

GAY

50¢

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Number 81

Maye Trial Nears Completion

BY JOHN P. LeROY

New York, N.Y. The trial of Michael Maye is nearing completion and if the Ringling Brothers Circus is in deep financial trouble, it may be because it can't compete with the circus that is taking place at that trial. If the testimony of police officers, of Michael Maye, and of the members of the firemen's union is to be believed, one would think that Cora Perrotta and Martin Clabbe, the two gay activists who were arrested for obstructing justice at the courthouse, and Morty Manfred, who was allegedly stomped and beaten at the Inner Circle affair, are all but invincible.

At a hearing, William Seabrooke, a 6 ft. tall guard, testified that Clabbe and Perrotta (now known as Janet Rivera) had beaten him, jumped on his back, sent him to the hospital and caused him to miss four days of work. Considering the fact that Clabbe and Rivera are short, almost never fought with anyone, that's pretty good going.

William Seabrooke was under oath and I have no reason to believe that he is not an honorable man. The judge believed him and set a trial date complete with jury for July 26.

No doubt Janet and Martin were just being modest when they told me how they were punched, kicked and dragged
Continued on page 18

New Jersey Activists on the Move

Hackensack, N.J. — The Gay Activists Alliance of New Jersey (GAANJ) held a candlelight march at the Bergen County Courthouse in Hackensack in celebration of Gay Pride Week. It marked the first significant gay demonstration to occur in the Garden State. It was a huge success as hundreds of gays from all over the state marched down Main Street on the night of June 23 and heard GAANJ's newly elected president John Gish deliver an address.

"The National Gay Revolution is dead. Long live gay evolution! The gayer-than-thou radical politics of urban ghettos, which has so factionalized the revolution, has committed suicide. However, these revolutionaries helped to sow the seeds of our human liberation, for which countless generations will be proud."

Gish went on to say, "We in New Jersey embrace the evolutionary concept, knowing that its goals are not distant. The religious, political and social spheres are acceding to our demands. Therefore, those of us in the proud gay activist movement can look forward to total unification of our efforts in the emerging organization of the Gay Activist Alliance of the United States of America. Long live GAA/USA!"

John Gish succeeds Joe Scutiero, who moved to Arizona where he is currently
Continued on page 10



They Would Have Marched Anyway . . . even if it had continued to rain. And the rain poured heavily on Manhattan and on a disastrously flooded East Coast until the last minute before the march. Then, miraculously, the sun shone brightly on the third annual Christopher Street Liberation Day parade. (See pages 4-5)
Photo by Les Carr

San Francisco Hosts Gay Parade

BY GERALD HANSEN

San Francisco, June 25. An estimated 2,000 to 8,000 persons marched in this city's first Gay Liberation Day parade while some 15,000 to 75,000 watched the event.

The actual number of participants and spectators on the 22-block route was open to speculation. Rev. Ray Broshers, marshal of the Christopher Street West-San Francisco extravaganza, said 5,000 to 8,000 marched and 50,000 to 75,000 persons viewed the parade. Police estimated 2,000 and 15,000, respectively.

Grand prize for the best entry was awarded to Metropolitan Community Church, San Francisco. An award for the most original entry went to the Hot Moon Commune, San Francisco. The best marching unit award was given to the Jolley Times, a group from Bakersfield which came the farthest to march in the parade.

Special honored guest was William Johnson, 26, who was ordained later this historic day as the first openly declared homosexual in the United Church of Christ. He was made a minister in a moving, dignified and joyous service in the traditional "laying on of hands," by both clergy and laity, including his brother Wayne at the Community United Church of Christ in San Carlos. He won the best male entry award at the parade.
Continued on page 3

Minnesota Democrats Squabble on Gay Rights

BY ERIK LARSSON
Midwest Correspondent

Minneapolis, Minn. A lively debate over gay rights, amnesty for draft resisters and legal marijuana broke out among Minnesota politicians after the Democratic-Farmer-Labor party's state convention endorsed them all June 11.

Gov. Wendell Anderson, a DFLer allied with Hubert Humphrey's candidacy for president, said he doesn't support them. "The people of Minnesota don't, and I don't know of any legislative candidates who want to run on them."

Anderson didn't say why—nor did Sen. Walter Mondale, another DFLer close to Humphrey. Mondale said he disagrees "with many of the positions" and said he'd be specific later.

Several rural legislators said they'll find it hard to win on such a platform. David Roe, a powerful leader of the Minnesota AFL-CIO, wouldn't endorse or repudiate the controversial positions, but said it's a shame the convention adjourned before including unemployment, ecology, the defense budget, education and taxes.

State DFL Chairman Richard Moe agreed that he is "very disappointed" the convention had time to act on only six of
Continued on page 14



Who Is This Young Woman? Is it Bernice Goldberger? Is it Janet Schneebaum? Guess again. It's an early photo of now-famous "Toast of the Tubs" Bette Midler. Bette recently entertained us at Carnegie Hall. She has an LP on the way out. She's a TV star. See what can happen when you go singing in a gay teambath? (See page 18)

WHERE WILL YOU GO TONIGHT?

A DIRECTORY FOR DISCRIMINATING DISPOSITIONS

GM-Genital Males
GF-Genital Females
TV-Transvestites
INT-Integrated, gay & straight
BY JERRY FITZPATRICK

WEST VILLAGE
Boe Soir, 40 W. 8th St. (473-9859). Cha-cha palace, mostly Latin, Bunny is on the bar during the day. GM & TV.
Bonnie & Clyde's, 82 W. 3rd St. (GR 3-9304). Dancin', free buffet on Sundays. Elaine is behind the bar to make you feel at home. GF w/ some GM.
Car's, 294 W. 10th St. (255-9742). Neighborhood bar and crowd. Alfie is the only one left behind the stick. GM.
Casa Laredo, 551 Hudson St. (989-8520). New managers are Marj and Milton. Bernard is still on the floor and Marilyn is on the bar.
Cave, Bank and Washington St. Sexy David is on days, Ken and Jeff will take care of you nights. Beautiful Kevin is manager. GM.
Caven, 533 Hudson St. (255-9741). Full meals at \$2.50 until midnight when the kitchen changes for burgers and omelettes till 8 AM. Updates bar now has a piano. GM/GF.
Danny's, 139 Christopher St. (929-9321). Has picked up considerably. I'm sure that the day crowd is due to Jerry behind the bar. GM.
Danny's in the Hideaway, 500 W. 14th St. Brand new. Larry's Place has Jack Hartman and Kevin behind the bar. Dancin', and if you're in the mood, there's a motel upstairs. GM.
Danny's Sheridan Square, 170 7th Ave. So. Young heads and dancing. Buddy the Body is on days, Marvin and Peter, nights. Jody will make sure that you enjoy. GM.
Delaney's, 72 Grove St. (Al 5-7905). Drinks by Joey J. and piano by Murray Grant. Fine food, int.
Fedor's, 239 W. 4th St. (CH 2-9691). Jack and Larry on the floor to serve you. And Fedora herself making sure that you enjoy your meal. GM/some int.
Finale, 48 Barrow St. (CH 3-7358). Seems despite some groovy help they are still losing business. Say hello to Jamie and Philip. GM/int.
Five Oaks, 49 Grove St. (675-9669). Village favorite off Sheridan Square, int.
Four Eleven, 41 Bleecker St. (CH 2-2117). An old-time favorite, int.
Glory Hole, 183 W. 10th St. Sexy Bill on the bar, Dottie on the floor. Manager doesn't seem to like his job. GM.
Goldbus, 83 W. 3rd St. (677-9874). What a couple! Not only Best, but also my favorite Joey (Miccio). Say hello.
Horn of Plenty, 353 Bleecker St. (242-0636). Great food but you'll have to bring your own wine until they get their liquor license, int.
Inca, 399 W. 12th St. (242-9722). The food is great and they have sexy Joe. A mixture with a lot of GM.
Judith's, 159 W. 10th St. Hamburgers are great. Drinks are good. Hap, Jody, et al will take care of your drinks. The crowd is pretty, but don't count on making out. They still stare off GM.
Katler's, 254 West St., near Christopher. The grand-daddy of leather bars, recently celebrated its 13th anniversary. GM.
Kookie's, 149 W. 14th St. (242-9226). The bar is clean but they don't discourage GMs. Kookie looks like a poor man's SazZa. GF.
MAGNOLIA, 175 W. 10th St. Sam is doing the cooking, June and Earl are on the bar and a squinted Devon is on the floor to take care of you. GM.
Marie's Crisis, 59 Grove St. (243-9323). A lot of fun. J.L., John Michel, Micky, Libra and Jan Thomas on the piano. GM, GF.
Mona's Royal Roast, 28 Conella St. (CH 2-9577). Cozy room with Joe and Eddy to see that you have a good time. Mostly GM.
Ninth Circle, 139 W. 10th St. Hamburgers, etc. Garden dining, little dancin'. Bill and Ed on the Stick. Young heads. GM.
One Potato, 518 Hudson St. (691-6260). Lunch scene is mobbed. Frank, or Elizabeth the Last, holds court and you're sure of a few guest stars. Dinner is reasonable and good. See Billy for some of the best drinks you've imbibed. GM, GF, int.
Paula's, Greenwich Ave. and 7th Ave. So. The food is very good. Chris and Elaine tend bar while Paula supervises. GF, GM.
Peter Rabbit, 305 W. 10th St. (929-9279). Wild mixture of folks, cruising. Sexy Jimmy and George to tend your needs.
ROADHOUSE, 570 Hudson St. (CH 3-4214). Cruisy, packed every night. Sy, Ron, Tom, Ketter and Rex on the bar. Go and enjoy. GM.
Sammy's Pally, East 10th St., near 5th Ave. (675-8740). Nice big piano bar. Leah is your hostess and (hopefully, still) beautiful Bobby Conway is on the bar. GM.
Tex, 21 Greenwich Ave. (255-1337). Snack shop, cruisey afternoons; find out what is happening all over the Village. GM/int.
Westbeach, Christopher St. (down near the pier). I thought that this was "straight." I imagine my surprise when a bunch of brothers waved me in last Sunday. It's a wild session and Jason and George will make sure that you enjoy. GM/int.

EAST VILLAGE, WASHINGTON AND UNION SQUARES

Club Baths, 24 1st Ave. (673-3283). Open 24 hours. Dynamic facilities and humpy studs all over the place. Confidential V.D. tests every Thursday 5-9pm. GM.
Eighty-Two Club, 82 E. 4th St. (GR 7-1046). Home of the female impersonators. Tourists. McSorley's Ale House, 15 E. 7th St. (477-9363). Was very cruisy when we were kids; I doubt if it's changed all that much even though Women's Lib got there too, int.
Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. So. (777-7870). A wild mixture of everything and, baby, the prices are STRIP, int.
St. Mark's Bath, 6 St. Marks Place (473-7929). Low prices because they wouldn't dare charge any higher. Run down. GM.
Spoofie's, 232 Park Ave. So. (475-9759). Will let you know more later on.

GRAMMERCY & MURRAY HILL

Beau Geste, 239 3rd Ave. (475-9724). You'll find yourself looking for Gary Cooper, Great decor. The food is quite good and the waiters are pretty. Thom and Jack tend bar. Piano upstairs. GM.
Leo's Lion, 57 Lexington Ave. (686-9608). Nice, friendly atmosphere. Your host is David. Go and have a good time. GM.
Uncle Charlie's South, 581 3rd Ave. Three separate rooms allow you to keep making friends. This beautifully decorated place is always jammed. Bob and Jerry are your hosts while Frank, Ron, Ken, Kevin and Ronnie will keep your glasses filled. GM.

CHELSEA

Eagle's Nest, 11th Ave. & 21st St. If you're not into leather (black) and/or western, don't bother. You won't get it and why hassle the management or yourself. This is for leather people only. GM.
Nine Plus Social Club, 149 W. 21st St. Exclusive after-hours club for the leather set. You must be sponsored by a member. Nice place.
Spike, 120 11th Ave. Same numbers as at the Eagle. Sexy Roy Baker is on the bar. GM.

SOHO

Gay Activists Alliance Firehouse, Saturday night dance at 99 Wooster St. Get there early and have a ball and a hit. Take the 7A Ave. IRT local to Houston; 8th Ave. IND (AA/E) to Spring; 6th Ave. IND (D77B) to Broadway/Lafayette; BMT (RR) to Prince, Lex. Ave. IRT to Spring. Cabaret every other Friday with barrels of beer, soda and live entertainment. Movies on Sunday evenings. GM, GF.
Beacon Baths, 227 E. 45th St. (687-0322). Take the elevator to the 11th floor and groove. Some incredible humpers. Great for a matinee with all those married exes trying to find happiness before going home to the 'fil woman. Free V.D. test Wednesdays from 4pm to 8pm. GM.
Candy Store, 44 W. 56th St. (581-4644). Wax museum gone. New disco dancing. New image for a heretofore tired place. Ricky Klein keeps things jumping. GM.
Continental Sauna, 111 W. 56th St. Not as grand nor as expensive as the "Mother Church" on W. 74th St. Good for a businessmen's lech(ry). GM.
Lib, 305 E. 45th St. (LE 2-0290). The ensemble players, Jerry, Ellie, Lois and Jim, along with Gretchen and Ken, will assure you of a good time. GM, GF.
Mayfair, 964 1st Ave. (EL 5-9259). Kind of classy but fun. Good food at a good price. int.
Reverendable, 151 E. 50th St. One of the biggest discos in town. I still object to no cash liquor. At \$1.50 a throw, yet, Maria, Joey and Bobby will keep you entertained.
Sauna Baths, 300 W. 58th St. (PL 5-6880). A small place that closes at midnight. Busy during the late afternoons, tho. GM.
Sebastian's, 1068 1st Ave. (355-8052). Zany and wild, Sebastian holds court, Bill is in the kitchen, Bobby Blake is on the stick, and you'll probably want to get on the floor with John Weston. GM.
Singles, 951 1st Ave. (486-9832). Johnny Vincent will make sure that you enjoy yourself and Bobby Lazotta will tend to your libations. GM.
Sundewiner, 309 E. 60th St. (832-9094). Brand new and a sure winner with Mike Murphy at the helm. Cathy's there for cocktails and Billy in-wine during the night. The outdoor garden is a delight and scene for complimentary Bar-B-Q during the weekends. GM.
Traubador, 1078 1st Ave. (755-1955). Friendly neighborhood bar. Dennis and Tom are on the bar. GM.

MIDTOWN & MIDDLE SIDE

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Traubador, 1078 1st Ave. (755-1955). Friendly neighborhood bar. Dennis and Tom are on the bar. GM.

Victor's Quarter, 974 2nd Ave. (335-9453). Neighborhood bar with some Midnight Cowboy. GM.
Yakob, 140 E. 53rd St. (421-8122). Roy has started a new policy. No ties and jackets and would you believe, dancing. A lot of fun people still hang in here. GM.

DANCE BELT & HELL'S KITCHEN

Better Days, W. 48th St. Plan is on weekends. I don't know who they're replacing Mel with, or why. GM.
Big Spender, 315 W. 48th St. (586-9882). Lots of gypies from the nearby shows. Some beauties. Good time. Eric tends to the libations.
Brothers & Sisters, 355 W. 46th St. (247-8840). One of the better bars in N.Y., with guys and gals putting it all together. GF, GM.
Dirty Edna's Scoreboard, 254 W. 46th St. (265-9077). Advertised as "The home of the Midnight Cowboys." Some of them look as if they missed the last roundup. GM.
Haymarket Pub, 772 8th Ave. (586-9360). They asked J.F.H. not to list them in "The Gay Insider U.S.A." But they are. int.
Jimmy Ray's, 729 8th Ave. (582-9507). They won't admit to it either. But you might find what you're looking for here, int.
Joe Allen, 326 W. 46th St. (581-6464). Gypies, name-players, etc. Gay is the word for the bar while the tables will be mixed, int.
Loading Zone, 586 9th Ave. (563-8212). Some cowboys and lots of TV's. Would you believe GM(?)
Quana Cat, 350 W. 46th St. The incredible Dawn Hamilton is doing the vocals while Edward Morris tackles the covers. GM/GF.

WASHINGTONVILLE, N.Y.

Milder G's, 914 Hill Resort, Rt. 208 Washingtonville, (914-496-9845). Billed as an all-gay bar with 25 acres of frolic and swimming pool that gets its share of "roinky dipping." It sounds too good to be true. I'll let you know more. GM.
GAY CINEMA
David, 236 W. 65th St.
55th St. Playhouse, 55th St. between 6th & 7th Ave.
Jewel Theatre, 12th St. & 3rd Ave.
Park-Miller, 43rd St. betw. 6th Ave. & B'way (BR 9-3970)
Tomcat Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St.

UPPER EAST SIDE

AIRL, 1546 2nd Ave. (249-7026). Gwen has turned Monday nights into nostalgic night. It's also Show Night with heretofore playing Eddy to Gene King's Jeanette MacDonald. Quite a treat. GF, GM.
Country Cousin, 1313 3rd Ave. (879-6614). One in a rustic atmosphere. Bar-B-Ques in their open hearth Mon. & Wed. Groovy people. Mother Rice reigning during the day while Ralph and Lou take over at night. Billy, Harry and Eddy on the bar.
Fiddle Stix, 1487 1st Ave. (77th & 78th). Opens at 9pm. Dancing. Beautiful Joey is on the bar.
Harry's Back East, 1422 3rd Ave. (249-6991). Always one of the cruisest bars in town. "Grandma" Lee will take care of you during the day and Judy, Jerry, Glida and George will do the honors at night. GM, some GF.
New Jimmy's, 1576 3rd Ave. (860-4509). Two of the best hosts in town, Joe and Tom. Food prepared by Carlotta, served by the best waiters in town, drinks by Kelly and Ed; topped by the sensational entertainment of Johnny Sawy, Judy Sexton and George Sardi.
Painted Pony, 1445 3rd Ave. (744-9580). Piano bar under the direction of the incredible "Gypsy." Good drinks dispensed by Ralph. Cruisy and nice. GM.
Piper's Lounge, 1201 Lexington Ave. (734-9305). Tony Black's back is back. Can you believe he has Pussy with him? Dancing. GM.
Three, 314 E. 72nd St. (734-9303). Good food, excellent drinks with boys and girls mixing together. Ask for Patti, GF, GM.
Uncle Charlie's North, 1049 Lexington Ave. Boasts one of the "bumpiest" bartenders in town, Wally. Another good reason is Roger. Ricky is on the door. Cruisy as ever. GM.

UPPER WEST SIDE

Chipp's, Columbus Ave. bet. 66th & 67th Sts. Popular with Lincoln Center audiences, int.
Continental Baths, 230 W. 74th St., west of B'way. (799-2688). More than a bath-house, it's a totally gay environment even down to a weekend cabaret. Expensive, but worth it. Students 1/2-price with I.D. cards. GM.
Neotradamus, 201 W. 79th St. (EN 2-7100). Newest entry into the disco derby. A lot of work will have to go into it but it's big and brassy. Michael is behind the bar with Nelly running the show, int.
Piccadilly Pub, 324 Amsterdam Ave. (bet. 74th & 75th, 874-8632). Good cruising and friendly people. Nathan and David, along with Jim, will see that you have a good time. GM.
Westsider, 2160 Broadway at 76th St. (874-8012). Popular but very slickish. Drag show in the back room. Brian and Frank dispensing the spirits. GM.

UPTOWN

Charade, 1800 2nd Ave. At 93rd. Where Black is Beautiful, the age is young, the food and music are soul and the dancing terrific. GM
Gold Rail, 2850 Broadway (MO 2-4704). Restaurant and bar popular with uptown gays and Columbia students, int.
St. Morris Baths, 1944 Madison Ave. (534-9004). This has a black majority. GM.
Pauline's Interlude, 2267 7th Ave. At 135th St. A Harlem landmark since before most of us were born, int.

BROOKLYN

Danny's Brooklyn Heights, 108 Montague St. (625-8844). Two floors of fun and frolic presided over by Raul. Sal is your daytime host behind the bar with "crazy" Duke and Bruce taking over at night. GM.
Man's Country, 53 Pierrepont St., Brooklyn Heights. Brand new and picking up rapidly. Monday night is leather night w/ movies. It is

Continued on page 16

The Editors Speak:

FLASH! MICHAEL MAYE

As GAY goes to press we've received word that Michael Maye, accused by victims and witnesses of vicious beatings of homosexually-inclined activists at the New York Hilton, has been acquitted.

Round one.

It might have been better—for his own sake—if Mr. Maye had been found guilty of the mis-charged charge of "harassment," a misdemeanor on a par with a traffic ticket. Now, silence will prevail until more militant gay radicals mete out their own peculiar brand of justice.

Morty Manford, one of the GAA members who was savagely beaten, had this to say after hearing of the acquittal:

"The decision to acquit Michael Maye of his attacks on gay leafleters at the Inner Circle is an affront to the American principal of equal application under the law. This is obscene. What has been most disconcerting in this effort to assure the 10 million homosexual citizens of this country that there are channels for redress of grievances has been the ongoing refusal by prosecuting District Attorney (of Manhattan) Frank Hogan to investigate and to pursue these charges without bias or favoritism. It has become increasingly clear that Michael Maye and his cronies merit preferential treatment under the law and that the burden of justice is to be assumed by fairminded American citizens themselves." Amen, Morty.

MIAMI BEACH HERE WE COME!

As this issue of GAY hits the stands, the Democratic National Convention begins in Miami Beach. John Lang, writing in the *New York Post* (July 3, 1972, page 7), has reported that homosexuals for the first time will take their demands to the floor of the party's national convention. For the first time, also, homosexuals elected as delegates will be seated at the national conclave in Miami Beach.

"In front of network cameras and card-carrying Moose members," writes Lang, "they plan to lead a convention floor fight for a platform to abolish legal repression of homosexuality."

GAY staff writers will be on hand in Miami Beach along with gay folks from around the country who will march in the streets at Miami Beach. According to Robert McMurray, spokesman for the National Coalition of Gay Organizations, there will be a march, a candlelight vigil, and a cheering or trashing of the candidate nominated, depending on circumstances.

Convention rules, says McMurray, assure gay liberationists a half-hour to speak for homosexuals from the convention floor.

A new stage has been reached in our bid for equality. Let us hope that the gay spokesmen in Miami use their half-hour wisely.

COURAGEOUS HIGH SCHOOL TEACHERS

GAY's congratulations go to John N. Gish, Jr., newly elected President of GAA-New Jersey. A teacher of high school students in Paramus, New Jersey, John Gish brought recognition to the plight of gay teachers at the recent national meeting of the National Education Association. His proposals, as well as those of 11 other gay teachers who bravely stood up and were counted at the national meeting as avowed homosexuals, were rejected, but the whole subject—a touchy one indeed—was aired for the first time publicly. Even the *Sunday Times* took note of the N.E.A. occurrences.

YOU CAN COME BUT YOU CAN'T

There's a certain type of "organization mentality" which is more concerned with petty mechanical details—with exclusions and purges—and which operates, unfortunately, in gay lib organizations as in other more straight-laced groups.

When we attended a gay lib meeting at NYU in 1968, we were appalled to find that delegates from around the East Coast spent an entire afternoon arguing dress regulations for picketers for the July 4th demonstrations at Independence Hall. One person denounced bobby socks vehemently.

Now, in various parts of the country, this same mentality is cropping up in plans that have been made for the Christopher Street Liberation Day parades. Certain Manhattan organizers told bars that their gay patrons could not march under banners representing those bars. Los Angeles groups took sides against each other over floats and the wording of signs.

It seems to us that the gay community is a diverse one, and that gay liberation—the liberation of joy—should be open to anyone who values freedom of expression, no matter how peculiar it may seem to us. "I disagree with everything you say," said Voltaire, "but I will defend with my life your right to say it."

Anybody who lives by inviting some and excluding others is simply playing an old game: Power. Anyone with such puerile concerns is a moron.

San Francisco Parade

Continued from page 1

A Gay guerilla theatre group, Angels of Light, bumped and grinded away throughout the parade which proceeded from the financial district to Civic Center while a Jewish contingent carried signs proclaiming "chutpah" (guitasness) and sang a Hebrew folk song, "Hava Nagilah."

Grand marshalls were Morris Kight, founder of Gay Liberation Front, Los Angeles, and Ma. Frieda Smith, assistant pastor at Harmony Metropolitan Community Church, Sacramento and gay women's liberationist. She won the best female entry award.

The parade was an outgrowth of a meeting at Glide Memorial Methodist Church called by Rev. Bob Humphries, best known for his work with the United States Mission, and Rev. Brosbears, head of Gay Activists Alliance here. At that March 8 meeting, 41 persons, representing nearly every Gay organization in the city, voted unanimously to hold the parade. Elected without dissent to the C.S.W., S.F. board were co-chairpersons Rev. Brosbears, Rev. Humphries and H.L. Perry, the perennial candidate for Empress. They will hold office until March 8, 1973 to pave the way for a bigger and better parade next year. Dennis Krysznki and Jack deTerral of Emmaus House handled the task of finding housing for hundreds of out-of-town Gays.

The parade was criticized beforehand by two homophile publications. "Demonstrations have become a monotonous part of our daily life and few people really pay much attention to them anymore," intoned an editorial in *Vector*, the Society for Individual Rights magazine. "We wish that those who are giving many hours to making the parade a success had instead given their time and effort to activity that would more surely and directly benefit the homosexual. Unfortunately, typing letters, answering telephones, stuffing envelopes, appearing before public hearings, speaking to civic clubs, etc. is not very exciting... S.I.R. is not 'endorsing' this parade... but it does have a float in it. We urge your support because for us not to take part might clearly indicate to the public... that we are not a strong force in the community." Several S.I.R. board members said the contradictory editorial, written by managing editor George Mendenhall, did not reflect their thinking and the organization went on to quasi-endorse the parade. The S.I.R. float depicted a Gay wedding with the groom throwing flowers to the crowd.

The event was boycotted, on the other hand, by the Gay Sunshine Collective which described it as a "co-optation by commercial, capitalist gay interests." In an editorial written by coordinator Win-

Continued on page 14

BOAT FOR SALE

11 feet long
red, white and blue
AMF Mini-Bus

BRAND NEW!
Won in Contest
Never touched Water
Still in Original Crate!

Contact: Walter Brett, c/o Milky Way Productions, P.O. Box 432, Old Chelsea Station, New York, N.Y. 10011.

GAY

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The Third Annual Christopher Street Liberation Day Parade got off to a surprisingly impressive start under Manhattan's cloudy skies on June 25th.

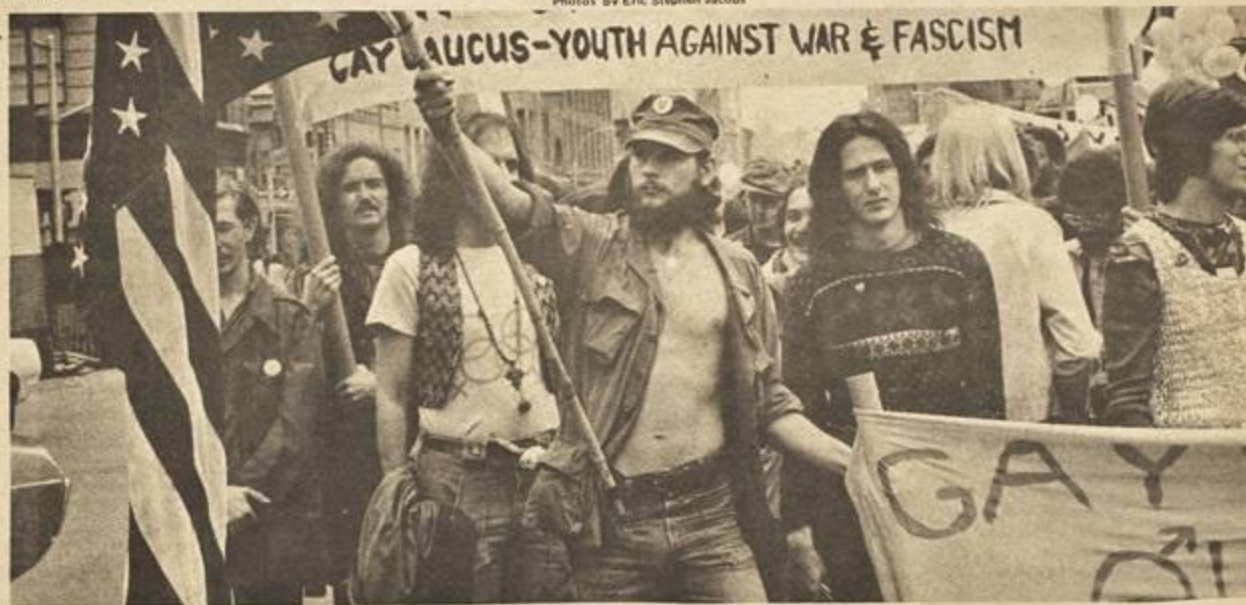
It had rained all morning and the East Coast had been inundated by floods accounted the worst in history. But as the march began, the sun broke through and a cheerful exhilaration passed through the celebrants as they turned the corner from Christopher Street to walk the 50-odd blocks to Sheep Meadow in Central Park.

Most agreed that it wasn't quite as large as the previous year's march, but taking into account the weather and the vast flooding on the Eastern seaboard, the turnout (estimated by police at 3,500 and by gay groups at 10,000) proved that thousands would have marched even in the rain.

Remember The Stonewall!

Christopher Street Liberation Day 1972

Photos by Eric Stephen Jacobs



GAA President Rich Wandel (right) and his lover Herman are still smiling after a grueling year's work.



The masses are coming out of their closets. Won't you?



The never-ending procession proceeds on Manhattan's Avenue of the Americas (6th Avenue).



John Francis Hunter cheerfully salutes GAY's cruising photographer.



Beardless or bearded, these young men have nothing to hide!



"3-5-7-9 Lesbians are Mighty Fine!"



What, no speeches? What is there to do when everyone reaches Sheep Meadow?



You scratch my back and I'll lickie your wazoo.



Oh my goodness! It's Lee Brewster (crowned), founder of the Queens Liberation Front. Right on, Lee!



Even Dr. Spock marched with Gay Veterans from Vietnam. He gave no advice on child rearing, however.

Photos by Eric Stephen Jacobs

Photo by Les Carr

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BY ALAN CLAY

PLEASE NOTE

This column is written quite in advance of publication. Unfortunately, due to printing deadlines and our bi-weekly schedule, any information you wish published here must be sent as soon as you can possibly get it in the mail. We would like to publicize many more current gay events. But we just don't get the press releases in time. That's the reason why many items covered here must be general rather than specific. What we really need in Manhattan (and other large centers that could best sustain such a publication) is a good daily gay newspaper. However, by the time this type of paper would be a practical venture, I would like to think the need for such "separation" would have vanished.

This all comes to mind because I've had trouble finding copy I can actually use for this issue. Everyone is totally preoccupied either with political campaigning or the Christopher Street Parade scene—or both. (At the time of this writing, the parade is still over a week away. I hope it will be a great success. HAPPY BIRTHDAY AND CONGRATULATIONS TO US ALL! We deserve the best! I hope everyone obeyed me and became a street-walker for the day.)

Anyway, here is the non-deadline miscellany I have at hand. Help yourself!

"LEFT-HANDED" . . .

. . . is the name of a recent entry in the homosexual movie sweepstakes. Each succeeding one of these films improves, in some small degree, upon the others (with the exception of *Bob & Daryl* & *Ted & Alex* which, though filled with giant cocks, takes a giant step backward and everyone is finding it offensive, thank god!). But they all have a long way to go if they are to be compared to standard commercial releases. And why the hell shouldn't they be? I see no reason to overlook their technical short-comings just because they deal with "our own people." Regardless of what some of these filmmakers say, their product is made primarily for profit. And at \$5 or even \$3 a throw, I expect a lot more than I usually get.

Left-Handed was produced and directed by Jack Deveau and Jaap Penraat. According to the publicity blurb, "It is the first feature-length film of its genre to be fully-plotted with an original background score recorded to the picture in 8-track sound at the studio and involving a sound-track mix of dialogue, effects and music." There are five songs and one of them, "Hold the Day," is quite nice. This is a fairly professional job. It does have a plot. (Amazing!) The acting is adequate and some of the technical effects are interesting and quite sophisticated for this genre.

There are, wonder of wonders, even a few humorous touches. For these, the audience appeared very responsive and deeply grateful. (Why, may I ask, don't the producers of porn movies ever realize that humor adds warmth and does not detract from all that silly, artificial, laborious passion with which they're so totally concerned?)

But this is still an amateurish film. The highly-touted 8-track sound is never synchronized with lip movement. So why bother? The actors aren't terribly attractive (with the exception of a former trick of mine who appears all too briefly in the final orgy scene). And the color is very erratic. At times I felt I was viewing a lab answer print. (Speaking of labs, according to the producers, certain technicians became quite fond of sections of the film as they developed and printed it. And they appropriated these excerpts for their own personal use. My goodness, you find closet queens in the strangest places . . .)

But the most derogatory thing I am forced to say about this picture is that it



Joint-smoker in "Left-Handed."



"Left-Handed" shower scene. Hmmm.

is often boring. Regardless of the rudimentary plot, my interest just cannot be sustained for 88 minutes by one damn sex tangle after another. Especially if I am not physically interested in the performers. If they would allow more emotional development to be expressed in these films, it would lessen my boredom. At least I could identify with the protagonists on that level. But if you've seen one saliva-covered dong, you've seen 'em all.

If they give a damn, I might advise the writers and directors of these films to spend a few hours watching classic horror films. They could learn so much about cinematic structure that would be easily and immediately applicable! Especially when it comes to building climaxes (and I do mean climaxes, in both senses of the word). With the exception of the first half of Halsted's *L.A. Plays Itself*, porn films have all the form and tension of twenty pounds of overcooked spaghetti. Hypnotized by the relentless monotony, I usually sleep through the final half hour.

TODAY'S TRAVEL TIPS

Couple of friends have just returned from their vacations. The one I am most jealous of has come from three weeks in Rio. Confirmed what I have often heard. Rio is one of the very gayest cities in the entire world. Reaches its peak during carnival time in February, but the problem then is one of confusion. Who is who and what? And who is doing what to whom and why and how?

Not only is Rio a geographically exquisite city, but the people are generous and friendly. (We'll forget the often obnoxious government and lousy postal service.) The friend, who is widely travelled, states emphatically (perhaps deliciously is a better word) that the boys of Rio are the most beautiful in the world. Judging from the many polaroids he let me see (I only stole twelve of them), his claim is accurate. If anything, it is an understatement.

Also says that they come out at an extraordinarily early age down there. (Chicken lovers take note.) And they are always eager and accommodating. Money? "Never a mention of it," says John. (However, this may have something to do with the fact that John is a physical knockout. I don't know if you and I could function without taking a bag of trinkets and bright cloth to tempt the natives.)

Pat Rocco also speaks warmly of the assets of Rio (and has a lot of movie footage to illustrate his point). Does anyone know if any of these Gay Tour organizations offer a deal that includes ravishing Rio? They're missing a bet if they don't. I may do some investigating on my own. Save my pennies . . . and maybe next February . . .

A more practical jaunt is that long weekend in San Juan, Puerto Rico. Friend no. 2 has come back, brown as that proverbial berry, and satisfied. The busts seem to have ended and things have generally calmed down (although there are still a lot of pills floating around). The beach area behind the Sands Hotel is still wild. And he saw little evidence of danger in Old San Juan late at night.

If you're headed that way soon, here are the nightspots he liked best. (I might add that his information is always reliable.) *The Annex* (151 Tetuan) is still going strong. For those who prefer the local goodies. Can be quite funky-freaky. Dancing. *Page Two* (Fortaleza & Tanca Sts.) Much more dignified. Friendly and fun. Dancing. *Top of the Aquarium*. (Two blocks from *Page Two*. Just ask anyone at that bar to point you in the right direction.) On the freaky side and the dance music is loud. However, San Juan gays do a great deal more dancing to slow numbers than we do here.

1020 Club (1020 Ashford Avenue) on Condado Beach area, so naturally this means 99% Americans. If you've gone all the way to Puerto Rico just to go to bed with your next-door neighbor, this is the place for you. *Penthouse* (also on Ashford). Also 99% gringo. But features Jose, the black bartender. Funny and a delight to be around. *The Lion's Den* (Calle Luna) is open . . . but d-e-a-d. All these bars watch like hawks for signs of narcotics on the premises.

Hope you can put this information to use. You can vacation in San Juan on a minimum of cash. And you can make out like crazy, if you are reasonably courteous and don't act like a boorish, drunken shit. In other words, don't be the usual Ugly American.

WHEN A POODLE ISN'T QUITE ENOUGH

The Fountain (Portland, Oregon) is the first such publication I know of to actually send a member of its staff to local adoption agencies in order to find some

thing of their views regarding gays adopting children. Dick Rogers interviewed people in three of the largest agencies in Portland. He reports that ". . . in each case the women were stunned and speechless at the thought of a homosexual couple adopting a child." I can well imagine. And I am stunned and speechless that one of the women interviewed actually admitted considering the idea!

As far as I know, nothing further has been done about this obvious solution to the tragically overcrowded orphanages in Portland and everywhere else. Do any of our readers know of an actual case of admitted homosexuals becoming the legal guardians or parents of a minor? I would be very interested to know the details. Also, is anyone in any of our local gay organizations attempting to find out the official position of New York adoption agencies—and encouraging them to release some of their little waifs to stable, loving gays?

And I might add that I would also be most interested in knowing if GAY's readers feel gay adoptions would be a good thing for all concerned. Would we make adequate parents? Let me know. I'll be airing this subject from time to time.

CATCALLS & KISSES FOR PLAYBOY

Yes, I do like a lot of the stuff in *Playboy*. And I think they're trying pretty hard to keep up with the times. Poor Heff. Remember, it's not an easy task to shed so many tough layers of male chauvinism. It's not done overnight. You move slowly and save face, if at all possible. If *Playboy* has given in to Women's Lib, but found it a bitter pill to swallow, you can imagine how they feel about Gay Lib.

They have always done a pretty fine job of allowing gay rights, the trials and tribulations, to be discussed in the magazine (especially in the *Forum* section). But gays will never really get anywhere with them as long as they insist on sticking to their basic (arrogant) premise that "heterosexuality is the normal adjustment to sexual response."

That is not only smug but in this day a pervasively outmoded concept. It was most recently given, exactly as quoted above, in response to a letter from Washington's successful gay leader, Frank Kameny. I'm sure Kameny benefited from *Playboy's* gentle reprimands and their attempt to "re-educate" him . . .

Frankly, Heff, heterosexuality is simply a mediocre substitution for the real thing, and you know it. I don't buy your dull, limited vision. Taking my cue from Germaine Greer, I say you'd be a hell of a lot better guy if you took it up the ass once a month.

I applaud *Playboy* though for finally coming up with the conclusive and final answer to a question that has been worrying a great many people for years now. It was a woman in Detroit who posed the question this time. But it should be of much more interest to gay males. Mrs. M.J. wants to know how many calories are in the average ejaculation of semen. She is afraid her love or oral sex with her husband may be damaging her strict diet. *Playboy* replies with good news for Weight Watchers.

They asked a university laboratory to do a test. The lab replied that although the amount varies with individuals, there are no more than one or two calories per average ejaculation. Hell, some diet sodas have more than that. Whoopee! Now you can go to the baths next weekend, gorge yourself and not worry about stepping on the scales Monday morning. You see? Not all the good things in life are fattening.

The Last Estate

BY GREGORY BATTCKOCK



Gregory on board the TSS Apollo
"BOYS IN THE BAND"

trip 14-day voyage to Haifa (via Athens, Crete and Cyprus).
The TSS Apollo was built some 35 years ago for Canadian Pacific Steamship Company (salt and pepper shakers still bear their imprint). In 1953 it was bought by a Greek company and put into regular service between eastern Mediterranean ports. Last year the ship was purchased by Prince Jimmy Ahsabul Oshota of Nigeria who remains on board. Sometimes, at night, H.R.H. sings hard Nigerian rock in the bar. My cabin opens right onto the deck and comes equipped with an electric fan. It is beastly hot. There is polished wood paneling and worn linoleum. There are few passengers, only one "sitting" and, mornings, we sip Champagne seated on deck in vinyl upholstered arm chairs. The staff is charming, the ship is filthy and the captain is perpetually ruffled and giggles a lot.

First night out I was raped by the boys in the Italian band performing on board.

Second night out they came back with arrogant, humpy "Snippy," the bar waiter, and after performing more indecencies, stole 500 drachma.

American tour agencies are forbidden to give out information or sell passage on the TSS Apollo because it is so old. We bought our tickets in Venice for a round

Pen Points

Dear GAY:
Come on guys, let us in on the secret. What is a cock ring and where do you buy one (or two)? We are way out here in the boozies where they still use rubbers.

Love & peace & good vibes,
Fred Hoyt
Rolling Meadows, Ill.
P.S.—Do they come in different sizes or does one size fit all?

[ED. NOTE: A cock ring is exactly what it sounds like: a metal or leather ring that fits on one's cock. Some men feel it assists in maintaining their erections for them. It also prevents, for some, an early climax. Our view is that an erection or a long performance is best maintained by having a clear mind and a relaxed body. But if you want to order a cock ring, write to: The Pleasure Chest, 152 7th Ave. South, N.Y.C.]

Dear GAY:
I have subscribed to your newspaper and I think it's great, so I'm writing to you to help me out. How can I get a gay (lambda) shirt? I'd love to have one such as I saw in GAY's review of *The Gay Crusaders*.

Thank you,
A.A.
Fall River, Mass.
[ED. NOTE: Write to: The Gay Activists Alliance, P.O. Box. 2, Village Station, N.Y.C., N.Y. 10014.]

Dear GAY:
Thanks in part to your fine newspaper, I have finally decided to "come out." Last night I started that process by going to the GAA Firehouse to see the play *Coming Out*. That event was significant to me not only because the well written and performed play allowed me to see the beauty and goodness possible in homosexuality, but more importantly my pres-

ence there allowed me to be an equal part of a group for the first time in my life. During my thirty years I have never had a real friend nor have I been honest with anyone, not even myself. Only another gay person could possibly understand the terrible loneliness and frustration those thirty years have given me.
Unfortunately, my natural shyness and fear of rejection did not allow me to really socialize, but then I am only in my infancy. I was only born yesterday. Hopefully I will rapidly mature into a healthy, normal homosexual, capable of loving and being loved. Hopefully I will never again have to peek through toilet partition holes in order to find a few minutes of unfulfilling physical contact. Hopefully in this big city there is someone who needs me as much as I need him. Hopefully we will soon meet.

Sincerely,
E.B.
Manhattan

[ED. NOTE: You may find it easier to find "him" if you first find yourself more fully. Learn to enjoy yourself first, and it will make you better company and more enjoyable when someone who is fun to be with appears.]

Dear GAY,
Thanks to GAY and John P. LeRoy for a lovely goose to our Renaissance

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spot to any other because it is unbearably hot and he is always "freddo." "e caldo qui," he notes repeatedly. It sure is. In fact, I have blisters on my knees because of the intense heat emanating from the deck and diesel machinery up there.

"Gangplank" owes his nickname to the fact that one of his jobs on board is to stop people from falling through the decrepit gangplank.

My friend David has spent the entire trip complaining about his bathroom which, he claims, is flooded. When he pointed this out to the chief steward, he was told, "You don't have a bathroom in there. Of course he does, but the staff was not aware of it."

Things in the first class dining room are strange, to say the least. Our waiter (one big smile, actually) can't serve the zucchini without mauling me. We sit there at table completely surrounded with our red, white and Champagne and, of course, *nepo kapanianh*. Our table companions, "mericans from Maryland, don't drink. They do, however, keep a gun in their lovely Maryland house.

In his remarkably tedious (and fascinating) autobiography, *Without Stopping*, Paul Bowles notes "... tourists will go anywhere." So will my friend David who rises each morning with the dawn, lines up and piles into tour buses for "shore excursions." So far he has seen Corinth, Mycease and an olive grove at Corfu. I

can't get up before twelve no matter what the enticement. Rather than take the organized tours I take taxis. "Follow that bus," I cry and, at considerable expense, I am assured of a seat by myself.

(Those readers compiling "international gay guides" would do well to note two spots: 1) the Municipal Park in Iraklion, Crete; and 2) the Public Gardens, Limassol, Cyprus. In Iraklion, a visit must include Knossos. Yet the Municipal Park may, in fact, be even more memorable. In Limassol you don't have to worry about missing anything. The Municipal Park is the major and only publicized attraction. It includes a charming zoo.)

This morning our ship arrived in Haifa. At 7:30 they began paging me over the loudspeaker. Finally, at 9, I sent David to see what they wanted. He returned, visibly shaken. "This is serious. You better go yourself," he advised. I was confronted by a short, agitated man. "You keep police waiting. What you doing? Why not you come? Go put on your shoes. You don't come to Israel customs without shoes. Quickly!" he shouted.

"I put on my shoes. My white ones!" I declared upon my return. "Yes. I see. Your white ones. Here is your landing card." I didn't bother to tell him I was spending the day on board.

Cheers,
Gregory

House Publishing and New Gay Book Club venture ("New Hope for Gay Writers," GAY No. 80).

Since John Francis Hunter and I were both babbling nonstop to LeRoy when he interviewed us, it's no wonder there was an error. In mentioning that the sales of *The Gay Insider/New York* were "phenomenal," he pointed out that "In the first six months, more than 23,000 books were sold, twelve percent more than any other title Olympia ever published, gay or straight, including D'Arcangelo's *Handbook*." According to the only statement Hunter received, those 23,000 (actually 22,172) were grabbed up during the very first month. Thus, sales were exceptional for a first printing in such a short time. (But the book was not Olympia's all-time best-seller.) No one knows the result of

the second printing and, now that Olympia has filed for Chapter 11 of the Bankruptcy Act, Hunter may never be sure of the final figures. As for *Homosexual Handbook*, there is no statistic available to us on that classic, since it was pirated immediately after its authorized publication. It, therefore, will probably remain forever an "unknown quantity."

Any other errors that may have slipped through are probably attributable to Hunter and me, and we'll try to clear up any lingering misunderstandings if anyone wishes to write us.

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An Interview With Alecto The World's Most Arrested Lesbian

BY SOREL DAVID

PART I

Janet Alecto Rivera recently finished serving a fifteen-day sentence in Suffolk County Prison for her part in that portion of the continuing gay liberation struggle which took place out there. The following is an interview, or more like a conversation, really, with her about the experiences in jail.

SOREL: What exactly do you want to talk about?

ALECTO: Well, Charlie Burch and I are doing an article on going to jail—the political significance, whether it's necessary, whether it helps the movement, or slows it down.

SOREL: Do you think it's a good thing to do?

ALECTO: I think it's both. I think what I did was real good, it was only fifteen days and I showed these women a whole new identity. They identified with junk, they were black women and they identified with the whole junk culture, heroin culture, not even drugs, because they weren't into mind drugs, they were into body drugs. Some of them didn't even smoke grass.

SOREL: They wouldn't?

ALECTO: They just never did and they're not attracted to it. And acid really scares them, you know, like heroin would scare us. But like I came in identified as a lesbian and that really blew their minds. It's a very small prison, and there were like twenty women at most in there, and there were three tiers—three places we were split up into. I came in as a lesbian so right away that was a whole new thing for them.

It's very interesting—the relationships they have—I'm just going to speak about my own tier, most of the time. There were seven other women besides me on my tier. One woman made me this little rag doll, usually they make them voodoo dolls, but this was a happy doll. Most voodoo dolls are of their parole officers who turn them in.

SOREL: Well, that makes sense.

ALECTO: Yeah—it was a white woman who did it—then later she slapped this black woman on the ass and she said, "I just want you to know this is my woman, yeah we're friends and everything but I just want you to know who belongs to who." And right away they were all paired off and that left me. So, okay, so I talked and talked and they were very interested in hearing about the movement and why I was in there and what happened. I talked and I wrote on the walls a lot, like you don't scratch on the walls in Suffolk County prison, but I thought it was pretty safe for me to do it. I couldn't get any good time taken away from me and they couldn't keep me longer than fifteen days.

SOREL: Weren't you afraid that maybe they'd hurt you or something?

ALECTO: I wasn't really afraid of being beaten up for some reason—first of all, the matrons were a lot better than the men. I think it's something like a gigantic Italian family, the men are really lousy and the women just have to be good to exist with the men. They have to have a lot of patience and put up with a lot of shik, you have to care about people to put up with men like this. So I thought Suffolk County jail is a lot like this, and all of Suffolk County. And these people (the



"I chose my middle name, Alecto, because she was one of the invading furies in Greek mythology."

women jail matrons) were really Suffolk County identified people, they were really suburban people. So they aren't really cold people, they're middle class, they're white, they're good law abiding citizens. And it's not like in the city where the law is for some people, they had faith in the law. The men were pretty bad, but like I didn't have to be with them at all, which was really cool.

Anyway, the really strange thing about the women's relationships, it was a lot like in grammar school. In grammar school, remember, you had, like, one special candy that's everyone's favorite, jaw breakers or Tootsie Rolls or something—in jail it was Mason Mints, everybody was into Mason Mints. And you had one special friend that you gave your candy to, and you would only share with this one special friend. It took me almost two weeks to find out that there really wasn't any sex. They all had their own women. Once I gave this candy and they were all calling Laura my woman. And somebody said, Laura's not her woman, Jean is, because I was talking to Jean for a while that morning. And I got up, we were out in the courtyard, I got up and made this beautiful independent speech

about how I don't sell my soul for a candy bar and I'm my own woman and I never belonged to anyone. And Jean put her arms around me and said, don't you believe it, she's my woman. They thought the whole thing was a joke, but the point got across. I still didn't understand what the real relationship was, I knew there had to be sex but I couldn't figure out how or where, because there was like no privacy. It's like a fish bowl, anybody could come in and see you.

SOREL: Was there any time when nobody was watching you or supervising you?

ALECTO: Yeah, but you never knew when the matron was going to come.

So one day, this is how I found out there was no sex in jail. I was going down in my cell with this woman, we were going to start. We were sitting on the bed and we started to take our clothes off and she says look, and outside the cells there are these mirrors so the matrons can see in. I looked and saw one of the faces peeping in.

SOREL: One of the matrons?

ALECTO: No, an inmate. The inmates were looking. I went outside and screamed at them; they said they were

playing chicken. I'm not going to find out anything this way I thought, so I went to my cell. I'm in there reading and one by one each one of these women comes in and tells me how there isn't any sex going on and how they're all waiting for the first one to do it. And you know how it is, we just wanted to see if you were really going to do it. It was really crazy, the stuff they were into, the way they were talking. It was like grammar school, you know, like experimenting, that kind of thing. They said they did it (had sex) upstate, the few that were upstate and some were gay on the outside. Some were straight-on the outside but gay in jail. They each came in and said sort of the same thing. I told them, Goddamn it, you're in here for a year, how can you stand it? They said, ten months—time off for good behavior. I'm in here for two weeks, I said, and I can stand it, but it's silly to stand it with all these women there. They were all good looking women, it was silly not to have sex. And the conversations that were going on were really crazy, locker room boy type conversations about masturbating, about going down, is it nicer with your teeth in or out. And then they got around to comparing clitorises, can you believe it? I never heard of that.

SOREL: I guess that's what happens when you're denied sex like that, living in such close quarters.

ALECTO: And they were comparing tongues, seeing whose tongue was longer. They're like all on the verge of it, teasing each other. I couldn't stand it. I thought that made it worse, you know. And even the gay women kept talking about men. It was a game, they would get excited when a man would come in. And when we went outside, they would yell upstairs to the men, even if they were gay. This was just something to do.

They didn't identify as gays at all. One of them said, you wanted to know how many of us were gay, huh? They were all anxious to identify with what I was doing and that was the first time they ever identified as gay.

SOREL: They were like courting your favor.

ALECTO: Yeah, yeah, they were telling me how cute I was in my little uniform and stuff, they made me feel so pretty, they really did. And yet it all stopped somewhere and I thought it was because they were heavy into monogamy, you know, that kind of thing. But I never caught anybody and I should have. It's easier for men in prison to have sex but they don't show their emotions, while the women have the affection without the sex. It's like it is every place else.

So what it is is lots and lots of affection and all the other things that go on with a relationship, but no sex—just like Junior High School, you know.

SOREL: You seem to be saying, almost, that being in jail forces you into a very sort of infantile situation.

ALECTO: Yeah, it was like that, at the same time it might be very far advanced because you wouldn't need sex.

SOREL: That's a strange view.

ALECTO: Like the men are into just sex, the men couldn't relate to each other, yet they had sex—so which one is more fucked up? Frankly, if I had to choose, I'd much prefer the affection and the relationship thing. But I wouldn't want to have to make a choice, though.

End of Part I
(to be continued)



Gay Gangsters and Butch Molls

BY DICK LEITSCH

Messages, as Gertrude Stein said, are received all the time. I am admittedly bad about replying to letters from people I don't know, but I do like hearing from readers. In fact, some of my favorites among my GAY columns were suggested by readers who wrote in suggesting leads.

Some messages are a disappointment to me. I'm always willing to listen to an intelligent argument for another viewpoint, and I've been known to change my mind from time to time as new information and evidence are provided. Alas, most of the mail I get from people who sign letters "A Gay Militant," or "A GAA Member" (by the way, is my home address posted on the toilet wall at the Firehouse?) are so illiterate as to be incomprehensible. Perhaps GAA ought to provide courses in basic English, explaining such basic facts as the need for a verb in every sentence, and the fact that "conservative," "cynical" and "apolitical" are not the same thing.

"Dear Dick Leitsch: (a reader wrote from Atlanta) Concerning your J. Edgar Hoover hypothesis, 'The Director's Last Play,' you left out the most powerful and most well-known evidence of all. . . . When John Dillinger was killed by G-Men in 1934, Hoover viewed his nude body to investigate for himself the reports that Dillinger had the largest cock (14") ever documented. So delighted that it was true, following the autopsy, he (Hoover) asked for John's penis maximus to be placed in formaldehyde and donated to his new Museum of Crime (not for public display, of course). To this day, Dillinger's 14" cock is there in a gallon jug, believe me, as I know several people who have seen it."

I didn't mention that because I didn't know it. I had heard that Mr. Dillinger's brain was "lost" during the autopsy and, so far as I can tell, has never been found, but the fate of his cock eluded me. I also read where Dillinger's father was offered \$10,000 for his son's corpse. He turned the offer down, but said he was open to "propositions for other things John had."

Dillinger got into considerable trouble at Michigan City Penitentiary in 1929 when prison authorities caught him having a sexual affair with a fellow inmate known only as "George 13529 on E range." In that same prison Dillinger (whose name, incidentally, is pronounced with a hard "g") met James Jenkins, who became his "old lady." The famed bank robber had numerous other affairs with members of his gang (one of whom tried to talk Dillinger into retiring from crime and setting up a gay love nest in South America) and with gay people who hung out in Chicago's underworld hangouts.

When I was in Chicago several years ago, an elderly gay man showed me his "treasures": a yellowed piece of sheet with what he said were cum stains on it and three dark pubic hairs. Those, he swore, were souvenirs of the night he and Dillinger spent together. The other "treasure" was a bloodstained handkerchief which the man told me was sold to him by a woman who was at the theatre the night Dillinger got shot. The lady soaked up some of the blood as a souvenir.

Steve Chiolak, son of Anna Sage, "The Woman in Red" who turned in Dillinger, thought the desperado was "a bit sissified." Louis Scelfo, a barber at the Biograph Barber Shop, often shaved Dillinger. Noticing that the hoodlum pencilled his eyebrows and mustache, the barber decided John was "a bit queer."

Liberated ladies will be happy to know that John Dillinger was an equal opportunity employer. The gang's women weren't just sex slaves; they drove get-away cars, arranged hideouts and participated in crimes. They were also allowed to drink whiskey, while Dillinger kept his men on beer and weaker drinks. One of the gang's molls, Opal Long, was called (in those pre-diesel days) "Mack Truck."

Dillinger's contemporary Clyde Barrow also had, to use the period slang, "a touch of lavender." (At Dillinger's death, by the way, newspapers reported his family had bought him a very expensive lavender coffin; actually, he was buried in a simple rose-pink affair.) The Barrow gang always had a male member who not only assisted in robberies but fulfilled Bonnie and Clyde's sexual tastes.

First there was Raymond Hamilton. When the cops got him in 1933, Bonnie and Clyde looked around for a replacement. In Texas they picked up a 17-year-old car thief named William Jones. He was stealing a car with Clyde when the latter shot the car's owner. Jones thus became an accessory to murder and, though he wanted to dump the two weirdies, he was stuck with them. Before long Bonnie and Clyde were chaining him up at night so he wouldn't run away. At the big shoot-out near Dexter, Iowa, Jones was found chained to a tree.

Four months later he did escape back to Texas. When the cops picked him up he was not displeased at all. "In a twenty-eight page confession," wrote John Toland in *The Dillinger Days*, Jones "revealed a fantastic story of crime and suffering, then begged for a life sentence. Behind bars he would at last be safe from the pair that had kept him in unnatural bondage for months."

Bonnie and Clyde looked for another boy. On a January evening they sprang their old friend "in crime and love," says Toland, Hamilton from the East Texas State Prison Farm. Three days later they picked up Henry Methvin, "a quiet, reticent country boy with blonde hair and blue eyes."

The new gang (all four of them) held up a small town bank. Hamilton and Bonnie got into a fight over the division of the loot, and Hamilton deserted. Bonnie and Clyde went on another rampage of murder and robbery, and poor Methvin became "virtually their prisoner." Henry and his father decided the only way to free the younger man was to set a trap for Bonnie and Clyde.

Young Henry, "willing to do anything to be free of his nightmare life" of crime and sex slavery, managed to "disappear." Bonnie and Clyde went to the farm in Louisiana where the gang agreed to meet if they got separated for any reason. The elder Methvin tipped off the lawmen in exchange for a promise that his son would not be prosecuted in Texas.

The plan worked, and the Barrows were gunned down on a back road. Methvin was not prosecuted in either Texas or Louisiana, but went to trial in Oklahoma,

where he was convicted of the non-capital crime of complicity in murder.

My grandmother, who grew up during Reconstruction, used to call the Civil War (when she wasn't referring to it as "The War for Southern Independence") the "battle of brother against brother." Nearly all of life's battles find gay brother pitted against gay brother. Whatever the issue, there will be gay people on both—or all—sides. But then we are everywhere; we are diverse.

A few words on the Ryan-Abzug primary campaign make a fitting footnote to the above in that we see gays on both sides of the fence. An anonymous group who, for all I know, may have been Mrs. Abzug and her husband, prepared a circular headed "Gays For Bella." The lies and half-truths (which, after all, are the worst kind of lies) therein made it seem that Bella was the saviour of gay people and Ryan a do-nothing.

That is not true. Ryan did everything Bella did; the only difference is that he did it first, and did it when gay lib was not chic. And Bella has been a creep in ways a gentleman like Bill Ryan would never be (see Arthur Bell's column in the election week edition of the *Village Voice*). A number of gay people, myself included, were aghast at the lies coming out of the Bella camp.

Gay people worked both sides of that campaign. Despite the promises of Jim Owles and others who claimed to be able to deliver the gay vote (and the campaign was waged in the largest gay ghetto, perhaps in the whole world), Bella lost. She lost badly; she lost by a two-to-one margin.

The moral of that primary campaign is one or more of the following: 1) There is no "gay vote"; 2) The people who promised the gay vote were out of touch with gay people and couldn't deliver on their promise; 3) Gay people are tired of being used by people like Big Bella who exploit us to show how "liberal" they are, then drop us once they are elected; 4) Big Bella made herself too visible and, as a friend of mine put it, visible herself to be a combination of everything all of us ever hated in our own mothers. Good-bye, Bella.

BY IAN J. TREE

The other day Daniel and I got a letter from Jeff Duncan, the director and founder of the Dance Theatre Workshop, in which he said some nice things about our "enthusiastic and intelligent reviews of dance programs in GAY."

Well, that's the sort of thing that makes one smile for the rest of the day and since I hadn't seen them perform, it was with extra delight to be invited to their only New York performance at Riverside Church.

There was a full program of five pieces, all of them choreographed by the dancers themselves—something that seems to be getting more and more prevalent these days in smaller companies. I think it's a bright and pragmatic approach to choreographing dance pieces as it allows, I think, a greater amount of intimacy and interplay among the dancers themselves, not to mention a great sense of contributing to the "well-being" and on-goingness of the company.

The full company numbers about ten and they have been touting most of the last four years and during this coming summer will be in residence at the Wolf-Trap American University campus from July 23-August 20.

The five pieces on the program were *Ocean*, choreographed by Barbara Roan; *Dialog*, choreographed and performed by Art Bauman; *Shore Song*, a premiere choreographed and danced by Jeff Duncan; *Palimpsest*, choreographed by Deborah Jowitz; and *Winesburg Portraits*, inspired by Sherwood Anderson's classic novel, *Winesburg, Ohio*, again choreographed by Jeff Duncan.

Ocean seemed a bit too short for me to really get my teeth into, but it struck me as an abstract interpretation of the ocean or rather the goings-on, perhaps, at a beach. Therein lies the delight in approaching something abstractly. You can get into some "strange" things as did this particular dance. At one point two of the women dancers, standing side by side, began removing sets of those "unmentionable" under things. One removed four bras and the other three pairs of panties and finally a jock. And I sat there trying to figure out the symbolism, if any, in that. The "problem" with an abstract interpretation of something familiar is being left unfulfilled (at least I am) by its lack of structure—only because, I suppose, most of our lives are so structured that we tend to get "uncomfortable" once we get outside of that.

The highlight of the evening was the second piece, *Dialog*—a multimedia dance with film. The piece was seen on the London Contemporary Dance Company's 1969 Summer Festival. It concerns a businessman who seems to have become an automaton and is completely caught up in the madness and insanity of his job. The dance began with a phone call to our businessman and it became increasingly distorted until it sounded like electronic music—and the film flashes periodic START, ADVANCE and REPEAT cues as our businessman becomes an automaton. The "set" was a plain white movie screen against which Mr. Bauman moved or froze against the action on film. The piece ended with the electronic music re-distorting into the phone call and Mr. Bauman frozen against the backdrop—or was it really him—as the entire backdrop falls over with a thud. It was well performed and executed and this reviewer hopes he has works in progress that involve the company. If *Dialog* is any indication, audiences are in for a treat.

DTW's director and founder, Jeff Duncan, was featured in one of his own works, *Shore Song*, a premiere. Although

Cruising Off Broadway...



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COMING OUT

It was danced well, with pure ecstasy written on his face, it just didn't go anywhere and left me feeling a bit flat.

Palimpsest led me into corridors of sleep. I wasn't familiar with the text from *Ur of the Chaldees* by Leonard Woolley. It's always (?) embarrassing to fall asleep in the middle of something—unless it just doesn't hold your interest—and it just didn't.

The evening's final offering, the *Winesburg Portraits*, was good stuff. The music was a collage of American folk, as edited by Mr. Duncan, and at one point a popular American folk tune had been recorded both forward and backwards and played back simultaneously. I was sorry I'd never read Sherwood Anderson's classic novel *Winesburg, Ohio*. Had I, I think I would have enjoyed the piece even more.

Kudos to Deborah Jowitz as the Mother (Elizabeth Willard), Louis Sollino as the Rev. Curtis Hartman and especially John Wilson as Elmer Cowley, the "Queer"—a complete physical spastic and, it seemed, mentally retarded.

On the whole, I liked what I saw. Because the group does its own choreography it has a more intimate understanding of the capacities of the group as a whole, and of each individual in the company and is an excellent position to "exploit" those capacities. Fully. All of the dancers have had extensive dancing experience before coming together as the Dance Theatre Workshop. They rarely appear in New York—all the more reason to see their excellent program.



A scene from "Coming Out," a new play by Jonathan Katz at the GAA Firehouse (99 Wooster St.).

hunt). Exchanges between Seymour Krim and David McReynolds of the *Village Voice*, in 1955 and again between Virgil Thompson and Patricia Meyerowitz in 1971.

The "second act" included recitations from Walt Whitman's "City of Orgies," the Horatio Alger affair in 1866; The Snake Pit raid in March, 1970; Lesbian Folk Heroes of the early 1900's; the Diego Vignales affair in 1970 which was part of the Snake Pit raid. The young man was from Argentina, I believe, and was so frightened by the raid and subsequent arrest that he jumped from a second-story window of the police department only to impale himself on the iron fence below. It continued with Allen Ginsberg and the Chicago Conspiracy Trial of 1969, wherein he recited one of his poems based on one by Walt Whitman—a modern version which I cannot believe did not color the ears of the court.

The play ended with "The Psychoanalysis of Edward the Dyke" by Judy Grahn, and in my own "umble" opinion, it was the highpoint of the evening. It was extremely funny and marvelously acted by Steve Krotz as the psychoanalyst and Deanna Alida as Edward the Dyke. The play ended with a section from John Osborn's *The Entertainer*, and finally the first Gay-in.

Blake Bergren, Charlie Brown, Bruce Buchy, Deanna Alida, Helen Sandra Weinberg and Steve Krotz were outstanding in their respective "roles." I think every few of the performers had any real previous acting experience, but most of them, nevertheless, seem to have a good sense of the timing required for "feeling" their lines and making them believable. The others were not as comfortable with their lines, especially the poetry recitations which require a finely honed sense of that same timing and "feeling."

I must congratulate David Roggensack on his direction and I feel that he really succeeded in bringing together both parts of the Gay Lib Movement; i.e., the boys and the girls. I talked with him afterwards about the possibility of putting on a limited-run on off-Broadway. They had thought about it, he said, but if it were to happen, they would want "gay money" (i.e., a gay sponsor and genuine interest in what the play has to offer). At any rate, he said he would keep us informed.

For those of you lucky enough to see it, I'm sure you would agree that the next logical step is an off-Broadway run. It's really an excellent production and with a little more room to breathe and stretch its legs, it could go a long way in not only bringing out extreme closet cases, but always setting the "straight" community straight on the bad-mouthing and bad press homosexuals have so long received and how Gay Liberation has begun to change all of that. Like my friend Daniel once said—"somebody do something."

AND FURTHERMORE . . .

By the time you read this, the New York Shakespeare Festival will have kicked off its umpteenth season at the outdoor Delacorte Theatre in Central Park (79th St. entrance from the east side and 81st St. entrance from the west side). Stacey Keach, Colleen Dewhurst and James Earl Jones are starring in the bard's *Hamlet*. The first contemporary play, *Jean and His Brothers*, by Derek Walcott, will open on July 20th and then tour the city parks in the five boroughs. And on August 10th, *Much Ado About Nothing* will be the festival's final dramatic offering. Hopefully, this will be followed by a dance festival as has been the case in the last few years.

San Francisco Parade

Continued from page 5
 ston Leyland as "the opinion of the collective." *Gay Sunshine* said "it's becoming fashionable for those same gay pigs who, a year ago, were denigrating the Gay Liberation Movement to now use the terms 'gay brothers and sisters, Gay Liberation' without any sense of what that means."

It added that an Imperial Ball was scheduled at the exclusive Fairmont Hotel on the eve of the parade. "An Imperial Ball to celebrate the anniversary of a movement which began with a riot. Of course straight, capitalist businessmen... are only too happy to cater to affairs of this kind. It reinforces all their stereotyped thinking of homosexuals." Gay Sunshiners also objected that "of nine or ten parade committee members, none are women. The parade is basically a male chauvinist trip." In addition, "the parade is being coordinated for the most part by people (S.L.R., Tavern Guild) who have no commitment to Gay Liberation."

The *Vector* editorial "resulted in the loss of over \$200 in promised advertising monies for our parade program in the first day after the magazine came out."

Minnesota

Continued from page 1
 the 88 planks submitted to it. Humphrey himself was described as angry about the platform. "There's going to be a difficult time in this state selling some of those planks," he said.

Humphrey's supporters controlled the convention by a small margin, and members of the "peace coalition" backing Sen. George McGovern or Rep. Shirley Chisholm lost no time in pointing that out.

Without the help of some Humphrey delegates, none of the three "far-out" planks could have been adopted—nor could Earl Craig Jr., former director of the New Democratic Coalition who opposed Humphrey in the 1970 Senate primary, have been elected national Democratic committeeman. Craig defeated a top aide to the governor by 25 votes.

It appeared that a good deal of the platform controversy was merely a reflection of the ideological split within the DFL, and had more to do with Humphrey vs. McGovern, and age vs. youth, than with sex, pot or amnesty.

But gay rights got the fullest airing it has ever received on the Minnesota political front.

Craig, who mentioned gay rights publicly when he ran against Humphrey two years ago, called the governor's disavowal "reprehensible."

"It's not far out to say that homosexuals should not be jumped on or that young people have been harmed by present marijuana laws. Gay rights and marijuana are not my main concerns, but that doesn't mean I have to repudiate the platform."

In fact, the Gay Rights Caucus and the Radical Caucus demanded the convention be called back to finish adopting the platform. State Chairman Moe replied that it would be too expensive, and that the State Central Committee would do the job in August. He failed to reply to the caucus's accusation that it was only at his insistence that the convention adjourned without giving more time to the platform, the second-to-last day.

The gay rights plank, drafted by the Gay Rights Caucus and approved by a 70 to 30 percent voice vote, calls for an end to discrimination in private employment, the federal Civil Service, immigration, the military, government surveillance, housing and in marriage laws. It was the marriage laws that drew most frequent mention in the state's press and TV, however.

Rev. Broshears claimed. "The only people who are going to be hurt by it," he added, "are the various gay social service groups in San Francisco." The Fairmont event "is not an Imperial ball. It is a 'Cinderella Ball,'" said Broshears. "It is being put on by one person, H.L. Perry (who won the best drag entry award in the parade), and by formal vote has no relationship to the parade."

The event was marred by one other incident. Mayor Joseph Alioto refused to sign a resolution which had been on his desk for two weeks proclaiming June 25 "Gay Freedom Day" in the city. Last year Alioto vetoed a Board of Supervisors approved resolution backing Assembly bill 437, the "Brown bill," which would permit sex in private between consenting adults. "Hell, the mayor has signed resolutions calling for begonias days, and snapping turtle days," noted Broshears. "I suppose he doesn't think Gay people are as significant as begonias or snapping turtles."

The parade was climaxed on the steps of City Hall with Broshears declaring, "We're going to have our equal rights and to hell with you, Alioto!" to the uproarious applause of the assembled crowd.

A representative of the Aphrodite Love Church, Berkeley, did some skinny dipping afterward in a fountain in front of City Hall.

The Minnesota chairman of Americans for Democratic Action, Denis Wadley, said the party's courage in endorsing gay rights is comparable to the early civil rights stands that Humphrey championed.

The ADA supports it, Wadley said. "The party officials running for cover are the ones who should be rejected."

The Humphreyites' criticism does not mean they all oppose gay rights. Their criticism was of making a public declaration on gay, amnesty and legal pot questions. In general, they did not denounce the specifics of gay rights and Humphrey himself has said, quietly and tersely, that he'll end the federal hiring ban.

DFL Rep. Donald Fraser of Minneapolis announced that he's for all three controversial stands and specifically mentioned gay hiring bias.

For Minnesota Republicans it was something else. Sensing a chance to make hay at the DFL's embarrassment, State GOP Chairman David Krogseng said the DFL "wrote off a large majority of the people of Minnesota" with three positions.

The Republican State Convention in Minneapolis June 24 went on to reject its own Platform Committee's call for repeal of sex-conviction laws for consenting adults—and for decriminalized marijuana.

GOP conservatives, who showed up in surprising strength for the usually-liberal Minnesota Republican party, rammed through a minority report with a 64 percent margin. That measure is silent on gay rights and consenting-adult laws, solidly opposes draft-evader amnesty and talks of both treatment and jail for marijuana users.

St. Paul, Minn. Abby Van Buren socked it to 'em on gay rights in her syndicated advice column published in newspapers May 29.

"Dear Abby" thoroughly refuted a letter-writer who said gays have "a form of sexual deviation which is symptomatic of personality disorder... emotional illness. There is no such thing as a well-adjusted homosexual."

Not so, Abby replied. "There are homosexuals who live socially well-adjusted, discreet, personally happy lives, whose homosexuality would come as a surprise to many of their close heterosexual friends."

Moral condemnation may make gays seem abnormal, she said, but it hasn't always been so judged. If gays have problems, the St. Paul columnist wrote, it's "due to the rejection, persecution and guilt imposed upon them by intolerant and ignorant contemporaries."

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An Interview With the La Fleur Sisters Part I

They Look "Too Gay" If They Shave Their Eyebrows

BY VICKI RICHMAN

"Maybe I'm just not gay enough," the lean, loose-limbed young man apologizes to me with a stand-up comic's self-parodying shrug, as I try to urge out some solicitous denial, like oh no, on the contrary, he's quite as normal as the rest of us.

But my heart isn't in it. There is something loose about this non-stop, affection-hungry kid, you're sure, and it's more than his arms and legs. He's late this afternoon because he's just finished his day teaching French and Spanish at a public school, but he looks more like he ought to have been walking off the basketball court head down, listening to the fatherly high school coach say it takes an inch or two more height to make the team. Or perhaps off by himself in a corner of the soda shoppe, worried more about the price of burgers than about whether he had a date for the junior prom.

"Maybe I'm just not good enough—I'm too clumsy." It's not only me; he sees himself as the comic strip Jughead. He talks fast, compulsively, with a cheerfulness more therapeutic than infectious, broken only by a "C'mon, c'mon, ask me another question," when my own introspection has left a silence that not even his random gurgling could break.

So there's something wrong here. Tommy Russell is an adolescent with an adolescent's name and mixed-up growth hormones, who just happens to be an honored graduate of Manhattan College, and who refers to his teaching as his profession, not his job. But that's only the subplot. The main problem he's left for my typewriter is that he's one half of the La Fleur Sisters, the most popular drag act on New York's gay club circuit, which has suddenly become the only place for fresh cabaret material, gay or straight, to be seen.

"So, whatever the reason, I'm totally relaxed as a guy." It's almost something to be guilty about, and his excuses range from incomplete gayness to difficulty in walking in high heels. "I enjoy dressing up—but only for the show. On stage I feel feminine. I just don't feel real. I don't feel like a real woman, say, walking on the street. I'm gay, yes, but a guy." You might wonder if the lady protests too much, but you believe Tommy as he gazes at you, too shy to smile and too insecure not to, in his T-shirt exposing limber, hairy arms, with the kind of nose that forms a gunnights to help him zero in on his objects.

"We needed a guy to carry our clothes and get a cab for us," John Monroe Jr., the full-time half of the act, tells me without kidding, "and Tom was it." Then, of course, one of the original trio doing The Supremes didn't show up, and Tom became Diana Ross—although they practically had to sneak up behind him to get him into a dress.

"I never thought of myself as a drag." Tom keeps at it, asking and answering his own questions as I become his audience. "I'm kind of clumsy and gawky. I always thought of the femme boys as being in drag. But I wasn't embarrassed. Nervous! I mean, I walked three blocks in drag to get to the Sanctuary. Was I nervous!" That was three years ago. But it's been only three months now that they've let

him do his own face, and someone still has to pin his willfully wavy hair up to hide it under his wig. The act eventually dwindled down to a duet, and John, you guess, must be the queen of the two.

He lives, incredulously, in Elmhurst, and I emerge from the subway kiosk where he said he'd meet me, only to find myself on Queens Boulevard, which, like Fordham Road in the Bronx and Atlantic Avenue in Brooklyn, survives and will live forever only through its faith in its own impermanence. Gaudier in spots and more offensive still than the Times Square it imitates, it has never been attacked and destroyed by the hustlers, pushers and reformers, because no one who came there really cared to, and no one who stays there really planned to. Its life consists in what little its transplanted parvenus can remember of their happier days in poverty, and in what plans its young make for the eventual escape to Algiers or Vermont or St. Marks Place, where it all began.

The kids gossiping and flirting outside the candy store are probably cutting—it's too early for school to be out—and I wish John would hurry as I pace up and down trying to make it obvious I'm meeting someone, and not... A year ago—six months ago—I might have been cool, but already the blue jeans and halter tops and dogs have made Queens, and the only ones left in miniskirts are the hefty ladies in peroxidized hair and curlers, dragging their shopping carts behind them. If John had lived on the East Side, where he belongs really, I would have known better, but in Queens, where the secretaries live

and the girls subscribe to *Seventeen*, my skirt and matching jacket and ankle-strap shoes should have been perfect. Still, I find myself scorned by the kids as casually and irrevocably as are the matrons, too dazed by the world to care, until I want to shout I'm one of you, kids, honest I am.

John arrives finally, as if from the teenagers themselves, and I have to look twice to be sure he's not just another one, with his sideburns and John-John, long enough to be cool, but not quite enough to get someone's mother or school principal uptight. Only his stubble, too heavy and too recently shaved, marks him as his senior, but not by very much.

He calls a cab and opens the door for me with all the aplomb of a boy accompanying his English teacher to the all-city poetry competition; in class the relationship is secure, but here on the street he has no idea whether he's supposed to be my charge, my protector, my companion, or what? The kids watch us, and I feel used up.

This, then, is the other La Fleur. He even has every hair of his bushy eyebrows. "I shaved them once, but I looked too gay." His hairy wrists, almost equaling the circumference of his forearms, and the bulging parallel lines of his frame, like the barrel-shaped torso of a Wagnerian tenor, are the body-building results of a youth trying to live down being shorter than every other boy in the class. He is sullen and answers me at first in reluctant monosyllables, seeming to prefer silence. But he is not really hostile; he doesn't even find my intrusion unwelcome. His

expression and manner, after a childhood of practice, now involuntarily mask the smooth, taut skin, the delicate nose, the precious eyes of a face too feminine to be quite at ease in the gym locker room.

For the past two years, the La Fleurs have hardly left the Roundtable, the other-world discotheque on Fifth Street off Third. The management likes to boast they've given business, and, with Ruby Red Lips in alternate nights, usually feature no one else. The La Fleurs don't seem to want to work in any other club, except in Puerto Rico.

John and Tommy grew up directly crosstown, ten minutes by foot or half an hour by cab, but what a difference that moment's journey makes! Hell's Kitchen is the only ghetto in New York where life seems cheapened and unwanted, instead of irritated and tense. Violence in Hell's Kitchen is pointless and commonplace; in other ghettos it has bravado. "When you live there, no one bothers you for being gay," John assures me when I wonder how he made it. I don't doubt it. You don't bother someone like John; his wrists show he can retaliate, and his small size shows he has accumulated good reasons to.

So what do you make of the La Fleurs? Leo Gorcey and Huntz Hall? It's almost too good to be true. The Dead End Kids in drag. Imagine the moon-faced little Mussolini of the tenements, his squashed-brim chapeau replaced with a platinum beehive, humming through tense lips open only at one corner, making his mouth look like an enlarged sperm cell. "Listen, y'mugs, when I laid saviour eye shadow, I didn't mean ya t'bring polio—and get your coons offa d'hem o' me skoit."

"The La Fleurs in Concert," their revue in Town Hall at the end of this month, is their ostensible reason for talking to me, but I find myself referring to it more often than they. I like to seduce my subjects, by pretending interest in whatever they want free publicity for, and so winning their trust, into more personal, and perhaps embarrassing, glimpses into who they really are. But it's unnecessary with the La Fleurs. John, for all his macho reserve, and Tom, with his stream-of-consciousness chumminess, talk freely about anything. They are hardly a press agent's dream. I recall how my conversations with Jackie and Holly turned into verbal brawls about what ought to be discussed.

The question you ask the La Fleurs is obvious, and I find myself repeating it again and again. "It's like a disguise for me," John answers. "I'm a very shy and nervous person. When I'm on the stage dressed in drag, I feel like it's a disguise. I tried it as a guy once, but I was very nervous."

Tom, who arrived an hour late, says the same thing in virtually the same words. Normally you'd expect that some press agent has been putting them through their paces, but these two know less about faking an image than even I can tell them. They're worried about threatening their families and nontheatrical jobs, and apologize for borrowing the last names of their favorite actresses. If they hadn't mentioned it, I wouldn't have noticed; what performer doesn't take a stage

Continued on page 17



A divine act at The Roundtable (151 E. 50th St.) that simply goes on and on forever.

Jerry's Sphere

Continued from page 7

there are men and women in this together? Well, by and by, the day of the big parade came to pass. There was Brigitte and her sisters. They had already decided that they would lead the march and have the men "follow" the leaders. Wait a minute, there is that idiotic John Francis Hunter in our ranks. "Listen, buddy, move back with the men. We gotta show how unsted we are." Hey, Madge, this guy just smiled and said that "no one was going to tell him" where to march today. Can you imagine such balls? Hey, over here, look, some of those faggot bars had the nerve to show up. And they're carrying banners! Good Lord! They aren't afraid to stand up and be counted! What the hell do they think this is, a liberation parade or something? Don't they know that marching is serious business? "MOTHERFUCKERS, get the hell out of this here parade." Brigitte screamed and screamed. These fucking faggots will ruin it all the time, won't they, Brig? Oh well, let's march. Gee, here we are in Sheep Meadow, Brigitte. How all the fun will start, right? What fun? You mean it's going to be like last year where everyone stands around looking at each other wondering what the committee has planned when in actuality it hasn't planned anything? Wow, Brigitte, you think of everything. Let's get the hell out of here. It's a bore. So of course, Brigitte and Madge left arm in arm (to show their solidarity) to plan for next year's Big Parade.

Of course, Brigitte and Madge are figments of my imagination—in name, anyway. But I've got a BIG FUCKING CLUE for all the Brigittes and Madges that marched this year. NEXT YEAR WILL BE DIFFERENT!!! None of us will be told that we can't march. If you don't like it then don't you march. I AM NOT TRADING ONE FORM OF OPPRESSION FOR ANOTHER. Anyone who doesn't like it can screw on a new diesel. If you think this is a challenge YOU BET YOUR ASS IT IS!!!

I HAD A DREAM, DEAR, we were marching up FIFTH AVENUE (if the Irish, Italians, Greeks, Poles, Puerto Ricans, etc. can, why can't we?) with marching bands leading us. (I volunteer for the bass drum, it's the only thing I can play.) I see a motorcade of cyclists all in leather with cute little things in chiffon riding in back (show the complexity of lifestyles). Men and women marching TOGETHER to show that we are first HUMAN BEINGS. Any separatists came march by themselves. Have floats and banners and laughter and cheers. Now, at

Sheep Meadow, some bands to announce our arrival. A show to entertain our marchers. Beer and hot dogs, fireworks, a PARTY, a CELEBRATION. We've worked our asses off all year long for one cause or another. This is OUR DAY to celebrate the joys of living. Don't think I can do it, ladies? DARE ME . . .

NOBODY'S PERFECT DEPT: A few issues back, I wrote about a bar called the GAS STATION. I recommended it highly because of Ms. Jan Wallman. Jan had been approached by the owner and made promises to. Well, the owner never kept those promises and Jan has left. The same thing happened in Queens to me, last year. As soon as they think that they have the gay crowd they don't need you. STAY OUT OF THE GAS STATION. I apologize for being taken in again. Thank you.

I must commend four Village bars for their participation in the parade despite some "womanly" threats. They are PETER RABBIT, if you're ready, KELLER'S, the ONE POTATO, and last but certainly not least, THE ROADHOUSE. Not only did the ROADHOUSE march but afterwards they served a FREE champagne buffet to CELEBRATE (WOMEN, GET YOUR HEADS TOGETHER.) I was upset that there weren't more bars in attendance as I really didn't think that you would all be cowed by a few radical lesbians. But you can all start NOW getting your floats and things ready for NEXT YEAR. And if there are any r.l.'s who don't like it I'll meet them in the Garden for a ten-round bout . . .

IN ANSWER to many queries, yes, I am selling ads for GAY and DAVID. NO, NO, NO, an ad does NOT mean that you get a good writeup in my column. (Unlike another publication that knocks a joint until it gets an ad, then miraculously finds that they have been wrong all those preceding months). My column is a service to the gay community and I shall continue to call it the way I see it.

FOLLOW UP: The Bartenders Association proposed in this column a couple of issues ago received the response I expected. NONE. OK, kids, I don't want to hear any more complaints. I've had it . . .

Received a lovely invitation to the opening of the WHOLE THING, signed "the politically backward but socially forward Maggi Jiggs" Hit it, girl . . . OK, ready for a little dish? Here we go . . . Cover boy, Wally, does not use Cover Girl makeup. With a face and body like his you wouldn't have to either . . . Milton and Steele have taken over the CASA LAREDO with no change except my own Martyn Denlea has left the COVEN and is

now taking care of business over there . . . Miss you, love . . . Stella left the ROADHOUSE . . . Lou Briggs left MAGNOLIA T'S for the peace and quiet (?) of Fire Island. Speaking of MAGNOLIA, did you hear that June Von Humml Picked ROADHOUSE Ronda UP for a date and brought him a wrist corsage. But, leave it to Ronda, he had a bachelor button for June. My knives . . . And Ms. Kitty sprained her hand pouring all that champagne after the march . . . Jim left KELLER'S and is going back to the footlights . . . \$13 for the size of the room at MAN'S COUNTRY is a bit much . . . when threatened at the parade by some ridiculous lesbians, ONE POTATO's Frank Elliot let them have it while he did the most good. Unfurled his banner and marched. If that's what it takes, that's what it gets . . . Besides being a good sport, Bruce, from DANNY'S BROOKLYN HEIGHTS, is a good looker . . . BETSY ROSS' Sean Sullivan vacationing in Ireland. Big Vinny Higgins is taking over in his absence . . . Tom and Teddy of WHAT A DUMP came all the way down to the Village to say hello . . . By the way, Lee is Teddy's roomie, only, I've found out. Aroooooo! Watch out, Lee . . . Fantastic party, Dr. George Weinberg (author of *Society and the Healthy Homosexual*) gave Jack and Lige (in celebration of their new book *I Have More Fun With You Than Anybody*) and Kay Tobin (author of *The Gay Crusaders*) the other PM. Everybody in the movement was there. I won't name them because I'd probably forget one or two and that wouldn't be right. But, I felt the same way that I felt my first day in high school when the seniors went by. It was a thrill for me to meet such fine, such brilliant people. Thanks for the invite, George . . . Nancy (yes, with the smiling face) and her Susan brightening up Sheep Meadow after the march . . . As were Matthew and

Marty with a picnic shared by all those who were left . . . Funny how the cops waited till there were only a handful of us left to try a show of macho. Absurd is what it was . . . Gypsy's "Night at the Opera," a one man/woman show pure DYNAMITE from start to finish . . .

BAR PROFILE: PAINTED PONY, 1485 3rd Ave., is a small intimate piano bar that has been here for quite a while. Owner Artie has been around the circuit and he knows how to make you feel at home. Beautiful Ralph is on the bar nights and that charmer, Mary O'Neil, will take care of you during the day. The biggest draw at the PONY, though, is the incomparable GYPSY. (Yes, I'll give him the same billing as the place. As a matter of fact, I know some people who call it "GYPSY'S.") This mad bundle of talent rules the roost here. And, if you ever think that you can start something with him, DON'T. He can have you so small in two sentences you'll be playing handball on the curb with a jelly bean. Stop in and say hello to the mad mad mad Gypsy of 3rd Ave.

PERSONALITY PROFILE: Bob Slope and Jerry Wolfbauer of UNCLE CHARLIE'S SOUTH are two of the best looking inkeepers in New York. They went downtown with a dream of the "perfect club" for gay males, and damn if they didn't just about pull it off. They spent a lot of time and energy seeing that it was exactly what they wanted for their customers. The three rooms let you keep making entrances all night long. As soon as they heard of the beatings at the Hilton, they got up a petition of protest. They are always helping GAA. They are two guys out for the gay community and God bless them, we're lucky to have them. Till next time, love and peace and I hope and pray that we can reconcile also of the women. —JE

Uncle Thane

Continued from page 11

won't win any diplomacy awards, but he is honest! "What kind of work do you do?"

He gives the grin and thoughtful pause of one who knows his non-compartmentalized vocation isn't easy to explain. "Oh, several things. I'm Director of the Minnesota Council for Church and the Homophile. We get help from the Presbyterians on that one." (For what it's worth, which ain't much, I let him know my background is Presbyterian. We both agree that homophile is a *wretched* word. Sinks of cheap disinfected.)

"I was director of Gay House, too," he continues a bit wearily. "We have a gay 'hot line,' a speaker's bureau, community center, things like that. But I had to cut out a lot when I started speaking publicly all over. Now I'm co-director, with Jean Fortier, of Gay Community Services within the National Institute for Mental Health. I'm very much into radical therapy right now."

"What's the difference between regular and radical therapy?"

"Hard to explain, but . . . in traditional therapy, the therapist is all-powerful. He has too much control. Radical therapy dictates that you should make changes in your environment, not adjust to the social climate that already exists."

"Ho! Sounds good. I'm very cynical about all forms of therapy, but . . ."

"This developed from a lot of people who have become soured. You could read Halleck's *Politics of Therapy*."

"Okay, and I must remember to ask George Weinberg about all this. Where do you speak and what do you talk about?"

"Church groups, mental health organizations, colleges . . . and I talk about the history of gay movements and my own involvement. Madison [Wisconsin] and Cornell have good gay groups. But all these organizations belong in the streets, not on campuses. They're not active in the right ways. They squabble, and react only to negative responses. At some point, you must start finding and stressing the good."

"Is that why you spend a lot of time talking to church groups and working with them?"

"Yes, they're receptive and almost never hostile. Anyway, I don't care what they think of me. There are lots of reasons for working within traditional boundaries. I'm young, but I realize I don't just live here and now. We must have some respect for the continuity of history. There are pragmatic reasons, too. Like tax exempt donations from individuals, groups, and the church itself. And church politics are more effective than any other kind of politics. They really get things done. Would you be surprised to know that Southern church groups are often the most willing today to accept homosexuality and other major forms of change?"

"You bet I'd be surprised!"

"And I was attending a religious convention in Denver. A friend and I decided to dance together at the Hilton nightclub there. We got kicked out and the church groups' reaction against this move was so strong we got a formal apology from the club manager and he said that from then on anyone was allowed to dance there."

My companion in apartment crime comes into the room to join me in applauding. I introduce him to John. They shake hands and Companion apologizes for having to rush out to keep an emergency appointment. It's getting dark and the beer is running low, but I want to keep the session going. John talks affectionately of his close friends, Jack Baker and Mike McConnell. We discuss abortion, the possibility of gay adoptions, the crying need for drastic sex education on all levels, the insanity of gays who show prejudice toward other minorities, funda-

mentalists who manipulate instead of interpreting the Bible, and how tired he is after speaking engagements. ("Half the time, after a speech, I'm in tears. I get so little in return . . .") And yet . . . he keeps on giving.

And finally I ask, "Where do you think Gay Lib is going?"

"It's hard to tell. There's a lot to be done. Great stuff's being done already by Metropolitan Community Church, GAA in New York, and the groups in Minneapolis and Toronto. And the ideological schisms are all to the good because they stimulate the groups. Force action."

"But what a lot of us forget is that, like they say, no one is ever totally out of the closet . . . coming out is a *life-long* process, and it should be that way. We mustn't ever stop growing. I recently spoke at my own campus. That was pretty damn hard to do, you know . . . those old, familiar faces. But it was as much a part of my coming out as anything. And the changes since I was there! I wish I'd had some of the advantages of 'liberation' that these kids have, when I was going to school."

(John is twenty-six. How the hell does he think I feel?) He stands up and stretches. "I just wish there was a little more . . . real communication, and humility."

"Patience. We're not that mature yet."

John asks directions on the best way to get to East 77th Street. I think a minute and decide it's easier to lead him across the park myself. On the way, he tells me that as much as he hates New York, he'll be back in about three weeks and hopes to see me again then. Fine. We're at the edge of The Ramble and see a guy coming out, zipping his fly and trying to buckle his belt. Shit, it's this kind of character that makes visitors think New Yorkers do nothing but fornicate.

"Thane, isn't that your roommate?" (Goddamn.) "Yes, but pretend you don't see him. He just does that to get attention. Keep walking."

We reach Fifth Avenue and I point him in the right direction. Goodbye, Johnny. Come back. You're too intense, too serious, perhaps—but you reflect the most admirable in your generation. Ah, there is hope yet. We like you even if you do so vocally despise our concrete jungle. (I had started to remind him that we walked completely across the park without being physically abused.) Nasty old NYC in the summer—where the four corners of the earth can and often do converge. Variety. In and out of bed. I'll stick around a little longer, if no one minds.

I walk back home along Central Park West. Getting crowded. I mentally pluck the prettiest and most unique poses from their benches. Anybody here from Wales or Bolivia? Any liberally passionate Icelanders or Madagascar tonight . . . ?

You're kidding! Australia! No, sorry to say I've never been there. It's so far off. Tell me about it. Say, is it true that . . .

La Fleur

Continued from page 15

name? But they have a lack of professionalism that makes them sensitive to the deception. I'm the one who upbraids their publicist a few days later for issuing a release with their real names. "They never told me what they're working under," he shrugs.

"It's the same interview, me and him," John squeals as Tom laments his own shyness. In delight Tom goes on, "I'd probably stay in a corner if I weren't a performer. As a girl I cover up my shyness with gowns and hair. Maybe it should be the opposite way—most people are probably the opposite. You have to act more. But for me it's easier to act than be myself."

Holly Woodlawn is one of "most people"; she prefers to be herself all the time.

"Maybe Jackie and Holly believe they're women or wish they were women," Tom says, creating a drag gap that goes beyond the length of a hemline. "I don't. My performance is my performance."

I'm amused that they mention it. I was struck by their shyness right off. John's intimidating indifference doesn't frighten you; you want to put an arm around him and say, "Now we can get to be pals, can't we?" Tom's self-effacement, as if he's assuring you it's not your fault if you don't like him, makes you want to hug him and kiss him and tell him how important he really is.

They know nothing about gay liberation, and except for John's sincere indignation over police brutality, they're indifferent to it. John's biggest ambition at the moment is "entertaining the troops in Vietnam." I assume he means with Jane Fonda's show, *Free The Army*. But he's never even heard of it. He listens, bored but polite, as I explain. Later I realize he meant with Bob Hope's Christmas show. He doesn't want money. Getting up in front of soldiers is its own satisfaction—or ideal. He deplores the fighting, but he believes "our boys are restraining Communism," which threatens us.

Contempt for cops and respect bordering on veneration for a soldier's uniform are typical white-ghetto biases. They've survived even this breaking of the sex barrier. But it's not surprising; even their eyebrows and the hair on their wrists have survived.

"A lot of teachers are gay and come to see the act." Professor Tom is offering his own argument against his fear of disclosing his real name. "I don't think there's much problem. I'm in the closet in the sense that I'm not walking around looking gay. I don't know if the school is ready for it."

He shares an apartment with his sister back in the old neighborhood. "She doesn't help me with makeup—I help her. But all she uses is a little blush." (What do real girls know anyway?) Both Tom and John are open with their mothers. Yet they won't permit publication of pictures of themselves out of drag for fear of being identified.

John is amused about having invited his sister and brother-in-law to Town Hall on July 30, where a collection of the gay circuit's drag acts will collect, headlined by the La Fleurs and glued together by "fabulously expensive" gowns and tinsel scenery in the manner of extravagant Broadway revues of bygone glamour. But John's family, aside from his mother, has no idea what they're in for. "I just said, 'Here's a ticket, come on over.' It'll be a shock to them." Whether he's a liberated gay or a practical joker remains to be seen.

So the problem stands: why do these two hairy guys want to become girls three evenings a week, and only three? Shyness doesn't need a disguise; it's its own disguise. An easy answer: the La Fleurs are capitalizing on the degraded status of women, using the whole gender as a sort of Stepin Fetchit.

"I never had the problem of women complaining," John says eagerly for once, in the cadenced gush-and-pause rhythm he uses with intimates when life is good to him. "If anything they like it. It puzzles them to see it so well done. But I'm shocked over women's liberation." He's talking to me finally, instead of yielding to the necessity of answering my questions. "I can't get over how they're carrying on. It's getting to the point where women aren't women any more. They should get their rights and all that, but saying they're offended by guys dressing up—it's silly, I think. Because they're doing a good job of imitating men."

Tommy insists later that their act helps sell the records they move their lips to. "Guys come up to us asking the names of singers we do." Like Streisand, Channing, Shirley Bassey. And one of the Supremes sees the show whenever she

can. John may spend his unshaven days trying to hide it, but you discover by degrees that the display-dummy image of femininity has captured him far more than as a professional disguise. It's a utopian ideal. Of course you scoff at his notion that their departure from masculinity realizes the highest feminine potential, but the worst you can say of them is that they imitate women who are themselves caricatures of femininity. If their act is degrading, where does the blame fall? Can it be that female impersonators are just as trapped by the economics of sexism as women are? Men who like to attract other men have to make livings just as much as chorus girls do.

"No," he answers me, incredulous that I could ask such a thing. "I feel that I'm much more glamorous than they are." He smiles, not to deny his eccentricity, but in pleasure at so accurately representing the facts. "A few times I had real girls come backstage and help me with my makeup. I looked terrible. Girls don't get into it that much. It takes a drag queen, or, say, The Supremes, to be really glamorous, not just regular girls."

We are quiet as he assembles salami, cheese, and mustard into a sandwich, and the blaring of the telly is discernible at last. . . . her eyes enlarged by Ultraliner . . . the male voice croons between the encounters of Dating Game, but John doesn't listen. Cosmetics are a greater expense to the nation than cancer research. Mainly to the feminine 53% of the population, one expects. Ultraliner would do nothing for John, representing the other 47%, as he lurches heroically either in response or as an inspiration to the silence. First he'd have to glue his eyebrows down, cover them with makeup and shadow, paint thin black lines a half inch above to make his eyes bigger and forehead smaller, and stick his lashes on. At that point eyeliner becomes superfluous.

"I don't care to be," he says, looking back at me as his hand gropes in the fridge for that second can of Coke. "You know—a girl all the time." I don't doubt it. One does need weekends and an occasional vacation.

I wonder how The Supremes manage. How long does it take them to become girls?

(End of Part I)

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Jack Nichols and Jerry Fitzpatrick at Dr. Weinberg's party.



Dr. George Weinberg at his party for authors Lige and Jack and Kay Tobin.



Lige sings for Rich Wandel at Dr. Weinberg's party: "Hari Krishan Hari Krishan!"

Maye Trial

Continued from page 1

out of the courtroom, handcuffed and incarcerated. And now, it seems that poor Michael Maye is all but defenseless against slagger Morty Manford if one listens to him and his fellow firefighters as they tell what happened to them outside the grand ballroom of the Hilton Hotel on the night of April 15. But wait, I am getting ahead of myself. Let's take this trial from the beginning:

It started on June 26 in the small claims court with Shirley Levittan as the presiding judge. She ran her court like a Jewish mother hen, carefully trying to keep the two opposing attorneys, D.A. Hayes and defense counsel Sol Gelb, from cutting each other's throats. The press was there in full force.

Hayes, whose hair style resembled King Charles I of England as he might have been portrayed by Errol Flynn, called witness Jerome Kretschmer, our city's protector of the environment. Kretschmer saw Maye get up and seize two guys who were handing out leaflets, tried to tell Maye to take it easy and momentarily got him to relax. Defense Attorney Sol Gelb, a short irascible old cuss who was constantly complaining that Hayes never gave him enough time to read the grand jury testimony from May 10, handing it to him in packs of 25 to 100 pages just before it was time for him to cross-examine the witness, has a huge reputation as a criminal defense lawyer. And it's easy to see why. Watching him perform is like watching one of the most adept injustice collectors in existence.

His client is a knight in shining armor, and the whole judicial process is an insidious plot out to do him and his client in. He moved several times to have all of the D.A.'s evidence stricken and to limit the testimony to that which dealt only with harassment. Each time his motion was denied.

Ethan Geto, the next witness for the prosecution and an aide of Bronx Borough President Abrams, was eating dessert when he heard Maye say, "You don't belong here. If you don't get the fuck out of here, I'll kill you," as he saw Maye grab one of the demonstrators. After he heard about what was happening outside the ballroom, he ran downstairs, found Manford bleeding on the sidewalk, asked a cop to call an ambulance. When the officer refused, he hailed a cab, took Manford to St. Luke's hospital and accompanied him to his dormitory at about 3:30 a.m. The D.A. asked Geto to identify the man who uttered that obscene sentence.

Trying to be humorous, Geto shaded his eyes, looked to the right, to the left, up, down and around, and finally in Maye's direction. He pointed his finger at Maye, and said "Him." That was too much for Gelb. Gelb asked if there was something wrong with his sight, and used Geto's antics as a means to discredit his testimony. He asked Geto to repeat what he heard Maye say, but couldn't bring himself to say "fuck." "It's my upbringing," Gelb apologized. He tried in vain to get Geto to admit that he didn't hear what he heard, and make the judge believe that the guys were using foul language, not his client. Geto held firm, but emerged from the stand looking shaken.

Geto and his wife had received innumerable anonymous phone calls. His office was flooded with mail, about 4/5 of it favorable, the rest written by cranks and crazies. An unlisted phone number didn't help. People were stopping him in the street to congratulate him and discuss gay rights, many of them blue collar workers.

Another brave city official who risked his neck, if not his career, considering that his office is in the same building as the firemen's union is John P. Scanlon. A

heavy-set man with a red beard, Scanlon testified that he left the table during the intermission, picked up the literature the guys were handing out and proceeded to the men's room. At the top of the escalator outside the ballroom, a scuffle was in progress. He clearly saw Manford lying on his back after having been hit and thrown onto the steps of the escalator. Maye bounded down to where Manford was lying, braced himself against the rail and stomped him several times in his groin. Ten seconds later Maye bounded back up the down escalator with another bald heavy-set tuxedo-clad man who followed him shortly thereafter.

Gelb did his best to shake Scanlon's testimony. A lot of haggling resulted over where Scanlon was standing. Gelb pointed out a few inconsistencies between what Scanlon said at the grand jury hearing and what he said then. Scanlon admitted that there might have been some changes, but stuck to his story—that he did indeed see Maye's foot stomping down on Manford's prostrate body.

As Scanlon delivered his testimony, Maye clenched his teeth, folded his hands and held them tightly under his chin. A defense witness, Ray Gimmler, a member of the firemen's union, took the stand. He, too, was on the way to the men's room when the fracas occurred. "It must have been an awfully crowded john," exclaimed the judge.

As the left the main ballroom, he said he saw Maye with three people in fatigues at the top of the escalator. They were surrounded by about twenty others, some in formal dress, others in street clothes. A couple of policemen were trying to separate the two groups. Suddenly, Gimmler noticed one of the guys reach out and grab Maye by the groin, and Maye bopped the alleged groper on the head. He went on to the rest room, and when he came out, the melee was over. Before he went into the john, he went over to where Maye was standing and asked the other two to get out of there. He did not see what happened on the escalator.

The following day Manford took the stand. He was on the balcony when he saw other guys being beaten. Someone came up from behind, pulled his hair and punched him several times. He recalls being dragged to the escalator, thrown onto it and being punched by an unidentified bald man on the escalator. Two leafleters helped him off the escalator.

When cross-examined by Gelb, the atmosphere grew tense. How could Manford identify his assailant as Maye on the day of the trial when he said he couldn't identify him at the grand jury hearing several weeks before? Manford replied that it might have been Maye, but couldn't be certain. It was only when he saw a photo of Maye that appeared in the *Village Voice* that he could be absolutely positive. Manford admitted that he could not see anyone stomping and kicking him on the escalator, but he could certainly feel it. He could see enough to know it was someone with a round face and who wore a tuxedo. In a battle of wits, Gelb tried every trick to discredit Manford's character, or make his testimony less credible. But Manford stated positively, "There is no doubt in my mind that I can identify Michael Maye as my assailant."

The last two witnesses for the prosecution both consistently said they saw Maye kicking Manford in the groin on the escalator. Manhattan Deputy Borough President, Leonard N. Cohen, confirmed Scanlon's testimony, only he was further away and could not clearly make out body contact.

But Morris Steinberg, an aide of Mayor Lindsay now with the city's Housing Development Administration, had no such trouble. From his vantage point on the third floor, he had a clear view of the entire escalator. He had no trouble seeing Maye bound down, brace himself on the rail, raise his foot and let it down hard on Manford's groin or at least his lower abdomen.

In desperation, Gelb moved to dismiss on the grounds that assault is being proved here, not harassment, which is what Maye was being charged with. To prove harassment, one has to show that the victim was merely being bothered or annoyed. Judge Levittan retorted, "If someone hit or kicked me, I'd be annoyed. Motion denied."

The prosecution rested its case, and the first witness for the defense was the defendant himself, Mr. Maye. He lumbered up to the witness stand, was sworn in, and told how he had received six commendations while in the fire department, and that on April 15, he and the others at his table were getting a little tired of the alleged obscenities the guys were shouting as they passed by.

He was tired of being called a pig, fascist and queer, especially where his wife, who sat in the balcony (men and women don't sit together at Inner Circle dinners unless you happen to be a Bella Abzug), could hear it. He saw a tall fellow with long golden hair file past his table together with two other guys. "You don't belong here," he said to him. "Get the hell out." Maye denied ever having uttered what Geto attributed to him. He told the court he never swears, trying to keep a straight face. He said he escorted the three to the escalators, grabbing the blond by the arm. When they reached the top, the blond grabbed him by the groin, tearing a gaping hole in his trousers. His friend, Judge Maresca, had to go to the prop room and pull out a pair of pants that was a part of a policeman's uniform dating back to the turn of the century.

"Did you hit anyone?" asked Gelb. "I did not," replied Maye. "Did you stomp on anyone?" "For God's sake. If I did, that fellow wouldn't be alive today. No, I did not." "Did you clasp your hands when you returned to the top of the escalator and say, 'That's all the trouble you'll get from them.'"

"I did not." "Your witness." D.A. Hayes began cautiously. He asked Maye about his boxing achievements. Since the age of 16, Maye never had a fight with anyone, he told the court. "Did you ever hear of a place called Dirty Dick's?" Hayes asked.

Maye said he did, but denied ever having worked there. Although he knew it was a gay bar, he said he only went in to visit his friend who was an owner of the place and have a couple of drinks since he used to work in the neighborhood.

Returning to his boxing achievements, Hayes cited Maye's grand jury testimony in which he said he was an A.A.U. champion. Maye, squirming under pressure, could only say he may have misunder-

stood. Gelb's objections prevented Hayes from pursuing this line of inquiry any further.

Hayes asked Maye why he didn't call the police or the security officer. Maye said he saw no cops and that the security officer was too far away. Besides, as a firefighter, he felt it his duty to arrive at the scene of a disturbance.

"Didn't you lose your temper?" Hayes asked.

"Firemen don't lose their temper," Maye shot back. Moving in for the kill, Hayes asked Maye to locate where he was from a photo and a map of the layout of the area of the Hilton ballroom. He passed, squirmed, gave several short answers before he could be pinned down.

Gimmler, the other fireman who testified, swore that Maye had been groped in a different spot from the one Maye indicated. Maye tried to bail himself out by saying that Gimmler was in another part of the lobby, and probably was mistaken because of the angle from where he was standing. At that point, Maye became aware of his associate, McCormick, who had grabbed one of the other guys, had him in a bear hug, and tried to tumble him onto the escalator. As a result of the pushing and pulling, the four of them were all jumbled onto the steps as the stairs moved downward. Seeing his friend in trouble, Maye said he bounded down the escalator to rescue McCormick, braced his foot against the railing, grabbed McCormick by the shoulder, set him upright and darted back up again without ever looking behind to see if his friend was all right. Maye testified that he did not see McCormick again for over an hour, when they were both at a reception later that evening.

Hayes put more pressure on Maye. He asked why Maye never looked back at his friend or hadn't even seen him until over an hour later. Maye said he knew his associates would take care of him. Finally, he asked Maye point blank if he had hit, kicked or stomped on anyone. Maye again stuck to his denial, saying that he weighed over 250 pounds, that he doesn't fight with anyone in public, and that the man would be dead if he had done such a thing. He directly refuted the prosecution witnesses, who saw him do it. Either Morty Manford must have an awfully strong constitution or three city officials are liars.

Judge Maresca was the next defense witness and he merely said he saw Maye's pants torn and had helped get him a new pair. The trial was recessed for a couple of days to allow the other witnesses for the defense to get back from Washington where they were testifying before Congress.



Bette Midler at Carnegie Hall: June 23rd, 1972. Who would have dreamed that Our Lady of the Vapors would some day come out from behind a steamcloud and bounce her way to the bigtime? Who is Bette Midler, anyway? "I saw some subway graffiti that called me a drag queen from Chicago," she complained. "I'm not from Chicago!" (Photo by Eric Stephen Jacobs)

From Haunted Homo to Harping Hetero



BY JOHN P. LeROY

Straight: A Heterosexual Talks About His Homosexual Past, by William Aaron. Doubleday, New York, 216 pages, \$6.95.

This book is worth its weight in toilet paper. In fact, if the publishers had seen fit to print it on toilet paper so that you could wipe yourself with it as you read it, a useful purpose might have been served. It's not that its style is unbelievably bad. I've read many true confessions in grade F battermilk prose that nevertheless had

something useful and interesting to say. And it's not the fact that Aaron, after having been straight for twenty years, found true love and happiness in the cunt of a woman, and then proceeded to get married, raise kids, and feel manly and normal.

I can't even fault his apparent intention of informing us that gays can go straight if they want to and if they are willing to work at it and give up their whole lifestyle, for I've lost a few good bed partners myself that way. No. The real reason why this book is worthy of the commode is the monstrous lies Aaron tells about gay life, the self-hatred he wallowed in throughout his gay years, and the maddening hypocrisy and self-contradictions that he tries to pass off as the absolute God-honest truth.

Aaron assures us that he'll never sink back to his old homosexual ways because, in his words, "First, because the pattern of family life is congenial to me. Second, because I can think of half a dozen women with whom I could have a relationship. Third, and most important, because in my own mind and experience, I have demolished that colossal deception: Once gay, always gay" (his emphasis).

Without dwelling on the nonsequitur of his third reason, or the fact that he never considers the other side of the colossal deception, once straight, always straight, I get the urge to hold my nose when Aaron tells us that he is not seeking

any converts. Why did he write the book? Why did he have it published?

"If you're homosexual and unhappy about it, believe me you don't have to stay that way [sic]," Aaron admonishes us. How he tried, really tried, to be a happy, loving homosexual. He made out at the bars, the baths, on the streets, at the beaches, in Europe, in public toilets. He had all sorts of friendships with all sorts of women, but could never get a hardon until one day, one magic day, Suzanne asked him to go to bed with her and didn't really care whether or not he got it up. She even gave him an introductory course in female anatomy, made him feel at ease with her and, *voilà*, he had himself a good fuck. He was a changed man.

Because he always felt lonely, depressed, debased, guilty, desperate, and misunderstood all the while he was gay, he never allowed himself to believe that gay could be good. There was no gay lib at the time. Since he never thought enough of himself to be able to relate well with others, his life was an endless round of fruitless promiscuity. He thus concludes that fidelity in gay life is almost impossible, that homosexuality is always fraught with danger and risk-taking, and that transitory impersonal sex and homosexuality are one and the same.

He then contradicts himself and says he has no prejudice against gay life. Live and let live, and, of course, gay shouldn't

be discriminated against. Yet, he's so glad he's not cruising the streets any more, haunting the baths, or going home to an empty apartment to jerk off. He doesn't want gay activists going around to the high schools to lecture on homosexuality because sadists, masochists, and necrophiles might want to do the same thing. Only heterosexual propaganda is all right with him, especially if it idealizes lifelong precreative monogamous marriages.

Sex is not always an expression of love, he tells us, for it's not nice to screw your little sister against her will. Well, no shit. And even if he were to be gay again, he wouldn't go out cruising so much. But for him, at least for now, there is no substitute for real (i.e., family) life. Parenthood, though no snap, demands from you all you are capable of giving and more, he concludes. Now he can be just like everybody else.

What does Aaron have to say about being heterosexual and unhappy? Nothing. That would be a new experience for him. Might he then be led to consider the proposition that happiness or unhappiness have nothing to do with the kind of orifice into which a man wishes to insert his penis? Perish the thought. Only homosexuals are supposed to be unhappy. He ought to know. He wrote an autobiography in which he made himself positively miserable in order to prove the point. Time to flush the toilet.

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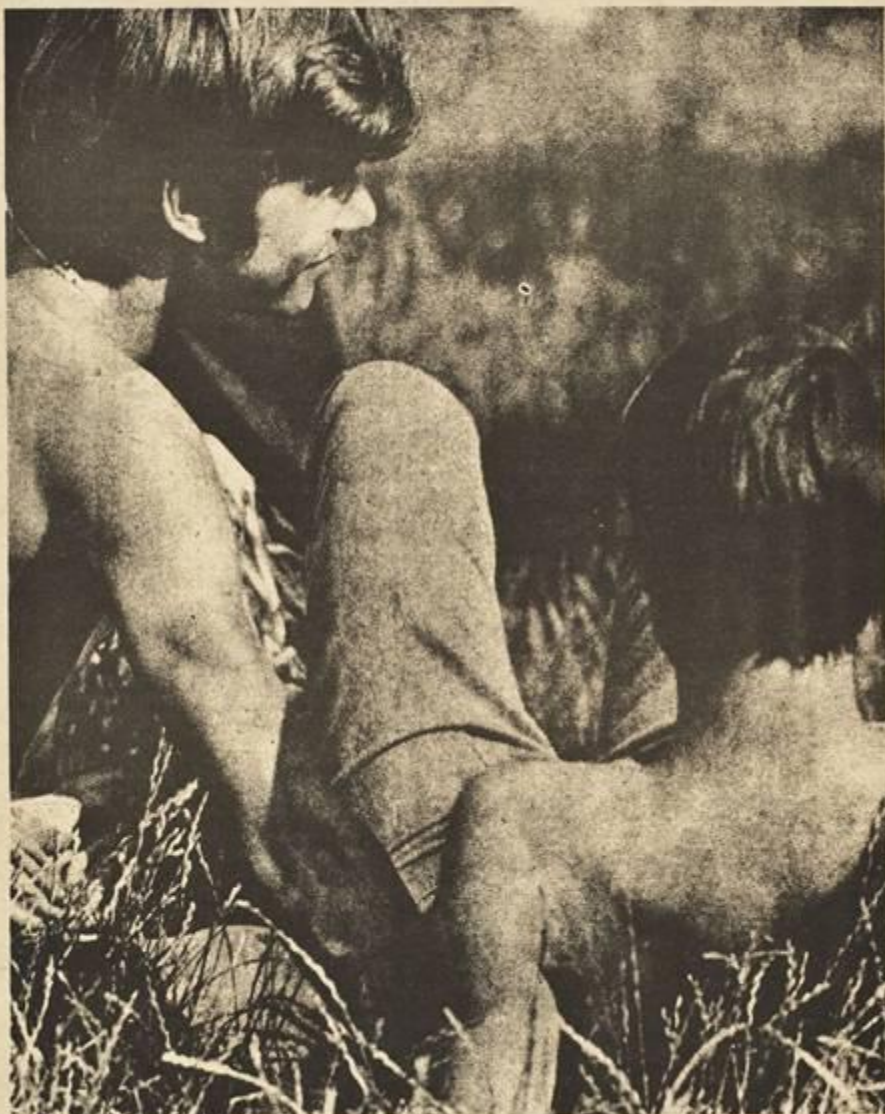
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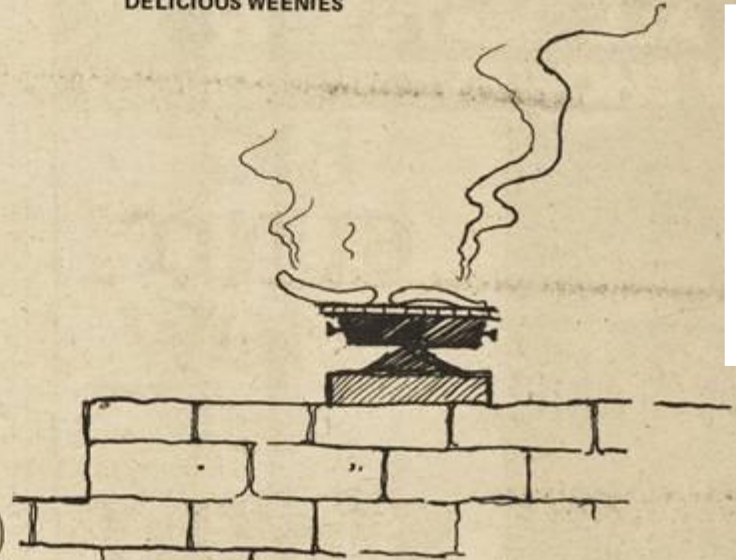
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