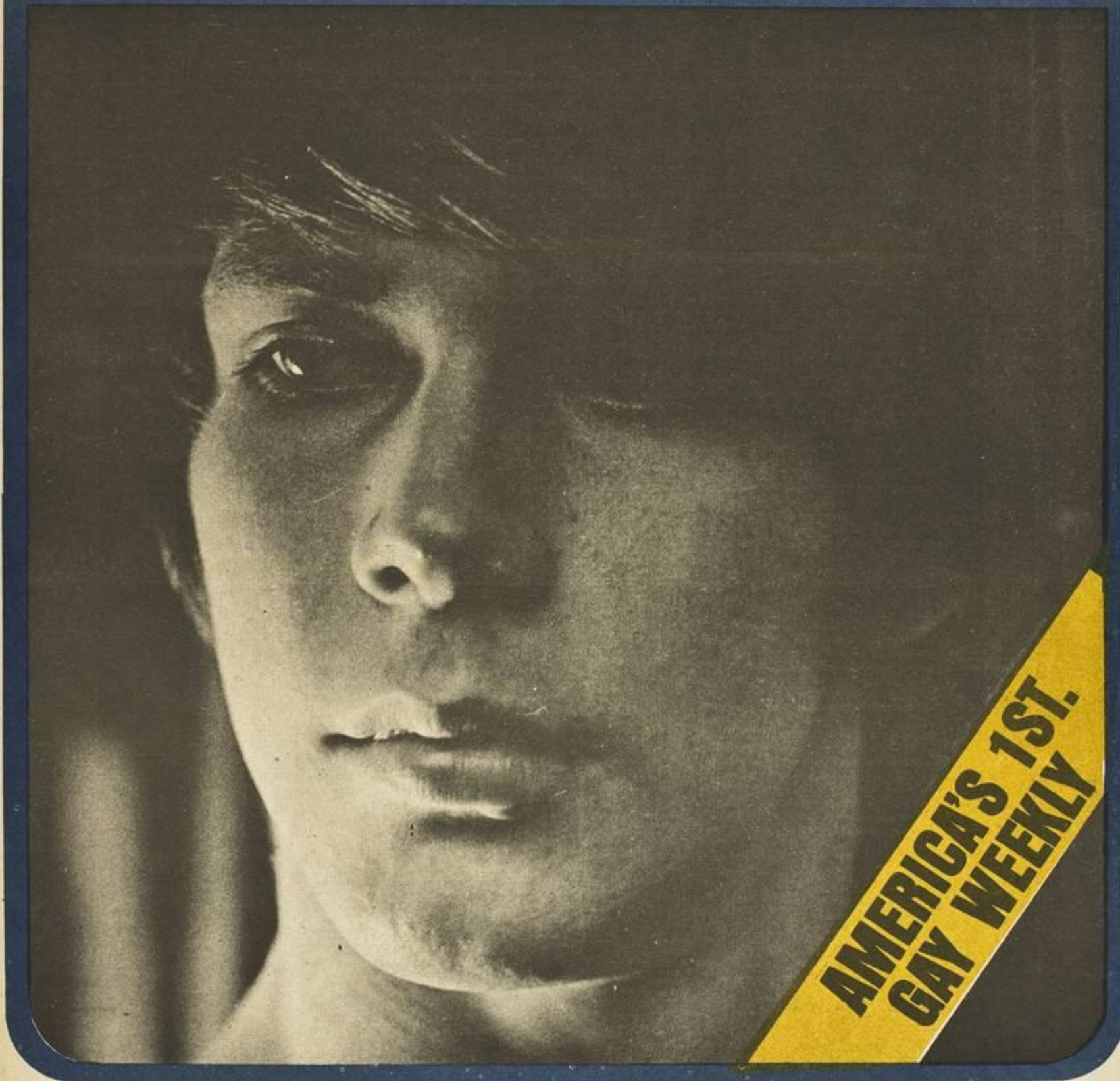


A N.Y. GOVERNOR IN DRAG P.9

GAY

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NO. 22



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

THE CONTINENTAL BATHS P.11

PAINTER—ACTOR—MODEL DAVID TAYLOR (SEE PAGE 7)

BY LILLI VINCENZ

Maria lounged on the couch in her psychedelic dress, reading. From my easy chair, I asked her, "Do you mind if I drop my pseudonym in GAY?" Looking up from her book and smiling, she said, "No—and you can drop mine, too." Then she returned to *The Arms of Krupp*.

Thank you, Marcelle. And this is Lilli talking—not Lily Hansen but Lilli Vincenz, the one and only. When Dr. Stephen Kaiso recently metamorphosed into Stefan Verk, I was jealous. He had just quietly switched over, and here I was still using a pseud! Once part of the *avant garde*, I began to feel myself slipping toward the middle. Shame! And to think that I've been using my real name in the homophile movement for quite a while.

The rain is beating slowly against the windows with heavy drops on this gray afternoon. "Oh, I hate days like this," says Marcelle, stretching on the sofa. "Shall I make the chicken? Want to eat at 5:30?" I answered, "Yes."

Tony winced in the kitchen and limped out with a stubbed toe. Then he left to get his hair styled.

Tony is leaving us. He's moving out and will live in cool comfort in an air-conditioned apartment, rented for the summer. His small room in our house can't offer him such features. We're sad to see him go.

By the way, in my column about our erstwhile *menage à trois* (GAY No. 17), did anyone assume it was a *real menage* (a three-way sex deal)? A reader wrote, "I winced at the *menage à trois* reference which has connotations I am sure you did not mean..." Yes, I am sorry to disappoint those who thought I might be a swinger, but the bland truth is that Tony is nothing more exotic than our very good friend.

Once he is gone, the room he occupied will once again fulfill its original function, which was that of a film editing nook. The table—now still covered with Tony's toiletries—has rewinds attached to it (for winding and rewinding reels of film), and along the wall stretches a wire with clothespins for hanging up trims and out.

I haven't used the room since I finished "The Second Largest Minority" in spring '69. This seven-minute 16mm film is a documentary about the Fourth Annual Reminder Day Picket in front of Independence Hall, Philadelphia, July 4, 1968. Of course the second largest minority refers to homosexuals. Another documentary is up and coming: one on the Christopher Street festivities. And this summer the little room upstairs will be used for editing film again.

Right now I am staring out of the second-floor window at the maple in the front yard and at the kids whizzing by on their skate boards. My neighborhood abounds with kids and dogs in equal numbers. After nine o'clock at night, there's no one on the streets, and if I should take Plum for a walk, all the dogs in the neighborhood voice their indignation (they're also jealous because they never get walks). Sometimes one dog starts a chain reaction of bellowings high and low.

As you may have guessed, Plum is our dog, a brown and white mixture of dachshund and beagle. Plum recently

celebrated his seventh birthday. I forgot all about it, but upon receiving my parents' birthday card for Plum, I rushed to see what we had in the ice box. Butterscotch pudding leftovers—of course! He was very grateful, but the other present—an extra walk—was even more appreciated.

First I went to the Animal Rescue League of Washington, D.C., only to find out that the rules for adoption of pets were very strict indeed. You had to have permission from your landlord, have a fenced yard of a specified size, and—this is where I flunked—be home during the day. In addition to these

regulations?? They could take it away from me again! So I decided to take the ruthless way out by *buying* a dog, which, since it was my property, I could be lord and master over, without accounting to anyone (except my conscience).

A sign on a Silver Spring pet store advertised a sale on "mixed puppies." Being a bargain hunter, I entered and faced a pen of jumping, yelping, eight-week-old beasties. Pawing at the sides of the pen, they clamored for my attention. Since I dislike barking dogs, I was not impressed. There was one reddish-blond mongrel sitting all by himself in the corner not joining his pushy brethren. He looked sad, and he was not barking. Ah, a quiet, sedate dog—just my speed! He looked like a little cocker spaniel with blunt nose and ears.

I bought him for \$10 and lifted him into my open straw purse. But sedate dog had other ideas and crawled right out again, scampering across the counter—full of independence and curiosity. If I had thought I was buying a meek soul, I had a surprise coming.

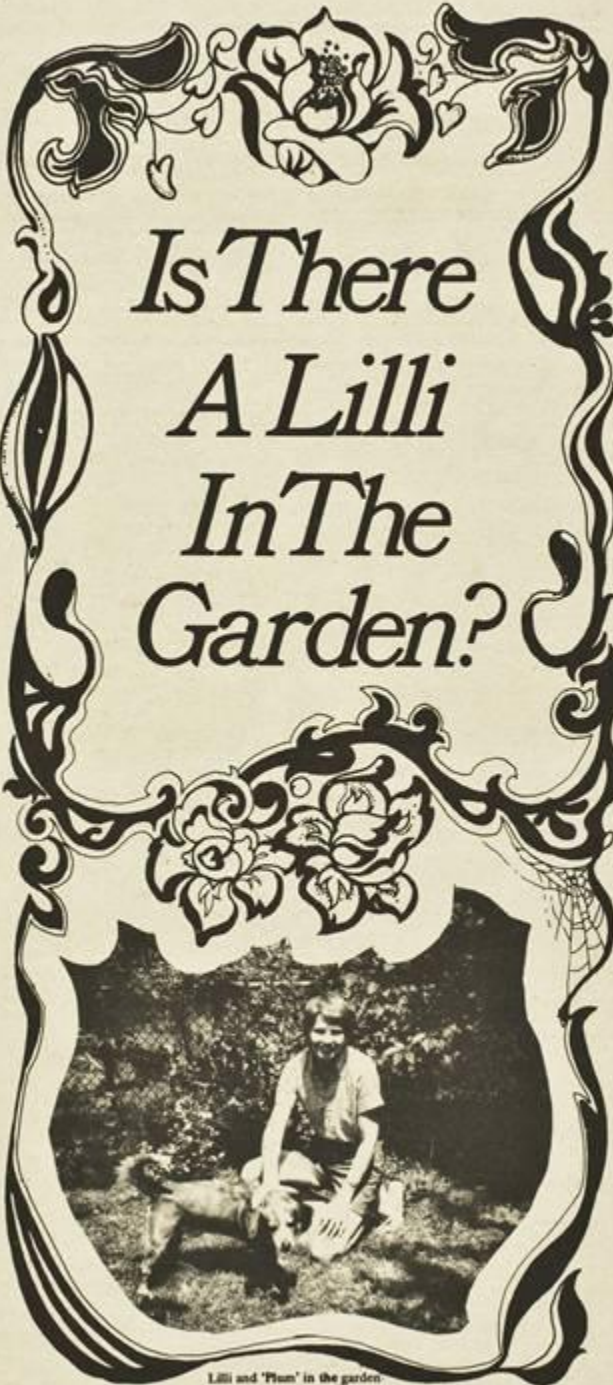
He almost didn't win my heart. That first night was a disaster. Living at the time in a basement apartment, I decided to assign my friend sleeping quarters in the small room adjoining the kitchen and leading outside. Confined in there, however, he started to whine immediately. So I let him roam in the large kitchen. No luck either. I had firmly resolved not to let him into the bedroom, but he insisted. Even this concession was not enough: he had to get on top of the bed. And finally he settled down on my chest, after climbing all over my body looking for a place to sleep. Every so often he jumped off the bed. Then there was a terrible smell, and mini-monster whined to be lifted back up again.

The next day haggard me discovered brown spots all over the rug. Pup, I thought, I'm giving you one more chance—and then you're headed for the dog pound. I dropped my bargain off at the vet for deworming and wisely left him there overnight. At our reunion the following day we were both in a better mood and condition, and Plum started on the road to becoming woman's best friend.

Now he is seven—a loyal, obedient, lovable, and funny dog. Plumbum, Sugarplum, Plummy, Plumchen, Plumalum, even Prunes (dubbed by Marcelle's little brother), Plum by any other name is still our Superdog, who is a nuisance only very seldom—like when he eats the leaves of the sunflowers in the garden.

Time has passed since I first started this article. After a supper of barbecued chicken, yellow rice and yellow squash, tenderly prepared by Marcelle, I spent some time working in the garden. It had just rained, and the soil was soft. It was an ideal time to transplant the sunflower, zinnia and marigold seedlings to the front yard. Last year I had about 75 sunflowers (half of them with nibbled off leaves). This year there are only 16—all wisely absent from the back yard, in order not to tempt Plum's gourmet taste buds.

Since he doesn't care for tomato plants, however, I've put all 30 of them in the back yard. My neighbor tells me we should harvest a minimum of about 60 pounds of tomatoes this summer. Wow! Bring on the tomato salad!



Lilli and 'Plum' in the garden

Plum was named after the song "Out of the tree of life I just picked me a plum; you came along and everything started to hum, etc." (sung by Peggy Lee). That was in 1963, when I took the daring step of acquiring a canine, and thus breaking with our cat-loving family tradition.

spirit-dampeners, I found to my final disappointment (or perhaps relief?) that there was no puppy available that aroused any fierce adoption instincts in me. There was one black little type with bent ears which was kind of cute. But what if they were to find out I wasn't abide by the

Everything You Always Wanted To Know About Crazy Shrinks*

BY JOHN FRANCIS HUNTER

Author is going around where the New Free Congregate (Felicia and Leonard's party not being one of the places) that Spiro Agnew has ghosted a book. A book on improving sex technique and increasing sexual enjoyment among the masses, yes! This is a bit hard to swallow, since we find it difficult to imagine the Come Together regime doing so or wanting everyone else to. However, we should not underestimate the chicanery of which the Agnew Clique (read "Ruling Clique") is capable. The masses certainly need diverting right now, and the book does not propose anything radical or anti-establishment. It is on the whole less subversive to the establishment than *Oh! Calcutta!* and about as daintily amoral as a rap with Jacqueline Susann, though far more clinical. The dada rhetoric does ring a little familiar. For instance:

"Social customs and cultural patterns in themselves do not determine emotional problems. If long hair and sideburns are socially acceptable as masculine, as they are currently, transvestites must look elsewhere for their gratification." *Pardon?*

"From a rational point of view, men who wish to masturbate each other can do so discreetly, secretly, and leisurely... Most homosexuals do it another way. They have a compulsion to flaunt their sex in public... Random and reckless selection of partners is the trademark... This is the core of homosexuality." *Yeah?*

"The peek-a-boo look around the bosom will never catch on in homosexual circles except for a tiny group of the most daring queens... Carefully molded female genitalia of pliable rubber are very popular with those who strive for authenticity." *You don't say!*

It very well could be Spiro's work, but I'd rather imagine he simply commissioned another psychopath to do the number for him. He certainly found the right person.

Don't Buy It!

Before I tell you the person's name or the title of his flatulence, you must swear a mighty oath you will not buy the book. You will borrow it from some

thwarted, sexually-underprivileged straight friend or relative, gather your enlightened friends around and read chapter eight aloud, carefully tape-recording your group's exclamations, gnashing of teeth and breast-beating and send it to me to use in a new book designed to combat the spread of vicious, pernicious slander about you—and me. Meanwhile, maybe I can make you want to throw up without your having recourse to the primary source.

done more in his chapter entitled "Male Homosexuality" to discredit, defame and dehumanize the homosexual in America than anyone since Joe McCarthy. Along with Tiny Tim, whom those captives of the marketplace culture in the boondocks imagine to be the "typical queer," and Mart Crowley of *The Boys in the Band* serving us all up as grotesques for the same consumers, Reuben focuses the red eye of ignorance and prejudice just where the Agnews of this screaming, bleeding

behavior up to the same standard as our knowledge of our sexual behavior up to the same standard as our knowledge of pigs' sexual behavior, is simply to make available all the facts on the subject. There are at least a dozen well-written, honest books on swine-breeding—they tell the whole story, directly, scientifically, and sometimes entertainingly. There should be at least one book about us—human beings—that does it the same way."

* But Were Afraid To Ask

Seldom have I sat down at the typewriter on an assignment (or on inspiration) for GAY with such mixed emotions, in such a state of agitation and confusion, at once purple with rage and hurting from laughter. Neither can I decide whether I have been the victim of the biggest put-on since Hadacol, or whether the author has. When I settle down I'm sure outrage will supersede all other reactions; outrage at some charlatan's making money at the expense of the people; undoing good work by dedicated and well-prepared sexologists of whatever sexual orientation; shitting in science's test tube and making a mockery of his own already besieged profession, psychiatry.

It Dehumanizes
David Reuben, guilty author of the



Dr. David Reuben, excremental best-seller *Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex—BUT WERE AFRAID TO ASK*, has

country would like it to be: on ten per cent of the population they don't think will (or can) fight back. Our military-industrial complex, recoiling from body blows *vis-a-vis* the Viet Nam war and fearing that the revolutionary lobotomy on them will take place before they can let their left hand know what the right doeth, need a whipping boy, a scapegoat, an unpopular minority to dump on. They are already farting, friends, lift up your noses and sniff. Poison gas is being wafted in our direction. The Reubens and the fascist leaders are fanning it our way.

We've got a chance. The chance is to find our enemies and expose them, not just as homosexual-haters, but as frauds in their own workshop. Show a man for the silly ass that he is before he enlists too many committed followers and you may be able to laugh him or scorn him into disrepute along the lunatic fringe. May be able to—we haven't entirely succeeded with George Wallace—but you can't be too subtle, as we tend to be. However...

Start Laughing, Then...

Laugh with me now, then let anger suffuse you when you realize the joke (and a lot more) is on you:

I picked up the Reuben document intending to be thorough and objective. The following passage of the introduction seemed highly promising regarding his sense of humor: "The first step in bringing knowledge of our sexual

Well, I thought, there have been quite a few, *The Naked Ape* among them, but I was still hanging with him. Especially when I began the first page in which Reuben poses "the question of the century," which he submits is "How big is the normal penis?" Says he, to my delight at that point:

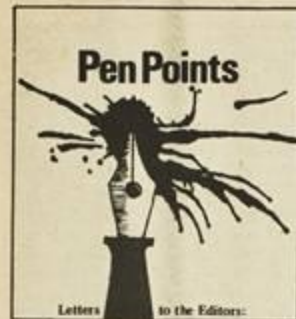
Straights Are Size Queens

"This preoccupation with size leads to unusual behavior. Whenever two nude men encounter each other for the first time, in a public shower, a country club locker room, a YMCA swimming pool, their eyes go first to each other's penises. Rapidly, sometimes almost imperceptibly, they measure the organ, compare it with their own, then continue the matter at hand." *Hooray!*

So I skipped to the celebrated eighth chapter, on male homosexuality, hopeful that the cat knew what he was about there, too. To say I found he doesn't is to make an understatement worthy of an astronaut attempting to describe the sensations of landing on the moon. Reuben predictably begins the chapter by announcing we "often" transform ourselves into part-time women, donning women's clothes, wearing makeup, adopting feminine mannerisms and occasionally trying to rearrange our bodies along feminine lines. That he'd read but misunderstood the satire of *Myra Breckenridge* I thought likely. I yawned at his harping on roles, female roles, male roles, drummed my fingers at his ensuing woolly arguments:

That there is "presumably" a woman inside a male homosexual trying to get out (referring to the "urning" concept) but that all male homosexuals are at the same time preoccupied with displaying their cocks and desire not human relationships but cocks (or, rather, in

continued on page 14.



Pen Points

Letters to the Editors

PISTOL PACKING LOVER

Dear GAY: Just finished reading Lige and Jack's article "Are You A Jealous Lover?" (GAY No. 19) and was amazed at their reasoning about jealousy. Have read most issues of GAY and many of their articles in SCREW.

They're condoning lovers that seek extra curriculum in an endeavor, so to speak, to add excitement to their lives so they can share it with one another. BALLS. If you can't have all the excitement and passion together you shouldn't be lovers. My interpretation of lovers—two people in love!

I met my one and only (the good Lord willing) lover when I was a freshman in college. At the time he was an assistant professor and twelve years my senior. That was eleven years ago come September. Since that time I have never and he assures me he has never bedded

with another. Desire, urge, curiosity, yes, but actuality, never.

Does it bother me when I see someone undressing him with their eyes or brushing too close for a fleeting feel? You bet your sweet ass it does, and it works both ways (no pun intended).

The only ugly outburst of jealousy that threatened our relationship occurred while we were on a tour of Europe in 1963. Our guide, a greasy looking foreigner made it outwardly obvious that he was pursuing my lover. Your article implies I should have stood in the wings, watched the performance and been grateful that my lover was attractive to someone else. Over my dead body, darling. Had a cameraman been available I would have been a contender for the Oscar that year. (Who did win for '63?) After reading the article I'm made to believe I was wrong to cause a scene and fight for something I believed was worthwhile. They're going to say that no one is wooed unless they want to be. Well my lover must have been amused by the accent and phony charm. He had seen too many French movies. (The guide, that is.) I'm sure it wasn't those baggy trousers or that blue blazer that he wore and wore and wore. From that day to this there has never been cause for another outburst. Was I justified in showing a display of jealousy? There's always a definite pang of jealousy when I sense someone making overtures with my lover. No foot stomping, rages or scenes but I do let it be known that I'm aware of the situation. I have invested eleven years of my life and I don't intend for some cheap little

queer to cheat me out of my return for a romp in the hay.

Their article leads one to believe that your lover comes home after screwing some fairy and you greet him with open arms and are pleased that others find him sexually attractive. BULLSHIT. I hope that will never be my experience because if he did, and I found out (definite proof, of course) I would wait until he was sleeping and then put a bullet in his brain. Moron? Jerk? Possibly, but I justify being what I am by being in love with one guy. This theory puts me one step above a common cocksucker.

If you want sexual freedom, don't take a lover. But if you want a lover, have a whole one, not one you're sharing with half the town.

No, Jack and Lige, we are justified in exercising a little jealousy. It's the bride that wears something borrowed, someone blew.

Moron/Jerk Boston, Mass.

Ed. Note: Because of an affliction known as paranoia's blindness, you misread the article in question, but proved its points admirably in your response. Unfortunately that you should thwart your real desires, curiosities, and urges as well as those of your "lover." How sad that your lover is nothing more than an "investment" for your own paltry ego, which, if offended, would retaliate with Pistol Power. How peculiar that you worry about being cheated out of your "return." Such a Calvinist-Capitalist you must be in bed! Good cocksuckers are quite uncommon. Your warped "theory" puts you innumerable steps below a cocksucker.

You do not love your lover, only your insecure ego. You are a self-centered potential murderer. You need help.

MISPRINT MADNESS

Open Letter to Ron Scott, Town House, Provincetown, Mass.

Dear Ron:

Misprints do happen in the best of publications, as you know if you have ever tried to figure out some of the garbled paragraphs in the New York Times. A most unfortunate one appeared in GAY No. 19, on page 10 in my article (part one) on Provincetown. Under the subhead "Town House A Gay Complex" the trouble began in the first sentence, which should have read something like this:

"Shrewd Threepenny Opera-ish Mother Marion of the all-embracing Town House has opened a new bar for GFs downstairs, where GFs are not allowed, and the same policy applies against GFs upstairs in the men's section..."

The mixup was confusing, but at least not embarrassing like the last sentence of the next paragraph: "Ron Scott of Boston's Edwardian will spend another summer at the piano, a familiar face from seasons past who smiles through as patrons beller in her ear." Her ear indeed! Some person inadvertently changed "his" to "her," Ron, for I do not indulge in that kind of self-loathing, male chauvinist, passe bitchery and certainly want to make it clear I was neither intending to put you down personally or professionally. Don't judge GAY or me

(continued on page 17)

BY STEFEN VERK

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

Q. I have often wondered what these females called "fag-bags" are all about. You find them in so many gay places. I've never liked them, but now I have a problem with one. I am a pretty good-looking young stud of 23, very masculine, very horny and very interested in other men. Recently, this repulsive fag-bag has been driving me up the wall with her campaign to get me in bed. Wherever I go, I seem to bump into her, and she always tries to attach herself to me. She got my phone number somewhere and even bugs me on those nights I happen to be home. I have told her a dozen times that I am strictly gay, but she keeps insisting she knows how to turn me on sexually. Nothing I say discourages her. I don't want to kick her in the snatch, but how do I get rid of her? What are these fag-bags, anyway.

W.E., N.Y.C.

A. Don't be so polite or discreet. Tell her the truth, that unless she grew a penis she has less sex appeal to you than a pile of yesterday's garbage. You might also add that you think she's repulsive, pushy, picking on the wrong guy to help her prove how much of a woman she is. Fag-bags pursue and almost exclusively socialize with male homosexuals because they are so unsure of themselves as women. They are afraid to compete with



other women for the attention of males who want females, because they really expect to lose in that competition. Therefore, they find it safer to be with gay guys. If they don't make out, they can always tell themselves that no other girl could do it, either. If they do make out, they can tell themselves that they must be even superior to other girls because they have been able to get a male who doesn't ordinarily respond to any females. In addition, they are able to have some kind of social life instead of sitting alone at home waiting for a phone which never rings. Either way, they can tell themselves they aren't really losing... without bothering to examine who is being cheated in this cop-out charade. These girls are afraid of heterosexual men. They would really have to prove their womanhood with them. You don't have to be their testing-ground, and that is all they want from you, in essence.

Q. I am almost ashamed to write you about my problem. Here I am, an executive officer of a bank at 29, nice-looking, considerate, living with the same lover for two years, and I feel as helpless and trapped as a little boy in some jungle. My lover is 21, and he is my problem. Nothing seems to please him very long. We have sex rarely, and only when I demand it. He tells me he loves me, and sometimes is affectionate. Other times he is moody and silent. He likes to go out alone a great deal. I don't dance,

and he tells me I'm just too square to be much fun to go out with, except to a movie or on a vacation. He doesn't like any of my friends and refuses to go to their parties or even visit their homes with me. Even if he stays in with me, he plays records or reads magazines. Almost the only time he talks is when he wants something from me. He works as a florist's assistant and doesn't earn very much. He is crazy about clothes and jewelry and is always nagging me to buy him something new. I usually do, because I can afford it, and I love him with all my heart. He just talked me into buying him a new Jaguar. I like to keep him happy, but nothing seems to work. In a couple of days, his smile disappears and he is back to his old moody self. He starts to go out alone again, and I sit here wondering what I can do to make him understand how I feel. I love him, but I can't stand this anymore.

B. R., Chicago

A. My friend, you cannot buy people; you can only rent them. Love is not a commodity to be bought or sold or leased. It can only be given, exchanged and shared. If this selfish lout's interest in you is based solely on the things he gets from you, he is not interested in YOU. If you must bribe him to get sex, conversation or even a smile; you don't have a lover, but a paid companion. This is a dreadful insult to you as a person, and you are cheating yourself of the genuine article. No happiness or fulfillment is

possible with this spurious substitute. He is an employee, not a lover. You may be quite sure he is fully aware of your true relationship to each other. That is the only reason he remains with you. Your feelings for him are important to him only insofar as they enable him to get what he wants. Test him by refusing to give something he is demanding. Test him in the same ways you would test the credit reliability of a client at your bank. I am sure you already know the truth, and that is why you are so miserable and frustrated and angry. If we put up with something unnecessary or remediable, it is usually because we want to do it. Throw this leech out. There are less expensive hobbies, and you will have time to look for someone who wants you, not your material goods. A tooth-ache disappears when you pull the tooth.

Q. I will get right to the point. I have three balls. It always worries me that someone will notice and think I'm some kind of freak. Lots of my sex partners have noticed, but none of them ever said anything bad. Still, I wonder what they really thought. I can't seem to stop worrying about this. What do you think?

L. T., Bronx

A. It's better than having no balls at all (if you're a male).

Q. My friends and I have been debating a rather odd question, which we feel may be of some importance in maintaining a happy love relationship. Three of us feel that lovers should always sleep in the same bed, if they live together. The other two insist that separate beds (after sex) are perfectly O. K., and should make no difference. What is your opinion?

D. D., Queens

A. De gustibus non est disputandum.

NOTE: For some time, I've been waging a campaign with the powers that be at GAY to do a regular feature on average, ordinary John Doe's in the gay community who other people might enjoy reading about and getting to know.

This week, I was assigned coverboy David John Taylor. Unaided, I would have probably ended up with Bloomingdale's homeliest ribbon clerk, a bull dyke cabdriver from Brooklyn, someone with an interesting hobby or business, a retired zoo keeper with an interesting rap, maybe just another pretty face.

The world is filled with interesting and unique gay people. It's time some of us threw open the doors of our closets and shared a tidbit of our lives with others—either overtly or anonymously.

Of course, names and faces will be given preference but a good spiel won't go unappreciated either. Let's put the dirt out in the sunlight and watch the little plants grow.

If you'd like to talk it over, call me, Randy Wicker, at (212) 254-1207 between 11 am and 7 pm weekdays. There might be a story in YOU!

BY RANDY WICKER

Meet David John Taylor, nineteen-year-old mural painter, model, actor and ex-marine.

Some of David's murals have stretched twenty feet long and ten feet high. First he finds out where his patron's head is at and then "does what comes" as he executes his work. He prefers to work in vibrant day-glo colors and with acrylic.

For the last several months he's been one of the bright new faces in Manhattan. "I first discovered New York while in the service and decided that this is where you can get things done. Everything happens here. If you can make it here, you can make it anywhere."

Currently David takes time off from painting to pursue modeling which he hopes will lead to acting and eventually to directing, preferably films.

"Old movies just don't make it," says David. "Once movies come out that are really heavy, people will wake up and see things differently. Satyricon was great but Easy Rider was just bubble-gum, teenie-bopper stuff."

"Nowadays, I'm just getting into things. Art is changing so fast, you can really change the world. That's what I want to do, change the world."

And tried he has. After joining the Marine Corps in a burst of youthful enthusiasm, David found that tending bombs and servicing missiles bothered his conscience.

He helped launch Point, an underground antiwar newspaper, and proceeded to circulate it among other recruits on the base. Those in command quickly took note, relieved him of his

duties involving the bombs and missiles and restricted him to menial chores like making coffee and sweeping floors.

He deserted and lived AWOL in NYC for several months. Briefly he considered fleeing to Sweden but decided against it. After securing legal assistance, he returned to stand trial.

"That 2 1/2 years in the Marine Corps was a strange trip altogether," muses David, "especially those last six months which I spent in prison. That was the

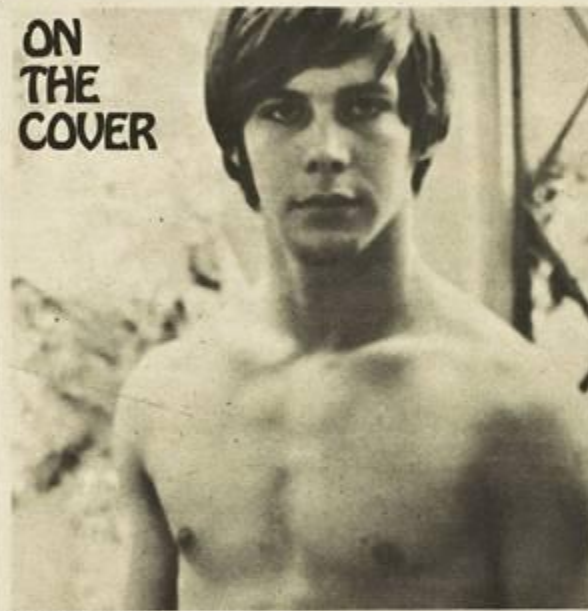
Broadway musical Hair.

"Most of my friends are older and nearly all work in the arts," he notes. "I really enjoy meeting all kinds of people especially those with a good sense of humor. I like a person who can be crazy and goof around one minute and then be down to earth and have his head together the next."

Although David is an enthusiastic dancer, he has found most of Gotham's discotheques disappointing.

Meet David Taylor!

ON THE COVER



David cools off at home



(photo by Peter Ogren)

David working on his mural

heaviest things, going through six months of prison and then realizing "I'm getting out and now what's going to happen?" I got a bad conduct discharge and I'm very proud of it."

He "can't stand television" and virtually never watches the tube but recently caught President Nixon's Cambodia speech which in his words "was just a very bad joke."

After leaving the Marine Corps, David returned to NYC and stayed for a short time with some friends who happened to be cast members of the



David in a relaxed moment

"At Hippopotamus, Opus, Max's Kansas City and places like that," he laments, "too many people are playing too many games. People come to show off, not in a physical sense but in a phony social sense. People should show off through doing something constructive and creative. A writer, for instance, should show off through good writing."

"I like people who have very good minds, know where they're at and who just try helping the world in general. I don't like people who lack imagination."

"What do you think of gay people?"

"I don't look at a person as 'gay.' I don't like to classify people for what they dig sexually, but rather by where their heads are at and if they're groovy. I don't like to classify other people because then they would just classify me right back and that's limiting."

"Well, what about being on the cover of GAY? How do you feel about that?"

"Well I think GAY is going to turn into a big magazine all over the world like Playboy. They should clean it up and make it nice so it could be put on every newsstand. For me, it's a start. I hope it leads into other things."

David is into many other things already. For the last couple of years he's been keeping fit on health foods—wheat germ, wheat bread, protein powder. He uses a juicer to liquefy celery, carrots and other goodies, and takes vitamins E, A, B-12, and C on different days of the week.

Daily walks in the park opposite his Riverside Drive apartment along with five minutes of exercise—push-ups, sit-ups and leg lifts—keeps his five-foot six-inch, 130 pound frame in good physical condition.

David prefers dressing comfortably and casually. In his spare time he delves into philosophy and psychology. Recent reading explorations have included Hesse's Siddhartha and Steppenwolf, Erich Fromm's The Art of Loving and We Shall Be As Gods. Other favorite authors include Nietzsche and Sullivan.

He also digs Zen, Yoga, Buddhism and astrology. (David's a Cancer on the cusp of Gemini.) His favorite magazines are Ramparts, Evergreen Review and Rolling Stone.

"I'm into the mental spiritual thing of accepting life and having to dig life to get the most out of living it," he explains. "Everything one can experience in one's lifetime should be done."

For relaxing, he prefers dim colored lights—not flashing ones—pungent incense and lots of good music. "Rare Earth," "Grandfuck Railroad," and the Beatles are among his most frequently played albums.

"You have long hair. Are you a hippie?"

"Well," David ventures, "I was wearing my hair long before it was in fashion. In 1964 I was already wearing my hair to my shoulders. Some people gave me a very hard time about it but in my opinion, long hair is a symbol. Anyone who was anything from the beginning of mankind had his hair long."

"What was the most satisfying experience of your life?"

"Turning my younger brother on to grass."

"What will you do if your career doesn't support you?"

"Well, I would never get into a business or take a nine to five job or something like that that ties you down. I'd find a way to work in the arts and support myself."

BY ANGELO d'ARCANGELO

In this bag of mixed sweets for the week, I'd like to put first on the list, an apology to Stefan Verk. This is in response to the letters and calls of protest regarding my having referred to this gentleman as a "pastry freak." I must confess, it did not occur to me as I wrote that particular article, that anybody would misinterpret what was intended as a compliment. The idea was, that if the only flaw I could find in the man was an overblown desire for overstuffed confections, he was, and indeed is, an exemplary individual.

It comforts me to think that if Steve can laugh with me about this business, and if the editors can chuckle over it, then there are some of us who preserve—along with our sanities—a sense of the ridiculousness of it all. It may well be that those individuals who have lost or are losing this sense of the ridiculousness of the human situation may be the very people best suited for and in need of treatment by the good doctor. In which case I would suggest that you beg him for an appointment.

In Court

Yesterday I watched a good bit of the SCREW trial of Buckley and Goldstein at the New York Criminal Court. This was my first exposure to obscenity proceedings, and it was as enlightening an experience as it was entertaining. Indeed, a good bit of the entertainment value sprung from the eminently dangerous position of these two moderately celebrated pornographers, and upon the nature of pornography itself. (A kind of socio-sexual bulling business.)

In referring to these genial individuals as pornographers, I am at variance with the suave Reverend Glensik of Brooklyn Heights, for his definition was, if I quote accurately, "that which demeans or dehumanizes human sexuality." If that definition stands, then clearly Buckley and Goldstein are not pornographers, for nothing in the giddy frat-house humor of SCREW could be called demeaning or dehumanizing: It's all far too frank, coarse, and hilarious. But my definition springs from the word itself which, in Greek, literally means dirty pictures. It's a stupid word: imprecise and incriminating. Realistically, it means that any picture of a sexual nature, whether photographed or drawn, is dirty, because in a repressed and sexually paranoid society, sex is dirty in all its forms. That's the meaning of the trial. These two men may lose their business, may even go to jail, because they don't think sex is dirty, and because they feel free to publish articles and pictures of it.

Unfortunately, by the time this appears in GAY, G. & B. will be finished with their court hearings for better or worse. But it saddens me to see so little support of them by the "revolutionaries" of the new sensibility, not to mention the new sexuality. Clearly their activities over the past year or two have contributed significantly to the social climate of freedom for everyone, and this is not at variance with their own particular slant on sexual identity or the means they choose to use to proselitize it. As a matter of fact, one of the most cliff-hanging points of the prosecutions' case was a humorous article which



Is It All A Laughing Matter?

appeared in SCREW called, "Up The Ass Is A Gas!" The prosecution claims that the article advocates rectal sodomy. Well...? Don't you? Don't it? And I think the article does advocate sodomy. The terrible frightening thing about it all is that, to do so is against the law, as is sodomy itself. This has nothing to do with the fact that millions of citizens practice it, or with the shameful fact that it is practiced under barbarous circumstances in that very building itself, the Criminal Court Building, or rather, in the jail proper which we call The Tombs.

Money

I want somebody out there, or a syndicate of not more than four people to put up \$2,000 for me in order that I may open, late this summer, my marriage counselling service. Upon request I will furnish an outline of my plans and a budget for operations, including a roster of lay and professionally accredited people who will participate in this work. I expect within a year to organize a foundation dedicated to homophile happiness, treatment, and counseling on all levels, which will function as a nonprofit enterprise. Aside from the obvious person-to-person benefits of the organization, it will eventually provide a unique mass of factual information about contemporary world-wide homosexuality which will destroy the myth-ridden concepts of various psychotherapeutic peoples and bureaus.

Me

You don't mind if I get personal, do you? I don't.

I want to share a little discovery with you about my favorite subject, me. Briefly, for the first time in all my seventeen and one half years, I experienced nearly two weeks of sexual diffidence. What a Sahara! To think that there are people who never are free from that feeling, or who count the days when they are, as bonuses in their lives!

But why me? What'd I do? From whence came this turn-off? I've almost always enjoyed a splendid sexual appetite, and have been able to gratify it

without much fuss, or only that fuss which sharpens the appetites. And there were no shortage of people. As a matter of fact, there seemed to be pretties running after me demanding marriage whenever and wherever I turned. Scenes! Regrets and recriminations! Hysterical, teary phone calls; the lot!

Driving home last night from a little archaeology in the reeking catacombs of the Barn, I found that I'd gotten into "head" trouble by doing, more often than not, what others wanted; doing what seemed likely to guarantee their satisfaction. Not at my own physical expense, but close to it. Boring! The first person to consider in bed is ME.

But—and this is fascinating to me—I find I prefer a certain type. Can you believe that I never realized it? I do! And I realize too that most of the rest of it was simply "being nice," whatever that means. Wasting time with people I couldn't relate to, erotically, in any deep sense. Nuts to it! That's just trying to please people. A fallacy. The best way to please people is to do exactly what you want to do, because if you're with them and you're with it, they have the compliment of knowing it's exactly where you prefer to be.

I thought I was indiscriminate. Not so. Put into perspective, I find I have always treated rather badly those individuals who didn't fall into a certain physical pattern. Oh, I feel wonderfully liberated! I'm going to concentrate my energies and SPECIALIZE. (At least for a while.)

Information Wanted

Can anybody tell me whether Dr. Frederick Brown Harris is still the chaplain of the United States Senate? And can anybody tell me what his salary is? Or how long he has served in this capacity? I am interested in knowing these things, along with his "denomination" because, if his salary comes out of the general tax pot, he's a good target for our "separation of church and state" business. Why? Well, I doubt that he's a Jew or a Muslim or a Buddhist

or Shintoist, and so I suppose he does in some way reflect the over-all Christian tenor of the Senate, but not, I hope, its sexual bigotry. My hope is ill-founded, I'm afraid, for I quote from his column, "Spires of the Spirit." You will have no trouble determining the objects of his spiritual attack.

"This attempt to disregard the YOU in you is illustrated in the present propaganda, even over television and radio, to stop even in decent society what is called discrimination of sex deviates and pervers who are addicted to disgusting practices which are not only degrading to those guilty, but whose abnormal debaucheries so often blight the lives of youth hured as sacrifices to such degenerate lust. Such people, we are blandly told, comprise a large minority of the total population."

"The present propaganda regarding this nauseating matter is not to rehabilitate such moral lepers, but to integrate them, to accept them without question with practices of which the so-called lower animals are never guilty. Those who advocate such an attitude seem more concerned with discrimination than with contamination. It all falls in with the debasing credo that it doesn't really matter what you are inside—just fall in line and take your place in humanity's 'upward' climb—which may really be descent to catastrophe."

How much of your money do you think a man like that is worth per year? Ten thousand? Fifteen? Twenty? Over a period of how many years? An odd way to make a living. But I don't really think we should subsidize jibbering oddies fit for euthenasia who dedicate themselves to an abhorrence of "progress" and who are against the social integration of those citizens who "comprise a large minority of the total population." Do you? He's talking about one out of every six men, and nearly as many women. Isn't that somewhere over thirty million people, not counting those under the voting age? I think that's a bit much, myself.

BY DICK LEITSCHE

The illustration on this page is neither a creation of the paper's art department nor a portrait of the winner at Frankie Quinn's last drag ball. The campy-looking gentleman in the silk finery was a governor of both New York and New Jersey. The painting hangs in the Portrait Gallery of the New York Historical Society at 77th Street and Central Park West.

Bored by the mediocrity of today's candidates for governor and the general dullness of all of our politicians, I decided to look up Lord Cornbury, the drag-queen governor. At least he had enough class to be a colorful figure in politics.

As might be expected, Edward Hyde, Lord Cornbury, was no better liked by the moralistic New Yorkers of his time (1702-1708) than drags are liked by some of my moralistic comrades who write for this paper. New Yorkers and Jerseyites were definitely not amused by Cornbury's habits of dress. As a matter of fact, they didn't like a thing about him, including his habit of walking out on the ramparts at night, in full drag with a fan in his hand, presumably to pick up a trick.

Cornbury was the grandson of the first Earl of Clarendon, one of the leading figures of the Restoration. He was also a first cousin to Queen Anne. Something of a spendthrift (drag was evidently expensive back then, too) Edward sought office in the colonies. Anne, either to help him make some money, or get him out of the country (What real Queen wants a drag vamping around her turf?) appointed him governor of New York and New Jersey; he arrived here in 1702.

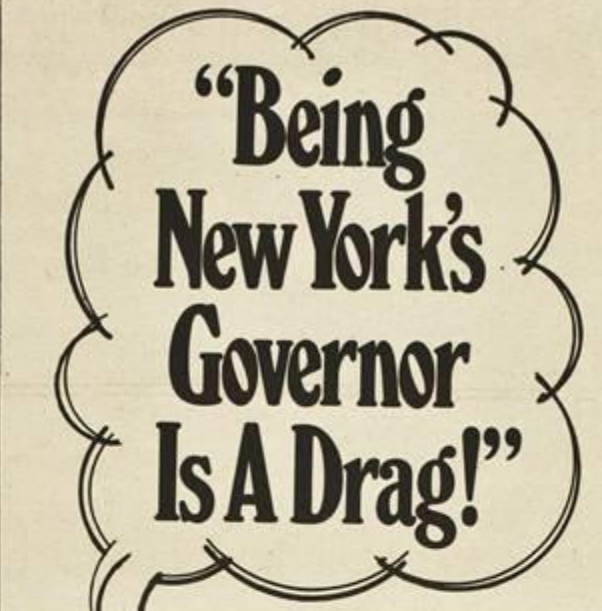
To put it mildly, Cornbury was not a good governor. On the other hand, few governors of New York have been very good at their job, but as they weren't drags—or at least not publicly known as such—so they didn't generate the hatred Cornbury did.

The poor guy got off to a bad start. He arrived in New York to find the colony split into two warring camps: "Leislerians" and "anti-Leislerians." The Leislerians were in opposition to the dominance of the landowning class. This does not mean that they were for the common man, or the "people" as we say today; the Leislerians were anything but democratic.

Cornbury sided with the landowners, the anti-Leislerians, even though Anne had told him to avoid partisanship. He kicked the Leislerians out of key offices, abolished the Assembly controlled by them, called them traitors, and disallowed the acts of their Assembly.

A new Assembly, dominated by the anti-Leislerians met, and immediately made the governor a gift of 2,000 pounds. The honeymoon didn't last, though. The second intercolonial war was raging, and Cornbury demanded more money to raise men and supplies than the Assembly wanted to grant. Stymied for a while, Cornbury raised the money by imposing special taxes, taking bribes, and selling favors.

A strong defender of the Church of England, Cornbury seized the Presbyterian church at Jamaica and unjustly imprisoned a Presbyterian minister for preaching without the governor's license. He oppressed the



Edward Hyde, Lord Cornbury: The King's governor was a queen!

Quakers in both New York and New Jersey.

All of that was enough to make him unpopular, and his habitual drag outfit only added fuel to the flames of hatred that surrounded him. In 1708, Lewis Morris wrote to the Secretary of State: "I must say something which perhaps

nobody will think worth their time to tell, and that is his dressing publicly in woman's clothes every day and putting a stop to all public business while he is pleasing himself with that peculiar but detestable maggot."

It was charged that Cornbury forfeited respect by publicly appearing in

woman's attire, and later, that he embezzled much of the money raised for the army on his own pleasures and wardrobe. In 1707, the Assembly of the Jerseys petitioned the Queen for his recall, and the New York Assembly followed suit in 1708. Three months later, Queen Anne called him back to England and shipped out a new governor. Before Cornbury could leave New York, however, he was imprisoned for debt. He remained in the custody of the Sheriff of New York until the death of his father made him Earl of Clarendon and presumably left him enough money to pay off his debts and go home.

Three explanations for Cornbury's cross dressing are given by historians. One group claims that "since Lord Cornbury was appointed Governor of New York and told he should represent her Majesty, he fancied that it was necessary to dress himself as a woman and actually did so." Another group maintains that Cornbury thought he resembled his cousin, Queen Anne, and dressed like her to point up the resemblance. The third group holds "he made a vow and obliged himself for a month in every year to wear woman's clothes and, with a fan in hand, was frequently seen at night on the ramparts."

Those are three far-fetched guesses, but historians are generally a rather dull lot who don't understand sexuality. Not only does transvestism itself have thrilling aspects for some people but, in repressive societies, where there are only two rigid roles, the male and the female, homosexuals are often forced to play the role of the opposite sex.

Among some American Indian tribes, for example, men who were not heterosexual were expected to dress and live as women. In London, in 1709 (the year after Cornbury's term as governor ended), an account was published of gay clubs there. Homosexuals were called "Mollies" and are described as imitating "the petty feminine faults of women." Being neither wenches, soldiers, swordsmen, or anything like that, the male role didn't fit, so male homosexuals adopted the only alternative available to them. We still have traces of this in modern gay life in such affectionate terms as "Mary" and references to our partners as "husbands."

It is interesting to note that present-day drag queens come mainly from those socio-economic classes where there is heavy emphasis on sex roles. The big increase in Negro drag queens in recent years can be attributed, I believe, to the rise of the Black Power partisans' emphasis upon a more aggressive, virile male role for Negro men.

Back to Lord Cornbury. He was raised to the Privy Council in 1711. In 1714 he was sent off to Hanover as Envoy Extraordinary. The European court probably didn't find Cornbury as "extraordinary" as the colonials did since this was the great age of drag in Europe. Boys will play women's roles on stage, and many boy actors were minions to royalty. Philip, Duke of Orleans and brother to Louis XIV lived in drag, as did his follower, the Abbe de Choisy, a priest who served as French Ambassador to various other countries and who died "a handsome dowager" only ten years before Cornbury went to Hanover.

Lord Cornbury died on April Fool's Day, 1723.

THE LAST ESTATE

BY GREGORY BATTCOCK

Happiness is: (1) Not having any appointments. (2) Talking to an executive from a big, butch capitalistic company who is really interesting. (3) Hearing commuters on the New Haven make comments about your Black Power button. (4) Somebody cancelling a date. (5) Picking up a high school student from Scarsdale at Grand Central Station while at the same time you are chatting with a movie critic from *The New York Times*. (6) Going down to Riverside Park to watch the accidents on the West Side Highway.

Happiness is also: (1) Deciding not to carry my little tear gas spray pen during a walk along Riverside Drive. (2) Advising a *Village Voice* art critic on how he can make some money (write for GAY). (3) Opening up a bottle of (a) Vintage Champagne, (b) Chateau Cheval Blanc Bordeaux, (c) Dijon Mustard, (d) Balenciaga Cologne, (e) Lowenbrau. (4) Opening up a box of (a) Havana cigars, (b) Amyl Nitrate, (c) Paper clips. (5) Refusing a request from a political candidate to write up a "position paper." (6) Getting a letter from (a) Craig Claiborne, (b) Herbert Marcuse, (c) John Cage, (d) Susan Sontag.

In addition, Happiness is: (1) Getting your name mentioned in: (a) *Vogue*, (b) *The New Republic*, (c) *The Village Voice*, (d) *Tricontinental*, (e) Anything else. (2)

Giving a lecture as a substitute for a famous person who couldn't make it, and have people in the audience say afterwards that they would have rather heard you in the first place. (3) In a fit of anger tell the *Master Charge* lady to cancel your card "once and for all." When she asks for the number, say: "find it yourself." (4) When the pig cop investigator comes on a Sunday morning from the Civilian Complaint office to check up on your latest complaint, bog him down in a discussion as to why you have a Huey Newton poster, a framed photograph of a half naked sailor with a hard-on and some page three atrocity pictures from the *Times* on the wall. Ask him to sit down on the one available chair which happens to be covered with an American Flag. When he demurs, yank the flag from the chair, roll it into a ball, and toss it into the corner with the dirty T-shirts. (5) Ask the butcher to cash a check and when he asks: "Is this from one of those dirty papers you write for?" say, simply, yes. (6) Calling up Icelandic Airlines to ask them if they have First Class seats.

Also, Happiness can be: (1) Reading about the Police Station being bombed. (2) Getting a message from the answering service informing you that Mother passed away, today, or was it yesterday? (or was it father?) (3) Coming home to find that your "houseboy" has dragged home a lovely Puerto Rican and has grown tired of him and wants you to "take over." (4) Interviewing a curator from the Museum

of Modern Art while, at the same time you are cruising the Puerto Rican delivery body from the luncheonette and manage to make a date with him. (Of course, he doesn't show up.) (5) Watch a cop hide for over an hour as he spies on a lone couple on the beach at Ribs-Park—hoping they will do something he can arrest them for and finally they get up and walk away leaving the cop hiding there all by himself. (6) Getting drunk at lunch.

I'm off to Italy, and I just had 500 copies of a little press release printed up. Somehow, I don't think the organizers of the American Pavilion at the Biennale art exhibition will bother to inform everybody that over half their show quit in an antiwar protest, so I've taken it upon myself to do the informing. Here is what it says:

Stati Uniti d'America

In May over 1500 artists, critics, dealers and museum people attended a meeting in New York City that was nothing less than historic. The purpose of the meeting was to determine what meaningful action could be taken against the intensifying conditions of war, racism and repression in America.

A resolution was passed to form an Emergency Cultural Government which would support the U.S. Government in all its activities as the sponsor of American art abroad. A call went out to all artists, students—anybody interested in art—to join and support the Emergency Cultural Government and the response has been great.

The Emergency Cultural Government (c/o Bykert Gallery, 24 E. 81st St., NYC) includes among its steering committee the artists Robert Morris, Irving Petlin and Frank Stella and the critic Max Kozloff. It has called upon all artists who have been invited to participate in the

American Pavilion in the Venice Biennale to withdraw their work from the exhibition.

Just before the opening of the Biennale a list of 33 artists invited to exhibit prints in the American exhibition was released by the director. Most of the artists didn't even know they had been chosen until they read the announcement in *The New York Times*. Promptly 22 of the artists announced their intention to withdraw in protest of American "... aggression abroad and intolerable repression at home."

The next day a second announcement from the Smithsonian Institution (sponsor of the American Pavilion) declared that, in fact, some 44 artists had been invited to exhibit, thus giving the impression that the list had been augmented in order to minimize the impact of the withdrawals.

The E.C.G. Committee announced the withdrawal of the group of artists in a telegram sent to the Smithsonian Institution in Washington. The government responded by refusing to accept the group announcement and insisted that each artist had to withdraw individually—in writing. The implication was that artists (such as Stella and Morris) were "coercive outsiders" who were pressuring artists to make an antiwar gesture—in 1970 yet. The Smithsonian tactic, however legitimate, was read by some of those involved as a clear attempt at intimidation of the artists.

The U.S. Government responded with double-talk, as usual and in typical State Department lingo declared that "... each artist should have the freedom of self determination as to his representation in the Biennale." By some logic the refusal of the government to accept the withdrawals is thus distorted to make it appear that in fact the government is protecting the artists' "freedom."

The artists who have, so far, announced their withdrawal from the exhibition include: R. Amickiewicz, L. Baskin, R. Bismelin, J. Dine, S. Francis, R. Kitaj, N. Krsusherick, R. Lichtenstein, V. Longo, M. Mazur, D. Meeker, R. Morris, C. Oldenburg, R. Rauschenberg, E. Ruscha, L. Samaras, C. Summers, F. Stella, J. Youngerman, A. Warhol, A. Yankers.

In explaining their withdrawal, the artists claim they are "... denying the use of their art as a cultural veneer to cover policies of ruthless aggression abroad and intolerable repression at home." The Emergency Cultural Government has announced that it will challenge the U.S. Government for the loyalties of American artists in each international art event. ■

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Are you one of those guys or girls who sit home on Saturday nights feeling lonely? Are you wondering where to go, where to meet friends, and what to talk about when you do? Are you in gear for the vast changes that are sweeping over America's gay communities? Are you starting to feel a bit of tune with the up-to-date swingers of our time?

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DOIN' THE CONTINENTAL

BY PETER OGREN

Where can you go on a weekend night and find a couple of hundred attractive partygoers likewise out for a good time? Well, for all of its overpublicized minor problems of last winter, the Continental Bath and Health Club at 230 West 74th Street is still one of Manhattan's most agreeable watering spas.

One might say that the Continental picked up where other famous oases such as the Club Baths in San Francisco left off. At times, it seems to be more like a club than a bath, especially on weekends.

Weekends are a special event at the Continental, and are celebrated in a manner that no other sauna I've ever seen can imitate. A free buffet, live entertainment, and a dance contest with three cash prizes are part of the program.

When I heard about the buffet, all I could think of was the coffee and cookies that were freely dispensed at the Saunabad Thermos in Amsterdam. That fabled institution was the only one of its kind that I knew of which provided anything at all to raise your blood sugar and get you back in the energy groove until I took in the Continental a couple of weekends ago. All the ham and cheese sandwiches and Dr. Pepper you could consume (high in the protein department of course). Tasty, refreshing and convenient. Who could ask for more?

Dig Supersinger Rosalie

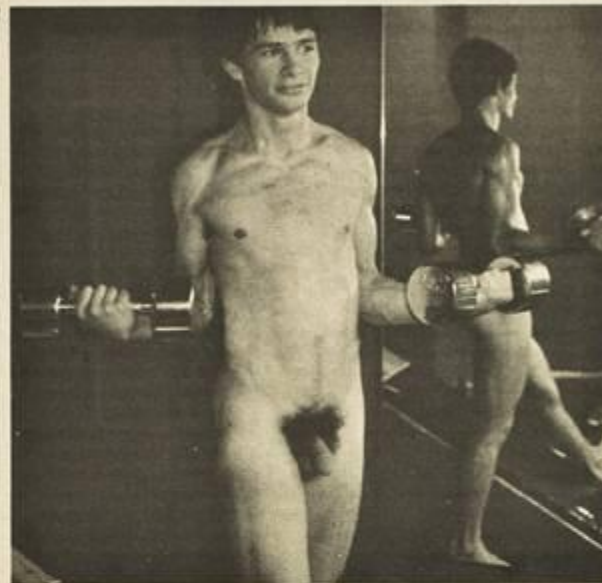
When announced that Rosalie and Lowell were the guest entertainers, I half expected a drag of a show, in more ways than one. Were we ever in for a surprise?

If you haven't heard of Rosalie Mark and her guitarist-composer husband Lowell, you soon will. Rosalie is an absolutely marvelous singer, more or less in the style of Judy Garland, Mama Cass, Marlene Dietrich and Rod McKuen, all rolled into one personable and intriguing young woman. Her husband Lowell is a sensitive and tasteful accompanist, and best of all, is the composer of most of their songs. A beautiful couple, indeed. They have already cut an album which ought to be out within a month or so called "Rosalie Mark & Lowell." Buy it; it should be pure delight. The crowd at the Continental went absolutely to pieces!

The weekend is also the time when it's easy to feel sardinish at the Continental. Everything is filled to capacity, and that allows for more than two hundred people. Out-of-towners can call ahead (212) 799-2688 and spend a less costly night here than at practically any hotel: there are 114 rooms with beds, which are priced at \$9.00. In addition there are an even hundred walk-in lockers for \$6.50, 50 non-walk-in gym lockers at \$5.50, and 22 duffelbags for \$4.50, so that even without a locker, you can stow your threads and get cleaned up. The prices by the way are for 12 hour periods, and are the same on weekdays and weekends. Overtime runs up an additional bill of a dollar an hour, but how clean can you get?

Vast Choice of Facilities

Once you get undressed and prepared



Working the weights in the Continental gym (photo by Peter Ogren)

"Rub-a-Dub-Dub"



Shave and freshen up in immaculate surroundings



Enjoying the sun roof at the Continental (photo by Peter Ogren)



Getting ready to take the plunge (photo by Peter Ogren)

for ablutions, you have a vast choice of facilities at your disposal. For openers, there is an Olympic-sized swimming pool that is marvelously refreshing—not too

warm, not too cool. The steam room is steamy, the dry heat room is dry and very hot—don't touch the metal part of the door as you leave! The showers are

convenient and easy to adjust to avoid being parboiled or frozen to death.

All this is downstairs. Ground level is devoted to private rooms, and the top floor has more rooms, a dormitory for nonprivate relaxation, a pine-lined sauna (just like Amsterdam!) and more showers so that you don't have to travel too far for the cold plunge bit.

If you're feeling athletic, you might be interested in the complete 'gymnasium' facilities downstairs. Bookworms will appreciate the reading room off the restaurant, and TV buffs will like nonstop color TV. If sustans are your thing, there are sunlamps pouring out the ultra-violet rays. (Myself, I have to take it easy. I'm blond and I burn too soon!)

When you get hungry, the grill, like the whole operation, is open 24 hours a day, 7 days a week. If you just want a candy bar or a soda, there are vending machines. Upstairs there's even a vending machine with health food candy bars! Combs and other accouterments are also available in the machines.

If you feel like working off some energy, there is a jukebox downstairs and a better than dime-sized dance floor, which is of course the locale of the weekend dance contests. The downstairs restaurant-dancing area is decorated in the most marvelous piss-elegant red carpeting and wallpaper, sort of a sandwich-shop-swinging-singles-discotheque with a steady parade of early comers coming and going in their red and gray towels.

Suntans Are Healthy

As I said before, weekends are jammed, and when the waiting line becomes excessive, guests are given numbers and invited to wait downstairs until their number is called. It's comfortable waiting, socially convivial and scenically inviting. It's easy to make new acquaintances even before your number is called.

If you're more inclined toward sun-worship, and are not into the hours-long trek to the beach, you'll certainly like the Continental sun roof, which is reached by elevator and is located 29 stories over Manhattan. A completely walled-in portion of the roof, the Sun Club has 28 raised mattresses to stretch out on and take in the sun. For the young at heart, there is even a sandbox to play in! I've gotten terrible sunburns up there, even in the early morning. Maybe 'cause it's closer to the sun... At all events, the sun roof is open from 8 a.m. 'till dark.

To top off everything, let me emphasize that the Continental Baths are the cleanest and best maintained in the city. Everything is spotless! Quite a change from some of the other tubs in New York. And best of all, the people, both staff and guests, are the nicest you'd ever meet anywhere; relaxed, friendly and helpful.

So the next time you are looking to get cleaned in and out and have a good time doing it in pleasant surroundings with groovy people to entertain you and wonderful Rosalie to sing for you, come on down to the Continental Baths. I always have a great time there! ■

DENMARK TO ALLOW HOMOSEXUAL PROSTITUTION

(continued from page 3)
assistance to such persons through direct social measures," the report said.

Conference sources said the pornography and homosexual prostitution issues raised some knotty problems for other countries outside Denmark. It was also pointed out that the Danish liberalization of these issues had resulted in an unprecedented flow of pornographic material to surrounding countries where it was still banned and the proliferation of what the sources termed "homosexual prostitutes," mostly male.

SAMUELS ANNOUNCES SUPPORT FOR GAY RIGHTS

New York, N.Y. — Howard Samuels, primary candidate for gubernatorial nomination, has released a statement pledging to fight for the repeal of



Howard Samuels, who announced for gay rights last week

outdated New York State sex laws.

"The laws of this state have made criminals out of a large portion of our society," said Samuels. "Private consensual sex conduct should not be the subject of legislation. And yet, for centuries this has been the basis of discrimination against homosexuals."

"In keeping with the recent recommendations by the Legislative Committee of New York State Council of Churches to reform our penal laws, I am in complete agreement that the law must continue to give protection to the young, the unwilling and the incompetent."

"Nevertheless there is the fundamental duty of the State to ensure that the human rights of each its citizens is assured. Each of our people is entitled to an absence of State interference in

his personal affairs when he is not hurting others. No harm to the secular interests of our State is involved in private atypical sexual acts between competent adults. No cause is served by making such conduct illegal."

"If elected, I will fight to:

1. Reform the state penal code so that the private sexual acts of consenting adults are no longer illegal.
2. Engage the State Human Rights Commission in the fight against discrimination against homosexuals in employment, housing and public accommodations.
3. Reform the Federal, State and City Government view (along with that of private industry) that homosexuals are categorically unfit to hold jobs. The only exception should be those areas where homosexuality in fact makes a person unfit, or a potential risk, on a job.

"This position is consistent with my earlier stands against discrimination on the basis of race or sex. New York State has consistently led the nation in social reform; there is no reason why we should not lead in the reform of civil rights for homosexuals."

Council of the City of New York," he said. "I think the police ought not to attack a man or a woman on the basis of their sexuality but rather on the basis of what they have done in the area of real crime. And I think the police ought to stop... if you have a police department which isn't doing the kind of job it's supposed to be doing, but is going into matters of private conscience, then it ought to be stopped. I'm in favor of the liberation of the homosexuality problem, period."

Paul O'Dwyer, liberal candidate in the U.S. Senate race, spoke briefly, then moved into the rough and tumble of the question-and-answer period. Asked by GAA if he would speak out on the subject of security clearances and Federal jobs for homosexuals, O'Dwyer said he "would be willing to take a public stand" on the subject. He added, "We're greatly indebted to the Church of England that first took up the subject of homosexuality and suggested these are not matters that should come under the penal law."

When Bella Abzug appeared next, she was not questioned by GAA, since she has openly sought the gay vote and has issued several statements in support of the gay cause. GAA gave her, instead, a standing ovation.

Toward the close of the long political meeting, incumbent State Assemblyman William Passannante spoke. GAA members questioned him extensively and asked that he promise to fight for an investigation of purported collusion between the State Liquor Authority and organized crime, with its reputed

stranglehold on gay bars. "I'd be delighted," he contended, "if I could exercise control over the State Liquor Authority. A real overhaul of the entire system has been called for by us a number of times. But until you change the control of the Statehouse, you're not going to get an investigation of the State Liquor Authority."

"If you know corruption exists, you should expose it," a GAA member told him. Another said, "Make it an issue. I would like to see you do something about this, and I mean really do something about this!" A third added, "Are you saying you're only one small but honest voice unable to change anything?"

"Absolutely not!" Passannante countered. "You listen to me! I'm all for that, and I have been for that. But until you change the Governor that controls the State Liquor Authority, you're not going to get changes! I want to be honest with you. This is a factual matter."

Winding up the evening, a representative for Ted Sorenson, who is running for the Democratic nomination to the U. S. Senate, spoke on his behalf. The representative didn't know Sorenson's views on most gay issues raised (supportive statements by Sorenson have been quoted in GAY), but did offer this view on the matter of deportation of homosexual aliens: "That's absolutely wrong and we'll speak out against it and we'll work against it. I'm now speaking for Ted Sorenson!"

At press time, GAA was planning to leaflet extensively throughout the city to forcefully bring these views to the attention of gay voters.



The beach at Atlantic City

BY LIGE AND JACK

Atlantic City is one of the great fun spots on the East Coast. Here, in the majestic shadows of old hotels, Middle America frolics in a bizarre but wholesome carnival of joy. Longhairs mix freely with flag-waving patriots and timid closet cases from Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, rub elbows with jaded New York East Siders. One of the great advantages of this melting pot of pleasure-seekers is that it draws inhabitants from almost every eastern state. They come for one reason: to kick up their heels, or to lift someone else's.

Our arrival (mid-June) coincided with the 100th Anniversary of the Boardwalk. A wax statue of Phyllis Diller spun around in mute absurdity announcing the auspicious occasion. We were treated to one of the most peculiar sights imaginable: a day-long boardwalk parade of the Silent Majority, marching proudly in the sunlight under banners of Old Glory and holding aloft signs which read "Americanism Forever." High school bands from neighboring New Jersey towns; bland-faced, pimply boys in ridiculous costumes; giggling baton-twirling girls; and poker-faced, tight-assed fathers all goosestepped to the sound of a hundred bands playing "Be kind to your fine-feathered friends for a duck may be somebody's mother..."

Longhairs like ourselves watched in stunned awe as star-spangled floats and caissons went rolling along, awkward reminders that Spiro and Dick will always enjoy the solid support of their countrymen no matter how much "oddballs" of our ilk object. Strangely enough, however, we didn't feel threatened. Not directly, anyway. These people were not dangerous except in the voting booth.

But there were plenty of free spirits among boardwalk paraders: sexy long-haired boys from hills and cities, short-haired servicemen, horny ribbon clerks, and a thousand varieties of gay folk from every imaginable social strata. Atlantic City is a very gay town. If you're bored by on-stage types at Cherry Grove, or piss-elegants in the Hamptons, or if you're tired of paying high prices for Hiltonesque minirooms while wondering where your next good lay is coming from, Atlantic City is your answer from God Himself.

Boardwalk Beatoff: THE ATLANTIC CITY SCENE

Where Can You Stay

We holed up in the Deville Hotel, one of the not-so-expensive but spacious reminders of a gracious and elegant past. Our room had several outsize commodities unmatched in most tourist spas: space, privacy, quiet, cleanliness, and comfort. Ah, comfort! Even the rugs were thick: yoga headstands were a gas! Not to mention the mattresses. They were made for all those joys the Pope will never admit to... publicly.

We chatted with Joseph, owner of the Deville, a gentleman's gentleman whose proclivities are female-directed. "I'm turning the Deville into a gay hotel," he explained, "because gay life in Atlantic City is definitely on the upswing. A few years back one of the gay bars (Val's) won a significant court battle with the assistance of homophile organizations. The New Jersey Supreme Court said a gay bar had a perfect right to exist. So... why not a gay hotel, too?"

The Deville is located on Kentucky Avenue, right off the boardwalk. Call (609) 345-2146 for advance reservations. The desk clerks are addicted to minding their own business, and are willing to help you in important little ways. Ours provided us with a handful of late-night aspirins to combat a possible hangover the next morning. The M&M bar, directly

under the hotel on the next street mixes rather tasty Bloody Marys which, if you're already stoned on lawn vegetation, can prove irresistible.



M&M bartenders Walter and Tommy (photo by Best Studio, Atlantic City)

The M&M Lounge and Dance Bar

The 70s have introduced a whole new breed of gay bars. The M&M is Atlantic City's stamping grounds for the 70s. A wide-open dance floor which sparkles under flashing strobes, two handsome circle bars, tasteful decorations, well-piped music and a crowd of writhing healthies whose bodies are animated by rhythm and desire, all help to make the M&M one of the East

Coast's more relaxed clubs.

The entrance to the M&M is on a quaint little alley, South Westminster Avenue. Late at night gay couples and singles wander two and fro between various bars in the neighborhood. In a radius of only a few blocks there are seven swinging night spots, each catering to a different clientele. Servicemen, trade, businessmen, longhairs, hillbillies, sophisticates and men on both sides of the generation gap unite in a veritable orgy of merrymaking. In the same neighborhood are other gay hotels catering to all types.

How to Get to Atlantic City

When we discovered that Greyhound and Trailways didn't run to Atlantic City we worried about its being a "ghost town" similar to Coney Island. Not so. There is something exciting and fresh about Atlantic City in spite of its Middle American tone. Class consciousness, after all, is forgotten if you're able to find out about people on deeper, more pleasurable levels.

From New York, Public Service buslines and Lincoln Transit both have regular express schedules to this seaside joyspot. We left New York on Friday night at 10 p.m. There were earlier buses, of course, but we are notoriously slow when we attempt to leave "the island."

We sat together on the way, although we were across the aisle from one another on which we agreed: Atlantic City is a place to go for folks seeking to be themselves and to have fun. There was no pretense... no beating around the bush. People smile and talk openly with each other. There's no paranoid standing in the corners afraid that someone will notice you're trying to make out. You're free to say "Hi," and take things from there... If you're looking for that special summer spot you've neglected for too long, investigate Atlantic City. Sit on the block-long gay beach, wander through the quaint streets surrounding the M&M, buy a box of Salt Water Taffy, ride the Skytower, and mix with the mindless, fun-loving masses. You'll be back in the mainstream before you know it.

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CRAZY SHRINKS

continued from Page 5

Reuben's prudish terminology, even when allegedly quoting queers, *penises*—whilst ever yearning to possess *vaginas*.

That homosexual men desiring to attract other homosexual men were nevertheless "delighted," when injected with estrogen, at developing enlarged breasts and losing their body hair.

Now which is it we're supposed to want, Doc, "manliness" or "femininity"?

Reuben Betrays M.D. Methods

I chuckled to read that "Medical researchers are a thorough group and rarely let go of a problem until they squeeze the last scrap of information from it." I noted that Reuben is the exception. Also I jotted a reminder to pity his patients in San Diego, where the dust jacket claims he "practices." *Mal*—, I daresay.

I sighed with impatience when he asserted that for those who "want to change there is a chance." I knew what was coming, that any homosexual who wants to renounce homosexuality should skip out and find a psychiatrist who knows how to "cure" homosexuality. "There's the rub!" I wrote in the margin. I didn't even bother to go into the mental exercise over the desirability of "cure" even if a "cure" for a natural phenomenon were available. So many reputable scholars and philosophers have already taken care of that medieval ailment-remedy stuff—though apparently at the University of Illinois and Harvard, where Reuben somehow wheedled degrees, they do not put their works into the hands of witch-doctorial candidates. This is obvious despite the dust jacket's pronouncement that Reuben used the "latest medical and psychiatric research material." Well, he must have stuck it up his asshole, he surely didn't read it.

He's Not Kidding

Which brings me abruptly to the funniest portion of his overall dismal nonwork and which led me to believe he was kidding at first, then to the temporary conclusion that he had been the victim of a deception on the part of some fiendish homosexuals who had not weighed the consequences of hoodwinking a madman. It is not possible to believe that either is the case after a long sober second look. Rather, I am convinced Reuben is a closet case himself, but mentally crippled because he has no penis.

Behold this sophisticated clinical minutiae: "The usual homosexual experience is mutual masturbation... Three to five minutes should be enough for the entire operation (manipulative)."

The next most common variety of homosexual behavior is oral intercourse. This is also known as fellatio, which means the same thing, except in another language... In this variation, one man sucks the penis of the others. Sometimes they then reverse roles, sometimes not." The sixty-nine position never occurred to this idiot, probably because no one could find his equipment, whatever there might be, concealed beneath the artificial vagina.

Tearooms His Turf

Reuben goes on to quote a homosexual who enumerates his regular tearoom adventure at the bowling alley, referring always to his "penis" and never his cock, of course. Not that the chap's adventure is atypical, it's just that it's made out to sound like the be- and

end-all of homosexual relationships.

"Most (encounters) are much more impersonal (than the one he tells us about)," Reuben insists. That is, "the majority of gay guys, when they cruise, dispense with the courtship. They don't have time for... love notes on toilet paper." (*Love, Doc?*) "No names, no faces, no emotions. A masturbation machine might do it better."

(Would that it were so simple, Reuben, Reuben. Being in the midst of a perhaps unrequited love affair at this very moment, I don't welcome the possibility of suffering because my love object is so formidably individual, with one face like none other, the very thought of him stimulating deep, complex human emotions the familiar throb of which almost makes me long to be the superficial mechanism you and/or your beighted informants describe.)

Everything you
always wanted to
know about sex

Explained by
David Reuben, M.D.

SEE HOW APPROVED TO READ

It's Cocks, Not People

He harps on the theme, which, as I've said, he later refutes by his own mysterious logic, that the "primary interest" is the penis, not the person." My smile is fading, but it spreads again when I read "... few homosexuals use their real names. They generally go by aliases, choosing first names with sexual connotation. Harry, Dick, Peter are most favored." Surely a deranged closet queen has been at work here, guiding Reuben's hand!

His section on the S & M scene would be highly amusing if it weren't mordantly serious, especially his contention that "Disagreements over sexual procedures and prerogatives sometimes lead to savage beatings." Here's one time he could have thrown around the term "roles" with the same validity.

Knows About Rimming

In answering his own question (the whole book consists of ridiculous questions and answers), "What else do homosexuals do?" Reuben finally approaches credibility. It is elementary, but he does refer to *an*-licking ("One fellow licks the anus of another. Rarely is this enough to bring on a climax; it is usually a prelude to masturbation." Big guffaw here). He discovers anal intercourse, which he pulls out of his old maid hand like a trump card. You realize that, if he's tried it, then he does have a subnormal cock, if any at all, when he writes, "In contrast to the vagina which is tremendously elastic... the anus stretches hardly at all."

Well, I fell out at that. I wanted to call a friend who specializes in fist fucking. Reuben has never heard of that, but he insists that into their inelastic

assholes homosexuals commonly stuff shot glasses, carrots, cucumbers, pens, pencils, lipsticks, combs, pop bottles, and ladies' electric shavers. Honest injun. And we masturbate into melons a lot. "Cantaloupes (as a masturbatory object) are usual, but where it is available, papaya is popular." Or we jerk off into the mouth of a "suitable bottle."

We Fuck With Grease

"Many homosexuals favor cooking grease" for lubrication. "Salad oil and margarine are commonly used." Where would the Johnson's Baby Oil, Vaseline and KY people be if millions of male homosexuals fucked Reuben's way?

Still laughing, I underscored gems such as this: "About the only thing they (male and female homosexuals) have in common is their contempt for *straight arrows* (italics mine), the term they use for heterosexuals."

Dig these: "Fishwife: a male homosexual's real wife." "Some go so far as to wear an entire female costume (including miniskirt) under a business suit." "Trade: a homosexual looking for action." "Rough trade: vicious or dangerous homosexual."

Papaya! Papaya!

He Visits A Bar

Now, while I am into the "hilarious" part of Reuben's astounding fiction, I have to tell you about the gay bar. As bar columnist for GAY, if not a sometime habitué because Reuben is partially right when he maintains "the usual heterosexual situations just don't exist for him (me, us)," I know a thing or two about bars. And I have never been to one where you couldn't tell at the outset whether you were among genital males or genital females. Of course, I am not a "noted California psychiatrist." Get this:

"The first visit to a gay bar is quite an experience. Superficially, it seems like any other cocktail lounge. Men and women sit at the bar and mingle freely at booths and tables. There is the usual background of conversation with male and female voices balancing each other. Then it slowly begins to sink in—the entire room is filled with men!

"The feminine whispers, the high-pitched laughter, the soft sighs, are men's voices. The cocktail dresses, the tight black outfits, are worn by men. Even the trim, middle-aged matron entering the ladies room (one sign says "Queens") is a man."

You Stop Laughing

By now you must be as incredulous as I, but if you haven't found the sudden antidote to your laughter to be horror, then peruse this list of quotes:

On clothing: "There never was a man more manly than a butch, as the queen's alter-ego is known... In most large cities there are shops catering to the sartorial requirements of butches. For rural homosexuals, several mail order operations supply their needs... Two men may wear what superficially appears to be the same shirt; the homosexual's is just a little tighter, a little brighter, just a little more... Unfortunately for butches, clothes do not make the man. That is especially true of underclothes. Peel off the top layer of a butch and there is a queen underneath... The ultimate (in undershorts) is an athletic supporter—two straps and a sack attached to the tails of a super-tight shirt."

On the effort to display the genitals to the greatest advantage (the "teason" for the concern with proper underwear):

"Some lean against buildings—they are available—others stroll leisurely along the sidewalk—they are cruising... Mentally they measure penis length... There are always a few 'S&Ms' on the prowl looking for 'chickens'..."

On transvestism: "Paradoxically the new freedom in dress may drive some transvestites further underground. What once was 'thrilling' has now become commonplace. Some take to wearing garter belts under their clothing—obese transvestites prefer girdles. Instead of jockey shorts, lace panties do for underwear."

On enduring relationships: "The bitterest argument between husband and wife is a passionate love sonnet by comparison with a dialogue between a butch and his queen. Live together? Yes. Happily? Hardly... Mercifully for both of them, the life expectancy of their relationship together is brief."

Everybody's Reading It

This trash, this mitigated sensationalism pandering to the fears of sexist cretins, is circulating throughout the land now that this hideous excuse for an instructional manual has become a best-seller. And what can we do about it? Well, we can urge copies of GAY and other Gay-is-Good publications into the hands of fellow homosexuals. Through the printed truth we may help bring the beautiful, ordinary majority of homosexuals to the place where they may be able to confront their loved ones themselves in order to preclude the disastrous impact of this deadly propaganda on the well-meaning ignorant. We can enlist our friends to join discussion groups and homophile organizations and disseminate common sense *en masse* as our numbers increase. We can enjoin great achievers, prominent men and women, to declare themselves in a dramatic campaign to expose the Reubens, in consequence liberating those who believe Reuben because they recognize no authoritative alternative.

We can also chip away at the system as it stands, patching and revising to make it more nearly perfect. Or we can join with those so frustrated that they would destroy it altogether. People like David Reuben, M.D., are bringing this last and least appealing choice closer to being, because they inspire, after initial derision, an almost irrational fury. The pie in the face is a maggoty cow-pile, though worse: it is the feces of carnivorous animals constipated by centuries of mindless stupidity, cupidity and xenophobia.

Must Write A Rebuttal

To counteract my own rage I must write a book of my own: *Everything you always wanted to ask about homosexuality—BUT WERE AFRAID TO KNOW*. Not Explained by David Reuben, M.D. The truth could never be so scalding as his lies. Send me your recordings and letters and give me something to work on with all I've got.

I've found that laughing at Spiro is too much like laughing at the sick jokes of some years back. Hitler was *not* a gas. And the misconceptions he proliferated about the Jews bear a mind-blowing resemblance to Reuben's about homosexuals. The spirit of the Nazis is alive and well in chapter eight of a book that should not be burned but spurned by responsible heterosexuals and homosexuals alike. Only homosexuals, in this case, can be expected to know the lie, the whole lie and nothing but the lie.

BY JOHN P. LeROY



The New York obscenity law, 235.05, made it a misdemeanor to sell, display, promote or distribute any material

which, considered as a whole, has as its predominant appeal a prurient, shameful, or morbid interest in nudity, sex, excretion, sadism or masochism. In addition, to be considered obscene, such material must go beyond the customary limits of candor in representing such matters and be without redeeming social value as judged by contemporary community standards with reference to ordinary adults.

To prove that SCREW, GAY's parent publication, was indeed guilty, Assistant District Attorney Richard Beckler called as his first witness the owner of a pizza parlor, who objected to an article on pedophilia. Upon further cross-examination by Al Geber, SCREW's defense attorney, it turned out that the article on love of young children never appeared in SCREW.

A Jesuit priest, Father Schroth, was the prosecution's next witness who saw some redeeming social value in SCREW, but found several pictures to be obscene, especially those with naked women with their legs spread apart. Similar photos which appeared in the EVERGREEN REVIEW were not obscene because of the tastefulness of the surrounding material. It was further brought out that another sex publication DAISY had a photo that was considered objectionable, but that the magazine itself, considered as a whole, was not obscene. It was an important New York judge who made this decision.

Ernst Van Den Haag, an author and psychoanalyst was called upon by the D.A. to testify. Van Den Haag spoke more than once at Mattachine meetings. On one occasion, back in 1963, he debated Albert Ellis, arguing that homosexuality is no more a mental disturbance than heterosexuality. He is the author of PASSION AND SOCIAL CONSTRAINT, and has written several articles for ESQUIRE and THE NATIONAL REVIEW. His testimony appeared to be contradictory. He did not believe such novels as CANDY, THE STORY OF O, or FANNY HILL to be obscene because he found them to be well written. Yet in an article he had written which had appeared in ESQUIRE in 1967, he wrote that these novels were pornographic, but James Joyce's ULYSSES was not.

The evidence given by two police officers, one of whom had arrested a SCREW advertiser, the other who had busted KISS and PLEASURE, was ruled inadmissible. After a motion to dismiss the entire case was denied, the defense called its first witness.

The Defense

Edwin Silverman, from WOR-TV, had requested legal advice over whether or not the use of the word "screw" either as a noun or verb could be used on television. It was found that the use of such a word would not be considered objectionable by the F.C.C.

With the title of the paper having been cleared, a witness for the defense, Mrs. Billie Bichrest, did not feel that SCREW went beyond the limits of candor in depicting sex and nudity as compared with several underground and college publications. Mrs. Bichrest is the editor of



Attorney Ralph Schwartz converses with Al Goldstein

The Screw Trial Begins

PROTEUS, the official magazine of the Delaware Valley chapter of Mensa, an organization whose sole qualification for admission is that the prospective member must be more intelligent than 98% of the population. A very difficult I.Q. test must be passed in order to gain entrance.

From the religious community, Reverend Glenesk of the Spencer Memorial Presbyterian Church in Brooklyn found SCREW to be socially redeeming because of its satire. It is one of the few journals that offers insight in the Rabelaisian tradition.

Tit and Cock Picture

The reverend was asked to comment on the centerfold of SCREW No. 14, a photo of a man licking the thigh of a pretty nude girl. The photo had the caption "Tit and Cock Picture." Glenesk said it reminded him of early Al Capp, where a friend of L'il Abner had a picture of a knee. The balloon read, "I'm a knee man, but looks like L'il Abner likes the thigh." The courtroom burst with laughter and the judges ordered to have it



Does this man have a hard-on?

cleared unless order was restored.

Marcia Blackman, one of SCREW's employees, commented on several of the movies she had seen which were reviewed in SCREW. Marcia pointed out that such films as SEXUAL FREEDOM IN DENMARK, WITHOUT A STITCH, and I AM CURIOUS (YELLOW) use the same kind of language as is found in SCREW,

yet it apparently is not unlawful to show them. Before Marcia went on the stand, the movie critic of NEWSWEEK magazine, Paul Zimmerman, testified that the entire establishment press finds it all right to carry advertisements for sex films, often with the titles changed, but will not allow its critics to review them.

What is a Hard-On?

Assistant District Attorney Beckler showed Marcia a frontal picture of a nude male, which appeared with Lige and Jack's column, "Homosexual Citizen." When asked if he saw an erect penis, she replied, "Not to my way of thinking!" One of the judges said he thought the flaccid. Thus, perhaps medical testimony might be needed to determine what the proper limits of erection are. Every healthy male knows that mild to excited states of sexual arousal produce partial to complete states of tumescence. At what state of excitement, then, does a photo of a penis become censorable? There will, no doubt, be a variety of opinions. Some would not want to show the penis at all; others would find nothing at all prurient in pictures of hard-ons. Still others would find them delicious. A Pandora's box of deliberation may have been opened up here, and the final decision, if there ever is one, will reflect the sexual attitude of the observer(s) who make it.

Marcia did admit that SCREW alters material that the staff believes to be in bad taste. A photo submitted by an advertiser showing a dog licking a girl's pussy was changed so as to avoid bestial connotations.

The Chairman of the English Department at Columbia University was the next witness for the defense, and he made a distinction between what is erotic and what is prurient. George Stade held that anything that arouses sexual thoughts or feelings, but is not shameful or morbid should properly be called erotic. If the material does have shameful or morbid content, then it can be termed prurient. Dr. Stade found the material in SCREW to be erotic rather than obscene. When asked about a photo on page 9 of SCREW No. 23 showing a well-bung man lying contentedly between two girls, he did not think the picture obscene because

there were smutes on the faces and the mood of the photo conveyed to him wholesome erotic feelings.

A bit of confusion cropped up over whether or not Stade was testifying on the basis of his own individual feelings and expertise, or on the basis of his understanding of the law. It was insisted upon by the defense that only that area in which the witness is properly qualified should be considered valid testimony. A further question arose over whether or not such words as fuck, shit, pussy, prick, etc., are obscene by contemporary community standards. Stade said that in his community, at least, the words are used quite commonly. Thus, another knotty question was raised over what is acceptable in which community under which particular social circumstances.

Film Criticism

Dick Brown, an instructor on the art of film at New York University considered the film criticisms in SCREW to be quite worthwhile. In most film reviews, the critic invents reasons why he liked or disliked a particular movie, but in SCREW, the critics present their initial gut responses. Not only that, but, according to Brown, they describe the condition of the theater in which the film is seen, thereby acknowledging the role of environment in the experiencing of a film. Again, Brown found the photos in SCREW not obscene compared with several movies he had seen. When asked by the Assistant D.A. about the obscenity of the Peter-Meter, a drawing of a penis in profile in varying states of erection in correspondence with the critic's assessment of the film under review, he thought it to be a graphic and original way of depicting the value of the film at a glance, but Brown would not recommend it for his students because each critic should find an original means of his own.

As of deadline time, this is as far as the SCREW trial has gone. Heaven willing, I hope to have the grand finale of the SCREW trial next week, which will include the testimony of GAY's managing editor, Peter Ogren, and the SCREW TWO themselves, Al Goldstein and Jim Buckley.

HORNYSCOPE

BY STORM NETHERLAND

The Jewish philosopher Philo, who lived in Alexandria in the time of Christ and made allegorical interpretations of the Old Testament, said, "There is some physical sympathy that makes earthly things depend upon the celestial."

ARIES the Ram (March 21-April 20)—Go get 'em this month. Your direct approach should work for you. Don't be so intent on your own gratification. Make sure your partner comes first. Today is a lucky day. A sophisticated walks into your life Sunday next.

TAURUS the Bull (April 21-May 21)—Be persistent. That love object will come around this month. You'll get fair return for all your

stunts. Somebody's trick will cause you trouble Friday.

GEMINI the Twins (May 22-June 21)—Swing over the Fourth, you born flirt! There will be lots of pre-coital play which you enjoy so much, but don't stop there. You're awfully good in theory; start July improving your performance.

CANCER the Crab (June 22-July 23)—The week augurs well for your finances, but don't overspend over the holiday. Taking the initiative this week can help overcome your native prudery. Your protective instincts come to the fore, but don't be alarmed by another's come-on-strong approach. Sock it to 'em.

LEO the Lion (July 24-Aug. 23)—Today is a lucky day for you in many ways. Try sweeping

that love object off his/her feet. Last month's low interest is still strong; don't let holiday exuberance upset a delicate balance. Control your powerful lust this week.

VIRGO the Maiden (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—Don't boast of a conquest unless you are prepared to live it all advertised. Try to understand the more powerful and less disciplined appetites of someone you are interested in, but keep your dignity this week.

LIBRA the Scales (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—You may attend to matters of prestige this week, up through the New Moon on Friday, but don't flaunt your physique or figure. You are asking for it, baby, and you are going to be an easy lay this week, but don't be conned. Try to arrange things on your terms.

SCORPIO the Scorpion (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—This is the time for the sensual you to take precedence over the sometimes ascendant prudish you. Really pull out all stops this weekend, but continue to be cautious about swimming or water sports. Think twice about a romantic entanglement. Readily admit to your "tramp" nature; it will save you and others emotional stress.

SAGITTARIUS the Archer (Nov. 23-Dec. 21)—Control that moving eye. A blood test or check-up before or just after this long weekend might be a good idea. Ponder whether you want to be a good lover or just get your rocks off. Someone worthwhile cares!

CAPRICORN the Goat (Dec. 22-Jan. 20)—Love is just around the corner; groovy sex is yours for the asking. But don't be so creative about your own emotional urges as well as physical. Your sulky companion will come around on Friday. Wednesday and Saturday are good for romance. Tuesday is bad for money.

AQUARIUS the Water Bearer (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—Tuesday is lucky for you in all matters, Thursday and Friday not so good. Your unorthodox lust after love objects of another race, age or religious background should be stemmed this week. Be careful of sex play in a public place, particularly on the beach.

PISCES the Fish (Feb. 20-March 20)—Be watchful of your purse now and throughout July. Don't sign anything you are not sure of. Don't let the feeling you are being neglected lead you into infidelities you really don't desire.

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FREE CATALOGUE! Hundreds of the latest male homosexual theme books, paperbacks, swinger magazines, movies, photo magazines, etc. TROJAN, Box 2121-NN, Philadelphia, Penna. 19103.

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WORLD'S LARGEST COCK. Giant 8" x 10", clear glossy photo. Fantastically stimulating 14" hard-on on handsome stud. All-time biggest cock, 7" circumference. Sent immediately first-class, sealed envelope with free catalog. \$3 from Box 153, NYC, 10022.

WHITE MALE, end thirties, would like relationship with intellectually-minded male in 20's. No queens, no hustlers. Kenneth Clark, 152 W. 42nd St., Suite 504, NYC, 10036.

GOOD-LOOKING, WELL-HUNG, butch male, 24, 5'6", 130 lbs., who is kind, intelligent and understanding, wishes to meet a 18 or under for physical fun or relationship. No experience necessary. Please send brief self-description to P.O. Box 186, Fort Hamilton St., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11209

BOYISH MALE MODEL, slim, hard, tanned, 5'11", 21, 145 lbs. Call noon to 10pm, 533-0045.

SHORT, DARK, GROOVY-LOOKING, bull hung, posing strap collector and fist f--- artist seeks muscular guys 35-45 who dig same scene for all night sessions. Photo, phone answered first. Box 634, Old Chelsea Sta., NYC, 10011.

MALE MODEL TYPES wanted for salaried positions, 18-28. Must be athletic, attractive, personable and versatile. Call bet. 4:30 pm and 5 pm Monday through Friday. 799-2967. Mr. Stevens.

MALE SLAVE WANTED - Experienced or inexperienced disciplined by understanding male master for complete obedience relationships. NY-Ohio. Send photo, qualifications. FRANK, P.O. Box 8711, Cleveland, Ohio 44135.

YOUNG GUY, 24, digs guys 18-30 for pleasure and friendship. Write and send photo to Occupant, P.O. Box 703, East Orange, N.J.

GAY ONLY - Tired of placing ads, paying models, cruising offbeat bars? Join our club for the very discreet, \$5 per year membership. INTERBORO, P.O. Box 66, St. Johns Pl. Sta., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11213.

WE CANT PROMISE you matchless performance, but we can promise you a good time. Two congenial guys in their 30's and 40's sharing an apartment, want to meet other males, 21-40, who like what goes on in a male relationship. Phone Ted, evenings, (914) 478-1766.

ATTRACTIVE GUY, (butch, 27, 6', 175 lbs.) wants to meet quiet, gay and affectionate boy (teens or early 20's) in the NYC/Jersey area for summer (or longer) "relationship." Experience not important. Sincere, discreet and safe. No hang-ups, just a great scene for both. Write in detail (with photo, if possible) to: Rog Craft, Box 22, Roselle, New Jersey, 07203. If you need a friend, write.

CUTE, BOYISH-LOOKING, slim, lean, tall, white masculine youth, 23, with sandy-blond hair and blue eyes desires to form real sincere, honest friendship with other similar fellows, 18-26. Photo appreciated. I'm 15 minutes from Greenwich Village. Write P.O. Box 1114, Fort Lee, New Jersey 07024.

ATTRACTIVE YOUNG MASTER for hire. Experienced and serious. 5'7", 135 lbs. Tel. CHARLES at 254-1335, 5-9pm or write to 12 E. 18th St., 2nd floor.

TOP S/M MODEL has photos of actual scenes. Will sell for first time. \$10/set. Address CHARLES KELL, 12 E. 18th St., 2nd floor.

CLASSIFIED ADS

CLASSIFIED AD RATES: 10 cents per word
MAIL TO: Four Swords, P.O. Box 431, Old Chelsea Station, NYC, NY 10011.

AMPUTEES, MALE - help those with similar losses to adjust. Become a buddy. Write Box 24, Fairlawn, New Jersey, now.

CABINETMAKER, CARPENTER, CRAFTSMAN, refinishing experience? Two groovy guys need help from hard-working, ambitious, trained, energetic third. Specialty contracting to designers, and architects. Possible ownership. Send work experience, photo, age, references to T.D.D., Personal, 24 E. Andrews Drive, N.W. Atlanta, Georgia 30305. Must want career.

THERE IS A CHURCH FOR YOU! Want to be with those who feel God knows no barriers? We're at 300 Ninth Ave., at 28th St., Father Robert, 292-6616.

CONFIDENTIAL PHOTOFINISHING by discreet professionals. Photograph your own models the way you like them. Send for price list. Armone, Box 12204C, San Diego, Calif. 92112

WILL YOU GIVE TIME to a Church that's for you? Can you sing, serve at the altar? Doing your thing may be our thing. Help us get started. 300 Ninth Ave. Call Father Robert, 292-6616.

WILLING TO PAY \$2,000 CASH for unfurnished rent-controlled apartment on East Side of Manhattan. Must have 1 bedroom, no 4th floor walk-ups, no lower East Side. Must be able to get lease from landlord. Apartment can be available anytime from present to November 1st. Please send details to RENTER, Box 431, NYC, 10011.

PETER PUZZLE

Edited by PETER OGREN

Some of the clues here are somewhat more difficult, though not impossible. Tricks might involve anagrams (letter rearrangements), answers hidden (spelled out) in the clues, and puns. Numbers following clues indicate number of letters in answer.

ACROSS:

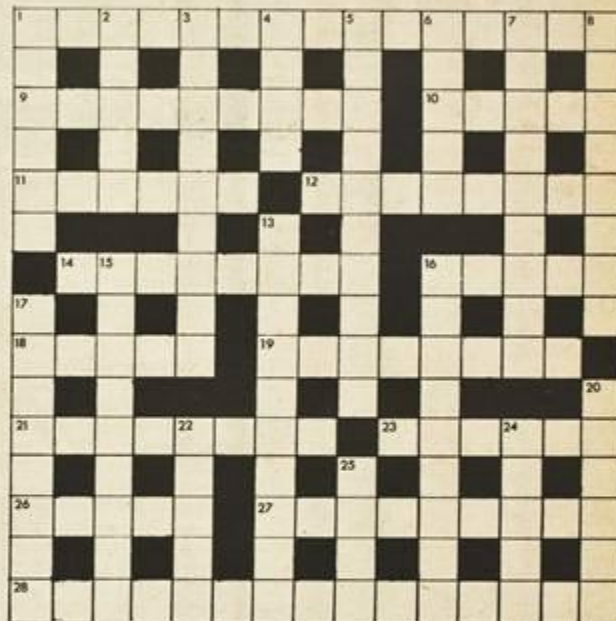
- Cock-slavery? Sounds like prison to me! (6-9)
- I've bosses oddly having one-tracked minds. (9)
- Michelangelo masterpiece. (5)
- Odd, sir, very odd, that you're so filthy! (6)
- "Sit on it" and cause this circular motion! (8)
- Merriment. (8)
- Where's the rasp? I keep it hidden with the big nail (5)
- Scratchy, but not necessarily crabby. (5)

- Blind meat search parties. (8)
- Boy Scout of Homosexual. (8)
- Call, elect. (6)
- Go on a bender one evening in Berlin. (5)
- That dream totally upset Alice's crazy friend (3-6)
- In favor of official rubdown? More like a rectal probe! (8-7)

DOWN:

- Marcel, the French novelist? A dizzy sprout, indeed! (6)
- S/M or military response. (2-3)
- Thay, how would you thay I thpoke? (9)
- Covering; that is, I've got you under mine. (4)
- Celebrated female impersonator. (3-7)

- Indianapolis? Part of it is around the world! (5)
- Revelation, as Salome might let you know. (9)
- Finish rage? Rather to put in peril! (8)
- A male deer as rug? Really a GM party arrangement! (4-6)
- GAY columnist Angelo d'— (9)
- Kneads his twisted back after encounter with London hoodlums. (9)
- Mt. Everest tent site? Ask Susan Sontag about that? (4-4)
- I refer in confusion to figure in Clay Shaw case. (6)
- He can't abide that French douchbow! (5)
- Ancient port of Rome. (5)
- Don't you give a damn about that Michael Parks role? (4)



(Answer in GAY 24)

Answer to PETERPUZZLE 21

C	L	O	S	E	T	A	C	D	C
E	S	R	U	A	H				
N	I	C	H	O	L	S	H	A	E
T	A	S	U	P	R				
R	A	R	A	B	O	R	G	Y	R
A									
L	P	I	L	E	H	U	N	G	
P	R	O	B	L	R				
A	R	I	K	I	N	G	T	W	D
R	C	Y	A	R	V				
K	I	K	E	N	G	A	G	E	



Listen, we can't copy their games all the time! Let's play trucks, OK?

MAIL (continued from page 6)
by that printer's slip, and good luck throughout the summer to you and all the others at the Town House.

Sincerely,
JOHN FRANCIS HUNTER
Ed. Note: The Editors apologize for this typographical error.

TEXAS APPEAL FUND

Dear GAY:
Your readers should know that the North American Conference of Homophile Organizations (NACHO), is preparing to intervene as amicus curiae in all three of the appeals to the United States Supreme Court in the Buchanan case, not just in two of them as stated in my previous letter to you.

You will remember that this is the case which resulted in the Texas sodomy statute's being declared unconstitutional by a unanimous federal district court in Dallas. If the NACHO is successful in these appeals, it will remove in one fell swoop the sodomy laws from the statute books of every state in the country which punishes sodomy between consenting adults in private. The three appeals involved are the one instituted by the State of Texas against the Dallas decision and the two cross appeals, one of them filed by Travis Lee Strickland, the homosexual intervenor in the case and the other by Alvin Leon Buchanan, the original defendant, who is still in prison.

It is now also clear that the costs of

these actions are likely to run in the neighborhood of from \$3,500 to \$4,000, not \$1,500 as originally estimated, and it is hoped that contributors to this worthwhile cause will be guided accordingly. One reason for the greatly increased expenses is that the original estimate did not include the figure of almost \$1,000 required for bail money so that Buchanan can be released from jail. Another is that the printing costs are coming to substantially more than originally estimated. (All briefs to the U.S. Supreme Court must be printed, and these are costing about \$13.00 per page.) Your readers should be reminded that all three of the attorneys in the case are working without any remuneration.

This appeal has already become the homosexual case of this generation, and its outcome bids fair to settle the legal fate of homosexuals in this country for years to come. Everyone opposed to man's inhumanity to man, whether homosexual or heterosexual, owes an obligation to contribute to this cause.

Very sincerely yours,
Austin Wade, Chairman, legal committee
North American Conference of Homophile Organizations
Editor's Note: GAY will act as a collection center for those who wish to contribute toward the cost of the appeal. Please make your check payable to HENRY J. McCLUSKEY, and send to Texas Fund, Four Swords, Inc., P.O. Box 431, Old Chelsea Sta., N.Y., N.Y. 10011.

WHAT DO YOU LOOK LIKE?

Dear GAY:
Thanks for letting us get a peek at one of your staff members, Ian J. Tree, on the cover of GAY. Groovy. This may sound a little superficial, but we think it would make everybody a little more confident of you guys if we knew what you and your key writers looked like. We mean, is "Man About Town" John Francis Hunter who covers the bars a dragon who could not make out in a dark tunnel or is he as groovy as he sounds? You get the impression both he and Angelo d'Arcangelo (the plumbing expert) are people you'd like to ball, but are they either too wretched to be pictured or in hiding while urging everybody else out of the closet? Well? Cock shots would not be necessary (though preferable). A faithful face shot would be fine.

Think about this; we are your fans.
Yours truly,
Al & Doug Hollywood, Calif.

Ed. Note: GAY will be printing more pics of our writers, who are, by the way, a humpy bunch.

WAINWRIGHT CHURCHILL TO RANDOLFE WICKER

Dear Mr. Wicker:
Quite by chance I received a copy of GAY (March 29, 1970) in which I found your review of my book HOMOSEXUAL

BEHAVIOR AMONG MALES. No author could fail to be moved by so favorable a review, and I am no exception. It was not, however, this fact alone that has prompted this letter to you. What impressed me most was the insightfulness of your comments and especially the fact that your review gave a far more balanced and accurate account of my book than most others have done. Most, unfortunately, have dwelt at length on the single chapter which I devoted to the subject of homosexuality and mental health thus leaving the reader with the misimpression that mine was a psychiatric book on the subject. We have had enough of those. What I tried to do was to give a much more balanced, and therefore accurate, account of the subject. You perceived this and conveyed it in your review. Thank you. It is gratifying to be understood.

I was also impressed by several other articles in GAY (especially that of Paul Goodman) and have, under separate cover, sent a check in the amount of \$20 to cover the cost of 52 issues.

Cordially yours,
Wainwright Churchill
Rome Italy

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

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"BAR BEACH" Hot Mystery Film starring Rick Durham, Jimi Feelgood, Miles Jordan & Dan Shearer. The next time you pick up a hitchhiker, perhaps you will have the same luck that our two young travelers have when they pick up two hitchhikers and proceed on a wild romp in the sun, surf and sand.

"TRAVELING SALESMAN" starring John Geary, Howard Stern & Frank Ford. The wish of every lonely travelling salesman.

"NITTY GRITTY" starring Gerald Christensen, Sonny Earl, John Frazer, Joe Maggio, Dennis Proulx, Jim Steward, Chuck Williams and Mike Woodland. This star-studded film is a sequel to "La Dolce Vita".

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THE SKIN GAME

The Chinese called 1969 the Year of the Cock --- and last season on the Broadway stage it was!

THOSE BUTCH BIKE BOYS

An exciting article on the phenomenon of the leather-bike cult. Meet Messrs. SuperLeather, Leather Cowboy, Anti-Leather, S & M, and others.

LIEBESTOD - THE LOVE-DEATH

It was 1865 when Crown Prince Ludwig of Bavaria, then 15, first heard the music of Richard Wagner, and there began a fascinating love affair. What went on at Nuschwanstein?

INMATE

Keith Donovan, a university student in Florida, is our centerpiece this issue; and when you see Keith, you'll want to frame him.

IN N.Y.C.

The up-to-date where-to-go spots in "Pan City, U.S.A."

AND THE HISTORY OF MY LIFE IS IN MY SONGS

An anniversary approach --- an intimate and revealing portrait of the beauty of... Judy!

BEAUTY AND THE BEACH

Photographically, this guy's got the beach beat!

IN MADNESS

A fashion spectacular --- featuring a trio of groovy guys in the clothes of Hollywood's Jon Shannon.

FICTION

A most sensual story of an American writer's discovery in Italy. "How do you put into words what can be best expressed without words?" The author asks and does.

PLUS:

Reviews, Special Features, the Osmat.

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE:

2 GIRLS 2 MATCH THE MOUNTAINS!

Two of the most beautiful "drag" in the world take you on a trip that'll blow your mind!

FARMER IN THE DELL

This Dell is a guy, and the farm may be your haystack.

INMATE

A mystery (Inmate you'll be seeing much, much more of.

IN EL PASO-JUAREZ

Gaylife at the crossroads of Southwest U.S.A.

IN GOES TO A WEDDING

This marriage makes Tiny Tim's lame --- photographed exclusively for IN.

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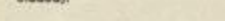
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GROPING AROUND

GAY CALENDAR

Monday, June 29: "Homosexual News rebroadcast of 6/26, WBAI-FM (99.5), 11:30 a.m.

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

Tuesday, June 30: Mattachine Society discussion and dance at Trocadero, 180 Christopher St., 8 p.m. Donation \$1.00

Benefit Ball for Rae Bourbon Defense Fund, Riverside Plaza, 10 p.m. Performances by over 25 big names in female impersonation. Tickets at \$5, \$10, \$15, \$20 and \$25 are available at the door.

Wednesday, July 1: Regular meeting of the West Side Discussion Group, Church of the Holy Apostles (9th Ave. & 28th St.), 8 p.m. Donation \$1.50. Topic for tonight: "Who Wears the Pants in a Gay Marriage." There is also a free blood test clinic in cooperation with the city Department of Health before the meeting (discretion assured).

Thursday, July 2: N.Y. Daughters of Bilitis regular meeting at the Corduroy Club, 240 W. 38th St., 8 p.m. Women only. Donation \$1.50.

Gay Activists Alliance regular meeting, Church of the Holy Apostles (28th St. & 9th Ave.), 8 p.m. Donation 50 cents.

Friday, July 3: "Homosexual News on WBAI-FM (99.5), 8:15 p.m.

Sunday, July 5: Gay Liberation Front regular meeting at the Church of the Holy Apostles (28th St. & 9th Ave.), 8 p.m.

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

Homosexuals Intransigent (HI!), c/o Jay L. Friend, Box 515, Elmhurst, N.Y. 11373.

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

Mattachine Society, Inc. of New York 243 West End Ave., NYC, 10023. Tel. (212) 799-0916. Office open every night except Sunday, from 6-9pm, and Saturdays from 2-5pm.

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

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

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

Philadelphia Action Committee for Equality (PACE) 1511 Pine St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19103. Telephone (215) K1 6-8929

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

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

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

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

BEST BETS

COMPILED BY JOHN FRANCIS HUNTER

(Presently listing Manhattan, Southern California, Boston and New England)

Key:
 **** Highly Recommended and Reviewed at Length in Previous Issues
 *** Almost as Highly Recommended, Reviewed, Fourth Star Withheld on Subjective Basis
 ** Popular, Reviewed and/or Visited Recently
 * O.K., Probably Visited
 (When no stars appear it may simply mean the spot has not yet been reviewed in a GAY article.)

Int.: Integrated, meaning there is a highly desirable mix of Gays of all sexes and Straights

GF: Gay Genital Females predominantly

GM: Gay Genital Males predominantly

in MANHATTAN try:

Alternate U. Gay Liberation Front Saturday Night Dance, 530 6th Ave. (14th St.) Genital Females, Genital Males, some integration of Gay and Straight revolutionaries ****

Beacon Baths, 227 E. 45th St., a best buy. ****

Candy Store, 44 W. 56th; for meeting out-of-towners; GMs ***

Carr's, 10th off Bleecker; GM

Continental Baths, 230 W. 74th, ****

Danny's, 139 Christopher, Int.

Finale, 48 Barrow, restaurant; Int. ****

Five Oaks, 49 Grove, restaurant ****

Gianni's, 19th St. bet. 5th & 6th Aves.; GFs **

Harry's, 3rd Ave. bet. 80th & 81st; GMs ****

Haven, 1 Sheridan Sq.; dancing, fruit juice, private; Int. ***

Kookie's, 149 W. 14th; GFs **

Royal Roost, Cornelia n. Bleecker, restaurant; GMs **

Sanctuary, 407 W. 43rd; GMs, some Int. ***

Stable Inn, 17 Barrow, restaurant; too new to tell

Stud (International Bar), Greenwich STREET at Perry; GMs ***

Tenth of Always, 82 W. 3rd; dancing, private, after hours; GMs ***

Tor, 21 Greenwich AVE., restaurant; Int. **

Wine Cellar, 531 Hudson, restaurant; Int. ****

Yukon, 53rd bet. Lexington & 3rd, restaurant; GMs ***

Zoo, 421 W. 13th; GMs ****

in SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA, don't miss:

Arena, 5574 Melrose, Hollywood; GMs ****

Corral Baths, Cahuenga Blvd., North Hollywood; GMs ****

Farm, Santa Monica Blvd. bet. La Cienega & La Brea; GMs, some Int. ****

Gallery Inn, Ventura Blvd., San Fernando Valley, restaurant; GMs **

Golden Bull, City of S.M., restaurant; GMs ****

Lillian's, W. side of LaBrea, S. of Sunset, Hollywood, restaurant; Int. **

Oar House, City of S.M.; inadvertently Int. **

Por Favor, Santa Monica Blvd. E. of Robertson, restaurant; GMs, some Int. ****

Sewers of Paris, 1608 N. Cosmo Alley, Hollywood; GMs

Sister George, 9105 Sunset Blvd., W. Hollywood; GFs

Stampede, Santa Monica Blvd. W. of Fairfax; GMs

In BOSTON, here's the itinerary:

Cave, 20 Boylston; GMs ****

Edwardian, 21 Broad St., restaurant; Integrated afternoons GMs ****

Jacques, 75 Broadway; colorful mixture of Gay GF and Gay GM, but redolent of Syndicate; **
La Grange Baths, La Grange St.; new, clean, cozy; GMs

Locke-Ober Men's Bar, 3 Winter Place, not overtly gay, lots of GMs fooling themselves; ***

Mario's, upstairs corner of Shawmut and Broadway; ecch!

Napoleon Club, 52 Piedmont; elegant mirrored salons on several levels, lustful cruising gentlemen in coats-and-ties, informal Sundays, always friendly; GMs ****

Other Side, 76 Broadway; dancing, psychedelic lighting, huge room, minimum, lots of action but scattered; GMs **

Playland, 19 Essex St.; in heart of Combat Zone, Boston's tenderloin, and typically awful, but fun for slumming; GMs *

Regency Baths, Regency St.; gaining in popularity, unbelievable total of 135 cubicles reported, not counted by this reporter; GMs

Shed, S&M, but not terribly uptight about it, far friendlier than NY's Tool Box, about as amusing as Den; GMs **

Sporter's, 235 Cambridge St.; Harry's Back East of Boston, where everyone goes and most of the time grooves; GMs ****

Twelve Carver, 12 Carver, of course; out of another era, a little forlorn save for the new talent trying to make a go of it in the spirit of late owner Phil Bayonne; GMs ***

NEW ENGLAND

(No starrng system applied to these spots, as in some cases that's all there is in the vicinity and whoever is in the neighborhood goes.)

Ogunquit, Maine:

Poor Richard's, restaurant

Portsmouth, New Hampshire:

Sagamore

Providence, Rhode Island:

Crown Coffee Shop, 206 Weyboset

Kublai Khan, 129 Weyboset

Provincetown, Massachusetts:

(Bars, except where indicated, are on main thoroughfare, Commercial St., or just off it. Every bar & restaurant in this civilized, advanced community are all INTEGRATED, of course. The Portuguese majority is indifferent to sexual "unorthodoxy" and expects everyone to be considerate of each other, living and letting live.)

Ace of Spades, comes and goes as favorite hangout for GFs, depending on whims of owner, Fran

Atlantic House (Little room), on a quaint mews is second oldest inn in town, with two celebrated heterosexual beauties behind bar who ring everyone's bell as you ring theirs by tipping

Cellar Bar, Crown & Anchor Hotel, intimate and integrated

Edwardian Room, Crown & Anchor, integrated and out-and-out gay dancing until late June, when Edwardian becomes integrated show room starring the great Arthur Blake, friendly and fun Ray at bar **Hip Gazebo**, Crown & Anchor, where the dancing will be transferred after Edwardian's transition & Boston's Sylvia Sidney will conduct cocktail shows on weekends

Madeira Club, Pilgrim House Hotel, integrated show room, top on Cape Cod, once one of the great cabaret theatres on Eastern Seaboard where Laugh-In people got their start, will feature acts from Puerto Rico July 4-Labor Day

Moors, far West on Bradford St. to highway, restaurant; sing-along at 5:00 after all-day beach orgies a daily stop for everyone

Pilgrim House Hotel, oldest inn in town, where Henry David Thoreau once slept with, we might assume, as much pleasure & joy as do the mobs of young bucks, aunts, etc., from all over U.S. & Canada, integrated, somewhat primitive facilities, at-home feeling provided by thoughtful, generous owners

Town House, complex including restaurant and Back Bar for Gay GMs with Ron Scott at piano and beautiful garden fenced with roses; **Downstairs Bar** for Gay GFs only; **Galleria Bar**, fully integrated

NATIONAL DIRECTORY

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

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

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

Daughters of Bilitis, Inc. For information write DOB, 1005 Market St., San Francisco, Calif. 94103. Telephone (415) 861-8689. In Los Angeles, DOB meets the last Tuesday of every month at 7:30pm; write P.O. Box 3237, Hollywood, Calif. 90028. In New York, phone (212) 566-8865. Women only.

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

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

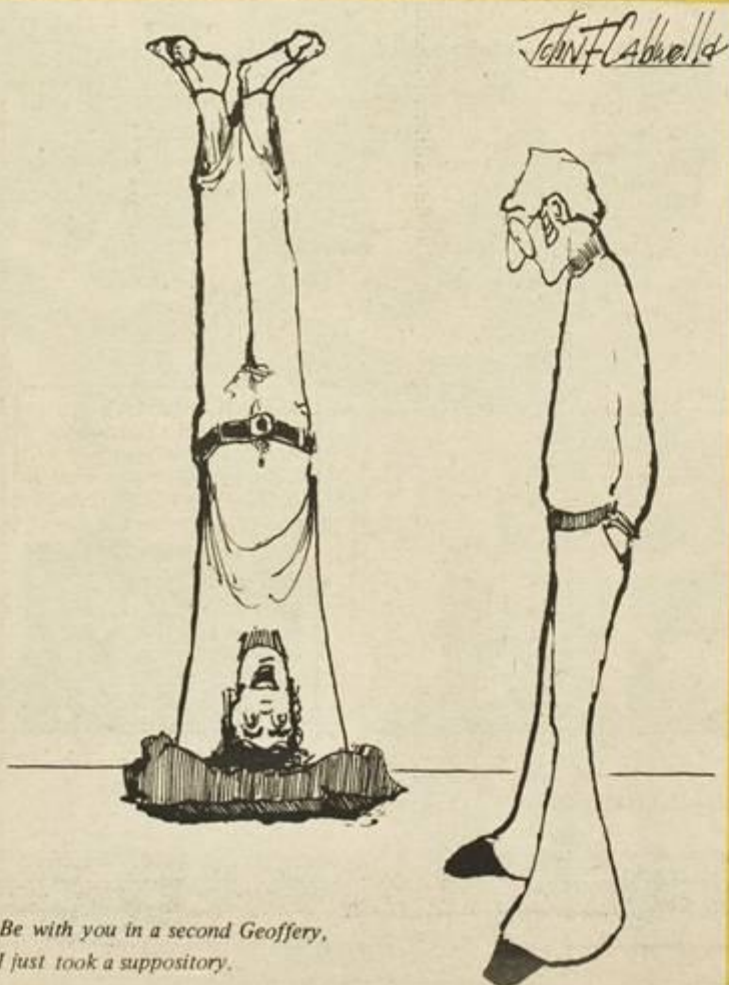
Gay Activists Alliance, P.O. Box 2, Village Station, NYC, 10014. Tel. (212) 691-2748.

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

GLF of Philadelphia, 230 South St., Philadelphia, Pa. Telephone (215) EV 6-8728 or MA 7-3980. Meetings Fridays at 8 p.m.

Homophile Action League, 1321 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. Telephone (215) 567-5406 or 737-9073

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



Be with you in a second Geoffery,
I just took a suppository.

