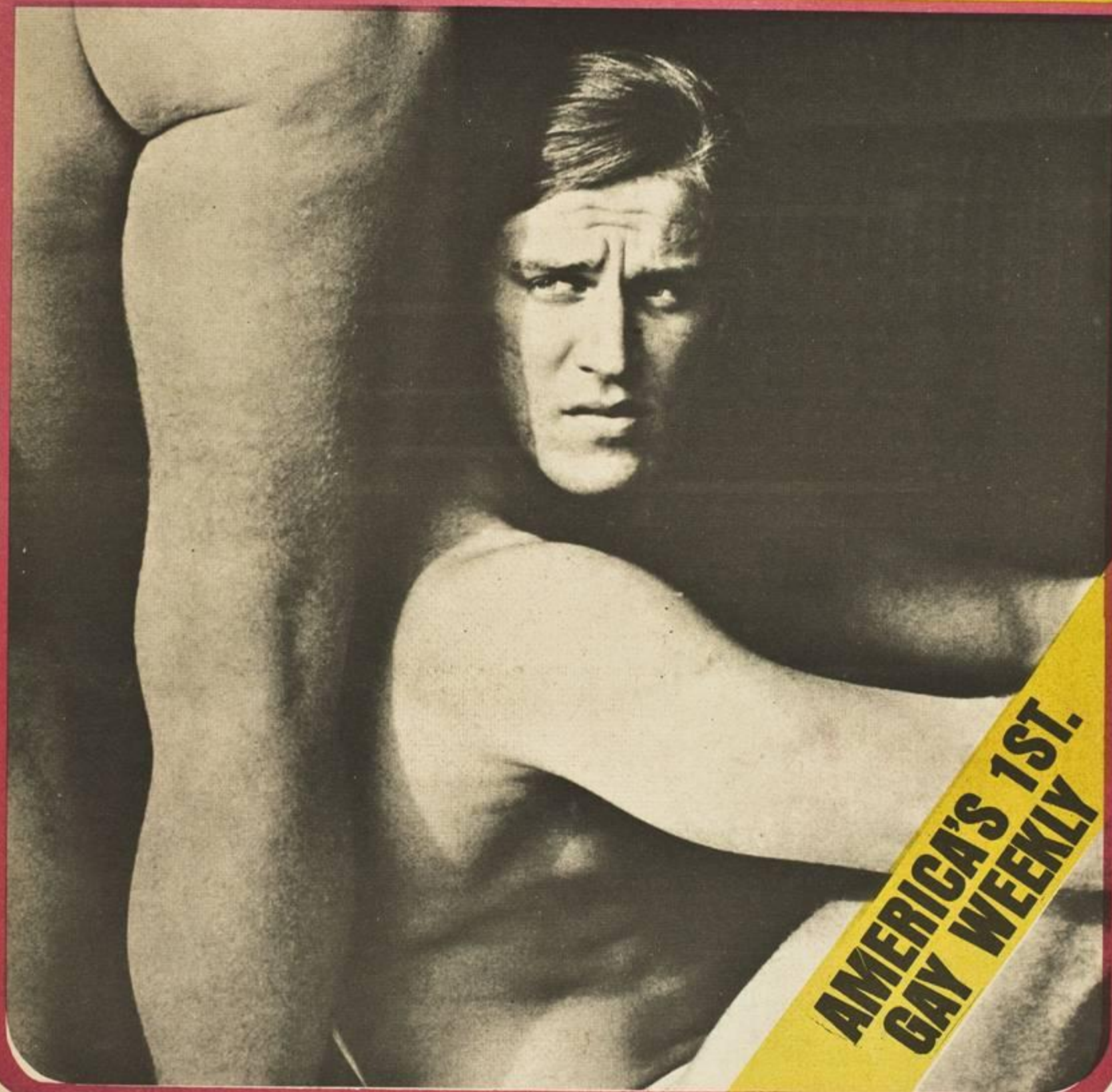


CHRISTOPHER STREET WEST P.4

GAY

40¢
OUT OF
NYC 75¢

NO. 25



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

FIRE ISLAND PHONIES P.8

BEACH BUMS: FROM THE COLT STUDIO PORTFOLIO

CHRISTOPHER

BY LYN PEDERSEN

On June 28, 1970, at 7 p.m., the first annual Christopher Street West parade began its way down Hollywood Blvd. Los Angeles police had threatened repeatedly that the group would be met with violence, and many who had already booked plane fare to come down from San Francisco had cancelled out. But there was no violence.

Those who were ready to take the risk came in droves from Long Beach and Pasadena, from Azusa and Orange County, from San Fernando Valley and from San Diego, San Bernardino, San Francisco and Las Vegas. A few even came from New York, Chicago, Amsterdam, Albuquerque and Detroit. And no one who marched in that parade is ever likely to forget it.

Even those of us who consider ourselves liberated carry our closets along with us. And the slogans, "Out of the Closets and Into the Streets," "We Are Not Afraid Anymore," and "I'm Gay and I'm Proud," soared above the street like a mighty prayer. Bands we didn't get, but there was plenty of good, healthy noise, from Gay Liberation chants to the Metropolitan Community Church Choir.

The line of march was organization oriented. So it didn't occur to the parade organizers to leave any space for the many unaffiliated homosexuals. Several dozen of these fell into line in the front half of the parade (just after the official counters went by) when someone began the chant, "Off 'a the sidewalks and into the streets." At least two hundred more fell into line and took up the chants after the last car marked the official end of the parade. The official count of marchers was 1159, but at least three hundred more, perhaps five hundred more joined in the march past some 30,000 bystanders.

Police, who had said at Police Commission hearings that we always overestimated our turnouts, had different figures. They estimated there were 500 demonstrators and 4,000 bystanders, but as the *L.A. Times* commented tartly, "impartial observers felt there were many times more."

We Had All Kinds

There were queens (and a duchess from San Francisco) and transvestites, members of the Sexual Freedom League, butch types both male and female, including several leather-clad motorcyclists, "heterosexuals for homosexual freedom," many of the "Groovy Guy" nominees in the *Advocate's* forthcoming contest, mothers, fathers and even a few infants, and a screaming flock of bewinged "fairies" being chased and beaten by "vice cops."

There were costumes of every imaginable type: drag (of course), skimpies, John Martin's African witchdoctor outfit looking like a sheaf of grain, and durable General Hersey Bar

shouting, "If you can't be free to be gay, you aren't free at all."

And there were some unusual animals. Dancer Eduardo slithered down the street with a cuddly five-foot python. Two handsome men walked sheep dogs, carrying signs, "Not all of us walk poodles." One youth had a racoon, and someone else a monkey. And in the Anubis contingent, a femme led off the parade with a handsome horse. The expected elephant didn't show. And I don't recall seeing a cat.

The Militant Gay Movement (an exclusivist offshoot of Gay Lib) crowded onto an old truck bearing a super-size jar of vaseline heralded by a banner, "Ain't Nothing Good Without The Grease." This got loud cheers—and several squeamish protests. FOCUS, an Orange County group, carried a bright banner that was challengingly patriotic: "Our

Morris Knight and Rev. Troy Perry had cooked up the notion of approaching the hostile Los Angeles Police Commission with a request for a parade permit down Hollywood Boulevard to commemorate the first known act of massive homosexual resistance in the U.S. "A Freedom Revival in Lavender," Morris dubbed it.

The idea took hold immediately despite a few scattered objections. Who would object these days to the Boston Tea Party, and who would even think to ask now if those ships were properly licensed? The Stonewall incident was the catalyst that did for the homosexual movement what those ships did for the American colonies.

Bob Humphries of the U.S. Mission (a small mendicant group) became CSW Coordinator, and support was quickly

repeatedly said that there were hundreds of good, patriotic citizens ready to shoot or throw stones at us.) They also ordered us to deposit \$1500 to pay overtime for the police who would protect us, and be ready to pay more in case they decided we needed even more protection and service.

Police Chief Davis, who'd made several virulently antihomosexual statements at about that time had signed the application already "for approval." But during the hearing he lit into Perry in a harshly prejudicial way, insisting that all homosexuals were felons, and finally saying that "discommending the citizens by granting a parade permit to homosexuals was like allowing a parade of thieves and burglars."

That remark brought into the fold many homosexuals at first cool to the parade idea. It also brought the Los Angeles homophile movement its first solid news coverage—in the *L.A. Times*, several radio and TV stations, and finally, the *Citizen-News*, once an open enemy. The A.C.L.U. entered the case (a first for Southern California) and assigned attorney Herb Selwyn, an old friend, to the case.

At a second Commission hearing, Selwyn got the bond knocked out, but not the charge for police protection. He argued that it is quite without precedent to charge one group of citizens for the costs of protecting them from attackers, real or hypothetical. He filed a writ of mandamus, and two days later, Judge Richard Schauer ruled that the permit must be granted without conditions, or the police must show cause. Those last two words bogged down parade preparations until two days before the parade, when Schauer removed all blocks.

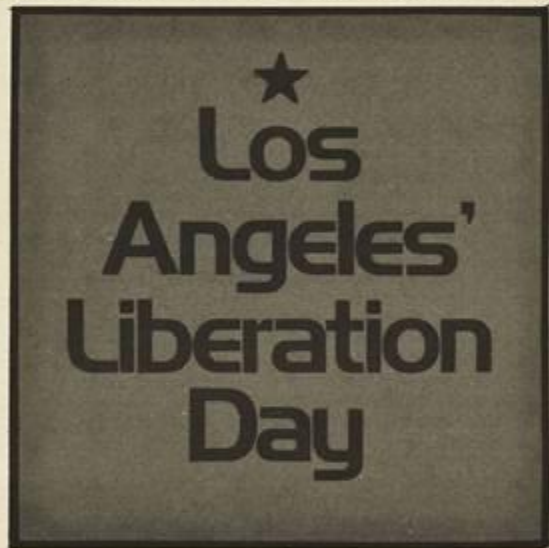
Even without the permit, we could have used the sidewalks—but many would have considered a lack of permit as a sign that the parade was not safe, and the police worked hard to suggest that it was not. Elaborate floats planned by several groups had to be trimmed down to what could be prepared in the last two days. And some of our friends even put out the word that the whole thing had been called off.

It Was Great . . .

Four times in four years, homosexual demonstrations in Los Angeles had drawn about 200 participants. This one went over the top. Without the police hassle, and without severe internal crises in three of the largest sponsoring groups immediately prior to the parade, and partly involving the parade as an issue, and with more time to contact businesses and unaffiliated gays, we think we could easily have quadrupled the attendance.

On Sunday, all was festive, militant, gay and determined. The closet doors were thrown open wide.

We now have, thanks to our brothers' and sisters' activities in San Francisco, New York, Chicago and elsewhere, an established National gay holiday. And just wait 'til next year . . .



country—love it and change it." There were several banners "In Memory of Those Killed by the PIGS." The Gay Lib float portrayed a fairy nailed onto a cross, and being jabbed by a vice officer. Another large float was done in Maypole style.

Spectators were not exceptionally warm, but there were few shows of outright hostility. Comments ranged from, "It's all right, let them do their thing," to "I'm gay myself—I just wish I had the nerve to get out there and march with them," to "It's disgusting," to "I'm not gay, but I think this is great," to "This is the best thing that's ever hit Hollywood." There were a few catcalls, but most watched quietly, and responded in friendly manner when approached.

Getting Past the Police Commission

The initial idea was an unheard-of act of audacity. Gay Lib's elder statesman

gathered from Gay Lib, D.O.B., Anubis, *One*, and on alternate weeks, *Tangents*—and many other groups. Though M.C.C. shies away from official movement endorsements, M.C.C. members were very active in the planning committee.

The police surprised us by insisting that acceptance of the application was "absolutely certain," providing we cut the parade route in half (down to a mere seven blocks), so as not to block any major streets other than Hollywood Blvd., and change the date from Saturday to Sunday to avoid already heavy traffic. Then the Commission slipped us a mickey. They granted the permit, but ordered the CSW Committee to post two bonds totalling \$1,500,000, to insure against personal and property damage if the paraders should be attacked by antihomosexuals. (Police spokesmen

STREET WEST



20% ? Wow! Things really are changing

photo by Donny Sanders



Who says homosexuals are precocious?

photo by Donny Sanders



Pat Rocco with his trusty camera

photo by Donny Sanders



Don't fight: just fuck

photo by Foto Flair, Inc.



photo by Donny Sanders

How true . . . How true

BY JOHN FRANCIS HUNTER

So you're going to Fire Island? Are you quite prepared? And I don't mean have you had your gamma globin shot. To succeed out there, and that means more than just a routine exposure to hepatitis, you have to be of a special breed or exotic culture. In the art of adjustment to well-trained. An island doesn't have to lie in the South Seas to be exotic. This skinny, 40-mile long one just off the coast of Long Island, separated from the mainland by a little bay so shallow they say you can walk halfway across it without being submerged (if you feel like faking the ending of *A Star Is Born*), with two Straight Cities, Davis Park and Ocean Beach, is nevertheless exotic. A homosexual culture flourishes there, though in Fire Island Pines, life is quasi-integrated, so they say.

In a previous life I am sure I lived in Byzantium and got along just fine with the ceremony and protocol (Byzantine, you know), but I have fallen flat on my face a few times on Fire Island, and not because of any deep curtsies or bowing away from an audience backwards either. Fire Island, the gay part of it, is as complex as a set of Siamese quadruplets born under the Sign of Gemini, and it would take someone beyond your ordinary pediatrician-psychiatrist-astro analyst to figure it out on superficial diagnosis. Vance Packard could manage nicely, but in lieu of a sociologist, an avid observer of the social sex scene will have to do.

Leitch Did Cherry Grove

Observer Dick Leitch in Issue No. 23 has already given Cherry Grove the once-over as to where to go and why, on the esoteric level, so except for purposes of general contrast and where it is obligatory to mention it in reference to your life out there, Cherry Grove will not be dealt with precisely in this travelogue. The Pines alone has demanded more agonizing scrutiny and brought me more anxiety than should be required of a light-hearted onlooker.

Not since I shook hands with the distinguished-looking black butler at a neo-Tudor mansion in New Jersey's great estate country and drank the water in my scented finger bowl have I made as many serious social blunders as those I've been guilty of this past spring and so far this summer on Fire Island. I feel as inept as my buddy Orville who suddenly got diarrhea in the orgy room of The Barn, which I think you might charitably classify as an Act of God, though, mightn't you? (As soon as he discovered the fart was wet, Orville hid himself out of there as fast as ever he could, which takes about an hour on a slow night, but I am going to stick it out all summer if they don't run me off.) What I have done on Fire Island is truly gauche, or rather are truly gauche, because my faux pas were several.

And Next Kew Gardens

Having denied myself the Fire Island adventure so long, due to other summer commitments during the nine years I've lived East, and aching to go because it is my first time to know all the great gay milieu in America first hand (and this is about the last save Bucks County and Kew Gardens), I landed a part-time job with a remarkable organization that provides a

service to the Island. I'll not reveal it, because I might give them a bad name after all my bloopers. My first was with some of them as they were showing me around the place in advance of the season. "Is The Pines a suburb of Cherry Grove?" I asked, not realizing that such ignorance is equivalent to classifying Great Neck and The Hamptons as the same Long Island!

Getting there is unqualified fun, by the way, and you no longer have to take the dreary train. You go to Sayville from Manhattan via a private, integrated bus line on which drinks are served, questions answered and your needs generally anticipated by some of the most attractive genital males who ever punched a commuter ticket. You also possibly could meet someone. Someone green like yourself or me, darling, hardly an Islander, which I'll explain later.

Take The Bus, Don't Drive

To get in touch with this bus service you telephone 597-6262 on the Island, or you dial 673-9220 in the city as the first step along the path to adventure. Friends of mine who traveled out alone, without credentials or the aegis of an established cluster, declare their best time was on one of these buses. You see, my friends did everything wrong and, unlike me, haven't had continuing opportunities to make amends. Fire Island is really not a one-shot spot anyway.

At Sayville, L.I., you take the Duchess or Empress (if there's a Queen, I haven't ridden on it, one of the few things I've done right, I guess) to either Cherry Grove or The Pines. Be sure you know which is which, but don't ask anyone you're attracted to, for God's sake, that is a no-no. He might be from the Pines, and if you're on your way to the Grove (small "t," please note, when referring to the Grove, capital "I" for The Pines), he would immediately write you off. If you want to see the lights go off all over the world in a pair of erstwhile interested eyes that you have been staring into on the bus over a very good, very inexpensive drink, drop the wrong place name. If he is going to the Grove, too, that is all right. It is even o.k. then if you're staying at Tiger Curtis' hotel, Bill O'Neil's Guest House or some other public accommodation.

Don't Admit You're Transient

In The Pines, if you are a transient renter, you're better off not mentioning you have a room at the Boatel, that cement block eyecore which looks like a whore house in Tegucigalpa spruced up for a visit by Nelson Rockefeller. Just say you're weekending with friends and about to decide to take over someone's share who has come down with the Big H. See? Not yet? Pay attention or you'll rank with me as persona non grata. You'll do something outrageous like saying good morning in front of people to someone who sucked your cock in the dark the night before. (Not done.)

To New Yorkers on the make, there are two kinds of people: those who live on the West Side by choice and don't even aspire to the East Side after their ship comes in and who go to Cherry Grove either because they want to (unforgivable) or have the misfortune of being invited there instead of The Pines, and those who are just naturally winners. In the "out" lexicon of homosexual winners in Manhattan, Cherry Grove comes between Chastity and

SUNSET ON FIRE ISLAND



Through the woods to Grandautie's house



Watch your P's and Q's!



The ferry boat arrives

Is the old order

Chock-Full-o'-Nuts, all three awfully out, you know. C.G. and The Pines are both ways of life, and if C.G. is your way, well, my dear, you're not on the way up. You'll be on your way down, of course, whichever town you go to, but in C.G. they are blatant about it. C.G. is what comics are referring to when they know they are going to get a cheap laugh at the expense of Fire Island in general. C.G. is the place you don't tell your secretary you're going to for the weekend. The Pines will not alarm her, since the big boss himself and his wife are likely to have a place at The Pines (and consider themselves "tolerant").

Well, It Looks Gay

My first real flub had to do with the gay/straight image business as cherished in The Pines. "I didn't realize The Pines was all gay," I said on the ferry over for my second outing while chatting with a young import-export tycoon I once had an affair with in St. Thomas.

"It isn't," replied he icily, as his lover glared at me from above a lapful of poodles and the *Wall Street Journal*. "One is safe in The Pines."

Oh! Well, genital males do dance with genital males safely at the Blue Whale of the Boatel and at the Sandpiper, The Pines' two bars. (See bar listing, this issue, for the C.G. night spots.) And the deck of the Boatel at high tea does look as if the clans of Harry's, The Stud and The Barn had been safely assembled for a family

photo. If they insist they're not all gay in The Pines, well, Mac, don't argue. Go for trade, if you want to think of it that way.

Kiddy Wagons Alarming

I admit when I first saw the hedge of children's wagons at the dock of the cunning little plank-lined harbor, I was inclined to think I was coming into *Lord of the Flies* country. "Good lord!" I exclaimed to one of the old-timers in our party. "Are there that many brats in The Pines who park their little red wagons—?"

"Those belong to the residents. They haul their groceries home in them. Prices are out of sight at the market. This is not a children's community. One is safe in The Pines."

Oh!

One is entirely safe, by the way, even when his mouth is big enough to accommodate Agnew's space oxford, in exclaiming to one and sundry over the natural beauty of the Island. Its vegetation is scrubby but sculpturally lovely because of the wind-weathering, and its stands of trees, particularly pines, lend just enough shade, just enough shelter to create a visual garden spot out of what could be sandbar desolation if the communities didn't labor so hard in planting and sowing and fighting erosion. The groves are the life of the island, and they draw the high-lifers of the island into their verdant depths. They are the alternate center of its social activity, the other being the living and bedrooms of the party-givers extraordinaire. The bars

photo courtesy Colt Studio



A 70's Explorer looks for new islands



Boardwalks to boredom



Open windows into closed minds

Going Down?

are not particularly vital to The Pines, just for passing through on your way up or down.

Sex in the Outdoors

It is in regard to the groves that I have made my more spectacular faux pas. At night the verdant, fragrant, path-patterned grove between C.G. and The Pines, for one, resounds to the chorus of priapic exertion, uninhibited sucking, groans, slaps and moans. Lovely music. The tunnels among the branches reek of sweat and come and some of the fragrance of Ban de Soleil left over from the matinee performance. You can see, if there is any night purple in your eyes at all, bodies in ecstasies of passion and postures of love. Postures, I said.

"I want to find true love this summer," I announced the first big weekend out. Everyone stared at me just as they would later on toward the end of June when I announced I would not be coming out over the Twenty-eighth because it was Christopher Street Liberation Day. And they smiled with wan benignity. And sighed. I was clearly not the libertine they had taken me for after reading my Central Park memoirs (issue No. 18).

Love Stalks the Boardwalk

"You can find true love on your knees at the end of the boardwalk (toward C.G.) or opposite the Co-ops (apartments in the other direction from the harbor)," someone advised. "I don't think I'll hit the groves or the boardwalk," I predicted smugly.

Hoots and hollers greeted that. Why would an old roue who readily extolls the virtues of Central Park at night and confesses to being intrigued by, teamrooms (if not the Trucks because he's too chicken), eschew the orgies in the cloistered flora of Fire Island!

"It's the height of the impersonal," defended I.

Even an inamorata in New York attacked me later for my position: "Are you afraid you won't be king of the mountain because of the competition of huge cocks or afraid you might find yourself groping sisters?"

Groped for Reason

I wasn't too sure at first why I drew the line at joining in the rites among those particular bushes. It took me time to find an answer satisfactory to me, and then I was free to go grind my ass in the sand or grip branches while being exquisitely blown in the moonlight.

"It's the way everyone ignores you at the tea dansant at the Boatel," I faltered. "They all stay with their own little groups and pretend not to be cruising."

"Maybe they aren't cruising you, loser."

"Maybe not, but a lot of attractive people I've talked with get the same impression, that at the bars and parties no one is willing to make a commitment, to get anything going with you. The people you grope and get sucked by in Central Park you've never seen before. You've not had an opportunity to get to know them just a short while before you do

your body nasties in the dark. They're real strangers, and you've had no choice in the matter. On Fire Island you are constantly running into each other, from your trip to the beach to the bars and over drinks to the parties. If they want you why wait until they find you in a circle jerk or gang bang after 2 a.m.?"

Don't Get Serious

This, of course, is the supreme faux pas, this kind of philosophizing among the pleasure-bent on Fire Island. They, the majority of really beautiful people out there—and it does attract some great physical beauties—are there for hedonistic fulfillment. Period. The undated don't want to be encumbered or reminded that love is hard to come by. The mated, those who own the quite elegant homes which are far grander than weekend beach shacks, don't want to become involved in any sticky situations that might have post-weekend repercussions. Suck and let suck, fuck and let fuck, but just because you don't, don't think of it as social contact. The humpy number with the monumental cock and calypso ass who is Numero Uno in the velvety night may not be so desirable over dinner. The one without much of anything outwardly spectacular and only character, vibrant personality or warmth may just not be worth the bother after the brevity of contact and climax at any social event beyond the bushes because they don't have time for him. The Pines people live in a stratified society, one unique in America as far as I know, imitative of the hetero but thoroughly gay in its grain. It is hard to go against that grain. You are not much sought-after if you buck it.

"In order to keep from making one boner after another," explained a thoughtful friend who has owned property at The Pines for years and belongs, "you must consider our social structure. First there is the *Clique*, which is an extension of the group you travel with in Manhattan. Then there is the *House*, the group with which you share, as renter or owner-tenant. You automatically invite your New York friends into your Pines circle. And you are intensely loyal to your housemates (that doesn't mean you don't steal their tricks away from them). If you are invited to a party, it is understood you will also bring along your housemates."

"All of them?"

"To a party of any proportions, yes. Who they are and how many of them is all taken into account when you are invited."

"Conceivably, then, I could be invited just in order for someone to get to one of my fraternity?"

Parties Aren't All Parties

The smile and nod were supremely condescending. Hadn't I figured that out? No, I hadn't. And I realized then there were faux pas I hadn't even numbered. Not that I had been invited to any big parties on my own and hadn't asked my really very attractive and desirable companions, but I had referred to small gatherings "for drinks" as parties. Dropping over "for a drink" is one thing, going "to a party" is another. *Quel Byzantine!*

Then there is the matter of accepting that ambivalent invitation to "drop by the house when you're out, any time." Several New York acquaintances have said just that, but I have hesitated to go because they didn't specify a time. To me

it was tantamount to "We must get together sometime" you hear so often in every city that it spells dismissal rather than a welcome to someone's life.

"You mean you didn't go to Vista del Grande when you were asked?" an island-wise friend asked, awed. "But they give the very best parties."

"I didn't want to interrupt their afternoon fuck or walk into a catered affair."

Trying not to blunder.

"You'll never get anywhere in The Pines, ducky."

Can't Measure Up

I daresay. For one thing I don't meet the important criteria for popularity even if I didn't make so many gaffs: I am not a person of *Property*. I have no great *Notoriety* (The Pines attracts noted composers, playwrights, actors, models, producers, doctors, writers, lawyers, theatrical agents and whole entourages of sycophants), and my over-all *Associations* are not inclusive enough of those possessed of *Property* and *Notoriety* to carry me.

It is possible to make the grade in The Pines if you are endowed with great *Beauty*, however. No credentials are then necessary. But as to whether your popularity will truly transcend the boardwalk trysts is a moot point. No matter how lovely you are, how dazingly you dress for the Boatel soirees, or how big your basket, you've got to be one of those on the make. The Pines is a marketplace, and flesh is a cheap commodity.

The biggest faux pas anyone can make—and I have made it—is to announce, "I don't think my head is here. I don't think this is my cultural thing anymore. I want to change the system and people in The Pines want to preserve it. My *idéal fixe* is an end to homosexual repression AND I FIND BOTH CHERRY GROVE AND FIRE ISLAND PINES OLD-FASHIONED AND REPRESSED!"

Flesh Is Weak

My body wants to be there, though. And I like the group I'm working with. I find its leaders charming and handsome and engaging and would like to "liberate" them. I now even want to sample the joys of the middle-of-the-night sex with some regularity, "liberated." I want to continue having my loins laved by the sun on that breathtaking beach and laugh with my friends over splendid food, to be as unselfconscious a hedonist there as I have been so many other places that are reminiscent of Fire Island physically if not spiritually. But I have played Tom Wolfe at the Bernstein party. This story, this ultimate faux pas which may be interpreted as insulting and ungracious and ungrateful may do me in. In the next life I shall probably fancy that I was able to cope with the Byzantine structure of this Great Gay Gomorrah (Cherry Grove being, perhaps, Sodom?), but I'll be wrong. I'm always mixing my eras and misreading triumphs and failures. The Island hasn't exactly burned me. And I certainly haven't set it on fire by being, according to its standards, a wet blanket and a spectre at the feast who can't quite buy so much pretense amidst such natural beauty.

If you are not troubled by the escapism of the Fire Island homosexual and if you keep your mouth shut except to admit a nice anonymous piece of meat, you'll do fine!

TOWARD A NEW MORALITY

BY JOHN P. LeROY

Ljoined the June 28, Gay Liberation Day march at 14th Street with a good deal of trepidation. I had always thought demonstrations like this (antiwar, prolabor, or superpatriotic) to be of marginal significance at best, and likely to end in tragedy at worst. By the time I reached Herald Square, I had met many of my old friends, acquaintances, co-workers and past tricks, all of whom walked happily, cheerfully and enthusiastically. Even the police expressed bewilderment and mild amusement.

By the time I passed Radio City Music Hall, and when the Central Park greenery came into sight, I felt like a member of the "chosen people" marching triumphantly into the promised land. A spirit of profound joy overcame the last vestige of my internal resistance as the last of the marchers entered Sheep Meadow. "Now, what?" I wondered aloud. Stefan Verk replied, "This is enough! One step at a time," or words to that effect. The good doctor may have been right.

And so, I spent the rest of that glorious afternoon pondering Dr. Verk's pronouncement. Twenty years ago, in a Los Angeles apartment, a handful of frightened, but brave homosexuals gathered in secret to lay the foundations for the Mattachine Society. Ten years later, the movement had spread to a few large cities, but progress was slow. Now, by 1970, there are so many organizations, with new ones springing up with each passing month, that soon there will scarcely be a locality in the country that does not have a homosexual organization nearby. Ten years ago, there were two or three skimpy money-losing publications available. Now, the gay press has not only become profitable, but its standards have attained a level that belongs with the best of American journalism. Not much more than a decade ago *The New York Herald Tribune* refused to print the word "masturbation." Now, even the sensationalist and solidly conservative *New York Daily News* refers to homosexuals as "gay folk."

But reviewing the extraordinary progress of the last decade does not explain the monumental achievement of that Sunday afternoon. Only at Riis Park had I ever seen so many gay people gathered in one place at one time. But there, the purpose was sex and recreation. Here, the purpose was not only political. It was the grandest demonstration in this part of the country of the homosexual's sense of self-affirmation I have ever seen and, in a larger sense, it was a celebration of life itself. In no other gathering had I ever witnessed such a radiant glow of genuine freedom, yet without license, disorder, or harassment. Indeed, a miracle had been wrought.

Something to Be Proud Of

It is one thing to shout "gay and proud." It is quite another to have something to be proud of. Thus, the gay community that had appeared on that Sunday afternoon demonstrated some of



Even folks in wheelchairs marched. Where were you?

The Challenge of Gay Liberation

the finest qualities of all humanity: they showed that man can be erotically free, but socially responsible; that people can be themselves without any risk of social or political collapse; that man's unalienable right to love his fellow man need never be suppressed.

The tragedy of the human race is that such expressions are so rare, and, when they do occur, so few people recognize them for what they are. Even something as seemingly frivolous as a kissing endurance contest became, in this context, as eloquent an expression of human freedom and diversity as have been all the words that have been uttered in praise of it.

But now that gay liberation has advanced farther than even the most optimistic forecasters had expected, the true challenge is yet to come. How can the message of gay liberation be made to extend beyond Central Park and into the lives of every human being? In most of the country, Oscar Wilde's pronouncement still rings true. Homosexuality is still the love that dares not tell its name because it is still so universally misunderstood. Virtually everyone who works for an established or unenlightened corporation or whose living depends on his or her ability to appear acceptable must indeed return to

the closet. But even in the closet once again, life will never be the same, for it has now been proven that one can be one's self, in public without being penalized. And once true freedom has been tasted, it will be craved until it is won.

Because artificial roles, conventions, and stereotypes have worn thin, and the masks are being stripped away, the time is quickly approaching when we can no longer hide our true selves from ourselves and from each other. Can we achieve a true community of mutual respect? Do we have what it takes to reach each other directly, no matter if there are no more convenient moles?

Only the Beginning

Indeed, do we really want the kind of freedom that was hinted at on June 28? If we do, then there is no time to be lost, for the real fight is only beginning. Most of America does not want this freedom and, furthermore, does not want other Americans to be seen enjoying it. Sooner or later, the full impact of the real issues will become manifest, and a stand will have to be taken. A tacit power structure has built up and flourished because of the plight of the homosexual, from corrupt policemen to ruthless blackmailers. On a deeper level, those who have sold the right to act as they please in

order to qualify for a dubious security and to gain an accumulation of material goods will be the most envious of all. When I saw *Easy Rider*, I first became quite aware of this. Outside the theatre, after the movie, I noted a couple of hippies passing a pair of well-dressed out-of-towners. The expressions on their faces were the same as the expressions on the faces of the Southerners who eventually "shot" Peter Fonda.

Thus, to be free is to be unafraid of the unfamiliar. The gay community is better equipped to deal with fear because it has always been doing so on a day-to-day basis. But the straight community is scarcely aware of its fear, and does not want to be aware because that would be too painful a reminder of missed opportunities. Better to give up their rights in order to keep the gays from getting theirs while retreating to the comfort of pretending to follow the morality of demagogues. If gay power is anything, it is the power of gay people to make their own morality. To the straights, this is intolerable.

And so, the issue goes beyond immediate liberation to that of genuine long-term freedom. Do enough Americans (gay or straight) really want it badly enough? That is the question! That is the challenge!

HOW TO RESCUE A

BY ANGELO d'ARCANGELO

Lspent a good part of my Sunday afternoon at Alternate U. Not exactly by choice, but rather as the result of several dissociated incidents and an unexpected phone call from an intriguing young man.

For several days I'd been walking about, or lounging about, with one of those colds or inflammations of the throat which rob one of energy, voice and good temper. And so, when the phone rang, I was not anxious to answer it. The voice on the other end informed me that a drag queen had been denied entrance to a fairly well known gay bar, and that G.A.A. and G.L.F. were planning an action that Sunday. (A matter of consequence? Could I resist?) I'd never been to Alternate U. Not even for the dances, and I'd certainly never been to a G.L.F. meeting though I'd always wanted to get a peek at their cellular structure. G.A.A. I knew, but hadn't seen it at work with other groups.

And there you have it. I decided to pack my house guest into the car, to dress, and to go to Manhattan, believing that I just might get a story for the paper out of it. I have, and here it is.

The Story

I got close to the center—that is, within whispering proximity—of the daring dyad of G.A.A., Tom and Marty. The immediate problem revolved about a person called Nova and his/her alleged denial of entry into a bar. The meeting had been called for 2:00 and by 3:00 neither the principles nor the G.L.F. participants had come. There was one man from G.L.F. who was there the night of the altercation, and we talked. He said that he'd been dancing for a while inside while this was going on. He also said that there was another white drag queen inside while the ruckus, if that's what it was, continued. We were not able to determine whether or not Nova was denied entrance because of his/her clothing, color or for some other reason, or indeed whether or not Nova had ever been in this bar in or out of drag. We were not able to determine the bar-owner's policy at all with regard to these matters, though somebody volunteered that the owner was forced to split half his profit between the Mafia and the police. This didn't seem unusual in view of the stench emanating from the New York State Liquor Authority, but it didn't seem germane to the issue.

One of the difficulties of determining what steps to take was the absence of any clear line of exclusion on the part of the management of the bar. This particular place seems to cater to any and everybody, having no clear "dress policy." I mean by that, it could be called a "hippie" dance palace, but with strong leather overtones as well as a heavy admixture of fuzzy sweater and some dragging and dykes. But you know, we discriminate against ourselves as homosexuals. Obviously we do. That is as obvious as the discrimination used against us as a minority. The difference is that one associates freely with whomsoever one chooses, whereas we are all condemned



DRAG QUEEN

together under the law. Personally, I do not question the right of anybody to dress any way he or she chooses, or to undress as they choose AT ALL. I think the notion of "outraging public decency" in this respect is as great a lie as any plaguing the nation. However, I do not question the right of people to react to dress and undress as they choose as long as that reaction is as harmless as the dressing involved. People who operate public places have that right: the right to react to the dress of their customers. They do not have the right to refuse service to anybody, however, because they do not like their clothing, or their hair, or skin, or their private lives: A public bar is public. Nevertheless, it would be as foolish for, say, a drag queen, to force herself into a place where he/she wasn't wanted and demand service as it would be for the owner of that place to refuse it. We all know there are places where people who enjoy the same life-styles congregate. For the general bargoing public, it might help to get statements from the bar managers themselves about the kind of clientele they preferred, but frankly, I doubt it.

However, I'm getting off the point. I suggested to the guys Sunday that it would be unwise to instigate any action of any kind without knowing considerably more about the

circumstances. I suggested that perhaps somebody like Pudgy Roberts, who is known to head one of the Transvestite organizations, would be of great help. Queens, for example, might also be able to offer some help. I suggested also the Mattachine Society as being a likely place for some of that kind of information because of its long association with and defense of transvestites and drags of various kinds.

Finally, the Moral

This Sunday's adventure, though it didn't lead to any action—the work on a leaflet was dropped, plans for a zap of some kind seem to have been, but perhaps not—led me to a glaring truth of some value: a truth about the homophile movement in New York, which may well apply to the community at large. There seems to be a rule of precedence concerning the growth of radical organizations which indicates that certain parts or organs of these organizations are grown before others. The brains or executives come soon, though the muscles or fighting apparatus seems to come first, the laws of preservation being what they are. The instinct for camouflage is not missing either, particularly in the early stages. But the instinct for diplomacy seems to be the last to grow. Although it is always

difficult to determine the uses of diplomacy in a radical or unpopular protest organization, I believe it would be easiest to say that diplomacy tends not only to protect the organization from the establishment in those areas where open confrontation would be inadvisable, but more importantly, it can end the waste of competitive energy between similar, and sometimes overlapping, groups. As no two organizations are alike, their functions and capabilities cannot be identical, and one may have recourse to certain funds, information, or techniques, or prestige, that another may lack. Why are they not complementary? We know that they cannot be interchangeable, but why are they not at least mutually assistive?

Groups are made up of people, and people are moved by personalities. Nobody functions in the abstract, certainly not when one deals with people. It is on a personality level, the lower level, that the greatest mistakes are made. Ask yourself how else it can be that the various heads of the various homophile organizations are not connected by "hot lines" to one another? Personality. Ask yourself what they fear they may lose, and you will answer your question with another question: Why do they want to

(continued on page 17)

GAY GROUPS MARCH ON PROVINCETOWN (continued from page 3)

Homosexual spokesmen were met by the city's police chief. "You're obstructing traffic," said the Chief. "No, you are obstructing traffic!" came the bold reply.

Groups taking part included the Homophile Union of Boston, The Gay Liberation Front of Boston, G.L.F., and Mattachine of New York, Boston Student Homophile League, the Boston Chapter of the Daughters of Bilitis, and the Graduate Students Homophile Association of Harvard University.

H.U.B. President, Morgan, said that he and other gay spokesmen had attempted to meet with the Provincetown Selectmen on three different occasions.

"The first time we went for a meeting, the Selectmen didn't meet. The second time we asked for a meeting, they told us they were having an 'executive session' and couldn't see us.

Even after such valiant attempts to get a marching permit, the gay groups were turned down without recourse. Marion Taves (interviewed in GAY no. 23) worried about marchers being in drag.

"The march was a great success," said Morgan. "All of Boston's gay organizations did a splendid job working in unison."

LUTHERANS ASK UNDERSTANDING FOR GAYS (continued from page 3)

absolution," the minister said. "Doesn't this statement seem to say that it is not necessary to repent these acts?"

Replied Dr. Thomas, "The statement points out that science is not able, so far, to tell us the exact causes of homosexuality, and we point out that they are sinners only as all other human beings are, only as they also are alienated from God and man.

"For too long we Lutherans have equated sex with sin and made no other distinctions," Dr. Thomas said, drawing light applause.

But the pastor was supported by the Rev. Dr. Paul L. Roth of the Wisconsin/Upper Michigan Synod. "Are those who indulge in this kind of activity to be treated by the church with mercy and compassion?" he asked incredulously.

Another minister sarcastically offered an amendment to make the liberal outlook also apply to "other abnormal behavior."

After all, he argued, "Moses and St. Paul both refer to men seeking out other men for sexual gratification (sic) and also to men seeking out animals for the same purpose."

But his amendment was defeated by a voice vote in which no "ayes"—not even his—could be heard.

Leviticus is firm in its proscription of homosexual practices, but Lutheran tradition has been to base its theology on St. Paul's rationale.

And as a ranking LCA theologian—the calibre of Lutheran theologians is highly respected in church circles—put it at the hearing on the sex-marriage document as the convention opened:

"St. Paul's specific ethical conclusions are adequate to prepare you to live and act in 1st-century, rural Palestine," said the Rev. Dr. William Lazareth, Dean of Lutheran Theological Seminary, Philadelphia, Pa.

"If Dr. Baker (a psychiatrist on the Board of Social Ministry) can tell us more about homosexuality in the twentieth century than St. Paul knew, then we are obligated as Christians to quote Paul the theologian against Paul the first-century Palestinian.

"Further," said Dr. Lazareth, "St. Paul's denunciations of the flesh are frequently misunderstood by laymen. Paul refers," he said, "to flesh that way when it is the motivation for a specific action and does not mean to denounce all bodily functions as depraved."

The psychiatrist, Dr. Joseph J. Baker—previously with a private psychiatric hospital at Providence, R.I., as about to join the Veterans Administration in Washington, D.C. as director of psychiatry—defended the statement's view toward gay people during the convention debate.

"Sexuality is something we all have, and it affects the way we walk, feel, talk. These are all things over which we don't have a lot of control, having been determined long before we become adults," Dr. Baker said. "They are influenced by the treatment we received as children, by the kind of parents we had, by our heroes.

"The end product may not fit the idealized, all-American-boy stereotype. For some people, their feelings may be slightly different.

"Persons who deal with this subject behaviorally, agreed that most homosexual behavior doesn't come to the attention of the police, the courts, or pastors, and that they can live quite productively," Dr. Baker said.

"The position we are taking is that these people deserve compassion and understanding, as opposed to the seductive homosexual who may engage in quite dangerous and illegal behavior," the psychiatrist said.

The plank on gay people was adopted with significant opposition audible during the voice vote, but by a comfortable margin.

And the entire 3½-page document, which sought to define marriage and declare abortions a matter of individual conscience, drew considerable debate as the convention's most controversial question, but was adopted with little dissent during the final vote.

The Rev. Dr. Robert J. Marshall, the LCA's president, characterized the document as asserting that the church is willing to minister to people in need.

Toward those with failing marriages or common-law spouses or gay people, Dr. Marshall said, "Christian charity requires that these people should be accepted within the Christian concept.

"They should not be treated as second-class church members."

In adopting the plank on gay people, the LCA goes beyond the position of the United Presbyterian Church, which at its Chicago General Assembly in May approved the distribution of a liberal 34-page discussion of sex, masturbation, homosexuality and abortion—but not before declaring "our adherence to the moral law of God...that adultery, prostitution, fornication...homosexuality is sin."

That motion was adopted by the 3.2-million-member Presbyterian body, 356 to 347.

The LCA is the country's largest and least conservative Lutheran organization. The two other major Lutheran bodies are the traditionally conservative Lutheran Church—Missouri Synod with 2.8 million members, and the middle-road American Lutheran Church with 2.5 million.

older HOMOSEXUALS FOUND NOT UNHAPPY

Bloomington, Indiana — According to Dr. Martin S. Weinberg, sociologist at the Institute for Sex Research (founded by the late Dr. Kinsey), aging homosexuals are no more lonely, depressed, or unhappy than their younger counterparts. Quite the reverse, in fact.

Dr. Weinberg gathered data from 1,117 male homosexuals which produced unexpected findings, which were also supported by Kinsey Institute figures on another 458 homosexuals.

There was a decrease, as expected, in the frequency of sexual conduct among older men, and most were living alone.

No differences, however, were discovered with respect to loneliness, unhappiness, or depression.

Younger homosexuals, it was found, worried most about exposure and scored low on self-acceptance. Younger men also rated highest in negative feelings about their orientation and seemed more likely to desire psychiatric treatment.

On all psychological levels, older homosexuals appeared to be best adjusted to their sexual feelings.

NEW STUDY SUPPORTS KINSEY

Baltimore, Md. — If your lover is a deeply religious person, chances are he may be somewhat uptight about sex and sex practices, according to a study conducted by Dr. Robert Athanasios of Johns Hopkins University.

The doctor found in his study that Jews and atheists had more liberal attitudes about sex than Catholics and Protestants. He also found that attitudes on sex generally parallel attitudes on religion—if you are conservative in the religious area, you're likely to be conservative in your sex life as well.

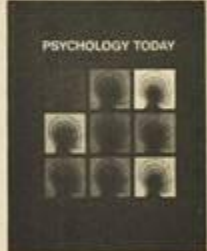
These are some of the findings from more than 20,000 responses to 101 questions about sexual attitudes and practices. The answers came from readers of Psychology Today magazine, which featured the questionnaire a year ago and invited responses. They published findings from those responses this July. As might be expected, the questionnaire had a built-in heterosexual bias. As might

also have been expected, this bias was protested by many of the homosexual participants.

Dr. Athanasios cautions that liberals were far "over-represented" among the responding readers of Psychology Today, and that they gave responses "descriptive of a well-educated, intelligent group that just might be the wave of the future."

More than 850 homosexuals—75% of them men—replied to the survey, or about 4% of the total sample, a figure that corresponds closely with Kinsey's 1948 estimate of 4% for exclusive male homosexuals in the population at large.

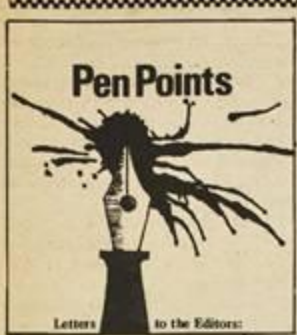
The doctor points out: "Kinsey's data showed that 37% of all males have had or will have at least one homosexual experience between adolescence and old age, although the proportion of exclusive homosexuals is much less. Interestingly, our percentages are identical: 37% of the male respondents report having had at least one homosexual experience. The corresponding figures for women are much smaller, both in Kinsey's sample and in this one. However, a very substantial number of women—over 20% have 'thought about' engaging in homosexuality."



The Psychology Today study found that homosexuals and heterosexuals are proportionally represented in the various professional, income and age groups, but that homosexuals tend to be found more often in large cities. It also found that gays are "even more liberal on such issues as legal interference with free sexual expression." Also, homosexuals are more likely to have "seen and been aroused by pornography; to have received and given oral-genital stimulation; to have masturbated within the last six months; and to have had or considered group sex."

The study noted that homosexual respondents were just as satisfied with their sex lives as heterosexuals are, and that homosexuals are "generally not wracked with guilt." A finding that might surprise many men is that lesbians "generally reach orgasm more often than heterosexual women, and they are twice as likely to be multi-organic on each sexual occasion." The study found that lesbians are "less inhibited by guilt and religion than heterosexual women." Finally, at least twice as many lesbians as male homosexuals are living with lovers of the same sex. 60% to only 33%. Dr. Athanasios observed that the "social attitudes that disapprove of two men living together openly are reflected in the findings on cohabitation."

All in all, Psychology Today readers feel "very unthreatened" by homosexuality. "In addition to the 4% exclusive homosexuals, almost 60% think that homosexuality is a matter of individual choice; and another 14% say 'there is nothing wrong with it—there is an element of homosexuality in everyone.'"



Dear GAY: Your unwarranted attack on Billy Graham puts you in the "old queenie" class of reporting. Really, have you any reason for flogging this man who is really a much-needed voice now? Listen to him; you might find some value in what he has to say. He's not for all of us, neither is GAY. So let him do his own thing—you're doing yours, eh? Tolerance is what you're preaching. Practice it.

Also, I resent your attack on the "hard hats." They are wonderful to the homosexual world. What trade! I find them loving, pleasant and most passionate to us in the gay world. Maybe you met a disgruntled old meanie. Most of them I find very cooperative and they had to do their thing. I'm for them!

BY STEFEN VERK

A troubled 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. Just a note to let you know how very much I enjoy your column in GAY. GAY is the bright spot in my mail bag in this very bad place called Vietnam. It helps some of us to keep our sanity. I was especially interested in the question posed by F.O.B. a few weeks ago. (Ed. note: this was the boy with 14½ inches.) Thought that your answer was especially good. Agreed that he has a bit of a problem, but as you stated, there are many of us who would like to know and help someone of this endowment. Myself, for one. Rather wish that you were a correspondence club as I certainly would like to get to know friend F.O.B. Keep up GAY's good work.

A. Nice of you to take time out from the war to write to me. No, we are not a correspondence club, but it may interest you to learn that F.O.B. is also now in Vietnam. If you should run across him, I am quite sure you will recognize him. Bon appetit!

Q. I am 17 years old and just recently "came out." Your column and GAY have helped me to better understand myself as well as other homosexuals. It seems that all the guys I have had sex with so far have wanted me to play the female roles and actually I

God Bless America and the brave hard hats!

Ed. Note: It doesn't surprise us that a Billy Graham freak is masochistically hung up on the hard hats. Grahamcracker shows little tolerance for gay folks. Quite the reverse. Be careful that the hard hats don't turn on you in a fit of machismo guilt and crush your Jehovah-fearing skull.

Please let me add some tinder to the fire that you fanned with your editorial in GAY June 22, 1970, on the latest bull from that repugnant high priest of religious lunacy, pope William, the Graham. He is certainly the purveyor of a kind of puritanical perversity that is more insidious than the homosexuality that he uses as a scapegoat for his own brand of unchristian hard-hat bigotry. But, can we expect anything better from the chaplain of totalitarian "democracy"? Didn't you reveal him as the boot-licking sycophant to a Fascist minded president seeking votes in the Bible belt? King Richard, the Lie-on Farted (the Asian piece-loving "quacker") might even dub him Sir William for his self-righteous fight against "commies," "queers" and pornography—"the filth that flows down the gutters of 42nd Street." (Billy boy went to that iniquitous place once in a false beard.)

However, I challenge Billy to explain why it is that our mental hospitals are populated by more refugees from the orthodox fundamentalist religions (such as he promulgates) than from any other group in our society. Psychosis occurs when the ego no longer functions efficiently in its role of recognizing the source of at least some of the impulses that reach and pervade it; yet, Billy exhorts his followers to deny their humanness and to repress their harmless human desires. Also, many things that are idealational, the psychotic person accepts as environmentally authentic material; yet, religious zealots like Billy talk about spirits and ghosts and other things that cannot be scientifically verified as if they were real. Could it be that Billy encourages an emotionally dishonest, schizophrenic life-style that says "Love thy neighbor as thyself" on Sunday but acts on Monday through Saturday with self-righteous hates and prejudices supported by semantic insanity? His followers are encouraged to react more violently to the symbolic label "pervert" than they would (or should) to the human homosexuals who are their sons and brothers. And, doesn't Billy have to blind his followers to the fact that they are serving the very earthly-acquisitive (not Christ-like) goals of "religious" authority figures, like Billy Graham, Inc., who serve themselves while pretending to serve those they deceive.

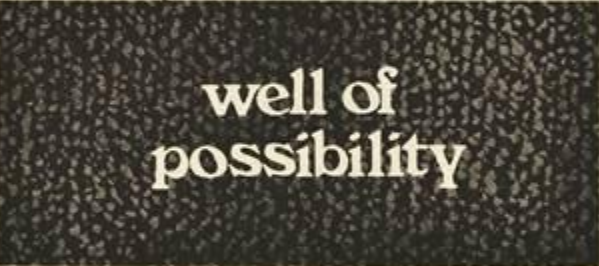
In any event, in addition to the reasons you gave, I think that our president should suffer from our lack of support at the ballot box for encouraging Billy's reckless and rapacious meddling in secular affairs. As a tax payer, I resent tax money being used to entertain him



and I resent having to feed the human vegetables in our prisons and mental institutions that have been sickened by Billy's mental poison.

Sincerely, J. Eugene Smith Unlondale, N.Y.

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



I guess this situation suits me best. My question, though, is the following: Being still relatively new, I was wondering what is to be considered par for the course. I have been expected to blow my partners or receive them anally but also now on quite a number of occasions these same guys have told me they wanted me to kiss and lick their bare feet. I don't mind doing this to a guy if he really enjoys it. But I was wondering if I am doing anything out of the ordinary by licking and sucking these men's feet as they have ordered me to do? Some of them seem to get really turned on by this form of attention. But a friend of mine said that it was sadistic on these guys' part to ask me to do this. Please tell me your opinion. I realize it is not a question of life or death but I still would like to know your thoughts.

R.T., New Jersey

A. It is a question of self-respect or degradation, of living or merely existing. Your friend has smelled out the game quite accurately, but possibly he does not know that you invite the game yourself. In your entire letter, you never once mention your own enjoyment, only your voluntary compliance with the orders of others, for their enjoyment. What about you? Two people of the same gender having sex together don't have to play roles, unless they are engaged in some

kind of game or fantasy. Submission appears to be the role you assume best suits you. Do you believe that the female must always submit? Healthy females are not submitting to anything; they know they are sharing the sexual pleasures. Males who are sure of their masculinity do not have to feel they must make anyone submit sexually; they are also content to share. Sex partners often make love to every part of each other's bodies, and there is nothing wrong with this unless it involves a matter of one partner ORDERING the other to do it, and the other feeling compelled to submit to such orders. That is undisguised sadism and masochism, and it is degrading to both participants no matter what words they use to justify its dubious pleasures. Force plays no part in love-making, only in battle. The next time one of these guys asks or orders you to do anything, refuse unless they do the same to you. If they refuse, tell them to get lost. Why should you be willing to play the victim in their ugly games? If you enjoy playing such roles (and I suspect you do, for it takes two to play, you realize), then you must try to discover the reasons why you feel you deserve punishment. Of what are you guilty? You are so young, it would be sad to see you make no effort to adjust to reality instead of fantasy. Talk this over with your friend, for you seem to trust

him. Remember that you deserve the best you can get or earn. Don't settle for less. Ever.

Q. Can you believe that two grown men would fight over artichokes every other Sunday afternoon? My lover and I take turns making Sunday dinner, and every time he makes it, he stubbornly serves those God-damned artichokes. When I refuse to eat them, he creates a scene. He insists that all civilized people of any breeding appreciate the "subtle flavor and elegance" of these foul vegetables. He knows very well that I come from a prosperous upper middle class background, and I still think that artichokes taste like sawdust. I loathe them. I don't want to break up over such a silly matter, but what on earth can I do with this man?

D.G., Boston

A. I can believe almost anything by this time. I would suggest, if you wish to put an end to this silly power game, that you select an item you know he detests from the menu of the most elegant gourmet restaurant in your city. Serve it to him the next time you cook with the same claim he uses on you, and mention the fact that it comes from that particular menu. What can he say?

Q. I have recently heard that a new gay church is forming in New York to serve the needs of the homosexual community exclusively. It sounds like a wonderful idea to me. Where else can we turn for spiritual guidance under the present church set-up? What do you think about such a thing?

F.M., Brooklyn

A. So what makes a religious ghetto different from any other kind? I would think the important question is why you cannot depend on your own resources rather than those of any supernatural agency.



A race without winners

BY STEFEN VERK

The Gay-In. Laughter, games, the person-to-person exchange of a vibrating exhilaration, an expanded sense of freedom and unused power, a joyous coming together of peers sharing their one-ness. It is too beautiful to remain unrepeatable. Oh yes, thousands poured into the streets in all their colorful diversity, lighting up Central Park with an emotional solar brilliance, smiling with the holy pleasure of simply being. Familiar faces and faces newly freed from fetid closets. The familiar were such as Prescott Townsend, the 76-year-old activist ignoring Parkinson's Disease to make the long trek from Boston to be present this day, Lige and Jack, Dr. Franklin Kameny, Angelo d'Arcangelo, Dr. Leo Louis Martello who had invoked his witch's lore to bless the day with superb weather, the leaders and many members of all the groups fighting the good fight. The meadow was rainbowed with the many banners and placards and smiles and free-spirited attire. Mark Haldane, artist and gentle soul, was strolling through crowds. Robert Galster of the beautiful beard and talented hands, Mike Giammetta forever free of yesterday's masks, Hector and Uncle Tony, Professor Smith of that university, John Francis Hunter, John P. LeRoy, Randy Wicker with Peter Ogren... all were there. And Jim Owles smiling as though his heart would burst with pride, and Arthur Evans and Kay Tobin with Barbara Gittings and Marty Robinson with Tom Doerr and the girls of DOB and the boys of QUEENS. A marvelous day. A day to be recorded with care and fondness; a reminder of the ineffable sweetness of freedom and self-respect. Tender and strong.

Lying in the Grass

A flowering frangipani tree or the slithering fragrance of jasmine blossoms, and I am instantly undone. Suddenly it is

DO SOMETHING TENDER TODAY!



A young man enjoys the sunshine at the Gay-In

Reflections While Sitting
on the Grass
Central Park's Gay-In
June 28, 1970

summer (even in winter). An indolence so voluptuous I can taste it renders me impervious to all but its flavor. Governments can topple, entire cities crumble in well-earned seismic quakes; my earthly possessions vanish in a wink; I will think about it later. Possibly. For the moment I am too casually engrossed in levitating silkily in the summertime anaesthesia of my practical mind. We waste so much time being practical and leave so little space for simply being and feeling. Everything has its importance. It need not always be practical or even useful. Merely beautiful will suffice. Like music or flowers or the poetry of shared bodies.

Four oddlooking gentlemen approached me (one at a time) and asked incredulously, "What are you doing there prone in the grass sniffing those two rapidly-aging roses?"

"Working," I replied.
"Nobody," they countered, "could believe this."

"Perhaps," I smiled, "but each in his own fashion... and this is mine."

"But you are simply lying there with two roses across your face," they argued, "and looking incredibly lazy."

"Yes," I agreed, "but this is how I sometimes work. And I am lazy," I admitted, "but like many lazy people, I work very hard and produce immense amounts because I can't wait to get it all done with, so I can simply sit back and be."

"But what are you doing now?" they smugly questioned.

"Writing," I said. "An ephemeral wisp of an essay on tenderness; a mere Kashmiri chiffon to softly drape into a sari of wistful dreams."

"Insane," they snorted with pinched Christian nostrils.

"Selah," I whispered.

The eminently sane so often are thought mad by the tight-assed, I knew. After all, look what they did to Socrates, and yet they honor such as Billy Graham.

So where do I start? Does it matter? Let it be unstructured like an eternal summer and drift from sea to garden to ululating palms or swaying hibiscus. And I am reminded of some words from Seneca, that fascinating Roman out of Spain. Can you picture him now at some sybaritic banquet of Nero's, surrounded by gluttony and every nuance of lechery, studying the cream of the empire and uttering these words: "From the time that money began to be regarded with honor, the real value of things was forgotten." Do you suppose we should toss sealed bottles containing this message through the one-way windows of the White House? Can they read there?

If there is no room in my life for the frivolous, the occasionally extravagant, the nonfiscal tender, have I not ossified myself into the saline sculpture of a Puritan? Have I not antiseptically replaced the human lava which feeds my vitality and mortal awareness as it courses swiftly through my veins with the turgid liquid aluminum of a Bible-Belt moral idiot... who considers being human as a state of undesirable imperfection? Being perfect is anti-human for the mere concept is pertinent to machines, not people. Being tender, when one wishes to be (a function impossible for machines), is being supremely human. Nor is tenderness to be equated with weakness. This piece of asininity is another in the endless parade of traditional garbage which defaces society in its futile attempts to deny its human-ness. Tears are neither masculine nor feminine. They are simply human. They have no gender. Neither does love or death.

Shall I lie on the grass and contemplate tenderness, or shall I storm the bastions of The Society for the Propagation of the Faith? This is a hydra-headed question with many nuances. On another day, I might decide differently. I opt for tenderness today, although part of every day in my life is accessible to tenderness. It does not dilute my strength, because I know it too well to be unsure of it. On the contrary, I am strengthened by my capacity for using the other elements which fashion me into a whole person. From Seneca to Margaret Mead might seem an unlikely trip, but it really is not, and I recall that incredibly seminal passage from her introduction to an ethnological study she entitled *New Lives For Old*. "But their experience," she wrote, "is part of our experience as we learn to draw for our inspiration not with outmoded snobbery only on 'all the best' but on all that has happened in the

world." What does that do for the horizons of your mind?

A Tender Embrace

What is a difference if there are other bonds to make this planet inhabitable by all? I was moved to a gentle pride, quite different from the debility of *hubris*, by those three fellows from the GLF I met on Central Park West, as I was returning home from a seminar on unhappier matters. They were brothers named Mike Silverstein, Perry Brass, and Joel Brodsky... strangers until that moment, but brothers... and to straight and gay alike they were distributing the literature of *Gay Pride Week* and affectionate words of invitation for everyone to join the Gay-In at the Sheep Meadow. I was proud of them. I wanted to embrace them in tender brotherhood and I told them exactly what I felt. I am telling them again now, and I am telling you so that you can also be proud of those who

The Arrogance of Words

The arrogance of words so often interferes with simply being human. It would be ludicrous to be pedantic with two roses lying across my nose, and I am pleased with that. I am talking to me as well as to you. Would I insult my own intelligence by being pompous with myself? Positivity bores anyone. It is one of the ultimate turn-offs. Let us speak of candied violets, extravagant valentines, of anything except statistics and the gross national product (whatever that is). If I send you a CARE package containing only rose petal custard in an opalescent Lalique vessel, one cyclamen, and the merest sliver of a poem by Lady Murasaki, think kindly of me, for I have thought kindly of you to have chosen so carefully. You can always get Spam and dried beans from some government agency. It cares less. It doesn't want you folded, spindled, or mutilated (except in

the whole world." But he added a line of his own, equally beautiful: "And in the saving, save yourself." The responsibility and the rewards are in our own hands. I like that idea. I like people, and I like me, not necessarily in that order, either. I am suspicious of martyrs and saints. I am rarely suspicious of people.

This essay is full of the first person pronoun, but I will listen to you, if you care to speak. How can I know you otherwise? If you see me sitting somewhere, or lying in the grass, do something tender for me and speak. I may not wish to sleep with you, but that is a matter of minor moment. I may speak to you first. If you are hostile, the loss is yours as well as mine. A bridge must have at least two sides in order to function, is that not true? It would be moronic to pretend that you like everyone or that I do. But if you do not risk the chance to find out, we will never know. Closets are such a bore. They are only good for storing things or hanging clothes. Or yourselves.

Say Hello to A Stranger

When was the last time you said hello to a stranger with whom you did not wish to sleep? Or do business? Have you accidentally slipped a lily of the valley in your poison pen letters lately? Angelo, Galster, Manuel and I spent the entire night recently without once discussing the war. We listened to an opera by Benjamin Britten, and when we spoke, it was of life instead of death. I do not choose to think about war 24 hours a day. That is the Pentagon's *raison d'être*, not mine. Not ours. And I thought of Lilli Vincenz for some reason, although I do not know her. I might not even like her, but she feels like people. It was somewhat unearthy to sit surrounded by priceless Chinese antiques and talk about truckloads of popcorn, Gilbert's peculiar interpretation of thrift, Peter Grimes, and the technique of therapy for drug addicts. We were not bothered by the telephone. I have no boring friends. It was Galster's house. It is not possible to be bored there. Gilbert and he have been lovers for 29 years, and it is their house. Not a gay house, a human house. Beautiful.

Lying in the grass is no way to work, you insist. All work does not involve perspiration, I reply. Motivation, perhaps, or why does my comfort bother you? We deny that, they say, but they really want me to get a desk and visible writing implements. You are rambling, they accuse. Perhaps, I smile, but isn't life also a matter of rambling... from birth to death? Why not ramble a bit as long as you get there? What is the hurry? I return to Seneca, inevitably: "Life, if you know how to use it, is long enough." I shall send four daisies to Nixon and Agnew. It will confuse the hell out of them, but it will amuse me. They would be less frightened of a gelignite letter bomb. What does that say about them?

Yes, do something tender today. You may be astonished at the results. Go to a meeting of the Arab Defense League and present the speaker with a bouquet of roses bearing a card signed *Hadassah*. Send a love-filled telegram to Ronald Regan and sign it *Abbie Hoffman*. Offer a blood donation to Billy Graham with a personal note from *Marilyn Murray or Lige and Jack*. Or simply send yourself a note and say three words, "I Love You." Or send me to Marrakech. I need a vacation. Do something tender today.



Gay-ins must have feel-ins!

care about your freedom as much as they care about their own. Perhaps even more.

Sweet Grass

And this grass is sweet, for it tells me that the earth renews itself of the ugliness of winter, that the scars of icy assault can heal into clumps of flowers, that love is stronger than hate, and that there is hope for man in spite of himself. Or even because of himself. Did not another beautiful mind named Terence once write, "I am man and nothing that is human is alien to me." There are no strangers on this planet, only people who refuse to meet one another or are afraid to do so. The house of man has room for every diversity, and even Terence knew that a millenium ago. Why hasn't the word reached Washington in 1970? Has it reached you?



Long hair is beautiful. No?

HORNYSCOPE

BY STORM NETHERLAND

(The following thumb-nail horoscopes pertain to the dates Monday, July 20 through Sunday, July 26.)

SAGITTARIUS the Archer (Nov. 23-Dec. 21)-You cater to what you think is a powerful sex drive, when in reality you are not so highly-charged as Scorpio or Leo or Aries. So think before you spend a lot of time hunting this week, particularly on the week nights. There could be danger in a doorway!

ARIES the Ram (March 21-April 20)-Because you are head-headed, stubborn people, more concerned with intellectual rather than spiritual matters, it would behoove you this week to ponder your soul. And your heart's desires. Is getting your rocks off so regularly keeping you from finding that lover, lover? Try celibacy Monday through Friday, and don't celebrate so much. Something is trying to get through to you!

TAURUS the Bull (April 21-May 21)-Sexual conquest is not really equivalent to the acquisition of possessions, and you are thinking

that way just now. You are investing your seed for personal gain, and midweek you will face a disappointment unless you fuck more-for mutual delight than self-aggrandizement. Don't sell it, give it away.

GEMINI the Twins (May 22-June 21)-Are you right now in the midst of making an intense show of passion and emotional involvement when, in truth, your heart is not in it? Level this week, you split personality! By Saturday you will have discovered what you get back in more than a cock up the poop shoot. Prepare for an emotional crisis on Thursday.

CANCER the Crab (June 22-July 23)-Your erotic drive is variable this week, but your emotional direction remains steadfast. Look for a sign by Friday from your beloved that will indicate you are not putting enough good old passion into your foreplay. Sock it to 'em Saturday.

LEO the Lion (July 24-August 23)-Your abnormally low resistance to flattery and superficial adoration can get you into trouble this week unless you try to make some distinctions between love and lust. Summer and the approach of the cusp has you in heat. Try

to distinguish between a stiff prick and what your heart is saying.

VIRGO the Maiden (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)-You are right now going through a phase of thinking yourself unresponsive sexually. Before an important encounter toward the end of the week, ponder that you Virgos are in the upper half of the Twelve Signs where sexual drive is concerned, and let go. You've got more "stuff" than you think.

LIBRA the Scales (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)-Do not be afraid this week of your inordinate need for dependency. Maybe you are not the dominant one in your current affair, after all! Doing the fucking doesn't make you dominant generally just one. Ask by the weekend if you are being fair to yourself in your present relationship.

SCORPIO the Scorpion (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)-The Scorpions who is sexually deprived can lose his drive and dynamism. Treat yourself to a really good lay this week, whether at the baths or in one of the notorious orgy rooms. This week personalizing it not the answer for you.

SAGITTARIUS the Archer (Nov. 23-Dec. 21)-You cater to what you think is a powerful sex drive, when in reality you are not so highly-charged as Scorpio or Leo or Aries. So think before you spend a lot of time hunting this week, particularly on the week nights. There could be danger in a doorway!

CAPRICORN the Goat (Dec. 22-Jan. 20)-Your sexual needs are especially demanding of you this week. But as sex is serving to support you in some other endeavor, be cautious in your calculating use of a partner who could be hurt. It is possibly someone older and vulnerable. Caution!

AQUARIUS the Water Bearer (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)-You should choose a partner whose humanitarianism is on your level this week instead of a random trick who could drain you. And that doesn't mean by sucking your cock, bright one. Just don't be used by a moral inferior.

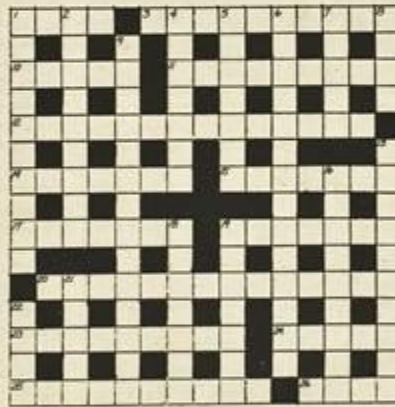


PISCES the Fish (Feb. 20-March 20)-You are very much in need of assurance this week. Exercise prudence in where you look to get it. Badly aspected Pisceans must avoid any hysterical outbursts toward the cusp. Or grandstanding for that assurance. It will come, if you relax, and so will you, rather copiously by Sunday!

PETER PUZZLE

Edited by PETER OGRIN

More tricks in store, so remember those tricks from no. 22! To make it more fun, there are some "straight" clues, but on some of the others, ignore punctuation, which is designed to mislead. DOWN can be tricky. Keep an eye out for words suggestion an anagram. The definition is nearly always included in the clue; you must simply decide what the definition is and what's the hint.



ACROSS:
1. GAY Co-Editor (4)
3. Dermatology problem? More like sexy movie! (4,6)

11. The hip way of telling it? Rather upside-down, I'd say!
12. James Leo Herlihy masterpiece.
14. You've got a deadline, freaked-out lone rat! (2,5)
15. Lobster in dress blues? (7)
17. The pram set messes around. (7)
19. Bob Hope at the Oscar cast chews up a drawer to play prize giver. (7)
20. Motorcycle gang in super English movie. (3,7,4)
23. Jesus H. Christ! I never would have hidden that sex-change bombshell! (9)
24. I desire, in ancient Rome.
25. Keg-sitter? Sounds like a pub-keeper to me! (4,6)
26. A kiss is more like this for that chick. (4)

DOWN:

1. Lime Tuna Sit? Weird, to be sure, but just under the wire! (4,6)
2. Sounds noisy, but what do you expect with four runs at a time?
4. This guy makes great potato pancakes in her sink! (7)
5. Sinless beginners?
6. The ultimate cock-worshipper's ejaculation (prayerfully, of course!)
7. Friend of Socrates in Platonic dialogue. (5)
8. Does every gay guy want all of Arthur Miller's? (4)
9. Too many guys did this too long! (3,2,3,6)
13. Confused scared cook worships phallos. (6,4)
16. Peculiar pair? Ask Neil Simon! (3,6)
18. Aquatic mammal is alone in confusion. (3,4)
19. That Lee is some football player, but straighten him out!
21. Trotter came in fourth, or second, maybe. (5)
22. A strike-breaker lirks in the heart of this cabbage. (4)



Explanation for PETERPUZZLE no. 22:

ACROSS: 1. Pan. 9. Some bosses (anagram). 11. Odd, sir (anagram). 12. "Sit on this and rotate!" 16. Hidden in clue. 19. Two meanings. 20. The clues are adjectives. 26. Hidden. 27. That dream (anagram). 28. Pro-State Massage.
DOWN: 1. Sprout (anagram). 4. Two meanings. 6. Hidden. 7. Two meanings. 8. End-anger. 13. Stag-for-mat. 16. Kneads his (anagram). 17. Two meanings. 20. I refer (anagram). 22. Hidden. 25. Hidden.



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ATHLETIC & HANDSOME 26-year-old masculine, intelligent Afro-American gentleman, desires to meet beautiful young guys, all races (special interest in Latin types) 19-24 for fun and possible long term relationship. All replies which include photo and phone number will be answered first. No effeminates or queens. Write Wayman, Box 424, Madison Square Sta., NYC, 10003

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ATTRACTIVE MALE, butch, 23, 5'9"/140 lbs., wishes to work in New York gay club as dancer. Good personality, friendly, and very warm. Also will consider being a male model. Write for information and picture. Ron Soukiasian, 2205 Walnut St., Apt. 1, Phila., Pa. 19103

DETROIT - Two groovy young white males would like to meet other white guys 17-20's who enjoy having their loads relieved orally. If you want a licking good time, give a call evenings. 313-636-7181 - Paul.

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THIS AD pertains only to hip guys with motorcycles who are heads and are young. Want a riding companion? I am on the level. Life is to be enjoyed. Let's groove. I am young, groovy and hung. I like to fuck and suck and trip. I dig the leather and levi scene and am looking to form a rock or folk group. I dig and do everything. I prefer blonde guys, 20-30 years old, threesomes and orgies. OK - Artie's the name, sex is the game. Call 989-0488

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DRAG QUEEN RESCUE

(Continued from page 11)

"head" organizations?

Just as we were breaking up our talk at A.U., I shook hands with the young man who'd called me at home. Although I was delighted to find that my phone number was in the possession of somebody attractive, I was charmed by what began as a handshake and turned into something else. I laughed (or croaked) and wanted to know if it was a code shake like the Boy Scouts used to use. "No," he said, "but I think it's so much warmer and more human than the usual handshake." That tickled me, and so naturally I pulled him forward and gave him a hug, to which he responded. He gave me a kiss, risking strep throat, mind you! And I returned it! Ah! Ah! Would that all dealings with people in the "movement" were that warm and human and direct. Alas, they aren't.

Personalities. I would like to contrast the "warmth and humanity" of Dick Leitch-whom I know personally but not intimately-with the same qualities of Frank Kameny.

First of all, Dick is one of those old-fashioned people-I think they are or used to be called gentlemen-who prefer the privacy of their homes and hearts to overt displays of passion of one kind or another: political, sexual, what have you. He is not, in the current sense of the word, outgoing and seems to prefer an exclusivity of association based upon his tastes in people and his habits. Naturally, assuming I am anywhere near correct, his work or his attitude toward it reflects his personality.

There is some talk about whether or not Mr. Leitch is the appropriate man to head the homophile movement, or whether or not that organization is to be the bargaining agent for the community at large. Some say he is best suited to the task and others say he is not, that he is arrogant. I would only like to say that Dick is the elected head only of the Mattachine Society, and according to the members of that organization, he is a good one. As to whether the Mattachine is or isn't to be the bargaining agent for the homosexual community, I submit that the community at large would have to be consulted about it. I would also submit that one of the reasons for the confusion is the unwillingness of the heterosexual power establishment to accredit anybody at all. Finally, he has no monopoly on arrogance.

If, in the cosmic scheme of it all, Dick Leitch is to be relegated to the dust bin for Patricianism or for being simply outmoded, let us at least not be like the

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Russians who feel they have to disgrace their dignitaries before they can replace them. For myself, I would say that any man who has worked so hard for so long for this cause is worthy of praise and commendation.

Frank Kameny of Washington D.C. is the head of the Mattachine Society down there. He is not particularly attractive. Strike one. He is what I suppose most of us would consider old. Strike two. He talks a great deal and very loudly most of the time. That should put him out. I suppose it does. Before making appropriate prayers and offerings over this unquiet and wrathful grave, let me only suggest that you read, as I have, the HEARINGS BEFORE SUBCOMMITTEE No. 4 OF THE COMMITTEE ON THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, on H.R. 5990.

Without going into detail about it, I will simply describe it as an action taken by members of the congress to deny the right to solicit money for the Mattachine Society on trumped up and unconstitutional grounds. That was in August of 1963. (How old were you then?) In this amazing but short document, Mr. Kameny defended us all, repeat ALL, against as rabid a bunch of grit-munching bigots as ever defamed a democracy. I can only hope that at some point of my career as a man I will be able to look back on some contribution to the progress of mankind and the health of the nation which will be comparable to his.

This pamphlet was printed for the use of the committee on the District of Columbia and can be bought by anybody on request.

I've met Dr. Kameny only twice, I think. The last time in the parade of Sunday last, and I cannot in truth say he is or seems to me to be particularly "warm" and there is nothing about him which would seem to indicate a superabundance of "humanity." However, any estimation of the value of a man must be based not on his personality, for that's an arbitrary business (many of us react on a personality level in an irrational way), but on his actions.

As for both these men and their seeming reluctance to "cooperate," I think it is unfortunate and damned foolish. But it seems more than unfortunate to me that matters of temperament should be allowed by anybody to stand in the way of anything which would benefit us all. And more unfortunate yet, that questions of personality and prestige obscure those avenues of approach which would enable all parties to meet on equal footing for the exchange of ideas and information.

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GAY is for everybody. It means JOY! It is the doorway to new lifestyles that beckon to thinking people no matter what their sexual persuasions!

GAY is a newspaper of sensual freedom. Touch! Feel! Breathe! Open wide the doors of your mind and body! GAY opposes sexual classification and labels. It is the enemy of rigid sexual preferences that exclude love's varied caresses. GAY looks beyond artificial barriers separating human companions and speaks meaningfully of a day when men and women will forget their "roles" and relax: enjoying warm passions.

GAY believes there is only one world: not a "gay" world, nor a "straight" one. Sensuality means giving up our fears. It means an emergence from the past's dark closets. Underneath a depraved and loathsome coating of social customs, man can show himself as a truly splendid creature. GAY works to peel away the shellac that surrounds and restricts far too many hearts, minds and bodies.

Edited by SCREW columnists Lige and Jack. GAY includes such notables as Mattachine Director Dick Leitsch, Homosexual Handbook author Angelo d'Arcangelo, Lesbian editor Lily Hansen, Art critic Gregory Battcock, Man about Town John Francis Hunter, Advice Expert Stefan Verk, Film Reviewer Ian J. Tree, Provocateur John P. LeRoy, Media Manager Peter Ogren, Businessman Randolph Wicker, Rock Expert Everett Henderson, News Gatherer Kay Tobin, and a host of others.

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GROPING AROUND

GAY CALENDAR

Monday, July 20: "Homosexual News" rebroadcast of 7/17. 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 legal matters. Men and women welcome.

Wednesday, July 22: West Side Discussion Group regular meeting at the Church of the Holy Apostles (9th Avenue & 28th St.) 8 p.m. Donation \$1.50. Men and women welcome.

Thursday, July 23: Gay Activists Alliance regular meeting at the Church of the Holy Apostles (28th & 9th Ave.) 8 p.m. Donation 50 cents. Men and women welcome.

Friday, July 24: "Homosexual News and Comment" on WBAI-FM (99.5) 8:15 p.m.

Sunday, July 26: Gay Liberation Front regular meeting at the Church of the Holy Apostles (28th & 9th Ave.) 8 p.m.

NATIONAL DIRECTORY

Chicago Gay Liberation Front 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 Maiden Ave. East, Seattle, Wash. 98102. Telephone (206) EA 9-8737.

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) 3473½ Cahuenga Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. 90028.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Society for Individual Rights (SIR) 83 Sixth Ave., San Francisco, Calif. T.l. (415) 781-1570.
SIR of Ohio, Inc. P.O. Box 9761, Columbus, Ohio 43206. Tel. (614) 469-0154.
West Side Discussion Group, Box 502, Cathedral Station, NYC, 10025.

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

BEST BETS

COMPILED BY

JOHN FRANCIS HUNTER

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

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

GF: Gay Genital Females predominantly

GM: Gay Genital Males predominantly

In Manhattan right now try

Barn, The, 26 9th Ave., unbeatable, what with its orgy room; GMs

Beacon Baths, 227 E. 45th, a best buy, main entrance and take the elevator to the eleventh floor; GMs

Big Spender, 315 W. 48th, where the theatre gypsies hang out; GMs

Blue Whale, 1117 1st Ave., restaurant run by John White of Fire Island Pines fame; Integrated

Christopher's End, 180 Christopher, where nude go-go boys delight and this reporter can be found stripping; GMs but sometimes amusingly integrated with "dummers" who get into the act

Continental Baths, 230 W. 74th, singers in the lounge on weekends adding to the regular entertainment; everything the bars with orgy rooms have to offer except the hangover; GMs

Country Cousin, 1313 3rd Ave., the chic Upper East Side's most popular restaurant; GMs

Den, The, Little W. 12th & Washington, still the most authentic leather bar among the cognoscenti; GMs

Finale, The, 48 Barrow, restaurant with al fresco dining in full swing; Int.

Gianni's, 19th St. bet. 5th & 6th Aves., one of the two top women's bars; that means GFs, natch

Goldfarb's, 7th Ave. at Bleeker, restaurant

with its back room where Edward and his celebrity following make it a popular rival to the more notorious back rooms mushrooming throughout the Village; GMs

Harry's Back East, 1422 3rd Ave., still one of the all-time most popular; GMs

Haven, The, 1 Sheridan Sq., exciting atmosphere, private, fruit juice, chicken, mad dancing; Int.

Hippodrome, Ave. A bet. 10th & 11th Sts., off-beat shows on Sundays and Mondays, where *Julius Caesar* originated; GMs

Kookie's, 149 W. 14th, the other top women's bar; GFs, that is

Roundtable, 151 E. 50th, big, brassy, live band, wildly acclaimed by many and integrated gay; GMs and GFs

Sanctuary, 407 W. 43rd, the most seductive, theatrical dance bar in town; GMs

Stable Inn, 19 Barrow, restaurant in building where Aaron Burr lived and presumably loved, bring your own bottle; GMs

Stage Forty-Five, 305 E. 45th, dancing; GMs

Stud, The, Greenwich St. at Perry, one of the most popular bars in the city, where beer is fifty cents; GMs

Tool Box, 507 West St. at Jane, looks roughhouse, shows movies (not erotic), has a popular Sunday eve. buffet; GMs

Tor, 21 Greenwich Ave., little cafe with outdoor tables; Int.

Triangle Bar, 34 9th Ave., underneath The Wine Cellar, 531 Hudson, restaurant, romantic atmosphere, fine food, swinging upstairs bar with beautiful Rob and Janice working it; Int.

Yukon, 140 E. 53rd, restaurant, for "formal" conquests; GMs

Zodiac, Little W. 12th & Washington, one of the two original orgy room establishments, comes and goes and rumors fly about raids; GMs

Zoo, 421 W. 13th, the original bar-with-back-room, now somewhat "gentle" by comparison to what it's spawned, so that you are more likely to make personal contact before, during or after; GMs

And note these newcomers if you wish to be up-to-the-minute:

The Eagle's Nest, new S&M, 11th Ave. at 21st; S&M, just what it says though the name may have been changed by now, also on W. 21st.

Carnival, above Tool Box, the latest in the orgy-room scene, with some bright decor, pleasant help and dancing.

While in Fire Island, your choices are: **Blue Whale Restaurant**, Fire Island Pines, home of the nauseating-looking but refreshing "Blue Whale Cocktail," Int. (they say)

Boatel, The, The Pines, 5:00-7:00 tea d'antant is de rigueur if you are on the make, and at midnight the dance floor and deck are but jammed; GMs

Ice Palace, Cherry Grove, in the big hotel you see advertised in all the city bars.

Katie's, Cherry Grove, plagued by licensing troubles, run by the celebrated Katie of St. Thomas and her ardent following; GMs and GFs

Sandpiper, The, Pines, restaurant and at night brimming with The Pines beauties glowing in the black light, alternative to The Boatel and really more fun because it's more spontaneous; GMs, some Int. at dinner hour

Sea Shack, Cherry Grove, most colorful bar in Sodom and Gomorrah, very cruisy on a rainy afternoon, and they mean business more than at The Boatel westward

In SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA, don't miss:

Arena, 5574 Melrose, Hollywood; GMs

Corral Baths, Cahuenga Blvd., North Hollywood; GMs

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

In Boston don't miss:

Cave, The, 20 Boylston, gigantic and friendly; GMs

Edwardian, The, 21 Broad St., restaurant, multilevel fun, Int. 'til cocktail hour, then GMs

Jacques, 75 Broadway, lively, seamy; GMs and GFs

Napoleon Club, 52 Piedmont, elegant and very cruisy, several rooms; GMs

Other Side, The, 76 Broadway, also gigantic, dancing, tweddy; GMs

Shed, The, 250 Huntington Ave., S&M, but not uptight; GMs

Sporter's, 235 Cambridge, most popular bar in town; GMs

Twelve Carver, 12 Carver, old-timey but popular; GMs

In Ogunquit, it's

Poor Richard's Restaurant, very popular, highly recommended

In Portsmouth, New Hampshire, it's

Sagamore, The, quite swinging; GMs

In Providence, Rhode Island, go to

Crown Coffee Shop, 206 Weyboset, cafe, not very spectacular but an oasis in the desert; GMs

Kublai Khan, 129 Weyboset, the port in the storm; GMs

In gay Provincetown, the night life is very varied, and all bars are somewhat integrated. However, the out-and-out gay spots are, despite token integration:

Ace of Spades, traditionally GFs

Atlantic House, little bar, one of the two classic cruising places in town

Cellar Bar, Crown & Anchor Hotel, intimate and Int.

Edwardian Room, Crown & Anchor, celebrated show room, and sometime dance bar alternating with Hip Gazebo in policy according to whim of owner Stan Sorrentino; Int.

Hip Gazebo, see above; Int.

Madira Club, Pilgrim House Hotel, integrated at show time, once one of the great cabaret theatres on Eastern Seaboard where *Laugh-In* people got their start, featuring acts from Puerto Rico and semidrag

Moons, restaurant where everyone goes after the beach for sing-along and cruising; GMs afternoons, Int. at night

Plain and Fancy, good restaurant, downstairs after dinner for GFs

Pilgrim House Hotel, your YMCA away from home where you can always find a little sunshine; Int., but not so as to interfere

Town House, biggest of the gay bars, with a beautiful garden; downstairs GFs, back bar GMs, Galleria Room, Int.

In Atlantic City don't miss

Devil Hotel, The, on Kentucky Avenue right off the Boardwalk, given GAY's seal of approval by Lige and Jack, Call (609) 345-2146 for advance reservations

M&M, South Westminister Avenue, according to our editors "Atlantic City's stomping grounds for the 70s... one of the East Coast's most relaxed clubs"; GMs



GET AWAY FROM ME KID! YOU GOT THE WRONG DIRTY OLD MAN.

