

DO POLICE PROTECT US? P.7

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

**INTERVIEW WITH
CHRISTINE P.8**

The Editors Speak:



Dr. Isadore Rubin

Unless there is a place for the homosexual and for all others whose color, political creed, or way of life differs from that of the majority, there will never be a Great Society in any meaning of the term.

Dr. Isadore Rubin
1912-1970

The above words were spoken by the Editor of *Sexology* magazine, Dr. Isadore Rubin, one of the world's leading sexologists. Through the years Dr. Rubin has been a staunch defender of the homosexual community, a major voice against sexual oppression, and a harsh critic of impotent psychiatric research which asserts that homosexuality is a disease.

We are deeply saddened by news of Isadore Rubin's sudden death in an automobile accident near Middletown, New York. Dr. Rubin was 58 years old, in the prime of life. In addition to being Editor of *Sexology*, he was a director of the Sex Information and Education Council (S.I.E.C.U.S.) and the author of the Council's widely circulated pamphlet on homosexuality. He was Editor of *Luz*, the Spanish edition of *Sexology*, a leading magazine in Latin American countries, and was a member of the National Council on Family Relations and the American Association of Marriage Counselors.

We first met Dr. Rubin when he delivered a fiery speech at the 1965 Conference of East Coast Homophile Organizations. In that speech he charged that psychiatrists "repeat *ad nauseam* the statement that homosexuality *per se* is an illness . . . and their new Bible is a study of 106 homosexuals who were sufficiently ill to seek out psychoanalytic therapy." (Here Dr. Rubin was referring to the shoddy studies of Dr. Irving Bieber.)

In 1968, when we moved to New York, we had the pleasure of meeting Dr. Rubin again. On several occasions we lunched with him and found his knowledge of and concern for America's homosexual community to be a source of inspiration. He was particularly adamant about the "willful bias and colossal ignorance" shown by most psychiatrists when they dealt with the homosexual question. "There is a growing body of research," he said, "by Kinsey, Hooker, Armon, Liddicoat, DeLuca, and others which orthodox psychiatric practitioners can no longer ignore. Psychiatrists should set up better studies of their own and not continue to repeat untested armchair theorizing. Psychiatrists must either be willing to apply the scientific method or admit openly that they are the new guardians of the moral order."

Dr. Rubin's death spells a true loss, not only for homosexuals but for men and women everywhere who are struggling against the titanic forces of sexual ignorance.

In the last editorial he wrote for *Sexology* (to be published in November) Dr. Rubin once again defended homosexuals, this time against the ravings of Dr. Charles W. Socarides, the infamous antihomosexual crusader.

The Editors of GAY and this newspaper's entire staff extend, on behalf of homosexually inclined people throughout the world, their deepest sympathies to Dr. Rubin's widow and to his family. His knowledge, courage and profoundly humane approach to life and sexuality are not dead. His many contributions will live in every mind that experiences the grand exhilaration brought by those freedoms for which he labored for so long.

Columnists: Dick Leitsch, Angelo d'Arcangelo, Lilli Vincenz, Randolph Wickar, John Francis Hunter, Ian J. Tree, Stefan Verk, Peter Ogren, John F. 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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dr. ISADORE RUBIN—FRIEND TO GAYS—DIES IN AUTO WRECK

New York, N.Y. — Dr. Isadore Rubin, world famous sexologist, editor of *Sexology* and *Luz* magazines, and the author and editor of many books on sex education, died on July 31, in an automobile accident near Middletown, N.Y. He was 58 years old and lived at 651 Vanderbilt Street, Brooklyn.

Dr. Rubin's work included many valuable critiques of faulty psychiatric research on homosexuality. His concern for the rights of American homosexuals was evidenced on many occasions. "Unless there is a place for the homosexual," he said, "there will never be a Great Society in any meaning of the term." (See Editorial).

He was born in Wilmington, Delaware, June 5, 1912. He received a master's degree in education from City College here and a doctoral degree with public health from New York University School of Education. He was a director of

S.I.E.C.U.S. (Sex Information and Education Council for the U.S.) and a member of the National Council on Family Relations.

Dr. Rubin is survived by his widow, the former Phyllis Cooper, a daughter, Mrs. Daniel Uziel, and three sisters.

BARBARA—UNISEX film PREMIERES

New York, N.Y. — A film version of the unisex-underground-bestseller, *Barbara*, opened August 11 at the Garrick Theatre, 152 Bleecker Street. It was released by the Draidstone-Hottentot Production Company.

The film relates the adventures of a small cult of people of both sexes, and their sexual indoctrination at a summer resort by a Tantric supersexual guru. They are taught a self-gratifying system of sexual enlightenment, which includes experiences in every possible sexual encounter.

"Barbara offers a stark and HEAVY message of bisexuality as the ideal state of man," says Ken Gaul, Managing Editor of *SCREW*, "with reams of the raunchiest footage I've ever seen in an American-produced film. With all of its many flaws, it should stand as a landmark in sexual freedom on the American movie screen."



August 24, 1970, Volume 1, Number 29



The Rockefeller Five at 100 Centre Street

VATICAN SAYS "NO" TO GAY MARRIAGES

Rome, Italy — Pressing and frequent requests to perform marriage ceremonies for homosexual couples will probably beset religious authorities in the not too distant future, warns one prominent Catholic theologian.

The Rev. Gino Concetti, a Vatican aide whose articles on canon law and moral theology appear often in the Vatican paper *L'Osservatore Romano*, wrote for that paper on July 25 that any attempts to consecrate gay unions through formal marriage ceremonies are "simply moral aberrations that cannot be approved by human conscience, much less Christian conscience."

The theologian added that the demand for such ceremonies is "still small and limited," but that the trend should be resisted as a "totally and radically revolutionary concept outside all laws, all social systems, and all ethical customs." The consecrated function symbolized by the marriage sacrament itself can only be fulfilled by a marriage between a man and a woman, he contended.

GAA PROTESTS ROCKY'S SILENCE

by Cary Yurman

New York, N.Y. — Over 100 people carrying signs and proudly shouting, "2-4-6-8, gay is just as good as straight," and "3-5-7-9, sodomy is mighty fine," enthusiastically picketed outside the Criminal Court building and rallied in Foley Square Park on August 5. The demonstrators demanded that Governor Nelson A. Rockefeller end his long hostile silence towards his homosexual constituents and speak out on homosexual issues. The demonstrators also showed their strong support of the Rockefeller 5.

The Rockefeller 5 are five members of the Gay Activist Alliance who were arrested for sitting-in at the Republican State Committee offices last June when Republicans refused to hear GAA's six demands. The demands are the repeal of New York state sodomy and solicitation laws, an end to police enticement and entrapment throughout the state, an end to the harassment of gay bars statewide, a state fair employment law outlawing discrimination on the basis of sexual orientation, an end to the bonding

companies' practice of denying bonds to homosexuals, and an investigation of the State Liquor Authority.

Outside the Criminal Court building, where the Rockefeller 5 were ordered to appear, sixty homosexuals angrily picketed and loudly demanded civil rights for homosexuals. GAA had called for the support of homosexuals and homosexual groups throughout the city, and the picket line indicated the positive response. Members of the Gay Liberation Front and the Daughters of Bilitis joined the picket line with members of GAA in a show of strength and unity in the gay movement.

Under the inscription on the Criminal Court building, "Equal and exact justice to all men of whatever state or persuasion," homosexuals were testing the responsiveness of their government to their legitimate grievances. They carried signs reading, "Abolish Sodomy and Solicitation Laws," "End Enticement and Entrapment," "Equal Job Rights Now," and "State Liquor Authority + Rocky = Organized Crime." Other signs read "Sodomy is Cool," "Rocky's Sin is Silence," "Go Bother Organized Crime," and "Rocky Has a Happy, Why Can't We?"

Chants of "Gay, gay power to the gay, gay people," and, "Say it loud, gay and proud. Say it loud, gay and proud," resounded through the lower Manhattan citadels of justice. Songs were created on the spot. To the tune of "Row, Row, Row Your Boat" the demonstrators sang, "Rights, rights, we want our rights, we've waited long enough, So out of the closets

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FORMER MATTACHINE official MURDERED

Chicago, Ill. — Howard "Bud" Tanner, one of the original leaders of Mattachine Midwest, was fatally stabbed in his apartment at 1117 N. Dearborn St. Chicago, in July. The slayer has not been apprehended, but a police sketch of the suspect has been made.

The suspect, described as a white male, 30 to 40 years of age, 6 feet tall, 180 to 200 pounds, with a heavy build, large biceps, broad shoulders, dark thinning hair, flat nose, small eyes, poor teeth, and unburned, reportedly described himself as a truckdriver from California. It is believed that he has moved to another large city since the murder.

Persons with information about Howard Tanner's slaying are urged to contact Lt. John Glas of the Chicago Police Department's 6th Area Homicide Division or to call Mattachine Midwest (Chicago) at 334-2244. Police assure confidentiality and are eager to apprehend the killer.

DEMOCRATS SWING TO GAY CAUSE

BY KAY TOBIN

New York, N.Y. — An increasing number of key Democrats are climbing on the political bandwagon powered by Gay Activists Alliance, the group that proclaims that 10% of the constituency is gay and that the gay minority will become a powerful force in American politics. This organization mobilizes the gay community to exert its influence by such slogans as "Out of your closets and into the political process!" Responding to GAA pressures and persuasions are Bella Abzug, Arthur Goldberg, Edward Koch, Richard Ottinger, and Howard Samuels.

In addition, the New Democratic Coalition, a powerful Statewide coalition of reform political clubs, set up on July 29 a special committee, in parallel with its Committee on Women's Rights, to press for homosexual rights. Specifically it will work on the following GAA recommendations: (1) Repeal of the New

(continued on page 12)

Many eyes wander. All ask: Is she? Is she gay?

No, she is not gay; this very charming woman. She is here with an escort and two very dear friends. She is, in fact, one of the relatively few women... found in every circle of homosexuals... who have gravitated toward a group of which they (such women) become almost a part, attracted by a curiosity, forming a bond through a very deep personal friendship, and becoming in their own eyes self-appointed protectors. These people are like links between two different worlds, teaching the dominant not to fear but to accept, teaching the subdued that the entire world is not hostile.

Donald Webster Cory
The Homosexual in America
1951

BY JOHN FRANCIS HUNTER

When the sexual millennium is reached, the lion will lie down with the lamb, Steve Reeves with Tiny Tim and Steve McQueen with T.C. Jones. Ah, joy!

When this millennium is reached—oh, surely along about 1975 if civil libertarians will work and pray a lot and subscribe wholeheartedly to the Sexual-Freedom-Now timetable of the lavender left, trust in the thrust of women's lib and have faith in the speedy efficacy of "the word" as disseminated by the Sex Education Institute of the U.S. (SEICUS), for instance—the nominal phyla of S&M, Drag Queen, Fetishist, et cetera, will have withered away like the state in Communist Utopia. Imagine: no specialties of a violent nature, no rigid preferences, no self-imposed restrictions because there are no government regulations to provide example, and no loathsome labels. To await such a millennium in our time is to be a Candide in a *Catch-22* world, but await it I do. Ah, just the thought of there being no fighting subgroups among homosexuals to look down upon each other nourishes my optimism!

"But there will always be mutated subgroups!" cries a spoilsport friend of mine when I start pontificating thus. "There'll always be the fag hag. Why didn't you mention the fag hag with all those other freaks? The most forlorn creature within the homosexual order aside from maybe the invincible closet queen is the fag hag, and since women in our society are incorrigible, we'll always have our fag hags. Popular psychiatrists and writers for the gay press almost totally overlook the fag hag. Why? Why?"

This friend speaks purple because he can't augment self-expression by means of gestures, due to the straightjacket. However, I feel obliged to reply to such passion if I am to help a *Catch-22* world get better.

Answer the Man

Why? he asks. Well... perhaps fag hags are overlooked because writers do not tend so much to be social butterflies and therefore do not come in close contact with such highly sociable people as the so-called fag hag (your resident barfly being an exception). As for me, firstly, I am not terribly into doing a number on "forlorn creatures" as topics and would rather debate who is happiest than who is most forlorn.

Secondly, come the real millennium, there would be no fag hags, whatever my friend says, either because parasites would perish from not being able to

A DISSECTION OF THE FRUIT FLY



Doin' the Fag Hag Rag

locate a thriving host wearing a sign such as "I am a closet queen, feed on me," or because, being liberated finally, they would be too busy out fucking straights.

Thirdly, in order to discuss this delicate matter, one has to hang in there with the odious soubriquets, it seems, and I don't wanna. We are trying to de-emphasize them, for Christ's sake, not so that we will be all alike, but so that we won't encourage another kind of conformism by giving our "differents" groupie names.

Fourthly, who can prove that any of these people is necessarily more forlorn than anyone else? Just because I may think it's unfortunate that a drag queen wants to be something other than what he is genetically, and enters a sartorial fantasy land to do it doesn't mean he is forlorn, now does it? It's an implied knock and assumption of superiority to "feel sorry" for any freaks we deem freakier than we are. Just who's to say who's sad or miserable or forlorn? Gaisty is in the eyes of the beholder? Noisier.

A Problem There May Be

But, just to give this rap the aura of a serious discourse, it will be assumed that, until the millennium, the existence, if not quite plight, of the fag hag is a problem. I suppose I can say that with good conscience, for openers, because self-delusion, sublimation and fear are the rule rather than the exception in the make-up of the hanger-on, the voyeur and vicarious liver, i.e., problems.

If fag hags were all unhappy, forlorn creatures, the problem would be,

furthermore, serious. Yet, in digging into this, I cannot resist referring first to one of the irreverent Una Sex exchanges which appeared some time ago in *SCREW* under the title of "Sex Advice for Failures." Una's bedside manner was anything but soothing, being the most mock-serious; yet now and then Una, in a bawdy, eviscerating fashion, laid it like it is and, while not offering conventional comforts to the ailing, often gave a helluva thought-provoking diagnosis. For instance:

Keeps Fruity Company

"Dear Una," wrote a certain "Shalimar, who gave her age as thirty-two, 'Most of my escorts are what you might term 'fruity.' But they seem to like my company. They take me to nice places, the theatre and all that, pay special attention to my clothes and hair-do and consult me about their problems. But they never 'try anything.' I don't want that anyway. In fact, I'm practically a virgin. Do you think I'm odd?'"

Replied Una:

Being "practically a virgin" isn't exactly run-of-the-mill, now is it? I'd like to have more information about that condition. Otherwise, I'd hazard a guess that you're simply a Fagot's Moll, Fag Hag or Fruit Fly, the last being my favorite term in this category because of the alliteration. One afraid of being fucked, at that. A girl who enjoys the company and attention of males-who-go-to-bed-with-males is often quite the opposite, though. The "opposites" are those benighted critters who persist in believing "a fuck can cure a fag." If you are, just as you say, the passive type who doesn't want to get any but who just wants a simpatous relationship, then chances are yours are not particularly destructive relationships. You are

probably not one of those GFs who is frustrated by constantly saying good night at the door and then resorting to her own trusty middle finger or a dildo.

While we're at it, a male counterpart of the Fruit Fly who is considerably more fulfilled is the guy I call a Tick Bird. He is so sure of his virility and heterosexuality that he travels in the company of gay males and picks off the chicks who depend on them for "harmless escorts." This sort is astute enough to perceive there are a lot of hot pussies palating in the wake of a gay trail, whether they belong to confirmed Fruit Flies who lapse now and then or to those who are "practically virgins" tired of being practical, or incipient nymphos, or just plain Lonelies. And, being sure of himself, if he encounters the unsuitable female, having pursued in vain, he can always get his rocks off with one of her boys as a last resort.

Of the two parasites—Fruit Fly and Tick Bird—the Tick Bird is the wiser, far. He gets a much greater return on his investment at *Together*, say, than his perpetually horny straight buddies do at *Friday's* or *Malachy's*, which sort of puts him ahead of the game, doesn't it?

But hang in there, Shalimar, because you never know about the next daisy in the chain. From the purely selfish angle, you might discover as did the old Empress Dowager of China among her eunuchs that one of them fruits has more balls than meets the eye. Even better, you might find love. While a fuck will hardly cure a fag, faggotry not being a disease in the first place, love may strengthen ye both wherever ye find it. Or, you might find that educable Tick Bird on whom some of the refinement of the fruits has rubbed off and who can give you what you aspire to socially while at the same time stilling your clit. I think such a combination of the tender, considerate and kind, but sexually potent, GM is what every GF is looking for, especially the Fruit Fly like you who makes such a point of keeping her quim zipped. Self-applied chastity belts come off fast, Shalimar. There's a potential key in every cock, but you might as well face up to the fact that it's the straight ones which do most of the unlocking."

Una Generalizes

Now, we could go on for volumes challenging Una's heavy-handed generalizations and deploring the cynical pandering to male chauvinism of such lines as "having pursued in vain he can always get his rocks off with one of her boys as a last resort." As to the validity of "the straight ones do most of the unlocking," while not quibbling with the "most," we could cite the view of Tom Burke, in the December, 1969, *Esquire*, asserting that the "new homosexual" balls chicks rather indiscriminately. If his observations are dependable, perhaps the surge toward Unisex is a more popular one among the young than we realize. However, from all the separatism-with-cooperation-and-mutual-respect, we personally have seen among those deep into women's lib and the Gay Liberation Front, in particular, there is not as much crossing over as the optimistic (?) Burke would have us believe. It appears, rather, that the homosexuals among the new free are out to glorify and establish as desirable, natural and healthy their penchant for exclusivity. First, at least. Perhaps then onward to whatever: Unisex, amalgamation, homogenization, sexual mongrelization (which is not a dirty word)? What all the liberated claim they want, of course, beyond their personal liberation, is freedom to perform their most personal acts as they wish to perform them, without hateful interference by the state and its institutional pillars of support. They demand the right to work without prejudice vis-a-vis their sexual orientation and demand repeal of the sodomy and solicitation laws. That simple goals are better reached by people saying simply (or even simplistically), "We prefer our own sex," would appear to be part of their reasoning. It's political parity they are after and an end to sexual repression in what they term a sexist society where role-playing is enforced by law and custom.

The fag hag, as I see her, is a vestigial remnant of the latter sexist society at its most virulent and in full flower. There isn't a fag hag I know—nor a famous one that I know of—who isn't guilty of female chauvinism. Each likes to think of herself as being "arch feminine." As a great lady, quite often, though she may "allow" the most vivid words in the gay *patois* to be used in her presence and pride herself on her *sangfroid*. She typically never acknowledges any sexual ambivalence—and thus often feels superior to her dear gay comrades; she does not want "to be something" she isn't, like the drag queen she characteristically disdains. She likes being a fag hag. Being such, she is disengaged from skirt competition, even if it wears pants. She is downright terrified as well as mystified by Lesbianism. She is a practitioner of maternalism without its pains or responsibilities. But is she necessarily forlorn?

Afraid of Fucking

Before going into a few specific cases, let me maintain that Una has something very basically accurate going in observing that a fruit fly (to go along with Una's fancy) may be afraid of being fucked. She wants a "presentable" man or genital male playing the societal male role who is no threat. Even if it's her hairdresser or dressmaker who is a bit on the nellie side, he's an "acceptable" male

escort *du soir*; he hails the cab, opens doors, pays (ostensibly) the check, but probably will "never try anything," as the advice-seeking Shalimar phrased it, and counter to what Burke says.

Behold great stars of society and the stage with their entourages, even their alliances: Princess Margaret, Jackie Kennedy, Princess Radziwill, the late Judy Garland...

included slavish effeminate types, but she always seemed to be watching for that stud who would cross over. In that she was unlike the Shalimars, Judy found one who apparently did cross, and those who knew her would probably not deny that she was that variety of bruised and trampled-on masochist who was conditioned to be a fag hag and not naturally one because of frigidity. She

therefore not entirely the property of adoring, wish-fulfilling gay men.

Symbiotic Relationships

The relationships between fag hags and the men whom fag hags frequently refer to as "my boys" are certainly symbiotic—and since that reads as "mutually beneficial," then it can't be so forlorn, can it? It is not just the woman who profits nor the woman who is used, as has been illustrated earlier regarding the closet queen's need or imagined need for a front. Glancing over the rather lengthy array of women I know whom I'd classify for this discussion as fag hags, I'd say every woman gets more or less what she asks for.

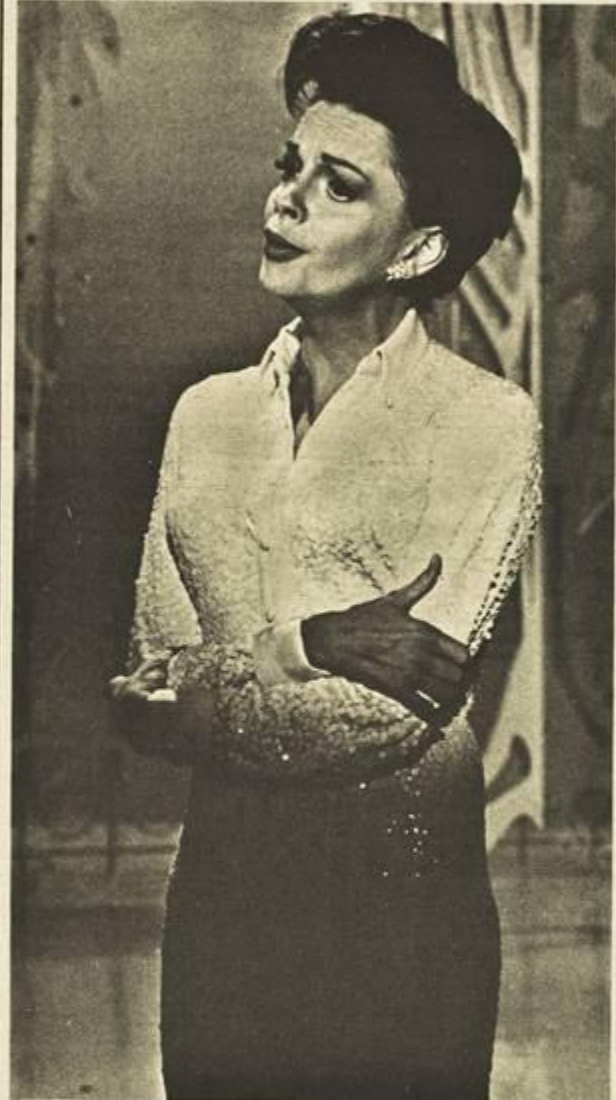
A married mother and grandmother I knew well in St. Thomas used to arrange (and maybe still does) for the most attractive visitors to the Virgin Islands to meet each other and/or bored continentals on the lookout for fresh arrivals. With some dreadful aunts, she organized a series of Sunday matinees to which the Darling Dozen—the twelve most attractive men on the island of any given week—were bidden. (Yeah, I was asked and couldn't go.) In advanced middle age and something of a battle axe though she was, she regularly found bedmates from among her selections, and seemed always to be having a ball of one kind or another. She took a frog man away from a friend of mine, for which he never forgave her. 'Twas also she who introduced rpe to a commodore of the fleet, no less (a naval commander in charge of several ships at sea is temporarily a commodore), who swam to shore from one of his ships-on-maneuver at Morningstar Beach one afternoon to pay her (and me) court. It was a gas watching his men, through binoculars, salute as he dove off, and both she and I—and I might without modesty say he—profited superficially from our symbiosis.

Popular Institutions

On Fire Island and in The Hamptons reside fag hags whom everyone gay surrounds and fetes and, to a considerable extent, cherishes—as institutions, for one thing. The ones I know are married and seem to be happily so, happily after their fashion. So what if the home fires don't give off quite enough warmth to these gregarious ladies who are caught between the old-fashioned taboo against adulterous liaisons and a "new" moral code which permits freewheeling fraternization? They have found for themselves a viable compromise between the domestic isolation imposed by another era and the chaos, to them, of direct physical promiscuity, through their unique participation as platonic playmates of gays.

A truly beautiful, rich and radiant young mother "separated from her handsome wastrel of a husband has fastened onto a handsome and sweet friend of mine as an escort, but also as a close, close friend. She does not ever attempt to be "one of the boys" herself, in that she does not camp or demean herself by prying into his or his comrades' personal sex lives—yet she has attempted through reading and compassionate inquiry to "understand" what is often quite foreign to her. You see, she loves her husband, and he is the only man with whom she has ever been to bed. The

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Jackie and Friends

Consider Jackie in the days between her husband's murder and her marriage to the father/protector Onassis, consorting "eligible bachelors" out of Suzy's column and fit for Sharmian Douglas' stag line at the party for the Snowdens at the Waldorf some years back. She was always paired off with "safe gentlemen" (except for David Ormsby-Gore) who excited no conjecture and provoked no public opprobrium as it was hardly conceivable they would be "getting out of hand" at the door of her pad on Fifth Avenue. Imagine Truman's insisting on Jackie's or Lee's going to bed with him and you have the picture.

I saw Judy Garland-as-fag hag many times. Her entourage at the old afterhours *Penthouse* on West Seventy-Second

seemed to yearn for a man who was at one and the same time no threat and a love object, a fruit "with more balls than meets the eye." Or at least possessing a semblance of balls to that gifted woman with a brain clouded by alcohol or drugs courting destruction. Ask Mickey Deans, whom I met in her company at an *intime* Christmas party a few months before her death. He undoubtedly could say whether or not she was something more than a garden variety fag hag, rather a man's woman, a genital male's woman, using, but God knows being used by, the sycophants to whom she played sycophant. Still, she emerges as the fag hag incarnate to a whole generation of *Boys in the Band* homosexuals, far exceeding Jackie, who was also—once—to straight women, the Virgin Mother and

HORNSCOPE

by STORM NETHERLAND

(The following thumb-nail horoscopes pertain to the dates Monday, August 17 through Sunday, August 23.)

An American astrologer calling himself "Gabriel" in 1899 wrote: "Unlike religion, astrology is based not on faith but on facts. The religious man believes; the astrologer knows. Experiment and observation are his guides."

ARIES the Ram (March 21-April 20) - Whatever the luna, attempt to take a back seat this week. And that doesn't mean Go Greek. You need to be sequestered for a while, yet the world pulls at your mind if not your cock just now. Beware of a salesman or repairman who seems to want to do you in line of duty.

TAURUS the Bull (April 21-May 21) - You should continue to take things easy, especially over the weekend, rebuilding inner physical and emotional forces toward a rather important patch. That casual encounter is growing into something more, but don't shoot your wad just now. Though you're often phlegmatic, you're seldom prudent. *Re!*

GEMINI the Twins (May 22-June 21) - Do not be too rambunctious physically this weekend. This is a time for you to be passive. Have you



forgotten how to contract those sphincter muscles? What you do romantically and socially this week can be an important investment in your future. Do not initiate, do not travel, but participate.

CANCER the Crab (June 22-July 23) - Continue to exercise restraint, particularly over the coming weekend. You have been for some time in danger of overdoing. Do, but don't overdo. You would do well to ponder the more intellectual attractions of certain persons and favor them instead of the alluring physical charms of someone *unlike!*

LEO the Lion (July 24-Aug. 23) - While your luck may be good come Friday, this is a week

LIBRA the Scales (Sept. 24-Oct. 23) - On Friday, instead of worrying about financial problems, indulge yourself sensually, but just for diversion. Have you a small cut anywhere where infection might set in? That includes your hang-hole or gash, love. Look into it, during which you would be well-advised to scrutinize all associations carefully, whether they be business or social or just casually social. Beware of your inclination toward open rivalry; let someone else take the spotlight; and go home to *perk off*, if necessary. Watch yourself this week!

VIRGO the Maiden (Aug. 24-Sept. 23) - Now is the time for discussing your plans or problems with a trusted friend or old lover. Do not act until after Saturday. Your judgment is trustworthy right now, but not necessarily in terms of romance. You tend to be attracted by superficials, and such persuasions just now are to be disregarded. There's nothing wrong with a familiar cock.

SCORPIO the Scorpion (Oct. 24-Nov. 23) - Continue holding your vengeful tongue through Saturday. Careful of your elbows, shoulders and knees just now. Also careful of a clash with a lover. This may be over someone you met last week, who was not only a good lay but more!

SAGITTARIUS the Archer (Nov. 23-Dec. 21) - Continue to take it easy this week and to be especially watchful of your diet if you are away from home. Avoid sucking when you are overtired this week, it may upset your stomach. This is not an auspicious time for promiscuity!

CAPRICORN the Goat (Dec. 22-Jan. 20) - Look toward Wednesday, a lucky day when things will seem to clear up for you. You are in *hor*, but presence of family or business associates has reined you in. You must hold onto yourself this week, all week. Nothing's wrong with masturbation, love, and this week it will help relieve tension. *Beat it!*

AQUARIUS the Water Bearer (Jan. 21-Feb. 19) - After the pitch of last week, this one may seem a little dull and uneventful. So be it. Don't force things. Tuesday and Thursday are good nights for going out cruising with friends, but don't expect a little *laumping* this week to match what last week's encounter brought into your life. Bide your time; there are better days in store.

PISCES the Fish (Feb. 20-March 20) - Reflect on your achievements just now; that will bring you some consolation and remind you that things can work out for you who are so close to an *unseen* world. Harshness strikes you this week as being the rule in your life rather than the exception. This is for a reason. Yield your *bus*; it won't hurt, and you'll feel *enriched* afterwards!

Washington correspondent reports, "and a lot of people are having to brush up on their telephone techniques for effective cruising."

HOT PANTS AND HOT I.D.: Usually reliable sources report a thriving business is being conducted by pickpockets operating out of the back rooms of the Zoo, the Barn and the Zodiac. The money in the lifted wallets is only part of their take, since sets of I.D. and credit cards are currently bringing about \$50 each.

The "buyer" then goes on a charging spree, sometimes running up several hundred dollars in bills without getting caught. The Bon Soir on Eighth Street is supposedly one location where lifted I.D.'s change hands.

Bar managers at all clubs, however, try to discourage such activity. Known offenders are reportedly expelled. And the manager of at least one club offered a \$100 reward to anyone catching the pickpockets operating on his premises.

THE PRICE OF BEING OVERT: One couple was plummeted by roving hoods for daring to hold hands while walking from the Village toward Union Square during Gay Pride Week. Now the brutal hand of prejudice has claimed two more victims: Marty Robinson and Tom Doerr (GAY's cover couple, issue 21).

Parting company with a friend at Seventh Ave. and Bleeker St., seemed to merit a quick peck on the lips goodbye. Some wisequips standing nearby made some cracks. Words lead to more words and finally a gang coalesced, started swinging and left Marty Robinson with a broken nose and his lover Tom Doerr, with a split swollen upper lip.

Did someone say "Out of the streets and back into the closets?"

GHOST OF WALTER JENKINS HAUNTS YMCA: The downtown YMCA in Washington, D.C., where Walter Jenkins was caught getting a much publicized blow job from a retired disabled veteran several years ago cancelled a swimming party scheduled to be held there by Washington's Homophile Social League when they discovered that HSL was a homosexual organization.



Four of the five young men who were attacked

BY ANGELO D'ARCANGELO

Five young men were attacked and brutally beaten on the night of Saturday the twenty-seventh of January, at 1:00 a.m. Two of them were hospitalized as a result of the assault.

Peter Ruffett, Miles Brown, John Knoebel, Tom Finley (all, in some form or other, of G.L.F.) and an unidentified friend, were walking down University Place that evening, walking more or less arm-in-arm. The streets were not deserted. Fourteenth Street and University Place seldom is at that time of the night. Many out-of-towners and week-end hippies and other tourists are often on foot, prowling the village for excitement.

As they crossed the street, they walked between two parked cars in order to get to the sidewalk on the Fourteenth Street side, and as they were doing so, a car immediately in front of them backed up suddenly, startling and nearly hitting them.

Words were exchanged. Nothing serious. "You ought to get a rear-view mirror," somebody said. One of the members of the quintet said he heard the usual, "faggots" or "commie" or "hippie perverts" or some such thing, and the five continued on their way down Fourteenth Street, still in high spirits.

A Carefully Executed Flanking Movement

Just before the car which had nearly struck the five pedestrians moved from its place at the curb, it discharged two young men. These men walked quickly, unseen, behind the five still unsuspecting friends. The car then speeded ahead and stopped some several yards in front of the group, double parked, and the driver and another man got out. These two men were older, and heavy set. Before the five victims were able to identify the direction of the assault, or even the people who had planned it and were carrying it out upon them, they found themselves in the midst of a slugging, kicking, merciless foul-mouthed attack. The first person to be struck down was, naturally, the smallest of the five. He was the first hit, and by the biggest of the attackers. The second to go down was the second smallest in stature.

By this time a circle of horrified onlookers were watching, shouting at the attackers and trying to attract a cruising police car. Finally, one of the victims did manage to flag one down. Then, another

came. Just as the cars pulled to the curb, the attackers stopped their attack, or rather, restricted their abuse to verbal nastiness, insult and obscene language.

The officers found several bloodied men: two on the pavement in various stages of pain and senselessness, and the other three standing. A group of six onlookers offered to act as witnesses and

(3) At the station house the two young men were allowed to make telephone calls during which time it was determined that they were visiting New York City from Ohio State University. Both were apparently under twenty-one. These two "pick-ups" constituted the rear guard of the indefensible action.

(4) While the entire group of

THE LIMP ARM OF THE LAW

insisted that the officers arrest the four attackers.

The Police Refuse to Arrest or to Restrain

Although there were actually more than six onlookers, only five men and one woman insisted on acting as witnesses to the assault. The police refused to arrest the culprits, and when it became apparent that they had no intention of protecting the witnesses with physical violence, verbally abused them, and called them "hippies, commies, fags," and the like. Finally, one of the principal attackers threatened the woman witness with an American flag. Then he again attacked another (this time one of the taller boys) but was warned by the police to stop.

A Short List of Sordid Details Without Much Editorializing

(1) It was determined somewhere during the *mele*, while the police held their sidewalk non-interrogation, that the attacking party had formed itself at McSorley's Ale House on East Seventh Street. McSorley's is an all male bar.



The 13th Precinct: Site of the Complaints

(2) The two older men in the attacking team were married. One came all the way from New Jersey for a little premeditated "queer-beating," and the other from Brooklyn.

onlookers, witnesses, attackers, the attacked and the police stood about on the sidewalk talking, one of the policemen asked one of the men prostrate and bloody on the sidewalk, "You don't need an ambulance, do you?" When John Knoebel did not answer, the officer interpreted this as a refusal of help until one of Knoebel's friends insisted again on an ambulance. Whereupon the question was posed again to the unconscious dazed man with the same result. It was only upon the insistence of Knoebel's friends and the onlookers that an ambulance was secured.

(5) The missing fifth of the group fears for his life and refuses to offer information to this newspaper. He also refuses to testify. This may seem peculiar, in the light of his having been the first to be struck down, but then, he was attacked by the biggest of the men, and during the waiting period at the 13th Precinct Stationhouse on 21st St. between Second and Third Aves., while information was being exchanged, all of the people involved, attackers and attacked, were kept in one space and were able to overhear everything about one another. In fact, it was at this time that the attackers were overheard to formulate their story which they presented to the police: it stated that they were sitting innocently in the car when they were called "cocksuckers" by these five boys.

This horrible word was apparently enough provocation for the assault. The missing witness feels that anybody who would go to such irrational lengths to assault and then to lie, could scarcely be expected to restrain himself from murder. Particularly in view of obvious police prejudice.

(6) None of the officers identified themselves either at the scene of the attack or in the station house. This did not prevent them from offering erroneous and misleading advice to the complainers. It did not prevent them from strongly urging that the whole matter be dropped. The complaining parties were advised that in all probability the attackers would make a counter-claim against them.

Several times the protesting five were advised to avoid trouble and to walk away: the hint was that they themselves might be punished.

(7) The defending lawyer for the five, David Blackie of the Legal Workers Collective, says that should the matter be pressed, it may show itself as a "black mark" on the records of the arresting officers. He says, however, that a "black mark" on one's record which indicates a reluctance to defend suspected homosexuals may be interpreted as a *plus* rather than as a *minus*. In any event, it is impossible to predict the results of a police inquiry into the behavior of various policemen, because there is no civilian review board or other adequate method of evaluating the performance of this very large segment of the civil service employment group.

(8) The summons as it finally appeared, listed the name of only one man. The two boys from Ohio were allowed to escape, as was the companion to the solely listed man.

The fraud was accomplished in this manner: the five boys were warned that it would be "safer" for them to leave the station first, in a group, and that they, the police, would give them five minutes to get out of the area.

No names of witnesses were taken by the police, neither were any names taken.

I'm not going to say much about this incident at this time. You have noses of your own to sense and stomachs with which to register your feelings.

Nevertheless, I do recognize the need to publicize such outrages. That I am phlegmatic in my manner, personally, should not be taken either by the



"They called 'Commies, queers'"

outraged and brutalized victims of this incident as a lack of interest in it, neither should this summary approach to it, incident be taken by you, gentle reader, as a sugar coating for a pill of limited therapeutic value.

These incidents, these random beatings are nothing new. Rapine of various kinds is commonplace here in the star-spangled loonie bin. The willful neglect by paid civil servants of their sworn duty is nothing new. The moral decay of the city and the nation is nothing new. And your apathy? We know all about that, don't we? But, loathing your turpitude as much as I love my Olivetti, I proceed. The incestuous, stinking marriage of the Mafiosi, in and out of uniform, and the ever-catholic Village with its Tammany Hall legacy of de Sapios and Tweeds, is not beyond either your understanding or your democratic just control.



BY RANDY WICKER

MALE ROCKETTES APPLY HERE: The Radio City Music Hall may be zapped this fall by GAA activists, women's liberationists and aspiring male Rockettes. The Rockette Troupe reportedly currently consists of sixty females and three males. Recruiting forms say Rockettes should measure 5 ft., 5 in. to 5 ft., 8 in. in stocking feet, have a limber kick, and know advanced tap and modern jazz.

Sixty to three is not exactly numerical gender equality. Women's lib people object to females *always* being used as sex objects; many gays object to males *never* being used as sex objects. Therefore, some attempts will be made to interest feminist groups in the forthcoming gay Rockette zap-in.

"It should give us some marvelous

publicity," says Arthur Bell, one strategist for the proposed triangular confrontation between all three sexes. Eligibles who want to apply and/or possibly do a routine on a highly publicized picket line outside Radio City Music Hall should contact Arthur at LE 5-5219 evenings.

ROOFTOP ORGIES OFFER RELIEF FROM HEAT: Devotees of the back room fad of late have been heard to complain not of darkness and anonymity but rather of stuffiness, heat, poor ventilation, bad odor and semen-slick floors. Now the Zodiac has let the moon shine in with windows opening onto the rooftops where only the cool night air caresses cavorters and the adjoining warehouse rooftops.

IF YOU'RE GAY, STAY AWAY! Gay groups have difficulty renting halls generally available to other groups for meetings and dances. When able to find space, gay organizations are able to raise funds—sometimes clearing as much as \$1,000 per dance. Without facilities, community activities are limited and their finances cramped.

The hotel next to the Stud bar, for instance, routinely rents its facilities to groups such as the NAACP and the VID, but recently turned down the Gay Activists Alliance on the grounds that, "If we allowed you to use our facilities for a homosexual dance, then homosexuals would get the idea that this place is their place and we don't want that."

Politicians like Carol Greitzer evidence little concern, even flaunt a not-so-well-veiled anti-gay hostility, and when pressed on the matter opt out on the grounds that "homosexuals are not covered by the public accommodations act and therefore nothing can be done."

Meanwhile, even nonprofit groups such as the Greenwich Village Association

refuses to rent their facilities to homosexual civil rights groups even for legal and political meetings, etc., although they are supposedly civil oriented nonprofit organizations dedicated to serving the entire community.

Anyone knowing of facilities which might be available in the Village or other areas are urged to pass the word along to Jim Owles at 691-2748.

GLF GIVES \$500 TO PANTHERS AND BAILS OUT YOUNG LORDS: Gay Liberation Front voted a few weeks ago to dip into funds supposedly raised for a gay community center and donated \$500 to the Committee to Defend the Black Panthers. Later, additional money was used to bail two Young Lords out of jail also.

"GLF's support of the Black Panthers (as well as other oppressed peoples) has long been the target of attacks from the homosexual movement, the majority of whom are concerned solely with the singular issue of Gay rights," explains Bob Kohler.

"In contrast, GLF sees the fight as a people's movement—a class struggle with the rights of every oppressed person linked, one to the other."

"GLF is not unaware of the sexism and prejudices in the radical movement," Kohler continues. "As an integral part of this movement, we have made every effort to confront these attitudes and will continue to do so."

TELEPHONE CLUB CRUISEY: In Washington, D.C., patrons must remain seated while drinking or be roped off into a closely confined waiting section for tables when a club is full. Now the Pier Nine at 1824 Half St., SW, has helped overcome the communications problem by installing an in-house telephone extension at every table, on the bar top and in the restaurant.

"These get considerable use," a

This installment concludes GAY's interview with Christine Jorgensen.

GAY: You can't brush millions of homosexuals under the rug.

CHRISTINE: You can't brush anyone under the rug. You are absolutely right, Michael. You can't say anyone is unimportant. You can't say, if we ignore so and so, he will just go away.

GAY: What do you think was your major contribution?

CHRISTINE: I have no idea what my major contribution was. Not at all. I think that would be more in the eyes of the beholder. I'm sure there are many people who think there was no contribution at all, and believe my contribution would be nil if I disappeared.

GAY: Do you think that your major contribution was in stating that no one is 100% male or 100% female?

CHRISTINE: I think that might be one of the major contributions. It was of course the thing that mostly shocked men. I think women were quite aware that there was no 100% male or 100% female. But the minute you said it, the American male reared up like a charging grizzly bear and said what do you mean "I'm not 100% male?" And went through a terrible shock period before he discovered it was true. Men smoke cigars. Men are always the aggressors in the sex act. Men don't cry. You know bulging biceps—this was the male. And the female with large protuberances on the front and kind of a dizzy blonde and dizzy brunette. Of course, we all know that this is not true today. I think everybody has a right to do their own thing.

Women's Liberation

GAY: What do you think about Women's Liberation?

CHRISTINE: I know Women's Lib has said that they are subjugated because they are becoming sex symbols and sex objects and so forth, but I don't think any of that is really very important. For people who feel that it is a sex object, let them think it is a sex object. I really don't know what they want to be liberated from. I never felt unliberated myself. I have no idea really what the whole concept of Women's Liberation is. It is the same with these movies today. All these sex movies. I haven't seen any of these sex movies. There are a certain number of people who want to see them. I don't think anyone will be injured morally by seeing them. If they had crummy moral values to begin with, they'll have crummy moral values afterwards. I think we were morally indoctrinated when we were children. You know we do live within a society. We don't live on islands by ourselves.

The Tallulah Timbre

GAY: Has your voice always been this timbre, Miss Jorgensen?

CHRISTINE: My voice is a very Tallulah timbre at the moment.

GAY: Has your voice changed since the operation?

CHRISTINE: I have no idea. I didn't record it before the operation.

GAY: You are the only transsexual that I have spoken to who sounded like a woman.

CHRISTINE: Oh, really.

GAY: I know about 20 transsexuals in New York City.

CHRISTINE: You know more than I know. I don't think I particularly sound like a woman. Why do the telephone operators always say yes, sir? Hah, hah,

hah. You know people with large eyes see other people's eyes. People with ugly hands see ugliness in other people's hands. I remember one time I did an interview with a girl and she said, "Christine, all I remember about you was your large feet." So I looked down at hers and said, "What size shoe do you wear?" She said, "Well, I wear a size ten." Well, I said I wore a size 8 1/2 or 9. "And I'm taller than you are." She said "Oh!" And looked down and I said, "I haven't had the toes amputated." And she kept saying the only thing unfeminine about

many years. I think New York is dirty, cold and gray. I think too many people are congregating in one little area. I like Los Angeles.

GAY: Where in Los Angeles do you live?

CHRISTINE: I live in Beverly Hills where the sun shines.

GAY: What about the smog?

CHRISTINE: We don't talk about that.

Men in Her Life

GAY: Have you found there is a certain type of man who will approach you sexually out of curiosity?



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

CHRISTINE TALKS TO GAY PART 2

INTERVIEW BY MICHAEL GIAMMETTA

Christine that she could remember was her feet. And her feet were bigger than mine. But somewhere along the way she got an illusion that she had seen big feet and from there on in for seventeen years she was so thunderstruck when I told her I wore an 8 1/2 or 9 shoes. And she wore 9 1/2 or 10. Where did you ever get that idea? She said I guess I was looking for something and I thought I had found it. Well, my feet certainly didn't diminish.

The Place to Live

GAY: Do you like New York City?

CHRISTINE: No. I was born in New York City so I have a perfect right to criticize it. I was born right here in Manhattan and I lived here for many

CHRISTINE: No, I don't think so. Not to the best of my knowledge. No I would say that is the type of man who has spread himself around considerably and just wants new kicks. And he wouldn't be the type of person that would interest me at all.

GAY: After your change did you ever run across any of the kids you went to school with?

CHRISTINE: Oh, yes. My closest friend in school when I first came back. He came up to the house with his wife who was also a school chum. Well, I looked at him and said "Don, you haven't changed a bit." Well, he looked at me and said "Funny enough, Chris, you haven't changed either." He said, "I understand

you better now." Because now I can be far more relaxed with him today than I could have ever been before.

GAY: Why?

CHRISTINE: I don't know why. Basically because I'm now a woman which I should have always been. And I could deal with him on a woman-to-man basis. I couldn't deal with him on a man-to-man basis.

GAY: The time you spent in the Army must have been awful for you.

CHRISTINE: Not really. No, no, no. I wanted out like everyone else. That was the famous word "What do you want from the Army?" "Out!" When I was in the Army, it was very interesting. The Army, I would say, did more to convince me that I was a woman than anything else. I wouldn't say that my military experience was a detriment in any form whatsoever. In fact, if a war came again I would probably join the Waacs, if they would accept me. I think military life can be very interesting. I would do almost anything for my country.

Philosophizing

GAY: Do you feel that you have evened things out and you are pretty much where you want to be?

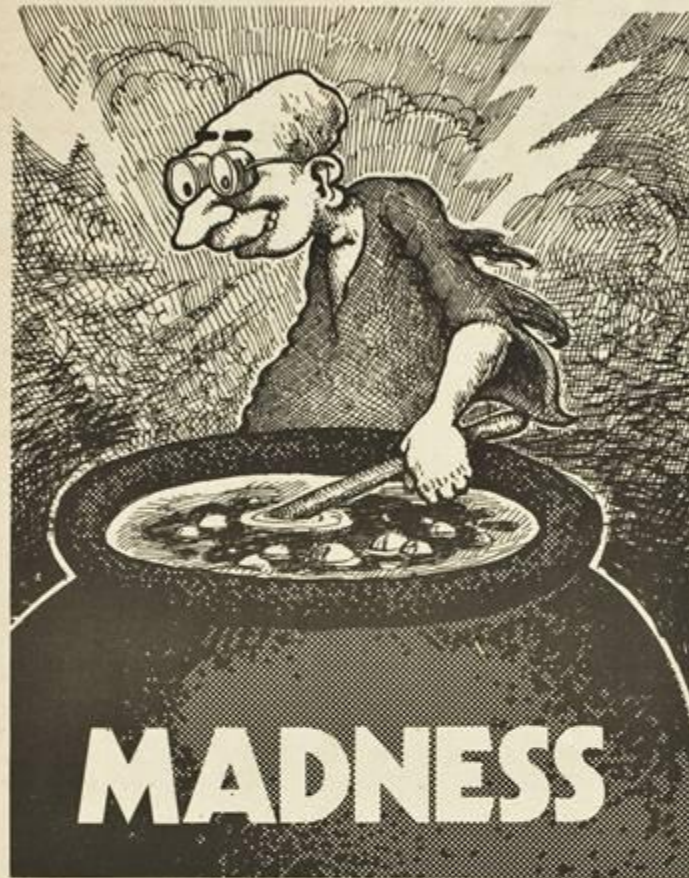
CHRISTINE: I didn't even know where I wanted to be. And I still don't know where I want to be. I think I just have a life span to live. I think whatever contributions I made were quite unintentional. I was doing the things that I felt were important to me. People always love to say to me, "Christine, what are you going to do next?" "What will you be doing ten years from today?" And it is one of those ridiculous questions that they expect me to answer when they couldn't answer it themselves. Where I will be ten years from today? I don't have the vaguest idea. When your little bottom is smacked for the first time, there is no paper to guarantee you are going to live this kind of life. As my father always used to say, if you want a certain color hair, eyes, temperament and emotional capability, stature and longevity, select your ancestors very carefully. Because papa was a great believer in genetics. And of course more and more of this is the truth. People seem to be asking me all the questions and they have a feeling in some ways that I have got all the answers, which is not true. I don't have life by the tail, anymore than anyone else does. But I do know one basic fundamental philosophy which is neither new nor exciting. That we have one life span and we do what we must within that span. My one ethic is that we must not hurt other people. We should never intentionally hurt other people. It isn't necessary. As my mother used to say, "Well a year from today will you feel the same way about the situation? If you think you will, then it is important. If you think you won't, then don't waste your time." Which I think is a marvelous philosophy. I have never been an organizer. I have never joined groups. I just live my own life as an individual. I think this was given to me somewhere along the way. The gods or nature—whatever it was—gave me the shoulders to be able to carry it. There are a lot of people, transsexuals, who you say you have interviewed, could they have sustained? Could they have carried the load?

Parental Influences

GAY: I have never interviewed a transsexual as bright as you are, Christine.

continued on page 16

THE MANUFACTURE OF



BY DICK LEITSCH

In the Epilogue to his new book, Dr. Thomas Szasz retells Jerzy Kosinski's story of "The Painted Bird." A decent and solitary trapper named Lekh lives in the woods. He loves a girl, Ludmila, who is something of the town whore. Often, days would pass and Lekh would not see Ludmila. Blind with jealousy and rage, this decent man would go to his cages and take out a bird, which he painted with bright colors he made from various pigments.

The frightened bird chirped for help, and others of its kind flocked nervously around. When a large flock was assembled, Lekh released his painted bird, which eagerly tried to rejoin the flock. The other birds recognized its calls, but not its bright plumage. Soon, one bird split off from the flock and attacked its painted brother, then another, and another. Soon, the painted bird fell back to earth, bleeding, its eyes pecked out, feathers gone, and it died.

This is the classic story of the scapegoat. As Dr. Szasz says, the painted bird

shows us both faces of this phenomenon: if the Other is unlike the members of the herd, he is cast out of the group and destroyed; if he is like them, man intervenes and makes him appear different, so that he may be cast out of the group

and destroyed. As Lekh paints his raven, so do psychiatrists discolor their patients, and society as a whole taints its citizens. This is the grand strategy of discrimination, invalidation and scapegoating. Man searches for, creates, and imputes differences, the better to alienate the Other. By casting out the Other, Just Man aggrandizes himself and vents his frustrated anger in a manner approved by his fellows. To man, the herd animal, as to his nonhuman ancestors, safety lies in similarity. That is why conformity is good, and deviance evil.

Dr. Szasz' purpose in *The Manufacture of Madness* is to show how Institutional Psychiatry and the whole mental health movement has become, like the Inquisition, merely a machine for creating scapegoats, invalidating them so they may become fair game for persecution, and then providing the machinery for the persecution.

It is one of the bleaker facts of life that we all need our scapegoats. Through the Judeo-Christian tradition and Institutional Psychiatry, homosexuals have been stamped as "approved" scapegoats for the community in general. Unfortunately, we have our Others, too. In the movement, one may stamp an opponent as a "closet queen," or an "old homosexual" and discount anything he says. Even in this paper, attempts have been made to paint drag queens or the S&M set as the Other. We are the Just

Man; the drag is the Other, and must be driven out.

The late Middle Ages, Szasz argues, created the witch and defined her as the Other. The whole machinery of the Inquisition was set up to define, verify and punish scapegoats. That awesome machine painted birds for hundreds of years (from the 13th Century until 1843) to provide the Just Man with his opportunity to aggrandize himself and rid himself of his frustrations.

But something happened to the Inquisition. The dominant social ethic changed from a religious to a secular one, and heresy was no longer considered a problem. The problem of madness was created to replace it. "As formerly priests had manufactured heretics," Szasz notes, "so physicians, as the new guardians of social conduct and morality, began to manufacture madmen."

The obvious place to start was with witches and homosexuals. People were used to them as scapegoats, as heresy and homosexuality were one crime, called "buggery." The law made no differentiation, and anyone accused of one was considered guilty of the other as well. In 1451, there was a special drive against homosexuals in Seville, but usually we were burned or flogged along with the other heretics.

Like heresy, the crime of homosexuality makes one a nonperson; the deviant can never be considered human, and he must be gotten rid of. If Jews or Moslems are people, then one

doesn't have to be a Christian to be a person. If homosexuals are people, the idea that everyone has to be a heterosexual can be questioned. This cannot be tolerated, as the social ethic must stand unchallenged or face change.

We see this in the ravings of Dr. Charles Socarides (see GAY No. 23, page 13): Homosexuality is a "dread dysfunction, malignant in character, which has risen to epidemiologic proportions" and "the whole issue of homosexuality must be transformed into one more scientific challenge (don't you mean "Crusade," Doctor?) to medicine which has time and again been able to alleviate the plaguing illnesses of man." In other words, homosexuality must be stamped out. Why? Because it's wrong? Why? Because gay is sick. What do you mean "sick"? It's sick because it's wrong. Says who? Says Socarides.

As with other so-called mental illnesses like alcoholism, drug addiction and suicide, psychiatric preoccupation with homosexuality, says Dr. Szasz, "conceals the fact that homosexuals as a group are medically stigmatized and socially persecuted individuals... It is a heartless hypocrisy to pretend that physicians, psychiatrists, or "normal" laymen for that matter, really care about the welfare of the mentally ill in general or the homosexual in particular. If they did, they would stop torturing him while claiming to help him."

In discussing the Socarides-type doctors, Szasz, I was flattered to discover, quotes a line from an article I wrote for a psychiatric journal in which I compared seeking "cures" for homosexuality to the search for a "final solution" to the Jewish problem.

Perhaps it is Dr. Socarides, Dr. Bieber, and the other mental health crusaders who are, in the final analysis, the most pitiful characters in this drama. "In stubbornly insisting that the homosexual is sick, the psychiatrist is merely pleading to be accepted as a physician," Szasz postulates. "As the faithful Spaniard living at the height of the Inquisition proved his religious orthodoxy by hating Jews, so the scientific psychiatrist living today proves his medical orthodoxy by hating mental illness." Otherwise, of course, the institutional psychiatrist is only a thought policeman, a defender of the status quo and an enemy of individuality and diversity. He is just that, but his need for self-esteem won't let him face it.

Szasz is a brilliant writer, as well as a highly original and perceptive thinker. If you care about freedom and decency, you must read *The Manufacture of Madness*. Just as the Inquisitors labeled more and more acts and beliefs punishable, so does the Mental Health Movement every day define more human behavior as "sick." They're asking you for donations, and Nixon is talking about more millions for mental health. It's a good idea to know what your enemy is up to.

Equally important, *The Myth of Mental Illness* is fascinating reading. You'll find yourself laughing through your tears at the foolishness man has engaged in during his history, but you'll stop quickly enough when Dr. Szasz reminds you it is still going on, and has gotten worse. He presents graphic proof of Freud's contention that man is an irrational animal—and perhaps psychiatrists are more irrational than the rest of us—or is that scapegoating?

REFLECTIONS IN A FE-MAIL-BAG



BY LILLI VINCENZ

Dear Mrs. Vincenz,
I saw you on "Frankly Female" Wednesday. I have a close friend who is male and he's 15 years old. I'm female, and we dated several times. No one knows except myself, him, and one other guy, that he is a homosexual. He wants help. He wants to lead a normal life with a family. Is there help for him? He refuses to tell his parents, so I don't know how he will raise the money for treatments, if they are available. Please write and give me some information for him. He's only had one affair with a man.

Thank you,
Miss

His letter came from a girl who, it seems to me, has a vested interest in seeing the boy she has dated give up his homosexual proclivities. I answered her, saying that (1) a single homosexual affair doesn't make a person "a homosexual" and that many people who grow up straight have had homosexual encounters in youth (and vice versa), and that if he really and truly wants a family and a heterosexual life, one gay encounter doesn't disqualify him from pursuing this goal; (2) the Washington Free Clinic gives free

psychiatric advice to anyone; and (3) if he wants to talk to either Frank Kameny or me, here are our phone numbers.

I received the above as a result of the rebroadcast of the "Betty Groebli Show," featuring Drs. Kameny, Ehrhardt, and Socarides, and me. WRC-TV went all out with its advertisements this time around, even printing all the panelists' names and affiliations in the TV guide. The first broadcast, in April, was hardly publicized—revealing the station's trepidations regarding the subject matter. Then WMAL-TV recently offered a one-week series of programs relating to homosexuality, including an interview with Nancy Tucker (the "femme" in the Village Voice photo with the front-page article on Christopher Street). Nancy talked about the march and gay-in (two days after the event) and showed slides she had taken.

I am slightly mystified why the girl needing advice wrote to me rather than to Dr. Ehrhardt (female psychologist at Johns Hopkins) and why she thought that I was a Mrs.—since I had billed myself as a homosexual. Whatever her reasons, it probably wasn't such a bad idea to try me out. Whether her friend will turn out straight or gay, he now has the information to help him go either way.

Everyone Can Be a Mother

The other day I received another missive, this one from a reader of GAY. In response to my request in GAY No. 25 for data relating to artificial birth, he sent me a Harriet Van Horne column titled "Pregnancy by Proxy." Based on an interview with Dr. Francoeur, professor of experimental embryology at Fairleigh Dickinson University, the article describes the future of reproductive processes, from artificial insemination to "test tube" babies to the creation of "an infant identical to himself [be one male or female] by having a piece of his skin treated with an appropriate solution." So, you see, there's hope for us gays who want families...! Dr. Francoeur's book *Utopian Motherhood* will be published by Doubleday in September.

Searching for a Shrink

More on Marcelle's martyrdom—the continuation of her travails with her parents who just recently found out about her homosexuality. Last week her mother wanted to send her to a psychiatrist—a wish which prompted me to look around for a liberal M.D. who would give her a fair hearing. I finally reached Dr. Pomeroy in N.Y. by phone, who, however, didn't know of anyone in the Washington area. Then I remembered that a (heterosexual) client of the firm

where I work had seen the Betty Groebli Show and had mentioned that his shrink thought Socarides was a nut. This sane appraisal led me to believe that he might be a good man to contact. And sure enough, when I phoned the doctor to determine his attitudes toward homosexuality, he said that he was "tolerant of homosexuality as a normal form of sex life." He also said that "there are a few of us" with similar attitudes in these environs. Great! It seemed that we'd bagged a good prospect for giving the homosexual human being the right to his pursuit of happiness.

But the latest is that mother apparently has abandoned the idea of sending Marcelle for a diagnosis. She seems to recognize that her daughter has no desire or need to seek therapy and would go to a doctor once only as a favor to her. Mother seems to be mellowing a bit, realizing that it's not necessarily Marcelle who needs help. Good for mother! I have high hopes that she'll come through. Someone who marched in the November Moratorium against the war (as she did), holding a candle for the dead in Vietnam, has a good chance for further expanding her insight. Marcelle's father remains very much in the background, keeping a somewhat aloof—and unfortunately, not friendly—posture.

Sock It to Socarides!

In GAY No. 23, Angelo d'Arcangelo in his review of Dr. Socarides' paper, urged readers to send postcards to this money-mad-man. It's a wonderful idea! Doc should be deluged with cards from homosexuals on a regular basis, to remind him of the opposition. Not only this week or this month, but repeatedly, people should keep in touch with Sockarides, preventing him from pursuing his soul-withering theories in peace.

Here are the messages Marcelle and I sent. On the back of an antique postcard showing an old-fashioned old maid type with a sour, disapproving expression, Marcelle wrote: "Dr. Socarides—This is 1970, not 1917. Gay is just as good as straight. Your outmoded ideas are an embarrassment to your profession and to thinking people." She signed her full name.

My card, cheerfully flowery, was more innocuous: "Hello! If you haven't already, read the article about you in the July 13 issue of GAY Magazine. Gay is Good. Lilli Vincenz (plus address)."

This isn't the first time I've written Dr. Socarides. In September 1967, when his brainstorm to establish a national rehabilitation center for the treatment of homosexuals was first publicized, I sent him a letter respectfully stating my disagreement. Needless to say, I never received an acknowledgment. I don't believe that mere logic, or even evidence in the form of meeting happy homosexuals, will ever change this man's opinions. It is a fact that he has a messiah complex. (The man really can't understand why homosexuals don't appreciate his efforts on their behalf. He has so much sympathy for our suffering...)

So let's take the nonrational route of getting to him, by writing to him and telling him how we feel. (Charles W. Socarides, M.D., 8 E. 83rd St., NYC; or call him at UN 1-2881.) Being constantly reminded of how many gay (rather than sad) homosexuals there are, might just have an unsettling effect on him. Or does anyone have a better idea?

IS SHEA STADIUM READY FOR OUR TEAM?



A few members of the GAA Baseball Team



Spectators on the field



Jean Devente and a friend take a break

Why Not?

BY CARY YURMAN

The Gay Activists Alliance has a new softball team. The Riis Park softball team recently voted to affiliate itself with GAA and has changed its name to the Gay Activists Alliance softball team.

Although the team is new to GAA, it is not a new organization. The team originally began five years ago as an all-female softball team. Since then it has developed into a team with both men and women homosexuals. "At first the girls did not want to play with members of the opposite sex," manager Jean Devente recalls. "Since we were all homosexuals, I felt we should get a combination of men and women. I felt that if the girls got to know the fellas and vice versa, then everybody would get along. Three years later, a young fella came up to me and asked to play softball. He looked campy, and I enjoyed him, so I said, 'Great, get on the field!' Nine girls objected and walked off the field. At the same time nine boys walked onto the field. Now we have about two hundred and fifty boys and twenty-five girls who play."

As the team gained stature, straight teams would challenge the gays to a game. Often they would challenge in a derogatory way by saying, "We want to play you fairies, we want to play you faggots."

"This used to really burn us," Jean

remembers. "So we figured if we were going to play these straight teams, we might as well beat them. So we organized an 'A' team of fifteen good players." On Sundays the "A" team takes over the field if there is a special game. But on Saturdays any homosexual men or women may play on a first come, first served basis.

Games are played Saturdays at 1:00 p.m. and Sundays at 3:00 p.m. at Riis Park. Although there are no official announcements of any games, two to three hundred people often sit in the stands. "Last year we pulled in such a crowd that people came onto the field," Jean remembers. "We had to direct people to stand away from the bases. I thought there was a big dance going on. It was beautiful, really gorgeous."

Reactions from the crowd are usually favorable. "The straight people are fascinated," Jean says, "to see men who are thought to be so feminine and all of a sudden they're up at bat and they're truck drivers. And the homosexuals love it. You know, being a camp on the field, making people laugh, and like, you know, being together."

The team consists of men and women of all ages. Although most of the players are in their twenties and thirties, there is no age barrier and the oldest player is forty-six. And although there was some friction at first between the men and the women, "Now they know

each other and they pinch each other on the ass. It's a one family bit," says Jean with some pride.

Since becoming the GAA softball team, one member of GAA donated money to buy ten of GAA's lambda gay liberation shirts as jerseys for the team. The team is solely supported by its members. Whatever equipment is needed is paid for by the team itself. The team hopes to raise donations and to contribute the money to GAA. "The team voted on joining GAA," explains Jean. "They feel that GAA is an organization that's going places. They're fighting for what they believe in. They're more active than other groups. Our team felt, if we were going to be sponsored by someone, we wanted to respect that someone."

Jean envisions a national homosexual softball league whose teams would play straight teams as well as each other. There are enough interested people in New York to start a league here right now. And once it began here, she feels, it would grow around the country and teams would travel to play each other.

A league of this kind, Jean feels, would benefit the entire homosexual community as well as the individuals who would play in it. It would benefit the entire community by "getting straights used to us on the field as well as off." And it would benefit those homosexuals who would play in the games. This league

would give homosexuals a chance to get out there and do what they want," she says.

To begin a league, even on a small scale, costs money. Sponsors are needed. There is a national heterosexual softball league whose teams have found many sponsors. But no one will sponsor a homosexual team. "I'm so frustrated by it," Jean says. "It could be a big thing. I can see it. I can feel it. I'm so frustrated by it. There are homosexuals who have money and they see that something could be done for the homosexual, but they're just sitting back, and doing nothing."

"Do you want to know my dream?" Jean asks confidentially. "I'd like one day out of the year to get Shea Stadium and play on it. Can you imagine the homosexuals in the country saying, 'They had a game at Shea Stadium?' They wouldn't believe it. You know what they'd do? Half of them would probably pass out!"

So the Gay Activists Alliance softball team may become the forerunner of a national homosexual softball league through the efforts of Jean Devente. Perhaps she summed up its value when she was asked what she personally gets from the team. "Seeing the fellas and girls together," she said. "You know, the fellas respecting the girls and the girls respecting the fellas. That's it. That's it. Just seeing the homosexuals themselves having a good time."

DEMOCRATS (continued from page 3)
 York State sodomy and solicitation laws; (2) a law forbidding the enticement and entrapment of homosexual citizens in New York State; (3) a fair employment law barring discrimination against homosexuals in public and private employment; (4) an end to the bonding companies' practice of denying bonds to homosexuals; (5) an investigation of any corruption and discrimination in the State Liquor Authority; and an end to the local harassment of gay bars which exists statewide. Two GAA members as well as interested Democrats will serve on this special committee.

Caught by Gay Activist Arthur Bell at the recent NDC convention, gubernatorial hopeful Arthur Goldberg

agreed to confer with GAA members about what he could do, if elected, to serve his homosexual constituents. Also confronted by Bell at the same meeting were Richard Ottinger, Democratic candidates for the U.S. Senate, and Howard Samuels, defeated Democratic gubernatorial primary candidate now working in the Lindsay administration. Both Democrats agreed to speak in person at forthcoming Thursday night meetings of GAA.

While Bella Abzug and Edward Koch, both currently running for the U.S. House of Representatives, could not attend the GAA sponsored rally to protest Rockefeller's "sin of silence" on gay problems, they sent the following message to be read at that rally.

Telegram to GAA from Bella Abzug: The repression of homosexuals must be struggled against by all civil libertarians, as much as we oppose the repression of Blacks, Puerto Ricans, and other oppressed minorities. I strongly support you in your fight to outlaw entrapment, repeal the sodomy laws, and enact legislation for protecting the right of homosexuals to fair employment as well as to end police harassment of gay people and institutions. — (signed) Bella Abzug.

Special Delivery letter to GAA from Edward I. Koch:

I have your letter of July 30 and I did receive a flyer on the subject when walking through Sheridan Square on Saturday. I would like you to know my position with respect to the five items which are the subject of your demonstration.

- (1) I believe that consenting sexual acts between adults is a private matter and should not be subject to statutory regulation.
- (2) I believe that police practices which include

entrapment of homosexuals are wrong. You may be aware of the fact that I brought this entire matter of entrapment and harassment to the attention of Police Commissioner Leary by letter dated March 18, 1970, a copy of which is enclosed. I ultimately received a response from the Police Department which indicated that entrapment and harassment were barred by the Police Commissioner.

(3) I believe as you do that the fair employment statutes should prohibit any discrimination based on an individual's private sexual preferences.

(4) I believe as you do that bonding companies should not be permitted to discriminate against homosexuals.

(5) I believe as you do that State Liquor Authority policy should be reviewed. With respect to harassment, I refer you again to my letter to Commissioner Leary.

I am not able to participate in your rally because I will be in Washington, but you may of course use this letter in stating my views.

Sincerely,
 Edward I. Koch

**GAA PROTESTS
 ROCKY'S SILENCE**

(continued from page 3)

and into the streets, we've waited long enough." And to Frere Jacques, the demonstrators sang, "Rockefeller, Rockefeller, where are you, where are you? When we need the law changed, when we need the law changed, where are you, where are you?"

People reacted in different ways to the picket line. One passerby was asked by another what was going on. He replied, "There are a bunch of people over there. They're demonstrating for love." At the height of the picketing, a member of GAA, seeing many of his friends in the picket line, smiled and said happily, "All New York is here." And Howard Samuels, defeated Democratic gubernatorial candidate, passed by the demonstration in his limousine and waved his support to the demonstrators with the "V" peace sign.

Since John Glendinning, treasurer of the Republican State Committee and plaintiff in the case, did not appear on August 5, the trial was rescheduled for September 29. At that time the Rockefeller 5 will be tried for criminal trespass by a three-judge panel. John Glendinning, as well as the entire executive board of the Republican State Committee, and Governor Nelson A. Rockefeller will be served with subpoenas to appear in court on September 29.

At the rally in Foley Square Park, speeches were made by Morty Manford of GAA, Arthur Evans one of the Rockefeller 5, Hank Ferrari of the New York GLF, Hiram Ruiz of the Florida State University chapter of the GLF, and Isabel Miller, a member of D.O.B. speaking as an individual, Morty Manford of GAA said, "We are proud today, to have participation from homosexual groups from all areas of the political spectrum. Certain issues transcend political ideologies. We all share our civil oppression. We have called this rally to assert our unity and support for the demands of the Rockefeller 5. Ten percent of the population engages in homosexual sex and in New York the percentage is substantially greater. Don't the politicians here realize we can elect or reject them?"

Arthur Evans of the Rockefeller 5 told the rally, "At the end of June we had a statement that gay is good. We had a joyous celebration as is right. But today we know that not only is gay good, gay is angry! We are telling all the politicians and elected officials of New York state that they are going to become responsible to the people. We will make them responsible to us, or we will stop the



Gay picket lines at the Criminal Courts Building

conduct of the business of government." New York GLF member Hank Ferrari said, "Brothers and sisters, GLF of New York is here to say that we are supporting all our brothers who are victims of this pig, fascist American justice... There is nothing stronger than an idea whose time has come. And now it's time has come. Power to the people."

Hiram Ruiz a member of the GLF chapter of Florida State University said, "Tallahassee started a chapter about five months ago. It is very hard for people here to understand the psyche of people living in a small town and being gay. The oppression is even more visible than it would be in a city like New York. Something like this in Tallahassee has never happened. When it does, it will freak the state."

Isabel Miller, a member of D.O.B. spoke for herself, "Nobody can speak for D.O.B.," she said. "We are a roaring multitude." She continued, "Homosexuals will be free when we're free in our own heads. We don't have to ask society to free us. We free ourselves by believing in ourselves. And we will be free when we behave as free people."

Although many politicians were invited to speak at the rally, none did. Bella Abzug, Democratic Congressional candidate for the 19th district, sent a telegram which was read by Marty Robinson, one of the Rockefeller 5 and

political affairs chairman of GAA. After the rally, the crowd, still enthusiastic, returned to picket in front of the Criminal Court building to reach as many people as possible during the lunch hour. The picketing continued throughout the lunch hour with chants, songs, and determination.

The Rockefeller 5 will return to court on September 29. Rockefeller has remained silent. GAA is planning further actions. The Governor and other political candidates must state their positions on civil rights for homosexuals because homosexual civil rights is going to be a key issue in the 1970 elections.



Gay Activists Protest "Rocky's Sin of Silence"



BY DR. GEORGE WEINBERG

Dr. George Weinberg (Ph.D.) is an outstanding psychotherapist, and author of a new and excellent book, *The Action Approach: How Your Personality Developed and How You Can Change It*, published by Signet pocketbooks. It is now available at your local bookstore. The editors of GAY are pleased to recommend it.

T it was a hot July morning a few years ago, I had just fallen asleep when the phone rang. I staggered to my feet and the woman on my answering service told me that a policeman was on my office line and wanted to talk to me. She quoted him as saying it was important.

Still half asleep, I switched to the office line and introduced myself.

The voice said something like—"This is Detective Blackbush." There was a pause and he asked, "Do you know Jesse Barton?"

"Not off-hand," I said, trying to get oriented.

"Well, he was allowed one phone call. And he told me I should call you. He says he's a patient—not of yours, but of a doctor... uh... Marshall."

Since I had decided to stay in the city that summer, I had agreed to handle emergencies for a few colleagues, including Dr. Marshall, whom I knew vaguely. In a flash I pictured him swimming in a crystalline brook in Vermont, then seated with his family, eating charcoal steaks as the wind murmured through the poplar trees. I was now awake enough to remember that I was drunk. My head was heavy as the officer went on.

"We picked up Jesse Barton on a charge of *proximity*," Detective Blackbush continued.

"What was he proximate to?" I asked.

"The officer is going to report that his mouth was in the proximity of the genitals of another fellow. He was arrested last night, and his case comes up today, Sunday. Any time from nine in the morning on."

The detective went on to say that the boy did not want his family contacted and gave me the relevant facts, which included "the Tombs" and "100 Centre Street."

I scribbled them down and said, "I'll be there." When I realized that I would

A Case Of Proximity

do better to stay up than to try to sleep for an hour or so, I suddenly felt furious at Jesse Barton, whoever he was. Why did he have to practice fellatio in a public park where an officer could see him and arrest him and inconvenience all of us? While shaving I cut myself, and I held that against him, too.

After many phone calls, I located a lawyer. I was pleased when, like me, he was on time, in front of the gray building we were to enter. The time was eight forty-five.

At noon, nine fellows were marched into the courtroom as codefendants. There were some engineers, a few waiters, and some unemployed among them. They were all wearing Bermuda shorts and sneakers.

The lawyer cupped his hand over his mouth "I can tell they're homosexuals" he whispered to me knowingly.

"I don't think so" I assured him. I didn't want him to go against his oath to defend only those he believed were innocent.

I posted bail for Jesse, and someone appeared for each of the others. They were all released.

The next week the phone calls started coming in.

First it was the lawyer I had hired. "I want you to treat the boy from now until he comes to trial. If we can say he is under treatment for his homosexuality, and you write a note to that effect, we can possibly pull this thing!" He went on enthusiastically. "Of course, that

necessitates that he not talk to any of the others because they may need a different defense."

"In other words, they're queer and he's not," I said.

The lawyer said, "I was thinking along those lines."

I told him I would not write the letter; it was against my beliefs. Since I did not desire a world in which all people were identical, I would not want it thought of me that I was trying to alter homosexuals. He hung up.

Next came a call from the mother of one of the boys. "Isn't there something with hormones that we can do, doctor? To stop my boy from becoming the way he is becoming? I mean male hormones." She emphasized *male*.

"How would that help?"

"Well, I read somewhere that giving someone male hormones can make him more masculine."

"He is very masculine already," I said. I explained to her that since her son had a lover who was male, giving him male hormones would merely be heightening his desire for that lover. "It won't work," I said. "Let's just hope he eats well and has a good life."

By the time of the trial, Jesse had replaced his old lawyer after being given a long lecture on the undesirability of his course of life. The lawyer had tried to exact a promise from him that if he got off he would not be a homosexual anymore.

As soon as the arresting officer entered the courtroom, I spotted him. He was youthful, with a crew cut, meticulous, and extremely conscious of his face and body at all times.

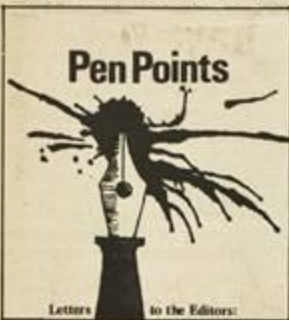
Justice was speedy. The policeman told an air-tight story and the defendants could only deny it. The judge found four of them guilty, not including my patient, who was apparently less proximate than the others. The policeman was at no time cruel, though he did primp a bit, just doing his job.

The guilty all received suspended sentences.

I kidded Jesse, "I assume you're going straight now, having learned your lesson the hard way," I said to him. We both smiled.

"I'll have to think about it," he answered.

"And look out for proximity while you're at it" his lawyer added, showing his legal touch.



A CHICAGOAN IN NEW YORK

Dear GAY:

I am a Chicagoan who recently spent a two-week vacation in New York City. Having lived in New York a few years ago, I was thoroughly delighted to discover how the city has opened up and allowed gay people a latitude of freedom which would never be permitted in Chicago and, I trust, other parts of the country.

New York City has a tolerant and comparatively liberal tradition and I am

pleased that gay life has put this tradition to the test and found it not wanting.

The avenues to follow are almost limitless for those wanting to explore the full range of gay activities in New York. I am certain that the numerous gay organizations in New York have had considerable influence in affecting a more dramatic change in the attitude of local politicians and law enforcement agencies. "Gay power" can and does work, and I think New York City, 1970, is a testimonial to that fact.

Chicago still continues to suffer under the despotic and repressive reign of "King" Richard Daley. For some Chicagoans, the fact that dancing has resumed in some bars is considered an accomplishment. Intimidation and apathy are the current hallmarks of Chicago gay life and the only hope one can sustain is that some day gay people will reach City Hall with their message. However, conventional and conservative Chicago is not likely to change in the near future.

I hope the editors of GAY and the many others who are involved in the struggle for freedom will keep up the fine work. There is still much work to be

done, but a beginning has been made and New York City seems to be a perfect example of what can happen when people work and fight together for the end they wish to reach.

Bob
Chicago, Illinois

REUBEN REVISTED

Dear GAY:

Just couldn't resist writing after reading "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Crazy Shrinks" in GAY 7/6/70, by John Francis Hunter.

I have read the "fairy tale" chapter of Reuben's book. After reading it, I really thought there was something wrong with me—maybe I have been fooling myself for years and actually am straight or something. Thought that maybe an appointment with Socarides was needed (heaven forbid!)

You see, I have never used any of the delightful items such as shot glasses, light bulbs, etc., or masturbated into a melon, used cooking oil (most of our friends prefer KY or Baby Oil). Also have never considered myself (or my lover) as anything but a man—I definitely do not believe that there is a woman inside either of us (or our friends for that matter)

trying to get out.

Incidentally, it might interest you to know that my attention was drawn to this book by a very close "straight" friend who asked me point blank if the "homosexual community would let a nut like that get away with such drivel." This friend (who never had a male-to-male sex experience and is quite happily married, but understands the gay scene a lot better than most) got more upset by the chapter than most gays I know. I took J.F.H.'s article over to his house last night and he and his better half read it and agreed with his thoughts.

One thing in Reuben's "tale" that really threw me (especially since all the recent talk about penis size of straight vs. gay) was the bit about the wedding ring—either the person in question has huge fingers and small penis or vice versa.

Well, all I started out to do was say "thanks" for a great article and so be it.

J. Mc.
Boston, Mass.

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.

BY STEFEN VERK

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.

Note: I urge all our readers to purchase the new paperback edition of *The Action Approach* by Dr. George Weinberg (Signet, \$1.25). This is a brilliant and insightful study of the way to confront life in the most meaningful and fulfilling manner, told in the cleanest, jargon-free, rational, and witty style. George Weinberg is one of the most astute liberated heads ever to shake up the calcified fustils of psychotherapy with his radically sensible and successful therapeutic action techniques. He is to the orthodox Freudians of yesterday what the laser beam would be to the Australian bushman. If you want to know what makes you tick in the particular way you do and how to change what you don't like about it (if it can be changed at all), you owe it to yourself to read this eminently civilized book by one of the most civilized people I have ever known. Even if you have fewer problems than lesser mortals, you will find this book more rewarding than almost anything you could read this year.

Q. In a recent column you referred to "countless organizations" to which a desperately lonely middle-aged man may turn for companionship... and maybe love. Could you have the kindness to mention such associations or clubs in New York City by name and perhaps describe them in some detail for the benefit of people like myself who are not quite in the swim of things and who would like to be moderately sure that they will not be snubbed by the swinging



and flaming *jeunesse d'oree*? I believe that GAY would perform a real service by considering the needs and potential of the more mature, who in some of the great civilizations of the past were deemed highly desirable partners in male relationships. Needless to say, it is the no-longer young who are the prey of commercialized and ultimately sterile sex, of crime and ostracism (even from gay circles, unless they are elegant hosts or manipulators of power), and who, just when they crave human warmth most and have the ability to give wholeheartedly, wisely and generously, are reduced to a traumatic existence and wasteful isolation.

C.D., NYC

A. On the back page of each issue of this paper, you will find a list of the various organizations with a homosexual orientation. Each of them welcomes the participation of newcomers, regardless of age, and all of them do include middle-aged members. I used the description "countless" to include those many other organizations and activities which have no particular sexual orientation, and in which you also would be highly welcome. You could perform a real service yourself by offering your knowledge and potential to those community-oriented activities such as PAL, Phoenix or Odyssey House (drug addict rehabilitation centers), hospital volunteer services, your local Police Community Council or Youth Center, district political clubs, or those clubs devoted to specific hobbies or interests. Every one of these, gay or integrated, offers the opportunity for companionship and the reward of potential friends and

useful service to your fellow humans as well as yourself. You might not be so desperately lonely and feeling so out of the mainstream if you took the trouble to involve yourself in nonsex-oriented activities where neither your caution about being snubbed and your reference to the ancient Greek pattern and the personal position of "the no longer young" suggest to me that you may have a sexual interest in those younger than you and you anticipate rejection from them. If you share what you assume is their own preoccupation with "swinging and flaming *jeunesse d'oree*," you will probably meet up with frequent rejections (although there are plenty of young ones who prefer only older men). And, I may add, if you place such a high value on what you listed as the virtues and potential of the mature, why wouldn't someone like yourself be a marvelous catch for you? All of the activities and organizations I refer to would welcome you gladly and solely on the basis of what you can contribute of yourself... not of your age or beauty. They all need more volunteers very badly, and if you participate as fully as you can (not sit by merely as a spectator), you will quickly find how warm a welcome awaits you. I suspect you might be most comfortable at either the West Side Discussion Club or The Gay Activists Alliance, both of which have middle-aged active members. This same is true of the Mattachine Society, but I think you can use the more highly-charged spirits of the other two. Take a chance.

Q. Maybe you will think I'm a hopeless conservative, but I consider

myself a very rational moderate in all things and find that such a position works very well for me. I am white, 34, a management consultant, and in rather satisfactory control of my own life and career. I am writing to tell you how disturbed I have been getting by all these public demonstrations and protests and Gay-Ins by the younger and more radical homosexuals who seem to be running so wild these days. Don't you think, as I do, that calling so much public attention to the homosexual will result in a negative reaction from that rudely-agitated public? Wouldn't a more dignified process of education and gradualism pay off greater future dividends instead of stirring up a hostile backlash? What can we accomplish by all this parading and shrieking (particularly by the less desirable elements among us) except to further alienate those we wish to accept us? Is there not a more reasonable way to achieve the same results?

T.P., Westport

A. I could not disagree with you more. What you advocate as a reasonable and rational position is nothing less than gay Uncle-Tomism. If you cannot acknowledge that the homosexual constitutes an oppressed minority, then you are not qualified to understand what is being done to you. Is not oppression suggested by the fact that your homosexuality disqualifies you from a Civil Service position, penalizes you in the tax structure, legally jeopardizes you every time you have sex, forces you to hide your real identity from your business clients (satisfactory control of your career?), and causes you to worry about what the public (of which you also happen to be a member) may think of your wishing to be acknowledged as a fellow human being? If an oppressed minority of any kind does not take the strongest possible positive action to free itself of that oppression, it deserves what it is getting. Let the public get upset. It is their sons and brothers who are seeking freedom, and it is time they recognized that oppression imprisons the oppressor also.

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CHRISTINE

(continued from page 8)
CHRISTINE: Well, that again is my genetics and my education. Again it goes back to my family. I did not hate my mother and father. There were times when I got very irritated with them but about basics, no. They were marvelous people. What they lacked was whatever one in that generation lacked—the ability to accept the new philosophy—particularly the sex barriers and so forth, but they learned at an advanced age to accept all those things. And they found themselves much more contented human beings. The fact that my mother and father did not discuss sex with my sister and I was not unusual. No families did. Everything you heard was on the street corner, which is much different today. I will say one thing that before my mother died I finally said to her "Mother, you must have known I had a problem." And she said, "Oh, of course we always knew." That was the first time she ever admitted that I ever had a problem and she was 71 years old at the time.
GAY: Parents always know.

CHRISTINE: Homosexuality, transsexualism, transvestism, and any other sexual problem. Parents will now admit that their children are what they are. At least this next generation, I'm quite convinced, will. That is progress.
GAY: Christine, in 1953 after the operation was performed, what were you thinking about at the time?

CHRISTINE: You know what I was thinking in 1953? I would stand back and watch everyone making a fool of themselves. And I would say that can't be happening. People just don't do this sort of thing. It was madness. At times it was absolutely funny to watch people literally knocking themselves out and crawling over each other to get to me. And I wasn't that important. I never was that important. Oh, more ice, dear, in this glass. I don't want to fall flat on my face while being interviewed. Is the machine still on? I would like to mention to you that my film has gotten an "R" rating because of the medical aspects of the film. I would like to say that I think that parents today should start making more decisions for their children and stop letting society do their job. Thinking back when I was a child I thought I was homosexual. I have avoided becoming involved with homosexuals, not being able to deal with the problem, and having no one to talk to about it. My problem and homosexual problems, child molesters, peeping toms, these are all different problems. None of them are related to each other. They may all be sexual, but let's start now to see each of them separately so that we understand them. The only way to understand them is to find out what the problems are.

GAY: At which theatre is your film The Christine Jorgensen Story opening?

CHRISTINE: At the DeMille Theatre (47th and 7th Ave.) (It's also playing at the Cinema Studio, Broadway and 66th St.)

GAY: Miss Jorgensen I would like to say it has been a great pleasure meeting you and on behalf of GAY I would like to wish you the best of luck and great happiness. As you have said, everyone must live the life span, successfully or unsuccessfully. You have lived yours successfully, with courage and stature. Thank you.

FRUIT FLY

(continued from page 5)
essence of a Victorian bore? Not in the least. Nor a seventies bawd, either. And if she is unhappy, it is not her gay association which makes her so. Gay friends are substitutes, true, but she does not make of them fantasy replicas of her husband. If she is in any way forlorn, it is not because she is a fag hag (and I truly hate to apply any such dubious nickname to her).

Book Full of Them

A glance through my little black book turns up a dozen fag hags before I am half-way into it! (I was once a closet queen.) Most of them are in, or on the periphery of show business. The most unfortunate ones among them are those who, because they do not fit the heterosexual male (read Playboy male) ideal of what a dish should look like, can't "get" the kind of dashing elegant or brooding bruiser they fancy their inner beauty or background or style entitles them to. So they settle for homosexual males devoted to chic and social ambition who take them, the Shalimars with more sophistication and savvy, to the places they cannot go alone without being regarded as hookers or where their own amour propre tells them a "lady" ventureth not on her own. These women scoff at women's lib. They wish to be exploited!

Among these show biz fag hags are one or two who genuinely loathe gay men, who have lost out to them too often to remain philosophical. They have deep-seated doubts about their own femininity, even while proclaiming it. I see in their eyes and their aggressiveness toward gay men what I see in the reptile gaze of Barbra Streisand, who when she sings of love seems to know nothing about it and who got her start as so many women singers do by appealing to pace-setting, fashion-initiating gay men and then dumping them.

You'll find the most malicious of fag hags is one who has married, invariably to what she subsequently refers to contemptuously as a fag. She who has lost her man to another man is the most scornful of all genital females—because she feels most scorned. Arch-competitive, an actual ball-breaker and dominant female, she is out to castrate, and castrate she does. That, I suppose, is forlorn, because it's consciously destructive. Given a choice between the sexual knave and the sexual fool, I will take the fool.

The fag hag, however you see her, as friend or foe, as a neither/nor, as predator or preyed-upon, as a forlorn societal casualty or as someone who has made a workable adjustment in a world of disturbed, functioning adults, probably will be around longest of the fringe minorities. The numerical least are often the last to waken to the opportunities of a new system or to join in benediction for the old. Acclimated to their rarified sphere, as the fag hags are, they may persist like the bedchamber families of the royal courts who followed their phantom monarchies into exile. Just as the larger homosexual minority has been among the last to speak up for a slice of the pie, there may well exist for some time those who will not admit the queen is dead. But my friend who says there will always be fag hags is too pessimistic. I await the millennium in our time which will render them useless and enable them to find more productive places in a new scheme of things where Catch-22 is as obsolete as Prohibition!

GREGORY BATTCOCK

(continued from page 17)
implies lies, so just give me fantasy or give me death. (No, not really. I'd even prefer reality to death. Better truth than death. And better fucking in the corn field than truth.)

As I sit rereading the lines above, I marvel at their foolishness (they were written last night—I must have been, nay, was drunk as a lord) and that I managed to get up so early (it's only 11:15) and I wonder where I should go in that tented car I reserved. Not Ronda because there are too many hills for a \$5-a-day Seat 600. Cadiz? Well, maybe, but if I went to all that trouble, I should stay a few days, but then before I go I should complete the steamship arrangements which I can't do today or tomorrow because they are on a perpetual holiday, like me. I'll worry about it at the pool, where I also worry about the family units, children, mothers, fathers, older sisters, God knows what, that hang around. I have never been able to figure out what "the family" is all about. They seem to exist in spite of one another and not for one another as they would probably claim. The various components seem designed to cancel one another out. The very concept of "family" is isolationist, selfish and probably a major obstacle to the socialist revolution. The concept of hippie "communes" begins to make more sense and that seems to possess pragmatic as well as poetic meaning. But, if you are stuck with a family, you still have to "belong" to a commune and "belonging" depends also upon not belonging and both are wrong. The only thing one belongs to is the human race, such as it is. One has no choice in the matter.

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I DON'T WANT a whole lot of replies, just for the sake of getting replies, just those who fit. If you happen to be masculine, attractive, solvent, today, human-type-being, bursting with sincerity, any race (Caucasian, Oriental, Black) to 35 years with a sense of humor, and love of theatre, movies, music, NYC scene and who by nature is inclined to prefer the friendship of an attractive non-butch white male, mid-thirties, please write me with full details, photo and phone. Will return photo. Complete discretion. Damon, room 504, 152 W. 42nd St., NYC, 10036.

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THE LAST ESTATE

BY GREGORY BATTCOCK

Travel is educational. You learn all kinds of things like: (1) not everybody is trying to cheat you (except in Morocco, where they are); (2) they dress better and eat better in Spain, France, Italy, etc., because they're poor! (3) America is the best country to be from (though certainly not to live in); (4) the quality of life in America is low only for those Americans who don't demand quality—which includes practically everybody—nor can they imagine it and you can't demand something you can't think of; (5) that great big moon hanging over the empty field between my hotel and the sea serves only one purpose—to shed some light on the 12-foot wall I had to climb over while trying to keep up with the Spanish trick I was fucking with; (6) the food in Spain is five times worse than France and four times worse than Italy and 3,000 times better than America. Every day I have langostinos with mayonnaise, jambon serrano, grilled sole and the time of my life; (7) don't pay attention to what anybody says. Kevin said the cruelest spot in Algeciras was just outside the Reina Cristina Hotel. It is if you like palm trees; (8) getting out of Morocco is even more difficult than getting in, which I knew all along but repressed. They search your bags, yell at you and make you miss your boat which, as always, is the last. Dick rapped with a plainclothes cop in a gay

bar (whom he spotted a mile away) and asked why the Moroccan Government was being so difficult. "Don't they want many tourists?" Dick asked. "Yes, but not your kind. By the way, how much do you pay?"

Before I start telling about my solitary confinement in Algeciras, I'll tell my "Chez Michel" story. Actually, the straw that broke the camel's back was the floor show at Chez Michel. Imagine: All these young Moroccans with an English vocabulary limited to "fuckie-fuckie" and "Parlez-vous Français?" watching a Detroit, Michigan drag entertainer mouth the words to a song entitled "Liberace Does It," while smacking her spangled ass for emphasis, followed by "Waltz Me Around Again, Willie" (which used to be, when I was in college, "In China They Never Serve Chili"—anyway they're both racist) and all the time real soap bubbles are blowing all over the place, right into your drink and Moroccan boys are rubbing themselves all over you and liberal American couples are sitting "Moroccan style" on the floor watching, nay ENJOYING the stupid show. Well, it really got good when they put on the "India Dancer," complete with more soap bubbles. His very presence seemed to urge the Moroccan boys to rub all the more, despite the heat and one's unwillingness to rub back and they seemed to be saying "Even Elsa Maxwell did it, let's do it..." Who cares? What I want to do almost nobody else wants to do. Anyway,

if everybody does it, then I'm not interested. I'm a radical socialist but at the same time, I'm anti-sameness. I dig Castro and Mao as long as I'm not Chinese or Cuban, which may not be for long. Anyway, at 10 dirhams (about \$2.00) a fuck (25 for American coeds, for some reason), it's a bargain. (Though I've heard that, occasionally, Dutch hippies don't pay anything.) You can pay your 10 dirhams but it doesn't mean they'll come, if it matters...

Tonite in the dining room of the Reina Cristina I had to send everything back. The Jambon Serrano was an end cut, and the entrecote marchand de vins wasn't "blue," it was cooked to a crisp, and there shouldn't be mushrooms on it. The 1942 "Vina Bosconia" was as good as it should have been and sitting there under the green and white canvas, totally anesthetized by the view of Gibraltar and the stupid moon, not to mention the Americans at a table nearby—shrieking, nasal voices from the bright eyed girls; dull grunts from the extremely short-haired (and short pants) boys—what college accepts students with such short hair now-a-days? Anyway, they ordered the dinner, drank their cokes and, finally, went off to the discotheque "Zamboomba" by the pool where I could hear them clapping to the music and, no doubt, doing the "bunny hop" as well.

I've made friends with some old (American) lady who acts and looks like my mother. She's dragged her dog

along—one of those nasty little dogs with big eyes—but he wasn't feeling well and there was a scene because the concierge couldn't produce a veterinarian—imagine, in Spain.

Anyway, today the dog looked better and I said so, which was a mistake because it finally dawned on her that I spoke English whereupon she proceeded to explain to me how the dog to "fell" (something I still don't understand, but I'll let it go) and that Columbia University would "close down soon," and all about the terrible time she had in Torremolinos. I enjoy watching her drive the staff crazy. Today she ordered a deck chair and umbrella for the fucking dog—naturally, when they arrived, along with a bowl of water, the fucking dog would have none of it, so both of them left—to find somebody else to annoy, I suppose.

My problem is that I shouldn't: (1) drink when I write, except that otherwise I don't feel like writing; (2) bother to write a letter to my father whom I haven't seen in years, though I really don't dislike him; (3) hang around Algeciras much longer except that I have to wait for my steamer, having decided that airplanes are no damn good so why the fuck should I take them anymore; (4) have quite the commitment to "anonymous" sex that I used to because it's only interesting if you are ignoring somebody you don't really have to ignore. Once you don't have any choice, it's not a game anymore. If it's not a game it might be reality which means that it can't be art anymore and therefore is just like the painting I had to remove from the wall of this hotel room—it was too much like the way things really are and I don't want to be reminded. Truth

continued on page 16

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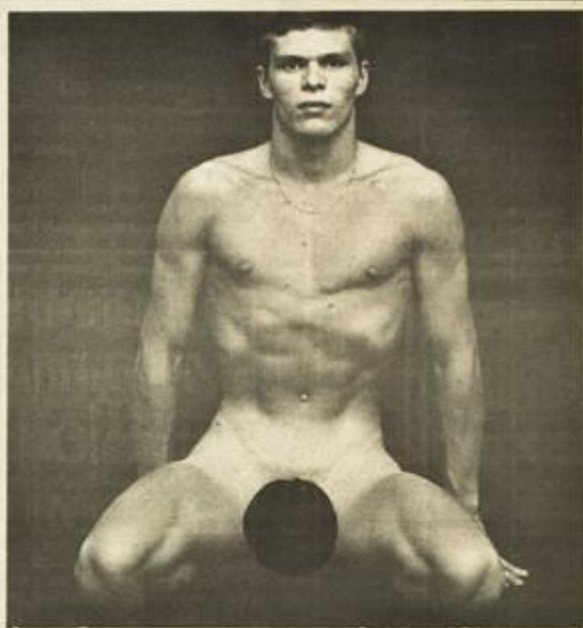
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GROPING AROUND

GAY CALENDAR

Monday, August 17: "Homosexual News" rebroadcast of 8/14, 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 19: West Side Discussion Group regular meeting at the Church of the Holy Apostles (9th Ave. & 28th Street) 8 p.m. Donation \$1.50. Men and women welcome.

Thursday, August 20: Gay Activists Alliance regular meeting at the Church of the Holy Apostles (see above address) 8 p.m. Donation 50 cents. Men and women welcome.

Friday, August 21: Gay Dance-A-Fair, 9 p.m. Rec Room at Weinstein Hall, University Pl. & 8th St. Sponsored by Christopher St. Liberation Day Committee.

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

Sunday, August 23: The American Church regular worship services at 2 p.m. Church of the Holy Apostles (9th Ave. & 28th St.) Social hour follows.

Gay Liberation Front regular meeting at the Church of the Holy Apostles (see above address) 8 p.m. Men and women welcome.

BEST BETS

Compiled by John Francis Hunter August 10, 1970

(Presently listing from J to Z the New York bars and restaurants, after last issue's A through I, plus others across the land. Information from readers is welcomed, provided that addresses are given and some hint as to clientele. GMs stands for Genital Males, GFs for Genital Females, Int. for Integrated gay and straight. Where Int. is present it is not always conscious or welcomed by the management and patrons. Be alert.

In MANHATTAN gay good times can be found at:

- Julius, 159 W. 10th; if you can't find a good time anywhere else; GMs
- Keller's, 384 West St., near Barrow; GMs
- Kookie's, 149 W. 14th; GFs
- Luv Cage, 4th St. west of 6th Ave.; GFs
- Milano, 267 Amsterdam Ave.; restaurant; Int.
- Oak Room, bar in Plaza Hotel; jacket and tie; Int.
- Roundtable, 151 E. 50th; dancing to live band; GMs, GFs
- Royal Roost, Cornelia near Bleecker; restaurant; GMs
- Sanctuary The, 407 W. 43rd; dancing; GMs
- Stable Inn, 17 Barrow; restaurant, b.y.o.b.; Int.
- Stage Forty-Five, 305 E. 45th; dancing where Black is Beautiful; GMs
- Stud, The (International), Greenwich St. at Perry; GMs
- Taft Hotel Bar, 7th Ave. at 50th; Int.
- Tenth of Always, The, 82 West 3rd; private, dancing, afterhours; GMs
- Tool Box, 507 West St., at Jane; GMs
- Tor, 21 Greenwich Ave.; sidewalk cafe; Int.
- Triangle Bar, 34th & 9th Ave.; underneath The Barn!; GMs
- Uncle Charlie's, 1049 Lexington Ave.; GMs
- Wine Cellar, The, 531 Hudson; restaurant; Int.
- Yukon, 53rd bet. Lexington & 3rd Ave.; restaurant, jacket and tie; GMs
- *Zodiac, The, 1487 1st Ave.; GMs
- Zoo, The, 421 West 13th; back room policy; GMs

*Not to be confused with the orgy bar of the same name, a spot upstairs at Little W. 12th & Washington which seems to come and go. This newer gay Zodiac will be reviewed next issue along with The Troubador and The Dungeon and whatever else new we haven't given details about.

Also in MANHATTAN the tantalizing tubs are: Beacon Baths, 227 East 45th; go in the main entrance and take the elevator to the 11th floor to find this homey, spotlessly clean establishment where even the help seems to be having a ball, where there is a new "arena" room and black light in the dorm and where

you're always invited to "come again any time"; GMs. (See ad).

Continental Baths, 230 West 74th; so with it they have "lounge acts" on weekends, rooftop sunbathing, full restaurant facilities with 24-hr service, and such fast turnover you couldn't possibly get bored, unless turning over holes; you; GMs. (See ad).

Everard, 28 West 28th; most who now come to Everard aren't; GMs.

St. Mark's Baths, St. Mark's Place; the East Village types are groovy; GMs

Sauna Baths & Health Club, 300 W. 58th; between 4:30 and 5:30 in the afternoon; it's where the businessmen come to knock off a piece before going home to Scarsdale; GMs

When you drive to the chic HAMPTONS, go to Millstone Tavern, The, Millstone Rd., Sag Harbor; really the swiftest 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 *gemuetlich* 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 Hampton's 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 crisy; 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 crisy 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 Water Island, 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 Bains, 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 crisy 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; Int.

Valerie's, a restaurant in the center of town featuring good food and where there is much action around town after ten; Int.

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 of 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

In the Heart of America, KANSAS CITY, MO., you'll enjoy 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.

To Get to the Major Nearby Gay Resorts, Fly!

For those of you who like to fly high and can't quite manage it under your own steam, there is a groovy way to get to Fire Island or The Hamptons (or even Cape Cod or Nantucket): via the Pelham Airways. A snappy-red-and-white Cessna 206 which holds five passengers and stalwart pilot Verlyn Geriene picks you up on Friday afternoon at the Seaport Marina, East Twenty-third Street dock, and whisks you off to your resort destination in record time. Believe it or not, twenty-two minutes to the gay wonderland of Fire Island, twenty-nine to the equally gay and wonderlandish (if not as outlandish) Long Island tip. Tariff is \$34.95 round trip to the nearer places; phone (212) 828-0420 for details about the longer flights.

NATIONAL DIRECTORY

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

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

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

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

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

FREE (Fight Repression of Erotic Expression), B-67, Coffman Memorial Union, University of Minnesota, Minneapolis, Minn. 55455. Phones: (612) 378-1095 or 338-1805.

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, Villase Station, NYC, 10014. Tel. (212) 243-2437.

GLF of Philadelphia, 611 S. 2nd St. Phila. Penna. Telephone (215) 896-6926 or 732-8384. Meetings Tues. 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.

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

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

Mattachine Society, Inc. of New York 243 West End Ave., NYC, 10023. Tel. (212) 799-0916.

Office open every night except Sunday, from 6-9pm, and Saturdays from 2-5pm.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



Suck? Suck? Doesn't anybody want to fuck anymore?

