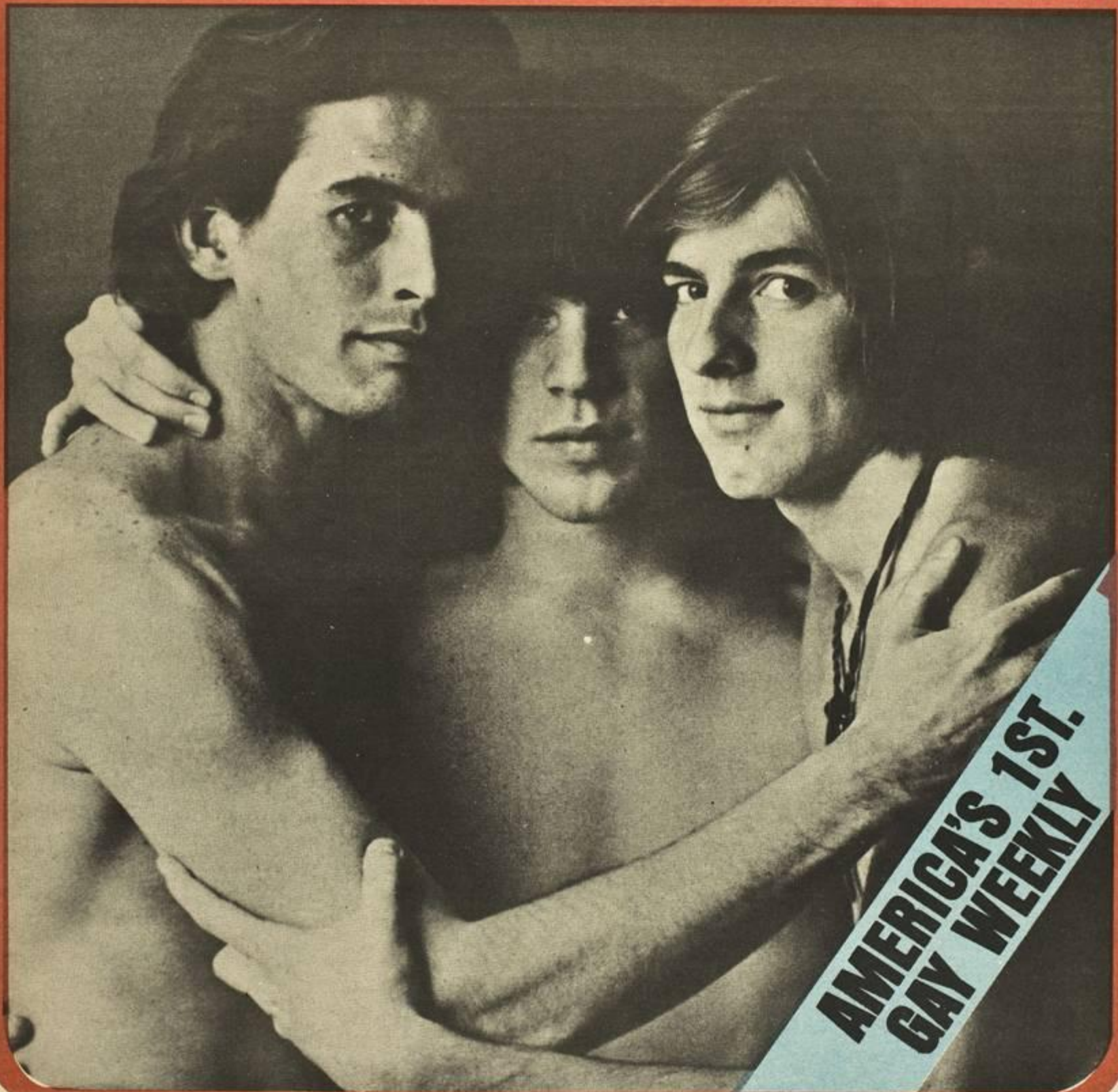


MORE PLACES TO GO, P.4

GAY

40¢
OUT OF
NYC 75¢

NO. 23



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

THE DIRTIEST SHOW IN TOWN, P.10

R. A. DOW, PAUL-MATTHEW ECKHART, AND BRADFORD RILEY STAR IN "THE DIRTIEST SHOW IN TOWN"

The Editors Speak:

JUNE 28, 1970

We stood on the hill in Central Park's Sheep Meadow (after a splendid walk in the afternoon sun from Greenwich Village up 5th Ave.), our shirts off, our voices hoarse from cheering. Tears broke over our eyelids as we watched wave after wave of humanity pouring into the Park and climbing the hill, arms waving, laughing, healthy, proud! The conservative *Daily News* estimated that 10,000 homosexual men and women were present. The front page report in the *New York Times* gave figures ranging between 3,000 and 20,000. Gay Pride Week was over, but a great new step in the sexual revolution had begun. Thousands of men and women had demonstrated as never before that they were of a new breed: self-accepting, militant, and joyful. It was a mind-staggering, awesome outpouring of affirmation and pride by young and old from every walk of life.

GAY will bring you in-depth reports on this never-to-be-forgotten day in the next two issues. We are awaiting reports from our brothers and sisters on the West Coast too, where Christopher Street West commemorated the Stonewall Uprising in 1969.

BELLA ABZUG'S VICTORY

We are thrilled by the victory of Mrs. Bella Abzug, Democratic Congressional candidate for Manhattan's 19th District. Her outspoken and courageous approach to pressing social concerns recommends her to thinking people everywhere. Whether addressing herself to ending the Indochinese conflict or to women's rights or gay rights, she brings a direct and heartfelt sincerity to her pledges which spring from two sources: integrity and ability.

The Gay Activists Alliance worked hard to educate voters about Mrs. Abzug's qualifications. This newspaper's news columns and editorials have stood directly behind her. We do not doubt that she will now support measures designed to assure equality for homosexuals from her well-deserved seat in the Congress of the United States.

RAO LOSES TO KOCH

We are also pleased to see that Congressman Edward I. Koch defeated anti-homosexual campaigner Paul P. Rao, Jr. Congressman Koch has demonstrated increasing concern with the civil liberties for homosexuals in recent months, and on more than one occasion has spoken openly in defense of those liberties. In spite of Rao's vigorous poster campaign Congressman Koch inflicted a crushing defeat on his "non-masturbating" opponent (See GAY no. 15). "Oh well," quipped SCREW's editor, Al Goldstein, "at least Rao was good for one thing: the poster industry."

IS THERE HOPE FOR THE GOVERNOR?

Howard Samuels, who gave support to gay rights only during the last days of his campaign, lost to Arthur Goldberg in the Democratic primaries for the post of Governor. Had he issued his statement on homosexual equality at an earlier date, the gay vote might very well have closed the narrow margin by which he lost.

Arthur Goldberg, thus far, has taken no notice of the homosexual community. Since he is a renowned civil libertarian, we can hope he will issue a statement supporting homosexual equality in the near future. Perhaps the Gay Activists Alliance and other well-meaning advisors should help him to see the wisdom of such a statement.

It is obvious that Governor Nelson Rockefeller has no interest in rectifying corruption rampant in the State Liquor Authority, and that he may, in fact, be in collusion with those maintaining underworld strangleholds on gay bars. Nelson Rockefeller has shown no interest in reforming the State's sodomy laws, and has allowed harassment of homosexuals in Buffalo and other parts of the state to go unchecked.

Columnists: Dick Leitch, Angelo d'Attagiolo, Lilli Vincenz, Randolph Wicker, John Francis Hunter, Jan J. Tree, Stefan Vrek, Peter Ogren, John P. LeRoy, Gregory Battcock.

The official views of this newspaper are expressed in The Editors Speak. Opinions expressed in by-lined columns, letters, and cartoons, however, are those of the writers and artists and do not necessarily represent the opinions of GAY.

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DEAR ABBY SAYS "GAYS NOT SICK!"

Los Angeles, Calif.—Nationally syndicated advice-to-the-lovelorn newspaper columnist Abigail van Buren recently printed in her "Dear Abby" column an answer to the question, "In your opinion, is homosexuality a disease?"

She replied, "No! It is the inability

to love at all which I consider an emotional illness. Meaning that I do not regard the homosexual as 'sick.' Rather the person who is incapable of loving at all is, in my opinion, the 'sick' one."

Abby has also given space in her column to answer absurd causation theories advanced by amateur

psychologists. One such theory postulated that lesbianism is caused by breast feeding female infants by their mothers. The gentleman advancing the theory described himself as a 39-year old bachelor. "I am not crazy," he wrote.

Abby said, "You may not be crazy, but your theory sounds crazy to me. For

thousands of years before the invention of bottles and nipples all babies were breast-fed. If this caused lesbianism in women, how could the human race have survived? Also, how do you account for breast-fed boy babies who turn out to be rip-roaring homosexuals? Sorry, your theory doesn't hold water or milk."

GLF SPURS U. OF MICH. CONTROVERSY

Detroit, Mich.—A woman publicly attacked the Gay Liberation Front and the administration of the University of Michigan here, for a GLF dance held recently using university facilities.

In a letter to the editor of the Detroit News, Mary G. Watts said the dance marked "a new low in the misuse of University facilities."

She said the university's president, Robben W. Fleming, should have prevented the use of the university for the dance. "Taxpayers built the university's facilities at an average cost of \$2,000 per student per year. Taxpayers also pay for destruction perpetrated by students," she said in her letter.

The letter continued: "We have watched the school's administration buy peace at any price from militant groups. Apparently the Gay Liberation Front got the same treatment."

"How long will taxpayers put up with this sort of thing? This is the most disgraceful situation yet!" concluded the letter.

PROVINCETOWN COUNCIL DENIES PERMIT

Provincetown, Mass.—The Provincetown Selectmen (Town Council) have summarily denied a request by gay liberation groups for a July 4th marching permit.

The request gave Selectmen Chairman, Marion Taves, an opportunity for "wisecracks." Said Taves, "Are they coming on a ferry boat?"

Taves, in a telephone interview with GAY, said that there were, in his opinion, two types of homosexuals: (1) those who are well-mannered and (2) cheap exhibitionistic types.

"July Fourth would have been a poor day to 'perform,'" continued Taves, "... er, I mean, march. When the request first came before the Council, no gays appeared to defend it. We didn't know what sort of group intended to descend on the town. We were afraid it might be just a bunch of the cheap exhibitionistic types who wanted to horse around."

"Were you aware of the anti-homosexual implications of your 'ferry boat' remark?" asked GAY.

"Oh," said Taves, "some of my best friends are gay. I know every gay boy from here to the West Coast... well, almost every one. Ever since I was a little boy we've always called the gay boys 'fairies.' That's just taken for granted

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July 13, 1970, Volume 1, Number 23



GAY's Managing Editor Peter Ogren talks with Bella Abzug at the Streisand party (photo by Eric Stephen Jacobs)

BELLA ABZUG, GAY RIGHTS CANDIDATE, WINS PRIMARY

New York, N.Y. (June 23, 1970)—Mrs. Bella Abzug, the only politician in New York history to openly solicit the gay vote (see GAY News and Editorials in Issues 18, 19 and 21) has won the Democratic nomination for the 19th Congressional District Seat in the U.S. House of Representatives. Mrs. Abzug defeated Congressman Leonard Farbstein, a veteran of 14 years in the House. According to final unofficial returns from Manhattan's West and Lower Sides, her victory was assured by a margin of nearly 3,000 votes (17,341 to 14,642).

Mrs. Abzug is virtually assured of final victory in autumn because the 19th district is heavily Democratic. Her concern for civil liberties for homosexuals and her activities on behalf of harassed gay youths have demonstrated beyond a shadow of a doubt Mrs. Abzug's sincerity as well as her intention to oppose anti-homosexual laws and ordinances.

"I think the question of police harassment is an outrage!" said Mrs. Abzug to an enthusiastic audience at the Gay Activists Alliance. "I favor activity in behalf of your efforts specifically in the area of discrimination in employment." An audience of nearly 200 gay men and women gave her a standing ovation.

5 GAY ACTIVISTS ARRESTED IN SIT-IN

New York, N.Y.—Five members of the Gay Activists Alliance were arrested June 24th after a seven hour sit-in at the offices of the Republican State Committee. The sit-in occurred because the Republican State Committeeman chairman refused to meet with a representative of GAA and a representative of the press to discuss GAA's six demands. The Republican State Committee was chosen, a GAA spokesman said, because Governor Nelson Rockefeller has refused to speak out on homosexual issues and has made himself inaccessible to his homosexual constituency. GAA demanded that the Republican State Committee adopt its demands and use its influence on Rockefeller and the state legislature to have them enacted into law.

The six demands GAA is making on the Republican State Committee are repeal of the New York State sodomy and solicitation laws, an end to police enticement and entrapment statewide, a state fair employment law outlawing discrimination on the basis of sexual orientation, an end to the bonding companies' practice of denying bonds to homosexuals, an investigation of the State Liquor Authority, and an end to the harassment of gay bars throughout the state.

The demonstrators sitting in the offices were supported by an angry group of thirty demonstrators in front of the building carrying signs reading "50 Gays Fired from Wall St.," "Halt Job Discrimination Now," "Gay is Good," and "America Grow Up." Chants of "2-4-6-8, gay is just as good as straight," "3-5-7-9, lesbians are mighty fine," and "Say it loud, Gay is proud" echoed along East 56th Street and could be heard on the twelfth floor offices of the Republican State Committee.

When members of GAA entered the offices, they requested a meeting to present their demands. John Glendinning, Financial Director of the Republican State Committee, said that the person to see was Charles Lanigan, the State Chairman, but that Lanigan was out of town and unable to be reached. He suggested writing a letter to ask for an appointment. The demonstrators announced they were going to sit in the offices until a meeting was arranged.

Although Glendinning insisted there was no one there to whom the demonstrators could address their grievances or talk with about arranging an appointment, it was learned that Wilma Rogalin, vice chairman of the Republican State Committee was in the offices during part of the sit-in. But she did not speak to the demonstrators and her identity was not revealed until after she left the offices. When asked why the Vice Chairman was not asked by Glendinning

(continued on page 12)

SUMMER IN THE CITY:

Barfly's Baedeker

Manhattan's Haunts & Hideaways

PHOTOS BY KEN GAUL

BY JOHN FRANCIS HUNTER

(Reviewed or alluded to in this issue: Julius; GLF Dance at Alternate U.; The Barn; Haven; Together; Sanctuary; T. Goldfarb's; Country Cousin; Cinderella; Hippalrome; Beacon Baths; Victor's Quarters; Roundtable; Bigoubi; Sandi's; Joe Allen; Jimmy Ray's; Tool Box; Downey's; Big Spender; Stable Inn; Stage Forty-Five.)

You do hang on to our every word, don't you, heeding our advice, trusting, avoiding ratholes like Julius (there's no apostrophe on the window, so the place is Julius, like Arthur was Arthur) and moving spiritually in the direction of the GLF Dances at Alternate U.? You wish, with us, to find an alternative to exploitative, syndicate-run bistros where police payoff is the rule and where you do your body disservice as you submit your spirit to humiliation, don't you? You are going to the bars less frequently, aren't you, having wised up from our philosophical attitude toward the gay night life, realizing bar life is captivity and only a free gay is a happy gay, love is not built on brief encounters, and the lips that touch wine cannot touch mine, et cetera? Bullshit! If you're a confirmed hedonist nobody's going to change you unless it's Mr. Right. So read on, Jack...

Devotees Take Note
TRASHY BAR OF THE WEEK award goes to *The Barn* at 26 Ninth Avenue. *Whew!* That back room is like the Black Pit of Calcutta. I do not know whether they took their clothes off in the original Black Pit and sucked and fucked and circle-jerked, but I know it was steamy hot like that and smelled of musky bodies, ran all night, and must have been a little bit of heaven. You go up on an elevator, six at a time, to a huge



Sardi's: Suit and tie strangulation

room above the old Triangle Bar, and a jolly chap says, "Be sure to watch your wallets." That inspires confidence. But it's only two bucks minimum which gets you two drinks, fellas. You toss them down extra fast to bolster yourself for the big walk through the little door into the flatiron-shaped room, ogling the cock posters all around the wall, pretending you are either a buyer or art critic from Fifty-Seventh St., chatting with your friends who have already been in the little back room and who are zipping up, wiping the come off their chins, standing in line to pee (open door policy, your back visible to the entire room, so it takes a lot longer), and facing the window fan with the intensity of a Moslem bowing toward Mecca. Then you take the leap. You are never heard from again.

They're Not All Trashy
DECENT BAR OF THE WEEK award goes to *Haven*, 1 Sheridan Square, a private club. Some time ago we established our criteria for what makes a better gay bar, recognizing the inevitability of your going to them if you're not heavy with lover or child. We included (1) a happy atmosphere as opposed to gloomy, (2) touted mixing over posing, (3) expressed our loathing for out-and-out exploitation of a minority's need to congregate by charging outrageous prices, and (4) plunked for eventual gay and straight integration as an ultimate good. Among the first spots in Manhattan we extolled was *Together*, at 308 E. Fifty-ninth, where we found "the flesh... tender, the look Unisexual... fun the rule... everyone welcome... if you respect each other's bag" and rated it, of course, Four Stars. Now *Together* has a successor to the fruit juice bar crown and is located where such an operation is likely to be most needed if we are to cool ever so little the tempers already boiling toward a turbulent if not

tragic summer: in the Village, bailiwick of the young.

This private *Haven* in the West Village, not far from the shuttered *Stonewall* (which has become a kind of shrine of the Gay Liberation movement) will attract teenagers and those who seek their energetic company. It is not only perfectly located to attract the droves of wandering young with no place to go, it is hospitable in a variety of ways. For instance, it has an elaborate up-to-the-minute sound system, complete with light-sound console that blends the pitches and peaks of audio-visual excitement as the frenzy of striplings' dancing builds. Lighting expert Francis, late of the *Sanctuary*, is at the board with his Thor touch.

You Make Friends Here

The *Haven* is different from the *Sanctuary*, by the way, especially in that it is a place for meeting people, and the *Sanctuary* is a showroom essentially where you make only theatrical contact. Corner seats, tiers of cushioned bleachers, niches and nooks, a sunken dance floor—all combine to bring *Haven* members intimately together. Ethereal, if murky, murals by Rick Kessler at one and the same time close in and expand the arena room. They are rather mind-blowing. Two bars, one for mugs of fruit juice and tumblers of soft drinks, the other for hamburgers, are conveniently located for service and vantage-point cruising.

Nickie, the owner, is himself young and hunkie and restless to go places and do things. He believes in giving his guests their money's worth, welcoming them with smiles and inducements such as admitting the first fifty or so without minimum. The minimum is the same as at other discotheques of this kind: on weekends three bucks for two drinks, and no one pushes you to have another orange-pineapple. You can undulate until 7:00 a.m., since no booze is served and it's a private club, don't forget. You may have trouble getting in, but Tex at the door is gentlemanly. Tell him we sent you.

A Dining Out Find

GREAT GAY RESTAURANT OF THE WEEK award goes to *T. Goldfarb's*, Seventh Ave. at Bleecker, which after a few week's operation now rates a full four stars and rivals the *Country Cousin* for excellent food. Service is far better than at the C.C., especially if a waiter's smile pleases you. The maitre d' smiles, too. He'll conduct you to the alluring Sixth Century Greek-muralled back room with the huge cushions around the wall. It's for light making out to the music of a brilliant uptown musical director-pianist doing it for summer relaxation. You may not want to tear yourself away to go dine—Edward and the atmosphere are so very engaging. So dine first, and feel like a sultan or whatever the Greek equivalent is, as you lounge with a full stomach. *T. Goldfarb's* has it. Can't miss. Go often and invite your friends.

Or So We Thought!

It is some kind of measure of success when you begin to inspire a little controversy among your friends and colleagues over your evaluations of bars and restaurants and disagreement as to your star-rating system? Having found myself as someone who's supposedly devoted to the pleasure principle (whereas I am only a part-time hedonist, being a split personality), I am faced with



Jimmy Ray's: A place for good lays?



The Haven: A Fruit-Juicer's Heaven



Make out at the Haymarket while the moon shines!

the choice of giving up my beat or defending my position. Now, an Aries has never been known to shy away from an "academic" argument...

Our managing editor and a sizeable party of his friends assembled at *T. Goldfarb's* shortly after I had turned in the preceding copy wherein this new restaurant was touted as "Great Gay Restaurant of the Week," and they found the food all but inedible. Wow! And after I had gotten the word from two friends just returned from a gourmet tour of Eire that it was fine, too. I admit to being one of those who eats to live, much like my Alabama step-father who was happy as long as his favorite dishes were on the table morning, night and noon. (Ripe figs, rice and pickled peaches being among those delights—also a fruit compote he called ambrosia.) If the food tastes good to me, there's plenty of it, and I like my surroundings, I guess I think a restaurant deserves praise in the *Guide Michelin*. Anyway, there's good reason to believe the *Goldfarb's* regular chef was off the night Peter and company paid their visit,

and since I learned from another gastronome that the bouef bourguignonne sauce the kitchen put out the very next night was the best he'd ever tasted, I must leave the *T. Goldfarb's* matter hanging for you to decide for yourself.

One loyal reader insists I haven't done right by the *Five Oaks*, another swears the *Country Cousin* is no longer what I have claimed it to be. *C'est la cuisine!*

A Champagne Opening

John Britt opened his new *Cinderella* at 82 W. Third recently, and there again I found myself at odds with other staff members invited to swill champagne and check out the clientele. I thought the group present was as colorful as Jacob's coat, made up of a healthy mix of GFs and GMs and somewhat integrated as I read it. They were dancing up a storm when I got there and having a ball, and while the interior is no more glamorous than most other little dance bars, the walk down Third alone turns me on. I'll go back and dig it. Two Stars for now, Britt's *Hippalrome*, 165 Ave. A between

Tenth and Eleventh streets, is still going strong, by the way, and a succession of outlandish but promising theatrical productions keeps coming that way on Monday and Tuesday nights. Britt gives talent a chance and encourages the far out, with utter disregard for convention. On the boards by the time you read this will be *The Little Violet Picker*, running at 8:30 on Sunday and Monday nights through July 13.

Considering the healthy disagreements among our staff members, I think duplication is wise now and then. So, despite John P. LeRoy's unembellished coverage of the *Beacon Baths* in *GAY* No. 19, I doched and went on over to 227 E. Forty-fifth to see for myself. The owner had issued a special gracious invitation in the elevator down from the *SCREW/GAY* nerve center, and I don't turn down invitations with any more alacrity than I run from a verbal brouhaha. Especially not when it's to the baths on a hot night. It will always be a hot night at the *Beacon*, and I don't mean to knock the air conditioning system. The place has "that" thing, a sensual ambience. For one thing, it is romantically complex, and you legitimately never know quite where you are—so you have to rely on the kindness of strangers. They are kind, and they are attractive. After all, it's so much better located than the other baths if you've been late at Harry's or Uncle Charlie's or happen to live East, and it's bound to start pulling humpy out-of-towners from midtown hotels. The staff, Chris, Tony, Tito et al. couldn't be more obliging—and they'll talk if you're loquacious, too. Frankly, the *Beacon* is an excellent buy for your late-night (or early-evening) money, and it's so clean you feel right at home. Well, I don't know what kind of home you have. Four Stars.

A Bar Like Tricia

Since my first visit to the *Beacon* was brief—just for a tour, fully-clad—I decided to catch a couple of bars in the neighborhood, starting with *Victor's Quarters*, 984 Second (at Fifty-second St.). It is rather pretty and neat and orderly—but so is Tricia Nixon. You might drop in sometime if you and your love object have something important to talk over at a table. No one will bother you. No stars.

Biggest disappointment in my bar rounds of 1970 was the *Roundtable*, 151 E. Fifth. It still looks like a heterosexual clip joint, but actually it is a gay clip joint. A dollar fifty for a beer! An Ina Ray Hutton-type girls' combo blasts away on the stand, making you appreciate recorded music. The place would seem sensational in New Haven or possibly Forest Hills, but it certainly seems ersatz in New York. Pluses, however, for handsome waiter number 51, who looks groovy in his jersey, a blond bartender who is pleasant to look upon, and a pride of beauties at the door. Kept wanting to say, "Let me take you away from all this." Another commendable feature is that handsome GFs and GMs mingle freely, dancing together and crossing over. The place is also quite popular on weekends, so it rates Two Stars just to be generous.

Strike *Bigoubi*, I guess. Readers report there is no response to their ring after hours, there was no response to mine, and I did not get an answer to my

continued on page 8

daughters of a beach

BY LILLI VINCENZ

L discovered Chincoteague last fall when, after perusing all of Virginia's resort literature, I decided to explore this island off the eastern shore. I headed for my destination without having arranged for accommodations and relished the adventure of driving off into the blue for an unplanned holiday. My dog Plum was my sole companion—I was still single then.

From the first soft shell crab I devoured on the Delmarva Peninsula to the last fillet of flounder on the return trip, I had a ball. Eastern shore food is superb, and the people are as hospitable as can be. For instance, the elderly couple from whom I rented a cottage for \$6 a night let me stay on for free after the first four days. "Why?" I asked them. "Because we like you," Mrs. W. replied. In the evenings Mr. W. often came over with a plate of food prepared by his wife: chicken, clam chowder, fried crabs and once even the scrumptious oysters for which Chincoteague is famous.

My hosts did their best to make me feel at home. A fisherman by profession, with bright blue eyes and weatherworn wrinkly skin, Mr. W. took me fishing in his boat and showed me his fishing traps: large nets attached to poles with a one-way entry for fish and able to collect hundreds of pounds of seafood. Another time we went clamming. Standing in waist-deep water, we dragged a rake through the sand, picking up the clams with the prongs.

Most of the time, however, I spent alone on the beautiful wide beach at Assateague. A sister island to Chincoteague, it was dubbed Assateague National Seashore by Congress in 1965 and also harbors the Chincoteague National Wildlife Refuge. Here the wild ponies roam—purportedly descendants of horses from a shipwrecked Spanish vessel in the 16th century. These short, shaggy, round-bellied animals can often be seen from the road and sometimes come right up to the fence to permit themselves to be petted.

Once a year the ponies actually get to go to town. The "Pony Penning Celebration" is the big event for the 4,000 inhabitants of Chincoteague (which is only 7 miles long and a half mile wide). The last weekend in July all the horses are rounded up and forced to swim the channel. A certain number are then sold at auction.

"Shincoteague," as pronounced by the islanders, is still an unsophisticated fishermen's paradise. The people are proud of their island and its history (name comes from the Gingoetage Indians) and extend a hearty welcome to visitors. The commercial spirit doesn't seem to have arrived here yet. There are few stores catering to tourists, and it's still basically a place to live.

Perhaps the only claim to "culture" that Chincoteague can boast of is the Sea Spray Gallery, located on a shell-strewn



lane leading to the water. A big bell hangs on the outside, so that visitors can alert the owner in the main house. It was closed last fall, but as I stood there looking at the garden filled with flowers and large drooping tomato plants, an old lady approached me from a neighboring yard. She volunteered the information that the artist-owner was a bachelor from Danville who generally spent only the summers here. I was disappointed not to meet him.

On that vacation I did almost all my Christmas shopping. Route 13, running the length of the Eastern Shore, abounds

with antique shops. I took a short tour of them. Antique hounds would feel at home.

I didn't see Chincoteague again till this past January, when Marcelle and I spent our honeymoon there. The cold weather didn't chill our enthusiasm, and a pot-luck trip was what we wanted. All the cottages were closed—"winterized," as they called it. But one motel had efficiencies still functioning, and we rented a two-bedroom "suite" for \$60 a week. Most of our time we spent painting, filming, and playing canasta (as well as more erotic games). One day we visited the Sea Spray Gallery and rang the

bell. The bachelor seemed to be in, because his red car was there, and socks hung from the line. But there was no answer. The mystery of his identity still remained unresolved.

Now that it's summer again, we remembered our island in the sea. Last week we spent a quickie three-day vacation there. We left Monday morning, and by 2 p.m. had found a one-bedroom cottage for \$14 a night for both of us, including the use of a boat. "Would you like twin beds or a double bed?" the lady asked us as she showed us around. I couldn't think of anything to say other than, "It doesn't matter—as long as the beds are good." "Oh, they're all good," she said and gave us a double.

We headed straight for the beach and settled down on the surf fishing side (because of the dog). Plum frolicked with us in the water, braving the waves, catching shells in his mouth, eating raw sand, and feeling very much a part of our gay family.

That evening we went to the movies at the "Dream Drive-In" in Wattsville, Va., ten minutes away, to see "Good-Bye, Columbus" and "Barbarella." The waitress from the snack bar played cashier and took our admission money (\$1.25 per). There was actually grass on the drive-in lot! It was rustic all right—with squadrons of mosquitoes there to welcome us. We had to roll up all the windows completely. The snack bar had had mosquito coils for sale, but we'd never made the connection. And so we sat there wiping away at the steamed up windows. Fortunately it was a cool night. Incidentally, this theater on many nights offers a fare worthy of 42nd Street. We received flyers announcing four X-rated movies to be shown in a "dusk-to-dawn" marathon: "The Hot-Blooded Woman," "Spiked Heels and Black Nylons," "Living Venus," and "Anyone Can Play." All that for \$1.25—a bargain!

The next day I paid Mr. and Mrs. W. a visit and was welcomed like a family member. Mr. W. volunteered to take Marcelle and me fishing. So, off we roared over the water in his motor boat, with Plum standing on his hind legs peering over the edge, trying to catch some of the spray. Unfortunately fishing was nothing. Marcelle had a big one on her line—but it got away, alas, leaving the hook quite bent out of shape. The next time, however, a small silvery perch wasn't so lucky. I caught a crab or two and a blowfish. Mr. W. caught the most, and we managed to amass enough for a meager supper for two. But it was a pleasant afternoon anyway. And Plum escaped from the tiresome, wriggly fish on the boat bottom by jumping overboard and going for a swim.

In the evening, acting on a hunch, Marcelle and I tried our luck again by fishing for crabs from the dock. We took the fishing lines we'd bought that morning and tied flounder heads to them (which we acquired from some of the people cleaning fish on the dock). Immediately the crabs were turned on by

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THE SCREW TRIAL ENDS

BY JOHN P. LeROY

Toward the end of the SCREW trial, Peter Ogren, managing editor of GAY and frequent columnist for SCREW, took the stand. He testified that several erotic books whose content was on a comparable level to that of SCREW were available in several bookstores. Excerpts from Gore Vidal's *Myra Breckinridge* and Philip Roth's *Portnoy's Complaint* were read to the court as well as other books of lesser literary merit.

Al Goldstein then got on the witness stand. According to Goldstein, co-editor of SCREW, the purpose of SCREW is to inform, amuse and entertain. On page 16 of issue 23, photographs of various vegetables appear. Attached to these photographs are rough drawings of legs, testicles and, in one case, a man lying down on his back smiling with his legs spread apart. When asked whether or not he saw an erect penis, Goldstein replied, "No, I see a cucumber," or "That is a cartoon of a girl putting a piece of asparagus into her mouth."

Goldstein admitted that some of the photographs and drawings in SCREW may have gone beyond the customary limits of candor, but he did not believe that SCREW ever appealed to the prurient interest because it contained burlesque humor in the illustrations and in the surrounding material.

Sex Crimes Decrease

In addition, Goldstein believed that sex crimes in Denmark have decreased because of lack of censorship, but could give no exact figures. As an example of a publication that he thought appealed to his prurient interest, Goldstein cited the *New York Times Magazine* because of its many ads for underwear and its photos of pretty models partially undressed. Although his approach is subjective, Goldstein also felt that sex, when used as a means toward selling goods and services, or used to partially arouse a person is obscene, whereas sex, when depicted with candor, wit and humor, is not. The showing of acts of sodomy and intercourse would, in Goldstein's estimation, appeal to one's prurient interest initially, but would become boring upon constant repetition.

Buckley Takes Stand

After some minor testimony by

Martin Balan, an executive of the firm which prints SCREW, and also a codefendant, and after Richard Brown was recalled to the stand to clarify some of his previous testimony, Jim Buckley was sworn in. Buckley told how he became co-editor and publisher of SCREW. He had gone to 14 different schools before he received his diploma; he did a lot of traveling and hitch-hiking around the country after having been discharged from the U.S. Navy; and his first real job was as managing editor for the political paper, *The New York Free Press*.

While employed there, Al Goldstein, who then was a writer and reporter for THE NATIONAL MIRROR, submitted to the *New York Free Press* a story describing his previous activities as an industrial spy for the Bendix Corporation. Buckley wanted to publish the article in its entirety, but his superior deleted a section describing how Goldstein had amused himself on his lonely travels with an artificial vagina. Thus the two men were drawn together by a common dislike of sexual censorship. Soon after, they jointly raised \$350 to start SCREW. When Buckley found Goldstein's fiction to have been poorly done, it was decided to make SCREW concentrate on the real world.

It would consist mainly of news, satire and ads. Circulation of SCREW ran as high as 100,000 prior to the arrests. When the busts came, about 18,000 of 103,000 printed copies of issue 15 were sold. Newsstand sales dwindled as the majority of newsdealers became too frightened to carry SCREW. Subscriptions were unharmed. Among its 6,000 subscribers are college libraries and professional people, including district attorneys who "buy them under the counter," one of the judges wryly remarked.

Tried to Comply with Statutes

Although Buckley said he made every effort to comply with obscenity statutes, he testified that he sought the advice of an attorney after the first few issues were published. The problem was, again, the extent to which hard-ons were permissible. Goldstein, who had seen the play *De Sade Illustrated* noted that erect penises were projected onto the backdrop of the set. But attorney Ralph Schwartz

suggested that hard-ons and contact shots (naked people touching each other's genitals) should be avoided. Buckley did not feel that the material in SCREW appealed to the prurient interest of SCREW's readers. He pointed with pride to an article he had written explaining why underwear ads were obscene.

However, Buckley admitted that SCREW would tend to shock certain people who opened it up and weren't aware of its content. But in the area of redeeming social value, SCREW had published several articles on politics, mostly condemning the policies of the Establishment in general, and the war in Vietnam in particular. The judges asked Buckley to quote articles on Vietnam and

copies of SCREW to anyone over 18. The courtroom fell into a state of hush. He was asked to repeat the statement and did. Buckley turned bright pink on the next repetition, corrected himself, and everyone chuckled including the D.A. This concluded, for the most part, the testimony of the defense.

Throughout the trial, Al Gerber, SCREW's defense attorney, never let Assistant D.A. Beckler introduce one bit of evidence to prove SCREW obscene without demonstrating that (1) it had some form of redeeming value, (2) that it was acceptable in many parts of the community, and (3) that though it may appeal to someone's prurient interest, it



Is that a cock or a cucumber?

on politics in the six issues for which SCREW was arrested. Buckley could not find any anti-Vietnam articles, but cited a few political statements made by several of SCREW's writers including Lige and Jack's column, "Homosexual Citizen."

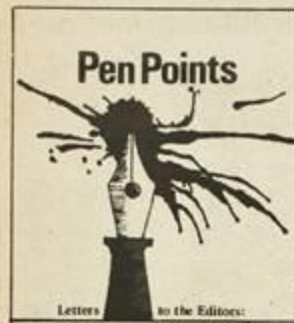
Another socially redeeming feature is "SCREW Goes to Market" which comments on the value and utility of various sexual products, many of which are advertised in SCREW. Such items as vibrators, artificial penises, vaginas, etc., were found to be often cheaply made and excessively overpriced.

Offensive to the Puritanical

In testifying that SCREW would be offensive only to the sexually stymied and the puritanical, Buckley added that he was interested in broadening SCREW's readership from the sexually liberated to the common man. He described an incident where he had admonished a would-be distributor not to sell any

may not appeal to others.

The treatment of the trial by the press can only be described as atrocious. Although a reporter from WNEW-FM showed up for the first day, no other notice was given during the remaining nine days. Yet, when it was learned by the *New York Post* that the judges were going to see *Oh! Calcutta!*, reporters and photographers were waiting in front of the theatre to catch this little tidbit. Under these conditions, the judges would not go in. The judges were making an honest attempt to determine the limits of candor by contemporary community standards. The Establishment press was trying (and may have succeeded) to obstruct justice. Yet, if SCREW wins its case, that same press and news media are likely to be among the first to capitalize on the freedom it and Jim may have won for them, and be the most reluctant to give credit where it is due.



Pen Points

Letters to the Editors

FOND MEMORIES

Dear GAY:

Gregory's Batcock's mention of Johnny (Gay no. 17) brought in mind a life-long-but separated-friendship I've had with Kevin. We first met in 4th grade and couldn't stand each other. Recces was for fighting and he usually got the better of me. But I was determined to beat him and, after some months of training, did just that. The animosity melted on the spot and we became good "butch" friends.

Meanwhile, sleeping overnight with friends was considered de rigeur in my middle-west climate during grade school and even junior high. No one thought it "queer" until high school (9th grade). I was with practically all my friends-mutual masturbation, sucking (never fucking, for some odd reason)-but never with Kevin.

Finally, in my junior year we were out on a beer bust-everyone supposedly

drunk-and Kevin pulled me away in the bushes, planted himself firmly on me, and kissed me hard and desperately. I know it sounds like something out of a Bronte novel, but I'll never forget that kiss. It turned into sex, of course, that night-and continued until we both left for college.

Kevin is now married with several handsome children. But whenever I come home, he's there-almost like a "stage door Johnny." He says he's never had "adult" sex with another man-and somehow I believe him.

God, how beautiful he is-just reaching 40, totally masculine, natural athletic body, completely naive about gay life.

My last meeting with Kevin was this spring when I went home for my father's funeral. Afterward close friends were invited to the home... Kevin and family included among 50 or so.

He came over to me, started to shake my hand-both of us about to cry-and kissed me. Not passionately-I'm sure no one noticed. Then a squeeze of the hand, and that's it.

Except to say, I remember his first kiss...and his last...and the beauty of it all.

How dull it must sound on paper, but it's one of my happiest memories.

Best regards, A reader

PLEASE SEND ALL CORRESPONDENCE, INQUIRIES, SUGGESTIONS, COMPLAINTS, AND PROPOSITIONS TO: LETTERS TO THE EDITOR, GAY, P.O. BOX 431, 6M Chelsea Sta., NYC, N.Y. 10011.

CHARLES W. SOCARIDES, M.D. (continued from page 13) inappropriate to it. Again, even a cursory reading of anthropological books available to everybody would indicate that "heterosexual object choice" is not "supported by universal human concepts of mating and the family unit with the complementarity and contrast between the two sexes." Universal? Hardly. Read Margaret Mead or anybody else with sense. But, if you take the prideful position that "There is no obligatory homosexual who can be considered to be healthy," then out of your pride and the feat of the obsolescence of your life's work, you can declare the Wolfenden Report to have been a "regrettable failure" for "not making it explicit that homosexuality is an emotional illness and, therefore, lies within the province of medicine." The province of medicine? Hardly. The province of Sodades. Money, friends. Millions and millions of dollars from the incomes of millions of millions of homosexuals all for the pockets of this proud, mad, man and those of his glib and greedy peers who want a slice of the take. Goebels knew as Sodades must that if you shout a lie loud enough and long enough-no matter how improbable-somebody is bound to believe it. I do not know if there be any other connection to be made between Sodades and Goebels, but I do know that there is a decidedly Eichmannesque tinge to the man's character: He is readily available for professional "moonlighting"-usually for the government-and has eagerly applied such an authority in those desperate trials which seek to deprive homosexuals of their livelihoods. However malodorous this practice may appear to decent people, witnesses for the prosecution are customarily paid rather well. Zealots, conscientious Eichmann was well paid too. Social duty always feel better when you can make money out of it.

"Deliverer of Mankind" Why does this peculiar man stand thusly before the gates of clinical heaven, his arms open, his hands outstretched, palm up, saying, "I am the way, the truth and the light"? His lucrative delusion is Mesianism, and comes from "the concept of a Deliverer of mankind." Some people are put into institutions for these feelings. Some are put in charge of institutions because of them. For him, our human rights depend upon his concept of our participation in his medical religion-serfs, supplicants, penitents-and our support of him for the hope of what priests used to call "grace." He says,

"If the homosexual is to be granted his human rights as a medical patient, issues which becloud his status should be clarified." "It, friends, it! Are there no limits to this shame? And who will make all this clear? The messiah, Sodarides. This is lunacy without a moon. This is papal dispensation sublime in its insanity. And what does the medical profession think of all this? There's an editorial in SEXOLOGY, November 1968, which says, "At the last convention of the American Medical Association, a proposal by psychoanalyst Charles W. Sodarides attracted nationwide attention. He called for a 'national center for rehabilitation' to which homosexuals, who unfortunately 'do not cry out and demand medical attention, could turn for help.' It continues: "It is unfortunate that just at a time when the idea that homosexuality as a form of mental illness is being seriously challenged on many scientific fronts it should be raised again as a foregone conclusion."

I wonder...I muse and wonder...whether or not the American Medical Association can or does take issue against one of its members for malpractice? For harmful and dangerous work upon the human mind and soul? It should. A surgeon who operated without cause upon a patient would be liable to such proceedings, wouldn't he? But this article has been perhaps overlong unless it has made you aware of the extent of the conspiracy to rob you of your dignity and sanity under the guise of "sexual rehabilitation."

Charles W. Sodarides can be reached at Yeshiva University. Reprints of his monstrous paper can be gotten by request from 210 E. 78th St., New York, N.Y. 10021. You must read this in its entirety to believe it. Or better yet, call the man at UN 1-2881. Talk to him. People I know who've met him tell me he's a raving paranoid. See for yourself how paranoic works. His office is at 8 E. 82nd, N.Y.C. Why not send him a card? A greeting card? It might say, simply, "You're mad, Sodarides." And who knows, a few thousand cards might just push him over the brink; just to the point where his superiors might say, "Wow! Charlie's flaked out!" and quietly they might put him into a tastefully appointed rehabilitation center where he could either be cured or charade his remaining years away, harmlessly playing at being, perhaps, other messiahs like Alexander the Great, or Napoleon...or Hitler...or Senator Joe McCarthy...or Spiro Agnew...or Jesus...or Sigmund Freud...or.....

SUMMER IN THE CITY (continued from page 5)

note telling them I would be back. Six transit afterhour bars.

But Theatre Bars Persist

Is there any such thing as a straight theatre bar? To say we are going to tour the gay theatre bars is a redundancy, isn't it? Or, more accurately, let us say all bars where theatre personnel in addition to playgoers gather is by definition integrated, straight and gay, whether the management or the playgoers know it or not. Is that tactful?

You will notice an animation, a bravura, a brittle tension in bars and dining places in the theatre district, all of course contributed by actors, singers, gypsy dancers, potential Eve Harringtons each and every one, turned on, on stage, performing for each other, for that very important person at the next table, or just for themselves by force of habit.

They are the real latter-day mattachine. Phony as a clown's ship-shape mouth, but fun. You always feel you are at a wonderful party at a theatre bar.

To Sardi's Every Night

A chap I know, when he was fresh in New York and fresh in general, went to Sardi's, 234 W. Forty-fourth, every night for two weeks, giving the impression he was in a show or writing one or backing one, until he became such a familiar face he was treated like a celebrity. He met a director there who landed him an agent who landed him his first job, for which he fucked. He is now a substantial working performer fucking for fun. His advice is, "Don't get caught up in the self-indulgent round of New York gay life. Go where you have something to gain, and keep

your eye on your goal. Anyplace where theatrical people congregate is a casting couch. The presence of straight people in their party only enhances your charm for the gays when they look eyes with you across a crowded room."

Bearing this last remark in mind, we hit the West Side in the Forties a few evenings last week and felt quite young again. As a one-time actor, with both Hollywood and New York as home bases, we recognized the old familiar intense furtive stares of genital males in the presence of swan-necked, aggressive genital females, unmistakably actresses. It felt strange to be in a suit and tie at Sardi's, but only phony for awhile. Everyone else there is so phony you suddenly think you are Dag Hammerskold or Adlai Stevenson or Albert Schweitzer or anybody noted for sincerity.

Big Broadway Gums Are Gay

With two of the current new smash hits on Broadway in the capable hands of gays-one a co-producer, one a librettist, one a composer-lyricist, just for openers-and with the old-fashioned Applause going heavy on lavender lowlife (isn't that the Tool Box, Everett!), these days you feel quite at home over there on Eighth Avenue, after curtain. (Not that you don't feel at home all evening, what with the foreign sailors and the Greeks and the ladies of the streets.) Joe Allen, featured in Applause, really exists. While the waiters don't have the rear end out of their pants this season, they are very likely to dance on the tables if given any encouragement, and everyone at the bar dances with his eyes. Even Shelley Winters' escort. Run right over to 326 W. Forty-sixth and cruise the joint if you've

got stars in your eyes. Not much action except for dining until 11:15 p.m.

Around the corner at 729 Eighth Ave. is Jimmy Ray's. Now, the burly bartender would paste you if you suggested this was anything except Marlboro Country, but, dab-ling, it is. If you are in the chorus of Company and your date du jour is dancing at Lincoln Center (factually probably only working out at the West Side Y, which explains his dorothy bag), what more convenient place to meet than one of those big back tables at Jimmy Ray's? The draft beer ain't cheap, though. People are friendly there even if you don't have a date, but start off like a hardhat unless you detect your conversation partner is three-sheeting. (That is an old show biz term, meaning wearing some of his makeup offstage. Now there is no reason why genital males should not wear makeup except that they have been taught it isn't masculine, and those with balls enough to do it are too liberated for words!)

Just off the Rialto

Next check out the groovy Haymarket at 772 Eighth. From the moment you walk in there's no doubt about that bar. Very attractive people, too, and also there are the animation, bravura, et cetera, which constantly remind you you are just off the Rialto.

Integrated like Jimmy Ray's, but so popular among the backstage bunch that it sometimes looks like an open casting call, is Downey's, 705 Eighth Ave. There are so many baritone decibels at the bar you'd swear you were on the links, but you just never know who's going to cruise you at the urinal. Haven't you always wanted to say, "Get rid of the chick and

come with me!" Here's the place to do it.

Sixth Sister Bar

Also, there's the Big Spender, 315 W. Forty-eighth, which is the most intimate of the sextette of sister bars, which include Sardi's whether they like it or not. Not integrated at all, it is an excellent place to meet a big gun from that old Cherry Lane playwrights/producers outfit, or a well-known set designer, or a conductor. Or a fellow performer. It is amusing to eavesdrop on the shop talk, amusing unless you yourself are involved in the same awful business of seeking the next job, coping with venal agents, fighting for your out-of-state unemployment compensation, securing new and more faithful photographs, padding your resume and staying forever young not just because you're obliged to because you're gay but because of your profession as well, a double indignity.

In case you have saved one of our old bar listings, let me complain that there have been inaccuracies perpetuated over which I have had no control because of the deadlines and the fact there have been re-runs without my prior cognizance. So, change Seventeen Barrow to Stable Inn, same location. It's now a restaurant, you know. Brew's is also a restaurant. Be advised Stage Forty-Five, 305 E. Forty-fifth, is now a cha-cha palace, with no meals served, just buffet on week nights. Please note, also, that the first bar to advertise with GAY is the Haven, which doesn't necessarily make the Haven what I have said it was above (Three Stars, that is), but does indicate its owner is more liberated than the hit-and-run, exploit-and-hide gay bar owners elsewhere. Right on, Haven!

just laugh your troubles away!



BY DICK LEITSCH

Homosexuals have a secret weapon, one of the most powerful weapons in the world," my favorite philosopher, Angelo d'Arcangelo, told a Mattachine audience in New York last year. "That most potent of all weapons is the homosexual sense of camp."

The Sage of Staten Island is absolutely right. There is nothing quite so effective as a bitchy comment, put in an amusing way, that hits the mark. If you doubt that, try tangling with Truman Capote. I know of two women who tried and lost badly.

Miss Jacqueline Susann, who does rather resemble a star of the Jewel Box Revue, dared mimic Capote's voice on a national television show. Capote responded by going on the same show the following evening to call Miss Valley-of-the-Dolls a "truck driver in drag."

The phrase was so perfect that the wire services picked it up and by the next morning even Jacqueline's best friends were laughing at her expense.

Mary McCarthy, who had balls enough to think that a mere woman can compete in this game, publicly criticized a bit of Capote's writing, saying it resembled "what one might find scribbled on a whore-house ceiling." Capote immediately responded, "Who but Miss elsewhere. Right on, Haven!"

McCarthy would know what is written on a whore-house ceiling?"

Not long ago, the two head studs in the GAY publishing empire, handsome heads Lige and Jack, called me to read the draft of an editorial they'd just written denouncing the Nixon-Agnew twosome. The item itself was a masterpiece of indignant rhetoric, worthy of a Pete Hamill, but I suggested it might be all wrong. They were treating Nixon-Agnew as though they were real people, equals to be argued with. That's all right for a James Reston or a Pete Hamill, but gay people should do better. Something sharp, short and biting-and very funny-might be better. They disagreed, and they are the Head Studs.

The next week an interview with Spiro Agnew appeared in Life. The master of the Greek Culture was quoted as saying "Ridicule is the hardest thing to take in politics. There were days when I would have preferred to be castigated to being made fun of."

Homosexual campiness differs from feminine cattiness as much as the hydrogen bomb differs from bows and arrows. Camping is a form of humor, usually bitchy, always "put-down," and frequently with a sexual basis, that is rooted in the realization that every human being is a fraud.

Proust wrote "...there are two worlds, the one behind the other, the first composed of the things said by the best and most sincere people, and the second made up of what these people actually do." True camping recognizes this, finds

the chink in the facade, and reveals the reality behind the mask.

Last winter, a high-ranking cop decided to wage a vendetta against an uptown gay bath house. Many people protested formally. Lige and Jack, our Beloved Editors, adopted a different approach. They recognized that no well-adjusted heterosexual goes so far out of his way, risks his career and his job, and makes such an ass of himself, to "get" homosexuals. The crusader is always something of a freak.

Jack and Lige dubbed the cop "Queer of the Year" and called his band of raiders "pecker checkers and penis peepers." That struck a nerve. According to a brother officer of this cop, the "Queer of the Year" marched into the Commissioner's office and threw a tantrum. He demanded that the Police Department and the union join him in a law suit against GAY and SCREW-in the pages of which Lige and Jack had called the cop a "vicious closet queen."

The Commissioner, who by this time may also have had some doubts about the cop's virility, told him to cool off. A law suit would only sell more papers and publicize their diagnosis. Shortly thereafter, the cop was transferred to another assignment.

There's no defense against humor, no matter how much it may sting. If you argue with your enemy, he'll argue back. If you hit him, he'll either hit you back or show you up as a violence-prone assaulter. If you murder him, you've

created a martyr for his followers. But, if you can join everyone-his friends and your supporters-together in laughing at him, he is finished-unless he happens to be a better bitch than you.

There are many politicians who will tell you that Nixon was defeated in 1960 by one poster. It showed Tricky-Dicky in a slightly more than usual shifty-eyed pose. Underneath was one line: "Would you buy a used car from this man?" The voters decided they wouldn't.

Angelo d'Arcangelo calls Nixon "that casket salesman." Since he told me that, I cannot watch Nixon without thinking of Digger O'Dell, the archtypical unctuous undertaker from the old "Great Gildersleeve" program. Not only does Nixon look as though he was selling a coffin to a newly-bereaved widow, but you know damned well that the coffin is poorly-made, overpriced, and leaks. The bottom will probably fall out as the casket is carried to the grave.

Gore Vidal, another master camper, is on an urbane anti-Nixon campaign. He frequently discusses the "silent majority," a phrase he says dates back to the pre-Agnew Greeks, when Greece was still glorious (and, incidentally, gay-they let the heterosexuals in and the country went to hell). It is found in Homer. When the ancient Greeks said someone had "joined the silent majority," they meant he had died. "It's nice," Vidal says, "to see that Nixon knows who his constituency is."

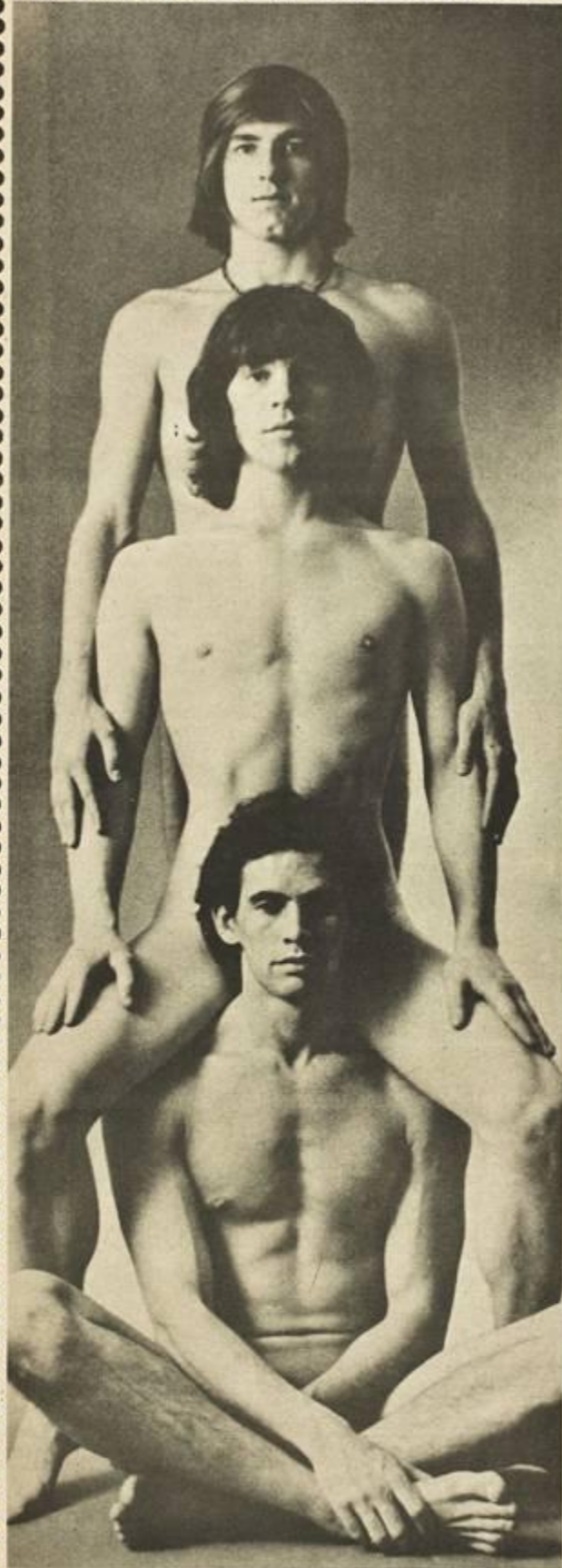
Myra's father also notes that the President has brought us together: "Republicans usually lead us into a depression, while Democrats frequently get us into a war. Nixon has brought us together by doing both."

The Cabinet, Vidal says, is no better than the President. Agnew is "just another Greek colonel," and John and Martha Mitchell are "The George Burns and Gracie Allen of politics."

I've always felt that German homosexuals, had they maintained their sense of camp, could have saved us from World War II. The founder of National Socialism was, of course, Adolph Schickelgruber. Recognizing the fact he'd never get anywhere with a name like that, he changed it to Adolph Hitler.

If the German gays had refused to recognize the change, and stood on street corners shouting "Heil Schickelgruber!" every time he strutted by, the world would still be laughing and World War II would never have happened.

We live in troubled times and possess a weapon that can save the world. If we don't push the little lavender camp buttons in our gay brains, those weird heterosexuals are going to continue to take themselves and their power hassles so seriously that we'll start believing in them. When I was very young, my aunt took me to see a road company of Peter Pan (starring Veronica Lake, by the way). I stood up in my seat clapping to show that I believed in fairies so that Tinker Bell wouldn't die. I'm not really ready to say I believe in Richard Nixon or Spiro Agnew-or, for that matter, Eldridge Cleaver or Abby Hoffman.



Bradford Rley, Paul-Matthew Eckhart and R. A. Dow play totempole



Paul-Matthew Eckhart



R. A. Dow



Jeffrey Herman



Robert Schrock

the dirtiest show in town

BY KEN GAUL

Take 6 pretty boys, 4 pretty girls, some brilliantly conceived and executed dialogue, almost unanimously good acting and a script written by a playwright with a vision of the degeneracy of modern life that is so precise it hurts... and you have the best Off-Broadway play presently running.

I have seen **THE DIRTIEST SHOW IN TOWN** a number of times—both off-off-and off-Broadway—and I'm certain I wouldn't mind seeing it several times more. Playwright Tom Eyen has subtitled **THE DIRTIEST SHOW: a documentary of the destructive effects of air, water, and mind pollution in New York City—not to mention the Village Voice**. But, in reality, the play deals almost exclusively with sex, and rightly so I think. I mean, how can anyone deal objectively with ANY problem when his or her vision of sexuality is warped

virtually beyond repair?

Thus we have biting satirical treatments of drag queens, beauticians, "trade," supersex starlets, suburban "swingers," and aging Hollywood hopefuls all waiting to be discovered—all of whose problems are linked, in one way or another, with their inability to accept (or even discover) what their particular sexual needs are all about. Don't get me wrong; this play is not a Freudian primer or a Kraft-Ebbing handbook; it merely dissects the foibles of the socially-sexually fucked up and best defines it's *raison d'être* with one sentence: "NOBODY IS PAYING ANY ATTENTION TO ME."

Jeffrey Herman—Real Star

If you've been following the newspaper advertisements for **DIRTIEST SHOW**, you probably have the idea that the stars of the show are R. A. Dow and Madeleine LeRoux. This is just not so, and I imagine that their pictures are being used in the ads because they seem to be

the most strikingly handsome members of the cast. The real star of the show is Jeffrey Herman, who turns in a brilliant performance as the queenie beautician and constant cruiser. Granted he has some of the better lines, but with his hilarious delivery he brings down the house on at least three or four occasions.

In the female department, accolades are due for Sommer Sally. Her startling portrayal of the constantly fucked up (and fucked) little dolly from Queens has been known to me make many of the women in the audience literally squirm in their seats. To paraphrase one Al Goldstein (???): "Sommer Sally should be a star as soon as it is humanly possible."

A Body That Doesn't Quit

In the pretty-pretty department, Paul-Matthew Eckhart is tops. He looks like a handsome Mick Jagger and has a body that just doesn't quit. I watched people in the audience reacting to his presence on stage and I think I really now understand the word *spellbound*. Female-wise, the most fascinating girl on

the stage is Ellen Garin. I had difficulty keeping my eyes off her (clothed or unclothed)—there's something about her that just says soulful-subtle-sex.

An interesting aspect of **THE DIRTIEST SHOW** is that there really is nothing "dirty" about it at all. There's mucho nudity, simulated fucking, a highly stimulating nude group grope and some some of the raunchiest language ever uttered on stage. Yet this is not what offends the sensibilities. The obscenity of the play is the subject matter with which it deals—namely, the insanity of living in New York City and the obscenity of the burdens of sexual guilt which most people born and raised in this country must overcome, or at least learn to live with.

So by all means go to see **THE DIRTIEST SHOW IN TOWN**. It happens to be the raunchiest show in town at the moment, but it also provides one of the most enjoyable and sensual evenings you're likely to spend at the theater this season.



In *Dirtiest Show*, Everyone Kisses Everyone!



Brad Riley



Arthur Morey



The cast of *The Dirtiest Show in Town* mugs for the camera



R. A. Dow, Madeleine le Roux, and Bradford Rley get close

PROVINCETOWN COUNCIL DENIES PERMIT (continued from page 3)

around here." "Is the homosexual community welcome in Provincetown?" asked GAY. "Yeah, I'll say that," he said, "I prefer the gay crowd to the 'talents' we now have in this area." Asked to explain what he meant by "talents," Taves declined to explain himself.

"Have you found homosexuals to be law-abiding in Provincetown?" asked GAY's reporter. "Oh, yes," said Taves, "For quite some years they've been very well-behaved. It's only on July 4th and Labor Day that we get an influx of the cheap exhibitionist types: guys who go in drag and make asses of themselves in the streets. That's the sort we don't want around here. That's why we didn't want extra problems on July 4th with a march."

Taves was vague as to whether homosexual civil libertarians would be granted a marching permit on nonstrategic days. "I can't say," he admitted. "Maybe."

The Selectmen Chairman said that many Provincetown citizens had gay friends besides himself. "Most of these gay people are real, good, clean-cut guys," said Taves, "and they hate the cheap types just like I do."

GAY ACTIVISTS ARRESTED (continued from page 3)

to speak to the demonstrators, an important official of the State Committee replied, "Our moral code hasn't advanced so far that a lady could discuss such matters."

Incidents occurred on the picket line as the sit-in continued. One man who tried to assault a demonstrator was restrained by police. Two middle aged women spectators quarreled angrily with each other over the issue of civil rights for homosexuals. One deranged man screamed at the demonstrators for fifteen minutes from half a block away. As the hours dragged on, the demonstrators became less formal and walked in couples. And spectators were startled when two male demonstrators spontaneously kissed each other.

At 5:00 p.m., the offices could not be closed because the demonstrators refused to leave. The demonstrators were told that copies of the demands had been sent to the governor's office and to the leaders of the state senate and state assembly. Nothing more could be done, Glendinning insisted, and nothing else could be accomplished by remaining in the offices. The demonstrators were not moved. At 6:30 p.m., state committee chairman Lanigan was finally reached by telephone. He had not been driving to Albany all day as the demonstrators had been told. At 6:30 p.m., he was about to board a plane for Albany. He agreed to meet with one representative of GAA for ten minutes at the airport before he left New York but without a member of the press. The demonstrators refused the clandestine, hurriedly arranged meeting and reiterated the demand for an open meeting between the state committee chairman, a representative of GAA, and a representative of the press. That demand was refused by Lanigan who then hung up and took off for Albany.

Since a meeting to discuss the demands could not even be arranged, the sit-in continued. At 7:00 o'clock, Glendinning called the police in to arrest

the demonstrators for criminal trespass. A paddy wagon arrived, and Tom Doerr, Arthur Evans, Jim Owles, Phil Raia, and Marty Robinson were arrested and led away, thus becoming the first homosexuals ever arrested for a gay sit-in in New York.

The GAA five were taken to the 51st St. precinct station to be booked before being taken to Criminal Court for arraignment. Twenty-five members of GAA were sitting in Night Court during the arraignment. When the accused were called before the judge, the twenty-five members of GAA stood up to show solidarity with the GAA five. They were quickly told to be seated. The GAA five were then paroled, and are now awaiting their August 5th trial.

GAY LIBERATION blooms in Philadelphia

Philadelphia, Penna.—Leafletting, Be-Ins, Discussion Groups, and street confrontations have marked activities of Philadelphia's newly formed Gay Liberation Front. Fairmount Park's Belmont Plateau was the scene for a Flag Day Gathering of the Tribes. GLF literature and 1,000 free oranges were offered to the Be-In crowds and face-to-face encounters with open proud homosexuals took place. An African dancer joined the GLFers under their banner and interacted with hip youths. Major media covered the event.

Philadelphia GLF is planning a community center and, as is customary with most GLF groups, hopes to offer social alternatives to bars and other "less desirable" meeting places. A Germantown coffeehouse, Hecate's Circle (168 E. Chelton Ave.) has been the scene of recent gab fests between "straights" and "gays."

In early August GLF is planning an "Experiment in Post-Revolutionary Living" at the Harmonyville Music Festival in Harmonyville, New Jersey. Such experiments will take place for a week at a time. Those wishing to contact GLF (Philadelphia) may do so by calling (215) 732-8384.

ST. LOUIS FEMALE IMPERSONATOR SLAIN

St. Louis, Mo.—A 30-year-old female impersonator was found shot to death in his car recently by an East St. Louis security guard.

Police here said Joseph (JoJo) Hamm, a resident of East St. Louis, was found lying on the front seat of his car parked on South 18th Street.

He was pronounced dead by St. Clair County Coroner Dr. C. C. Kane. Police said he had been shot in the upper chest, the right side and the right hip.

There were no signs of a struggle, police said. When found, Hamm was wearing women's clothing, and his red-flowered purse was in the auto. A complete investigation has been ordered to determine who caused the death of Hamm and the reasons.

GAY LIFE IN LONDON NOT SO "MERRIE"

Oxford, England.—"We in England are so accustomed to being regarded as socially backward by our economically emancipated Western cousins that it comes as a pleasant shock to find ourselves apparently way ahead of America in our legal, social and religious thinking about sexual laws and behavior."

The speaker is Anthony Gray, director of the Albany Trust, an organization that helps sexual minority groups in Britain, especially homosexuals.

Gray was among the leaders of the movement in the 1960s to legalize homosexual relations between consenting adults.

But Gray looks upon the 1967 Sexual Offenses Act as only a partial victory for British homosexuals: "In spite of all the progress in informing the public about these things, and despite law reform, there is still far too little real understanding of the true nature of homosexuality. Many people, even today, still do not understand that in essence it is about love, and not simply some behavior which immoral people indulge in 'for kicks.'"

Today in Britain homosexuals cannot belong to the Civil Service; they are in danger of losing their jobs in many businesses if they are "found out"; they are in danger of going to jail if they are under 21 or have sexual relations with someone under 21.

London is full of gay bars of varying types, but the police watch them carefully. At gay clubs, fast dancing without physical contact between men is allowed now, but anyone who tries to hold his partner close risks arrest for "public indecency."

Besides the pressure society exerts to put a stigma on homosexuals, there is a "new orthodoxy" about homosexuality growing up that could make their situation even worse.

"This is the thesis," Gray says, "that homosexuals are in fact such ordinary people that they in no way differ from anybody else; and that therefore the way

to provide for their special needs is to assume that they ought not to have any, and that they should be expected to behave and react exactly like every other member of the non-homosexual population."

"This is of course a mistaken viewpoint... The briefest experience is enough to convince one that discrimination against known homosexuals is still the rule rather than the exception, and that a great deal of public re-education and forthright campaigning is needed to end this state of affairs."

A student at Magdalene College, Oxford, tells of a number of incidents in which he or some of his friends have been beaten up because they symbolized something which other people could not accept.

"You learn by experience to keep very quiet about things," he says. "Most homosexuals are very quiet because they have learned a lesson at one time or another."

The student points out one British phenomenon that may make life less difficult for homosexuals in the next few years. "I think people in this country are absolutely fascinated by the whole subject. Gay people are considered to be more colorful."

"The vast majority of suburban people consider homosexuality a sin. But in the working class, there's more tolerance. In the East End, it's easy to pick up a straight guy," he added.

According to this student, the latest fashion in the up and down gay world of London is the skinhead. Short hair, boots and braces—these are thought to make a boy look attractive.

"Most of the Earls Court pubs are full of skinheads. One pub must have had at least 200 of them one night. An incredible number are gay. I was absolutely staggered that these factory boys were gay. It's so completely against the image."

Whatever the current type in fashion, the pubs and the clubs themselves are "seedy... very hot, depressing. You get absolutely nothing for it."

"What is needed," the student says, "is a more decent approach."

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THERE'S MONEY IN MADNESS

BY ANGELO D'ARCANGELO

A REPORT ON "HOMOSEXUALITY AND MEDICINE." A PAPER REPRINTED FROM THE DEPARTMENT OF PSYCHIATRY, ALBERT EINSTEIN COLLEGE OF MEDICINE, YESHIVA UNIVERSITY, BRONX, N.Y., BY CHARLES W. SOCARIDES, M.D.

nothing. But he's aiming high, thinking in terms of millions. I quote: "The whole issue of homosexuality must be transformed into one more scientific challenge to medicine which has time and again been able to alleviate the plaguing illnesses of man. With this respected leadership on the part of the physicians, we will see a surge of support for the study and treatment of the disorder by all the techniques and knowledge available through the great resources and medical talent of the United States." Translated into English, it means Socarides wants some of our tax money to be given him by the government in order that he can set up a program of Pogrom, of some sort with himself at the head, in order that he can treat us. Why not? A lot of people are asking for grants for various things and getting them. Why shouldn't he be able to persuade some

by asking ourselves who profits by it. We can take these three sentences and substituting first, psychiatrists, and reading them through reach a plausible conclusion, and then we can get even closer to the truth by substituting Dr. Socarides. For, "By their works shall ye know them," as they say. Which is not to suggest that the man is homosexual, simply that he is a professional who seems to see his specialty not as simply one minor facet of the renaissance of man, but as the best, the truest, that specialty or position most nearly divine. Would that tend to suggest madness? Or megalomania? Perhaps. A delusion of some kind certainly.

Prominent Madman
However, there have been madmen in positions of prominence before today, and doubtless there will be others. Our job is only

the discussions on the Mishna of the Palestinian doctors from the 2nd to the middle of the 5th century, and the BABYLONIAN, embodying those of the Jewish doctors in Babylonia, from about 190 to the 7th century."

All of the above, no matter how exotic or remote it may sound to us now, is not beside the point, I believe, particularly when I quote from Raymond de Becker's book THE OTHER FACE OF LOVE, Grove Press, translated by Margaret Croland and Alan Daventry. The first paragraph of his chapter VI, THE LATENT HOMOSEXUAL STRUCTURE OF CHRISTIANITY, throws a clear light on this whole business. I quote: "Christianity emerged from Judaism and it would be surprising, if not the result of the mutation which it constitutes, to find within it attitudes which are essentially different from those of the Old Testament. The severity of Jewish legislation concerning homosexuality was part of a more general severity toward every form of life of which homosexuality was in one way the symbol and which could have allowed forever to assimilate 'the chosen people' and to undermine their nationalism. The struggle against homosexuality came late and did not reach its full development until after the captivity in BABYLON" (my caps). "It was a nationalistic reaction among which a surprising revulsion against nakedness and an overestimation of the father figure and his collective image, the law, seem to have been among the most decisive."

I think the connections have become a little more obvious, have they not? However, to avoid the possible charge of anti-Semitism—an affliction as distasteful as an antihomosexuality—let me say that my definitions come from Fank and Wagnall's Standard Unabridged; a publication which, to my knowledge has never been thought to be against any particular sect or religion. At any rate I am not attempting to organize or head any organizations dedicated to the rehabilitation of Jews. Nevertheless, wouldn't you think it would be easier for a man like Socarides to practice his trade in a place like Yeshiva University than elsewhere? How prominent do you imagine he could become there were he to take the opposite view; a view which as he admits, many of his equally accredited peers consider rational, humane and preferable? I think he would not do very well at all. All this fuss because the prophet Ezekiel found the gentiles well being; and admonished the Jewish women for preferring them: "You have prostituted your beauty and spread your legs wide open to everyone who passes by and have multiplied your whoredoms. You have played the whore with the Egyptian, your lustful neighbors, who are great of flesh (big penis)," and so forth. Is that nonsense worth my tax money? Or yours?

Money, my dear friends, money and prestige. Scratch a bishop and you will find a banker. Scratch a psychiatrist and you get a priest, or if you will permit, a rabbi. I know first hand that the concept of Yeshiva University has become a "liberalized" one, because one of my closest friends is a highly placed and much respected man on the staff there. He is in a branch of medicine, but in a more respectable branch; that is to say, he works with a microscope, slides and a scientific method to alleviate physical pain. He is no less ego-driven and desirous of acclaim and riches and may one day win the Nobel Prize or some other prestigious award. I cannot but laugh, however, to think of him taking his lunch in the same room with Socarides, perhaps passing him the phallic catsup bottle, for he is a homosexual.

Poor paranoid Socarides. He's practicing religion or alchemy, not science. A throwback, an example of intellectual and cultural regression, for as Masters and Johnson say, "Human beings of the future will surely both ridicule and deplore the obsessive Western preoccupation with who puts what into which orifice of whom," and creative people productively busy with the enrichment of human life must abhor him and all he does, for "While garments of violence increase an irrational public policy dictates that police forces maintain vice squads to carry out espionage activities in toilet booths."

Faulty Arguments
The arguments of Socarides are faulty. It is not an accepted fact that all "The pattern" (of homosexuality) "arises from faulty sexual identity, a product of the earliest years of life." Nor is it proven "that homosexuality is a mental disorder whose only effective treatment is psychotherapy." In fact, psychotherapy has been proven to be grossly ineffective in the treatment of homosexuality because it is



A Report on Psychiatry's No. 1 Charlatan

to spot them as quickly as possible and to strip them of their "emperor's clothes." Certainly the primary garment in this man's academic panoply is his Yeshiva talith with or without mitre. Rather than take issue with this institution of learning and what institution does not have at least one crackpot lurking about somewhere, I will simply quote my dictionary, which defines the word as: "ye-shi-bah. A rabbinic college in which the Talmud is taught." The Talmud, by the way, is defined as, "The body of Jewish civil and religious law (and discussion directly or remotely relating thereto), and further, 'It exists in two great collections, the PALESTINIAN TALMUD, or T. OF THE LAND OF ISRAEL, or T. OF THE WEST, or more popularly, JERUSALEM T., embodying

croch-frightened legislators to give him the money and the power? But on to the second and even more important sentence in the quote, "Only in the consultation room..." etc. It poses questions, and one of the ways one can test it for meaning, truth and validity, is to substitute, say, bricklayer, for homosexual. Try it. Now, ask yourself, if bricklayers only reveal themselves and their works in the consultation rooms. Ask yourself, third sentence, whether or not any "other date, statistics, or statements can be accepted as setting forth the true nature of" bricklaying. Don't like bricklayers? Try Pavlovians. I think you agree with me that the argument is full of holes; a premise based, not on fact or observation, but on prejudice. But we can find out what the prejudice is

continued on page 8

WHO SAYS "STRAIGHT" MEN DON'T DRESS UP?

BY CARY YURMAN

Charlie Chaplin is a notorious heterosexual. In Lita Grey Chaplin's autobiography *My Life With Chaplin*, she claimed that while she was giving birth to Charles Jr., Charles Sr. was in the basement of the house making love to Marion Davies. Chaplin's celebrated affairs with Pola Negri and Paulette Goddard, later one of his wives, were sensations in the press. In fact his well-known proclivity for young girls was one of the factors which led the public to believe him guilty of a paternity suit filed against him in the early forties of which he was ultimately proven innocent. His sexual practices as well as his political beliefs led to his being pressured out of this country and his present residence in Switzerland where he lives with his wife Gona O'Neil Chaplin and the youngest of their eight children.

Early in his career Chaplin showed a definite awareness if not subconscious interest in homosexuality. Indeed, Chaplin may be the first film female impersonator. In three films made in 1914 and 1915, he appeared as a woman. In a fourth film, made in 1916, there were obvious homosexual overtones.

A Busy Day, released by the Keystone company on May 7, 1914, was the first of his female impersonations. Charlie plays the part of a jealous wife who catches her husband making love to another woman. Charlie plays the indignant wife and in typical slapstick fashion reprimands "her" husband which



Charlie, masquerading as a woman, enchants Charlie Murray in *The Masquerader*.

Charlie Chaplin's Drag Days



A Busy Day: Charlie as the jealous wife

leads to general chaos and eventually Charlie ending up falling into the ocean. The film was written and directed by Chaplin, as were all the films in which he appeared in drag.

The second film in which Charlie does a female impersonation is called appropriately enough *The Masquerader*. The story of the film is that Charlie gets fired from the movie studio for which he is working because he causes chaos on the set. He flirts with two girls on the set and misses his cue, falls through some sets and is fired by the irate director. He returns to the studio dressed as a woman and is so coy and charming that the director hires him as a leading lady. "She" is given the star treatment and the other actors are thrown out of their dressing room so the new star can have it. Charlie then changes back to his own clothes. When the director realizes the trick which has been played on him, Charlie is again fired and chased from the studio. A reviewer at the time said of Chaplin's performance "he gives a really remarkable female impersonation. The make-up is no less successful than the characterization, and is further proof of Mr. Chaplin's undoubted versatility."

In 1915 Chaplin wrote, directed, and starred in *A Woman for the Essay* company. In the two-reel comedy Charlie gets involved with two men who have been flirting with a young girl. Because of Charlie's mischief, the chances of success

with the girl for either man are ruined. Charlie meets the wife and young daughter of one of the men who invite him home to dinner. While they are eating, the two men enter and recognize Charlie as the man who spoiled their flirting with the girl in the park. Charlie escapes their attempts to get him by hiding in an upstairs bedroom. There he finds a woman's outfit, complete with hat and white fox fur. The daughter of the family (Edna Purviance) who has fallen for Charlie gets him a razor so he can shave off his mustache. He goes downstairs and on his way runs into the two flirtatious men who begin to flirt with him.

Charlie is pure charm. In no time the two men are fighting over him and the man who owns the house forces his friend to leave. He then has Charlie all to himself. He tries to hold her, but she moves coyly away. He reaches to kiss the hem of her skirt, but as Charlie moves away the skirt is pulled off and he is uncovered. The daughter pleads for her father to accept him because she loves him. The father seems to relent, but he slugs Charlie and chases him out of the house.

One enamored reviewer said of Charlie in his film, "Charles is seen... as a female—and by no means the monstrosity one might imagine, but a very coy and comely young person."



Ambrose (Mack Swain) is caught with another woman in *A Busy Day*.



Ambrose receives his punishment.

The fourth Chaplin film with obvious homosexual content was one of his most famous two-reelers called *Behind the Screen*, made for the Mutual company in 1916. Charlie works at a movie studio as an assistant carpenter. He naturally does all the work and gets none of the credit. A young girl disguised as a carpenter sneaks onto the set to try and break into the movies. The new carpenter is hired to work with Charlie. Charlie flirts with the new carpenter, to the amazement of the other members of the crew, and shocks them when he kisses "him." The boss of the set is mean and causes the workers to

go on strike and they set off some dynamite in revenge. Throughout the chaos, Charlie only wants to keep his new found love safe.

In his classic film *City Lights*, released in 1931, Chaplin again included some obvious references to homosexuality. Charlie becomes friendly with a millionaire who is overly kind to Charlie when drunk, and doesn't know him when sober. In one explicit scene, Charlie awakens with his last night's drinking partner in the same bed.

Doesn't this have a familiar ring?



A Woman: Charlie charms the men. (Charles Incey, Chaplin, and Billy Armstrong.)



With Edna Purviance (left) in *A Woman*.

HORN SCOPE

BY STORM NETHERLAND

William Lilly, 17th Century English astrologer, wrote: "I believe God rules all by his divine providence and that the stars by his permission are instruments."

ARIES the Ram (March 21-April 20) Begin delayed career work in earnest, yet tomorrow night make the most of your glamour and sex appeal. Thursday is a lucky day for you - in fact, you are now in a period of opportunity! Don't force a lover's hand, however.

TAURUS the Bull (April 21-May 21) There is a stimulating mind at work in your vicinity from which you can draw inspiration. Look to the cerebral more than to the gut (and groin) this week. Beware promising more than you intended come Sunday, but come.

GEMINI, the Twins (May 22-June 21) Weigh the words "I love you" during this period, and

beginning Friday be especially careful in your emotional associations. Some minor upsets, such as added expenses and differences of opinion with loved ones, can give you distress this week.

CANCER the Crab (June 22-July 23) - During this period your personal magnetism is approaching a temporary zenith. Beginning this week you should find yourself quite popular. Watch your finances. Do not be tempted to buy new clothes showing off your peccs or tits.

LEO the Lion (July 24-Aug. 23) It's an excellent week for you regarding career, money and friends. Thursday is your lucky day. Your stars are right for fucking, with you on top, but hold your tongue before, during and afterward.

VIRGO the Maiden (Aug. 24-Sept. 23) - Nether a lender nor a borrower be this week, and don't agree to go to bed with someone who wishes to become closely involved with your commercial endeavors. Be able to say no on Sunday. Keep your legs crossed.



LIBRA the Scales (Sept. 24-Oct. 23) - Careful of your immediate need to be flattered and noticed. Let somebody else pick up the check

or plan the entertainment. Last week's lay may prove to be just that, so don't fantasize.

SCORPIO the Scorpion (Oct. 24-Nov. 23) - Continue to be circumspect regarding your spiteful tongue. Particularly from Friday on you must watch yourself in business conferences, at the wheel of a car and in or near the water. Sockin' o.k.

SAGITTARIUS the Archer (Nov. 23-Dec. 22) You should be attracting many new friends during this period, but remember that a full quiver is not as desirable as one golden arrow. Someone is trying to get through to you, so don't be afraid of spreading. Just try to distinguish who it is who has hit the target!

CAPRICORN the Goat (Dec. 23-Jan. 20) - It's still the time of partnership for you, and an in-lan may prove helpful. Thursday should be a lucky day, and you may find yourself getting it up for someone important perhaps a celebrity!

AQUARIUS the Water Bearer (Jan. 21-Feb. 19) Though you will find on Wednesday that all that glitters is not gold, you have favorable business aspects this week. Review your insurance or investments. On Friday a gung bang could prove out. Rest on Saturday from fucking and perhaps poppers which fatigue you.

PISCES the Fish (Feb. 20-March 20) Continue caution regarding funds, possessions, security of same. Someone is out to fuck you one way or another. Be sure it is to your liking and advantage!

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 had the same lover for almost five years. We have always gotten along almost perfectly. We have two cars, a nice home, many friends, good jobs, and up till now a wonderful sex life together. Recently, however, we have started quarreling over a new element in that sex life... my lover's insistence on threesomes. I hate that idea and do not enjoy it at all. My lover insists it is no defect in me, or lack of interest on his part, but simply that he thinks it is a sexually exciting thing for us to do. I cannot agree. We have been arguing over this for weeks, and he still refuses to believe how disgusting I find this practice. What should I do? I am very concerned.

T., Chicago

A. You should not feel obligated (or blackmailed emotionally) into participating in anything you find disgusting. Your lover may very well be telling you the truth about his feelings on the matter, but he must also take into consideration YOUR feelings. If he insists on a little outside sex, that is one thing. Forcing you to share it is something else. Regardless of his motives or any other question, you deserve the courtesy and respect of equal rights to an opinion. Don't back down on this. If it should cause a break-up, you may be sure that was the underlying motive all along. Otherwise, a compromise would be possible.

Q. I am uptight about a problem I don't know how to handle. I'm only 22, not very experienced, but I want to do



the right thing. Not very long ago, I met this very nice guy of 25, and we hit it off together in the grooviest way. Now this is the problem. He told me he is madly in love with me and wants to be my lover. I dig him as a friend all the way, but I don't love him like he loves me. I don't want to get tied down to anybody, especially if I don't really love them. I want to stay his friend, but I don't want to be his lover. I have tried to explain this to him in a nice way but he doesn't seem to get the message. How can I handle this without hurting him or losing his friendship.

W.W., Newark

A. Be completely honest with him. That is the only way. Tell him exactly what you told me and leave it for him to decide if he wishes to remain your friend on those terms. There is really nothing else you can do. Always handle situations of this kind as though the roles were reversed, and you were the other person. Don't be subtle and clever. Just be honest and direct.

Q. I have lived for 11 years with the same wonderful guy. Two months ago he lost his foot in a car accident, and it has completely changed his personality. He keeps trying to fight with me constantly now, accusing me of cheating behind his

back, and screaming that I should get out and find a new lover. He keeps saying that he knows I want to leave him, anyway, as nobody wants to be tied down to an amputee. Nothing I do or say seems to please him, and he refuses to see any of our friends. I still love him dearly and his surgery has certainly not made him less attractive to me. I have done everything I could think of to reassure him and pull him out of his gloomy state. Nothing seems to work. Please help.

F.E., New York City

A. He is now testing your love, of course. His bitterness is not really directed at you but at that twist of fate, the loss of his foot. It will not be easy, but you will have to put up with this until he can once again believe he is not less of a person because of that loss. He no longer feels whole, and he is afraid that you may reject him for this reason. Be reasonable with him, but if he gets too far out of line, let him have it. Don't hold in your anger. He will interpret this as pity, and it will enrage him. You must treat him as you always have. Then, he will gradually understand that you still accept him in the same old way, and that you refuse to permit him to form your opinions for you. This should tell him

quite plainly that you are still the same two people, not two actors in a new tragedy starring an unwanted amputee. Also, invite some of your friends over. Don't let him keep hiding in the bedroom. He will soon discover that it wasn't his feet that made them cherish his friendship. Time and patience and honesty will heal this situation. Plus laughter and sex.

Q. I am going back to St. Tropez in a few weeks. Last summer there, I met the most fascinating guy I have ever known. It was at a party in the villa of a mutual friend. We seemed to be drawn together by some kind of electricity or something, and we spent a great deal of time together after that night. Dancing, parties, the beach, racing around the Riviera in his Alfa Romeo. It was like something out of a book. To make it even better, he is absolutely gorgeous. Tall, slim, elegant, rich and the best looking man I ever met. All of that and only 27, I am 23. Everybody was after him, and I am told that he was one of the most popular guys in Paris. He made me even more pleased that I was the one he seemed to prefer. He is the eldest son of an old titled French family and lives in Paris. I, of course, live in New York. So we have not met since last summer. We haven't written, either, as he explained it would be most indecorous for him to receive mail from me at his home. I have been thinking about that for some time plus a few other things from last year. I remember now that we never went to the more fashionable parties or places. He always wanted to be in quiet places with me or at the parties of non-French visitors. He also always suggested I wear sun-glasses on our drives and at the beach. And why couldn't I have written to him at the address of one of his friends in Paris? Or why couldn't he write to me? I wonder about all of this now. It doesn't feel so glamorous anymore, but I still want to go back and see him. Should I?

G.B., New York City

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I AM 28, tall, of athletic build, very attracted by, and very attractive to women, most particularly bisexual women who must be either very pretty or beautiful, and not overweight, to create this interest. I now find myself attracted to male youth as well. I would like very much to meet and establish relationships with such women who enjoy their bisexuality, prettiness, and their lives. Please do not fear to contact me as I am discreet, considerate, and totally sincere in everything I have said in this brief note. S.R., P.O. Box 23, Village Sta., 150 Christopher St., NYC, 10014.

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DENNIS - Somehow we missed each other last Sunday. Thought I saw you in blue but wasn't sure. If still interested "please" call again between 5:30 and 8:30 pm.

YOUNG ATTRACTIVE, submissive white male looking for aggressive, muscular guy who enjoys using his brawn to dominate in sex and possible lasting S&M relationship. Would relocate for right guy, right relationship. Write P.O. Box 3981, Jennings, Mo. 63136.

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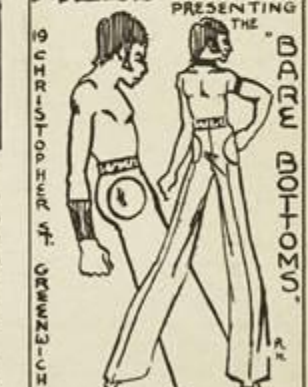


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HAVEN

DAUGHTERS OF A BEACH

(continued from page 6)

our lines. Our small saucepan was soon full, and we needed a bigger container. Finally we wound up with a bushel basket. In one and a half hours, with a little help from friendly bystanders, we caught five dozen crabs!

We hustled them inside and steamed them — although I had strong reservations about cooking them live. That's cruelty to animals! But how else to do it? Marcelle kidded me by asking if I'd seen the movie "The Revenge of the Giant Crab"...

On Wednesday, our last day, we walked to the wildlife part of the beach, which is absolutely deserted. Not a person in sight. We sat there on an old board, totally alone under the sky and totally free. It was a beautiful feeling, and we took advantage of it.

Later, as we wandered around the beach, we found a gray and white bird

just sitting there on the sand not moving. It resembled a gull but had a sharp, tapered beak. It seemed to have been washed ashore with a wounded wing. However, it didn't appear to be in pain and wasn't alarmed when we approached. After notifying a ranger, we found out that we had hit upon, of all things, a genuine loon! To my surprise Marcelle said she had frequently heard the loon's cry in the vicinity of our cottage — a kind of weird sound! A loon, as the ranger informed us, is a sea bird which can fly as well as dive for fish; it even uses its wings under water. But it cannot walk on land. It can only shuffle along awkwardly on its body, its long legs dragging behind. The ranger concluded that the loon could return to its water world any time it wanted; that it was only resting and not badly hurt. He was glad he didn't have to kill it. And so were we!

For lunch we ate our steamed crabs, sitting at the picnic tables below the beach. Before leaving Chincoteague, we

stopped by my old friends' house to say good-bye and to introduce Marcelle to Mrs. W. The old lady remarked how nice it was that we had found each other as roommates. "And now you'll have to get yourselves some boyfriends," she added. And I mumbled that, yes, we had a busy social life...

For anyone else interested in visiting Chincoteague, I advise you to take mosquito repellent along and long-sleeved light-colored clothing (mosquitoes are attracted to dark colors). From New York it's probably a six-hour drive. Take the N.J. Turnpike to the end, cross the Delaware Memorial Bridge and follow Route 13 (301) south. You'll pass through Dover, Del. and Salisbury, Md. About 2 miles after crossing into Virginia, you'll see the sign to Chincoteague, Route 175.

Just remembered one thing: We forgot to visit the Sea Spray Gallery. Will we ever meet the mysterious bachelor? Will you?

GAY CALENDAR

Monday, July 6: "Homosexual News" rebroadcast of 7/3, 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, July 7: Mattachine Society discussion and dance at Trocadero, 180 Christopher St., 8 p.m. Donation \$1.00.

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

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

Friday, July 10: Daughters of Bilitis Biennial Convention. Registration at the Overseas Press Club, 54 W. 40th St., 1-9 p.m. At 9 p.m. small groups will gather for a tour of the gay bars of New York. Women only.

GAA dance at St. Peter's Episcopal Church, 346 W. 20th St., 9 p.m. Donation \$1.50 singles, \$2.50 couples.

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

Saturday, July 11: DOB open press conference at the Overseas Press Club, 54 W. 40th St., 10:30 a.m.

DOB Convention open meeting at Overseas Press Club, 11:30 a.m. Topic: "Lesbians and the Struggle for Women's Rights." Speakers will include Carolyn Bird, Susan Brownmiller and Barbara Gittings. Admission \$1.50. Women only.

DOB reception and dinner at the Park Sheraton Hotel, 7th Ave. & 55th St., 7 p.m. At 10 p.m. there will be a dance with music by an all-girl band (union, no less!). Admission to all three events: \$20 singles, \$35 couples. The dance alone will be \$5.00 singles, \$7.50 couples. Women only.

Sunday, July 12: DOB Convention business sessions at the Overseas Press Club, 54 W. 40th St., 10 a.m.-12 noon, followed by brunch, then another meeting from 2-6 p.m. Admission to the brunch is \$2.00.

NOTE: General admission to the DOB Convention for all events is \$25.00 each, \$45.00 couples, and \$15.00 for bona-fide students with ID cards.

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

NATIONAL DIRECTORY

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

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

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

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

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

"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, Village 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 732-9073.

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

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

Homosexuals Intransigent (HII), 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) KI 6-8929

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

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

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

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

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- Barn, 26 Ninth Ave; GMs****
- Beacon Baths, 227 E. 45th St., a best buy****
- Big Spender, 9th Ave. bet. 41st & 42nd; GM
- Candy Store, 44 W. 56th; for meeting out-of-towners; GMs***
- Christopher's End, 1180 Christopher St. (towards dock) restaurant; GM***
- Continental Baths, 230 W. 74th St.****
- Den, Little W. 12th & Washington; GM
- Finale, 48 Barrow, restaurant; Int.****
- Five Oaks, 49 Grove, restaurant****
- Gianni's, 19th St. bet. 5th & 6th Aves.; GFs**
- Goldfarb's, 7th Ave. at Bleecker, restaurant; GM***
- Harry's, 3rd Ave. bet. 80th & 81st; GMs****
- Kookie's, 149 W. 14th; GFs**
- Roundtable, 151 E. 50th, restaurant; GF, GM
- Sanctuary, 407 W. 43rd; GMs, some Int.***
- Sauna Baths & Health Club, 300 W. 58th St.
- 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***
- Tool Box, 507 West St. at Jane; GM*
- Wine Cellar, 531 Hudson St., restaurant; Int.****
- Yukon, 53rd bet. Lexington & 3rd, restaurant; GMs***
- Zoo, 421 W. 13th St; 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
- Stamper, Santa Monica Blvd. W. of Fairfax; GMs

In BOSTON, here's the itinerary:

- Cave, 20 Boylston; GMs****
- Edwardian, 21 Broad St., restaurant; Integrated afterwards 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; cecch!
- 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 starring 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

Attendant 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



Sheriff Harding? I'm the tall blonde discreet gentleman, age 25-30, available evenings for warm and tender relationship....I bet you thought I'd never get here!