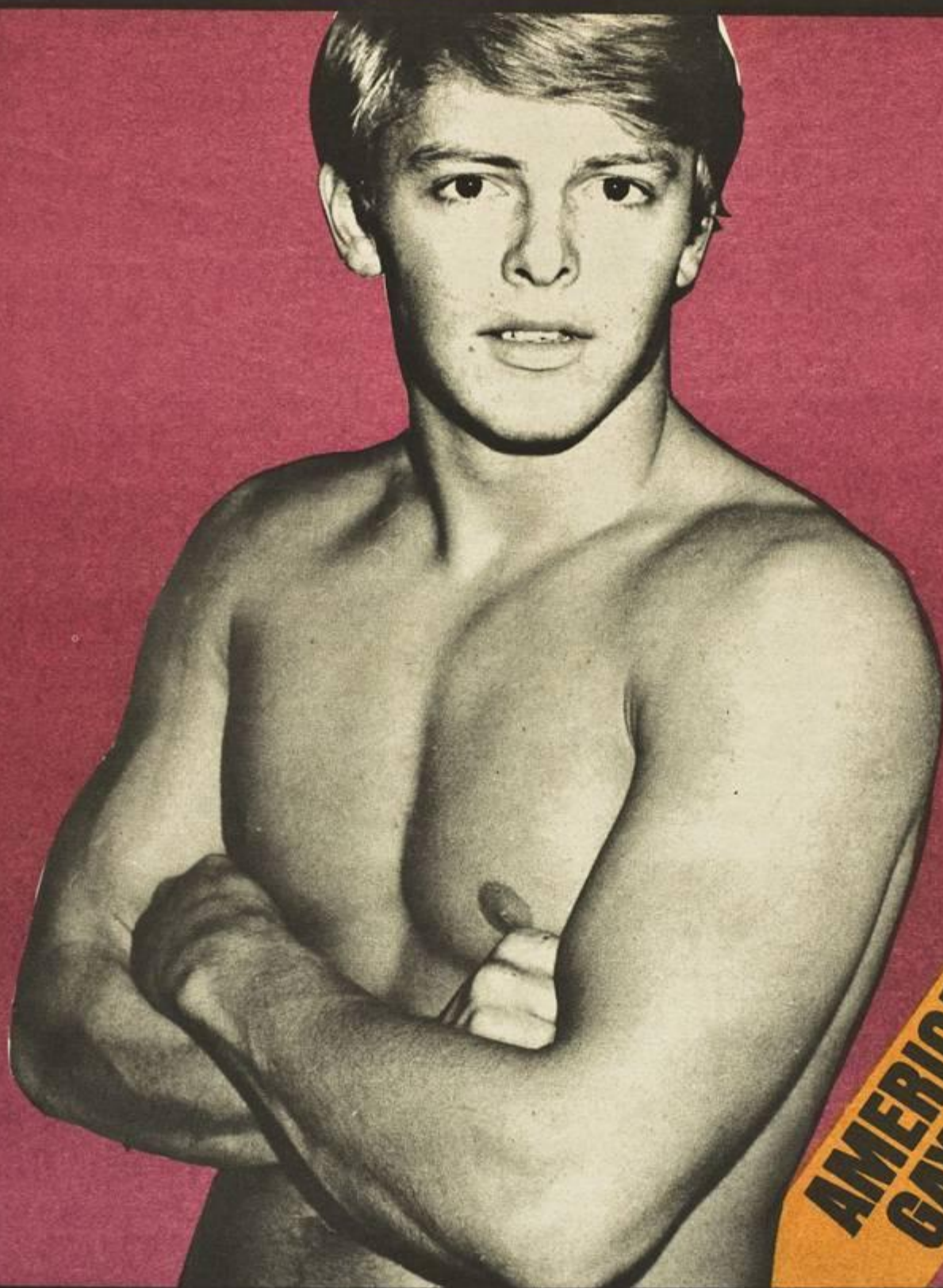


GORE VIDAL FOR EMPEROR P.6

GAY

75¢

NO. 26



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

**SEX AND THE
SINGLE GAY P. 13**

ROSS JUDD JR.: STAR OF PAT ROCCO'S LATEST FILM (See page 13)

The Editors Speak:

MAIL ORDER FRAUDS

Are you one of the many who have been hoodwinked by dishonest mail order houses? Have you lost hard-earned money paid for photographs of male nudes? Have the companies with which you've been dealing refused to refund your money or have they kept you waiting for months? Have they neglected to give you the courtesy of a written reply?

In GAY No. 20, Dr. George Weinberg (see page 5), author of an excellent book, *The Action Approach* (now in paperback at your local bookstore) wrote about mail order frauds and stated that persons ordering erotic books and pictures have every right to receive them. "If you honestly believe that you have the right to fulfillment, then whether your fantasy is homosexual or heterosexual," writes Dr. Weinberg, "those who defraud you are bitter enemies." Dr. Weinberg expressed admiration for those who feel outraged by such abuses.

GAY is now launching an all out war against mail order exploitation. If you, or your friends, have received a raw deal at the hands of a mail order company, and if you have written to the company but have received no satisfactory responses, please notify GAY's editors by mail, giving all of the particulars in your situation.

Your letter will become part of our permanent file. As soon as we have a clearer picture of mail order exploitation in this country, we will print a permanent blacklist of all companies which fail to fulfill their obligations to their customers.

PETE HAMILL FOR PRUDE?

Pete Hamill, brave columnist for the *New York Post*, is slipping. What has happened to him? Is he bumping bottoms with Harriet Van Horne? Has his Brooklyn-Irish-Catholic-Coney Island mentality overcome what we usually applaud as good sense on the part of this *New York Post* columnist?

Hamill is on an anti-pornography crusade. He's bemoaning the fact that even the "radical" papers are printing an array of "breasts and buttocks" to get their material looked at, if not read. Doesn't Mr. Hamill ever see the *New York Times Magazine* underwear ads? Is he setting up himself as judge and censor, to decide what is and what is not obscene?

Be very careful, Pete Hamill. A good mind may go to pot, particularly if one imbibes too much Irish whiskey. Why not let citizens decide what they will buy and what they won't. No good purpose will be served by yanking, as you suggest, the licenses of "skin flick joints." If certain fellows can "get it up," by sitting in dark theatres and watching horny movies, what business is it of yours? Are you jealous because they can get it up? Go easy on that whiskey.

LET'S END THE NEWS BLACKOUTS

There was once a time when the word "homosexual" was deemed too shocking for newspapers to print. We have seen immense changes in such policies even during the past year. But there are still news blackouts on matters of great interest to the homosexual and to the general community.

You may wonder why the *New York Times*, for example, failed to report on the confrontation between the Gay Activists Alliance and Arthur Goldberg. Or why did it not report the statements of Howard Samuels, in which he pledged to fight for the repeal of outdated sex laws?

We congratulate the *Times* for its excellent coverage of the gay march up 6th Avenue on June 28th. But let us urge all newspapers, everywhere, to report on the many significant breakthroughs now taking place for sexual freedom. When you, our readers, notice a news item of particular interest in this paper, write to your local newspaper and say, "Why wasn't this reported?" Be polite.

We trust that their policies of news suppression or omission will change if enough readers demand fair and complete reporting.

PAN AMERICAN'S PERVERSIONS

We ask you to take note of a letter in *Pen Points* from a homosexual fired by Pan American. Readers may recall that Mary Phillips, a friend of GAY's editors, was fired by Pan Am for writing an article about Women's Liberation in *SCREW*. Dick Leitsch reports that several ex-employees from Pan Am, fired because of their homosexual orientation, have sought employment help from the Mattachine Society during the past year.

GAY's readers may wish to express their outrage about such medieval, nay, prehistoric policies by writing to Najeeb E. Halaby, President of Pan American, Pan Am Building, Park Avenue and 44th Street, New York City. If the policies are not changed soon, perhaps a spectacular picket line is in order!



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GAA PLANS ROCKEFELLER RALLY

by Cary Yuzman

New York, N.Y. — On August 5th at 9:00 a.m. at 100 Centre Street, a mass rally will be held demanding that Governor Nelson Rockefeller end his hostile silence towards homosexuals. Rockefeller has refused to meet with representatives from homosexual groups and to speak out on homosexual issues. The purpose of the rally will be to pressure him to speak about civil rights for homosexuals.

The Gay Activist Alliance, which is

planning the demonstrations and is calling for support of homosexuals and homosexual groups throughout the city, said the demonstration is intended to press Rockefeller to speak out on GAA's six demands. The demands are repeal of New York state's sodomy and solicitation laws, an end to police enticement and entrapment statewide, a state fair employment law outlawing discrimination on the basis of sexual orientation, an end to the practices of bonding companies who deny bonds to

homosexuals, an investigation of the State Liquor Authority, and an end to harassment of gay bars throughout the state.

The Rockefeller Five also come to trial August 5th. The Rockefeller Five are five members of GAA who were arrested in June when they attempted to get the Republican State Committee to adopt the six GAA demands. The Republican State Committee refused to hear them. The five GAA members held a sit-in in the Republican offices demanding a meeting.

The Republicans refused and called police. Thus the first homosexual sit-in in New York resulted in five arrests, and Governor Rockefeller, to whom the demands were ultimately addressed has remained silent.

The rally on August 5th will include picketing, speeches by political figures, and street theatre actions. The governor has been invited to address the rally and GAA spokesmen hope he may take this opportunity to support civil rights for homosexuals.

LOOK MAGAZINE SWIPES AT REUBEN

New York, N.Y. — *Look Magazine* (July 14) has printed a thinly veiled swipe at Dr. David Reuben, author of *Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex* (See GAY No. 22). Entitled "Little Doctor Reuben and His Big Sex Book," Betty Rollin, *Look's* writer, says, "Well friends, it's certainly nice to hear frank and open sex talk. But it's a pity if frank talk has to mean over-reasonable, slick talk. After all, sex is still one of the warm things people do together. Isn't it, Dr. Reuben?" The article is accompanied by a peculiar photograph of "little doctor Reuben" sitting on a stool and looking very much like Arnold Stang.

Look reveals that Reuben gets anywhere from \$60 to \$125 per hour from patients. "Sex might net him a million," says *Look*.

Dr. Reuben is known as one of the nation's most ignorant and vicious anti-homosexual crusaders: *McCall's* magazine now includes his regular column.

U. OF MICH. REFUSES GAY JOB-ACLU TO PROTEST

Minneapolis, Minn. — The Minnesota chapter of the American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU) is going to court to force the University of Minnesota board of regents to grant the job which the university librarian had offered to a gay Kansas City, Mo. man.

The regents rejected James Michael McConnell, 28, for the job July 10—about two months after he applied for a license to marry Jack Baker, a university law student.

McConnell, who holds a master's degree in library science, is a former librarian at Park College, Parkville, Mo.

In April he was offered an \$11,000-a-year job as head of the cataloguing division at the university's St. Paul campus, a position the school had been unable to fill for a year.

Head Librarian Ralph H. Hopp wrote him at that time:

"Let me say that we are looking forward to having you join our staff and I sincerely believe that you will find in this position a challenge and a professionally satisfying opportunity."

Approval by the board of regents is normally routine.

But on May 18th McConnell and Baker—lovers for three years but

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AUGUST 3, 1970, Volume 1, Number 26



The Reverend Troy Perry ends his fast photo by Pat Rocco

TROY PERRY BREAKS 10 DAY FAST

New York, N.Y. — Carole Shepherd, Los Angeles Chapter President of the Daughters of Bilitis, and a co-faster with the Rev. Troy Perry in Los Angeles, gave GAY a first hand account of her recent fast. She was visiting New York following the fast for the biennial convention of the Daughters of Bilitis.

"The fast ended on July 7th at 9 a.m.," she said. "It lasted for ten days. Eight persons fasted. The Reverend Perry's doctor finally recommended that we stop for health reasons, and in a way, I was sort of disappointed. We had a great deal of fun during the fast. Hundreds of people came to give us constant care. They brought fresh flowers, candles, water and ice, and lots of good cheer. Some people had guitars, and while we sat on the steps of the Federal Building, we sang, joked, and told stories."

"Did the Los Angeles Press give the fast enough coverage?" asked GAY. "Oh yes," said Miss Shepherd, "The *L.A. Times*, the *Hollywood Citizen News*, the *Free Press*, and other papers all took note of the fast. Television coverage was

thorough, too. NBC, ABC, CBS, and a local station (KHJ) all showed up to turn their cameras on us. We passed out over 5,000 leaflets explaining the purposes of the fast. The demonstration served to unite the homosexual community in Los Angeles in startling new ways. The response we received from many of our sisters and brothers was very heartwarming."

"Did any politicians show up?" asked GAY's reporter. "Oh yes, Councilman Stephenson from Hollywood came by to express his concern and Councilman Blanchard from the San Fernando Valley showed up, too. A meeting is now being arranged with city officials to discuss laws and public policies concerning homosexuals."

"When the fast ended," said Miss Shepherd, "over a hundred friends and well-wishers met on the busy corner of Hollywood Boulevard and Las Palmas Avenue in Hollywood to symbolically break the fast. The Rev. Perry broke bread and drank wine and passed it among the crowd."

DAUGHTERS OF BILITIS CONFRONTS FEMINIST ISSUES

by Kay Tobin

New York, N.Y. — "The lesbian's lot today is tied up with two movements: the feminist movement and the homophile movement. The lesbian's dilemma is that while she may offer her services and her loyalties to both, she is rarely truly accepted in either." So stated Phyllis Lyon, moderator of a panel discussion of "The Lesbian and the Feminist Movement," in her opening remarks.

The panel was sponsored by Daughters of Bilitis, the oldest and best-known lesbian organization in the U.S., and was part of that organization's biennial convention held here July 11th and 12th. It represented a continuation of DOB's long flirtation with the feminist cause.

The panel consisted of Carolyn Bird (author of *BORN FEMALE*), Barbara Gittings, Del Martin, Minda Bäkman and Mickey Zacuto, Susan Brownmiller, who had agreed to speak but at the last minute remembered a previous engagement, sent a letter. All of the panelists were feminists, but three (Bird, Brownmiller, and Bäkman) were not lesbians.

Susan Brownmiller wrote that in her casual observations of lesbians' personal relationships, she often sees a playing out of the female stereotype that she finds intolerable. She noted that to be a lesbian does not imply a commitment to women's liberation. She confessed that her own life revolves around men: "Men are my enemy, but they're all I've got to work with. They must be won over." She then urged lesbians to join in the fight "in the name of womanhood."

Del Martin, one of the founders of DOB, told the crowd (mostly lesbian) that from the beginning DOB, has protested sex roles as being arbitrary and culturally imposed. She said that in recent years lesbians were getting away from the butch-femme role playing and were accepting themselves as individuals. She noted that lesbians are bound up in the women's movement because of their economic concerns for equal pay, equal job opportunities, tax deductions, etc. But by life-style, they are tied to the gay movement. She admitted that in the feminist movement, lesbians have a dilemma: will they be rejected if known as lesbians? Can they be honest with their straight sisters? In her opinion, California women are less uptight about lesbians. At a meeting there of women, someone asked those to stand up who had felt a sexual attraction to another woman.

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BY JIM KEPNER

A week before Hollywood Blvd.'s Christopher Street West parade, parade chairman Rev. Troy Perry promised to start a public fast right afterward. In protest against centuries of oppression of homosexuals, he said he would fast on the corner of Hollywood and Las Palmas, a site of unending police harassment. He promised to continue, consuming nothing but water, until some major public figure moved to alleviate the persecution of gays.

From almost any other homophile leader, this would have seemed a hollow gesture. "Officials" simply wouldn't give a damn. But this young minister's faith, determination and infectious spirit had already worked wonders in the gay community. Few who heard his announcement considered it an idle boast.

In 20 months, Perry had built a large, spirited and comfortable congregation of 500, mostly homosexuals. He has brought a sense of love and determination to homosexuals here that has been absent since the early Mattachine days of 1952, and he has brought many out of their closets. Still, some were distressed, considering a public fast a waste of his time and a needless risk of his health. The overwhelming majority, more concerned with the cause than with comfort, with justice than with respectability, gave his announcement a thunderous ovation.

From Sidewalk to Jail

Perry ate a "New York" steak at 2 p.m. Sunday, before the parade. After the parade, the crowd was still heavy, and the police began to get rough.

Perry sat down on the crowded northwest corner of Hollywood and Las Palmas. He was joined by Carole Shepherd, L.A. president of the Daughters of Bilitis, and Kelly Weiser of H.E.L.P., a gay legal aid group. Metropolitan Community Church members and Gay Liberationists began to chant and sing.

A young policeman rushed up, threatened arrest and quoted a letter Perry had written Chief Davis regarding the fast. He started to handcuff the trio, but a sergeant said, "We don't want a confrontation—we had that in Watts, and it didn't work." He promised to pull all police from the area if Troy would disperse the crowd.

The confrontation nearly came when another young cop started to handcuff Perry. Militant transvestite Douglas Key shouted, "Everybody sit down!" Many did so. Perry begged them all to leave. All but two dozen did. Then fire trucks arrived. A newspaper editor exclaimed to Perry: "My God, they're going to hose you down!" But it was a false alarm.

A squad car raced around the corner from the Gold Cup. Three young cops jumped out and ordered the fasters into the car. "We won't handcuff you if you don't try to escape." They radioed that they had the three suspects in custody.

At the infamous Hollywood jail, officers were courteous, and embarrassed. They said Perry and his companions would be released, and charged not with "inciting to riot," but just with "blocking the sidewalk." Perry said if there was any charge, he would spend the night in jail, and would return to the street to fast whenever released. He was a hot potato

a homosexual minister fasts for justice

The Rev. Troy Perry sleeps soundly



they probably hadn't meant to pick up.

News of his arrest soon erupted at a large Gay Lib dance. Fights broke out between those wanting to rush to the jail and those supporting Perry's idea of peaceful, graduated protest. ("The world has tried violence to solve its problems... I am committed to nonviolent techniques for social change.") After the argument, Pat Rocco showed his films of earlier demonstrations.

Forty-seven others arrested in Hollywood after the parade were mostly not booked. H.E.L.P. bailed out Perry's female companions, but Perry spent the night in jail. He was awakened by sounds of a young transvestite being beaten by other prisoners. He refused breakfast and was arraigned Monday before Judge Gianini, who released Perry on his own recognizance, set his trial for July 9, and suggested moving the fast to more neutral ground.

Perry showered and shaved at home, and about 4 p.m., Monday, took up his fast on the broad terrazzo portico of the new Federal Building at 300 N. Los Angeles. He was quickly joined by M.C.C. soloist and seminarian Lee Spangenberg, and later by Neva Hickman, recently wedded by Perry to another young woman. Both had been fasting since Sunday.

Ralph Schaefer, Gay Lib chairman for July, and Gregg Merritt had taken up the fast by the Gold Cup, and Gary Zamrock on the site of Perry's arrest. Gary, a founder of the Niagara Frontier Mattachine, now living in the southland, had begun fasting Friday. They soon moved to the new location.

Station KPFK-FM followed an hour-long Monday documentary on the parade with an interview with Perry. Other stations also gave good reports. The August L.A. Times ran a brief story, and the formerly antihomosexual Citizen-News gave excellent coverage almost daily. (The homophile movement in L.A. has had better coverage locally in the last two weeks than in 20 years before.) A phone conversation was arranged with "Tempo," a noontime Channel 9 talk show Perry had been on the week before. Emcee Bob Grant started: "I can't bring myself to call you Reverend Perry, so I will say Mister Perry..." Perry hung up. The station was deluged with protests. Grant

apologized on the air next day.

The crowd gathered at the Federal Building; many from Perry's church, from Gay Lib, from H.E.L.P., S.P.R.E.E. (Rocco fan club), D.O.B., Anubis (large suburban club of middle-class mated gays), U.S. Mission, people from the peace movement who've also demonstrated on this site, and street kids newly drawn into the movement. At any time, day or night, from ten to ninety persons were gathered on the steps, talking, carrying signs, passing out leaflets, sleeping.

More harassment came from the super-revivalist "God Squad," a hippie-appearing troupe of youthful automatons who are led up and down Hollywood Blvd. shouting at passersby, chiefly gays, "You'll burn in hell!" They run away when anyone starts quoting the Bible back at them. They were followed Thursday by an elderly crone who began screaming for fire and brimstone, then whacked Perry with her purse. She fled

The building is federal property, and police have kept their distance. But LAPD headquarters is just a block south.

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photo by Pat Rocco

Late at night on the Federal Building's porch

photo by Pat Rocco

THE HOMOGOBBLINS ARE COMING

Dr. George Weinberg, Ph.D., is an outstanding therapist and author of a new and excellent book, *The Action Approach*, published by World. A paperback edition of *The Action Approach* is now on your newsstand.

BY GEORGE WEINBERG, Ph.D.

I would never consider a patient healthy unless he had overcome his prejudice against homosexuality. Of course if the person is himself homosexual, the prejudice he holds is barring the way to easy expression of his own desires. But even if he is heterosexual, his repugnance at homosexuality is certain to be harmful to him. In my experience, such a prejudice is more rife among heterosexual men than among heterosexual women.

The person who belittles homosexuals with evident enjoyment is at the very least telling me that he wants to establish his own sense of importance through contrast with other people—a tenuous business. He says with revulsion that someone he knows is "a faggot," or he lowers his voice when describing a sexual advance that a man once made to him.

It would be wrong to conclude that such people have lurking homosexual urges themselves. This has long been the easy method of interpretation. Accuse a person of harboring whatever desire he condemns in others. Say he is merely seeing his own desire and reacting to it as if he caught it in himself. Sometimes this is true. But one need not range into such speculations to make the case that there is real difficulty here.

Do you know how certain female impersonation spots survive? Nonhomosexual men, who want to convince themselves and their wives or girl friends of their masculinity, throng them.

They sit at ringside—or pay one of the transvestites to come over and sit with them. They pinch the lesbians and ask jocularly "Are you a boy or a girl?" Some of them chew fat cigars. When the stage show begins and the drag queens come out, they whistle. The lion is allowing the lamb to live and bleat.

At three o'clock in the morning our so-called head of the household says raucously, "Check please!" and overtips the waitress. On the stairway he puts his arm around his woman's waist. He is assuring her by his firm hold that he is with her, that the time has come when he is to take her away from this sordid atmosphere.

On the street he mutters something to the effect that the people below are sick and "really sad." He finds a cab immediately, since the customers in such places are known to be showoffs with money, and a line of cabs is waiting for people like him. In the cab he smooches with his woman and they feel like a normal couple.

This is the identity that the patient who slurs homosexuality assumes in my



mind while he is talking. He is bracing himself and trying to bolster his relationship by presenting it against a contrast. But in so doing, he is increasing his fear of soddiness—and heightening his fear of witnessing human variety.

Moreover, he is inhibiting himself. He is depriving himself not of homosexual experiences, which he truthfully does not want, but of all else that he connects with homosexuality. For instance, he makes it impossible to have friends who are homosexual, and thus loses the possible benefit of a viewpoint that would have widened his. And if he regards even so natural an attitude as passivity as homosexual, he has sentenced himself to renouncing receptivity as an attitude for himself.

This last is a very severe loss. A fellow looked at Michelangelo's painting of Adam, and turning from the reproduction on the wall of my office, told me he hated it. "Why?" I asked. "He's too passive. He's not doing anything." "Well he was just created, seconds ago. He's got a good excuse," I said. "That doesn't matter," he said bluntly, and he turned away from perhaps the finest nude ever drawn, in disgust because the character was delicate and jolling, doing nothing more than absorbing experience.

Most men who loathe homosexuals have a deathly fear of abandonment in the direction of passivity. The surrender of control signifies to them a loss of masculinity, and their demand for control

produces narrowness. To condemn passivity is like condemning your eyeballs. We need passivity to see, to discover, to learn.

The person I am describing usually feels under tremendous pressure to be the aggressor in sex, and he expects conformity and passivity on the part of his woman. He is easily undone when he does not find it. He inflicts ludicrous role expectations on his children. In some cases the fear of being in any way womanish has so invaded the crannies of the person's mind that it affects his attitudes toward the use of color in his home and in his clothing. He has almost defined himself out of existence by the very contrast he is fighting so hard to establish.

If a son is gay, he goes berserk. To reassure himself that he himself has not also succumbed, and is still tough, he might take a punch at the boy. "That fellow is never coming into this house again!" he shouts at his wife, his eyes popping, after the boy has stormed out. It seems unmanly to him to have given birth to an unmanly son.

I am describing a clear-cut but prevalent form of hysteria. It has not been identified as such by the experts because the sufferer's viewpoint jibes with most experts' opinions that homosexuals are disturbed. If we liken homosexuality to an illness, the father's reaction looks reasonable. We expect despair and hair pulling when someone close to us is desperately ill.

Naturally, the sort of attitude I am describing makes the man less attractive to the woman of his choice. If she is dutiful, she works hard to bolster her man in what appears to her as a masculine identity he needs desperately. She does not tell him of her enjoyment in talking about life to her gay hairdresser, or of her real attitudes toward homosexuality, which are closer to indifference or curiosity than his. Perhaps she does not yearn for another sort of life, but she goes on sensing sporadically that things could be easier for her if only her man could relax. Actually, she is sensing that life would be better for her if only he were less susceptible to threat.

Invariably, the two go on expecting the man to sustain his role—always to be forceful and to make major decisions boldly. Because of his rigidity, they do not reconsider their roles, or add new touches to them.

Why are homosexuals loathsome to them? It is a terrible strain to go through life feeling that others can disrupt your system. Homosexuals remain a serious source of threat to such people.

The "homosexual problem," as I have described it here, is the problem of condemning variety in human existence. If one cannot enjoy the fact of this variety, at the very least one must learn to become indifferent to it, since obviously it is here to stay.

This is why I say no therapist ought to consider a patient cured until he has fully overcome his misgivings about peoples' homosexuality.

BY JOHN P. LeROY

It looks very much as if Gore Vidal has written himself out. His latest book, *Two Sisters* (Little Brown, 256 pages, \$5.95) is billed as "a novel in the form of a memoir," but is actually haphazardly collected bits of gossip, ruminations, and diatribes with a screenplay sandwiched in. All sorts of literary pyrotechnics are skillfully used to cover up the fact that Vidal must continue to write, but has nothing new to say. This is very regrettable because Vidal, perhaps more than any other major American author, has relentlessly crusaded to help make bisexuality acceptable in this country, and has argued so cogently, wittily, and brilliantly for gay people everywhere, that he must be held, at least indirectly, responsible for a good deal of the increased acceptance and freedom gay people enjoy today. Much as I would like to be able to praise anything Vidal writes, his latest effort fails.

The "story" opens in Rome shortly after the publication of Nabokov's *Invitation to a Beheading* in Vidal's no doubt sumptuous apartment. Marietta Donegal, an aging vamp who writes books about her bedpartners (post-nomum Marietta), hands Vidal a screenplay and a diary written by Eric Van Damm, a tall slender gorgeous intelligent blond-haired blue eyed screenwriter after whom Vidal had lusted twenty years ago. Throughout the book, Vidal reads about himself through Eric's writings and ponders himself and his world today, using the show and now technique. We learn that Eric had a twin sister for a mistress, Erika. (Shades of *Ada*.) The screenplay, "The Two Sisters of Ephesus," is a bitchy power struggle between the rulers of the ancient Greeks and Persians around 350 B.C. and centers around an incestuous affair between Herostratus and his sister, Helena. And so, Eric is using the screenplay as an analogy to his affair with his sister. Vidal doesn't make out with Eric, but has to settle for Erika instead whom he thinks he impregnated. But what with population explosions and all, Vidal isn't much interested in parenthood, but becomes rather discombobulated nevertheless to learn that the child belongs to Eric and Erika. Foiled? Not quite. There's this juicy little tidbit: Vidal writes, "For some years the press has enjoyed relating me to the *ci-devant* tragic empress of the West (yes, Eric's screenplay provides analogies) because my onetime stepfather is currently Jackie's stepfather, a fragile connection which snapped entirely some years ago during a dispute over the late Senator from New York. She liked him; I did not." Now that Bobby and Mrs. Onassis are brought in, we all have something to snicker about.

It becomes clear that Eric, Erika, and Marietta exist only in Vidal's imagination, and I wondered what the whole point might have been. There doesn't seem to have been any, other than a chance to do some additional chit-chat on Eleanor Roosevelt, Andre Gide, the New Politics, American Provincialism as seen from a terrace in Rome, Tennessee Williams, Jack Kerouac, John Kenneth Galbraith, Arthur Schlesinger, and our illiterate youth. Some of it is entertaining and offers good insight into power politics. The theme of longing for a past that might have been but never was, seems to be the



A Master of Language: Gore Vidal

Gore Vidal For Emperor

binding idea, and it has good literary possibilities, but Vidal's treatment doesn't hold together.

Being genuinely disturbed that the young no longer read and that novels are no longer a significant cultural influence, and 'not having written or done very much since *Myra Breckinridge* (one of the most enjoyable novels of the sixties and one of the worst movies of all time), Vidal is obviously suffering from thinly veiled vanity and fears he may become a has-been. To keep in the limelight or be consigned to oblivion, he is becoming increasingly political.

But I doubt if it would satisfy Vidal to merely run for mayor or for congress. He has already tried the latter unsuccessfully. Because he believes that most Americans really want dictatorship, Vidal should not really bother with democratic processes at all. He would only be forced to pretend that he is a plain ordinary American, just like everybody else, and this is so contrary to his breeding that the elegant East side gay vote is the only vote he could count on.

Most probably, Vidal would like to rule over this great empire of ours and set it right by royal proclamation. It might not be a bad idea if his numerous articles, essays, and critiques on American life are to be taken seriously, and if his sensible ideas for reform would be implemented.

The plight of our present democratic system, together with all the frustrations encountered therein, is likely to become increasingly exacerbated as the war continues, pollution keeps increasing, and society becomes more technical, compartmentalized, bureaucratized and tyrannical.

But under Vidal's glorious regime, homosexuals will no doubt have top status while the population will be kept from growing, for a central authority will punish anyone who needlessly gives birth to unwanted or unneeded children. Child-rearing will take place in various nurseries and specially designed schools. Only those who are interested in and excel at raising children will be permitted to do so.

The defense budget would be cut by eighty per cent and billions of dollars would be diverted to finance limitless leisure and the elimination of poverty. Pollution would be brought to an end by throwing the executives of the oil companies, the utilities, and the automobile industry (among others) to hordes of hungry lions at Shea Stadium. Forests will grow again. Fresh water will once again flow in our lakes, rivers and streams, and the air will once again be pure.

Education would be so transformed that our colleges and universities would be places for the participation of life

itself, from mock wars with real death, to the most advanced facilities for research. Places to go to satisfy every kind of harmless desire and lust would be made available. Special towns would be set up for drunks where top grade scotch, gin, vodka, bourbon, and rum would spring from fountains. Other localities for those who want drugs (hard or soft) would have all kinds available. Only unlawful violence would be deterred. That and attempts to overthrow the emperor.

And it would certainly be much better to watch Vidal camp it up in his royal robes than have to endure Nixon-Agnew. The desire for hero-worship and pageantry is strong enough to justify the selection of a first lover, who will probably look like Eric Van Damm. He would be a national symbol, and heir to the throne. There, he would probably be so obsessed with being worshipped that the country might become endangered. But, no doubt, a way can be found to keep absolute power from absolutely corrupting, probably by rewriting the constitution so that only the best people will have a chance to govern instead of the most mediocre, which is the current state of affairs.

Vidal might even get around to writing good novels again. And he would never have to worry about being upstaged by the likes of Nabokov or Mailer!

A CHERRY VIEW OF CHERRY GROVE / PART 11

BY DICK LEITSCH



Cherry Grove, that proud, beautiful community which has fought off all efforts to make it ordinary, has become a legend. Gay people around the world know of it, and view it as sort of a gay Camelot, a fairy-tale community for "happy-ever-aftering."

Most of the legend is true. The community is dominated by homosexuals, and the life-styles are homosexual life styles. The Grove is populated by fashion models, muscle builders, lesbians, drag queens, leather fanciers, and a lot more people who are there for a good time, a gay time.

"Gay" is the one word that describes the Grove, according to the dictionary definition of the word gay: "given to



Cherry Grove from the ferry

charming houses, hotels and inns, a grocery store and several restaurants of varying prices. He has also established several bars, a discotheque, and a fun palace called Katie's.

Using this as a starting point, the visitor to the Grove makes the

telephones. You can spend your time reading, thinking, or just staring at the waves breaking on the beach. Nobody will bother you.

If you're an outdoorsman, there's swimming, surfing, fishing, boating, and anything else you can dream up.

The one thing that is not tolerated is reforming the world. That violates your neighbor's right to be left alone. The problems of the outside world—war, poverty, etc., should be handled in town, not at the Grove. The only social action that is permissible are the community projects, such as dune-tending, raising money for community projects, and the like. Politics divide people, and Cherry Grove residents are united around the one thing upon which they all—gay and straight, right-wing and left-wing—can agree: enjoying the summer.

Living and letting live is the oldest Cherry Grove tradition. The community has just celebrated its hundredth anniversary. Originally Cherry Grove was just an inn, operated for sailing parties. Gradually it became a summer resort, and, it is said, even Oscar Wilde visited there. During Prohibition, all of Fire Island became a port of entry for bootleg liquor. New York's "Jazz babies" and the whole bohemian set began summering there to be close to their bootleggers. The whole island swung.

At Cherry Grove, one can do anything (within the bounds of the three rules above). The meat rack and the open cruising offers plenty of opportunity to be promiscuous, if that's your bag. The romantic sunsets, the moonlight on the beach, and the total privacy available to those who want it make the Grove the perfect place for a love affair.

If mad gaiety is your thing, the bars, discotheque, dance places and multitude of parties make it possible to whirl to your heart's content on the social merry-go-round. All it takes to get started is good looks, charm, wit, or a pleasant personality.

If you just want to get away from it all, Cherry Grove is the perfect place. There are no roads, and no vehicular traffic; no movie palaces, a few



Cherry Grove's Beach Hotel

social pleasures or indulgence: hence, loose, licentious; as in a gay life."

Yes, Virginia, there really is a meat rack, and all you heard about it is true. There are mad parties every weekend, and they range from intimate dinner parties through brunches, from small cocktail parties to elaborate costume affairs where many of the costumes would make the Wardrobe Mistress of the Metropolitan Opera Company jealous.

Everything you've read in the countless books about Cherry Grove, from the camp classic, *Mr. Ladybug* to the exploitation paperbacks like *Summer in Sodom*, are true. It is the gay capital of the world.

Nature and man have created a beautiful community. Cherry Grove is bounded on the North by the Great South Bay, a brackish, usually still, expanse of water full of fish and clams for the taking. On the South, the Atlantic thunders on a beach of pure white sand. At The Eastern and Western ends of the Grove, dunes and woods provide privacy and seclusion and form the "meat rack." Man has provided some 300

Just after the Second World War, families started moving in and bringing middle-class values and puritanical attitudes. Many communities put pressure on homosexuals, unwed mothers, couples living "out of wedlock" and other "undesirables." These people, and others who liked a free and tolerant atmosphere, moved to the then already predominantly gay Grove. In the 1950's, the Pines was built as sort of a suburb of the Grove.

Gay people and straight interact freely in both communities. The Pines, which is about 60% gay (as opposed to the Grove's 85% to 90% gay population) retains more of a heterosexual spirit than the blatantly gay Grove. Yet, even Cherry Grove's heterosexual minority seem to like the gay atmosphere. At the recent "Leather and Lace" fashion show sponsored by the Beach Hotel (as part of a series of free activities which will include a "Mr. Fire Island" and "Miss Fire Island" Contest, among other events) the straights cheered the studs modeling the clothes as much as the gays did.

A heterosexual lady modeled a multicolored, da-glo, chiffon gown and veil. To prove that it was wash-and-wear, and therefore practical, she dived into the pool and swam to the other side.

The straight men, including the Suffolk County cops stationed at Cherry Grove (about all they have to do any more is control the occasional young hood who comes to the Grove to "beat up a queer" and prove his doubtful masculinity) applauded and cheered the Marquis de Suede's leather and lizard-skin fashions and the humpy models who wore them. I suppose it's a case of "When in Sodom..."

Auntie Mame once said "Life is a banquet and most poor bastards are starving to death." Cherry Grove is a festival of life, a summer-long gay liberation festival. If you've never sampled it before, you really should now. Like the other Camelot, it may not last forever.



Ornate guardians at a Cherry Grove palace

WE BROKE THE WORLD'S KISSING RECORD!

BY CARY YURMAN

In Sunday, June 28, 1970, two gay couples broke the world's kissing record by kissing for nine hours. The previous record of eight and a half hours was held by a heterosexual couple in South Africa. Cary Yurman was a partner in one of the couples.

7:00 I got to the Sheep Meadow at 7:00 a.m. Sunday with my pillow and transistor radio. I felt a little embarrassed walking past some police in the park. It's one thing to be a liberated homosexual, and quite another to carry your pillow around with you.

7:30 Tava von Will, my partner, arrived with his friend Tony who will serve as a necker checker (referee). We decide on a shady spot beneath some trees at the southeast end of Sheep Meadow.

7:45 Contest begins. The rules of the contest prohibited touching except at the lips, and the kiss could not be broken. Tava was fun to kiss, but the first hour was the slowest one. It just seemed to drag on and on.

9:00 Phil Rai and Garland Bowen find us. They have come to enter the contest and begin at 9:10. Sometime around now Natasha and Ron come to assist as necker checkers.

10:00 I don't remember ten. Ask Tava.

11:00 For some reason I really dug the third hour. Not that the first two hours were bad, but I really don't wake up till about eleven. And when I woke up and realized I had been kissing Tava for two hours and was still kissing him, I suddenly really got into it.

Noon Phil and Garland showed us that you could stand up and keep kissing. I wasn't really all that uncomfortable lying down, but we got up and slowly moved over to a nearby tree and took turns resting



Cary Yurman and Tava von Will Breaking the Record

Exclusive: From the Champion's Mouth

on it. It was my first chance to get a really good look at Phil's partner who was in drag and whom everybody kept calling Judy Garland.

1:00 What I had dreaded happening was beginning to happen. There was no way I was going to make it nine hours without relieving some of my bodily fluids. Tava and I moved over to a tree, but it didn't work. There was no way I was

going to relieve myself while kissing Tava. No way.

2:00 Crisis. We were laying down. I knew I had to go. Necessity is the mother of invention and I masterminded one of the great strategic moves of the last quarter century. To this day I don't think Tava even knows when I went. Neat. Clean. And after that I knew the contest was a cinch.

2:30 Tava and I break the U.S. kissing record of six hours and forty-five minutes. I can't believe I've kept my hands off him this long.

3:00 We are standing by the tree and I am having a nicotine fit. I want tobacco. And I want it now. I was handed a lit cigarette and, while still kissing, took a drag out of the corner of my mouth.

3:30 By maneuvering carefully Tava and I took turns watching the marchers come into the Sheep Meadow. What a gas.

3:45 As the hours were called off, it seemed more and more unreal. I mean I couldn't possibly have been kissing Tava for eight hours. I just couldn't have.

3:56 Phil and Garland break the U.S. kissing record. We agree not to

make a contest out of it, but both go for nine hours and share the title.

4:00 I was aware of people standing around us. I opened my eyes and saw these rows and rows of feet. And I hear all these pictures being taken. (I wonder if one will turn up back home in the *Wilmette Life?*) I heard some straight, middle-aged woman say, "Oh look. It's a contest. Over there is the straight couple, and this is the gay one." I learned it is possible to chuckle while kissing.

4:16 Tava and I break the world kissing record of eight hours and thirty minutes. We congratulate each other and I still haven't put my arms around him all day.

4:30 We are told we have another fifteen minutes to go for nine hours. The last hour and a half has gone very quickly. I suddenly realize this contest hasn't been half as bad as I thought it was going to be.

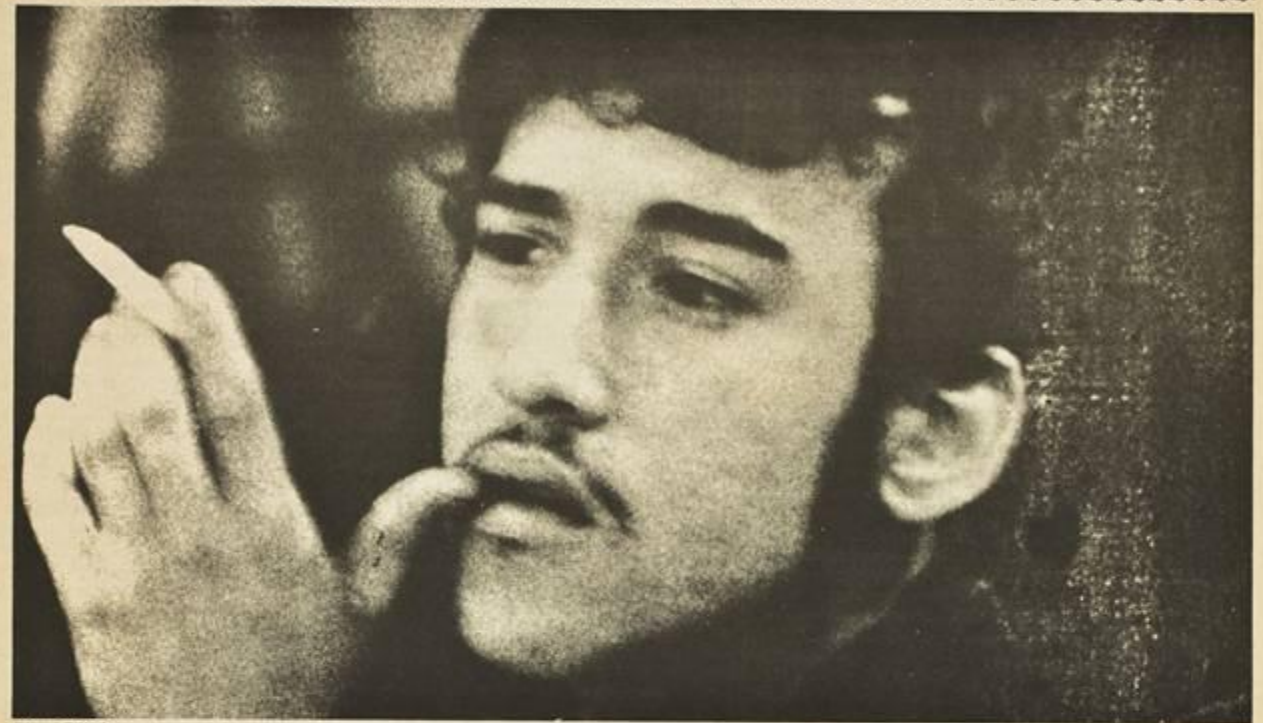
4:45 I attack Tava. We can touch, we can touch. Now how do we get rid of all these people.

Somebody hands us some ice cream bars. I hadn't realized I was hungry, but I was. I'm a little dizzy, my lips are a little numb, and there are all these people standing around. I'm glad we did it, but glad we don't have to go for another hour like Phil and Garland, and am slightly embarrassed by all the attention.

Having completed nine hours, we became the first of two gay couples to hold the world's kissing record. And above all the noise and excitement, I can hear in the back of my mind just what my mother will say when I tell her. "So big deal. You're a world's kissing champion. Get a job."



The kiss that lasted for nine hours



Edward Gallardo

BY RANDY WICKER

Edward Gallardo was born twenty-one years ago in the Bronx. His mother came from Venezuela, his father from Cuba. He grew up on Fox Street which the *Daily News* called "the worst street in the city." Today the Gallardos have moved to Brooklyn and Edward is writing, producing and directing off-off Broadway.

"I've been writing since I was twelve," Ed reminisces. "I like realism and take my characters from real life. First I wrote about the Spanish family living in a ghetto neighborhood. Then when I was around eighteen, I started writing mostly homosexual plays."

Bernie, Gallardo's first play, was presented at the New York Theatre Ensemble this past fall. Bernie is a homosexual mental patient who commences talking about how happy he is. But as he examines his life—parents, schooling, environment—and can't find anything positive, his composure collapses. After five suicide attempts, he finally finds happiness in the bottle of pills his psychiatrist has prescribed.

"Gallardo's play *Bernie*," the *Village Voice* reviewer cooed, "is an engrossing character study."

In *Another Part of the City*, Edward Gallardo's second off-off Broadway production will be presented at the New York Theatre Ensemble, 2 East Second St., Friday and Saturday nights at 10:00 p.m., starting July 24th and 25th through August 21st and 22nd. Admission is \$2.00. The theater holds under a hundred people. Running time is about ninety minutes.

If you're a masochist left unsatisfied by *The Boys in the Band*, by all means don't miss it. For an hour and a half, you can watch George, a 34-year-old wishy married interior decorator and father of two children, get drunk, smoke grass and bitch, bitch, bitch at David, his

IN ANOTHER PART OF THE CITY: Meet Edward Gallardo



Jerry Ross (left) and Chuck Beard in *Another Part of the City*

25-year-old not-so-interested trick and David's friend Peter, a bisexual 25-year-old telephone company employee.

The guilt-laden morass is not without light moments, however, and a few good laughs lighten the weary load. When David seems uninterested in fucking George, George plies, "I'll even pay you." When David replies, "You will?" with renewed interest, George dips his hands into his purse and tinkles a few coins onto the coffee table.

When David announces his mother might come by, "She won't like me," George forewarns lying back and stroking his hair, "Mothers never like blondes."

In the final orgy of loathing and contempt, intoxicated George is held before the mirror so he can see for himself what a revolting old queen he really is while David and Peter urge him to kill himself with the butcher knife they've enthusiastically placed in George's hand.

It's not a theater experience that

sends the spirit soaring but Michael De Paul does an excellent job as George and for \$2 you can't go wrong.

"George is the homosexual that everyone laughs at," Ed insists, "but by the end of the play you feel for George. He's risen above the stereotype."

Ed is currently working on several other projects—a novel, another play and a musical—all of which revolve around homosexual characters, some of whom are "happy."

"But it's hard to write them that way," Ed muses, "without them coming out sort of like Doris Day."

Ed just finished two years at Bronx Community College and will enter City College this fall as a full scholarship student. Currently he supports himself by working as an assistant bookkeeper but he plans to major in art.

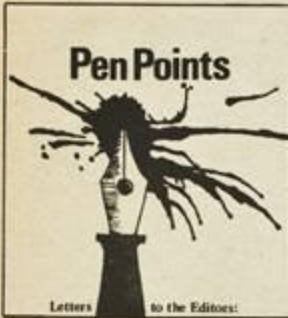
He produced *In Another Part of the City* with a "budget of zero." His sister, Sandra Gallardo, a promising pretty actress, scholarship student at Hebert Berghof's studio on Bank Street, and gal Friday, helps him as assistant director.

"Casting is difficult for any gay play," Ed observed. "I had about fifty people audition for this one and either they came in saying 'I'm not gay! I'm not gay!' or else they were just too campy."

Eventually he hopes to get into film making and claims to "have seen every film in the city at least once."

"I expect to continue writing about homosexuals because homosexuals are more sensitive. You can really go to town as a playwright because they are very deep people with more problems than ordinary people."

Edward Gallardo should know. Last Friday, his mother's house burned down; on Saturday his typewriter was stolen; Tuesday night three junkies chased him into his hallway and tried to grab the portable phonograph he uses in *Another Part of the City*. It depressed him so much, he went to see a spiritualist and she made him feel better.



COCK AD FRAUDS

Dear GAY: The "World's Largest Cock" ad you run is a fraud. The photo is of the much-publicized Donny, whose cock measures at most 11 1/2" x 5 1/2"—a big one but far from the 14" x 7" your advertiser claims. You must have trouble enough keeping your articles from being boringly repetitious without getting the reputation for running fraudulent ads which could easily be checked before being accepted. John C. NYC

BY STEFEN VERK

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

Q. By the time you get this letter the act will have been done, but I am wondering if there will be repercussions. I am a homosexual registered with the police of a small town and with the Army. A person who I grew up with called me from the Army and asked if he could use me as a witness that he is a homosexual. We have had sex, and he is a bisexual. I know that I should help him, but I know that if he gets out he won't even look at me once. I still consider him a friend. Is there any way that I or my status with the draft can be put in jeopardy? I know it is stupid to ask, but I have said yes, I would like to be prepared.

D.S., Rhode Island

A. Well, you are certainly prepared for one thing, and that is rejection. It would be interesting for you to explore why you feel you should help him, or even why you consider him a friend, when you are so certain that he will not even look at you once he is discharged from the Army. Whether or not he ever gets out of the Army is not half so important as to why you are playing any role in this situation. It is highly laudable to help other people, if you can, but this service should not be to buy acceptance or to reinforce fantasies of superiority over the one being helped or to prepare the way for an anticipated rejection or to secure any

then you'll have to accept the measurements you get. GAY's staff cannot afford (as pleasant as the task might be) to measure all of the cocks advertised in Wanton Ads. We'd be up to our asses in cocks! By the way, by what mathematical formula were you able to determine the length of the cock from its photo? - J.N.

A PROFESSOR'S APPROVAL

Dear GAY:

I have just read John Francis Hunter's superb review (demolition) of "Everything you Always Wanted to Know About Sex" which gets my personal and academic A+. I mean, that's the kind of literate put-down which is so good I wish I'd written it. I haven't read the book. In describing what I think is wrong with education, I often distinguish between things which are best learned from a book and things best learned with a teacher. Well, sex is certainly better (and more fun) with personal instruction; I mean, who really wants a book if you haven't anyone to practice on? I can think of better ways of finding out "everything I've always wanted to know..." etc. than asking the good doctor. But the review is a masterpiece and should be reprinted in the Times magazine section (one of my more utopian thoughts, I'm sure).

Sincerely N.H., Ph.D. Oneonta, New York

PAN AM'S PERVERTED POLICIES

Dear GAY: Re your editorial of 6/29 regarding Pan Am and homosexuals. I am a homosexual and was dismissed from my last position last year. I came to Pan Am after completing college. It was my first job. I attended school in the summer in order to finish college in three years.

My parents and family knew that I was a homosexual when I came back from school. I never tried to hide this fact from my friends and others. I was told that my appearance and personality was desired for my position at Pan Am. They did not know I was gay nor did I act as such. I began to spend some time in the city where other homosexuals meet and discovered many employees from my company were there. These people were not only from the reservations and related departments, either. I made the mistake of letting others know of my way of life. When asked where I went for the weekend, I would tell them, even if it was known to be a place for gays. Some people think the Fire Island is exclusively for homosexuals and look upon all who go there as such.

I will admit I never dated any male or even female personnel from this company. I did have a party where I invited some employees both gay and hetero and I attended parties with my lover (since our college days). We were always accepted by these people and we respected each other.

One day I received an intra-company memo, not signed, from a "friend" telling

me I will be dismissed within the week because they don't like to have homosexuals in their company. I was advised to deny I was a homosexual and I should fight them. Two days later, I was told to leave the company. I did not fight them and, after looking for a job for one day, I started to work for an advertising company in the city. They are more liberal regarding homosexuals, but to this day I keep it a secret to most of my fellow employees.

I feel that I am a good citizen. I maintain a high-paying job. I help out in community affairs, and I should not be looked upon as abnormal.

My family friends and lover all live a normal life. I have given my time during the elections and have helped the school system with my volunteer work. I am an asset to my community on Long Island and feel that I should be accepted whether gay or otherwise. Those that I have worked with in the community don't know I am a homosexual. I know that if they did know, their attitude would change for me.

Now when I look back, I realize I was foolish not to fight for my rights.

(Signed) Name withheld by request Long Island, 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.

depth of her understanding, compassion, and thoroughly liberated head. I have taken the liberty of editing the letter of one paragraph not relevant to our scope. It gave me such pleasure to read this letter, that I wish to share it with the tens of thousands who read this paper.

Dear Dr. Verk:

Having read the letters published in GAY, I am tempted beyond resistance to try responding to these. Actually, I am uniquely unqualified to do so. However, I spend a considerable portion of my life... whether personal or professional or both at the same time is impossible to say... listening to students, whose penchant for reciting everything they felt, doubted, feared and hoped for to their professors used to surprise me but has come to seem an ordinary part of my experience.

Partly because our Student Affairs Office is generally intolerant and specifically intolerant of gay students, I have found myself giving advice in several situations each term very similar to that which your correspondents describe. In the fact of this evidence of what collective social and institutional stupidity does to harm people, I am both disgusted and outraged. Because I can't think of a single sane reason for objecting to homosexuality, I am astonished by blind and ignorant rejection of homosexual love which drives individuals to self-hatred and sometimes to self-destruction.

Taken collectively (as in demonstrations) or individually, people are always worth rescuing from society's hang-ups. Thus, if I've said anything that hasn't been said better and sooner by others, and, indeed, even if I'm simply re-stating a case, I am glad I've written.

Yours sincerely, Dr. X.X. (name withheld by S.V.'s request, not Dr. X's)

A few weeks ago an unusual orgy took place: primarily heterosexual in nature. A number of men and women well known in the sexual underground took part, and reports of their activities appeared in several issues of SCREW magazine. GAY's Angel of the Archangels, a man for all pleasin's, presented his tattooed ass at the orgy door along with other pleasure-loving libertines, and he now reports on the proceedings from a less-than-exclusive heterosexual viewpoint.

BY ANGELO d'ARCANGELO

early everything you have heard and most of what you will read in the putrescent pages of SCREW concerning a certain particular orgy is, was, or will be misinformation. Firstly, hundreds of women of every color, age, and shape did not snivel and beg to scarf Herr Goldstein. Secondly, Lord Buckley did not attend. I have it on good authority that he pestered his formidably patient virgin girlfriend with a question which he repeated over and over: "Will anybody pi-pi on my shoes? Will anybody..." etc., until he had to be sedated and put to bed with a double helping of vanilla junket and the phonograph playing Mother Macree. How sad! And yet...

Thirdly, the happily married Dan Mowers did attend—terribly unisex—but I'll leave it to you to guess which one remained completely clothed throughout. And fourthly and finally, yes, I did attend, and I do have a tattooed ass.

This orgy wasn't however, an office party for all the SCREW adorables. The rest of the guests were, or appeared to be, clean, sane, intelligent, and what you will, and simply possessed of a desire to do "it" with one another in various positions. Therefore, let me proceed to, not describe the event, but to give my impressions of it.

The Hostess

Perfect. A charming woman. Full of dash and lust. It was more than a slight pleasure to see this agile, athletic woman zipping about doing everything one could think of to almost everyone present. Indeed, she sparked the evening for me with an exhibition of double-dildoing with a renowned lady sexologist. I'd seen these wonderful machines before, but hadn't ever seen them used, or heard the curiously restful pneumatic sounds they made churning twin twats.

The Refreshments

Loads of booze which, for a tee-totaling party-giver, seemed remarkable and kind. No grass, alas. (What a down!) And no yellow gas. Interesting food though. Perfect Heal Food. (I should have smoked beforehand.)

The Men

So so. An odd assortment, really. The likes of which one doesn't usually see in one room. Naked. Friendly, but—and this is telling, I think—they seemed to take particular pains not to touch or caress one another. Aside from that, they were in marked contrast to the women, most of whom were in much better physical condition.

(Note. No, I didn't have anything much to do with any of them, though at one point I found myself being stroked kneewise by a blonde gentleman, but in such a Kiwaniss way that I thought silently, "Our hostess has persuaded him to go and talk/play/dance/fuck with the wallflower, lest he feel left out.") Not the

200'S COMPANY:



300'S A CROWD!

least bit arousing, but friendly, for whatever motive.

The Women

Very attractive. The average quite high. No dogs. In fact I was rather amazed to see so many firm feminine asses and flat bellies under rosy breasts. Maybe that's where the better looking GF's are to be found nowadays, at orgies. They certainly aren't on the street. Imagine! I didn't spot a single pimple!

What I Didn't Like

Being introduced as "America's most famous homosexual." (Give it up Goldstein, please!) It's not precisely the best way to put anybody—certainly not me—at ease at what should be a casual affair. For example, I wouldn't have people over and introduce anybody this way: "Guys 'n gals, I'd like you to meet Ramona. She's our lesbian for the evening, and I know you're all gonna make her feel right at home."

A Little Love Story

At one point I found myself sitting in a side chair grooving on the wall-to-wall flesh before me when I noticed a young blonde woman doing something to a fucking couple on the bed. I looked closer. The bed bound duo were in the standard missionary position and the extra girl was crouching, almost kneeling over or beside the couple, her finger well into the gentleman before her. She was giving him something like the old proctologist's special "fingerwave." And doing it, if not well, then at least with affectionate determination. Eventually the guy rose on one elbow and said something to the girl. They nodded together, and the rectal massense rose and took a chair near mine. She adjusted her glasses and lit a cigarette and crossed her legs, glancing complacently around the room.

What could I do? I was trapped. I had to find out what he said to her. So I moved over and asked, "Oh," she replied,

"that's my boyfriend. This your first time at a Swing?" I said it was and repeated my question, which was, "What did he say to you?"

"Oh," she continued, brightening a little, "He said, 'Cut it out!' I guess it was distracting him. Usually it excites him. You know, some guys like for you to put your finger into them. It excites them. But I dunno, maybe it was because he was with this new chick."

I was fascinated. She was fresh, smooth, blonde, openfaced and openminded, and smelled terribly good. We began to chat. Now if this seems to you a little arch—at a swing—bear with me. My intentions were completely dishonorable: in no time at all I went down on her. Why? It seemed a good idea at the time.

Me, or Was it Exciting

I never set rules for myself in sex. I find that if I don't have hard and fast rules or expectations about what I will or will not do in sexual relations, I don't get uptight about anything. And at this point, orgywise, I find my sexual thrust, not identity, dulled and diffused by the simple fact of the group. Which means that, although I could enjoy the undeniable pleasure of watching so many people doing each other's things, it didn't excite Rollo the one-eyed Ram Rod. As the blonde said midway through our sixty-nine, "A lot of guys find they can't perform well at swings. Not the first time or even the second time around." She seemed to know what she was saying. She certainly knew what she was doing. And so?

So I didn't feel particularly abashed by anything. How could I when there was a lady there baking knives and passing them out as though at a backyard cook-out. (Et tu Sarah Lee-Bowitz?) What she did or didn't do sexually I can't say. We met on the bed at one point, the Knish Lady and I, over the body of a man who may have been her escort. I stated

my point: "I'm not particularly interested in what other people want," I said. "I'm interested in what I want." The implication seemed clear to both of us as we gazed over the skin-scape.

"You know," she said, looking briefly and seriously into the man's eyes. "I agree with you. I don't think anybody is interested in anybody else, really. We just, I don't know, just—do various things, but never forget what we really want, or who."

The End

Since I found I couldn't make the kind of contact I would have preferred, in some corner with the bespectacled Scandinavian, I put on my clothes and went home. Alone. As I started my motorcycle, I saw the same girl on the corner. Her date was flagging down a taxi. We waved.

Regret?

That I hadn't gotten in touch with my old girl friend beforehand. A gorgeous number. The last heard, she was making her living in a body painting establishment.

Epilogue

Next day or so, back at SCREW, talking it over, Goldstein asked me whether or not I'd found the act disgusting. Isn't that remarkable? What's disgusting about cunnilingus? It didn't bother her. Why should it have bothered me? Having watched him doing the same thing, it seemed a little beside the point. All of which makes me wonder just what people think homosexuals are, humanoids? It's just something you do with men. That's all. And if you do it with women, should it then be disgusting? Sex is just sex. Who could it hurt? Besides, orgy or no orgy, it's not a question of genitals, it's SOUL: If you can combine that with all the ganglia gymnastics, you've got great fucking.

If not, not.

**U. OF MICH. REFUSES GAY JOB
ACLU TO PROTEST**

(continued from page 3)

separated since Baker enrolled here last fall—applied for a marriage license in Minneapolis. They expected it would be denied but anticipated forcing it by court action—and also hoped to gain community understanding for gay people in the process. They posed for cameras and spoke with reporters at the courthouse. The event received national publicity.

On June 26th, however, McConnell was informed by the university's lawyer that his job had been recommended for denial by a committee of the board of regents. No reason was given.

McConnell, who had quit his Missouri job and moved to Minneapolis with the expectation of starting work July 1, immediately called reporters, and Twin Cities newspapers and TV stations gave the decision full coverage.

FREE, the university's gay club, called a rally to protest the decision on the student union steps and arranged a press conference for McConnell, July 6. McConnell also filled a complaint with the State Department of Human Rights at the request of Commissioner Conrad Balfour. Balfour, who has previously championed gay rights, said he wanted to make very sure no state law had been violated. (Minnesota's antidiscrimination law itself has been interpreted as not covering gay people.)

McConnell also requested a public hearing before the regents committee with a chance for respected faculty members, American Association of University Professors (AAUP) leaders, librarians and Hopp to speak in his behalf. He received, on July 9th, a 20-minute hearing behind closed doors at which only he and his lawyer were permitted to speak.

"It was very difficult to prepare for the hearing," McConnell said, because "I have not been told by the committee or its representatives why my appointment has not been approved."

Just before the hearing, several regents nibbled from a basket on the board-room table which contained grapes and other fruit.

"How appropriate," said one of the regents lightly.

Outside, 30 members of FREE (for Fight Repression of Erotic Expression) picketed for nearly an hour. Their signs read, "Better Blatant Than Latent," "Keep the Regents Out of the Bedroom," and "Hire a Homo—We're Fun to Watch."

But the committee refused to change its recommendation and the following day the board of regents agreed without comment as part of a lengthy, routine report. Several regents said—privately—that they regretted what they did.

Regent John Yngve of suburban Minneapolis, a former Republican state legislator, conceded that it was "unusual" for the regents to veto the choice of a university staff member unless something comes to their attention.

Yngve, who heads the committee, said it is "possible" that the marriage-license publicity may have been the cause.

Privately, university staff members and some regents admitted that the publicity over the license application—and of FREE itself in the past year has been embarrassing to the school. They expressed fears that the legislature will take reprisal when it

comes time to approve the university's biennial budget next spring.

"I personally couldn't care less whether or not he's a homosexual," one regent said after the board's final action.

"But I'm not willing to jeopardize the future of a great educational institution over this issue."

Other regents indicated, off the record, that since the ACLU had already indicated it would support McConnell's right to the job in court, the regents could get off the political hook rather nicely—with the legislature—by denying the job. Several regents said they had received numerous phone calls urging them to fire McConnell.

After the final decision, an ACLU spokesman said the group "will take immediate federal court action against the individual regents to require them to reverse their action and honor the contract." McConnell's lawyers in that action are John Goetz and Steven Goldfarb.

The AAUP chapter has also endorsed McConnell's right to the job.

Said McConnell, "I have always tried to interact with others in an honest and open manner."

"I see on others to lie about my sexual preferences with adults in private when they harm no other. The university is dedicated to truth and such an attitude does not seem inappropriate."

"If the regents can single out one individual for a viewpoint which its members find inconsistent with their personal views, they can do the same for any other viewpoint," McConnell said.

"To me, this represents a clear danger to the freedom of the academic community to explore all viewpoints."

**DAUGHTERS OF BILITIS
CONFRONTS FEMINIST ISSUES**

(continued from page 3)

About three-fourths of the 300 women present stood up. "We need more such exercises in affirmation," Miss Martin said. "As lesbians, we need to ally their fears about us... As they get to know us as women, lesbian baiting will lose its punch and we can get on with the job of women's liberation."

Carolyn Bird proclaimed that we live in a revolutionary time when all values are up for reconsideration and that there is a new concern for people who don't look or act like the people in grade school primers. She said the Black movement stimulated the feminist movement, that historically when any group that has taken its lot in silence begins to arise, others do also. She said the causes of oppressed people are logically connected and compete for people's energy. "It just depends on where you want to put your energy for the day." She said the prestige of reproduction is losing its stranglehold. "We're going to have really viable alternatives and sex will become a truly private affair." There will be group sex, same-sex groups, no-sex groups, etc. "All have to be explored with an open mind."

Barbara Gittings, of Philadelphia's Homophile Action League, said she parts company with those lesbians who feel that somehow the two causes (the gay and the feminist) can be fought together. She said the one is based on gender, the other on sexual orientation. Women are expected to fill a particular role called "woman"; homosexuals are often not wanted to exist at all. She said her gay organization, H.A.L., while composed mainly of women through historical accident,

identifies itself as a gay group fighting for the rights of homosexuals. The women in that group view it as an opportunity to show male homosexuals that they are both in the same boat, with across-the-board problems as homosexuals. Still, she noted that women had feminist work to do within the gay movement, turning men's heads around, insisting that they be treated as equals. She concluded that "If gay men and women don't get together and fight the gay cause, nobody else is going to do it for us."

Mickey Zacuto, a lesbian and a Radical Feminist, said that to her, involvement in the feminist movement was essential for all women because the "rehabilitation of the female ego is necessary." She had confronted those in her rap group and told them that as a lesbian listening to the concerns of heterosexual women, she felt like an outsider. They admitted to having some fear of lesbians, and to feeling they were not sure they could be just friends. They "didn't understand that lesbians do not want to sleep with every woman they meet." She said lesbians needed to be accepted as sisters in the women's movement, and she felt the two movements should attempt to work together.

Minda Bikman, a Radical Feminist and straight, said she felt that as a woman society has negated her, and that only through the feminist movement can she affirm her identity. She said that in rap groups, lesbianism is discussed as an alternative. "We see lesbianism as a political statement against things as they are." She concluded that lesbians and straight women should work together on issues that affect them both, but that they should also recognize their differences.

Doubts and affirmations about DOB's flirtation with the feminist cause were raised from the audience. One lesbian noted that the Brownmiller letter and other observations had led her to wonder "how real is the understanding?" For this reason, some lesbians may shy away from the feminist movement, she concluded. Another listener said DOB has a special place and a special obligation, to be an organizational home for lesbians, aside from their feminist concerns.

**PUBLISHER OF
"AFTER DARK" DEAD**

New York, N.Y. — Rudolf Orthwize, publisher of *After Dark*, an entertainment magazine, died July 13 at University Hospital after a long illness. He was 76 years old, and lived at the New York Athletic Club. Mr. Orthwize is survived by a daughter, a brother, a sister and a grandchild.

Orthwize also published *Dance Magazine*. In 1935 he had met the ballet dancer Mikhail Mordkin, former partner of Pavlova, and they organized what is now the American Ballet Theater.

After Dark, with an abundance of tasteful male nude photographs, has proved of considerable interest to many members of the gay community. While the magazine does not openly solicit a homosexual audience, its contents have nevertheless stimulated controversies among gay readers who express praise for its style.

**a homosexual
minister fasts**

(continued from page 4)

when Perry's mother advanced on her.

Most Response Is Favorable

The seven full fasters have now gone more than a week on nothing more than water, and their own faith and determination. Mostly passersby recognize their moral courage, and many have left small contributions. A Catholic priest from the nearby Cathedral gave his blessing to Perry's crusade. City Councilmen Robert Stevenson (who owed his election to gays) and Lemoine Blanchard came by to suggest a possible meeting with city officials.

Friday night, 42 persons slept on the steps all night under the light of dozens of candles. A religious service was held on the steps Sunday night, with Perry serving communion to 150 persons.

The demonstrators are optimistic. With Presbyterians and Lutherans taking liberalized stands on homosexuality in recent days, Perry and his companions feel that a great change is in the wind.

The Crawford case, on appeal in California courts by Attorney Walter Culpepper (who recently got 250,000 votes for Attorney General), raises similar constitutional issues to Dallas' Buchanan case now heading for the U.S. Supreme Court, where many hope it will knock out all laws penalizing private sex acts between consenting adults. Other actions are challenging the many codes, licensing laws and regulations that discriminate against homosexuals in their gathering places and in employment and the armed forces.

Letter-writing campaigns to officials and legislators are being initiated, and it is hoped that similar fasts will be taken up elsewhere.

Troy Perry had been considering a fast for justice and freedom for six months—somehow, sometime. The first hearing before the L.A. Police Commission, regarding the parade permit, did it. "When Chief Davis said that having homosexuals parade down Hollywood Blvd. was like having a parade of thieves and burglars—I knew, for the first time, what it was really like to be a minority individual... and I knew that I was going to start this fast, and that I was going to continue it indefinitely until we got some results."

No one who knows him doubts that Troy Perry will get results.

With the rigors of fasting, Perry has not been very vocal in the past week. He began to look pale, though the sun has been unusually hot. He tires easily. But we hear the echo of his earlier speeches: "We're not afraid anymore!" "We're not going to stand around anymore and watch while our brothers get shoved around, arrested and even beaten to death."

"We are going to see some changes made!" "My God is bigger than this city government, bigger than this state and bigger than this nation, which we are proud of, even though it persecutes us."

"My God made homosexuals also, and my God loves the homosexual, no matter how some people read St. Paul."

"And my God is going to see some changes made!"

Can we all say "Amen"?

BY LYN PEDERSEN

Two youths fetch home a delectable hunkler, and work hard to arouse him as all three tumble gloriously in bed...

A slim young transsexual engagingly bares her soul to an interviewer, and her nubile breasts to the camera...

A table, cards and eight handsome players appear mysteriously in a clearing. They play for an impressive pound of flesh...

A handsome youth impales us with soulful eyes, mourns his lost lover, and presents a daring cinematic surprise...

An aging writer uses a seemingly outflit lad for fun and games, and encounters some surprise moves for his money...

Hundreds of colorful Hollywood gays enjoy themselves in the park, with kissing, dancing & theatricals under The Man's stern eye...

A bitchy youth flaunts his lovers before his sister-in-law, turning his brother into a passionate threesome...

**SEX
AND THE
SINGLE
GAY**

This is Pat Rocco's seventh program of short gay films in just over two years. When beefcake flicks, with some nudity, began showing publicly in L.A. in 1968, Rocco, untrained, but a long-time film buff, decided he could do better. He has consistently done better with each program. This is his second "quickie" collection since starting "Drifter," a serious feature-length now in the final editing stage. Meanwhile, in three months of evenings and weekends—while also leading an active social life—Rocco has photographed, directed, edited and produced this, his smoothest, liveliest program (credit James Prestridge for sound and lighting).

If this lacks the high points of earlier programs (which included such jewels as "Yes," the uncirculated uncut "Discovery," Ron Dilly's superb "The End," and "The Kiss"), it also happily lacks their unevenness. Here there are no dull passages, no false notes in acting or story lines.

By entirely omitting the repetitious titles, which impeded the flow of earlier programs, Rocco has put together for the first time a really fast-moving two-hour program, varied in style and tone and of consistently top quality. The complete lack of titles (except at the very end) makes reviewing a bit difficult, with no set designation for most of the seven shorts.

Cinema fans partial to foreign, experimental or New Wave films often give Rocco only a superficial glance and rate him as cinematically naive. He is, in the best sense of the term. That is his charm, strength and integrity. Self-taught and uninfluenced by the cinematic morbidity often considered the hallmark of sophistication, his style flows not from Anger or Warhol, or from Bergman,

Fellini or Godard, but from the Hollywood classics which he knows by heart. He manages with simple equipment and a small crew (he initially worked alone) to remarkably reproduce the striking effects he recalls from Hollywood's dazzling romantic era. If the results are too simple, sentimental or un-hip for some, that is their loss.

That on a Bed

The first film, a direct, live-sound story of a trick a trois, introduces a spectacular new discovery, Ross Judd, Jr., a slight, smooth, personable blond who could be a promising entry in this year's Groovy Guy contest. Ross, as a hustler at Hollywood's familiar corner of Selma and Las Palmas, is picked up by Larry Lynn (never shown to good advantage) and taken to a nearby pad (Rocco's home). His roommate, Chico Rodriguez (a dancer whose grace and power have yet to be captured successfully on film), finds the pickup willing but hard to arouse. So Chico breaks into a seductive dance more appropriate to a less naturalistic story.

Color filter scenes of the three bouncing abed are an aesthetic delight, though certain viewers may want less bounce and more exact connections. "A" to "B," as it were, but many will feel misty-eyed as the lovely youngster is returned to his post on Selma, and expresses his willingness for a free repeat session.

This frank vignette is followed by "Changes," the best transsexual documentary documentary I've seen. William King, over-enuciating at first, conducts a low-key interview with Jammie Michaels, a tense but pleasing youth with a "natural" hairstyle—an ugly duckling on his way to becoming an attractive woman.

With none of the false notes or shrillness that typify treatments of this subject, this lyric exploration of a very human person in a condition that ordinarily seems only bizarre, sneaks up on the viewer's sympathy. Michaels,



Ross Judd Jr. stars in "Sex & the Single Gay"

whom I did not at first like, comes across with conviction, dignity and loveliness. When King asks about his liking for women's undergarments and cosmetics, the answer is a surprise: "Not really. I hate bras and girdles and makeup. Femininity is inside—not in what you wear." So we see one transsexual on his way to becoming a truly liberated woman—and without illustrations as to the shortcomings inherent in his situation.

In a final, lovely strip-to-the-waist scene in Fern Dell park, Jammie shows how remarkably he has progressed toward girlhood. Accompanying the film is a memorable, original song, "Changes" ("Changes: there will be changes... Gender is a pretender. Change the offender... Let it agree... Making a being. Free to be me.") composed and sung by Rocco and played by Joe Lebourdais and Mike Oberholzer. The departure, here as in "The End," from car-ped background



Opening Night in Hollywood

music, is highly welcome. Then Rocco moves to a lively film made with the Spree: Workshop (Pat Rocco fan club), featuring Ron Parks, Mike Griffin, Sam Quentin, Dave Josen, Kellie, Jon Erickson and Paul Bach as handsome players in a surreal card game, and Erik Dahl as the striking "loser."

On a grassy, tree-shaded spot, a card table miraculously appears, and then an oversized Ace of Hearts, followed by other cards. Chairs appear, blip! blip! blip! around the table, then eight fancily dressed players. They begin their solemn game. When blond Erik draws the losing card, he climbs onto the table. His clothes disappear, and the other players suddenly rise to devour him. As each touches him, his own clothes vanish, and then all the bodies are flying onto Erik's. Skillfully staged for the clever magic touches, it is a colorful visual delight. Erik Dahl will bear further exploration.

Thoughts on a Lost Lover

Robert Weaver appeared in Rocco's jewel, "The Kiss," in which the symbols, scenery, models and camera tricks were successfully transmuted into pure gold. Here, his excellent face provides a study of intense delicacy of feeling, as poetic musings that some will recognize are recited by Rocco—a lamentation of love's departure. Viewers may disagree as to whether the astonishing final touch adds to or saps the mood. Rocco made this entire program in response to viewer demands for more "display" and "action." I doubt this will satisfy the insatiable, for even though Rocco has done some daintily sexy things here, he has done them his own way. The masturbators may be stirred by a few scenes (I mean no irreverence to the fine art of masturbation) but even this time, Rocco has produced something considerably more delicate, more

profound than mere masturbatory fantasy.

Gerald Strickland in the next film plays an aging writer who (spending too much time pecking the typewriter) plays risky games with the gardener's helper, strongly acted by Chris Markham. This morbid story, written by Strickland (all others by Rocco) features twist and double twist endings bordering on melodrama. It was filmed at the pool house of the old Lionel Barrymore estate.

Joyousness in the Pig's Eye

Then we have a lively, lovely 20-minute reprise of L.A. Gay Lib's first Griffith Park Gay-In. Where the shooting and editing of earlier Rocco documentaries seemed uncertain, here he is in complete control. The occasion itself was a beautiful one. The camera skims lovingly from moving crowds to the "kissing booth"—caught repeatedly with rare beauty. Individual lovers talk and embrace. Gays dance together in a friendly, neighboring hippie crowd.



Opening Night in Hollywood

Morris Kight, in a sort of Florentine costume, performs gay weddings. And a group raps with the only two cops that day who briefly unfroze their hostile demeanor. Rocco filmed this last scene and put away his camera moments before the joyous occasion almost turned into a nightmare: two other cops made a deliberately provocative arrest and, for the first time in L.A., a few hundred angry gays chased two dozen cops up the hill.

The hottest number is saved for last. Paul Bach appears as a bitchy youth who shares a one-bedroom, one-livingroom apartment with his brother and sister-in-law. Pretty Miss Judy Coleman is fuming and fiery as the wife frustrated by having her lazy brother-in-law tricking under her nose, and by the discomfiting knowledge that her husband (Ron Dilly, now Rocco's most dependable actor) is distinctly interested in his younger brother's lovers. Wifey demands that brother leave. Ron tells her off. Meanwhile, younger brother is breathlessly awaiting a visit from a very special army buddy, and he deliberately whets Ron's interest.

When the friend (John Marino!—no actor, but who cares?) arrives, he and Paul have a hot bedroom session. Older brother soon joins in for the hottest tumble I've yet seen on the screen. Wifey comes in, gets an eyeful, and leaves...

A fully enjoyable evening's entertainment...

With a quickie program, Rocco has proved how much his skills have grown and how sure his touch is becoming with short features. Whether he can unite the same exquisite color sense, the same sense of joy and affection in well-told longer stories remains to be seen, as "Drifter," and the full-length musical due to follow it, are finished and released.

BY JOHN FRANCIS HUNTER

The idea of, the act of, the very word *incest* has always intrigued me. Originally my fascination was with the old-fashioned heterosexual kind, but inevitably it shifted to the more exciting but rarer brand, until recently I have had a veritable glut of encounters with it. They have been first hand, some of them, but not involving me with any of my own kin. Yet, I have no brother and I've not yet met my son.

In a creative writing course in college the professor lectured one day on the cliché plots young, or at any rate tyro, writers resort to, and at the top of the list was the lovers-discover-they-are-brother-and-sister situation. He warned us that that was utterly passe if not *outré* and that we should avoid it assiduously. I remember jettisoning the manuscript I had hoped to read aloud that day and announcing when it came my turn that I had not prepared. How could I get up and read:

"Jeanne wanted to tell Joel the horrendous news, but something urgent inside her made her grasp his sleek, well-groomed head between her soft well-manicured hands out of habit and draw it between her immaculate breasts, then maneuver it downward toward the center of her being where it had so naturally seemed to belong. She could not stop him now. Not before they had done it one more time this way. One more time, then never again. Nevermore, what a melancholy word, but there was no other conclusion then for them and their star-crossed love, not as long as the same hot blood coursed through their young veins..."

No Risk in Cunnilingus

Jeanne had never heard of blood replacement, and perhaps it wouldn't have worked to alleviate their guilty feelings about fraternal copulation anyway. Cunnilingus certainly couldn't have done anything to their descendants' genes, either, but Jeanne (I) didn't think about that as a safeguard and satisfactory compromise. As for the manuscript, it was probably just as well that I let the prof dissuade me from reading what was, indeed, *outré*. However, I never lost my enthusiasm for the subject matter itself and found Oedipus and Electra enormously engaging always.

One of my favorite recollections of college and the Oedipus story was the upperclass World Literature session I got into by mistake in my sophomore year. I belonged somewhere else in another class with the same teacher on another day. I was consistently confused during the first week or so after registration and frequently wandered into discussions and partook. In this particular classroom were gathered BMOC fraternity brothers of mine who considered me just another pretty face, a bevy of upperclass women so dazzling as to strike you dumb, and an assortment of bright asses from the school paper staff. None of these people had ever given me much notice before, but they did mark my presence that day.

A Mental Circle Jerk

We were sitting in a circle, quite an *avant garde* arrangement for Missouri U., gazing at the bands of flesh exposed between bobby socks and long, long New Look hemlines, at baskets which were, even in baggy Bold Look trousers, deliciously perceptible. I really don't

think I was formed enough yet to stare existentially at the baskets on those beautiful men, but I do know I consciously wanted to impress them with my intelligence, something I should bear in mind today now that my collegiate bloom has faded.

They were discussing *Oedipus Rex*, and I hadn't read it since high school, where I hadn't really understood much about it except, considering my preoccupation with it, the incest. But I wanted to participate in the discussion to be noticed, to shine for my heroes and heroines. Now, after all these years as an actor and director and here and there as a teacher of speech and drama, I am too timorous to get up in front of a GAA meeting when I know the subject (homosexual repression) so well. In those heady days I was a fool, not an angel.

Briefly, the teacher was asking why, if Oedipus married Jocasta thinking she was a stranger, we could call mother fixation an "Oedipus complex," since he didn't know he was marrying his mother. Either no one in the class had passed General Psychology or all were stunned by the surfeit of ankles and baskets, including the bright asses from the school paper staff, who I realize in retrospect (damn it!) were all basket cases, because it was I who finally answered ingeniously:

"Oedipus' unusually strong attachment to his mother had developed in infancy, before he was separated from her. Therefore, he was always seeking a mother image and found fulfillment of his desires in Jocasta. The marriage of Oedipus to Jocasta was the logical end, not an isolated causal act giving rise to the term 'Oedipus Complex.' The tendency, or complex, was already there, just as the natural formula for, say, the invention of the wireless was already there. Marconi didn't invent the principles."

Short-Lived Notoriety

Well, they were all quite impressed, and when I didn't show up in that class again the next day everyone asked me why. My explanation that I had wandered in by mistake only augmented my new reputation (short-lived, I'm afraid) as a brain. They all thought I should skip Foundations of Literature, Sophomore, and apply for acceleration. (In those days you commonly took things you were supposed to take, in the order dictated by the department, and no rioting. We were docile dumb-asses.)

My very first brush with incest, apart from playing doctor with my female cousins, wherein I recall inserting twigs into their little pussies as "thermometers," came via the great romantic novel *Kings Row*. The author didn't go into detail about what Dr. Tower did to his daughter Cassie, but there was no doubt about what his "experiments" entailed or why he murdered her and committed suicide. I lived close enough to Fulton, Mo., the actual *Kings Row*, to learn, furthermore, that after the novel come out they had to brick up the French doors overlooking the garden that Paris Mitchell had crept through to spy on the Towers within because the tourists/voyeurs were going the same route in droves. Tourists who were no less eagerly drawn to the sweet smell of incest than I.

Then there was the juicy tale in *Genesis*, Chapter 19, Verses 30-38, about Lot's daughters that I came across during

incest

playing the game the whole family enjoys

my perverted re-reading of the Old Testament as a teenager hooked on old-time religion:

29 And Lot went up out of Zoar, and dwelt in the mountain, and his two daughters with him: for he feared to dwell in Zoar: and he dwelt in a cave, he and his two daughters.

31 And the firstborn said unto the younger, Our father is old, and there is not a man in the earth to come unto us after the manner of all the earth:

32 Come, let us make our father drink wine, and we will lie with him, that we may preserve seed of our father.

33 And they made their father drink wine that night: and the firstborn went in, and lay with her father, and he perceived not when she lay down, nor when she arose.

34 And it came to pass on the morrow, that the firstborn said unto the younger, Behold, I lay yesternight with my father: let us make him drink wine this night also; and go thou in and lie with him, that we may preserve the seed of our father.

35 And they made their father drink wine that night also; and the younger arose, and lay with him; and he perceived not when she lay down, nor when she arose.

36 Thus were both the daughters of Lot with child by their father.

37 And the firstborn bare a son, and called his name Moab: the same is the father of the Moabites unto this day.

38 And the younger, she also bare a son, and they called his name Ben-ammi: the same as the father of the children of Ammon unto this day.

Just think of it! A father committing the sex act with his own daughters and so drunk "he perceived not when she lay down, nor when she arose!" Somebody was a lousy lay, or that wine was laced with something mind-blowing. This story of Lot and his daughters does not even contain a moral. Each daughter conceived and founded a line, and there was no



course on their houses either!

Gypsies Incestuous

In doing a paper on gypsies in my later years in college, I came across the theory that the gypsies are descendants of a high-caste Hindu tribe who were expelled from India because their rulers committed incest, the great similarities between the original Romany language and Sanskrit being offered in support. Why there was such a taboo in India, when, at an earlier date the Ptolemies and other regnant dynasties in Egypt intermarried because they were divine and therefore the only ones good enough for each other, is not clear to me. Undoubtedly, it's due to the ad hoc demands of the particular culture, to which exigency most sexual and dietary and religious taboos can be traced.

In his *Elementary Structures of Kinship*, Levi-Strauss, whose investigations of so-called primitive societies have become known as Structuralism, demonstrates that the only social institution enforced to some degree by every existing social group (often excepting the royal houses, such as the aforementioned Egyptian and the later Habsburgs) is incest. The reason, he asserts, is not that incest biologically weakens or psychologically damages a species, but that the group derives social benefits from its prohibition. Thanks to the prohibition, each man offers to other men the women he must refuse for himself. The ensuing social benefit is the free circulation of goods and services in a

mercantilist economy.

From One to Many

Levi-Strauss concludes that the bridge from nature to culture is the priority of the social over the natural, the collective over the individual, and the organizational over the arbitrary. It assures the integration of the family in the social group and forges profitable alliances between families. He quotes conversations among Indians about the practical disadvantages of incest: "If you marry your sister you will have no brother-in-law. Who will go hunting with you? Who will help with the planting?"

Desmond Morris, in *The Naked Ape*, also attributes the group's seemingly atavistic avoidance of incest to the priority of the collective over the individual. He says we learned we could survive natural cataclysms by working together and had to formulate means of getting along and strengthening and expanding our units. He points out that "...with both appetitive and consummatory behaviour, everything possible has been done to increase the sexuality of the naked ape (man) and to ensure the successful evolution of a pattern as basic as pair-formation, in a mammalian group where it is elsewhere virtually unknown. If we look at our naked ape couple, still successfully together and helping one another to rear infants, all appears to be well. But the infants...growing...soon...will have reached puberty, and then what? If the old primate patterns are left unmodified,

the adult male will soon drive out the young males and mate with the young females. These will then become part of the family unit as additional breeding females along with their mother... (If the young males are driven out into an inferior status on the edge of society... then the cooperative nature of the all-male hunting group will suffer."

You see how we came to rule out incest? We needed more hunters and recruited them by marrying off our girl-children.

Out-Breeding Came In

In addition, an out-breeding device called exogamy evolved, according to Morris, because, for the pair-bond system to survive and the hunting ground to expand, both the daughters and the sons had to find mates of their own. Says Morris, "This is not an unusual demand for pair-forming species and many examples of it can be found among the lower mammals, but the social nature of most primates makes it a more difficult proposition. In most pair-forming species the family splits up and spreads out when the young grow up. Because of its cooperative social behaviour the naked ape cannot afford to scatter this way... As with all pair-bonded animals, the parents are possessive of one another. The mother 'owns' the father sexually and vice-versa. As soon as the offspring begin to develop their sexual signals at puberty, they become sexual rivals, the sons of the father and the daughters of the mother. There will be a tendency to drive them both out... It is perhaps unfortunate that this phenomenon of exogamy is so often referred to as indicating an 'incest taboo'..."

Incest taboo came later to protect the system. Heterosexual incest threatened the survival of the center of the family unit, which was the parental pair-bond, and, if allowed to flourish unchecked, threatened the enlargement and expansion of the potential power base permitting the aggrandizement, as well as defense, of the clan or tribe. As for homosexual incest, in itself it never posed a problem unique from that which homosexuality itself posed: limiting procreation.

Homosexuality Is Evolutionary

Now, faced with destruction of our species through overpopulation, we are abandoning taboos rather speedily and modifying rapidly our age-old practices in order to check our out-of-hand growth rate. Undoubtedly the rise of homosexuality, at least of its growing "acceptance" as a natural and desirable collateral alternative to extinction, with orthodox birth control, is an evolutionary expediency. Surely the philosophical and biological "apologies" for it are ongoing and the current trend is immutable. As for whether homosexual incest is on the increase, no one really knows. My own encounters with it may simply be due to my over-all enchantment with incest in general.

But, lately, I have come across more and more cases, to my entirely personal delight. I am not concerned with justifying or rationalizing it, except to contend that it, like homosexuality itself, is natural.

I have talked with a man whose thirteen year old son is following in his father's homosexual footsteps. While the father did not "initiate" his son, he has not avoided his son's involvement with him, and since he likes chicken, he enjoys

the favors of his son's friends whom the son brings around for the purpose of his father's gratification. So convenient.

Many Twins Gay

I know of three sets of twins, all genital males (and two pairs of them Irish, for whatever that's worth), who are gay and whose first, and in two cases enduring, sexual affairs were and have continued to be with each other. Only one set will discuss their mating, however, since the others consider themselves "freaks twice over." The liberated set were both introduced to homosexual life styles by their father who, during their mother's last pregnancy, pulled them into the sack while drunk as Lot and brought about an orgy in the course of "rough-housing." When their mother died in childbirth, their father was seized with pangs of guilt and blamed them for seducing him and bringing "the wrath of God down" on their house. A latter day patriarch, he beat them unmercifully, and they learned to cleave to each other for comfort and affection and in defense. They still live together and cannot conceive of a life apart. One of them recently picked me up on the street and took me home for a highly folksy "sandwich."

Two gay brothers I know, who, not lovers, and their gay sister initiated each other. The sister claims that her homosexuality has nothing to do with the family daisy chain begun when they were all approaching or going through puberty.

Curious and Horny

"We always had slept together," she says. "We had always touched and examined each other, and when our fraternal curiosities and longings were satisfied and after we reached our mid-teens and became interested in others, we just left off going to bed together."

She does not understand the concept of primitive family units' opposing incest because "recruiting" of new huntsmen and warriors would have been curtailed.

"It's in our nature to explore, to know what and who are waiting outside the bounds of home," she believes, a drive Morris underscores in his chapter entitled "Exploration." "My brothers and I were originally simply experimenting on home territory as healthy young animals will. We learned a great deal from each other—for instance how to make love. Then we went forth. Each of us has enjoyed a sustained relationship with lovers for long periods of time. They've tried other girls, and I've tried other boys, and we think we've made our successful present choices after a careful process of elimination."

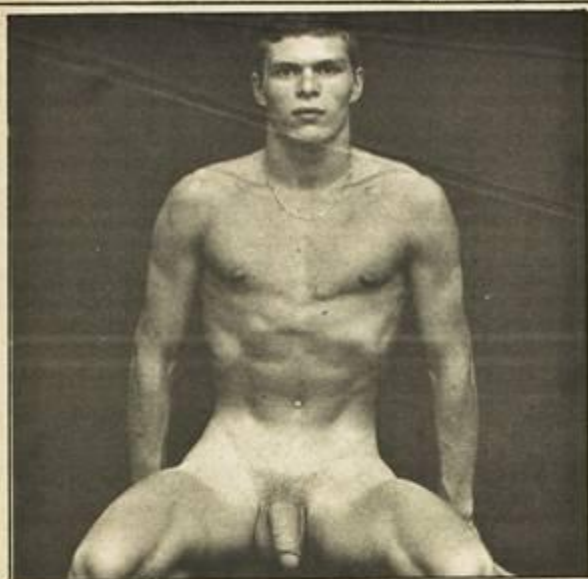
Encounter at Gay-In

Out of the Gay-In came my most recent and certainly nonpareil meeting with incest, heterosexual and/or homosexual. A very attractive genital female approached me in the Sheep Meadow and asked, "Would you like to meet my husband and my lover?"

I would and did. Her husband was a humpy man with a beard who was sitting close beside a gamin genital female beauty who was holding a baby. The beauty was the other woman's first cousin, and also her lover. The husband had sired the baby.

"We live together," they explained, "and we all think you are attractive." "Including the baby?" I asked.

(continued on page 16)



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GROPING AROUND

GAY CALENDAR

Monday, July 27: "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 29: 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 30: 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 31: "Homosexual News and Comm. nt" on WBAI-FM (99.5) 8:15 p.m.

Sunday, Aug 2: Gay Liberation Front regular meeting at the Church of the Holy Apostles (28th & 9th Ave.) 8 p.m.

NATIONAL DIRECTORY

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

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

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

Daughters of Bilitis, Inc. For information write DOB, 1005 Market St., San Francisco, Calif. 94103. Telephone (415) 861-8689. In Los Angeles, DOB meets the last Tuesday of every month at 7:30pm; write P.O. Box 73237, Hollywood, Calif. 90028. In New York, phone (212) 566-8865. Women only.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Homosexuals Intransigent (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) KI 6-8929

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

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

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GM: Gay Genital Males predominantly

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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 "slummers" 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 sway; 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 Bleecker, restaurant

with its back room where Edward and his celebrity following make it a popular rival to the more notorious back rooms mustrooming 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.

Hippadrome, 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 "genteel" 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 dansant 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 Sodomy 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, tawdry; 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-timely 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.

Madeira 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

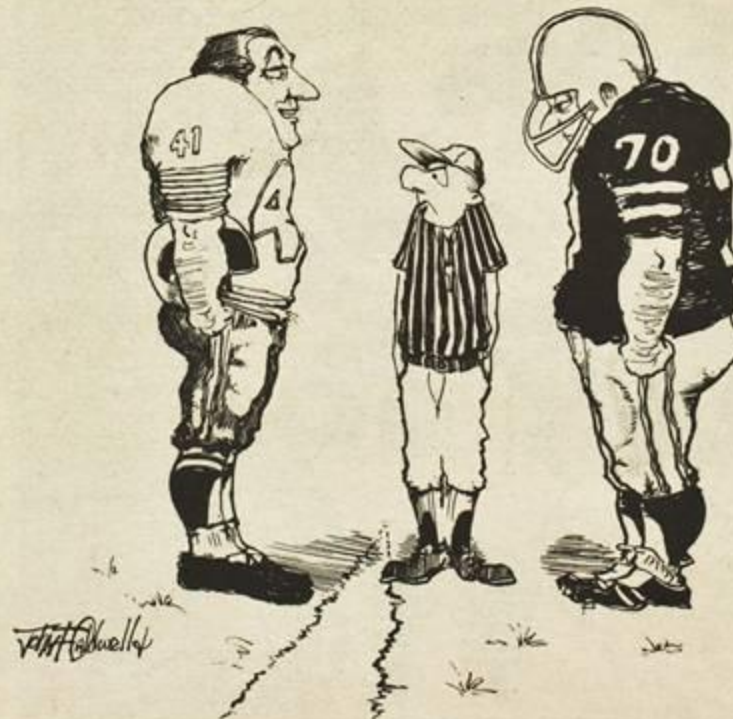
Pilgrim House Hotel, your YMCA away from home where you can always find a little sunshine; Int. but not so as to interfere

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

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



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