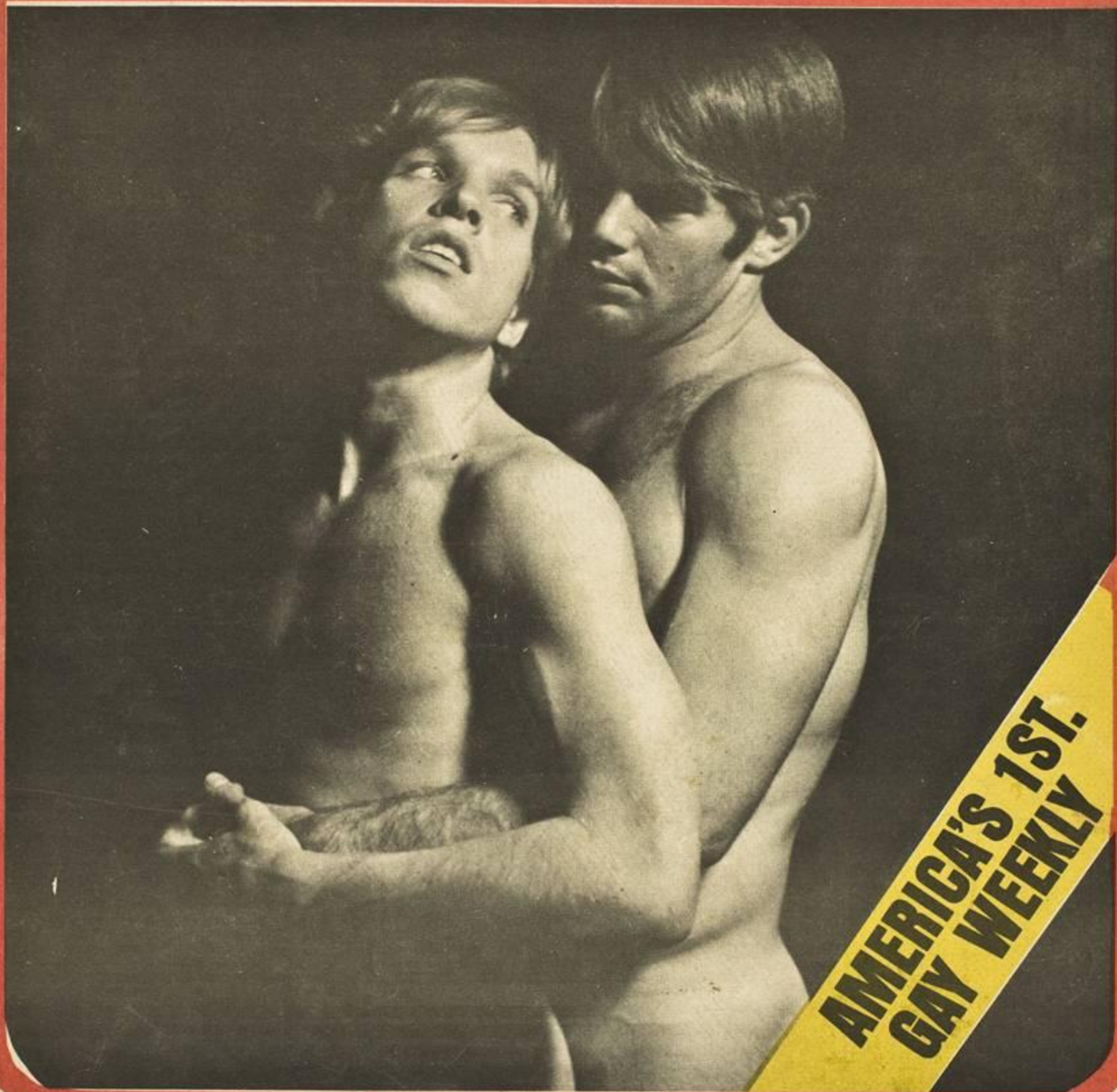


GAY

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NO. 19



AMERICA'S 1ST.
GAY WEEKLY

**ARE YOU A JEALOUS
LOVER? P. 5 NEW YORK'S
NEWEST BATHS P. 7**

VOLDEMAR AND GREG LION IN PAT ROCCO'S "BLUE PRELUDE"

The Editors Speak:

VOTE! VOTE! VOTE!

Mrs. Bella Abzug, who is running against Leonard Farbstein for the 17th District Congressional seat is openly requesting the support of New York's homosexual community. This is the first time that a Congressional hopeful has taken such a brave step.

Last week GAY asked its readers to vote for Bella Abzug in the June 23rd Democratic Primary. This week we are pleased to renew this request. Mrs. Abzug has taken special pains to defend homosexuals from police abuse. "I think the question of police harassment is an outrage," she said, adding, "I favor the activity in behalf of your efforts (gay activism) specifically in the area of discrimination in employment." Mrs. Abzug also opposes the anti-sodomy laws. She received a standing ovation from nearly 200 gay men and women at a recent meeting of the Gay Activists Alliance. To the enthusiasm of that audience we proudly add our own. If you are a registered Democrat, or if your friends are, spread the word!

PRAISE FOR JACK ANDERSON

Jack Anderson, whose nationally syndicated column has now replaced the late Drew Pearson's, is a man of insight. In a recent article he said, "It has been two decades since the late Senator Joe McCarthy began hounding homosexuals out of government. Now the campaign has apparently been quietly reopened."

This is precisely the sort of fear we entertained in our anti-Nixon-Agnew editorial in GAY No. 16. Mr. Anderson is acutely aware of the pressures that the present administration is likely to bring upon the gay community.

GAY wishes to thank Mr. Anderson as well as all the other perspective columnists who are not afraid to stand up for the rights of all citizens.

CONGRATULATIONS TO JACK AND JIM

Two weeks ago we congratulated Dick Leitsch and Bob Amsel for sending a joint tax return to the Internal Revenue Service. This week, GAY is pleased to report on the proposed marriage plans of Jack Baker (see Lily Hansen's interviews with Jack in GAY Nos. 14 and 15) and his lover Jim McConnell. Jack and Jim have applied for a marriage license in Minnesota.

If the State of Minnesota is sane enough to grant such a license, GAY will send a special reporter to cover the wedding! It will be an event of great significance to many homosexually-inclined people, and a step forward for everybody. We wish Jack and Jim success and long happiness.

THE HIGH COST OF COMPUTER ROMANCE

We have received a number of complaints from those who have used the services of Man-to-Man, a computer service designed for meetings between gay men.

While we are not sympathetic to computers as a means for meeting and mating (believing that personal contact is more significant and healthy), we do believe that those who utilize such services deserve a fair shake.

Man-to-Man charges \$5.00 to clients for a mere change of address. This charge, we believe, is exploitative. Computer programmers will tell you that changes of address are taken for granted and that most firms handling subscriptions do so without any hassles.

What does Man-to-Man have to say about such matters? Can their reply be nearly as direct as the name of their firm? We shall see.

GAY

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GAY SEIZED AS OBSCENE IN AUSTRALIA

Perth, West Australia - The editors of GAY have been notified that GAY has been seized by Australian customs officials. A copy of the Notice of Seizure was sent us by the intended recipients, a

heterosexual married couple from West Australia.

According to one Mr. Shakespear, attached to the Australian consulate in New York, the regulation 4A of

Australian customs under which GAY was seized is intended to prevent the importation into Australia of goods that are "blasphemous, indecent or obscene," or which "unduly emphasize sex, violence

or crime, or are likely to encourage depravity." Advertising materials relating to such goods are also forbidden.

Mr. Shakespear had no comment on the specific reasons for the seizure. ■

Bella Abzug, CONGRESSIONAL Hopeful, bids for GAY VOTE

New York, N.Y. - "I'm quite overwhelmed by the reception!" said Bella Abzug, Congressional hopeful running in the June 23 Democratic primary against incumbent Leonard Farbstein. She was addressing herself to the applause given her when she appeared at the May 21 meeting of Gay Activists Alliance. Mrs. Abzug has long been a courageous fighter in civil rights causes, and has taken the unprecedented step of seeking the homosexual vote in the 17th Congressional District for the U.S. House of Representatives, a district with a significantly large homosexual constituency.

Mrs. Abzug, who spoke for approximately twenty minutes, noted that "I of course favor the activity in behalf of your efforts, specifically in the area of discrimination in employment... I think the question of police harassment is an outrage." Mrs. Abzug explained that that is why she had sent a young lawyer to defend in court two GAA members who had been arrested for sitting on a stoop on Christopher Street and refusing to move on when ordered to do so by a policeman (News, GAY No. 18). She also said that she believes the laws against sodomy between consenting adults should be repealed.

Addressing herself to a key problem at the Federal level, which she hopes one day to be able to vote on in Congress, Mrs. Abzug urged that "an effort should be developed... to make certain that security clearances should not be based upon one's sex preferences. This is unfair discrimination and improper application of the law in our society."

The Congressional hopeful described her campaign as an activist's campaign, out on the streets, which is significantly directed toward vigorous opposition to the war and to the militarization of our society... "I believe it's directly antithetical to building a society which is a free society," she said.

"I think that all the liberation movements relate to each other, whether it's women's liberation or black liberation or gay liberation. They show people determining to assert their political power and to assert their power over the institutions that are discriminating against them and that are not responding to them. What people are saying right now is that they want to have an active role, an activist role."

Jim Owles, president of Gay Activists Alliance, announced that while GAA is forbidden by its constitution to endorse political candidates, it would disseminate, by leaflet and hopefully through the gay press, quotes from political candidates that would help gay voters make up their minds at election times. "This will give us

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GAY NEWS

June 15, 1970, Volume 1, Number 19



"PIE POWER" CREAMS "SMUT" COMMISSIONER

Washington, D.C. - On Wednesday, May 13, before the horrified eyes of the United States Commission on Obscenity and Pornography, a young man hurled a cream pie into the face of a gray-haired member of the commission.

The pie-thrower was Thomas K. Forcade, 28, projects coordinator for the Underground Press Syndicate, which claims to represent over 200 radical press members with a circulation of 6 million. Invited to testify before the commission, Forcade issued a stinging criticism of the proceedings, denouncing the commission in a prepared statement as "this unconstitutional, unlawful, prehistoric, obscene, absurd, Keystone Committee."

The victim was Dr. Otto N. Larsen, professor of Sociology at the University of Washington. He held his temper throughout the proceedings and even managed a wan smile as the whipped cream dripped down his face and onto his clothes.

Forcade arrived at the hearings with about a dozen followers, who passed out copies of underground papers while Forcade read his statement demanding complete freedom of the press. Every other paragraph ended with the phrase, "Fuck off and fuck censorship!"

After finishing his statement, Forcade played a recording of Bob Dylan's "Something is happening, but you don't know what it is, do you, Mr. Jones?" The Commission's Chairman William B. Lockhart asked him if he had anything more to say, adding, "I would

rather listen to you talk than to the record." Forcade replied that he was allowed 20 minutes by the commission's rules and that the record was part of his testimony.

Forcade charged that the commission "engaged in a blatant McCarthyesque witch hunt, holding inquisitorial 'hearings' around the country, is the vanguard of the Brain Police, Mind Monitors, Thought Thugs, Honky Heaven Whores grasping to make thought criminals out of millions of innocent citizens. You are 1984, with all that implies."

When Larsen challenged these charges, Forcade brought a large box to the front of the room and started passing out leaflets hailing "Pie Power!" These were actually quotes from old-time moviemaker Mack Sennett on pie-throwing technique. At that point, Forcade pushed the pie in Larsen's face.

Two policemen standing nearby looked on aghast, but made no movement to seize Forcade. Larsen calmly muttered something about not wanting to engage in a "physical altercation" with Forcade and went off to wash.

Forcade was escorted from the building by police but was not arrested.

The pie-throwing topped off a lively day in the hearings. Other people who testified included not only concerned parents, but also a member of a nudist organization, an unwed black mother, and an evangelist. Most of those who characterized themselves as concerned citizens called for stronger controls or stronger enforcement of existing statutes

MINNESOTA COURT BARS TEAROOM SPYING

St. Paul, Minn. - Police may not spy on public restrooms to see if anybody's getting a blow-job, the Minnesota Supreme Court ruled in a decision made public May 22.

In a 4-to-3 decision-rare for the Minnesota court-the court overturned the sodomy conviction of a Twin Cities man who was arrested last year in the men's room of Montgomery Ward's large St. Paul store.

The man was observed giving another man a blow-job by two policemen and a Ward's security officer, who had spent two weeks peeping through a ventilator screen in the ceiling, waiting to observe such acts.

But their testimony is inadmissible, Minnesota's highest court ruled, because the way it was obtained violates the 4th Amendment of the U.S. Constitution, which forbids unreasonable searches.

The decision was based on the U.S. Supreme Court's ruling in the Katz case, which threw out a gambling conviction based on evidence gained by placing a microphone outside a public telephone booth from which illegal bets were being made.

The Katz opinion said the 4th Amendment "protects people, not

(continued on page 12)

on erotic material. Others, including a housewife and mother of three, contended that since obscenity cannot be defined, it should not be the subject of any legislation whatever.

Dr. Mary Calderone, executive director of the Sex Information and Education Council of the U.S. (SIECUS), astounded several commissioners by stating that "Playboy is very good sex education." She also said that she knew many physicians who encouraged adolescents to read it.

Dr. Calderone explained it was good sex education to picture a woman's body as beautiful and to discuss Playboy philosophy because she knew that children saw through the sex-as-a-plaything concept and rejected it.

At one point in the testimony, Mrs. Walter V. Magee, president of the 6-million-member General Federation of Women's Clubs, told of a GFWC anti-smut program whereby club members would buy two magazines suspected of being salacious, read them, and file a complaint. Dr. Larsen quipped that enough women of this type could keep the whole pornography business thriving.

Homosexual movies were also slammed in testimony. Arthur A. Magnusson, a member of the obscenity enforcement division of the New Jersey State Sheriff's Association for 20 years, blamed the increase of "smut" in New Jersey mainly on motion pictures. "Ten years ago, at least a skin flick was heterosexual," he said. "Today they're based on the worst sicknesses." ■

BY DIOGENES

he news pours in on us. No more startling event can be imagined than the recently expressed desire by our ruler to do away with the hateful, unequal, and noxious practices of selective military classification, in favor of a "Volunteer" army. (The Marines, Air Force and Navy are already more or less on a volunteer program.) This seeming lean toward reason is not the result of a loathing for the picturesque senilities of General Hershey, or a mistrust of lotteries. It may not even be a desire to give greater power to L. Mendell Rivers, though I doubt it. Nor do I believe it to be a bow to the homosexual voting block.

From whence comes this new twist? Much printer's ink has been spilt describing the sketchy and curiously schizophrenic "Quaker" heritage of the new ruler—though most of us have been somewhat nonplused by this singularly bloody taint to what most people consider a pacific sect—but nobody, to my knowledge, has attempted to suggest that this aversion to our time-honored "draft" stems from a hatred for military conscription as such. Indeed, few have dared to point out that much of the population which exalts in descending from the religious rebels of two hundred years ago, are in fact Sons and Daughters of King George's and King Louis's Draft Dodgers. But no. A love of peace does not seem to be the mainspring of the new move to abolish the draft—at least not at the presidential level or at the legislative level.

It is conceivable that the pressure of the military itself is at the root of this New King in Power Politics. The last 30 years have turned this country into the largest munitions manufacturing complex in the history of the world, and as somebody said, "The business of America is business." Which is the Death Business. But packaging death, like canning Vienna Sausage, requires some sense of efficiency, and there's no doubt that the induction, training, housing and clothing of all the many thousands of inductees who've always hated the army, couldn't wait to be out of it, or to sabotage it, or to revile it, constituted—in business logic—a considerable waste. Modern politics being what it is, these reluctant inductees clearly belonged on the other end of the bayonet.

Question: Of what ought the army of a republic to consist if not its citizens? Well, when you do away with the civilian-soldier, you get the military class. Or the professional soldier. Or, because their livelihood depends upon their trade, a Mercenary Army. Mr. Nixon feels such an army would be of the greatest use in his Asiatic schemes, and he probably is right. Look what such armies did for Alexander of Macedonia and for the Emperor Trajan in their colonial expeditions.

Of course, the only drawback is that you always have to find things for such armies to do: little clean-up activities in safely remote places. Armies like these can't be demobilized between wars without great danger. Garrisoned on home ground they tend to make coups to pass the time. Sort of like colorful election time in Gay, Neo-Nazi Buenos Aires. Firecrackers that kill.

Nevertheless, as long as we have the illusion of our own traditions about us, let us consider, while we can, the lessons

of the history books. Along about the end of the eighteenth century there was a revolution in France marked by the fall of an old fortress used as a kind of federal prison for political prisoners called The Bastille. Shouting the eighteenth century French equivalent of *Power To The People*, a large mob of badly armed civilians attempted to storm the place. They were stalled in the attempt by the security cops of the place. At some point—just before calling it a day—a

property—you see, when you're a ruler the land you rule and the people on it are your property—they hired soldiers. Whenever and wherever anybody had something to say that they didn't like, the rulers called in soldiers to preserve law and order. Paris was full of these trigger happy goons from neighboring European countries. And the citizens were confused by the names and badges of the different groups which they had to support, but couldn't control. The

camps" which served to imprison Japanese-American citizens during the second war have largely been reconditioned and modernized, no prison has been set up to handle strictly political crimes.

This old pile of masonry, The Bastille, housed just about anybody the Establishment didn't like for one reason or another. Like the Tombs in New York, or Cook County Jail in Chicago, for instance, citizens were held there for unspecified lengths of time without hearings or convictions. Rich people generally fared better, but they do almost anywhere. Writers and poets were sometimes jailed there, but generally it was the noisy and the uncontrollable poor who made up the bulk of the prison population. People were apprehended mysteriously because of letters of *catchet*, or secret communications: think C.I.A., or F.B.I. Think James Bond or Spanish Inquisition. In New Orleans think Jim Garrison.

Anyway, that moment of suspense when the soldiers marched into position lives again, or is about to. Unwilling to learn from the past, we have to ask ourselves, "Will American Soldiers fire on Americans?"

Now, what we have here and now as an army consists not only of all the various branches of the military, but of the Municipal Police forces of the various cities, and the State Police forces of the fifty states and the National Guard. All these bodies are set in motion by executive order. It used to be that the federal legislative bodies had to agree before the president could declare war and ship hundreds and thousands of men abroad. Not anymore. The framers of the constitution feared that some god-mouthing power-mad maniac might seek to use the legitimate protective powers of the state to further his own aims, and therefore they put checks on anyone's ability to do so. Currently these checks aren't working. Any body of men can be sent anywhere without our knowledge of our elected representatives. No explanations need be made. No accounting of monies need be offered because of the secret nature of executive connections with secret organizations. Nobody knows how much military advisors cost, whether they be pomaded gentlemen attached to embassies or bazooka-wielding Hoosiers on the Plain of Jarres. Public opinion is not to be considered and we have all been made aware—in thinly veiled threats—that we are painfully prone to mistakes, and may require chastisement along with our news people. We find ourselves much as I imagine Russians of Czarist times found themselves, dealing with and/or supporting wars about which we know damn little, on religious grounds, through a faith in the far-seeking abilities of our "Little Father, our Czar who loves us and knows better than we do what is best for us, our sacred soil, etc., etc."

(Not exactly Jeffersonian Democracy, but then Jefferson would surely have been imprisoned by Judge Hoffman or somebody like him.)

In conclusion I would like to say that like the French Huguenots of a few generations ago, much of the citizenry is making plans to visit colorful Amsterdam. However, in the few months or weeks before the borders are closed, I would like to suggest that the rotten smell in the air is not all industrial pollution. They say the stink has gotten as far as Trinidad. ■

citizenry simply hoped, when they saw that particular detachment march into place before the Bastille, that they were French, because they thought, "Frenchmen won't fire on other Frenchmen." Luckily for us all they were right; the soldiers turned and fired on the fortress and got the revolution going.

The Bastille was a political prison the likes of which we do not have at present in this country. Although the "detention



(Drawing after a poster by Bob Dara)

VOLUNTEERS FOR DICK?

regiment of soldiers came marching in. They took up position before the main portal of the fort.

Suspense! Nobody knew what to do. Nobody knew what the soldiers would do. That's largely because the rulers were pseudo-French: actually not a part of the mainstream of the national life. They spoke the language and they ate the food, but the weren't of the land. So, to protect themselves and their



(Reprinted courtesy of N.C.R.I.W.)

Are You A Jealous Lover?

BY LIGE AND JACK

Are you the *jealous* type? If so, you're a jerk. Only first-class morons think they should have exclusive rights to their lover's body. Sensible people don't go around asking, "Has anybody besides me been seeing, touching, or making use of your genitals?" Sane folks don't freak out when they discover that their loved one's prick, cunt or ass has received pleasures from others. The term "unfaithful" has nothing to do with the use of the sexual organs. Enjoying sex outside of a contracted relationship has no degrading effect on a "marriage" unless the two people aren't getting along in more important ways. If they're good friends, full of laughter, convivial, trusting, and comfortable with each other, then there's nothing that either of them should fear.

Ironically, when *real* sexual freedom exists, it is seldom used to excess. As the *Tao Teh King* (translated as *The Way of Life* [Lao Tzu] by Witter Bynner. Paperback 95 cents) says, *things which go together naturally don't need to be tied.* Marriages on paper mean nothing. Legal bonds won't guarantee happiness. Love, trust and togetherness are the outcome of a rhythmic, unfettered, spontaneous dance to life in which the partners are close, but not clinging. In some cases lovers need time separately. There's no getting away from the fact that people sometimes *must* get away in order to come back to themselves more fully. Giant redwood trees each stand in their

own sphere. To appreciate the incredible beauty of a great mountain, you must sometimes allow yourself distance so that you can turn around for a fuller view.

Jealousy is natural to human beasts and selfish dogs. Anyone who owns a dog or a cat knows it craves exclusive attention. Where a dog is concerned, such craving is somewhat justified because, after all, *it is owned*, even if it doesn't realize it. But humans don't own each other, or at least they're not supposed to. Thus, jealousy is based on pure self-interest. There's no concern for the *loved one's* joy or happiness. That he or she is having a good time makes no difference. In fact, the more joy *enjoyed*, the worse it seems to the jealous partner. He visualizes in his mind's eye all of the sensual and erotic pumping taking place and turns livid with rage. He can't bear the thought that pleasure exists outside of his own experience. He doesn't stop to think that his lover's widened experience may, in fact, contribute to his own pleasure and excitement. After all we must have times when we are *outgoing* in order to enjoy our life at home. Whether we talk with others, fuck with others, read books by others or whatever, all of it helps to make us more exciting company for those who are closest to us.

If you're stung by jealousy, try looking at things from another viewpoint. If you try to hold onto your lover too tightly while you're dancing, your dance will be clumsy. If you are tense and tight, rather than loose and free, you'll step all over your partner's feet. At the same time, if you *are* good company, your lover won't want to dance too far away

from you. He won't get lost in the crowd. He'll be lingering nearby, always eager to touch you, happiest when he sees the smile of pleasure he's capable of evoking in your face.

He loves you, and is happiest when you're happy. He wants you to be happy *first and foremost*. And, of course, you want the same for him. Your own selfish interests are not nearly as important. Your own silly ego is forgotten simply because your exclusive pride in *ownership* is dead—or should be! You don't own his body. He doesn't own yours. Let him do with his prick whatever he wishes and you'll find, if you don't press the issues, that he's likely to prefer you to any other. That's why he's your lover, isn't it?

It's important to keep in mind, however, that sexual freedom, like any freedom, can be misused. In the name of *sexual liberation* many unfortunates are unkind and hateful to each other. Sexual adventures outside are not used to enhance the quality of home life, but rather to "get back" or retaliate sexually. A dolt who does this is the sort who says, "You had a fling last night, so I'm going to have one tonight." Or, "You fucked Bill, now I'm going to fuck John, the handsome guy you couldn't get your paws on."

A dimwit with attitudes like these is *anti-sexual*. He looks at sex as forbidden and lascivious. It becomes a power tool by which such poor folks slam away at each other and release their hostilities and insecurities. Unfortunately, many so-called libertarians have hangups like these and as a result, they give *real* libertarians a bad name.

The *Tao Teh King* also says that *there is no reason to go outside for better seeing*. How true. Exploration inside the home is the most exciting venture imaginable. If you *are* adventurous, you'll find plenty that you and your lover can do in your own bed to quicken the deepest passions. If you learn to *relax* and explore... slowly, leisurely, and if you give yourselves time to kiss *lingeringly*, starting with the lips (or the stomach) and working your way around every curve of your lover's body, there's no experience that will bring you greater joy or pleasure. Lovers have the capacity to experience profound joy in ways that no outsider can match. Sexual freedom should not be used as an *excuse* to nullify or make dull a sexual union that can be known in the deepest and most meaningful ways at home. Those who wander on the outside without consideration for essentials—that is, for the person who is nearest and dearest to them—are creeps of the worst sort. They're getting away from things closest to them, important things. Make your own bed first before you climb into someone else's. Otherwise you'll mess up both beds.

If you and your spouse are going to dig pleasure from everywhere, make damned sure that neither of you is insecure, unhappy or fearful. Face life in similar directions—*together*. Sex should be a happy, outgoing, positive experience, and a *stiff* cock should plunge into joy when it's attached to a happy guy. Be careful, always, that you give your loved one every tender consideration, however. Remember... charity starts at home. ■

BY STEFEN VERK

A column of counsel to our troubled brothers and sisters who seek meaningful positive guidance and not the further imposition of homosexual or heterosexual myths, hangups, 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: Thank you for your many concerned letters and phone calls. No, Dr. Kalso is neither dead nor in exile. I have simply discarded a pen name and am now using my real identity in accord with my call for total liberation... and without further concern for any conflict with my other professional endeavors. Money is less important than freedom.

Q. I am an Irish Catholic man of 39, and I am both homosexual and deeply devout. My religion has been a great comfort to me, and I am very disturbed at what I see as an antireligious bias in your paper and your column. I believe that life is empty without faith, and that every person must believe in something greater than himself. The Lord is our shepherd and rewards or punishes us as we deserve. Why should He not sit in judgement over the lives he has created?

J. McM., Bronx

A. I agree that life is empty without faith, but I believe that faith should be **FAITH IN ONESELF ABOVE ALL.** I further believe that once one has established an unshakable faith in himself, he can and should have faith in other human beings. All friendship, all love, is based on such faith. I cannot agree that anyone must believe in something greater than himself. I do not even agree that there is anything greater than himself. For each man, there cannot realistically be anything more important than his own life, no matter what he does with it. Reincarnation, heavenly rewards, or hellish punishments, none of these are provable or even relevant to the obvious

fact that one's most precious possession is his own life. No one can live it for him, nor can he live anyone else's, no matter how saintly or dedicated or self-sacrificing he may wish to be. The greatest service one can render to his fellow men or to himself is simply to be the very best person he can be. That encompasses all the frailties and strengths and genuine potentials of a human being, and nothing more can rationally be expected from any person. We do not need to implore or blame any permanently invisible and unprovable shepherd figures for help, miracles, strength or failures. All performance and all responsibility and all judgement take place right here, with rewards and punishments being dealt out (often



unfairly) by ourselves and our fellow men. Religion makes us feel guilty for not being perfect or *perfect sheep*. Humans are fallible, not perfect machines, and it is idiotic to feel guilty for being **HUMAN.** I suggest you reread my article in GAY No. 15, entitled **LIBERATION OF THE HEAD.** Then, go read St. Paul and see how much comfort your religion gives you.

Q. Last night I picked up a big beautiful butch guy who looked like the perfect man. I am also very masculine, and he seemed just right for me until he undressed. I nearly dropped dead to discover he was wearing women's panties. What is that scene?

T. G., Pittsburgh

A. Shall we say a closet-transvestite? **Q.** Please don't laugh when you read this. It is the honest truth, and I am totally bewildered. I got a new roommate recently. Young, handsome, humpy-looking, very warm and friendly. Now I have accidentally discovered that he has a very weird habit. I was wondering why he never brought anybody home or went out cruising. Now I know. He prefers to have sex with **GRAPEFRUIT!** I walked into his room without knocking and caught him fucking one, and he explained (with some embarrassment) that he prefers to cut a hole in a warm grapefruit and screw it to having sex with people. It makes no sense to me. What do you say?

C. R., NYC

A. Well, if the grapefruit doesn't complain, and your roommate doesn't get a sore dick from all that citric acid, what's the harm? Of course, people are much more fun, if you're not afraid of them.

Q. I am a college graduate of 36, white, blonde, masculine, and successful everywhere but in my love life. I think this may have something to do with the type I always pursue. I have spent some years trying to figure out why, but I still don't understand why only this one type attracts me sexually for tricks or lovers. I am absolutely incapable of being attracted by any other type, no matter how hard I have tried to force myself or how handsome they are. I can see they

are handsome, of course, but they arouse me no more than a wax dummy would. I have never been interested in anything but young, slender, heavily-hung, black-haired, cinnamon skinned, Puerto Rican boys with big brown eyes and long lashes. They always set me on fire, and no other type moves me at all. Sexually they are marvelous, but permanent relationships *never* seem to work out with them. What's missing? Why am I hung up on only one type?

K. H., Newark

A. At lunch one day last week, I was discussing this very subject of being hung up on a single type with Peter Ogren and the gloriously shameless Angelo D'Arcangelo (author, as you know, of **THE HOMOSEXUAL HANDBOOK, SOOKEY,** and other free-spirited works). Everyone is entitled to a particular preference as a matter of personal taste. However, if that preference is really an obsession which excludes every other type or choice, it assumes an entirely different complexion. It is no longer a matter of taste. It now becomes symptomatic of nasty little problems lurking restlessly in your head. If you were to eat only escarole to the exclusion of all other vegetables, listen only to the music of Kabalevsky, or go out of the house only on Tuesday mornings, wouldn't that be slightly peculiar? Why then should you irrationally cheat yourself of the richness of variety by excluding all but a single choice? Particularly when you are also aware something seems to be missing. There are two levels, at least, to this business of being hung up on a single type. On the more visible level, it is another variation of choosing appliances rather than people. If it is all a matter of hair color, complexion, age or size, is this not dealing only with externals instead of the person? If you were in a completely dark room waiting for a P. R. of your special type, and a blonde WASP of the required size, shape and horniness were to join you for sex, you could not possibly tell the difference. On the deeper level, it is the mental S & M game again.



Christian and his able assistant Tony

BEACON LIGHTS ON BATHING BEAUTIES

BY JOHN P. LeROY

The Beacon Baths at 227 East 45th Street in Manhattan has been operating for about three months and is well worth a visit. You take a self-service elevator to the eleventh floor of one of New York's older style, but better built, office buildings, to discover a general admission charge of \$5.75 plus an additional 65 cents for slippers if desired.

You may be greeted by Chris Johnson, the general manager, a young slender, but cute and friendly fellow who, if things are not too busy, will be glad to give a short tour of the place, especially on your first visit. If he is not there or otherwise preoccupied, one of the helpful attendants will be glad to show you around.

There are 150 full-size lockers, 30 rooms, and about 15 extra bunk beds. The layout is quite labyrinthine, as it appears to have formerly been an office suite, and it may take a while to find your way around easily. The halls are kept very clean and are dimly lit by amber incandescent fixtures.

The doors to private rooms are kept open when not in use. Anyone is free to walk into one that isn't occupied and make it his own for as long as he wishes. To assure privacy, the rooms can be locked from the inside, and it is urged that they be kept shut when privacy is desirable. Used linens are quickly replaced as soon as a room becomes empty. Good firm mattresses are standard equipment, and are large enough to fit one person quite comfortably.

The steam room is rather small, but highly effective, using modern equipment

and good plumbing. There is modern bathroom tile and a sliding glass door. Outside the steam room are a small group of shower heads. The toilet facilities are located further down the hall as are a group of old-fashioned but adequate wash basins. There is no pool, but there is a good sauna room.

For relaxation there is a Zenith color TV, but because of the surrounding skyscrapers, reception was not particularly good. A small refreshment room contains a pot of hot water where you can serve yourself some instant coffee. You must send out for food, however.

The Beacon is open every weeknight until 3 a.m., and during the weekends it is open 24 hours. There is never a time limit. Thus, should you feel so inclined, you can stay from Friday until Monday.

At the time I was there (late Wednesday afternoon) there wasn't much of a crowd, but I was assured by the co-owner, Tito Murphy, that there are quite a number of people who work in the area who have been stopping by on their lunch hour. During the weekends, it is often filled to capacity.

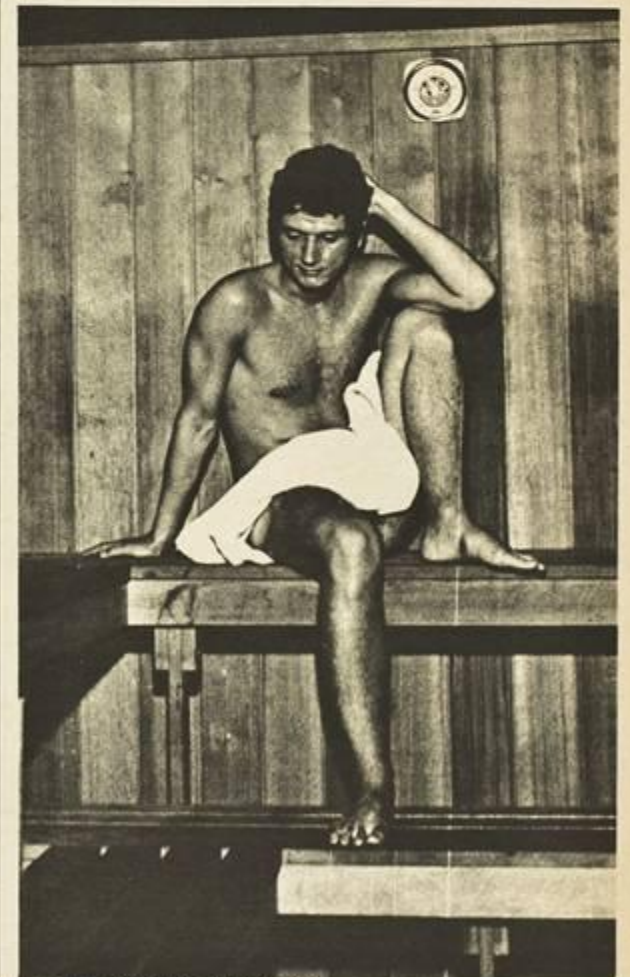
In the near future, perhaps by the time you read this, air-conditioning will become operative. Plans are also being made to bring in a masseur and to hire additional attendants.

According to Tito, no problems have been encountered with the police or

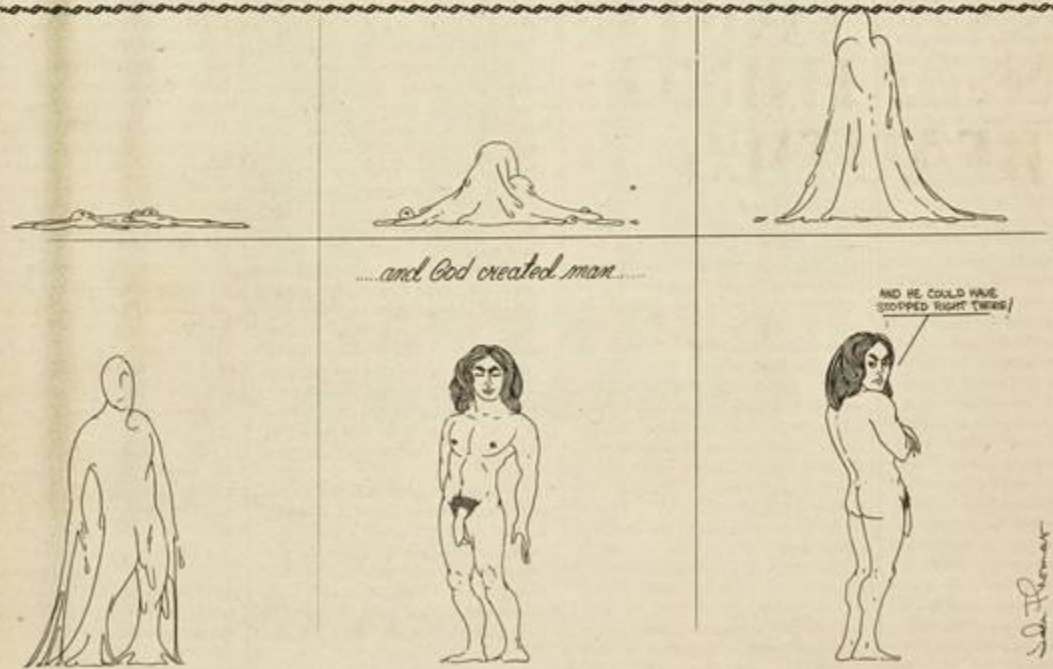
mafia-type hoodlums, and none are anticipated.

Thus, the Beacon appears to have all the makings for one of the better baths of New York. Its cleanliness and service make it immediately preferable to the Everard, St. Marks, or Mt. Morris. Its remaining competition, the Sauna and Continental, have other drawbacks. The Sauna, though fairly clean and reasonably priced, \$4.25, offers no privacy. The Continental is far larger, far more luxurious, and much more expensive, with prices of \$9.00 for a private room, \$6.50 for a walk-in locker, \$5.50 for a gym locker, and \$4.50 for a duffel locker. Of course, you pay for all the added features, such as sun deck, pool, gym, sun lamp, gymnasium, juke box, restaurant and dance floor, and not everybody uses them.

Of course, the most important aspect of any bath is the type of crowd it draws. I cannot give an accurate estimate of this because I was not there at the right time, and because any new establishment must be in business long enough for word-of-mouth to spread and for it to acquire its own reputation. I found nearly all types represented, and I think that it will eventually attract a fine representative clientele. It is the only place in New York where you can get privacy and cleanliness without having to pay such high prices. This, together with its convenient East Side location, should make it one of the better buys.



Beacon manager Christian Johnson takes the vapors



A LIBERATED WOMAN MEETS MYRA

(courtesy Twentieth-Century Fox)



Raquel Welch in the title role in the film version of *Myra Breckinridge*

BY KATHY WAKEHAM

Triumphant woman will you teach us the ways of sex? Yes, Myra, you will guide us forth. And by doing so, smash the female-as-sex-object hangup and reverse the whole scheme of objective sexism. It's about time the tables turned and then switched around another 45 degrees in a different angle to balance the scales.

Does Myra Breckinridge, the self-acclaimed Triumphant Woman, hold the answer to wipe out chauvinistic sexism?

Well first of all, Myra knows both sides of the sexist scale. The side of the sexually-dumped-on homosexual male and the side of the independent vamp. As

a homosexual, Myra (Myron, that is) was the sexual object of trade. There was a spark of egotism in him, spurred on by his so-called conquests of he-man straights. He was able to seduce the stereotype heterosexual male. However, he relieved them, but they did not relieve him. By building up in his ego his super-seductions, he compensated for his own feelings of inadequacy among this trade. Because of his natural femininity, Myron was looked down upon by straight males who related to him as just another sexual object. They did not desire him sexually. It was pure trade, mostly monetary trade, as well as pure sex. Myron was taken and taken and was never given a thing, except perhaps the knowledge that the sex act can become a unisexual act. That is, his sex partners did

not consider themselves gay; they just considered the trade. As long as they came and Myron gave them whatever they needed, they didn't give a damn who they screwed.

Myron then realized that he was being used. His dignity was touched by these sexist male supremacists, and he vowed that he would have an answer to break down this sexist chauvinism. Dr. Montag, dentist, psychiatrist and confidante, who eats and eats and drinks and drinks for his oral gratification, makes arrangements that fulfill Myron's vows. Dr. Montag is very reluctant to make the Scandinavian arrangements of transsexualism (as he has a closet crush on the gay male Myron), but he does so anyway.

Two years after Copenhagen, Myra Breckinridge appears on the Hollywood scene, that titillating city of plasticity. Myra—woman of voluptuousness and desire, the body perfect, is always saying "no, no." However, Myra is no woman of plastic, despite her silicone. Within, she is a woman of purpose. Her purpose: to hell with sexist plasticity. Her first object: Rusty Godowsky, potential silver screen idol. His masculine ego is all over the place, and Myra is there to capture it and let it go, forever. In her Posture and Empathy classes at Myron's Uncle Buck Loner's acting school, Myra has the power of manipulation. No longer will she be the one manipulated. Now she will manipulate for the good of all. She manipulates herself into a strong friendship with Mary Ann, Rusty's monogamous girl friend. She dines and has fun with the sweet couple-next-door. She argues with them about the freedom of sex. Sex should not be objective and confined to only one set of rules. What is wrong with being bisexual? What is wrong squirm. They both couldn't do such a thing. Rusty just "wants to bash chicks..." and "could never be with some hairy boy." And Mary Ann could just "never do it; I like boys." Meanwhile, the wheels are churning inside the plotting head of Myra. She knows that these two hetero-chauvinists will submit to her plan. And submit they do, but in a surprising, yet satisfying way for all.

She connives Rusty into revealing his masculine physique while he embarrassingly and squirmingly hides his masculine pride from revelation. He feels his masculine pride is to be used and not displayed. Fear is upon him when he thinks of anyone viewing his little pride. He is a man. He is to view and not to be viewed. Meanwhile, Myra insists that his posture must improve if he is going to make anything of himself in Silver Screen City. Apologies follow this brief encounter, and he promises his teacher that he will try to improve. Embarrassingly, he exits.

Friendship grows among the three.

Then, the momentous encounter. Myra sends for Rusty to meet her at the infirmary for an important examination. He comes—hesitantly—after delaying a previously made date with his Fair Maiden, Mary Ann. Preliminaries are finished. Step-by-step, Myra probes his manly stature. Sweat drips over Rusty's fear-saturated body. Visually and fingerly, Myra continues. She reveals his pride and screws him. His "masculinity" gone, he leaves hanging his head between his legs.

The couple-next-door depart to different lovers. Rusty becomes male sex object exploited. Later he shifts lovers and goes to a different bed which he unexpectedly enjoys. He decides to stay in that bed. Mary Ann falls genuinely in love with a person, not a physique. She finds an unexpected but happy bed. And Myra is a fatality through a literally bad accident. But not really, she accomplishes her mission and lives happily forever after. However, to reveal all, would not be fair to readers of Gore Vidal's book, and they wouldn't enjoy the whole table-turning of sex roles and sex play.

Women, thank Myra for unobjectifying you and for giving men a taste of their own medicine by objectifying them. Unite—you have only your hangups to lose. Follow the new path, and have sex on emotions and not on what you are supposed or expected to do. This is sexual freedom—not the old line to screw for any guy available. You be the picker, not the picked.



The Hamptons. Are they the Elephants' Graveyard of the Great Gay World? That's the first question. Another might be, can you get there from New York City by anything other than a chauffeured car? There are many equally important questions about this out-of-the-way, expensive, and moderately mysterious, AND temperamentally conservative vacation area on the far end of Long Island. I'll attempt to answer some of the more obvious questions later, but before I do, as to the queries in this paragraph, the answers are, no, and yes, but why rough it?

The Hamptons are a state of mind about fifteen miles long, beginning at the southernmost tine of the seaward fork of Long Island at about Shinnecock or Tuckahoe. There, that long and superbly beautiful stretch of sand bar called Fire Island, ends as the two bays, Shinnecock on the south, and The Great Peconic, on the north, pinches off the land and reduces that end of Long Island to an even smaller island. The Hamptons then, exist in that shallow triangle between Southampton (very) proper on the west, to Sag Harbor on the north (or even to Shelter Island) and then to East Hampton on the East. Montauk cannot, for social rather than geographical reasons, be considered part of The Hamptons, whereas Amagansett—if you insist—can.

(An amusing project for Rand McNally: Draw up a map of Social Distinctions for the region.)

It isn't difficult to get there. The Long Island Railroad, that moribund relic, still chugs out defying the drop of featherbedding and the inertia of Republican State Politics. On any weekend you'll see herds of weekenders fleeing intolerable Manhattan for peace, quiet and calm out on The Island. Most of the kinetically dressed will get off at Sayville or Bay Shore, bound for the Singles wrestling matches on Fire Island. There's no doubt, however, that most people prefer to drive. Rather than untangle the spaghetti of the map for you, just remember route 27, and stay on it. Usually three hours will do it from New York City, and once past Patchogue it's very pleasant driving indeed.

What do you do in The Hamptons? You relax and amuse yourself. There are fine beaches free of litter and pollution, human and industrial, and although some are private (which means you have to buy a season sticker for your car) they are all splendid. All of the glories of that kind of sunworshipping flourish there: dunes, coves, marinas, woods and paths, with none of the boardwalk or Coney Island filth. One is not likely to step on a broken beer bottle there, for instance, and the police discourage bad behavior in those few town adolescents who drink beer and wait till sundown to prey upon those careless homosexuals who happen to fall asleep on the beach and rise—dazed by sunstroke—to wander through the coves and brambles of the scrub woods.

Swimming and sunning isn't the all-in-all of Hampton life. Some people like pools and have them by their houses. Houses themselves, whether smartly new and expensive, or like the fine old examples of Yankee architecture in or near the towns, take up a great deal of the time of the Hamptonians. Generally, whether year-round resident or weekending home owner, it is the conservative temperament of the Real Estate minded which sets the tone of

BY ANGELO d'ARCANGELO THE HAMPTONS:

***** happy humping grounds *****



Fun in the sun on the beach at Southampton (photo courtesy of Colt Studios)

amusements and behavior in this community.

And so, it naturally follows that people who go to the trouble of buying and maintaining a house there, or even of renting one for the season (at no small cost) tend to concentrate their pleasures around their homes: food, liquor, dancing and parties, and just informal relaxing. Being with friends. Being nice.

Which doesn't mean you have to spend your time dozing in your electric wheel chair, or trying to scare up somebody for checkers. There are some restaurants and some bars in all of the towns. The food tends to be good and the prices not unreasonable. Depending upon what kind of bar action you want, you have a choice of several—about four at last count—each one with its own particular specialty. You can play

Ring-Around-The-Wrinkle-Room, or Sunburn-A-Go-Go! with equal enthusiasm. The difference is a matter of a few miles. (By the way, you *must* have a car. Or know somebody who has one.) However, because The Hamptons, by mutual consent, is a conservative community, and I'm not talking about the new, blatant and utterly intolerant crypto-fascism which is currently passing for conservatism and patriotism—even the owner of one of the wildest and most NYC type dancing bars, asked me not to mention the name of the place. He feels he doesn't need the publicity, or want it. His point as I understand it, seems to be that discretion in these matters is preferable to exploitation. The homosexual community in The Hamptons generally tends to feel that way too, and the tight cordial and economically productive understanding

between the homosexual and heterosexual communities is simply one in which both parties feel free to exploit their own hanky-pankies in private. This is a predictable situation when one deals with not just a higher income bracket, but with a stable landowning population. The alternative would be the Road House Syndrome, or the Miami Blight which has nearly ruined Westhampton Beach.

Anybody and almost everybody goes to The Hamptons. How long you stay depends upon money, naturally, and upon whom you know. It isn't the place for a short overnight fling. It's a Summer scene. Bike riding, Tennis, Boats, Antiques. Terribly healthy and terribly out-of-doors.

Naturally the very rich go there. The Hamptons still boast some of the most astonishing examples of lavish millionaire's architecture to be found anywhere. During the height of the season those people are there, doing their thing (behind hedges). And there are the yachts. And the Rolls Royces. But a fair sampling of *Who Lives There?* would tend to indicate, 1: The old guard or year-round natives, 2: The successful New York people, married and otherwise, who are unburdened with small children, and 3: Artists of various kinds.

There are some elected officers who hold municipal posts. These respectable gentlemen get their orders from a clique which has been referred to as The Garden Party Mafia. It consists of little old ladies of both sexes with blue hair and sensible shoes. They are actively ruthless in civic uplift, and have been known to blitzkrieg land schemes and developers at the slightest notice or the tiniest hint of anything that sounds high-rise, or multi-united. Needless to say, to these ladies and gentlemen the words condominium and anathema are synonymous.

The Hamptons are great if you're not terribly restless and/or if you don't require the constant hype of Neon and Stereo. This location offers one the greatest overall value for your amusement money, but that requires saving and planning. Even today a thousand can get you a little house in the woods not far from the water, furnished and clean for the summer. Obviously not Acapulco, but then have you ever tried to get something dry cleaned in Acapulco? Or to get rid of dysentery? The cottage renting business is low on glamor but high on cordiality. If you have friends you enjoy spending time with, you can share in the renting of such places. Or the purchase of them.

All in all, it is a clean, a pristine area, and it requires a clean life. One doesn't dare throw a cigarette butt out of the car window. Your conscience would never let you spoil the miles of well-kept roads, or the woods and get away with it. The Hamptons require all that I think of as the best of a casual, conservative way of life, whether it's building or restoring a house, or farming or gardening, sports, or just the joy of a good sound sleep untroubled by the constant drip-drip of your sinuses. There are assets difficult to fix a price upon: the surprising beauty of the land and the sea, and the good manners of the people, the plenty and quality of the fresh food—the farm stands on the highway are something out of my childhood. All these things make this area eminently desirable for somebody who knows what he wants and where he's going, and who is pretty well along the way there.

the Provincetown scene part 1

CAPE COD CAPERS

BY JOHN FRANCIS HUNTER

Provincetown to one confirmed is without a peer in the entire U.S. Cape Cod is an enchanted drumlin flung down by a heavenly hand. The light there is the most felicitous between Provence and Sante Fe. No American beach can compare with Long Nook at nearby North Truro. The dunes behind New Beach at Herring Cove are a garden of delights, topographically and otherwise. The whole area is, to boot, so layered with history that a visit to its landmarks should bring a thrill of chauvinistic pride to the heart of any hardhat Mohawk acrobat. Provincetown is also integrated straight and gay, straight and hippie, which should dismay the hardhat. A double blessing.

One of the hazards in trying to write about Provincetown—popularly P-town—is that you find yourself praising it inordinately as it was when you first fell in love with (and in) it and forgetting to laud it sufficiently as it is. Since you feel so much a sense of the past in this rare and precious antique fishing village, you are also somehow drawn further back to an investigation of what made it, to a scrutiny of the ingredients that caused it, particularly, to become a haven for gay men and women long before there was anyplace else to go except perhaps Fire Island. So it must be viewed through separate lenses. Then and Now, if one is to be simply objective about his recommendation to go there. Most of you will not be going there to discover what was but rather what is. Unless you're a hardhat wanting to come all over the plaque commemorating the first landing place of the Pilgrims (they stopped off to do their wash, on a Monday, and then set sail for Plymouth).



Provincetown from the air: that tower isn't there for nothing!

The Fourth of July and remains pretty even through the Labor Day weekend. You'll be charged a pretty penny for everything you get, but if you're gay it's worth it to know you are a respected guest in town, equally if not even a little especially welcomed. It's still your town, Provincetown, and how that came about will be discussed in a subsequent issue. For now, here's how things stand on the surface:

RESTAURANT ATTRACTS LESBIANS

All restaurants are integrated, with one of the most popular and reasonable and atmospheric being the *Plain and Fancy*, on Commercial Street. Downstairs attracts gay GFs in droves after dinner hour.

While the famous *Ace of Spades* toward the West End is the traditional lesbian stomping ground, its owner is periodically erratic in determining how she wants her place to swing and consequently has recently alienated her GF following. It's a pity, since the *Ace* was once so delightfully notorious it drew celebrities like Jackie Kennedy in her days of friendship with Gore Vidal. They wouldn't let Jackie in, fearing a riot. Weeks later upon being readily admitted, Faye Emerson tossed off someone's inference she wasn't in Jackie's "danger league" by autographing a picture of "Fayzie si, Jackie no" for posterity. You find such subtle and oddball discrimination in P-town.

TOWN HOUSE A GAY COMPLEX

Shrewd *Threepenny Opera*-ish Mother Marion of the all-embracing *Town House* and against GFs upstairs in the men's section. Everyone is welcome in *La Galleria* betwixt. You forgive these inconsistencies in P-town. After all, they've been hospitable to those of "unorthodox" sexual orientation since the late Twenties (which we'll demonstrate in Part Two), and their discriminatory practices relate directly to the weird Massachusetts laws which, for instance, require "ladies" to sit down at tables to guzzle.

"Gentlemen" can move about freely—that is if they can find space in the *Town House* back room or even in its spacious rose-rimmed garden. Ron Scott of Boston's *Edwardian* will spend another summer at the piano, a familiar face from seasons past who smiles through as patrons beller in her ear.

TUNE UP AT MOORS

Traditionally everyone gets in voice at the *Moors* on Bradford Street west at the junction of the beach highway, around four-thirty in the afternoon. The sing-along is not to be missed, nor the camaraderie of the big round rough-hewn tables with the kegs placed so that you are sitting thigh to thigh with handsome strangers (Kiss me, you fool!). Roger Kent is expected back at the grand. You have to go early to get a seat or stand

forever in line, but it's at the *Moors* in the afternoon you mark who is in town worth seeking out that night.

You begin the search in earnest in the little bar of the *Atlantic House*, where two of the world's handsomest bartenders ring a bell as you tip them and ring your bell when you walk in. All straight men should be so charming as Victor and Joe. The place is so small you can hardly move on an average night, but it's a delight particularly on a rainy afternoon. On a rainy afternoon in P-town there are only two things to do, and quite a few choose to drink the the *A-House*.

GAY DANCING BAR NEW

An astonishing new feature of P-town's nightlife is the gay dancing bar in the old *Edwardian Room* of the *Crown and Anchor*, smack in the center of town. If when they say P-town has changed they mean in this direction, who could knock it?

Few locals think there has been sufficient loosening of the old official blue nose attitudes toward such sensual Seventies commonplaces as nudity, however, to allow Sal Mineo's *Fortune and Men's Eyes* to run on the premises of the old *Weathering Heights* on Shankpainter Road. Not even if Norman Mailer *did* hold forth with his work and his dotting group sans censorship at *Act III* of the *Bradford House* for years! The *Playhouse-on-the-Wharf*, a living monument to Eugene O'Neill, serves up non-controversial classics, by the way, and you may encounter another "thinker" between acts on the romantic deck overlooking the water. Of course, in P-town you may encounter your own kind just about anywhere, and no one except perhaps an inconsequential tourist will look at you with opprobrium. Quelle civilité!

TIMES ARE DIFFERENT

The change in Provincetown that I finally have perceived is not so much that it is any less alluring or its gay life less vigorous than in the mid-Sixties, but rather that with the New Conscience elsewhere it no longer is the only port in the storm and therefore not the never-never vacation land of one's midwinter dreams it once was. Ever beautiful, it's P-town's beauty, its authenticity beyond that Coney Island main thoroughfare, that you go there now to groove on instead of just because it is integrated with a high ratio of gay to straight. *Times* have changed, *Provincetown* hasn't. To one confirmed that is also a double blessing!

(Part Two on Provincetown's Gay Past in next issue.)



(photo by Pat Rocco)

**BELLA ABZUG,
CONGRESSIONAL HOPEFUL,
BIDS FOR GAY VOTE**

(continued from page 3)

a real chance to turn that gay power into vote power," he declared. "And I can promise you that Bella isn't going to be the last politician brought down here one way or another to speak to us!" he added.

Mrs. Abzug received a prolonged standing ovation from nearly 200 gay men and women gathered at the meeting. "I must say your enthusiasm is overwhelming! I hope you're all registered Democrats because I am running in the Democratic primary on June 23. Thank you very much—it's really been a pleasure!" she concluded.

As of press time, no definitive quote on homosexual matters from incumbent Leonard Farbstein, Mrs. Abzug's opponent, was available.

**MINN. COURT BARS
TEAROOM SPYING**

(continued from page 3)

places," and ruled that people are entitled to rely on the assumption of privacy wherever they are in a position where they can reasonably expect it.

Users of a toilet booth with a door which has been locked from the inside may reasonably expect such privacy, ruled Minnesota Chief Justice Oscar Knutson in the majority opinion. He rejected the prosecution argument that the peeping was legal because the store manager had given his consent.

Such a provision, defense lawyer Ronald I. Meubbesher of Minneapolis had argued, would give landlords, hotel owners, telephone companies and others the same right to intrude into places where tenants or customers might think they had full privacy.

Many innocent persons had their privacy violated in the Ward's men's room, too, Judge Knutson noted. "The very purpose of the 4th Amendment is to prevent general searches," he commented when the case was argued in April.

"Once facilities are provided wherein those using them properly are assured of privacy, the store has no right to destroy that privacy," Judge Knutson wrote in the majority opinion.

"In the very nature of things, in the process of protecting the innocent, all search and seizure prohibitions inevitably afford protection to some guilty persons; but the rights of the innocent may not be sacrificed to apprehend the guilty," Judge Knutson ruled.

If Ward's wanted to eliminate sex acts from its men's room, he said, it had several options. It could have removed the doors from the stalls. It could have posted a sign warning that occupants might be observed inside the stalls. Or it could have repaired the partition wall and/or boarded over the glory-hole that made the blow-jobs possible in the first place. The partition had been ruptured for four months when Bryant was arrested.

At least three other arrests took place last year in the same men's room, but their disposition was not immediately known.

In a dissenting opinion, Justice James Otis, while conceding that the privacy of innocent persons was undeniably invaded by the police peeping, noted that the surveillance was "for a limited time and purpose" and thought it reasonable.

Judge Otis wrote that the law has a

GAY SPOKESMEN HIT HIGH SCHOOLS

Washington, D.C. — Dr. Franklin E. Kameny of the Mattachine Society of Washington recently spent an entire day talking to classes at a high school in Washington, D.C. Originally called in to address one early morning class, he was asked to speak to successive classes thereafter, and ultimately addressed eight groups and will return this week for another day's lecturing. The talks presented basic information about homosexuality, discussion of the problems faced by the homosexual, and of what is being done to solve those problems. The students, almost all black, were generally receptive, although many had erroneous preconceptions about

homosexuals and homosexuality. Questions asked at "no holds barred" question-and-answer sessions covered the range from the naive through the astute to the pointedly personal. Many left the classes wearing *Gay is Good* buttons given out at the end of the talks.

This is the fourth high school in the greater Washington area which has been addressed by MSW spokesmen in recent times. An all-day series of talks is scheduled for a Baltimore high school. This is part of a continuing program by Kameny, GAY columnist Lily Hansen, and Barbara Gittings, which has included recent public appearances (at the rate of several per week) at the University of

Maryland, American University, George Washington University Law School, Howard University, the two Montgomery County (Maryland) Junior Colleges, Gettysburg College, Cornell, the University of Toronto, as well as a series of radio and television appearances in Washington, Baltimore, Pittsburgh, and New York.

High school appearances have not been limited to the Washington area. Jim Owles of GAA recently addressed a high school assembly in Stonybrook, and Bob Milne of N. Y. Mattachine Society addressed many high school groups in the New York area.

TWO MEN APPLY FOR MARRIAGE LICENSE

Minneapolis, Minn. — Two gay men who plan a legal church wedding to each other will go to court to get the necessary marriage license from the County Clerk. If they are successful, it would appear to be the first legally recognized gay marriage in American history.

Jack Baker of Minneapolis and Jim McConnell of Kansas City, Mo. applied for the license May 18 in Minneapolis, but the clerk of the court withheld granting the license until he checked with County Attorney George M. Scott. Scott later said he would recommend denial of the license.

year-Baker's birthday and "the 69th day of the year," he recalled. They lived together for a year while both were grad students at Norman, Okla., and the following year at Lawrence, Kan. Last fall Baker moved to Minneapolis, where McConnell will join him July 1, having obtained a similar job in the Twin Cities.

McConnell turned 28 on May 19. Baker was asked why the two should go to the trouble of having the law recognize something they could do without any legal fuss or bother.

"We don't think the state should use the capability for procreation as the

Besides, Baker explained, "Dec. 31 is the last date you can marry and still receive a federal income-tax benefit by filing a joint return." He expects he may have to do battle with the U.S. Internal Revenue Service to gain that privilege, "although usually they abide by the law in the state involved."

When they applied for their license, Baker and McConnell were sworn by deputy clerk Robert Anderson to an oath that they were fully aware they sought a union between two males—far different terms from the usual oath.

The usual Minnesota oath merely requires affiance that neither is feeble-minded, already married, a party to a marriage ending in divorce or annulment during the preceding six months, a male under the age of 18 or a female under 16.

Although there have been marriages between persons of the same sex previously, it is believed that subterfuge has usually been used to get the license, and Baker said he knows of no state where the law specifically recognizes a gay marriage.

For example, Gloria Newman and Betty Jean "Butch" Saunders were married in 1963 and again in February 1969, both times in Sioux Falls, S.D. But both marriages were annulled by courts in Minneapolis in October 1969, by mutual request, after Mrs. Newman testified that Mrs. Saunders misrepresented herself as a man the first time, and that the second wedding took place under "intimidation and duress."

Baker said he and McConnell, a Baptist, have agreed to a Catholic wedding and are seeking a Minneapolis priest to perform the ceremony. "We've already talked about it with several gay priests," Baker said.

In an opinion issued May 22, County Atty. Scott recommended that the license not be issued. He cited a Minnesota law which requires the marriage license be issued in the county in which the woman lives and concluded that, if no woman is involved, a license can't be issued.

Citing a 1949 State Supreme Court ruling declaring the state to be a third party to marriage contracts, Scott, who is a candidate for the Democratic-Farmer-Labor Party endorsement for governor, said: "It is the duty of the state, in the conservation of public morals, to guard the marriage relation. To permit two males to marry," he said, "would result in an undermining and destruction of the entire legal concept of our family structure in all areas of law."

standard for legally recognizing a love relationship," explained Baker, who is leader of FREE (Fight Repression of Erotic Expression), a university-based gay club.

"Any relationship which provides honesty, self-respect, mutual growth and understanding for two people, and which harms no other person, should be accepted by the law.

"Sexual preference is not a reason to deny to a couple inheritance rights, property privileges and tax benefits," he said. "The real desire of two human beings to be joined in a permanent love relationship ought to be recognized with full legal dignity."

Baker said the two have decided on Dec. 31 as the wedding date, partly because they know it will take a while to get court approval and partly because they expect the 1971 Minnesota Legislature to change the law in retaliation—and its session opens in January.

Also, he said, since both families want to attend the ceremony and they want to throw a gay reception bash afterwards, Dec. 31 seems the most congenial date.



Deputy Clerk Robert Anderson administers oath to Jim McConnell and Jack Baker

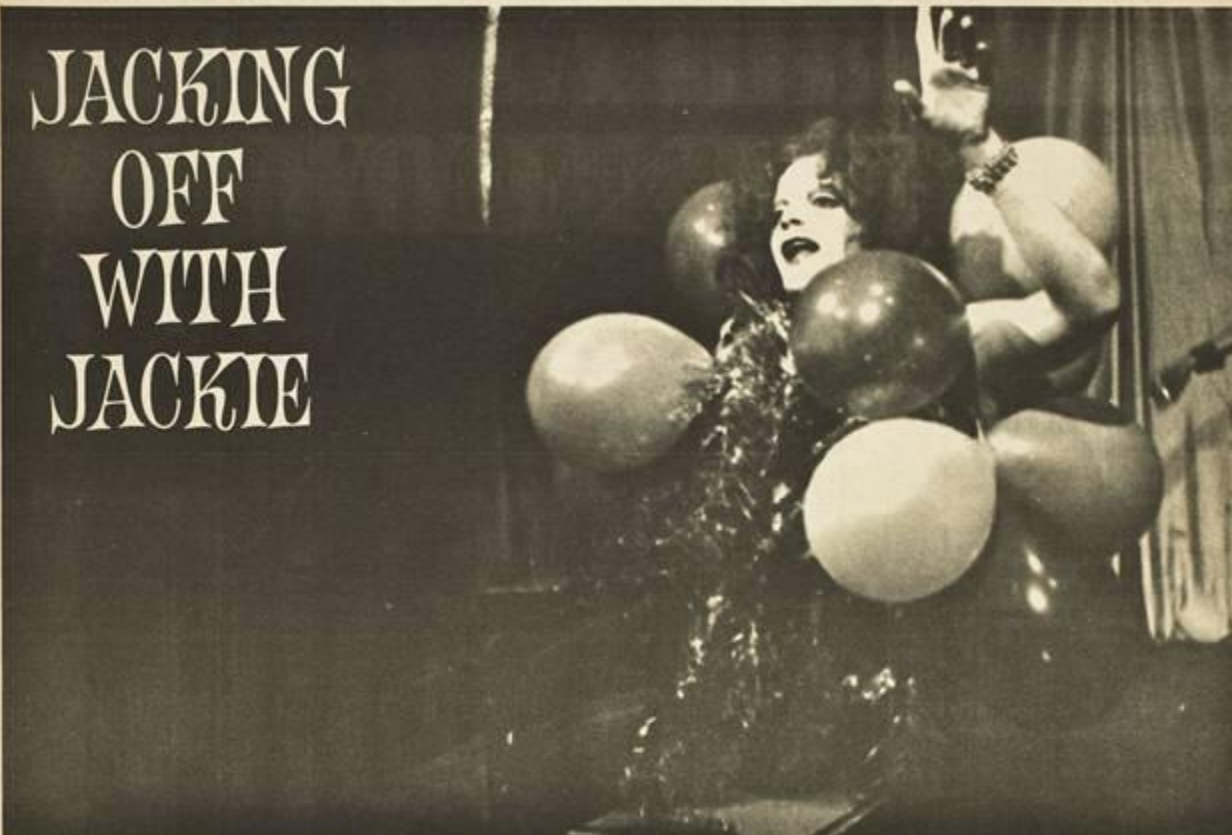
However Baker, 28, a freshman law student at the University of Minnesota, said he has carefully checked Minnesota marriage laws and found no legal barrier to a male marrying another male in that state.

The university's student-run Legal Aid Clinic, Baker said, has already agreed to handle the case, which would involve seeking a writ of mandamus. "I expect it'll get before the Minnesota Supreme Court pretty quickly," said Baker, who is confident of success.

Baker met McConnell, now a librarian in Kansas City, in 1967 and they became lovers on March 10 of that

duty to prevent other persons from being exposed to "revolting deviant behavior," although there was no evidence that the store had received any complaints from customers.

Justice Robert Sheran, joined by Justice William Murphy, said that gay people should not be allowed to "shield their perversions by appealing to the court's proper concern for the rights of others."



Jackie Curtis, the Unique

BY EVERETT HENDERSON

Bringing the old standards to the new theatre is one hell of a mistake to make. Don't look for plots or themes or logical character development when you visit the Off-Off Broadway playhouses. Look for life. The new theatre is concerned with assault, much the way most of the other new forms are. Your sensibilities are to be assaulted using any means possible. Song, dance, the insult, the past, satire, mockery, even the lyric odes of the classical Greek drama—any of these in any possible combination can be the effective theatrical devices of a form trying to recreate itself in a way that will communicate to a media-ridden audience suffering from more information input than any other audience in the history of the world.

I kept this in mind as I watched Jackie Curtis' new play, *Femme Fatale*, at Cafe La Mama. An ongoing event, *Femme Fatale* is soon to be revived at Max's Kansas City's upstairs room. It will no doubt be brand new in many ways, since the new theatre thinks nothing of changing its texts or performances from night to night.

Jackie Curtis is a real star. This judgment (and when it comes to a thing like this I hate making any judgments at all) is based not on her talents or lack of them but her ability to reach through the invisible wall and affect those who come to view her. The lady has presence. One day, Jackie decided to become Miss Curtis. She had discovered that leading ladies always got more applause than

their leading men. Jackie put on a dress; she put on false-eyelashes. She became a leading lady. Miss Curtis is no transvestite; she is no drag-queen. She is an actor who has assumed a role and plays it in life as well as on stage to stimulate and enrich her art.

Her play is an uneven, amusing, boring, hilarious, weird, simplistic study of lots of old movies, gangster riffs and the Sharon Tate murder. Tate's murder could not help but become folklore in our cynical, astringent society. Miss Curtis helps the process of immortality on its way.

I do not dare judge the performances

or direction. Anthony Ingrassia's direction successfully got the actors on the stage and whipped them through a suitable number of convulsions. Miss Curtis' supporting cast energetically played projected images of themselves as stars. The standout is Penny Arcade. Miss Arcade is angel-faced and tough as nails. She is like one of those *Our Gang* kids on speed and she uses all her skills to parody all the molls and toughies we've ever seen. She is an endearing and brilliant comedienne. Wayne County also deserves mention and there was even a guest appearance by Mary Waronov (formerly Mary Micht) as Johnny Apollo. Sexes as

well as identities are scrambled in remarkable ways in these particular productions. The musical numbers included "Since You Lose Your Legs," and "Kissin' Asses for the Man I Love." The latter had a special lyric written by Miss Curtis.

I look forward to seeing the revival of *Femme Fatale*. If you are fed up with the slick, stainless steel emptiness of Uptown garbage like *Company*, find your way to Max's some evening. It may amuse or irritate you, thrill you or bore you, but it is robust and it is alive.

And that is what we are saluting today.



Jackie flips out with her friends

BY LILY HANSEN

The most important thing about my visit to Pittsburgh was not the TV show but the visit with Danielle. Danielle is Maria's best friend, a straight girl with whom she spent her junior year in France. Ever since the day I received a call from KDKA-TV in February, asking me to be on its *Contact* show, Maria and I had looked forward to seeing Danielle again. My expense-paid trip made it possible for both of us to visit Pittsburgh for nothing.

The TV show, dealing with homosexuality (what else?), was scheduled for Tuesday, May 12. Our hostess was to be Marie Torre, an ex-journalist from the *New York Herald Tribune*. The guests were Frank Kameny (Washington, D.C.), Barbara Gittings (Philadelphia)—both veteran homophile crusaders—and me, a part-time contender.

On Monday, after her classes were over, I picked up Maria and we were on our way. It was a beautiful day, and the Shenandoah Mountains lent a festive dimension to our trip—sort of like a vacation drive.

We arrived in Pittsburgh around rush hour and had ample opportunity during the slow traffic to gaze at the ugly steel mills lining the highway. They looked like grotesque scrap metal sculptures.

We checked into the William Penn Hotel ("Where the Important People Stay—and You Are Important"), courtesy of the TV station. Maria phoned Danielle.

Smiling like a beatific mother earth, Danielle welcomed us. Her apartment had nine kittens in it plus mother cat, not to mention lots of paintings, engravings, woodcuts and artist supplies (Danielle is in her senior year at Carnegie Tech.) With her was David, also a young painter, thin and delicate.

As we were deciding where to have dinner, another student came downstairs, and so was asked to join us. Jack, with long dark tresses and serious eyes, was a psych major.

Then we drove to an Italian restaurant in a rather bleak section of town. As we entered, all the customers turned around to stare. It was incredible. We headed for the back and sat down. The clientele, mostly a blue collar group, still stared. I don't recall ever being looked over with such unabashed curiosity. Was it our slacks? Was it Jack's long hair?

The waitress slapped the menus down in front of us and rudely pushed the water glasses into place with a pointed "Scuse me!" Politeness alone prompted me not to comment.

But the food was good, and, oddly enough, the waitress became friendly after a while. Evidently she had changed her mind about our being bums or vermin. She even began to cater to us (though it may have been due to mercenary motives) and confided in us about this "lousy place" and the "crummy salary" she was getting. A drunk staggered by our table . . .

We left a good tip and hoped she had changed her opinions about guys with long hair and girls in slacks. On our way home we stopped for some ice cream, and Jack asked me about the TV show the next day. What was the topic? "Homosexuality." "Oh, wow!" Who'd have thought conservative Pittsburgh would dare broadcast such a controversial



Old Friends And New Images

program! As for listener participation, the consensus was that the station would not attempt to solicit phone calls, for fear of inviting the wrath of the righteous. I asked about Marie Torre. Nobody had anything good to say about her—though not really anything bad either. So I got the impression she might be snide and superior.

Back at Danielle's apartment (minus Jack), we talked a lot about homosexuality. While Danielle was doing a pencil sketch of Maria, David expressed his skepticism regarding gay groups. He felt the homosexual should integrate himself into society rather than nurture a homosexual identity and group himself with other gays. I tried to explain that some people need the reinforcement of other gays in order to change a negative self-image. Not that I believed in separatism or ghettoism, but that I felt gay groups were a necessary intermediate step toward the homosexual's integration into society.

The next morning Barbara, Frank and I met in the hotel for breakfast, and then took a cab to the TV station. Mike Fields, producer of *Contact*, was an energetic, cheerful fellow with a thin nose and rimless glasses. After ushering us in, he introduced us to Marie Torre, a tall, blond poised woman. She talked to us briefly before we went on the air, and it turned out that she knew almost nothing about homosexuals (which she pronounced homohomosexuals—a word she obviously has had little practice in pronouncing). Nevertheless, she was very

open-minded and sincerely wanted to know more about the subject. She proved to be a gracious and kind hostess, who handled the discussion with dignity and sensitivity. Telephone calls were taken and were only 50-50 negative. One woman evaded the switchboard censors by claiming to have a legitimate question. Once on the air, however, she changed her tack. She ranted about how she was a widow and had lived "a clean life." She couldn't see why such a program should be broadcast: it was "filth," and we should all be put "on an island." Miss Torre bowed her head in what seemed to be embarrassment, but Frank, Barbara and I were intrigued by this startling useful display of the prejudice that homosexuals are up against. All in all, what can you do in one hour? Nevertheless, the show was informative and was well directed.

After the show, Barbara and Frank joined Maria, Danielle, David and me for lunch in an attractive and cozy restaurant. But here again we noticed that people stared at us and not too subtly, either. True, we were talking in animated tones about everything under the sun, but still . . .

Danielle came away very impressed with Barbara and Frank. She was amazed that they were so "well adjusted." At least once during our one-day togetherness, she mentioned feeling somewhat left out because she wasn't gay.

In the afternoon Danielle gave us a short tour of Carnegie Tech. The

gorgeous day was perfect for our visit, and the many blooming chestnut trees sported their blossoms like clusters of candles.

We visited two more of Danielle's gay friends, Leah and John, who are sharing an apartment. Much of the conversation revolved around the farm that Danielle, Leah and John want to rent together next year. The rustic delights of living on a farm of "about 75 acres," growing some vegetables, perhaps even raising chickens and keeping a cow filled everyone with romantic nostalgia. Danielle could turn a barn into a gallery and paint murals on every wall. . . . How idyllic! John defended the practical side of things. As the only one with a job (he teaches math), he emphatically put a limit on ambitious schemes that would leave him with all the work. He started dividing up the chores and assigned Danielle with milking the cow. "Oh, I couldn't do that!" she retorted with disgust. This prompted Leah to exclaim: "I'll do it! I like to touch tits." Danielle just turned red. (Was that a threat or a promise?) So much for life on the farm.

Leah made dinner for all of us, and at 6:30 we reluctantly tore ourselves away for the five-hour drive back to Washington. With us we took several pictures by Danielle: one woodcut and three lithographs.

Although we were in Pittsburgh hardly a day, it seemed like a great weekend. Thanks, KDKA-TV for giving us the chance to see old friends again! ■

The recent news account of the teacher who left her job after a storm of protest arose over her having invited a homosexual to speak to her class recalls the refusal of President Eliot of Harvard to permit Walt Whitman to lecture at that school.

But the poet of manly love had the last laugh. Dozens of elementary, junior high and high schools across the nation today bear his name. On Long Island there's even a Walt Whitman shopping center, where mothers who would freak out at the mention of the word "homosexual" do their daily shopping.

Whitman was a crafty old codger who managed to throw enough curve balls during his lifetime to keep scholars fighting among themselves for centuries.

His contemporaries, like any intelligent people who have read his poems and diaries, just naturally assumed that Whitman's ideals of masculine love indicated his homosexuality. When Oscar Wilde visited America, he was immediately taken to meet Whitman. The two writers greeted one another by first names, and, some who claim to have been present say, started camping like any modern-day gay men would.



Whitman at home in Camden

John Addington Symonds is primarily responsible for whatever confusion there is toward Whitman's sexuality. Symonds wrote to Whitman toward the end of the poet's life and asked him point blank for the exact meaning of the *Calamus* poems and, indirectly, to state whether or not he was a homosexual.

This was in the late 19th century, when no sensible person would admit anything like that in writing—and how many would today, in the late 20th century? Whitman claimed to be shocked at the very suggestion of homosexuality and announced that, although he was not married, he had six children. (None of these were ever discovered, which no more proves they didn't exist than their existence would prove that Whitman was not gay.)

Since then, books, essays and articles by the score have been written to prove that Whitman was, indeed, a homosexual, or to "clear his reputation."

The first such argument was started in the pages of the journal *Mercur de France* in 1913. It was triggered by an "eye-witness" description of Whitman's funeral given by Guillaume Apollinaire.

According to this account, Whitman had planned the funeral himself and accumulated enough money "to erect a truly hideous monument, which he seems to have designed himself."

When he died in 1892, a large field was rented in Camden, New Jersey, and

WALT WHITMAN'S TURNED-ON FUNERAL

BY DICK LEITSCH

Just what were those 'leaves of grass?'



Robert Ingersoll delivering Whitman's funeral oration, 1892

three tents were set up. One held the body, another the food (a barbecued ox and ram) and a third, the beverages: barrels of whiskey, beer, lemonade and water. Three uniformed brass bands were hired to play and thirty-five hundred people, including most of the men, women and children of the area, showed up uninvited.

Other guests, according to the account, included "All who had known Walt—politicians from Washington, former soldiers, veterans North and South, farmers, oyster fishermen from his home county, Broadway stage drivers, Negroes, his former mistresses and his cameradoes (this word, which he took to be Spanish, he used to describe the young men he loved in his old age, and he did not hide his taste for youths), army surgeons, army nurses, men and women, relatives of the Civil War dead and wounded he had cared for—all of the people whom Whitman had known and with whom he corresponded."

Whitman's funeral was to homosexuals what a gangland funeral was to the hoods of the 1920's. Everyone who could get there did. "Homosexuals came in crowds and the most courted among them was Peter Cornelly, a young Irishman famed for his beauty, once a horsecar driver in Washington, whom Whitman had dearly loved.

"Everyone remembered having seen Whitman and Cornelly together often, sitting on the curbstone eating watermelon. Hence, at this funeral festival, great heaps of watermelon were available to one and all."

The funeral feast began at dawn and lasted until sunset. Telegrams, many of them in verse, from poets all over the world were read. And whoever wished to jumped up on a table or a chair and paid tribute to Whitman. Some who used th-

too narrow for the pallbearers to carry the coffin through the entrance, so "they threw themselves on all fours, boosted the coffin onto their backs, and thus slid it into place."

"In this fashion," Apollinaire concludes, "the great poet of democracy was laid to rest and the tumultuous crowd, singing and fondling each other, returned to Philadelphia by streetcar."

The very next issue of *Mercur de France* contained a stinging "defense" of Whitman, denying the truth of the funeral story, and denouncing the allegation that Whitman was a homosexual. The battle raged on in the magazine's pages for a year or more.

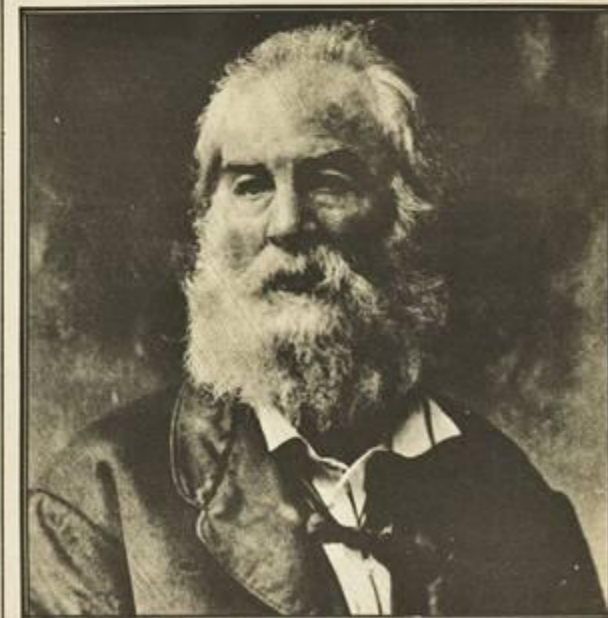
Several people wrote in to verify the funeral report. One claimed to have known one of the pallbearers, and to have heard the story from him and several others who were present. It seems that the pallbearer was the one who had introduced Wilde to Whitman, and had repeated their conversations about handsome men, and what other poets, particularly Swinburne, had to say about homosexuality.

Another verified that "homosexuals of Camden, Philadelphia and New York" flocked to the funeral, and further clarified things by noting that it was Peter Doyle, not Peter Cornelly, who was Whitman's famed beauty and the stellar attraction of the occasion.

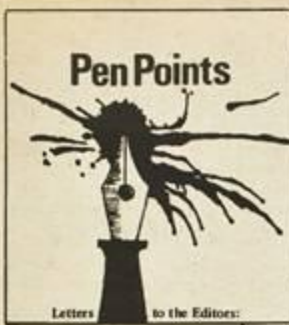
Some reject the story of the funeral on the grounds that newspaper accounts do not verify it. Their critics argue that no "family" paper of the Victorian era was likely to publish the true story.

Whether the story of the funeral is true or not, Whitman is firmly enshrined in the gallery of homosexual heroes. The truth of the funeral stories may never be established unless perhaps some day a contemporary account in a letter or diary is discovered in some New Jersey attic. In the meantime, Apollinaire's account stands as an interesting, if somewhat apocryphal, footnote to the history of homosexuality in the eastern part of America during the Victorian era.

Whether it really happened or not is not important. It's the way to go. ■



Walt Whitman, about 1872



THE "GET YOU, MARY" ERA

Dear GAY: Sorry, but I lost that missive warning me that my subscription to GAY would run out in two weeks. However, I've collected the enclosed and hope it will keep me on the mailing list. Incidentally, I'm a long-time friend of Zebedy Colt and would yo believe that the living room sequence for "HAPPY BIRTHDAY, DAVY" was filmed in my living room? And could anyone-in their right mind-believe the dialogue in that film? It put the homophile society back in the era of "Get you, Mary" or worse-but then-the leading man can't always be expected to be a writer, too. Anyhow, keep up the good work with GAY-it

makes a lot of sense.

Sincerely, D. Lewis Hollywood, Calif.

A QUEEN PROTESTS

Dear GAY:

Your article, "The Drag who showed Mae West How", illustrates the lack of knowledge most people, including the 'straight' gay, have about the drag QUEEN. Mr. Madowe speaks as if he were in his prime during Julian Eltinge's reign on Broadway, as this country's leading Queen! His mind seems to befit the "over-thirty" club, who are trying to suppress the freedoms today's youth are seeking. The drag is also desiring to come out of her closet and be free.

Anyone so narrow-minded as Mr. Madowe should not be writing on such a complex subject as transvestism. (He should have stuck to Mr. Eltinge without bringing in the drag queens) Transvestism is too complex a subject to capsule in just one article.

I, particularly, take offense to his statement that gay guys are abhorred at some screaming Queen doing a Carmen Miranda imitation. What he should have said was that a gay guy seeing another gay guy camping it up IN DRAG, doing a Carmen Miranda imitation. Not too many drags find Miss Miranda the typical All-American Girl. As far as the other two movie queens, Miss David and Miss Crawford; You will find mostly gay boys at all their old movies, not drags. Drags

are very realistic today and many have appeared in the leading fashion magazines. One of the better-known drags has even appeared on the cover of VOGUE! Most offensive drags are really the gay homosexual boy who feels he should try it sometime. Thus, making the public think that we all drags are realistic or beautiful. But, remember, it's her bag and SHE thinks she's beautiful and as long as she's happy, I don't care if she looks like Dracula's mother, God Bless Her! (I, certainly, wouldn't recommend that all lousy cocksuckers be forced to stop trying... they eventually improve. (Thank God).

An article so poorly researched does nothing to bring the gay community together by insulting the drag queen. Most Queens don't particularly care for the gay boy, socially, either, as she feels he's a poor excuse for a man. Donning men's clothes doesn't, necessarily make one masculine. I've seen some discussing looking 'leather-queens' swishing down Christopher Street in their chains; but I certainly am not afraid or don't feel superior to them, just because he's different than me. We've got to understand others if we ever expect others to understand us.

Oh yes, I almost forgot to mention, the straight public IS NOT as offended by the drag as much as the homosexual is! I cater to them, and they love us! And not as a freak show, either!

Lee G. Brewster N.Y.C.

BAN MAN-TO-MAN

Dear GAY: Thank you, Mr. J.P. Francis for your article "Computer Romance: Do You Get Your Number?"

Like many others I received the ads in the mail for the Man-To-Man "computer matchmaking". Before investing \$25 (a large sum I thought) I checked with Mr. Dick Leitch of The Mattachine Society Inc., of New York and received his reply - "save your \$25, I recommended Man-To-Man some years ago, as it was a fine, upstanding outfit, serving a real need - AT THAT TIME. Since then, the company has been sold, and, despite my pleas the NEW MANAGEMENT continues to use the letter I authorized the former management to send out for promotion." "Friends who are now subscribers do nothing but complain about shoddy service, poor matches, and other grief they get in lieu of service."

I feel that others should know that The Mattachine Society Inc., of New York does NOT now endorse this company - so guys, save your money!!!!!!

Sincerely, E.R. Baltimore, Md.

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

so it's just as well.

After a lecture I gave in Iowa recently, some jerk in the audience asked me why I accepted the "large fee" they were paying me. "I accepted the large fee from the State of Iowa so I could lecture elsewhere, and write elsewhere for no fee at all," was my answer. Actually, one "problem" in writing for GAY is that they DO pay contributors, and quite well at that. It's a little like having your cake and eating it too. When a publication pays you a decent fee, and then lets you write whatever you want-without ANY pressure from the advertising office-well, it's unusual.

My tired old professor at N.Y.U. used to tell me that people who disrupted lectures and refused to listen to speakers were just as bad as the government. He told me that when you disrupt a lecture and refuse to let somebody be heard you were engaging in a fascist and repressive act. He was referring to demonstrators who disrupted a talk by the Vietnamese (South, of course) ambassador at N.Y.U., and to people who harass commencement speakers by walking out. Disrupting a talk is actually a legitimate communicative device. The freedom to disrupt is as important as the freedom to speak, even more so. It should be remembered that citizens who interfere with a speaker aren't threatening the speaker with jail, or threatening to take his passport away, or trying to kill him, or in any way interfering with his right to publish the very same remarks, or broadcast them, or send them in the mail. So there is an enormous difference between students who "deny speakers their freedom to express their views" and a government that silences people by intimidation or force once and for all.

WANTON ADS

CLASSIFIED AD RATES: 10 cents per word for personal classified.

MAIL TO: Four Swords, P.O. Box 431, OM Chelsea Station, NYC, NY 10011.

TWO ATHLETIC MALE MODELS are available for posing in the nude. 628-0508. We are also looking for another model to work with us.

THE MALE CENTERFOLD from Pleasure no. 10 will model at \$40. Call 873-5978. Paul is 6', 170 lbs, and masculine.

MINI-CHUB, discreet Manhattanite in mid 30's, (pleasantly overweight, but not fall fledged chubby) seeks attractive, masculine solvent guy, any race, sense of humor, to 35, as friend. No bustlers, phonies. Replies with photo/phone answered. No postcards. M. Edwards, Suite 504, 152 W. 42nd St., NYC, 10036.

SEXUAL CLIMAX is a totally beautiful experience WITH or WITHOUT a PARTNER. We have developed a complete line of hand-crafted erotic pleasure devices, to satisfy your every erotic desire. If 21, send \$2 for a beautifully illustrated catalog to: BACCHUS & CO., P.O. Box 487, Mill Valley, Calif. 94941.

RECEIVE YOUR HOROSCOPE and lusty picture of your perfect mate male. Write to: R. Gardiner, 2038 Palm no. 74, Las Vegas, Nevada 89109.

FREE CATALOGUE! Hundreds of the latest male homosexual theme books, paperbacks, swinger magazines, movies, photo magazines, etc. TROJAN, Box 2121-NN, Philadelphia, Penna. 19103.

UPTIGHT? Cool it man, Climax your day with a mind-blowing massage by Pietro, by appointment. 10am to 10 pm every day. Call 734-5094. Studio or residential.

YOUNG BOY, 18 seeks young boys 18-23 for fun and friendship. No queens. Send photo to P.O. Box 163, Parkchester Station, Bronx, N.Y. 10462.

ATTRACTIVE PROFESSIONAL MALE 30, seeks other attractive professional males, 25-35 who are seeking serious, long lasting friendship. Phone 212-541-9058, ask for DAVID.

GOOD-LOOKING MALE 24, handsome masculine appearance, college grad, slim with good proportions, 6' 155lbs, brown hair, blue-green eyes, seeks males 19-26 for summer relationship (possibly beyond); will be in central Conn. but have car will travel. Send photo and letter to D.W. Sterner, 65 Davidson Road, Piscataway, N.J. 08854.

THE BIRDS DO IT, the bees do it, so why the hell shouldn't we do it. We're two congenial, swinging guys who would like to do it with you. If you are 21-40, male, white or black, single or married and enjoy twosomes, give us a call. Phone, MIKE, evenings (914) 478-1766.

DUTCH WEST INDIAN GENT, 22, seeks gentlemen of any who like to Screw. Call 690-1676 any time after 6pm. Ask for Jim.

DUPLICATE A COCK - Make a man-sized plastic duplicate of any male organ in all its glory. Enjoyable procedure, magnificent results. Colors: Meat-Red, Black, Brown or Essence of Pearl. For complete kit send \$7.95 to POLY-CRAFT INDUSTRIES, Box 214-996, Sacramento, Calif. 95821.

FOR MEN ONLY! International Playboy, just returned from Japan where the action was great. Gay male, Caucasian, 47, oral is my forte. I will be in NYC June 25 to July 3, in San Juan Puerto July 3 to 10, back in Los Angeles July 11. I want to meet many young guys on this trip. Born free, love free. Write or phone, Frank K., Box 91241, Los Angeles, Calif. 90009. Call 213-772-3688 evenings or weekends. No gals or dope please.

MASCULINE GUY, mature, but excellent, young, athletic build, 5'6", 135, hung, loving, affectionate; seeks possible long-term relationship with slender, stable 18-24-year-old who by nature or inclination digs the above. Box 522, Planetarium Sta., NYC, 10024.

TRY THE FAMOUS inside-outside bath and body rub by young, handsome Franky and you will be back for more. Modeling also. Call 866-4597 between 3-9pm.

TWO GROOVY GUYS will give stimulating and complete massage. We are both 5'10", have brown hair and eyes, 23-24 years old, good-looking and well equipped. We use the best oils. You get more for your money. \$35/session. Call DANNY or ROGER at 989-0488.

GREEK MATES WANTED, any race, by 22-year-old colored gent who will put you in 7th heaven. Call TIM any evening after 6:30pm at 690-1676.

EXPERIENCED MALE nude model, 27, 5'9", good physique, private sessions only. Reasonable rates. Call Ray, 877-5762, Monday-Friday, 6-10pm. Weekends from 10am.

MEN, if you are not satisfied with your size the Oriental Vacuum Method will change it fast and last hours. Illustrated, \$2 (refundable). ASPIRA (personal), Box 4989, Washington, D.C. 20008

"BLUE EYES" (green and brown jackets with yellow shirt) we had admired from afar and bumped into each other at WSDG but never really got to know. Your present theory, "Absence makes heart grow fonder", is working. I've really missed you last 4 weeks. Aren't you coming back to WSDG? Show on May 27th and let's get acquainted or any Sunday at Harry's Back East bet. 5 and 7 would be ideal for casual conversation.

WIGS FOR MALES. Send sample or your hair and \$20 for groovy natural looking wig! HEAD HUNTER, 128 Agate Balboa Island, Calif. 92662.

ALL YOUNG DOMINANT STUDS - who groove on commanding a handsome submissive male (28, 5'9", 168 lbs, good build) for your scene, send photo and phone to AI, P.O. Box 1060, Radio City Station, New York, N.Y. 10019. I can travel. Discretion assured. Let's meet and groove.

MALE ACTORS & MODELS needed. No experience necessary to appear in new video tape productions. Send photo, name, address and phone to: DAVID PRODUCTIONS LTD, MerchandiseMart Station, P.O. Box 3962, Chicago, Ill. 60654.

THE LAST ESTATE

BY GREGORY BATTCOCK

Last Friday most of the city's galleries and several of its museums closed down in protest against "racism at home and the war in Indochina." The Metropolitan Museum refused to close down for the day because "The museum has a great deal to offer and we feel our staying open is a positive gesture."

Of course, it was no such thing. The refusal to cooperate with the organization of artists, critics and teachers who oppose the war and who devised the day-long protest was a negative gesture. If the museum feels strongly that there are better ways to oppose the war, then one might ask why hasn't it come up with any? All of a sudden, when they are asked to cooperate with a united effort to publicize anti-war sentiment, they resist in the most hypocritical way possible. They will not admit, of course, that they are controlled by a board of trustees who, until the decline of the Market, didn't care at all about the slaughter in Asia.

The museum may indeed have had "so much to offer." But whatever it was that they did have to offer is now inseparably linked with American racist and imperialist policies (as always) and linked to a decadent, corrupt social system that is out of touch, irresponsible and criminal.

Cultural institutions come on as though they somehow represent the

collective conscience of the society. However, the defiance displayed by the Metropolitan Museum to the art community in this city indicates that we are faced with nothing better than another reactionary capitalistic institution hell bent on maintaining the established social system.

The museum people imply that they are against the war and only too ready to offer "positive" acts in protest. Well, they have yet to offer anything other than negative acts. We won't hold our breath waiting for the museum to act positively on its own.

What about the employees? At least the Daily News editorial staff has advertised their dissent in the Times. The Metropolitan staff has traditionally been of an elite background and not infrequently is hired because of family connections rather than their contributions to scholarship. Whatever scholarly contributions that have been forthcoming from Metropolitan curatorial folk have been of the sort that costs a lot of money, takes a lot of time, involves a lot of travel, and preconditions a lot of open doors that would be closed to students from ordinary backgrounds.

Culture, in the very highest sense, isn't the paintings and artifacts (or "artichokes") housed at the Metropolitan. It is the killings in Asia and at home, racism, fascism, militarism and closed minds. "When I find somebody with an open mind I tell them they should close it for repairs," remarked a

lady from Iowa. Neither minds nor subway toilets should be "Closed for Repairs." People who have closed their minds should wear a sign directing us to the nearest operative facility. At least when they close down the IRT tea room at 42nd St. they hang out a sign directing us to the IND station at 125th. The problem with closed minds (and closed toilets as well) is that maybe we just can't wait till we find an open one.

Someone I met at Rutenbeek's party told me that the reason I don't appreciate the Women's Lib movement is because I'm not a woman. In fact, I don't support a movement because it concerns me. I support a movement because it concerns other people. I'm not black but I support the Panthers because blacks are discriminated against and not because I'm discriminated against. I support Gay Liberation because gay kids, especially in the high schools, are pitifully oppressed, and not because I'm oppressed, because I'm not. (I am, in a larger, capitalistic sense-exactly like everybody else who wants to change things, but it's not directly connected with homosexuality.) I support the National Liberation Front in South Vietnam, and not because I'm Vietnamese; I support the NLF because they're being murdered by a racist capitalist military. I support the mailmen because they're underpaid and not because I'm underpaid. I don't care about being underpaid. Actually, in this society, I would RATHER be underpaid.

CLASSIFIED ADS

COMMERCIAL RATES: 20 cents per word.

EXECUTIVE, 39, college educated, seeks compatible and talented companion for ten-day automobile trip this summer through Florida or other interesting places. All basic expenses paid. You must be honest, clean-cut, personable, conversant, no hang-ups, financially self-sufficient, responsible and French oriented. Send letter with photo detailing background, interests, abilities, skills, objectives and life philosophy. No age limit. Southeastern Area Only. Best five letters receives reply and personal meeting. Write J. Williams, Box 21145, Chattanooga, Tennessee 37421.

GUY, 25, 160 lbs., 5'8", nice-looking, trim, hung, gentle, versatile in bed, seeks comparative male to 30. High intelligence, sensitivity, personality, genuine interest in arts and sciences a MUST. Also dig all music and outdoors. If qualified, please write. No effeminates. Box 116, Village Station, NYC, 10014.

LOVELY N.J. MOUNTAIN lake front decorator pad with private terrace, weekly or monthly reasonable rental to gay or straight, quiet, refined singles or couple. Dock, boating, swimming. Tel. 212-782-3381 or 201-383-1179 weekends.

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JOB WANTED - was recently fired from network radio job after I started because of an ILLEGAL check of d-rft record. Company does not hire "our kind." Need job! I am 22, 1969 college grad., special degree in radio-tv-film production, excellent references. Will consider any starting type job in broadcasting, production, records, theatre, etc. Protest job discrimination by hiring a victim. Serious replies only! G.W. Flynn, 280 W. 4th St., NYC, 10014.

APARTMENT FOR RENT - 76th St., CPW block. Fantastic large 5 room (2-bedroom) apt. with roof terrace, \$425/month in beautiful newly renovated brownstone. Intelligent, cultured groovy couple wanted for community-spirited house (NOT all gay house). Definitely an "equal opportunity" situation, though queens and faggots need not apply. June 1st occupancy. For interview with owner call 799-9767.

MALE SLAVES WANTED - experienced or inexperienced disciplined by Understanding Male Master for complete obedience relationships NY-Ohio. Send photo, qualification. FRANK, P.O. Box 8711, Cleveland, Ohio 44135

YOUNG GAY, 22, would like to share three-room apartment with gay student 18-25. I am near Wayne University and Ford Hospital. I am home most every week night after 6pm. Either write AI, apt. A-2, 6420 Sterling St., Detroit, Michigan 48202, or call 313-874-2976. Will look forward to hearing from you.

DISCOVER WEDNESDAY - Is Wednesday night a drag? Just something to keep Tuesday and Thursday from bumping into each other? Well, while you're home watching the boob-tube, we're grooving and dancing. Where? West Side Discussion Group, second largest gay organization in the nation. We meet at 300 Ninth Ave., (28th St.) Wednesdays, 8pm. All ages, sexes welcome, \$1.50 donation to keep us alive and well. Free info: WSDG, Box 502, Cathedral Sta., NYC, 10025.

AMPU EES, MALE - help those with similar noses to adjust. Become a buddy. Write Box 24, Fairlawn, New Jersey, now.

DO YOU DIG A 'YOUNG' OLDER MAN, leather, the S/M scene, motorcycles, boating, classical music? Are you good-looking, ready to travel and relocate if necessary? If so, and you want a permanent relationship with a good-looking motorcyclist who, though 40, looks like 30, then write telling all about yourself and enclosing a photo of yourself to: DENNY, Box 43, Newark, Ohio, 43055.

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"TRAVELING SALESMAN" starring John Geary, Howard Stern & Frank Ford
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"NITTY GRITTY" starring Gerald Christensen, Sonny Earl, John Frazer, Joe Maggio, Dennis Proulx, Jim Steward, Chuck Williams and Mike Woodland. This star-studded film is a sequel to "La Dolce Vita".

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GAY'S CALENDAR

Monday, June 8: New York Mattachine Society Legal Aid Clinic at Society offices, 6 p.m. Free advice and information on matters legal.

Tuesday, June 9: Mattachine Society discussion and dance at Trocadero, 180 Christopher St., 8 p.m. Donation \$1.

Wednesday, June 10: Regular meeting of the West Side Discussion Group. Church of the Holy Apostles (28th St. & 9th Ave.), 8 p.m. Donation \$1.50. Topic for tonight: The gay bars. There is also a free blood test clinic in cooperation with the city Department of Health before the meeting (discretion assured).

Thursday, June 11: Gay Activists Alliance regular meeting, Church of the Holy Apostles (28th St. & 9th Ave.), 8 p.m. Donation 50 cents.

N. Y. Daughters of Bilitis regular meeting at the Corduroy Club, 240 W. 38th St., 8 p.m. Women only. Donation \$1.50.

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

Friday, June 12: N. Y. Daughters of Bilitis dance at the Corduroy Club, 240 W. 38th St., 9 p.m. Women only. Donation \$2.00

"Homosexual News" rebroadcast of 6/11, WBAI-FM, 10:45 a.m.

Sunday, June 14: GLF Youth Group (under 20 only) meeting at the Church of the Holy Apostles (see above), 6 p.m.

GLF regular meeting at the Church of the Holy Apostles, 8 p.m.

NATIONAL DIRECTORY

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

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

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

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

"The Ladder" the only Lesbian magazine in the U.S., is a 48-page bi-monthly. Subscriptions are \$7.50/year. Samples \$1. Available from DOB in San Francisco.

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

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

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.

Homosexual's Intransigent (HI) Men and women segregated, c/o Craig Schoonmaker, 127 Riverside Dr., NYC, 10024. Tel. (212) 799-5692.

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. Tel. (202) EM 2-2211.

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

Philadelphia Action Committee for Equality (FACE) 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.

COMPILED BY

JOHN FRANCIS HUNTER

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

Key:

- **** Highly Recommended and Reviewed at Length in Previous Issues
- *** Almost as Highly Recommended, Reviewed, Fourth Star Withheld on Subjective Basis
- ** Popular, Reviewed and/or Visited Recently
- * O.K., Probably Visited

(When no stars appear it may simply mean the spot has not yet been reviewed in a GAY article.)

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

GF: Gay Genital Females predominantly

GM: Gay Genital Males predominantly

MANHATTAN

Adam's Rib, 23 E. 74th, restaurant; GF's (perhaps in transition)

Alternate U. Gay Liberation Front Saturday Night Dance, 6th Ave. (E. side) N. of 14th; GF, GM, some Int. (call to check)****

Barn, 26 9th Ave. above Triangle Bar; GM***

Barrel Inn, 9th Ave. bet 41st & 42nd; GM

Beacon Baths, 227 E. 45th; GM

Bigoubi, 49th W. of 2nd; dancing, private, after hours; GM ***

Big Spender, 9th Ave. bet 41st & 42nd; GM

Blow-Up, 1544 2nd Ave.; dancing; GM

Blue Flame, 1117 1st Ave.; restaurant; GM

Brew's, 156 E. 34th; Int.

Candlelight Lounge, 309 Amsterdam; GM

Candy Store, 44 W. 56th; GM **

Carnaby's, 323 E. 79th; dancing; GM

Carrs, 10th off Bleecker; GM

Casa Laredo, Hudson & Perry, restaurant; Int. **

Charade, 2nd Ave. at 93rd; dancing; GF

Christopher's End, Christopher toward docks, restaurant; GM ***

Continental Baths, 230 W. 74th; GM ****

Country Cousin, 1313 3rd Ave.; restaurant; GM ****

Danny's, 139 Christopher; GM *

Dee's, 2nd Ave. at 70th; GM

Den, Little W. 12th & Washington; GM **

Eighty-Two Club, 82 E. 4th; drag show, tourist; Int.

Everhard Baths, 28 W. 28th; GM ***

Fedora, 239 W. 4th, restaurant; GM **

Finale, 48 Barrow, restaurant; Int. ***

Five Oaks, 49 Grove, restaurant; GF, GM ***

Four Eleven, 411 Bleecker, restaurant; Int.

Four Seasons, 99 E. 52nd, restaurant; GM/Int. bar at cocktail hour ***

Gianni's, 19th St. bet. 5th & 6th Aves.; GF **

Ginger Man, 51 W. 64th, restaurant; Int. **

Gold Bug, 85 W. 3rd; dancing; GM **

Goldfarb's, 7th Ave. at Bleecker, restaurant; GM ***

Gold Rail, 2850 Broadway; GM

Good Table, Lexington at 28th, restaurant; Int. ***

Harry's Back East, 3rd Ave. bet. 80th & 81st; GM ****

Haven, One Sheridan Square; dancing, fruit juice; GM

Hip-O-Drome, Ave. A bet. 10th & 11th Streets, E. Village; GM *

Julius, 159 W. 10th; MINUS FOUR STARS

Keller's, 384 W. St. nr. Barrow; GM

King Cole, bar in St. Regis Hotel, 5th Ave. at 55th; Int.

Kookie's, 149 W. 14th; GF **

Lighthouse, Broadway at 76th, restaurant; Int.

Lolly's, 1049 Lexington; GM

Luv Cage, 4th W. of 6th Ave.; dancing, private, after hours; GF ***

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., restaurant; Int.

Milano's, N. of 72nd At Amsterdam & Columbus; GM *

Oak Bar, 2nd Ave. at 85th; GM

Oak Room, bar in Plaza Hotel, 5th Ave. at 59th; Int. **

OK Corral, 835 Washington; GM

Old Vic, 309 E. 60th; dancing; GM

Omnibus Coffee House, 69 W. 10th; Int.

One-Two-Three, 123 University Pl.; Int.

Red Swing, Lexington at 25th; GM

Roundtable, 151 E. 50th, restaurant; GF, GM

Royal Rpost, Cornelia nr. Bleecker, restaurant; GM ***

St. Mark's Baths, St. Mark's Place; GM **

Sanctuary, 407 W. 43rd; GM ***

Sauna Baths & Health Club, 300 W. 58th

Seventeen Barrow, 17 Barrow; GM **

Silver Dollar, 163 Christopher; GM

Silver Knights, 161 Amsterdam; GM

Stage Forty-Five, E. 45th bet. 1st & 2nd; GM

Stud, Greenwich Street at Perry; GM *

Taft Hotel Bar, 7th Ave. at 50th; Int.

Tenth of Always, 82 W. 3rd; dancing, private, after hours; GM ***

Texas Chili Parlor, 215 W. 10th, restaurant; Int.

Thrush, 24 E. 22nd; dancing, fruit juice; Int. **

Together, 308 E. 59th; dancing, soft drinks, fruit juice; Int. ***

Tool Box, 507 W. St. at Jane; GM *

Tor's, 21 Greenwich Ave., restaurant; GM

Twin Brothers, 6th Ave. at Waverly Pl.; after hours; GM

Uncle Charlie's, Lexington at 75th; GM ****

Washington Square, 675 Broadway, restaurant; GF

Wine Cellar, 531 Hudson, restaurant; Int. ****

Yukon, 53rd bet. Lexington & 3rd, restaurant; GM ***

Zodiac, Little W. 12th St. & Washington; GM **

Zoo, 421 W. 13th; GM ****

(Next listing adding the Gay Theatre Bars. Aren't they all?)

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

Arena, 5574 Melrose, Hollywood; leather in transition; GM ****

B.J.'s, 2692 S. La Cienega, L.A.; GM

Cellar, 3172 Los Feliz, L.A.; GM

Clown, 1117 N. Hollywood Way, Burbank; GM

Corral Baths, Cahuenga Blvd., North Hollywood; GM

Cougar, 10501 Burbank Blvd., North Hollywood; GM

Courte Inn, 11720 Ventura Blvd., Studio City; GM

David, 7013 Melrose, Hollywood; GM

Fallen Angel, 2709 W. 6th, L.A.; GM

Farm, Santa Monica Blvd. bet. La Cienega & La Brea; dancing; GM ****

Friendship, City of Santa Monica; friendly & swinging during warm months afternoon & evening with beach crowd; GM ***

Gallery Inn, Ventura Blvd., San Fernando Valley, restaurant; GM **

Gallery Room, Santa Monica Blvd. & Crescent Heights, Hollywood, restaurant; glamorous show bizzy crowd, somewhat integrated; GM ***

Golden Bull, City of Santa Monica, restaurant; famous throughout area; swings when the beach does; GM ****

Hold, City of Santa Monica; near Friendship and Golden Bull; GM **

Hub, Santa Monica Blvd., bet. La Cienega and La Brea, Hollywood; gets spillover from Farm and Stampede, more like latter; GM **

Jaguar, (Rev. No. 11) Santa Monica Blvd. E. of

Fairfax, N. side, Hollywood; busy and fairly cruisy, jammed on Sunday afternoon; GM **

Klondike, 757 S. La Brea, Hollywood; GM

Lillian's, (Rev. No. 11) W. side of La Brea, S. of Sunset, Hollywood, restaurant; even pulls Laugh-In celebs; Int. ****

Little Dipper, 4351 Woodman, Sherman Oaks; GM

Oar House, City of Santa Monica; Int. **

Por Favor, Santa Monica Blvd. E. of Robertson, West Hollywood, restaurant par excellence; somewhat integrated; GM ****

Port of Venice, 12 Washington St., Marina del Rey; GM

Seventh Keg, 7713 Beverly Blvd., West L.A.; GM

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

Show Biz, 1421 University Ave., San Diego; GM

Sister George, 9105 Sunset Blvd., West Hollywood; GF **

Stampede, Santa Monica Blvd., W. of Fairfax; after hours, all that is depressing about a bar save for pretty people; GM

Swing, 3175 India St., San Diego; GM

Vagabond, 315 E. Florence, Inglewood; GM

Valli House, 11012 Ventura Blvd., North Hollywood; GM

BOSTON

Cave, 20 Boylston; GM ****

Edwardian, 21 Broad St., restaurant; integrated noon to early evening; GM ****

Jacques, 75 Broadway; GF, GM **

La Grange Baths, La Grange St.; new, clean.

Locke-Ober Men's Bar, 3 Winter Place; GM ***

Mario's, upstairs cor. Shawmut & Broadway; ecchi; GM

Napoleon Club, 52 Piedmont; elegant, coats-and-ties, informal Sunday; GM ****

Other Side, 76 Broadway; dancing, psychedelic lighting, huge room, minimum, lots of action but scattered; GM **

Playland, 19 Essex St.; typically awful, but fun for slumming; GM *

Regency Baths, Regency St.; unbelievable total of 135 cubicles reported; GM

Shed, 250 Huntington Ave.; S&M, but not terribly uptight about it, far friendlier than NY's Tool Box, about as amusing as Den; GM **


Sporter's, 235 Cambridge St.; Harry's Back East of Boston; GM ****

Twelve Carver, 12 Carver, of course; GM ***

(In next issue, read an in-depth report on Provincetown.)

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