..."

The Act of 25 Henry VIII, Chapter 6
The Love That Dared Not Speak Its Name by H. Montgomery Hyde, Little Brown, 305 pages text plus index, \$7.95.

Mr. Hyde, a member of Parliament and "a happily married heterosexual" who has never felt physically attracted to members of his own sex "in any abnormal sense," has given us an informative and illuminating survey of homosexuality in England from before Henry VIII up to and beyond the English law reform of 1967. It is the kind of book to read in several sittings, for it offers such a wealth of detail that the mind boggles from all the facts. Being a lawyer by profession, Hyde has concentrated mainly on the legal and social aspects of homosexuality in England, and has skillfully traced the way in which antihomosexual laws have been enforced, summarized the proceedings at several of the more notable trials, and traced the evolution of the struggle for reform. Here are a few highlights:

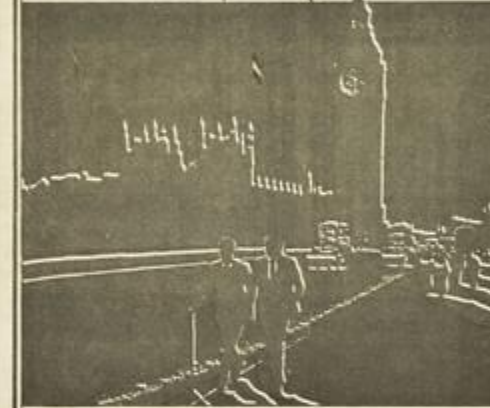
The original statute of Henry VIII was not enacted to root out all homosexuals, but as an instrument whereby power might be wrested from the Church and given over to the state. In particular, it was the privilege of the Church to deal with homosexuality in its ecclesiastical courts. In order to make his affair with Anne Boleyn legitimate and obtain a divorce from Catherine of Aragon because Catherine could not bear him a son, it was necessary for Henry and his chief minister, Thomas Cromwell, to not only seize a good deal of church property, but reduce the jurisdiction of the ecclesiastical courts so that certain crimes could only be tried by the state, not the church.

The word buggery was derived from the Latin *Bulgarius*, a native of Bulgaria, where heresies were known to flourish. The term was contracted to *bugger*, a synonym for heresy. As part of a general smear campaign at the time of the Inquisition, the sexual practices of heretics became as heinous as the religious heresy. The ecclesiastical courts dealt with sexual offenses far more humanely than those of the crown but, as

BE BUGGERED AND BE BEHEADED

THE LOVE THAT DARED NOT SPEAK ITS NAME

H. MONTGOMERY HYDE



A Candid History of Homosexuality in Britain



The Author: H. Montgomery Hyde

England became increasingly polarized, it became politically necessary to initiate the process of abolishing the power of the church by using buggery as an issue because buggery was least controversial.

The antibuggery law was enacted and repealed four times thereafter. Under Mary's reign, it was repealed in order to restore the power of the ecclesiastical courts, but Elizabeth, a confirmed Protestant re-enacted it and the law, in 1563, remained in its harsh form until Victorian times.

It was not until a century after enactment that a trial took place and a conviction was achieved. The court was divided over whether it was necessary to prove that penetration and ejaculation occurred. But, because the defendant was of weak religious conviction, and was the Earl of Castlebury, it was necessary to remove the stain upon the nobility and keep the people religious. The harshest interpretation was handed down by the Lord Chief Justice and the prisoner was sentenced to be hanged. But since the Earl's ancestors had done good services to the crown, King Charles I changed the punishment from hanging to beheading.

During the eighteenth century, the law was applied fairly, but severely. The rich usually escaped punishment by posting bail and fleeing the country. By the early nineteenth century, courts began to demand evidence not only of penetration, but of emission. An increase in homosexual activity was reported and, because there were so many acquittals on account of the difficulty of proving that orgasms took place, penetration by itself, without emission, was deemed sufficient

proof of carnal knowledge by 1828.

The increase of homosexuality was blamed on the Italians. Italian opera was thought to encourage foppish manners, continental morals (always loose), and tea drinking. Italians were thought to be quite bisexual and interested in free love.

During Victorian times, homosexuality was rife among the nobility. Ladies in search of a husband de-emphasized their busts, shortened their hair, and tightened their corsets in hopes of competing with the males. At the top public schools, Eton and Harrow, homosexuality was very nearly expected of the students: John Addington Symonds, a homosexual scholar of the time, explained it this way:

"(Higher education) still rests on the study of Greek and Latin classics, a literature impregnated with *paiderastia*... The best minds of our youth are therefore exposed to the influence of *paiderastic* literature, at the same time they acquire the knowledge of unnatural practices. Nor is any trouble taken to correct these adverse influences by physiological instruction in the laws of sex."

Male prostitution flourished among the

the Act of Henry VIII

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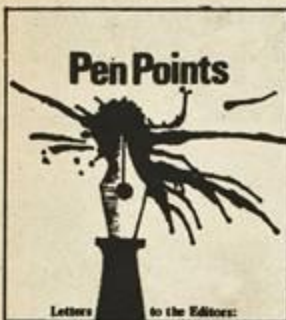
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BUYING THE PAPER

Dear GAY: Congratulations on your brilliant paper. I am saving my copies from issue number one, to be used in the first Gay Studies Department that opens up in a state university.

Why not? The number of gays in this country is equivalent to the population of 3 average size states.

I buy the paper especially for Lilli

Vincenz's articles, for her courage and candor. A dash of humor would help. But she is an excellent writer, with fine culture and enjoyable. Dick Leitsch is our foremost gay historian, and Angelo is to be praised for being consistently stoned on himself.

Too bad so many people are afraid to buy GAY on the stands. Nothing bad ever happened to me; but my lover, a 37-year-old English professor, is afraid to ask for it. Maybe he thinks the chubby little newstand lady will lose respect for him. It would be great for him if he could stride to the stand and demand the latest issue. I think every reader, ought to persuade two of his closest friends to buy the paper publicly. That would help cure them of guilt.

Keep up the good work.

Cordially, G.W. N.Y.C.

A MOTHER WHO MARCHED

Dear GAY:

I must thank you for the warm and

friendly letter I received from you when I requested a subscription to GAY. I had wanted to make sure when the march was to take place.

Well I did march! I am no longer young, so I only made it from Sheridan Square to 42nd Street.

But I've been wanting to tell GAY how truly good it all was. The spirit, the friendliness, the courage and the joy was something I shall not ever forget. How I wished all my friends would have joined me.

Yes, I'm straight. I had pondered whether I would take along a sign urging "Straights join in, support your brothers and sisters, your sons and daughters." Perhaps next time I will. This time I sort of felt I'd like to "walk with," not "for."

My son in San Francisco had told me to speak to older gay people, that the younger ones would not want to be so friendly. But it did not work out that way. I was mixing in the crowd feeling a little shy and sort of "alone," when two young men saw my PEACE button and spoke to me themselves. We chatted

easily. I said I was marching for my gay son in San Francisco and, believe it or not, for an ex-daughter-in-law in San Francisco who came all the way to New York last year to tell me she had found love for the first time in her life, a woman. No wonder her life had been so troubled before. So we visited. They were gentle and beautiful. A few others heard us talking and they did me the honor of asking if I would like to walk with them.

All around me I saw happy faces. All the way along there were also cries of support. It was terribly hot and as I say I am not so young. Twelve grandchildren and one great-grandson—but I forgot the heat and the fatigue as I took my place in the walk for freedom. [for] honesty and against bigotry. It was all beautiful and I still feel the warmth of the kindness around me.

Sincerely, Sarah V. Montgomery

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



Sister George was too much a "lady" in Boston

The Wicker Basket



BY RANDOLFE WICKER MALE GROUPIES ON SCREEN SOON

A documentary entitled "Groupies" which offers a behind the scenes peek at fans who throw themselves sexually at their rock star idols has a few chilling sequences involving male groupies.

In one extended scene, a sixteen-year-old oriental boy named Chaz, who obviously is under the influence of barbituates, vainly attempts to seduce Terry Reid, an English rock and roll star. He doesn't succeed.

According to the film, San Francisco is rife with male groupies while they are not so common in other towns. The scenes were filmed at Fillmore West.

REV. TROY'S MOTHER SLAPPED BY RELIGIOUS FANATIC During Rev. Troy Perry's fast on the

steps of L.A.'s Federal Building, a middle aged woman approached and commenced screaming that "as homosexuals, you'll die and go to Hell."

Troy Perry's mother asked her if she had children. "Yes, I have three," she responded.

"Madam, did you know that but for God, one of your children could be homosexual?" Rev. Perry's mother countered.

The woman went white, slapped Rev. Perry's mother across the face and walked off without another word. Later she was seen crying on the corner.

BLACK PARTY SCHEDULED FOR SEPTEMBER 12th

Gay Activists Alliance is planning a block party at Christopher Street in the West Village on September 12th. Plans include concessions, games, music and dancing in the streets.

PITTSBURGH TEENS ENTRAP GAYS

A group calling itself the Homophile Organization of Pittsburgh has formed after a wave of attacks on homosexuals centering around South Dithridge Street, the local "meat rack."

Frequently, one youth will station himself on a corner until approached or picked up by a gay person while a carload of his friends wait around the corner. Then his accomplices will follow the intended victim and his chicken trick-traitor to the country, his home, or other place of assignment and proceed to beat and rob him.

Local police have reacted to even open muggings on the streets with prejudicial indifference, telling complainants: "Get the fuck out of here; we don't want to do anything for you bastards."

HONDA SQUAD HUNTS HOMOS

San Francisco's "Houda squad," that is policemen on motor scooter patrol, were first created to cut down on

muggings and purse snatchings in Golden Gate Park.

Now that crimes of violence have been virtually eliminated, they have switched to patrolling Lands End, Seawall and other gay cruising areas which are inaccessible to regular patrol cars.

GLF WANTS TO CAMP ON WASHINGTON MALL

The National Gay Liberation Camp-In Committee has applied to the U.S. Parks Service for permission to hold a camp-in on the Washington, D.C. Mall from August 28th to Sept. 8th.

Originally, the committee had planned a Sequoia camp-in at Hume Lake in California in early July, but the Parks Department revoked the permit at the last minute because it claimed "indecent activities" might take place at the camp-in.

GLF claims it has a right of assembly and is being held to a separate standard of morality, charging that "millions of heterosexuals engage in all types of sexual activities in campers, tents, cars, sleeping bags and bushes in the National Forest every year."

MARCH ON ALBANY PLANNED FOR LATE SEPTEMBER

Gay Activists Alliance is planning a march on Albany in late September to press homosexual demands during the middle of the current political campaign.

SNAKE PIT RAID BASIS FOR LEGAL ACTION

At least four individuals arrested during the infamous Snake Pit raid last winter are not only suing NYC for false arrest but are also bringing legal action seeking "expungement" of all records of other illegal arrests. Such "arrest records" frequently cause employment difficulties or serve as a basis for bonding company refusals to insure homosexual employees although those arrested have been found innocent and therefore should supposedly suffer no legal or quasi-legal penalties.

T-ROOM COP TO STAR IN FILM

A Dallas police agent, a 21-year-old cutie named R. D. Duncan, reportedly stands around public men's rooms masturbating. Should some homosexual get turned on and also start masturbating himself, Officer Duncan arrests him for public lewdness.

Henry McCluskey, Jr., the lawyer who has built the Buchanan case into a Supreme Court challenge, together with local homosexuals, have been following Officer Duncan with a movie camera hoping to get his performance on film to show to the Dallas City Council.

SERVICE OF HOLY UNION FOR N.Y. GAYS

A "Service of Holy Union" specifically designed for homosexuals has been instituted by the American Orthodox Church. The exchange of vows does not purport to be a binding legal civil ceremony, but simply a blessing and religious ceremony for those wishing to exchange vows before God and their fellow man.

Excerpt of foreword: "The soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David, and Jonathan loved him as his own soul. And Jonathan stripped himself of the robe that was upon him and gave it to David. Then Jonathan and David made a covenant, because he loved him as he loved his own soul."

The Vows: "I, (John) take thee (James) to be my beloved, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health; to love and to cherish in the sight of God: and thereto I pledge thee my word."

The service can be conducted privately or publicly with an exchange of rings or not as each couple desires.

The first couple from the small but growing congregation exchanged vows in a private ceremony during the first week of August.

Regular worship services are held at the Church of the Holy Apostles, 302 Ninth Ave. at 28th St., at 2:00 p.m., every Sunday afternoon. A social hour follows.

BY LILLI VINCENZ

erosexuals are beginning to clamor for their right to see the pornography they've paid for. "I paid for filth, and filth is what I want to see!" exclaimed an irate woman who felt she had been cheated because the famous lesbian love scene had been deleted from The Killing of Sister George when shown in Boston.

"That's putting it a little crudely, of course," the August 7 Washington Post comments, "and her remark may not rate an immortality commensurate with 'Give me liberty or give me death!' or 'Workers of the world, unite!' but there's something to be said for it. It's an honest reaction, an honest beef. In the simplest show business terms, the customer has a right to expect his money's worth of entertainment, the performance he paid to see, be it tawdry or sublime."

While GAY has recently spoken out against mail-order pornography fraud, the subject in the article "At Last, A Dirty Movie That Delivers the Goods" is commercial movie fraud, something most of us are much more familiar with. Previews and advertising whet our appetites for sex—and then the actual film is a letdown. (Russ Meyer's Vixen has been one of the few delightful exceptions.) The article mentions the tedium of sitting through Sister George, waiting for the lesbian bit, and of enduring the "incompetence of De Sade or the 'redeeming' sociological equivocation of I Am Curious (Yellow) for the erotic payoffs they... offer."

Bergman's Persona and Godard's Weekend are cited for their effective use of erotic materials—and, yet, "visually graphic skin shows" they are not.

So now there is a blue movie in town, a "simple, uncomplicated, reasonably competent dirty picture" to serve our prurient needs. Censorship in Denmark, recently arrived in Washington, shows all the stuff that moviegoers have paid "too much not to see" in such pictures as I Am Curious (Yellow) and such plays as Oh! Calcutta! In this

"I Paid For Filth And Filth Is What I Want!"

documentary, Alex de Renzy, San Francisco sexploitation filmmaker, covers last year's Danish Pornography Fair and other pornography markets. Hailed as a milestone in sexploitation movies, this film offers "more or less authentic pornography at more or less popular prices." It is well made; it is entertaining and cheerful; and it even has a few homey touches, such as the sailor's keeping his socks on while making love.

The reviewer anticipates that the film will satisfy our voyeuristic curiosity and that if it does so, major producers need no longer try for a piece of the pornography action. They can then "concentrate on our need for films with stories and actors and feelings and that sort of thing." Perhaps, perhaps.

A few people have told me that the film is quite good. A rival flick called Pornography Copenhagen: 1970 is also playing in town, at Washington's new gay theater, the (M)ark; U; but the latter supposedly didn't have the benefit of as good a moviemaker as de Renzy—says the Washington Post.

The Threat of Freedom

Dr. Weinberg's article in GAY No. 26 beautifully explains one cause of antihomosexual prejudice: the fear of diversity. When a person grows up to believe there's only one path to travel and then finds out that there are other viable ways of life, it's a confusing revelation at best and a frustrating one at

worst—especially if he paid a costly price for conformity and need not necessarily have done so.

In the realm of religion, it is probably no longer loudly proclaimed that one particular church is the only way to the truth. Our democratic ideals forbid such advertising at the expense of other religions. But it did take some time to imbue the faithful with this attitude of tolerance, didn't it? The ecumenical spirit had to be carefully nurtured—and still hasn't overcome all opposition to it. For some people, the spirit of religion alone is not enough; they have to believe that theirs is the only true church. To think that others may be just as good threatens the security they need—and out of which need they go to church in the first place: in search of inner support.

And so with acceptance of homosexuality, an alternative to heterosexuality. Individuals grow up with one ethic, to which they carefully adapt themselves and without which they lose their balance. It will take time for diversity to assert itself in this sphere—but the beginnings have been made by modern youth. And when the older generations die out, homosexuals, together with heterosexuals, will be able to enjoy the freedom of a world they helped fashion.

Dr. Weinberg's job of curing patients of their antihomosexual feelings should become progressively easier, as everyone becomes more liberated and, more

important, able to cope with freedom—his own and that of others.

A B C's of Homosexuality

The book The Same Sex, which I had ordered for Marcelle's mother, finally arrived. Before giving it to her, I decided to read it—and am glad I did. Though I am generally not tempted by homophile apologies—for they are meant for the heterosexual, or unconvinced homosexuals—this one was very worthwhile.

The Same Sex an anthology of articles by experts in the field, is divided into four sections: Sex Research, Sex Ethics, Sex Laws, and the Homophile Movement. Of the three homophile contributors—Foster Gunnison, Frank Kameny, Barbara Gittings—Foster Gunnison's "The Homophile Movement in America" was of particular interest to me. (The other two essays are excellent, too, however.) "Homosexuality: The Formulation of a Sociological Perspective" by Simon and Gagnon; "The Homosexual Community" by Hooker; and "The Law and the Church Versus the Homosexual" by Maddocks were my other favorites in this book of eight chapters.

Marcelle's mother should get a lot out of it. The book is to be highly recommended for use as a sophisticated primer to bridge parents', relatives', and friends' information gaps about homosexuality. It contains just about all the answers to all the questions a homosexual is likely to hear about his condition. Armed with such a tome should increase your self-confidence a hundredfold if you're about to confront or be confronted by straight ignorance and/or hostility.

Published in 1969, The Same Sex is 154 pages long and is available from the United Church Press, 1505 Race Street, Philadelphia, Penna. 19102 for \$3.45 in paperback and \$5.95 in hardcover. Even if you're not a crusader, or aren't forced to be, the book really belongs in everyone's—homosexuals' and heterosexuals'—library as a handy reference book.



Finding happiness in the dunes



The happiness hump



Two's company: Three's welcome



All aboard!



Walter Burns, Barbara's Director



Josef Bush wrote the screenplay

THE APOSTLES OF UNISEX Barbara Loves Every Body

BY JOSEF BUSH

All right. It's a movie now, and everybody can see it. I'm glad. Glad with very few qualifications.

There are some outside considerations; political, cultural, social. I don't either ignore them or minimize them. I know that the various extreme groups will take some issue with *Barbara*. *Barbara* is sexist. *Barbara* is capitalist. *Barbara* is anarchistic. All right! If you say so. What is the movie culturally? A new cinematic lobby-topic? Something for the *Cahier du Cinema* buffs to chew over during intermissions? A collection of *novae* and old camera tricks? If you say so. Socially, one could imagine a barrage of cruciform attacks: babbits in cassocks and talliths and Bible-belt business suits blasting its anti-home-family-marriage-decency-Americanism-tradition slant. Well, as the

director says, "Something to offend everybody." A visual manifesto from the International Jewish Homosexual Communist Conspiracy. Well, as the director says, "Something to offend everybody." I say, simply, something to offend you if you're against a complete sexual re-evaluation.

As the writer of the scenario, I stand somewhere between the author of the novel and the devil. *Barbara* isn't quite what the book is or intends to be because in the literal (or nearly literal) translation from book to movie, there had to be a change of point of view. I can't talk too much about his, Frank Newman's point of view, because that would be presumption, and besides, Olympia Press is giving away free copies of the novel to the first two thousand people who come to see the flick. Read it and make up your own mind. But a movie script-cum-storyboard is something else.

When you "write" a movie, you deal in symbols, images, and you have a slight edge over the author of the original material. That's where your (or my) point of view comes in. So, here it is.

Within the bounds of the story, *Barbara* is about the breaking down, systematically, haphazardly, and clumsily, by a group of young people of both sexes, of those arbitrary barriers—mistakenly called moral—between people. Role-playing. The characters use a method they only partially understand. As do we all. But they do use it to the best of their ability, and with a certain awareness of human possibilities for unlimited joy, regardless of age or gender. They realize that some people have to be attacked, some cajoled, some seduced into sexual awareness. But they believe, as I do, that it's worth the trouble. They zap as best they can.

You could say *Barbara* is against

homosexuality. It is, but only as a hard and fast limitation, just as it's against heterosexuality, as such. If you want to be old-fashioned, you could call it a bisexual film. We, at Druidstone-Hottentot (Whisper that name!) call it the first unisex *lust musical*. Unisex. *UNI-SEX*. The sexes together. That's the message. It means, do it with and to everybody, and dig it. Now.

But let me warn you that if you expect the characters in *Barbara* to embody deep philosophical-sexual questions and principals, you're going to be disappointed. *Barbara* is no talkathon. If the young men and women in the movie embody anything, it's the will to live out their fantasies. The ghost of *Myra Breckinridge* haunts every frame. That will do unto others is their strength, and I believe it is the strength behind all of the many movements we're all so

proud of: movements that in the past year have made themselves felt in the mainstream of American culture and manners. *Barbara* is a yea-saying movie. As Wilhelm Reich writes in *The Sexual Revolution*, "The word *revolutionary* in this book" (movie) "as in other sex-economic writings, does not mean the use of dynamite, but the use of truth." The truth about this revolution is its devotion to complete sexual freedom for the young. (Get ready for a court case about that.)

If it were up to me, there'd be a sign outside the Garrick Theatre saying, "Restricted to people under thirty," or "No adult admitted unless accompanied by a child." But I don't control anything. That's just my message. To you. That and *Go forth and freak out the world!* One at a time if necessary, but do it. There's not very much time left.



Beep beep: Make way for the men



My goodness! Is that how you do it?



Prising for a pump with poppers



A Hot dog sandwich



Fashion's last spasm

**HONEYWELL, INC.
BETTY CROCKER**

(continued from page 3)
Chesboro wrote.
He added, "FREE has considered picketing, leafleting and disrupting the operation of your firm, as well as asking students to boycott the firm and the university to sever all economic ties with your firm."

"Such steps do not, however, seem appropriate at this time. Understanding your policy does seem to be the first step—FREE would seem to be an opportunity to speak with you."

"You mention actual adverse prior experience," FREE would only ask that one experience not be the basis for discrimination against an entire minority," Chesboro wrote.

At the press conference, Chesboro noted the national gay population average of 4 per cent and said, "Almost 3,000 people currently employed at Honeywell must now lie and be dishonest to all those around them."

"In addition, their jobs may clearly be in danger no matter how many years of stable and productive service they may have provided."

Chesboro said, in an interview July 27, that he has received tentative indications that Honeywell is willing to enter into a dialogue with FREE (for Fight Repression of Erotic Expression), and expects it to begin shortly.

He said follow-up letters will be sent soon to other Twin Cities employers—including Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing (3M) Co., Northwest Airlines, Burlington Northern Railroad and Control Data Corp.—who did not reply to the original FREE letter on discrimination.

Meanwhile, FREE is handling a blatant instance of discrimination in its own back yard—the refusal of the University's Board of Regents to hire librarian James M. McConnell, who in May applied for (and was denied) a marriage license with his lover, Jack Baker.

FREE is taking that case to court, with backing from local chapters of the American Civil Liberties Union and the American Association of University Professors.

**REJECTED LIBRARIAN
GOES TO COURT**

(continued from page 3)
concerning homosexuals?

A. No.
Q. Did the committee have anything before them to indicate McConnell was convicted of a crime?

A. No.
Q. Does McConnell's condition render him unfit for the job?

A. He may be an excellent worker, but as far as his unfitness, we have laws and we cannot condone the breaking of the law.

McConnell has a master's degree in

library science and during the past year—living apart from his lover—he was librarian at Park College, Parkville, Mo.

McConnell was the only other witness at the 4-hour hearing before Judge Phillip Neville in Minneapolis. Much of the time was devoted to legal squabbles and objections by the four lawyers.

Under cross examination, McConnell was asked if he had ever committed sodomy.

However, a spirited debate among the lawyers over the propriety of that question ensued, and it was thirty minutes before they agreed that the question should refer only to acts of sodomy committed in Minnesota.

"No," replied McConnell, who moved to Minneapolis in June and now lives with his lover and two other fellows.

Said Baker, who sat in the courtroom the full time:

"The university's lawyers were furious at hearing that answer. They didn't know what to do, and you could tell. They shit in their pants."

The university's lawyer then pressed McConnell sharply on the marriage license application. "How would you consummate the marriage?" he asked.

"By going to the church and getting married," McConnell replied coolly.

"Do you advocate homosexuality?"

"Never, for anyone."

"Have you induced anyone into homosexuality?"

"No."

Shortly afterward, the university's lawyer lost his temper and, almost shouting, told Judge Neville:

"I offer this witness as proof that he committed acts of sodomy in the past, in other states; that he has committed acts of sodomy in Minnesota, and that he intends to commit such acts in the future?"

"This witness?" asked the judge.

"Yes," the lawyer said angrily.

"I reject such an offer," said the judge, who then gave lawyers on both sides two weeks to file briefs.

Judge Neville will then rule on whether or not to issue the injunction McConnell seeks, forcing the university to grant the job it offered and to stop discriminating against gay people in the future.

The injunction is sought under the Fourteenth Amendment, which requires states to grant all their citizens due process of law and equal protection of the laws.

When McConnell was denied the job in July, several regents were quoted privately as saying that, since they knew he planned to go to court if he lost, it would be good public relations to refuse him.

The university has come under sharp attack from right-wingers since a gay club was founded on the campus in '69, for

failing to punish 75 Black students who seized the administration building for 24 hours in January 1969, and for having too many radicals, liberals, and antiwar demonstrators enrolled among its 50,000 students.

**NIXON'S
COMMISSION SAYS
PORN'S OK**

Washington, D.C.—"There is no evidence that exposure to pornography operates as a cause of misconduct in either youths or adults," according to a draft report of the President's Commission on Pornography.

That draft, which was leaked in Washington Aug. 5 was prepared by staff for review by the full commission for endorsement and public release. It is not yet official.

However, the staff concludes—in a 300-page report based on 2½ years of gathering evidence and hearing witnesses:

"Research indicated that erotic materials do not contribute to the development of character defects, nor operate as a significant factor in antisocial behavior or in crime and delinquency causation."

As a result, the commission is considering recommending that bans on pornography are not only unnecessary but are probably unconstitutional.

The constitutionality of anti-porno laws has in the past been predicated on the proposition—which the commission's staff interprets as an incorrect assumption—that erotic books or movies cause somebody some harm, if only youth.

But there's no evidence that sexy pictures, books or flicks of any kind cause any sex crimes, influence anybody's sexual orientation or otherwise corrupt the morals of our youth, the staff concluded.

The leak came about after a House Post Office subcommittee obtained the draft report for use in writing new laws to forbid mailed pornography.

The report also offered these conclusions—yet to be confirmed by the full 18-member commission:

The general belief that men are more easily aroused by erotica than women may need revision. Tests with sexy films showed that women are sometimes aroused without knowing it.

Political conservatives are not aroused as much as liberals by erotica. It did not comment on radicals.

The great increase of explicit sex in films, books and magazines since 1960 has not brought any corresponding increase in sex crimes.

Studies of sex offenders in New York and at a Midwest prison show that their maladjustment stems from sexually repressive family backgrounds, period.

Sex offenders seem, in fact, to be less

responsive to erotica than other prisoners, probably because of guilt inhibitions.

Juvenile delinquents haven't had experiences with pornography any different from non-delinquents.

College students who saw stag films didn't display any change in sexual aggressiveness, coarse language in mixed company or any other change in character.

The commission which will release the final report—before it goes out of existence in September—is headed by Dean William Lockhart of the University of Minnesota Law School, who has written extensively on the effects and constitutionality of anti-porno laws.

**GAY PRIDE RECORD
ALBUM RELEASED**

New York, N.Y.—A documentary record album chronicling the mass demonstrations of Christopher Street Liberation Day, Gay Pride Week, and the growth of the Homosexual Movement has just been produced and is now available to the public. The record is entitled "June 28, 1970, Gay and Proud," and is the first record of its type ever available.

The album covers events in the United States Homosexual Community from June 28, 1969, the start of the "Stonewall" riots, to June 28, 1970, the day of peaceful demonstrations which marked the first anniversary of the uprising.

Twenty leaders of the Gay Movement around the country are featured on the recording in addition to several individuals and a politician. The purpose of the production is to provide a living audio history of the homosexuals' struggle for freedom and equality.

The narrator is Breck Ardery, who has worked as a radio news reporter in several cities over the past five years. He personally conducted most of the interviews contained on the album. Tape from the Chicago demonstration was provided by Chicago Gay Liberation and the newspaper, *The Advocate* of Los Angeles, gave coverage to West Coast activities.

Ardery says he believes the recording can serve several purposes: as a memento to those who participated in the demonstrations last June; as an aid to those gay people who wish to learn more about what's happening in their movement, and as educational material to heterosexuals who may be interested in homosexual liberation.

The album is available at \$5.00 per copy postpaid in the U.S. and Canada, \$6.00 overseas, and may be ordered directly by sending a check or money order to: William Ardery, P.O. Box 575, Canal Street Station, New York, N.Y. 10013. In addition, it is hoped that the record will be made available at selected retail outlets in major U.S. cities within the next few weeks.

THE LAST ESTATE

BY GREGORY BATTCOCK

The last place I would expect to have my car towed away by the police is Bologna, Italy. So today they towed it away, lock, stock, and barrel, while I was trying to get Dr. Henry, complete with his porcelain clock which he bought at a "chic" shop on the Ponte Vecchio, checked into the Majestic Baglioni Hotel. Italy is where I am which isn't the same as where it's at—anyway they've liberated their women which is a shame. The Bolognese men are, to be sure, an attractive, poised, arrogant as they have always been. Anche the Romani, Fiorentini and Senese. But they're not nearly as available and you can watch the Americans (men, women and children) hanging around making themselves look awkward and all the while wondering why nobody is trying to pick them up.

For some mysterious reason, the Italians prefer Italian women (Italians are the only people on the face of the Western map that prefer local merchandise to imported stuff). And now that they can get all they want for a nod, they let the stranieri go hang. Their favorable balance of payments—stable currency—full employment—is due largely to the (former) willingness of mindless

Italian male youth, in all their remarkable glory, to service the juvenile sexual whims of hoards of pale-faced, pimply, button-downed, overweight sightseers from abroad. Well, you can forget it. If you can't groove on pasta, hidden crucifixes of Donatello, Renaissance facades, the sound of the language—not to mention the police (in the most consistently Communist city outside the asbestos curtain) towing away your car, and the hotel keeper in Rome when asked if he knew which room Sigmund Freud occupied fifty years ago said, "Well let's see if there's any mail for him." "There won't be, that was in 1895." "Well let's see anyway." . . .

Fifty years, fifty minutes, and they have to liberate the women yet.

I'm not going to analyze it. Henry can. All I know is that Italian women don't look like Italian men. When Italian women wear minis they look self-conscious, but they look curiously in-out of place in midi's. Ideologically they take to them like a worm to dirt. Anyway, if midis weren't fashionable, Italian women would wear them more often than not.

West Side Story is playing in the local "cruisy" movie here, but if you have

any sense, you come to Bologna to eat, not cruise. Henry and I are food freaks and we've admired the chicken breast in souffe, zuppa de pesce, jambon de Parma and by mistake the miraculous Icon of the Holy Madonna of St. Lucca. I also made the mistake of trying to drag Henry to the enormous Basilica of St. Petronius. With eyes fixed straight ahead our good doctor made a bee line for the exit and remarked, "Well, if you've seen one church you've seen them all." Yes, that's right you know. I have seen them all, from Burgos to Caen, from Chartres to St. Peter's on Riverdale Ave. in Yonkers, and I've enjoyed every one of them, including the Hagia Sophia, Sultan Ahmed, St. Paul Outside the Walls, Auxerre, the Parthenon and the Pantheon too; it doesn't make a shred of difference which one you march through. All of them together aren't worth one Vietnamese life (though I suppose you could trade them for a few American lives—human life is cheap, or at any rate of low quality, if that's the same thing in this country). Churches are artificial, indecent, sexy. I cruise anything that moves in churches—including the statue of St. Arnolfo while I was having an apparition in Savonna, after taking an overdose of white wine at luncheon. Must be something about the challenge, the

frame of reference in churches, the embarrassment of the place, and then you think of them fucking around with our lives in Washington, Tel Aviv, Saigon and the Citta Vaticano. America is at the root of all evil and tomorrow I want to buy that black and white silk tie I saw in the shop in the Piazza Nettuno and the striped polo shirt in the window in the Via Indipendenza.

Italian women hate fashion; Italian men date on it. That's why Italian men shouldn't wear long hair. They've missed the point of what is essentially a social fashion rather than an entirely capricious one. They have their long hair coiffured, sprayed, teased and it becomes an empty imitation of provo style, no longer containing its intrinsic provocative, anti-establishment meaning.

Life is too important to get it mixed up with art and so am I. As an art critic, I will criticize life. Great art is meaningless in an environment of low quality life. Today, in America, artists should concentrate on creating art that is not great but, rather, useful. There will be another time for great art. Art is only great so long as it refers to its context. As an art critic in the future I will simply get drunk. Our aggressive dollar-oriented anti-life culture pays me to remain a fraud. Do American tourists really gain spiritual enlightenment from their encounters with paintings by Duccio and Cimabue? Or from ordering Coca Cola to drink with their petti pollo Bolognese or sogliola della casa? Or from picking up soldiers on the Ligurian Express? Probably none of the above.

BY STEFEN VERK

A column of counsel to our troubled brothers and sisters who seek meaningful positive guidance and not the further imposition of heterosexual myths, hang-ups, or unearned guilts. Only letters of the widest general interest can be published, but all letters will be answered if accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope and 50 cents for handling.

Q. I don't know whether to blame Fire Island, me, or the guy in question. Six weeks ago, I met the guy of my dreams at a party in The Pines. We danced all night, made love on the dunes at dawn and watched the sun come up over the sea three mornings in a row. It was one of the most moving experiences of my life. We have been meeting each weekend since then on the Island. He is 26. I am 25. We seem evenly matched in almost every way I can think of, and we get along wonderfully. This is the problem. Although we both live in Manhattan, I only get to see him on those weekends at The Pines. He has made countless excuses about not meeting me during the week here in the city. We telephone each other, but we have never yet visited each other or gone out together. He knows how I feel about him, and he has told me dozens of times that he feels the same way. I cannot understand why he should avoid seeing me here, if we are so attached to each other on the Island. He never gives me an outright refusal, just an endless variety of excuses. This whole scene is driving me up the wall. I don't know what to do.

A. The guy in question is you. Of course, it is a Fire Island romance, which makes it the homosexual equivalent of the traditional shipboard romance. It's all in the traveling, my friend. Once you reach port, what passes for sanity re-asserts itself, and everyone rushes off to his own lair and his own milieu. The tender promises are as ephemeral as sea-spume. You have been given unmistakable clues to this guy's intentions, so you cannot blame him if you are taking so seriously what he is trying to tell you is only a

it just makes him slipper and looser. Even alum was a flop. What can you suggest?

G.S., Richmond

A. Try peanut butter.
Q. I am a boy of 20 with very light blond hair, blue eyes, and very fair complexion. I am constantly being cruised by Negroes, specially very dark ones. They don't turn me on at all, because I only like other blond white guys. This annoys the hell out of me, because I don't understand

this game, and they are the whites who will only have sex with black partners. It is the Blackness they are sleeping with, not the person. This is their way of feeling temporary superiority in a world where they ordinarily feel quite inferior. I refer now only to Blacks and whites who totally exclude those of their own race from their beds. Those who do deal realistically with their Blackness, or those whites with a positive self-image, are not pre-occupied with color or put-down games. They are free to sleep with people, not symbols. You can't see the color when the light is out, anyway, but you can enjoy the person. By the way, why do you only like blonds? What's wrong with dark hair? Are you going to sleep with the hair or the person?

NOTE: My current encounter groups have produced such satisfactory results that I am starting three additional ones in September. I am now accepting applications for membership in the new groups, which are each limited to 10 male homosexuals from 21 to 55. I particularly urge some of our Latin and Oriental brothers to apply, as well as more Blacks. We all share the same planet, and we must learn to relate to each other as people, not as impenetrable ethnic groups. The areas we deal with are: communication, love, sexual or social hang-ups, restructuring of a positive self-image, techniques of dealing with reality, alienation, loneliness, and happiness. If you are sufficiently uncomfortable with your life and yourself at present, that is all the motivation you require to enter this liberating experience. These are not merely traditional encounter groups; they are reality workshops specifically tailored for the needs and potential of male homosexuals. If you are now in private therapy, discuss the value of this technique with your therapist. The group experience is a highly rewarding one, even if you have never felt you needed any therapy at all. We can never know too much about how to deal with ourselves and others. For more information and enrollment, please call 724-9676. And remember that liberation starts with the head, and I only have room for 30.



passing summer romance. Either enjoy it as it is, a delightful interlude, or cut it off now if it is causing you pain. It is always a little poignant about these vacation romances, but if they do not prove to be enduring things, one must be realistic enough to accept them as they are. They are fun while they last, and life does not end at the close of summer, you know.

why they should always single me out. Why me? Would you explain this?

R.L., Chicago
A. Why you? Because you look exactly like you do. Blacks who cannot deal with their Blackness often concentrate on very white, very blond, sex partners. It is the old put-down game again. This is how it goes. They vent their rage at their Blackness on a white partner in a symbolic sexual act in which they mentally degrade that partner by forcing him to submit to intimacy with an inferior. This is all played out in their heads. The Black, privately seeing himself as an inferior, reverses roles with the white, whom he sees as his superior, and through the sex act becomes (in his head) the superior of the two. Sex is not the objective, superiority is. Whites also play

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A Visit to the Thompson Gallery

BY RANDOLFE WICKER

Since Gay Pride Week, an erotic art show has been underway at the Thompson Gallery, 20 Cornelia Street (that's between West 4th Street and Bleecker just west of Sixth Ave.). An array of pastel sketches, bronzes, sculptures and paintings all bear witness to the breathtaking beauty of the male body.

Frank Thompson, the artist, is a Florida man who gave up a comfortable career managing his family's orange grove, ranch and theater to pursue male beauty and art in New York.

After graduating from Pratt Institute in Brooklyn, N.Y., in 1943, he entered commercial art as an engraver, but when the firm which employed him moved to New Jersey a few years later, he resolved "to give up making money for making art."

At first he dabbled in painting landscapes and florals as well as male nudes, but he soon found himself receiving quite a bit of publicity as a figure painter.

"In 1957, I was exhibiting in an outdoor art show," he recalls, "when I met Bob Kashey. He was going to become an anthropologist at the time. But we became friendly and thought it would last forever, so six months later we found the shop on Cornelia Street and moved in."

"Bob became quite involved in art. After a while he gave up his job at the American Management Association to work full time with me in art."

"Business was very slow at first. Initially we opened just to sell my work, but soon we were dealing in works by other painters as well. Eventually, Bob became quite an authority on art. Even the heads of all the museums respected his judgment and at times they even sent him to Europe on business."

"After seven or eight years, though, he moved uptown with a girl I was dating



The Thompson Gallery: Home of Uncircumcised Nudes

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Frank Thompson

at the time, opened his own shop and later they were married. So, I lost my boyfriend and girlfriend at the same time."

Frank describes himself as a pastelist who works mainly in figure. As an art dealer, he also specializes in American impressionist and tonalist works which he purchases at auctions and from other dealers.

His first publicity as a figure painter came about quite unexpectedly. He painted the five-by-two foot portrait for the off-Broadway production of Oscar Wilde's *Picture of Dorian Gray*. He used the young actor playing the lead role as his model. When the reviews came out in the press, the critics gave the show mixed reviews, but all mentioned the

"outstanding portrait figure study used as a backdrop."

"I prefer live models," Frank explains. "You can get a better variety of color and tone. People are usually very glad to pose, just for the art of it."

"Did you ever do a duo of two lovers?" I queried.

"Yes, but doing two lovers is more of a challenge. It's hard to get the relationship of one model, all his organs together and in harmony. Two models must not get out of rhythm with each other. For instance, one may slump and that changes the relationship between them."

"Do you paint people as they are or do you glamorize them? Do you make them look younger or their bodies look

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more supple or their cocks bigger?"

"Well, my technique makes people look younger, I try to make a wholesome fresh quality. I know this because I have a painter friend who used to paint the same models and he always made them look older."

"Otherwise, I paint them as they are, leaving off only ugly scars like appendectomy and circumcision. All else is untouched."

"Why do you 'uncircumcize' your models?"

"The uncircumcized penis is more beautiful, more rhythmic. The penis is noticeably not part of the body when the head bounces out. The Greek's always had uncircumcized models. Otherwise I paint them actual size."

"What are your customers like?"

"Well, the beauty of this business is you don't have to put up with ignorant, tough characters. People interested in beautiful things are cultured and civilized."

"About ten per cent of my customers are sweet young ladies and old ladies but overall, most of the others are gay. Doctors and lawyers make up most of my customers. They get the tamer stuff. When I say 'gay,' I mean gay males. Gay girls are more interested in automobiles, I guess; males are more interested in art."

"Once a Navy Commander—not just a Captain, but a Commander of an entire fleet—bought a portrait of a seated young man. Other notable customers have included Edward Albee, Farley Granger and Walter Chrysler who bought some art nouveau for his museum in Provincetown. Shelly Winters came in once, but she didn't buy anything."

"I'm so reasonable though I sell a lot of other stuff to other art dealers. I'm a tonalist specialist in painting from the 1850's to the 1920's. Of course I handle paintings of more contemporary artists, too."

"At times you have nudes on display in your window; has that caused you any problems?"

o, none at all. I've found that only



Gold Stars Make Sensual Sense

kids six to eight years old titles over nudes in art. Those who are older don't make anything of it."

"Have you had any bad experiences since opening the gallery?"

"A couple. Once a twenty-year-old boy OD'd in the back room. We had tried to get him interested in life and away from drugs. He used to sit and keep drawing the same thing over and over, retracing his work."

"His family appreciated what we were trying to do for him. They knew he was into drugs too heavily and they were very nice about the entire thing, even gave us preference at the funeral."

"Another time, we hired a speed freak who worked like mad for about three days without stopping, but put holes in pictures while cleaning them and broke frames accidentally. His intentions were good, but we had to let him go."

"Do you feel confined in the gallery?"

"No, most of the time I just put a sign in the window telling people to come upstairs and knock at apt. 2."

Upstairs, Frank lives comfortably with a solid black cocker spaniel named Tinker—a replacement for another cocker he had for sixteen years, and three aquaria—one for small fish, one for big fish and the third called the "maternity ward," where fancy-tailed guppies are isolated to give birth to their young.

Frank finds living in the village comfortable and stimulating. He recalls when Joe Cino opened Cafe Cino across from his gallery.

"It was the least commercial of the off-off Broadway places. Plays were free at first and then they charged just \$1 later. It was a great showplace for playwrights, singers and other entertainers. A lot of the plays were gay and they were the days that no one else put on gay plays."

"How long have you been interested in the Gay Movement?"

"Well, I went to the first League meetings back in the middle fifties. There were only twenty or thirty people involved in those days. Then I joined the Mattachine Society when it was just getting started in the late fifties. Lately I have been involved in GLF briefly and more recently in Gay Activist Alliance, which I like because they really believe in getting out there and getting things done."

"What do your rates run for someone or for a couple who want to have a pastel done of themselves?"

"Well, a single pastel would run \$45 for a small to \$125 for a large. A couple would be \$100 for a medium size portrait and \$150 for a large one."

"How long does a sitting take?"

"It would take four or five hours, usually with some finishing work done later. For a small painting, it might only take three hours. I also do commissions from photographs. Sometimes a model can't come or someone wants to be reminded of a past lover."

"Sometimes someone brings a photo of himself when he was younger and tells me it's a relative. I guess they're embarrassed to say that they were that beautiful once and not anymore."



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(continued from page 7)

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military and working classes. Houses of male prostitution did such a prosperous business that the eldest son of the Prince of Wales was said to have been a customer. Blackmail often accompanied prostitution and it was not until boys who delivered telegrams were seen spending more money than usual that the police finally cracked down.

By the time of the trial of Oscar Wilde, voices of reason by Carpenter and Symonds were being heard, but so far as Parliament was concerned, they may just as well have been talking to the wind. The Wilde scandal caused such a public commotion, that large segments of the English aristocracy, including Lord Douglas himself, migrated to France. It became fashionable to be in France at the turn of the century though the lesser aristocracy scarcely knew why.

Police, during the twenties and thirties would be reluctant to bother the discreet homosexual, but the institution of the public toilet came into its own. The urinals were spaced so that observing one's neighbor was easy. In one famous trying place, signs were posted which said "Adjust your dress before leaving."

The blitz of London put an end to all that. Until London was rebuilt, there were no more safe meeting place for the lower classes. As a result, arrests increased from 134 to 670 per year. In 1953-1954, the arrest and trials of such notables as Rupert Croft-Cooke, Lord Montagu of Beaulieu and Peter Wildeblood made the police look so ridiculous that the Wolfenden commission was set up to intensively study homosexuality and prostitution.

But its liberal findings were unfortunately too much for Parliament. Members of the House of Lords and Commons were so afraid of discussing the recommendations that, the first time it was brought up, over three-hundred M.P.'s either were absent or abstained. It took the subsequent Vassal spy-case, together with its subsequent blackmail, as well as the Profumo scandal which hastened Prime Minister Macmillan's resignation, to bring England to its senses.

Law reform societies, sponsored by many members of the law, the nobility, and the clergy, together with the Albany Trust, an organization set up to counsel troubled gays, generated enough momentum to repeal the laws.

But, now that it is legal for consenting adults in private to do what they wish, things are still not much better. In the eyes of the new law, minors under twenty-one must remain chaste. Homosexual activity between consenting teenagers in private, or with a teenager and an adult is still punishable, as are melanges a trois or private orgies. And, in order to assure the fibre of the English serviceman, homosexuality in the British Army, Navy or Royal Air Force is still illegal. Police are still ready to swoop down on an unsuspecting victim if he is caught publicly soliciting or importuning.

Thus, it is legal to have homosexual relations once a partner is gotten home, but you may be breaking the law by asking him. Yet, I suppose that this is progress. But true liberation is no closer to reality in England than it is in the U.S. In employment, social attitudes, and censorship the standards of hypocrisy are as high as ever. In England, the law is still *thou shalt not be found out.*

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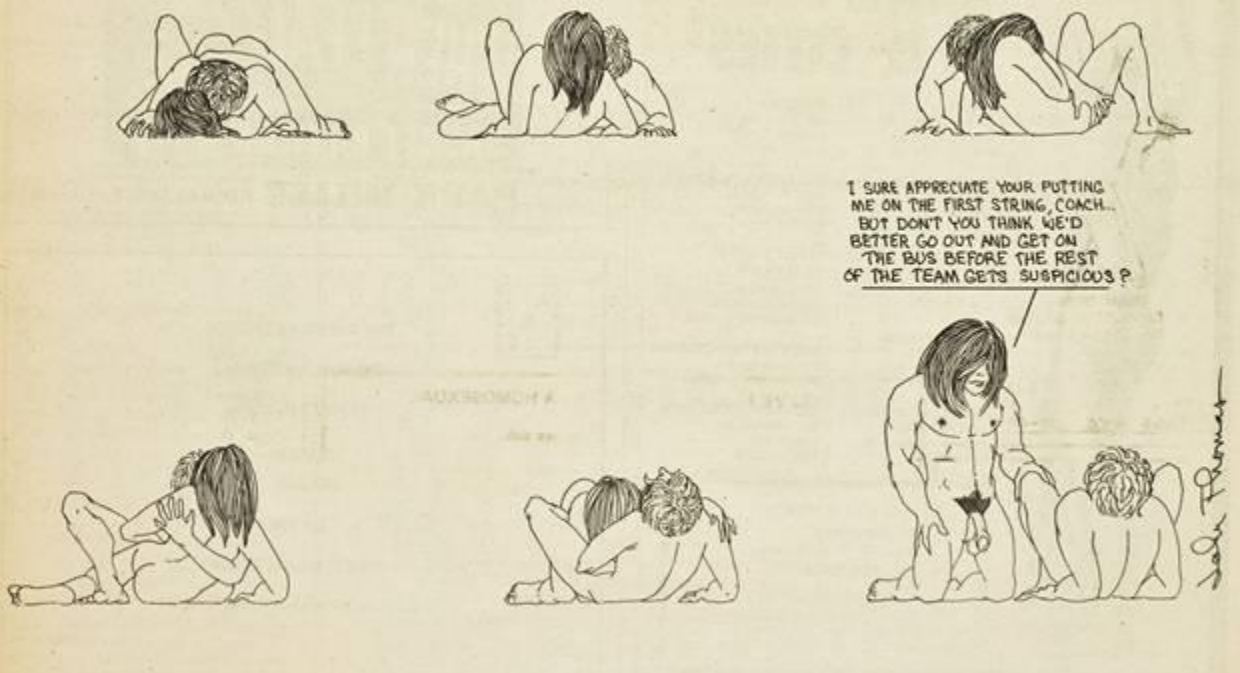
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GROPING AROUND

GAY CALENDAR

Monday, August 24: "Homosexual News" rebroadcast of 8/21, WBAI-FM (99.5), 11:30 a.m.

Mattachine Society of New York Legal Aid Clinic at Society offices, 6 p.m. Free advice and information on legal matters. Men and women welcome.

Wednesday, August 26: West Side Discussion Group regular meeting at the Church of the Holy Apostles (9th Ave., & 28th Street) 8 p.m. Donation \$1.50. Men and women welcome.

Thursday, August 27: Gay Activists Alliance regular meeting at the Church of the Holy Apostles (see above for address) 8 p.m. Donation 50 cents. Men and women welcome.

Daughters of Bilitis regular meeting at 8 p.m. 240 West 38th Street. Women only.

Friday, August 28: Gay-Dance-A-Fair, 9 p.m. Rec Room at Weinstein Hall, University Pl. & 8th St. Sponsored by Christopher St. Liberation Day Committee.

"Homosexual News and Comment" on WBAI-FM (99.5) 8:15 p.m.

Philadelphia Dance: 9 p.m. to 2 a.m. Sponsored by the Homophile Action League in Philadelphia. St. Mary's Church, 39th & Locust, Phila.

Sunday, August 30: The American Church regular worship services at 2 p.m. Church of the Holy Apostles (9th Ave. & 28th St.) Social hour follows.

Gay Liberation Front regular meeting at the Church of the Holy Apostles (see above for address) Men and women welcome.

BEST BETS

Compiled August 17
BY JOHN FRANCIS HUNTER

Special Pre-Labor Day Guide

As of this week it is still not too late to plan for the big holiday at an Eastern resort, though you'll never find accommodations in some spas. New York, however, should be most civilized on the big weekend. Symbols for your edification after a listing include BM (predominately Genital Males), GF (predominately Genital Females) and Int. (for Integrated straight and gay, though integration may be somewhat a surprise to the straights!)

In MANHATTAN gay good times can be found at:

- Barn, 26 Ninth Ave.; back room policy; GM
- Beacon Baths, 227 E. 45th; go in main entrance and take elevator to 11th floor; GM
- Blue Whale, 1117 First Ave.; restaurant; Int. a la Fire Island
- Candy Store, 44 W. 56th; jacket and tie except Sun.; GM
- Carnival, 507 West St. at Jane, above Tool Box; back room GM
- Carr's Inn in the Village, 204 W. 10th; GM
- Casa Laredo, 551 Hudson; restaurant; Int.
- Christopher's End, 180 Christopher; back room; GM
- Cinderella, 86 W. 3rd; GF, GM
- Continental Baths, 230 W. 74th; lounge entertainment on weekends; GM
- Country Cousin, 1313 Third Ave.; restaurant; GM
- Danny's, 139 Christopher; GM
- Den, Little W. 12th and Washington; GM
- Dungeon, 301 W. 46th; private; GM
- Everard Baths, 28 W. 28th; GM
- Fedora, 239 W. 4th; restaurant; Int.
- Finale, 48 Barrow; restaurant; Int.
- Five Oaks, 49 Grove; restaurant; GF, GM
- Four Seasons, 99 E. 52nd; restaurant; bar cruisy at cocktail hr.; Int.
- Gianni's, 53 W. 19th; restaurant; GF
- Ginger Man, 51 W. 64th; restaurant; Int.
- Gold Bug, 85 W. 3rd; GM
- Goldfarb, T., 7th Ave. at Bleecker; restaurant with Edward at piano in show room; GM
- Good Table, 45 Lexington Ave.; restaurant; Int.
- Harry's Back East, 1422 Third Ave.; GM
- Hades, Jane St. at West, downstairs; afterhours, back room; GM
- Haven, 1 Sheridan Sq., private, fruit juice only, dancing; unisex
- Hippodrome, Ave. A bet. 10th & 11th Streets; GM
- Keller's, 384 West St. nr. Barrow; GM
- Kookie's, 149 W. 14th; GF
- Luv Cage, 4th W. of 6th Ave., upstairs; private, afterhours; GF

- Milano, 267 Amsterdam; restaurant; Int.
- Oak Room, bar in Plaza Hotel, 5th Ave. at 59th; Int.
- Roundtable, 151 E. 50th; dancing to GF rock group; GF, GM
- Royal Roost, Cornelia nr. Bleecker; restaurant; GM
- St. Mark's Baths, 23 St. Mark's Place; GM
- Sanctuary, 407 W. 43rd; dancing; GM
- Sauna Baths, 300 W. 58th; GM
- Stable Inn, 17 Barrow; restaurant; Int.
- Stage Forty-Five, 305 E. 45th; dancing; GM
- Stud, Greenwich St. at Perry; GM
- Taft Hotel Bar, 7th Ave. at 50th; Int.
- Tenth of Always, 82 W. 3rd; private, afterhours; GM
- Tool Box, 507 West St. at Jane; GM
- Tor, 21 Greenwich Ave.; sidewalk cafe; Int.
- Triangle, 34 Ninth Ave.; GM
- Troubadour, bet. 58th & 59th on First Ave.; featuring Ava Williams; GF, GM
- Uncle Charlie's, 1049 Lexington; GM
- Victor's Quarters, 984 Second Ave.; GM
- Wine Cellar, 531 Hudson; restaurant; Int.
- Yukon, 140 E. 53rd; restaurant; GM
- Zodiac, 1487 First Ave; dancing; GF, GM
- Zoo, 421 W. 13th; back room; GM

(NOTE: As there has been a hepatitis scare of almost epidemic proportions this summer, we urge caution in partaking of the free-for-all sucking, rimming, etc., in the little devil's workshops know simply and quaintly as "backrooms." The same for the groves of Fire Island and Central Park. In the latter, danger in the form of muggings and knifings has also been particularly rampant this summer. Forewarned is forearmed.)

A BARFLY BONUS SPECIAL

I get an irrational honk out of seeing night spots that can't make it hetero go gay and succeed. The formula works so dependably, we find it repeated again and again these days in Manhattan, and we dare say significant social conclusions—both flattering and unflattering to gays—could be drawn, but we haven't the space this week. Just behold the wildly popular Roundtable, 151 E. 50th, and Club Sanctuary, 407 W. 43rd, for openers. And the latter charges a hefty five bucks a head on weekends to get in! They have found that gay is profitable.

So, recently, has The Zodiac 1487 1st Ave., which has as of this writing been running gay about a month. It's not to be confused with the funky Zodiac downtown, as in the back room of the handsome club on the upper East Side, there is no cocksucking, no nudity, but sensuality, man, nevertheless. Excellent sound system, well run, colored lights coruscating a la mode, and sun sign awnings you can find your place under. Only complaint this writer has is that Aries and Pisces are missing, and there is no special place for an Aries on the cusp to sit. The sight of handsome Hap at the bar offsets the oversight. Also, the little drama we caught unfolding on the dance floor: Five straight Black youths ogling some very attractive gay GFs sent an envoy over to ask one of them to dance.

None of them would—because the women were with each other, of course, not because the striplings were Black. It looked to me as if trouble might result, then I heard one of the Blacks observe, cannily, "Hey, man, they're gay." So, little by little, with embarrassment at first and giggling at the prospect of vibrating somewhere in the vicinity of another GM instead of a chick (not that you could tell whose partner is what if you gave a damn), they began to do their supple thing together.

When they discovered their cocks weren't going to drop off and that the only reason anyone was staring was to admire, not deride, they had a swinging time. Couldn't get them off the floor. Moral: Try it once the other way. And there is that old saying in my country, "Do a thing three times, and it is no longer difficult."

The Dungeon, at 301 W. 46th, was once a superpopular discotheque back in the mid-sixties called Steve Paul's Scene. I remember seeing David Christmas performing tepidly there in a tepid little revue brought in from New Haven and my wandering through the labyrinth of the theatre gypsy, New Society and hippie-occupied territory thinking it was all so exciting. Now, gay, it's far more so, because it looks like a dungeon of a monastery in Perugia, has a speakeasy flavor, and you can get lost in the gloaming of the many corners. They are very strict about admittance, but not rude nor (as of my last visit) overpriced. Its proximity to the Rialto should soon give it status among the theatre bars (see GAY no. 23), which always guarantees longevity.

Uncle Charlie's, 1049 Lexington, is still one of the friendliest, busiest bars in town. This mock-MGM dialogue, overheard, I swear above Streisand's "Leaving Me's the Best Thing You Ever Did," is that makes U.C.'s such a kick:

He no. 1, (to my friend Chickie): You're cheap and common and everything I've ever wanted. What do you think of that?
Chickie: I'm in the gutter and I love it, but let's run away.
He: Where will we go?
Chickie: Where haven't you been?
He: Never to heaven, though some of my friends think I'm Jesus Christ.
Chickie: Some of mine think I'm the Virgin Mary.
He: You just blew it, kid. I was looking for Joseph. You see, I love a place where people talk to each other!

In beautiful BUCKS COUNTY, Pennsylvania, dine at:

Black Bass Restaurant; Int.

In the chic HAMPTONS, cruise at

- Milestone Tavern, Milestone Rd., Sag Harbor; GM
- Out of This World, Montauk Hwy., East Hampton; Int.
- Potting Shed, Montauk Hwy.; Bridgehampton; restaurant; Int.

On FIRE ISLAND, swing at

- Blue Whale, The Pines; restaurant; Int.
 - Boatel, The Pines; Int.
 - Ice Palace, Cherry Grove; GF, GM
 - Sandpiper, The Pines; Int.
 - Sea Shack, Cherry Grove; gay-la entertainment Labor Day; GM
- (To reach FIRE ISLAND, travel via Weekenders 673-9220, or Islanders, OR5-3116, or Pelham Airways seaplane, 828-0420. Flights to THE HAMPTONS, CAPE COD and NANTUCKET also available. See ad.)

Driving through PROVIDENCE, R.I., stop at

- Crown Coffee Shop, 206 Weyboset; GM
- Kublai Khan, 129 Weyboset; GM

In BOSTON the action is at

- Edwardian, 21 Broad St.; restaurant Int. til cocktail hr., then GM
- LaGrange Baths, 4 LaGrange St.; GM
- Napoleon Club, 52 Piedmont; jacket and tie except Sunday; GM
- Other Side, 76 Broadway; dancing; GF, GM
- Shed, 250 Huntington; GM
- Sporter's, 235 Cambridge; GM
- Twelve Carver, 12 Carver; GM

Far Down East in OGUNQUIT dine and dream at

- Poor Richard's Restaurant; Int.
- Valerie's Restaurant; Int.

In gay PROVINCETOWN be sure to visit

- Ace of Spades; GF
- Atlantic House Little Bar; GM
- Cellar Bar, Crown & Anchor; Int.
- Edwardian Room, Crown & Anchor; Int.
- Hip Gazebo, Crown & Anchor; Int.
- Maderia Club, Pilgrim House; Int.
- Mews Restaurant; Int.
- Moors Restaurant; GF, GM late after, at night, Int.
- Plain & Fancy Restaurant; downstairs Int. till after dinner, then GF
- Pilgrim House Hotel, where nobody sleeps Labor Day weekend; GM
- Town House Restaurant; front rooms Int., garden GM, downstairs GF

Off the boardwalk of ATLANTIC CITY drop in at

- DeVillie Hotel, Kentucky Ave. off Boardwalk (See ad); GM
- M&M, S. Westminster Ave. (See ad); GM

In PHILADELPHIA a must is

- Allegro, 1412 Spruce St.; special cocktail hr. 4-7 p.m.; GM

(NOTE: Special PHILADELPHIA coverage to be made by this reporter one of last two weeks in August. Brace yourselves! And soon to come are WASHINGTON; BALTIMORE-ANNAPOLIS; OHIO. We are going national. Meanwhile, suggestions received recently have been noted, reflected and much appreciated. Keep them coming.)

To Get to the Major Nearby Gay Resorts, Fly!

For those of you who like to fly high and can't quite manage it under your own steam, there is a groovy way to get to Fire Island or The Hamptons (or even Cape Cod or Nantucket): via the Pelham Airways. A snappy-red-and-white Cessna 206 which holds five passengers and stalwart pilot Verlyn Geriene picks you up on Friday afternoon at the Seaport Marina, East Twenty-third Street dock, and whisks you off to your resort destination in record time. Believe it or not, twenty-two minutes to the gay wonderland of Fire Island, twenty-nine to the equally gay and wonderlandish (if not as outlandish) Long Island tip. Tariff is \$34.95 round trip to the nearer places; phone (212) 828-0420 for details about the longer flights.

NATIONAL DIRECTORY

Chicago Gay Liberation For information call (312) 955-7433, 473-3967 or 528-8716.

Committee for Homosexual Freedom meets Sundays at 7pm at Hospitality House, 148 Leavenworth, San Francisco, Calif.

Council on Religion and the Homosexual meets at Glide Church, 330 Ellis, San Francisco, Calif. Telephone (415) 771-6300.

Daughters of Bilitis, Inc. For information write DOB, 1005 Market St., San Francisco, Calif. 94103. Telephone (415) 861-8689. In Los Angeles, DOB meets the last Tuesday of every month at 7:30pm; write P.O. Box 5237, Hollywood, Calif. 90028. In New York, phone (212) 566-8865. Women only.

Dorian Society of Seattle 320 Malden Ave. East, Seattle, Wash. 98102. Telephone (206) EA-9-8737

FREE (Fight Repression of Erotic Expression), B-67, Coffman Memorial Union, University of Minnesota, Minneapolis, Minn. 55455. Phones: (612) 378-1095 or 338-1805.

Gay Activists Alliance, P.O. Box 2, Village Station, NYC, 10014. Tel. (717) 691-2748.

Gay Liberation Front c/o Come Out, P.O. Box 92, Village Station, NYC, 10014. Tel. (212) 243-2437.

GLF of Philadelphia, 611 S. 2nd St. Phila. Penna. Telephone (215) 896-6926 or 732-8384. Meetings Tues. 8 p.m.

Homophile Action League, 1321 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. Telephone (215) 567-5406 or 732-9073.

Homophile Union of Boston (HUB) Box 217, Dorchester, Mass. 02124. Tel. (617) 282-9181.

Homosexual Information Center (the Tangents Group) 3473 1/2 Cahuenga Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. 90028.

"The Ladder" the only Lesbian magazine in the U.S. in a 48-page bi-monthly. Subscriptions are \$7.50/year. Samples, \$1. Available from Box 5025, Wash. Sta., Reno, Nevada 89503.

LE HI HO Box 1003, Moravian Station, Bethlehem, Pa. 18018.

Mattachine Society, Inc. of New York 243 West End Ave., NYC, 10023. Tel. (212) 799-0916.

Office open every night except Sunday, from 6-9pm, and Saturdays from 2-5pm.

Mattachine Midwest P.O. Box 924, Chicago, Ill. 60690. Tel. (312) 334-2244.

Mattachine Society of Washington, P.O. Box 1032, Washington, D.C. 20013. Telephone (202) 363-3881.

Metropolitan Community Church, 5308 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, Calif. 90038. Every Sunday at 11am.

Philadelphia Action Committee for Equality (PACE) 1511 Pine St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19103. Telephone (215) KI 6-8929

Society for Individual Rights (SIR) 83 Sixth Ave., San Francisco, Calif. Tel. (415) 781-1570.

SIR of Ohio, Inc. P.O. Box 9761, Columbus, Ohio 43206. Tel. (614) 469-0154.

West Side Discussion Group, Box 502, Cathedral Station, NYC, 10025.

Homophile organizations are invited to apply to GAY in order to have their addresses and other information published in the Directory or Calendar.