

“QUEER” KILLER P.6

GAY

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

**EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW WITH
CHRISTINE JORGENSEN P.4**

IAN AND HIS BROTHER—GENTLE ROBIN

The Editors Speak:

BRIGHT LIGHTS ON THE POLICE

While the editors of GAY will not hesitate to criticize police officers who, without just cause, harass and persecute members of the homosexual community, neither will we fail to praise enlightened law-enforcement officials when it is obvious that they are working honestly and meaningfully for social justice.

It heartens us to hear that Police Commissioner Howard Leary has met with the President of the Gay Activists Alliance and other GAA spokesmen. Liaisons between elected spokesmen from the gay community and the police department are sorely needed. When communication breaks down, bitter misunderstandings erupt, and as GAA President, Jim Owles said, such eruptions could lead the gay community into the hands of radical extremists.

No one doubts that the relationship between the homosexual community and the New York Police Department has been much improved under the Lindsay Administration. Under a former administration (Wagner's) nearly every gay bar in the city was raided and closed. Plainclothesmen in those days wandered through Manhattan streets arresting thousands of men on trumped up "solicitation" charges.

Commissioner Leary's willingness to listen to elected gay spokesmen, and his open-minded offer to take corrective actions, are praiseworthy indeed! His bid to continue with "constructive communication" shows that there may be hope for those who are willing to work with police officials in a straightforward and cooperative spirit.

LIBRARY REFORMS

At the turn of the century, Edward Carpenter, an English poet and a brave crusader for sexual freedom wrote meaningfully about the many problems facing young homosexuals. "That a veil of complete silence should be drawn over the entire subject, leading to misunderstandings and the most painful confusions of mind," he said, "is intolerable."

Now, seventy years later, the Social Responsibilities Roundtable of the American Library Association has given an ear to Edward Carpenter's plea. (See Gay News). Many young people will undoubtedly benefit from the availability of objective books about homosexuality. Many parents, brothers, sisters, teachers and clergymen can also inform themselves!

Our own experiences when seeking information about homosexuality in libraries has provided ample evidence of the unforgivable obstacles encountered *everywhere* by Americans who seek such knowledge. In one large city library, for example, we were forced to sign special forms to be eligible for perusal of scholarly works on homosexuality.

Most libraries in the U.S. contain nothing enlightening to homosexuals or to their parents and friends. Reform of these libraries is long past due. The Social Responsibilities Roundtable's Task Force on Gay Liberation is a welcome sign to millions of American citizens. There can be no boast that this nation's library system is in tune with the times until every library contains up-to-date, objective information about homosexuality, and until the homosexual's current classification under "Sexual Perversions" or "Sexual Abberations" is changed.

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

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

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MATTACHINE VICE-PRES. ADDRESSES NURSES

New York, N.Y. — In a panel discussion on homosexuality, theology, and psychiatry, held at the State University of New York College of Nursing (Downstate Medical Center), an audience of nurses heard N.Y. Mattachine Vice-President, Bob Milne, and a Roman Catholic priest, cross swords.

Father William Frederickson spoke at length about two of his parishoners, both of whom were "sad men" and were "laden with guilt." A psychiatrist scheduled for the panel failed to appear. In the ensuing dialogue, Mr. Milne

made clear that the parishoners in question did not suffer "guilt" because of their homosexuality, but because they'd been made to feel guilty by "The Vatican, the Forever Fallible Fathers (vs. Galileo, Darwin, Freud, etc.), No-Fun Fundamentalists, Billy Bible-Bigot Grahams, and Rabid Rabbis."

Mattachine's Vice-President also named popes who were practicing homosexuals; reviewed the history of homosexual prohibitions in the Bible, told of Henry VIII's incorporation into Common Law of ecclesiastical "sin,"

revealed the fact that Christ never once condemned homosexuality; announced that a progressive Catholic priest has just opened the nonsectarian American Church for homosexuals in New York City; quoted Kinsey's statistics to prove that clergymen have the highest homosexual percentages of any of the professions (the mostly female audience tittered, while the celibate priest cringed).

MSNY's spokesman then launched into the lexicon of psychology to illuminate the etiology of homosexuality,

the genes, hormones, the ontogenetic and phylogenetic evolutionary evidence, the geographical, historical, the cross-cultural, cross-species proof of the basic bisexual nature of man. He concluded with a caustic technical critique of quack psychiatrists.

The Catholic priest clasped his hands prayerfully, but getting no reply turned to an instructress for a more pragmatic assist. "I'd hoped the (mission) psychiatrist would be here to help me out," he smiled wanly.

AMERICAN LIBRARY ASS'N COMMITTEE ASKS REFORMS

Detroit, Mich. — A Task Force on Gay Liberation was formed at the 89th Annual Conference of the American Library Association, which met in this city June 28 to July 3.

The Task Force was formed within the Social Responsibilities Roundtable. Over one hundred librarians met and goals and purposes of the Task Force were discussed. Bill DeJohn, Coordinator of the ALA's Social Responsibilities Roundtable reports that among these goals are the revision of library classification schemes to remove homosexuality from the realm of sexual aberrations; encouragement of all libraries to build objective collections on homosexuality; and the making of these collections easily available to all.

The American Library Association is the professional and educational organization for librarians in the United States and Canada, founded in 1876. The Social Responsibilities Roundtable was formed in 1969 in response to demands for a forum for social activists in the profession. The 89th Annual Conference of the ALA was attended by 10,000 librarians.

DETROIT TO DEFINE OBSCENITY

Detroit, Michigan — The Detroit City Council has ordered the city's legal experts to write a definition of obscenity which will satisfy the U.S. Supreme Court.

Council requested the definition for incorporation into a proposed ordinance dealing with obscenity and defamation of the American flag and religion.

The ordinance was proposed because the city's present obscenity law does not clearly define it.

Because of recent U.S. Supreme Court decisions and the vagueness of the city's ordinance, the prosecutor's office has been reluctant to move except in cases involving juveniles.

Writing a definition which will satisfy the high court will not be easy, sources said, because the high court's guidelines on "constitutional obscenity" are also vague.

It was learned, however, that the ordinance was only introduced in an effort to crack down on several magazine and book stores, which have increased from two to 22 in Detroit in the last year.



August 17, 1970, Volume 1, Number 28



New York Police Commissioner Howard Leary.

police COMMISSIONER HOWARD LEARY MEETS WITH G.A.A.

BY KAY TOBIN

New York, N.Y. — On July 27, four members of Gay Activists Alliance confronted Police Commissioner Howard Leary with a forthright discussion of police problems faced by the homosexual community here. The GAA delegation consisted of three men and one woman. They met by prearranged appointment with Commissioner Leary, with First Deputy Police Commissioner John Walsh, and other top police officials.

Jim Owles, president of GAA, told Commissioner Leary that the homosexual community is achieving a new awareness of itself and its problems, partly as a result of its witnessing other minority group struggles and partly as a result of problems with the police that the gay community continually faces. He charged that raids on after-hours gay bars were made at hours on weekend nights, with police by their mere presence intimidating scores of patrons. "They hang around, they check I.D.'s at random, they indulge in verbal abuse,

they station one man at the door and a patrol car out front for several minutes."

Recently at the Barn (an after-hours bar), Owles contended, a police raid created a very heated atmosphere and near violence. "We're here to ask you what can be done. Your actions make it difficult for a civil rights organization such as ours that is trying to reform the establishment. When we work against a background of such police tactics, they tend to undermine our efforts and to drive the gay community into the hands of extremists," Owles charged. Nevertheless, he explained, "we are not asking the police to close down after-hours bars." He said GAA's concern was that homosexual patrons should be left alone when police take action against such establishments.

Marty Robinson, chairman of GAA's political action committee, said there is a need in the gay community for places to go that stay open after 3 a.m. He contended, "The long-range solution is

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LATIN AMERICANS CELEBRATE GAY LIBERATION

BY CHARLES COSTA

Gay Pride Week and the U.S. celebration of the anniversary of the Stonewall uprising has created new enthusiasm in gay communities throughout Latin America.

GAY's world correspondent has received numerous reports from Latin American friends describing the beginnings of gay movement activities south of the border.

Ancient moral laws, originally enforced by the Spanish Conquistadores are still in full force in most Latin American nations. GAY's reporter, who travels extensively, has noted new changes in Guatemala, Nicaragua, San Salvador, Costa Rica, Panama, Colombia, Peru, Brazil, Argentina and Chile.

Everywhere in his travels, GAY's reporter found Latin Americans aware of the fact that gay people were "up to something" in New York. They were eager for more information. Many wished to join the U.S. celebrations. Others conducted their own celebrations in almost all of the capital cities in Central and South America.

Buenos Aires, Argentina
 Reports of Gay Day liberation were made in Argentina's press. A few homosexuals were arrested for marching up and down a well-known street, some in drag. They were accused of shouting abuse and "vulgar" language at policemen.

Buenos Aires gay bars celebrated June 28th with free brunches, dances, and signs reading "Liberacion" (Liberation). Special parties were held in private homes to mark Homosexual Liberation Day. Small activist groups are forming in this southernmost city, the 11th largest metropolis in the world.

Rio de Janeiro, Brazil
 This city is presently under the unyielding rule of a puritanical military dictatorship, which recently banned Michelangelo's statue of David, claiming that it is immoral. Homosexuals in Rio say that there will be no gay liberation until Brazil is liberated.

Lima, Peru
 Peru, still recovering from one of the worst natural disasters of the century still managed to give token celebrations in honor of gay liberation. Two gay bars held cocktail parties and Sunday brunches.

Bogota, Colombia
 Gay Pride Week was apparently misunderstood in this highly devout Roman Catholic city and the large but

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INTERVIEW BY MICHAEL GIAMMETTA



Christine Jorgensen became America's first real and dramatic introduction to the world of sexual variance. Although not homosexual herself, Christine presented to people everywhere the realization that not everyone is alike. She did so with consummate dignity. Having undergone history's first successful transsexual operation she dealt a mighty blow to ancient taboos and helped to upset traditional thinking about sex roles. GAY extends a warm welcome to Christine Jorgensen with deep appreciation for her courage and for the example she set as a true pioneer of the 20th century.

GAY: I have known many transsexuals, but you are the only one that I know of who definitely has functioned as a fully rounded person with a private life since your surgery.

CHRISTINE: Thank you.

GAY: All the others that we have interviewed, as you may or may not know, have been hustling.

CHRISTINE: Oh, really, well I don't know. Sometimes they may have a psychological need for their rejection of their early years, so it could be. Remember the ones you know are the ones that are out in the foreground. Now I have met cases that have been done surgically and they have married, they have adopted children and they have integrated well within the framework of society. And I would imagine you would only bump into the hustlers. To a degree. The others you don't hear about.

GAY: That is very possible. Your surgery was in 1953, is that correct?

CHRISTINE: '50 to '53. I went to Europe in '50.

GAY: What is usually discussed in interviews is the end result of the electrolysis and this and that. What about the actual physical pain? How long did you have to undergo the pain?

CHRISTINE: There is no actual physical pain, not if you have a good doctor. You have discomfort but no one has physical pain from surgery because you are under narcotics most of the time.

GAY: I'm talking about after the operation was performed and the healing processes began. I spoke with one girl here in New York who was not able to walk properly for six months.

CHRISTINE: Well I don't know why. Of course I don't know the case. Maybe they hit a nerve of some sort, I mean, the sciatic nerve or something. I have no idea.

GAY: How soon were you able to walk around?

CHRISTINE: Almost immediately within ten days.

GAY: Can we discuss your bust?

CHRISTINE: Uh huh. It's there.

GAY: I know that.

CHRISTINE: It's not implantation of any kind. I would not allow any silicone artificialities of any sort. I come from a very high cancer family and I would never fool around with it. Of course there is a possibility with any kind of irritant. That's why I'm smoking you see (she coughs and we laugh).

GAY: Are there any problems maintaining its posture?

CHRISTINE: No, no, no.

GAY: Is that because of hormones? Or is it because they are sufficiently developed?

CHRISTINE TALKS WITH GAY



"I just haven't found the right guy yet. Sooner or later I might. I'm still running around the world enjoying life. I enjoy single bliss very much."

an exclusive interview with the world's first transsexual

CHRISTINE: Well no, because genetically I would probably inherit it from my mother—my sister is not very big busted, and I'm not big busted. My niece's aren't big busted. And I'm not big busted, so I imagine it is my Scandinavian background. Now you get down to the Italian and the Spanish and some of the others in the Latin countries, you will find considerably more development than you find among the Scandinavians.

GAY: Who asks you the most personal questions—men or women?

CHRISTINE: Men, usually. I think women do understand things considerably... more than men I would say offhand.

WOMEN IN HER LIFE

GAY: What reaction do you get from women—are they comfortable with you?

CHRISTINE: Oh, yes most women are. Most women are comfortable with me. Funny enough, when they weren't, the few times they weren't, they were always very beautiful women. And I often wondered what was her problem? She had it all made!

GAY: Are you aware the other night on the Merv Griffin show, when you were not looking, Zsa Zsa Gabor was looking at you? And studying you. Were you aware of that?

CHRISTINE: Oh yes I was aware of that. Zsa Zsa always does. It is funny you see. She is a caricature of a woman. Sort of like Mae West. Mae West is like an impersonator because women aren't like Mae West.

GAY: They are not like Zsa Zsa either?

CHRISTINE: No not like Zsa Zsa. So it's an illusion of what they think the female is. And it's fun and games to a certain extent but of course it's interesting to watch Zsa Zsa because she never moves down to let someone else sit in the guest seat. She always did do that. So that was the whole business with musical chairs when I came on. I had no idea where I was going to sit. But Zsa Zsa never moves down.

GAY: Were you aware of what Zsa Zsa was doing? Does she do this with other women?

CHRISTINE: Oh, yes, I don't think she is a woman's woman at all. And I'd much prefer to be both the man's woman and a woman's woman. I think it is much more pleasant in life.

GAY: Christine you are a chain smoker? Do you also smoke pot?

CHRISTINE: Oh come on. They are all bad for you. From what I have recently read they think marijuana may create genetic changes.

GAY: Do you possibly think you may possibly reproduce?

CHRISTINE: It doesn't make any difference the point is you never know.

MYRA BRECKINRIDGE

GAY: Have you read Myra Breckinridge?

CHRISTINE: Yes, um huh.

GAY: And what did you think?

CHRISTINE: It was a terrible book.

GAY: What did you think of it as a study of a transsexual?

CHRISTINE: It isn't a study of a transsexual. It's a study of a sadistic homosexual. When Myra had her chance to get the guy she did it as a man not as a woman. She reverted right back. So I would say offhand terrible, terrible. I just thought Myra Breckinridge was an



"My one ethic is that we must not hurt other people. It isn't necessary."

unnecessary book, particularly by a writer of the ilk of Gore Vidal. Let's face it, his books have been going down hill considerably since Washington, D.C., all down hill. And it is a shame because he is capable of writing good books, which he has done in the past. The trouble with Mr. Vidal is he thinks he has a sense of humor, and he doesn't. Now there's nothing unfunny about the situation of transsexualism. It could have been very funny. He had the right idea with that book, but he didn't do it well. That is what I think is most unforgivable. From what I understand the picture is not particularly funny. I have not seen it yet myself. It's a shame that Miss West was involved with it because she could have done so many other things more to her advantage. But of course, when you start hiring people for a film like that they assume they are going to film what is in the book.

GAY: What did Rex Reed say about the film?

CHRISTINE: They didn't know where they were going.

THE CHRISTINE JORGENSEN STORY

GAY: How accurate is the filming of the Christine Jorgensen story?

CHRISTINE: In essence it is completely accurate. All the medical aspects are completely accurate.

GAY: Did they follow your book accurately?

CHRISTINE: Not always, no. You have to have literary license but at least before you go before the cameras you must know where you are going.

GAY: Is there anything you can discuss that was left out of your motion picture?

CHRISTINE: No I just think everything was there. Except things could probably have gone into more detail. The film would have cost three times as much to make. We would have ended up on the screen 2 1/2 hours instead of an hour and 1/2. I don't think it would have just have made it more detailed.

GAY: Did you prefer a male or female to play the part?

CHRISTINE: I originally thought a female, someone like Eleanor Parker or maybe Anne Bancroft.

GAY: I understand that Mia Farrow had been considered for the part.

CHRISTINE: Yes, Mia Farrow was mentioned to me. I did not see *Rosemary's Baby* so I am not quite sure of her capabilities. She comes from a very fine background, Charles Farrow and Maureen O'Sullivan as you know. I do think she has the right body to play both the male and the female. But I do think it worked out better this way because only the last third of the picture is Christine. And John is a brilliant brilliant actor.

CHRISTINE'S FAMILY

GAY: I want to call to your attention Christine one criticism I have read that you may or may not know of but which is a point of interest. One or two reviewers commented on the fact that your childhood was depicted as one involving a completely harmonious family background—almost a bucolically happy one with no emotional problems for you

except the one of gender identification. And their bone of contention was that if this was so where did your original problem of gender identification come from?

CHRISTINE: Well what do you mean where did it come from? It was probably inherently within me at all times. They were quite sure it was. I did have a very close relationship right up to the death of my parents. Only two years ago. My childhood was not particularly suppressed in any way or form.

GAY: Were you an only child?

CHRISTINE: No, I have a sister who is shown in the film. The people thought it was bucolic because it was true. That's the problem. One reviewer said the film had soap operaish qualities. Because he didn't believe families existed like mine. And our family was a happy one. Perhaps it is because such reviewers lived amid destructive forces within their own families and assume that everyone else

has these terrible hates and fears and frustrations. My sister and I were never particularly frustrated children.

GAY: To which parent were you closer?

CHRISTINE: I think I was always closer to my mother than my father, certainly. Oh I think women understand the problems of their children far far more than men do.

GAY: Who administered the discipline within your family, if any? And the rewards if any?

CHRISTINE: Mostly mother. I think most American families are that way. There is no question in my mind that 99% of the mothers deal out the discipline and the rewards.

GAY: Is it true that your father was a phantom in your house?

CHRISTINE: That's true. There are many mothers who say "wait until your father gets home and you are going to get it" and he comes in and he is the hellion before he even steps in the door. The demon has just arrived.

GAY: Was your father a quiet man?

CHRISTINE: My father was a relatively quiet man. My father was a genius. (Pause) Believe it or not he was. He just happened to be one.

GAY: In what sense?

CHRISTINE: In mathematics, physics and science. Oh I would say in the art of living my mother was far superior to my father. My father was a very brilliant man. I keep wondering about your publication for example. Doesn't that separate people even more?

GAY: No, the idea of our publication includes integration, not isolation to gay ghettoes.

CHRISTINE: Well, the only thing is, I don't think John Q. Public will buy it. I think it's other gay people. Is GAY educating other people?

GAY: We have a number of "straight" readers. Do you know what GAY says? There is not a gay world and a straight world but only one world.

CHRISTINE: That's the whole point. You're right. That's why I sometimes think when you get these gay marches going and so forth you start separating people even more again.

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"I keep wondering about your publication..."



Gerald Walker, Author

Tension?
Headache?

KILL A QUEER AND FEEL GOOD AGAIN

BY JOHN P. LeROY

Cruising by Gerald Walker, Stein and Day, 192 pages, \$5.95.

... at about 7:30 in the evening, a neighbor of ours, a 29-year-old man from West 75th Street, screamed for help, then tumbled out of the bushes in Central Park, fell to the sidewalk in the Rambles and died. His throat was slit and he had been stabbed in the left side of his neck. His wallet containing between \$80 and \$90 was not taken, so robbery was ruled out as a motive. There were no clues other than that the youth left the area at about 7:15 p.m. The youth was not identified.

New York Mattachine Newsletter
October, 1968.

Stay out of the park!" "Get home safely." "Be careful." When gay people with experience utter these admonitions to each other, there is good reason for it. Every time you go cruising the streets, the parks, the bars, the baths, or the toilets, death may be closer than you think. Sudden violent death is the great taboo. We see evidence of it all around... we go about our business as usual, serene in the assumption that it will always happen to someone else.

We read the blood-curdling stories in the local tabloids, watch the bloody

corpses on color television, retell it to our friends, acquaintances, and neighbors. We gasp, pause, quietly drop the subject, shift the conversation to something light and frivolous, have a drink or two, feel better, and go out and cruise.

Gerald Walker's book, *Cruising*, is at least ten times more gripping, powerful, and overwhelming than hearing about the murder of our fellow gays through any other media. We have become so desensitized to violence that a report on radio, television, in the newspapers, or through the local gossip channels makes little or no real impression on us. What's another dead Vietnamese baby? What does it matter if 10,000 Peruvians are killed in an earthquake, other than giving Pat Nixon a chance to play Florence Nightingale? Or what's it to us if a few more students, radicals, or Blacks get their skulls bashed? It happens every day, and life must go on, mustn't it?

But when we are forced to contemplate the possibility, even the likelihood of our own violent death, that is another matter. Gerald Walker's book does just that, and, brothers and sisters all, if you can't take it, stay away! It was with heart-pounding fascination that I spent a sleepless muggy night tearing through Walker's staccato-like, but pinpoint accurate prose, which tells the all-too-familiar story of a psychopathic queer-killer who releases his inner

tension, hidden guilts, and all-consuming self-hatred by picking up tricks who resemble him, stabbing them to death, cutting off their cocks in triumph, and walking off in relief. That is, until the next frustration comes along, and the cycle is repeated. But this is no jack-the-ripper horror story that just gives you a good scare. Our queer-killer, Stuart Richards is a well-built brown-haired Columbia University student brought up on Hitchcock movies. He has all the usual Jewish middle-class hang-ups, too: Enter your father's accounting firm upon graduation—stall for time while doing graduate work to avoid having to make a living in a respectable way, which is a drag—wheel extra funds through mama because papa is a tight-assed bastard—live away from home to see if you can make it on your own, but still neglect studies, kill time in the movies, make it with all sorts of broads and prove your manhood by getting them pregnant or fucking them up the ass, etc. And there are always the queers who will pay, pay, pay for what they represent.

By the time Richards has claimed his fourth victim, pressure falls on the police to track him down. An uppity Jewish Police Captain, Edelson, has a master plan to trap the killer, and put himself in line for a promotion. His scheme is to take the best-looking studs from the available force, those who most closely resemble

the murder victims, have them impersonate gays and act as decoys. One of the men chosen for the job is John Lynch, a Catholic parochial school ex-army anti-Semite anti-Communist anti-Negro fag-hater who is only going through with the assignment because of the possibility of advancement. All through the book, we trace the adventures of Lynch, Richards, and Edelson, as tensions mount, more victims are claimed, the knot is tightened, the suspense becomes intensified, and a climax and ensuing denouement is reached that is so mind shattering, so surely penetrates to the core of your gut, that you are left thoroughly exhausted. It is likely to stick to your entrails and forever shatter your it-won't-happen-to-me complacency.

The next time you go out on the prowl, after reading *Cruising*, you will do it in the full knowledge that, with all due consideration for the law of averages, it may very well be your very last time. Yet, I prophesy that you, like most other gays, will continue to do it anyway if that is your bag, for, to avoid the danger, the risks, the unexpected and the unpredictable is to deny the feeling of being alive and of being human. Sitting home and jerking off and feeling safe in your own comfortable pad is too predictable, too dull, and eventually, too repulsive. But when you are out on the streets, in the tea-room, or in the park, you sense the danger, but also the excitement. You may have to settle for a wart-faced auntie, come home empty-handed, hit the jackpot with prince charming, get arrested, or get brutally killed, but you'll know that you went out and became involved. You used all your senses, made a commitment and thereby reaffirmed your own humanity for, by becoming for an evening, an animal on the prowl, you proved that you, and indeed all of us, are little more than specialized animals, dwelling in this man-made steel and concrete jungle which we built to replace the forest we outgrew.

And so, we will continue to cruise in our twilight shadows long after our puritanical heritage has withered away. Our sexual mores have changed not only to give us new freedom, but also to make sexual psychopaths more common—the kind of guy who repeatedly kills and mutilates those who look like himself in order to feel that he has killed his own reflection. Then he won't have to hate himself so much until he next stares in the mirror. The Stuart Richards will be present wherever gay people are to be seen pursuing their lusts in their own innocent carefree manner, and there are probably more of them than we would like to admit.

I would like to be able to agree with my liberal-minded friends that self-hatred can be eliminated through enlightened politics, economics, and social changes. But self-hatred is too deeply embedded in the fabric of American culture, and nobody is immune. It just keeps on getting worse as more and more taboos are lifted. Soon, homosexuality may be legal everywhere and it will be all right for two men to kiss in public. But be careful. That handsome number you're kissing may have one arm around your ass and a switchblade knife at your neck. Don't scream for the police. They'll envy your assailant, but make it look like they're doing their job.

Very American.

"I DREAMED THAT A MAIDEN INFORMED ME I WAS STRAIGHT!"

BY FELICE MONDO



To group people according to their sexual preferences is as silly as to divide them along national or racial lines.

When I discovered that I was sexually attracted to girls as well as boys, I was about twenty. I had spent the day swimming and bicycling with a girl friend who was beautiful, and we returned to her apartment together, exhausted. We talked for a while, I got up to leave and suddenly stopped to kiss her goodnight.

I stayed up all night thinking about that kiss. The next day I went directly to her apartment. I could see at a glance I wasn't the only one who had had a sleepless night and we became lovers.

We both had an active heterosexual sex life before the affair, and we both continued seeing our male lovers. But a few months later, I realized that, in addition to seeing her lover, my darling Kay was also seeing my lover on the side! I didn't mind their intimacy, but I did mind being lied to. After many arguments, scenes, emergency psychiatric sessions, and everyone's threatening to leave town at least once, we decided to break up the whole complicated mess.

For a time after that, I had no such intimate relationship with a woman, and this was a source of unhappiness to me. I had found within myself the desire and the ability to love a woman deeply, and I wanted an outlet to express this love. Meanwhile my friends were assuring me that I was heterosexual, and they would point to my love affair with a man as evidence of this.

Sure, I had a male lover at the time. I have always had male lovers, and I probably always will. But one thing had nothing to do with the other. At least not to me.

After thinking the matter over, I decided I would go to a gay bar and try to meet a girl whom I could have a good time with. My reasoning was I would see her maybe once, maybe twice, maybe over a long period of time if I found someone I really cared for. I put on my bell bottoms and polo shirt, worked up my nerve, and went into the nearest gay girls bar.

No one spoke to me. I sat at the bar as an outcast. The girls laughed and spoke and danced with one another. I left feeling awful.

Later, I imagined that if I returned to the same bar, the girls would stop being suspicious of me. And the next time someone did speak to me. She asked me if I was really gay. I told her the truth. She became angry. She said, "You come here to have a good time and then return

to the safety of the straight world. I have nowhere else to go."

Now I wasn't having a very good time, so her charge didn't seem valid to me. Why was she complaining? Wasn't it a better deal for her if there were more people part gay, or gay part of the time, providing more lovers to choose from? That was how it seemed to me. But from what I gathered, it does not seem that way to most gay girls. Certainly not to gay girls who, in the midst of their unconventional mode of life, have embraced the most sterile conventional behavior to themselves only in terms of love, which to them implies marriage with a stultifying fidelity pact.

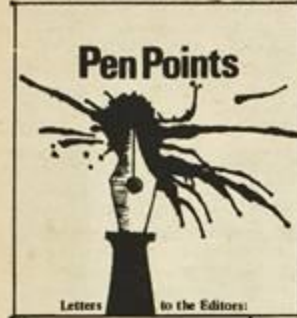
It was a while before I could overcome my misgivings and go to a gay bar again. This time I found out about a private club and through a gay male friend was able to arrange to get a membership card. I hoped that since everyone there was gay, no one would doubt my sincerity.

The bartender was an attractive girl and easy to talk to. I thought there would be a chance. She picked up my vibrations and quickly explained that she lived with someone. I was on my second drink and feeling good, the rock music was blaring, and a bunch of girls were dancing. I said as plainly as I could, "Would you please introduce me to someone." I had in mind someone to talk to, so that I would feel part of the group.

The girl frowned, "Well... it's so hard to introduce people... look, I just don't know what you want." What she meant was—Are you butch or femme? But there was also in her hesitation the thought, you don't look as if you have dedicated yourself to gay life; you are too straight looking. She too was holding against me that I was simply there to have a good time.

This time after leaving, I was not depressed. I was angry. Of course I had gone there to have a good time! Why else had anyone gone there? And just for the record, I am not one of those emotionally limited people capable of enjoying sex partners, but little else. I love, and I am capable of loving deeply.

Since then, I had not abandoned my desire for happiness, sexual or otherwise. But I have been forced to find people individually choosing a few from many. This takes time and effort, but, in the end, I feel that what I get is really worthwhile. No ready-made group can provide the personal answer for anyone. To enjoy your life most, you must select your own group of intimates. A handful are all that most of us need or have time for.



Pen Points

Letters to the Editors:

A VISITOR'S FRIGHT

Dear GAY:

Since its inception it has been my pleasure to purchase your publication, GAY. I congratulate you thereupon. In my opinion, it is a very important publication, one of the last bastions of democratic press remaining in this country. It saddens me to see this country go the road of my adopted country (Greece).

I am 19 years of age and have lived here, Mexico, Italy, and Greece. My parents are of Russian and Roumanian

backgrounds, my mother being born in the USSR, my father, here.

Having lived abroad as well, and speaking as I do fluent Italian, Spanish, Greek and Roumanian, I have had the possibility through contact with other nations and peoples to virtually assimilate anywhere.

But what I see here frightens me. I see a nation ripe for overt dictatorship, not only that, but where the "Silent Majority" clamors for it. The ignorance of the great mass of the American populace, as well as the total disbelief in any other system or news reports other than American ones, astounds me.

Who dares call this country free when my lover and I cannot show our faces in the sunlight without preoccupation of being seen by someone who should not see us?

Until the day comes when the pursuit of inalienable rights is permitted for all, and when anyone deserving thereof can work for the government, including homosexuals, until that day comes, America is only a bedfellow of the U.S.S.R., the Peoples Republic of China, North Korea, North Vietnam, Cuba, Poland, Hungary, etc.

On a lighter note let me say that I hope your publication continues for many many years, and flourishes with each passing year.

In closing I would thank you for your coverage of Gay Pride Week and I applaud all who had the courage to stand up and be counted.

Very truly yours, M.G. New Jersey

Ed. Note: The Freedom to Love, it seems is very rare except in certain European nations. We agree with you that such freedom in the U.S. looks unlikely indeed, although there are many extraord'ry changes now taking place. American homosexuals, with brave and open struggles help set examples for gays in other nations who are suffering even more severe repression.

HIGH SCHOOL STUDENT AGREES

Dear GAY: As an about-to-graduate gay student in a conservative suburban high school, I

was quite pleased to be enlightened by Diane Devlin's article "The Flight of the Gay Student" (Gay no. 16). I am able to identify with her feelings of frustration with the establishment's refusal to acknowledge the goodness of gaiety. Some educational systems fail to even admit that homosexuality exists! Looking back now on my high school years, I can't remember any one incident where the word "homosexual" was spoken by a teacher.

The health department's prescribed dogma confronting the subject of homosexuality was similar to the way one might consider a bucket of evaporating water. Ignore it, leave it alone and it will go away of its own accord. (The physical object dissipates but not the intangible concept.)

Respectfully yours, Alicia L. NYC.

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.

the GLF dances at Alternate U. recently.

An inferior sound system was brought in. Bright lights were introduced because it was decided "dim lights are oppressive."

Straight radical males are denied admission because the gay girls find their overtures "oppressive."

And finally, at least on one occasion the back room was in full operation looking like the Barn, the Zoo and the Zodiac combined with bright lights on, yet, Now, that must have been oppressive.

August 5th picket: A picket line in support of those arrested while sitting in at the Republican Party's State Committee headquarters will be held in front of 100 Centre Street outside the Courthouse from 9:00 a.m. till 11:00 a.m. Those wishing to participate should call 691-2748.

Cherry Grove Mattachine holiday: The New York Mattachine Society has arranged to rent most of the rooms at Cherry Grove's Beach Hotel during the week of August 10th. Rooms rent for \$10 daily and a lion's share of all monies received for weekday rentals will go to the Society. Call 799-0916 (6-9 p.m.) for details.

Dollars for thought: Every homophile group in this city has called for the establishment of a gay community center. Currently Gay Liberation Front has nearly \$5,000.00 on hand; West Side Discussion Group has \$2,500.00; New York Mattachine and Gay Activists Alliance each have over \$1,000.00. So, where's the center? Somebody should put their money where their mouth is.

Eavesdroppers needed: If you come across any news item, know of any events, or hear any good jokes, please pass them along to me, Randy Wicker, at 254-1180 weekdays 11 a.m. to 7 p.m., or mail to Randy Wicker, c/o Four Swords, Inc., P. O. Box 431, Old Chelsea Station, N.Y.C. 10011.

THE MAN WHO SHRINKS HEAD SHRINKERS



BY DICK LEITSCH

If I were part of the mental health industry, I think I might put my couch up for sale and check the New York Times for job openings in other fields. There's a super-Ralph Nader at work revealing the fraudulence of the whole mental health business, and it won't be long before the public is going to become wise to what is going on in the headshrinking business.

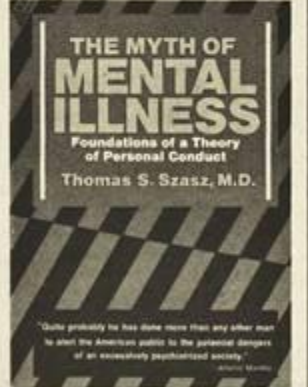
The public defender in this case is Dr. Thomas Szasz, M.D., a psychiatrist himself, and a Professor of Psychiatry at the State University of New York in Syracuse. He also writes brilliant books, books that make you laugh at the human animal while you cry over the cruelty and stupidity of people.

Nearly ten years ago, Dr. Szasz published a volume with the provocative title, The Myth of Mental Illness, in which he argued that mental illness is a fraud--or as he more gently put it, "erroneous and misleading." Let him say it:

The concept of mental illness is analogous to that of witchcraft. In the fifteenth century, men believed that some persons were witches and that some acts were due to witchcraft. In the twentieth century, men believe that some people are insane, and that some acts are due to mental illness... witchcraft and mental illness are imprecise and all-encompassing concepts, freely adaptable to whatever use the priest

or physician (or "lay analyst") wishes to put them.

This of course, is an outrageous proposition to many people, especially those who make their living in the mental health movement. Something like that, if it got around, could ruin business. Look



what happened to the Inquisition when people started questioning the existence of witches!

Szasz' latest book is called The Manufacture of Madness, and is subtitled, "A Comparative Study of the Inquisition and the Mental Health Movement." This time, the good doctor's purpose is to do just what the subtitle says.

I propose to show that the concept of mental illness serves the same social function in the modern world

as did the concept of witchcraft in the late Middle Ages; in short, that the belief in mental illness and the social actions to which it leads have the same moral implications and political consequences as had the belief in witchcraft and the social actions to which it led.

Szasz lives up to his promise admirably, using homosexuals as examples of the modern witches, and the doctors we all know as the new Inquisitors. Being a gentleman, Dr. Szasz does not name Irving Bieber, Charles Socarides (see Angelo d'Arcangelo's comments on that one in GAY No. 23) and the rest, but you'll recognize them.

It was the function of the Inquisition to define the witch, seek her out, mark her for punishment, and carry out the punishment. "Specialists" were invented to handle the procedure and supervise the process. In exactly the same way, and for the same reasons, the modern mental health movement defines mental illness, seeks out the "mentally ill," prescribes "treatment" and carries it out. "Specialists" have been developed to handle the procedure and supervise the process.

The difference is that today's Inquisitors wear the white gowns of the physician rather than the white robes of the Dominicans. The ritual, jargon and ceremonies have changed, but the basic action and motivation remains the same as in the fifteenth century. The only major difference is that psychiatry has "redefined sin as sickness and moral sanction as medical treatment." The

underlying ideology has changed from theological to scientific, but that, it seems, is not really a change at all.

The Inquisition defended the social structure from the heretic, and the church was the social structure. Today, "By pretending that convention is nature, that disobeying a personal prohibition is a medical illness," Szasz shows that the mental health people "establish themselves as agents of social control and at the same time disguise their punitive interventions in the semantic and social trappings of medical practice." The doctors have replaced the priests as arbiters of orthodoxy.

One has only to read Dr. Socarides' report on "Homosexuality and Medicine" to see this in practice. He is saying that homosexuality is "bad," but he is using medical terms, just as Irving Bieber is doing when he classifies bachelorhood as a form of mental illness. (Szasz: "To Bieber, bachelorhood signifies psychopathology. To me his view signifies the intense dread of a sexual role frowned upon by society. In contemporary America, the urge for social acceptance as normally heterosexual is as strong as was the urge, in Renaissance Spain, for acceptance as faithfully Catholic.")

Filled with "correctional zeal," the modern mental health people confuse disease as a biological condition with violations of the moral code. Cancer of the bladder is a disease, but bachelorhood, masturbating or practicing witchcraft is not, nor is committing murder or adultery. All of those things, like engaging in homosexual acts, have been defined as either mental illnesses, or symptoms thereof.

Masquerading as scientists (and medicine is an art, not a science), the mental health specialists are riding the crest of the new religion of science. No layman may question a "scientific judgment" (no matter how patently wrong such a judgment is) any more than a Spanish peasant could have told the Grand Inquisitor that there were no such things as witches.

The Inquisition could condemn people to horrible tortures, imprisonment for indefinite terms, and even death for heresy. Today's version of the Inquisitors have the same power, augmented by the advances of science. The rack and ducking chair have been replaced by electric shocks and often harmful drugs; the dungeon by the mental institution, and the fire by living death through lobotomies.

The worst example of these tortures, even worse than society's treatment of homosexuals, is what is done to old people. Having created the "disease" of senility, the mental health people condemn old people who are often just cranky, feeble, or bored and seeking attention to mental hospitals for the rest of their lives against their wills. Their only crime is that they don't fit in today's social plan, and they must be gotten rid of, and we're not civilized enough to practice euthanasia.

As a society, we no longer like to punish criminals, having realized that punishment is often only revenge, which makes the society as evil as the offender. Rather than sentencing criminals to punishment, say ten years in jail, we call them "mentally ill" and put them in a mental hospital for life. In our pretense of being humane, we have created a more inhumane system.

(continued next week)

THE WICKER BASKET



BY RANDY WICKER

Cock rings new fad: According to leather boys from the 9+ leather club who served as panelists for the West Side Discussion Group recently, "cock rings" are the latest twist in S-M paraphernalia.

"You have to be fitted for size," an unchaste chubby covered in leather and sweat explained. "Go to the Leather Man and be fitted to size. It goes around your cock and balls. When you get an erection, it hurts. You keep your erection longer and, boy, you really feel it when you come."

"Can I use one with my dildo?" a skeptical lesbian chided.

Barn baloney bared: New York Police raided the Barn Sunday, July 18th, issued summonses to nine employees and sent

dozens of patrons scrambling out of the back rooms and into the streets.

Management mafiosi reportedly took to the streets also shouting "gay power" and urging the patrons to return apparently hoping to provoke a confrontation a-la-Stonewall. The Police left shortly thereafter and most of the patrons re-entered the club.

"These raids shouldn't be conducted at all," Marty Robinson, GAA Political Affairs Committee chairman, declared. "We don't like these management people running around the street shouting 'gay power' to further their own ends. Gay people should not simply be pawns in a power struggle between the police and underworld elements. A conference with Police Commissioner Leary has been arranged to discuss this matter more fully."

Queens not welcome in Queens: An unexpected effect of leafleting around 74th St. and Roosevelt Avenue in Queens has been to provoke attacks by neighborhood toughs on homosexuals cruising the area.

Gay church services well attended: Regular religious services directed specifically towards the homosexual have commenced at the Church of the Apostles, 28th St. and 9th Ave., Sunday afternoons at 2:00 p.m. Fifty people attended the first service and approximately thirty took communion. A social hour with refreshments follows.

Sick joke of the week: Bitchy Hollywood homosexuals have commenced calling Rev. Troy Perry "Martin Luther Queen."

Third Avenue strollers jailed: Between July 1st and July 14th, New York Police launched a quasillegal crackdown on those cruising Third Avenue between 53rd and

59th Streets. Between three and seventeen people were taken in each night, charged with loitering, not released on their own recognizance and were held overnight. Each morning the D.A. would refuse to prosecute the cases and they were then thrown out of court.

BOYS IN THE BAND being bust in Queens: The film The Band, Mark Crowley's macabre comedy composed of backbiting homosexuals has done very well in New York, Los Angeles, San Francisco and other large urban areas, but has done very poorly in small town neighborhood theaters across the country. Therefore, the film is not even recouping the monies spent on its production. Presently, the producers are hoping to barely break even with the final sale of the film to television.

Drag queens demand women be kept in chains: An entertainment skit scheduled for a Gay Activist Alliance dance at St. Peter's Church during July caused quite a furor.

A black drag queen called "Tasha" wanted to be dragged onto the stage in chains and lead by two scantily attired men. A female on the entertainment committee objected on the grounds that the skit "was offensive to women." A white male radical on the committee objected on the grounds that the skit "was offensive to black people." The committee decided to forbid the skit.

The GAA executive committee supported the ban on the skit and it was not presented. However, when an outraged coterie of drag queens raised the issue during a general meeting, the membership refused to condone the ban.

GLF dances suffer "oppression": Different cells or groups within Gay Liberation Front have been in charge of

The poems on these pages tell their own stories about the relationship between two men, both poets, whose photographs you see, and about the beauty of the natural world in which they move. The editors of GAY are honored by this unique opportunity to introduce you to Gentle Robin and his Brother Ian.



*(He is) my heart's delight
that courts in constant joy
abiding
and thoughts of gentle robin
before my eyes appearing
i smile at love's own face*

*weep i at his sorrows
laugh through his joys
warm his hand within my own
soft hold his lips upon myne
i smile at love's own face*

Ian -



*out in the open, he said
it must be this - but how
we have unity and oneness
if love be just,
then blinded eye is naught
sighing and smiling
from within
yes, i said
but love is just
and so - i wait
for there is nothing
to hide -
time into morning
early sunlight mist
we rise - to fondle
the day with open eyes,
hearts/mind, swim the
lake - walk back
to greet the world
now stretching into awakensess
softly talking - i blush
as he takes my hand
in his
out in the open, he said
it must be this - it is
we have unity and oneness
and love is just
and blinded eye is naught.*

Ian -



THE TWO WINGS OF A SINGLE SWAN



*Sure you love him, but...
do you understand him
like a man who needs loving
or a boy who's still searching
we have to grow in this time
which hurts us with distance
but fulfills us with warmth
when an arm is extended
or a hand opened wide -
in a gesture of friendship
yes, i do care very much
for your life's boundaries
are one with mine
so they shall stay, love,
through cold time as well as
the warmest of our dreams*

Robin -



*Oh, love, which blushing
met my glance and poured
its liquid strength across the years
we knew not of each other yet
were moving gently toward that
courageous day when
ripe October's gold
loosed your otherwise bashful tongue...*

*I feel the heat
of so much air
breathed in your arms
like a white swan
in the cool lake of yesterday,
when we made Couscous
so the world would know of
and enjoy the fruits of
our friendship*

*I feel the heat
of my blushing next to you
singing two-parts by Byrd
discovering Henry the VIII's songs
the surprise of finding just-born Henry
(so small, delicate and powerless)...*

*And now, reflecting in our nature-laden eyes
the delicate sweetness
of an early summer morning in the wood,
we are content,
for we have reached a point
where beauty known together shall endure;
that having loved
our hearts' desire shall ever be fulfilled:
that in this life another's shared our soul...*

*(Not forgetting) the evening when,
with tears of forgiveness,
we discover that our hearts form
the two wings of a single bird... Robin -*

(continued from page 3)

LEARY MEETS WITH G.A.A.

changing the laws so that bars can stay open later."

Commissioner Leary countered by saying, "We can't consider illegal places. Don't fault us with that. You would need to get the law changed. If someone is selling liquor without a license, we have to stop them. We have a duty."

Robinson pointed out that the syndicate owns legitimate bars, too. He said "We're here about a social condition—syndicate control of gay bars and payoffs to police. The bars are run shabbily and are a bad influence on the young kids just coming out who patronize these places and who already don't know what to make of themselves because of the way society receives them. Such gay bars shouldn't be tolerated in these years. We can't live with it. We want to see legitimate bars where there's no guy at the door with a cigar in his face saying to kids, 'Welcome to your life—this is it, your subculture, your subterranean existence.' Commissioner, our desire now is that anyone who's honest can get into business and stay in without a shakedown, and can get police protection. But we must have police protection for this to be possible."

"You can get all of the police protection we can give here," interjected Deputy Commissioner Walsh. Commissioner Leary said that with proper specifics, Mr. Walsh's department would investigate charges of payoffs and intimidation of patrons. Owles noted, however, that this was a police problem. "As far as a police investigation is concerned," he said, "it would be most difficult for most homosexuals to appear in court to help you. Actual lives would be in danger."

Reinforcing Robinson's earlier remarks, Owles told the police that successful bars not opened by the syndicate were quickly taken over by it. "In an era when homosexuals are seeking their civil rights, it's a blatant insult to have to go to a bar taken over by the syndicate. This situation will blow up sooner or later," he warned. "Hence GAA is pressing for an investigation of alleged collusion between the State Liquor Authority and organized crime. Meanwhile, whatever struggles there are between the police and the syndicate, we simply ask that homosexual patrons not be used as pawns in between."

Here Deputy Commissioner Walsh added that for the last four and one-half years, it has been the policy of the police department not to embarrass in any way patrons in a licensed establishment during legal hours. "If you are embarrassed under such circumstances, we want to know about it," he said, "but the syndicate is feeding off people who go to after-hours bars."

GAA delegates agreed that conditions for gays in New York had indeed improved in the last years, but they nonetheless brought forward a demand for a police directive barring the use of offensive epithets by police against gays. "With your cooperation," Commissioner Leary said, "We'll write such an order. We don't want police to harass or intimidate or use objectionable language. If we have constant communication and your cooperation, we can take corrective action in these areas. We appreciate the sensitivity of your position. And while we are duty bound to enforce the law, it needn't be in an offensive manner. If policemen are

lacking in basic psychological awareness of your community, we must apologize for that. Let's arrange to have another meeting at your convenience" Commissioner Leary concluded, "so that we can continue with constructive communication."

(continued from page 3)

LATIN GAY LIBERATION

"closely" gay community thought that it was merely a time for parties. When one Bogotan homosexual suggested the formation of a liberation group, he was met with derisive hoots.

Newspapers in Bogota received accounts of the parades in New York, but refused to print such "degenerative activities."

Panama

Panama is also under the thumb of a stern military dictatorship. Gay militants are few and far between, and long hair is forbidden for men. Italian sailors were recently apprehended and their hair was removed, an action which nearly caused an international incident.

No gay celebrations were reported, but hints from gays indicate that they will attempt a liberation parade in 1971, "dictators or not."

San Jose, Costa Rica

A spirit of sexual freedom pervades San Jose. A Costa Rican promised GAY's reporter that a gay liberation group "will do something" next year.

San Salvador

A "soccer war" with neighboring Honduras prevents citizens in this tiny nation from "doing their thing" openly. One large private party marked Liberation Day, however, and was hosted by a well-known writer, who has asked that his name be kept a secret. There were vows from many present to "do something positive" next year.

Managua, Nicaragua

Newspapers in Managua reported "unrest among homosexuals." Starting at a local bar, young gays poured into the streets, removing signs, painting others, and shouting happily. Police, smiling, refused to take against them.

Conclusion

While many Latin Americans were aware of Liberation Day, repressive dictatorships prevented them from openly displaying their awareness. The effect of U.S. demonstrations has been profound, however, and optimists predict that it will not be many years before gay communities throughout the hemisphere will be united in spirit and purpose.

"GAY BACHELORS" TOPIC AT WEST SIDE DISCUSSION GROUP

New York, N.Y. — "The Gay Bachelor" was the topic of the evening at a recent meeting of New York's West Side Discussion Group. Well over a hundred persons took part in the discussion, and a West Side leader, Steve West, began by reading a want ad from an underground paper in which a young man advertised for a "husband." There followed a discussion on whether or not want ads are a suitable way of finding a lover. Most felt that there were "better ways" for meeting, although want ads had provided a few with sex partners.

Gay "marriages" then became a focal point of the ensuing dialogue: whether such "marriages" are desirable, what partnerships require, and even whether or

not homosexuals should use this "hetero-establishment" word.

A woman spoke about the differences between male and female couples. "When I ask my male friends if gay marriage involves sexual fidelity, the answer is 'Of course not!'" The group roared with laughter.

Members noted that gay "marriages" are denied legal recognition and social protection. "What kind of 'marriage' can we have?" The tallest West Side member offered his definition: "A deep sharing, emotional, sexual, financial, infused with a feeling of mutual responsibility."

Turning back to the question of gay bachelorhood, the question, "Why are people alone?" was raised. "Because they cruise only those gorgeous types who don't reciprocate. They claim they don't care what HE looks like just as long as he looks exactly like what they have in mind!" There was more laughter.

Someone asked what happens when lovers go cruising together. One person said that when people suspect he is with his lover they don't approach him. A young man said, "When I go out with my lover, people come up twice as fast because they think we are lovers."

Throughout the evening there was an obvious difference of approach based mostly on age groups. Most of the younger members were single, some never having had long term relationships. Most of these said that they hoped to find a lover at some time and to settle down. Men and women in their thirties and

forties had had experiences with long term affairs and were either currently attached—or hoping to find someone again. The feeling of the older group was summed by a gentleman who admonished the younger group, "Forget the gloom; fill your time with positive things and solid friendships. That way, you'll have something to offer if the right person does come along."

The discussion ended on this positive note. Chairs were cleared away, and cake and coffee were waiting. Lights were lowered, and the weekly West Side dance began.

EROTIC BEST SELLERS

Our bestseller list comes to you courtesy of the Midtown Bookstore, 138 W. 42nd St.

1. UP YOUR PLEASURE, by Norman Singer, \$2.25.
2. TRICK TRIP, by L. Buttler, \$2.25.
3. MY BROTHER THE HUSTLER, by Phil Anders, \$2.25.
4. THE BOY PEDDLER, by L. Buttler, \$2.25.
5. CHAMPIONS ALL, \$2.



A MOTHER'S UNDERSTANDING...

BY LILLI VINCENZ

Readers may have come to identify me with a sweetness-and-light kind of approach to living, or at least to writing. Problems are seldom mentioned when I speak of my life, or, when I do, solutions are right there beside them. And the ending is always happy. Remember when I wrote about how to tell your parents that you're gay? Seemingly, everyone could hope one day to have smooth and wrinkle-free relations with his family. Beautiful. The blueprint looked good. But how much had it been tested?

Now it is true that relations with my own parents have been marked by mutual respect and honesty plus a lot of love. But then my mother and father have always known about my inclinations, which manifested themselves when I was quite small (loved my first-grade lady teacher to death).

Marcelle's case is different. In spite of all my encouragement of gay people to attempt to communicate with their parents on the topic of homosexuality, I failed right here at home. For Marcelle, the right time to be open with her family had not yet arrived. Her parents liked me and invited me to dinner a lot. Things were nice, and my dear housemate didn't want to broach the subject just yet.

And then it was broached for her. When I came home from work one evening last week, Marcelle said to me,

"Guess what? My mother saw you on television." My reaction was first of all to sit down and then to cover my eyes in anticipation of what was to come.

After seeing me on a rebroadcast of the Betty Groebli Show, taped in April (GAY No. 13), her mother, aghast, called Marcelle's college and had her come home. Then there were the questions and the tears.

The mother was disconsolate. "Where have I failed?" etc. She cried and blamed herself, while Marcelle calmly explained her feelings for me and told her that she was happy. She stood up beautifully under this onslaught by a distraught, unenlightened mind. And I am proud of her.

But, of course, the long struggle has now just begun: the struggle to reassure her parents, to educate them step by step—and to hold her own against all the negative forces mustered by irrational custom. We are battering against a perverse tradition, a barbaric tradition—one which is deeply ingrained with emotional re-enforcements (aversion) and which is kept respectable by a phony claim to reasonableness.

In a way I can feel for her mother. She's completely lost her bearings and visualizes Marcelle "trapped" in this house, robbed of her independence, and unhappy. She wonders if I get paid for appearing on television (i.e., what do I get out of doing this?). She asked if the Mattachine Society of Washington

collects dues—and where do the dues go? To me this line of questioning reveals suspicions about the organization's being a Communist front. I don't think she really believes my activities are sponsored by political revolutionaries. But then, being as disoriented as she is, I bet she doesn't know what to think—and therefore doesn't exclude these possibilities. I can imagine her being haunted by all kinds of fears.

The fact that I am a publicly acknowledged homosexual is also rather scary for her. She considers a homosexual love affair something "private" and cannot see the parallel between the disenfranchisement of Blacks and the disenfranchisement of homosexuals—both unjustly maligned minorities who must struggle for their civil liberties. To her, there is no connection whatsoever. She is in kindergarten when it comes to being knowledgeable about the homosexual.

Today when I came home from work, Marcelle informed me that her mother wanted her to see a psychiatrist. Marcelle was indifferent to the idea and wouldn't mind doing it only to please her mother. To me the idea stunk, because the chances are too great that the diagnosis of this type of "authority" (unless carefully chosen) would only confirm the mother's suspicions.

For advice, I tried phoning Dr. George Weinberg in N.Y. (a psychologist whom I met many years ago and who has

contributed several wise and witty articles to GAY), but he was out of town. Then I tried calling Dr. Wardell Pomeroy in N.Y. in order to get the name of a doctor in the Washington area who might allay Marcelle's mother's fears (for it is she who needs help, not her daughter). But he wasn't in either, and I left a message to call me back.

In addition, we are sending for the book *The Same Sex*, an anthology of articles by enlightened scientists, doctors, and homophile leaders (\$3.45 from the United Church Press, 1505 Race Street, Philadelphia, Penn. 19102). I also have a copy of the first part of "To Tell or Not to Tell Your Parents" (GAY Nos. 8 and 9), which mother might find useful.

In the meantime, I feel sorry (and angry) that Marcelle must endure her mother's dismay. If at all possible, I would like to speak with her mother personally, or with her father, or with both, to thrash out a few things. Best of all would be for Marcelle and me to talk with mother and father together. It won't be easy for the four of us. But then the process of learning often involves strenuous effort, and the more intense the experience, the more lasting the effect. I am a firm believer that communication can exist between groups with different values and that if one tries hard enough, one's exertions will be rewarded. If I have my way, we'll create our own little encounter group!

(to be continued)

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CHRISTINE JORGENSEN

(continued from page 5)

GAY: But the idea is so that they know that we are not invisible and we are not strangers—we are part of the city.

CHRISTINE: I think more and more people have come to that conclusion a long time ago.

GAY: Well, it is important for them to acknowledge it as well as recognizing it privately.

CHRISTINE: I think people do acknowledge it. Let's face it. It is not a condition that has only existed for twenty years, or something. It didn't come with the atomic age, you know.

GAY: That's absolutely true. Miss Jorgensen, if you had been by birth the woman you wished to be and had married and had a family by now of your own, would you have liked your family to have operated and your role to have been the same as the role your mother played in your house?

CHRISTINE: Oh, it is very hard to tell. I think you are led into these things by circumstances. I don't think the average woman wants to take over the household. I think she is forced to most of the time. One can speculate. For example, people say "Where would you be if the story hadn't come out in the newspapers?" And I don't have the vaguest idea where I would be. I have no idea what road my life would have taken.

A POSITIVE SERVICE

GAY: Do you think though that in view of the fact that it did come out in the newspapers and you did become internationally known that you did a positive service for others to follow?

CHRISTINE: I think there is no question about that. In looking back in retrospect over the last twenty years, yes, I know it is a service. There is a great responsibility as well as a great honor to being put in medical history or in history per se. I have always felt this to be a serious obligation to other people whose lives were also represented. Represented by mine. Or similar to mine or influenced by it in many ways. I think this is one of the reasons why I have been always very careful of my personal conduct in front of the world. But my private conduct is my own business.

GAY: Your conduct has been above question.

CHRISTINE: Well, I have always lived that way. But I think in our family we were brought up that way. What we do privately is our own. You don't wear your life on your sleeve.

PLANS FOR THE FUTURE

GAY: Why haven't you married?

CHRISTINE: Just haven't found the right guy yet. Sooner or later I might. I'm still running around the world enjoying life. I enjoy single bliss very much. I have so many friends—so many who have not been successful in marriage. And I have watched the disaster with which it all occurred. And I think why should I pell-mell myself into something that I don't absolutely have to have?

GAY: Do you have a lover?

CHRISTINE: Well, certainly, I'm not a nun. If I were I would be wearing a habit.

GAY: You have a delightful sense of humor. What kind of business were you in in California prior to your book?

CHRISTINE: Well, nothing prior to the book. All things run into each other. I had a beauty parlor for a while in Hollywood but I didn't run it. My partner did. The less said about that the better.

GAY: You had an act on stage at one time. In what way did you perform?

CHRISTINE: My nightclub act was changing wardrobe. It was all very enjoyable. I love clothes. I'm going to do another act in Las Vegas very soon.

GAY: Where do you go from New York?

CHRISTINE: I go home and put my feet up and relax for a little while. I strongly suspect that I go to London next with the picture. Then South Africa I hope.

GAY: Do you want to go back into show business permanently?

CHRISTINE: I will probably do Las Vegas and a few things like that but basically I think I shall remain behind the camera and stay with writing. I'm working on a screen play, a comedy now, and I would like to work behind the camera. I enjoy production. I like film production very very much.

GAY: I understand you just wrote a cookbook?

CHRISTINE: I spoke to a publisher today. They want it. Of course they don't want to pay anything. They never do. They always want it for nothing.

GAY: What is the name of your



"Homosexuality would be a problem if everybody became homosexual."

CHRISTINE: The name is "A Lump, A Pinch, and a Dash of Scandinavian Cookery." That was my grandmother's way of cooking.

GAY: Are you a good cook?

CHRISTINE: Yes, I am a very good cook.

GAY: And do you cook?

CHRISTINE: Oh, yes. I cook simply when I'm alone but I cook large when I entertain.

GAY FRIENDS

GAY: Do you entertain a great deal?

CHRISTINE: Yes. Quite a bit. More so since I have been in California. When I lived in Long Island it was very difficult to get people to come out to Long Island. Unless they were heading for Cherry Grove.

GAY: Are your friends mostly single or married?

CHRISTINE: Mixed I would say.

GAY: Mostly heterosexual or any homosexual?

CHRISTINE: Oh, I have homosexual friends surely. But I would say most of them are heterosexual.

GAY: Do you keep them separated?

CHRISTINE: No, all thoroughly mixed.

GAY: What do you think about homosexuals?

CHRISTINE: I am not interested in other people's boudoir activities. I did interview recently with Pierce Andotone for NBC. We discussed homosexuals for a full week from the Californian standpoint. It was a very interesting and informative show. One has to understand the whole philosophy of homosexual thinking. And he said that the vast majority of homosexuals have private lives. They do not float in and out of bars. And this is surprising for I assumed that this was the way it was. And that most of the relationships lasted quite a long time. And most of them were transitory and momentary. It was a very interesting show. They then showed it locally on NBC.

GAY: I am very suprised at NBC.

CHRISTINE: I am also suprised at NBC, too. Because I'm banned on NBC. Myself and Ralph Nader.

GAY: Why are you banned from NBC?

CHRISTINE: I have no idea. You will

generation you won't have the second generation!

GAY: Did you have a sex life before your operation?

CHRISTINE: (Long pause) No, no no. Tell me about yours.

GAY: I have a very active satisfactory homosexual sex life.

CHRISTINE: Very promiscuous?

GAY: No.

CHRISTINE: Do you fall in love often?

GAY: No.

CHRISTINE: I knew some boys would fall in love 3 or 4 times desperately.

GAY: One doesn't just sleep with anybody!

CHRISTINE: Of course but that can also be very promiscuous. When you say "sleep with" you implied many. I'm putting you on! (everyone laughs) The point is that everybody is suppressed by something. Now everyone says you must accept homosexuals. Fine. Of course everyone should accept homosexuals. Look at Ralph Nader and I. We are not accepted by NBC. So sooner or later somebody is going to get you. I'm sure there are many people in the world who would like to put their heads in the sand and say that the atomic bomb doesn't exist. We all know that homosexuals exist. You can't say that a thing that exists, if I turn my back on it, might go away. For lots of years I had the impression from a lot of people that it would be healthier if Christine Jorgensen just disappeared. Then they wouldn't have to confront the problem. They wouldn't have to face the fact that no one is 100% male or female. That was the big problem.

(To be continued next week.)

GREGORY BATTCOCK

(continued from page 16)

will end up—not, I would hope, like the Arab I saw this morning being carried upon a shakey bier, wrapped in a blanket only, dead as a doornail while relatives and neighbors, shrouded more than the dead man himself, wailed behind. This afternoon, in order to make up for the instant depression they caused this morning, they had a celebration which consisted of two figures in blue jellabs carrying some purple stuff. A lot of people milled about wailing again. What it all boils down to is a thousand and one nights of dogs barking and chickens crowing. I rubbed my magic lantern but it broke. So did the 18th-Century dish I bought in Viterbo for 6,000 lire—the pieces were graciously left on the floor of the Babrielli Sandwirth for the maid.

They can't understand why the tourists aren't coming. If they hadn't arrested them all last year and cut off their hair, some might have come back. Getting in and out of the country is even more of an ordeal now than ever before. It takes a half day and 25 Drahm in bribes just to get through the customs. If you park illegally, they demand instant fines (just in case you decide to leave without paying the ticket) and secret police are all over the place, in tourist bars and on the streets, spying on "undesirable" tourists. Mail is periodically opened.

Today John and Edrita Fried arrived on the hydroplane. We played around the pool and discussed Agnew, Lindsay, traffic in Manhattan and where we would most like to die: Edrita—Nice, John—Naples, Henry—Menton, Dick—Davos and Edrita announced that she thinks the future of psychoanalysis is nil.

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Fornyscope

BY STORM NETHERLAND

(The following thumb-nail horoscopes pertain to the dates Monday, August 10 through Sunday, August 16.)

LEO the Lion (July 24-Aug. 23)—You're right about someone new being attracted to you. This will culminate in a really good lay on Friday or Saturday. This person may be of another color—or even another sex!

foreplay, preferably with someone new. No going backwards, gentle crustacean.

LEO the Lion (July 24-Aug. 23)—You're right about someone new being attracted to you. This will culminate in a really good lay on Friday or Saturday. This person may be of another color—or even another sex!



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ARIES the Ram (March 21-April 20)—As to that proposition (it may be to fuck, it may regard business) put to you tomorrow, think it over first. This could be a tricky week, and there is no pun intended. A foreigner may walk into your ken Thursday. Good. If it's a French Canadian, remember they often rim. Incline toward a young crowd Saturday.

TAURUS the Bull (April 21-May 21)—By Thursday you'll find yourself a little drabby. This probably is not hepatitis, though you may have been exposed. Do not take on any business responsibility at the time of the Full Moon, Sunday. A strange proper is going to develop into more than that.

GEMINI the Twins (May 22-June 21)—Sidestep an argument on Thursday. If petty problems are arising on home territory, hie thee to the park. A two-footed animal in the vicinity of the zoo could provide some beguiling company. Or you may meet someone for sixty-nine at the Shakespeare theatre or local handstand. Go see, it's free!

CANCER the Crab (June 22-July 23)—No cocksucking or muff-diving around Thursday. Beware of any activity that is too strenuous this week. Whatever you do, warm up to it. Lots of

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THE LAST ESTATE

BY GREGORY BATTCOCK

Lhis morning Henry went to the Arab market and came home with two of the biggest fishes I've ever seen. It was my job to cook them because we had invited several aged queens (with their young Moroccan "boys") for lunch. They all sat around the pool watching the boys splash away, and drank bloody marys and gin and tonics.

While I slaved away in the kitchen with Ahmed and Hadouch "helping," I wondered why the *Herald Tribune* hadn't arrived in Morocco for five days running, and also how I was going to get the fish to fit in the oven and would they be overcooked and did I have time to make mayonnaise and what color flowers should I pick to decorate the *salad de tomate* and was there anything I could do to prevent the bottles of white wine from falling out of the icebox each time somebody opened the door? Every time we walk into a bar, Paul Bowles is sitting there. Why couldn't we have invited him to lunch? Why, when I asked Peter if he knew of a nice hotel in Algiers, did he try to persuade me to go to Cueta instead. Why, when I asked Andy to sign a painting he had given me, did he write ANDY HARDY on it? Should I boil the hot green peppers a bit before I put them in the salad or what?

Luncheon came off fairly well. The

tomato salad was decorated with pretty yellow flowers, and the fish stared up at you from a bed of lovely green leaves. The servants pretended they knew what they were doing and the conversation hit what surely must be rock bottom. The goat cheeses, the blue and the Camembert were gobbled up, and there was fruit and patisserie. I got to hear a lot of stories I hadn't heard since last summer, though some others had been repeated more recently.

Somebody should write a book on "How to Carry on an Intelligent Conversation at the Table." It should sell like hot cakes in Tangiers.

We invited some of the locals to come sit by the pool. Fiat 124 and 125's, MGB's, Fiat 750's, and a Mercedes all arrived and blocked the driveway, and out leapt sagging-tits-bleached-locks with the Mustapha (young, dark, dark, etc.) and fat-false-teethed-former-beauty with Aljila (12, lovely smile, fair), and balding-sunburnt-red-nosed-alcoholic with Ahmed (tall, muscled, handsome, who didn't want to get out of the car because he spied his last year's keeper whom he had just finished taking to the cleaners) and slumlord-Californian-overdressed with Mohammed (called "Tarzan," graceful beauty who proceeded to dive from the rocks into the pool wearing transparent boxer shorts) and Ancient-retired-college-professor-of-English with a bottle of gin and Dick who

tried to pretend it wasn't all happening by remaining in bed, and Henry who tried to pretend that he had planned it all along.

I cruised Tarzan who didn't give me a nod, threw a lot of big smiles at what's-his-name and accepted some calamine lotion from Peter for my sunburnt nose which looked "infected." By the time I got through insulting the English professor and my fourth Campari and Soda, I was ready to read the assembled through my essay on "The Dilemma of Art Criticism in a Pre-revolutionary Society" or something, and they, drunk as lords, were ready to listen. They had never heard anything like it.

The nice thing about Tangier is that there isn't much to do and if you don't have a pool, there's nothing to do at all. You can go to the post office and the market and to the bars at night. The bars are filled with the people you sat with by the pool and lovely Moroccan boys who will go anywhere with anybody for ten dirham. They have posters all over the place that inform: KIEF KILLS, if you can imagine, but after all, if you don't like KIEF OR boys, then you need your head examined, as I do. Genet got to me 10 years ago, and I believed all that stuff about sin and guilt and my Elizabeth Seton Academy background helped so I can't get a kick out of anything that's legal or straight, like sex with Moroccan

boys which, paradoxically, is almost both.

Of course they do have Manolo's whore house, but, in Morocco, that seems a contradiction in terms. There isn't a Moroccan (or American or anybody, when you get right down to it) that isn't a whore, but when it comes to sex, every Moroccan is willing if the price is right, which doesn't mean they enjoy it either. If I hear one more aged American query, in utmost confidence, "Do you think my Mohammed really loves me..." I think I will give myself the Croix de Guerre.

I've found a country totally dedicated to empty minds and mindless pursuit, and why not? Of course, it's a Fascist state, a police state, an absolute monarchy (one of the few left) and they try to arrest you every time they catch you with an Arab--(it's the Arabs they're after). However, what I don't understand is why people from California bother to come here. After all, they already have it all there, *ne c'est pas?*

From the terrace we can look down at (1) The American Consulate (more threatening than comforting) (2) the "Arab Village," where, according to the Europeans (read, "English") the mothers throw their babies in front of your car so they can get the insurance--any rationale for drunken driving (3) the sea and what might be, in the distance, Gibraltar, but it probably isn't but who cares (4) part of a "Camping" site, but the campers haven't arrived this season, probably because they've all been chased away by the police (5) what could be my mother's grave, if she would only drop dead.

Only the good lord knows where one

(continued on page 14)

BY STEVEN VERK

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

Q. I am a Japanese boy of 21 who has lived in New York for six months. I am nice-looking, very intelligent, very sensual, but I have been having trouble finding sex partners in this city. Everyone seems to believe that Japanese have the smallest genitals in the world, which is completely untrue, of course. I, for example, am just as heavily hung as anyone I've had sex with in this city. I measure 8 1/2 inches, and I don't think anyone would call that undersized. Most of my Japanese friends are in the same variety of sizes as do Caucasians, and I can't imagine where this stupid legend started. Perhaps they are thinking of the Chinese and I am not sure it is true about them, either. How did these stories start, and why are Caucasians so hung up on size? Is that all I have to offer?

Y.A., NYC
A. I have done no research on this matter, but perhaps some of our Oriental readers would care to write in and tell us more about it. Not all Caucasians are hung up on size, and this hang-up is not confined to Caucasians. It is, however, confined to those sad individuals who can trust only appliances, not people. I would think that the size of your brain or your heart should be much more important than the



size of your penis... or, at the minimum, at least as important. There are horses, after all.

Q. You probably know that musicians lead very strange lives. Our hours are different from other people's. Our friendships are based on different reasons (like talent, instead of virtue). Our homes are often transient affairs depending on the length of our professional engagement. We are also more sensitive than people not in the arts. I am a musician of 28 and I have just returned from a month-long job on the West Coast, where I met a guy I cannot get out of my mind. This is very strange to me, because I am always meeting guys in the different cities where I play, and I never give them much thought after I leave. Probably because I know how improbably it is that I will ever see them again. I thought this guy would be the same kind of thing, but something is happening to me. I don't think this is love, because we don't know each other well enough for that. I've never been tied up with anyone before, and I don't really believe what is happening to me. The whole business kind of scares me, because I don't know what to do about it. I've never lost control of myself like this before. The more I think about this guy, the more uptight I feel. Does this sound like love or infatuation to you?

L.B., Chicago.

A. It sounds like you have just discovered that musicians are also human and it is scaring the hell out of you. Why?

Q. How long does someone have to go on being lonely because he is afraid to love another person? I am 45 now, a very successful chemical engineer, quite sophisticated and cultured, and I have never had a lover. Every time another person wants me to be his lover, I have dropped him immediately. As long as his interest is only a mild undemanding one, I am content to maintain a relationship with him. The minute he becomes more serious, something forces me to break off with him. I am intelligent enough to realize that the fault is mine, but I don't know how to correct the situation. Why should I be afraid of loving back? Perhaps it comes from my own home life. I somehow seem to have absorbed the idea in my childhood that is not quite American to display your affections openly. I never remember seeing my parents embrace or kiss each other at any time. They gave me almost as little affection, too. I know they thought of this as "Yankee reserve." I act pretty much as they did and rarely display any emotions openly, although I certainly feel them. I really do not want to go on being alone anymore, but how do I go about resolving this painful problem?

J.L., Providence.

A. The first step would be to stop blaming anyone else for your problem, whether or not they really were guilty. If you do nothing to change your behavior pattern, the blame is now yours, irritating as that may sound. There is no reason why you cannot freely acknowledge that your parents were uptight, constricted somewhat-less-than-perfect people, and that you were negatively influenced by their peculiarities. That, however, is history and cannot be altered. You are not responsible for their deficiencies, nor do you have to continue duplicating them. You are responsible for today. You cannot change yesterday, but you can change today in very substantial ways. If you do not know how to love... indeed, if you are afraid to love... it is because you were never taught to love. One must be taught this through a combination of affection and discipline, which reinforce one another to produce a responsible person capable of giving and receiving love. It is not enough to be able to receive love. It is not enough to be able to give love. One must be able to do both, in order to fulfill one's needs satisfyingly. If you back away from love when it is offered to you, it is probably because you are afraid to permit anyone to get too close to you and see you as you see yourself... that is, as a person unworthy of being loved. If you keep them at a distance, they cannot discover this, and you assume you are safe. You must risk being hurt in order to discover that they do not wish to hurt you. You must permit others to get close enough to you that they can form their own opinions of you, and you may be surprised to discover their opinions are higher than the ones you hold yourself. Trade in your armor for trust. Love is not offered by your enemies.

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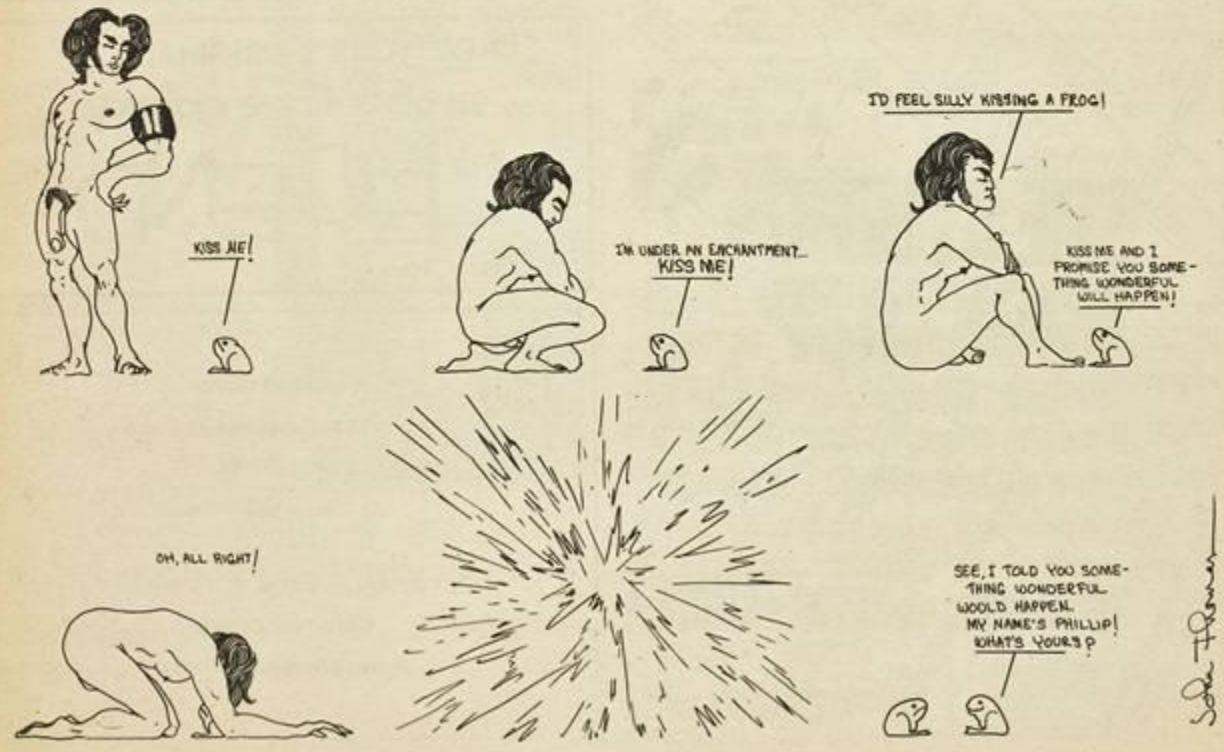
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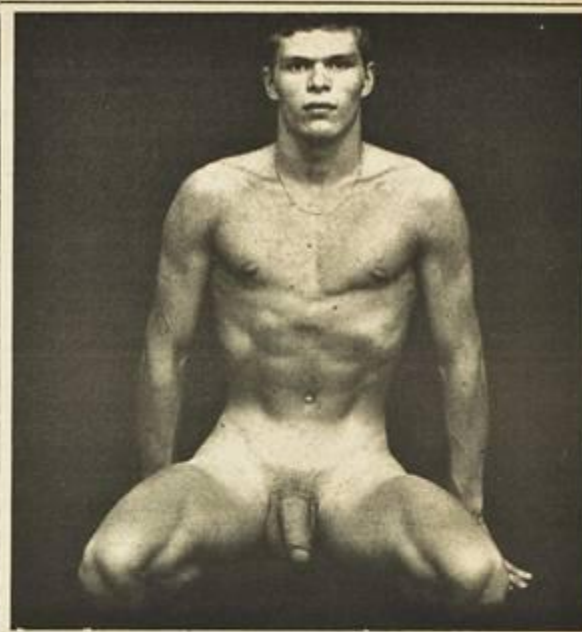
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GROPING AROUND

GAY CALENDAR

Monday, August 10: "Homosexual News" rebroadcast of 8/7, 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, August 12: West Side Discussion Group regular meeting at the Church of the Holy Apostles (9th Ave. & 28th St.) 8 p.m. Donation \$1.50. Men and women welcome.

Thursday, August 13: Gay Activists Alliance regular meeting at the Church of the Holy Apostles (see above for address) 8 p.m. Donation 50 cents. Men and women welcome.

Friday, August 14: Gay Dance-A-Fair, 9 p.m. Rec. Room at Weinstein Hall, University Pl. & 8th St. Sponsored by Christopher St. Liberation Day Comm.

"Homosexual News and Comment" on WBAI-FM (99.5) 8-15 p.m.

Saturday, August 15: Dance sponsored by New Jersey GLF, 9 p.m. at Alternate University (530 Sixth Ave. at 14th St.) Men and women welcome.

Sunday, August 16: Gay Liberation Front regular meeting at the Church of the Holy Apostles (28th St. & 9th Ave.) 8 p.m. Men and women welcome.

BEST BETS

Compiled by John Francis Hunter
August 1, 1970

Listed below are preferred gay bars and restaurants in cities along the Eastern Seaboard and some points west. Information from readers is welcomed, provided that addresses of places are given and some indication as to the make-up. We use the symbols GMs for General Males predominating, GFs for General Females and Int. for Integrated gay and straight. Where Int. is practiced, it is helpful to know whether it is conscious and welcomed by the clientele and management.

In MANHATTAN gay good times can be found at

Barn, The, 26 9th Ave., back room policy; GMs
Barrel Inn, 568 9th Ave., GMs
Beacon Baths, 227 E. 45th; go in main entrance and take elevator to 11th floor; GM
Blue Whale, The, 1117 1st Ave.; restaurant; Fire Island; Int.
Candy Store, The, 44 W. 56th; jacket and tie except Sun.; GMs
Carnival, The, 507 West St. at Jane, above Tool Box; back room; GMs
Carr's Inn in the Village, 204 W. 10th; GMs
Casa Laredo, 551 Hudson; restaurant; Int.
Charade, 1800 2nd Ave. (near 93rd St.); restaurant; GFs
Christopher's End, 180 Christopher; back room; GMs
Continental Baths, 230 W. 74th; lounge, entertainment weekends; GMs
Country Cousin, The, 1313 3rd Ave. (near 75th St.); restaurant; GMs
Danny's, 139 Christopher; GMs
Den, The, Little W. 12th and Washington; GMs
Everard Baths, 28 W. 28th; GMs
Fedora, 239 W. 4th; restaurant; Int.
Finale, The, 48 Barrow; restaurant; manager here told GAY's representative that he didn't need to advertise and that, if he did, "it wouldn't be in one of the gay newspapers," so suit yourself; GMs
Five Oaks, The, 49 Grove; restaurant; GFs, GMs
Four Seasons, The, 99 E. 52nd; restaurant; cruisy bar at cocktail hr.; Int.
Gianni's, 53 W. 19th; restaurant; GFs
Ginger Man, The, 51 W. 64th; restaurant; Int.
Gold Bug, The, 85 W. 3rd; GMs
Goldfarb's, T., 7th Ave. at Bleecker; restaurant; back room policy, meaning piano bar; GMs
Good Table, The, 45 Lexington Ave.; restaurant; Int.
Harry's Back East, 1422 3rd Ave.; GMs
Haven, The, 1 Sheridan Sq.; private, fruit juice only; Int.

(In next issue Best Bets include bars, baths and restaurants alphabetically from J through Z.)

New Bar of the Week: **The Dungeon,** 301 W. 46th; GMs

When you drive to the rich HAMPTONS, go to Millstone Tavern, The, Millstone Rd., Sag Harbor; really the swingiest bar on Long Island, where you'll find the most exciting cross-section of gays anywhere, including high-powered celebrities; dancing, though not cheek-to-cheek in this discreet section of Suffolk County; with its ballsy roadhouse ambience, this place is the great gay lodestone of all the Hamptons, GMs, a few GFs
Out of This World, Montauk Highway, East Hampton; the alternate "must-drop-in" to The Millstone, luring the same clientele, big-big names, comers, the really rich, sycophants and lovely Lesbians; indoor-outdoor warm weather cruising and dancing, with wings radiating from the bar area and a *genetlich* garden shot with paths, lighted by colored spots and lawn-party lanterns that makes you think of Vienna's Prater or the *fin de siecle* Budapest of *Lillom*; simultaneous close dancing here between GM and GF couples side-by-side with indifferent straights; truly integrated!

Potting Shed, The, Montauk Highway, Bridgehampton; restaurant; beamed ceiling, half-timber walls, candlelight dinner with an aperitif; quite the "in" dining spot the year round, with its bar extremely popular among the Hamptons' gays during the off-season; same group as you'll find at the above two places, all very relaxed and superpoised and always hungry for new flesh; very likely you'll be greeted here by the famous Marion Cole, who is surely the most gracious, solicitous and personal of "den mothers" on the Eastern Seaboard—knowing everyone and never forgetting a pretty face through the years; truly integrated!

For outdoors cruising in THE HAMPTONS there's
Two Mile Hollow Beach, where free love under the moon on the dunes or in the front seat of your car is pursued jubilantly in defiance of the No Parking signs!

While on FIRE ISLAND, your choices are
Blue Whale Restaurant, The, Fire Island Pines; home of the nauseating-looking but refreshing "Blue Whale Cocktail" immortalized in the screen *Boys in the Band*; restaurant in early evening; Int.
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, though not very cruisy; GMs, with "amused" straights watching

Ice Palace, The, Cherry Grove, in the hotel; wild dancing, decks great for cruising in the moonlight; much more open than The Pines; GMs and a few GFs
Sandpiper, The, The Pines; restaurant; at night brimming with Pines beauties glowing in the black light; alternative to The Boatel and really more fun because it's more spontaneous; GMs, some Int. at dinner hour
Sea Shack, Cherry Grove; most colorful bar in Sodom and Gomorrah, very cruisy on a rainy afternoon, and they mean business more than at The Boatel and Sandpiper westward

For outdoors cruising on FIRE ISLAND there's
Burma Road, beyond The Pines toward Ocean Beach, delightful on a hot steamy afternoon; GMs
THE Grove, between Sodom and Gomorrah, enchanted territory in the moonlight, particularly, also busy in the afternoon

If you're going through PROVIDENCE, R.I., stop at
Crown Coffee Shop, 206 Weyboset; cafe, not very spectacular, but an oasis in the desert; GMs
Kublai Khan, 129 Weyboset, another port in the storm; GMs

And when you reach PORTSMOUTH, N.H., visit
Sagamore, The, which is quite swinging; GMs

In BOSTON you shouldn't miss
Edwardian, The, 21 Broad St.; restaurant; multileveled and multitextured fun; Int. til cocktail hr., then GMs all the way

La Grange Baths, 4 La Grange St., one of eleven swinging "health centers" operated by this company across the land, gay owned; GMs, and how!
Napoleon Club, The, 52 Piedmont; elegant, requiring jacket and tie, and very cruisy among its several handsome rooms; GMs
Other Side, The, 76 Broadway; gigantic, dancing, tawdry but lively; GMs
Shed, The, 250 Huntington Ave.; S&M, but not alarmingly so; GMs
Sporter's, 235 Cambridge; most popular bar in the Hub of the Universe; GMs
Twelve Carver, 12 Carver; old-timey, but popular; GMs

Far Down East in OGUNQUIT it's
Poor Richard's Restaurant, very popular and highly recommended

In gay PROVINCETOWN be sure to try
Ace of Spades, The, traditionally GFs
Atlantic House (little bar); one of the two classic cruising places in town; GMs
Cellar Bar, Crown & Anchor Hotel; Int.

Edwardian Room, Crown & Anchor; celebrated showroom and sometime dance bar alternating with Hip Gazebo in policy according to whim of owner Stan Sorrentino; Int.
Madeira Club, Pilgrim House Hotel; Int. at showtime, once one of the great cabaret theatres in the land where "Laugh-In" people got their start, featuring Lynne Carter this season if that's your bag

Mews, The, restaurant you'll never forget; Int. Moors, restaurant and where everyone goes after the beach for singalong and cruising; Int. at night; GMs, GFs afternoons

Plain and Fancy, restaurant; Int. at dinner hour; downstairs bar later on attracts GFs
Pilgrim House Hotel, your YMCA away from home where you can always find a little sunshine; Int., but not so as to interfere with your fun

Town House, restaurant and bar complex, with beautiful garden for GMs; Galleria Rm. Int. and downstairs bar for GFs

Off the Boardwalk at ATLANTIC CITY drop in at
Deville Hotel, The, on Kentucky Ave. right off Boardwalk; given GAY's seal of approval by Lige and Jack; call (609) 345-2146 for advance reservations

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

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Arabian Nights, The, 3314 Gilham Plaza; GMs
Colony, The, 3325 Troost; GMs
Jewel Box, The, 3219 Troost; drag shows; Int.
Red Head, The, 4048 Broadway; GMs
Rendezvous, The, Muehlebach Hotel, 12th & Baltimore; jacket and tie; Int.

A BARFLY BONUS SPECIAL

Ava's vaguest and Tommy's got 'er! If you haven't the vaguest idea what that means, you must be under thirty or no more than a sophomore in Manhattan however old you are. Not to be arch or condescending but there is a singing institution known as Ava Williams and a boniface dating back to the legendary *Regent Row* named Tommy Dowling. Ring a bell?

She looks like Ginny Simms and always wins. She's of the elegant school, all tricked up in matching everything that you just kick resides in satin-cushioned coiffers and in scented drawers when not in use. Surely she has a white piano in her soigne apartment and cloudy mirrored walls and fur throws and dines alone by candlelight. I know she never ventured forth onto the streets of Provincetown midday without careful make-up and heels because her public, she felt, was entitled to illusion twenty-four hours a day, and she never disappoints. She is disciplined, she is tough, but she is also sentimental and loyal and susceptible to a compliment. She can put down a hardhat with a glance, yet militant women would probably mistake her for a creampuff.

She has a smoky voice, rangey as a month of spring, melancholy as fall, and when she goes sunny the world laughs with her. She is a very funny lady, sneaking 'em in at you and not waiting for you to catch up, sometimes intentionally corny, bawdy in a genteel Mae West sort of way, but never taking her *mots* or attempts at *mots* seriously.

Some call her, erroneously I think, "campy." Since I concur with the opinion expressed by music critic Hank Arlecchino in *SCREW* no. 71 that "camp is the most deleterious form of art known to man... the expression of those people not capable of feeling." I object to the words being applied to this hearty, vital entertainer. She even kids herself with *feeling*, she's never malicious, and she never cops out. She also plays a helluva piano and is generous about accompanying visiting singers, celebs or no. She knows everyone—and must spend the weeks between Thanksgiving and Christmas solidly at her *escritoire* dropping lines from wherever she may be playing, be it Oregon or California or Zambesi. She *personalizes*, and that ain't camp.

If you want to learn a little more about this famous lady before seeing her, pick up a copy of James Kirkwood's moving novel, *Good Times/Bad Times*, and meet Fat Patty. She's the chanteuse the besieged young hero goes to for comfort when the world falls in on him and for whom he would previously go A.W.O.L., if he had to, just to hear her "Yours" medleys. If's Ave, the "Yours" lady, singing "I'm in love with yours, always," "Yours and the night and the music," and "Yours came, mine was alone," and on and on until yours will split from laughing.

Tommy has presented her before, at the *Second Floor* above *L'Intrigue*, where amidst mirrors and twinkling chandeliers, dwarfed though never lost behind a piano-bar with a lid the size of a skating rink, she looked just right. She looks great at Tommy's newest *boite*, *The Troubadour*, between Fifty-eighth and Fifty-ninth on First Avenue, too, and she has never sounded better.

We commend to you Ava Williams, who

used to be ahead of the times and now is far from behind. How about Five Stars, just this once, because we've had an affair going for years, though we've never kissed except in public!

NATIONAL DIRECTORY

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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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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