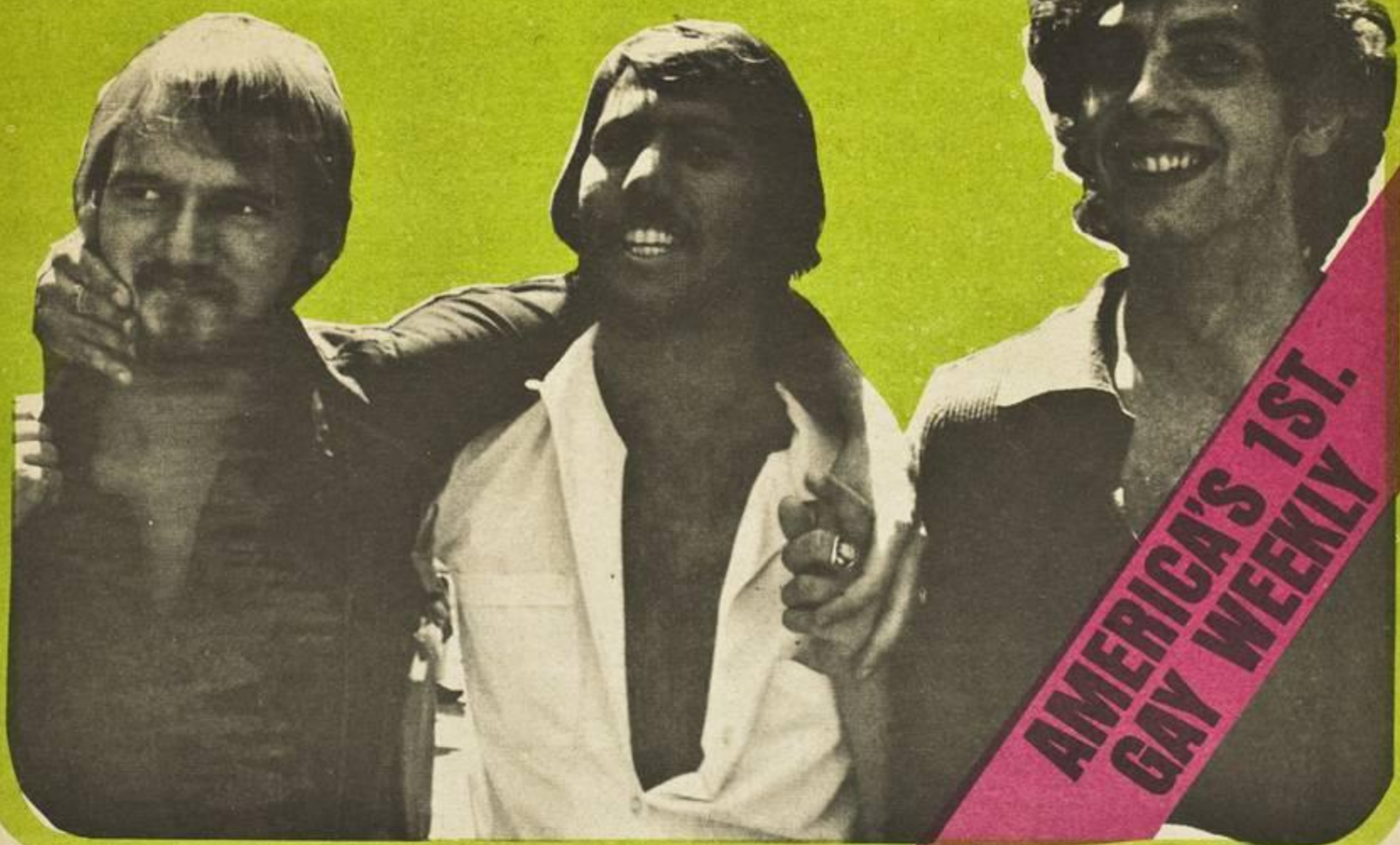


**SPECIAL: NEW YORK'S GAY PARADE**

# GAY

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NO. 24



**THOUSANDS IN N.Y. GAY-IN P.4  
RAQUEL'S PHONEY DILDO P.11**

# The Editors Speak:

LOVE'S COMING OF AGE:  
JUNE 28, 1970

It was a great day: a militant day. It was also a *gentle* day. Lovers kissed. Friends clasped hands. Strangers threw arms around each other's shoulders. There was no shrinking back from affection; no uptight fears of love's caress. The afternoon sun bathed the day in tender glory, casting light on the most glorious moments in Love's long stilled history.

Our eyes filled to the brim with tears as we stood together in Central Park's Sheep Meadow, hugging each other, cheering wildly, applauding. We were awe-struck by the vast throngs of confident humanity wending their way into a promised land of freedom-to-be.

Later, sprawled on the grass, we relaxed quietly, while around us couples cuddled, smiling secure, proud. We saw incredulity on the faces of bystanders. For the first time in their lives they were face to face with an overpowering reality: homosexuals can be beautiful sensual beings. On this occasion, perhaps, we seemed even *more* sensual. Muscular male bodies, stripped naked to the waist, wrestled playfully in the shade. Striking women, beautiful without makeup, kissed in the sunlight.

We too were face to face with a reality. It was a truth we'd always known inwardly. But now the ancient reality confirmed itself outwardly. What was it?

That love's wonderfully varied expressions *can* break through unreal crusts of fear and misunderstanding. That love *can* come out of the past's dark closets. Underneath a vile coating of social falsehoods, man's natural *being* is able to stand proudly as it did on that day.

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

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

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## MAE WEST TALKS ABOUT "THE GAY BOYS"

by Cary Yurman

New York, N.Y. — Mae West was in New York for the premiere of her new motion picture *Myra Breckinridge*. At the riotous premiere five thousand people jammed Broadway and broke through police barricades to get a look at the woman who told America that sex was fun.

The following day Miss West held a

press conference at the Royal Box of the Americana Hotel. The star, looking twenty years younger than her seventy-seven years, made the following comments during her standing room only news conference.

"Miss West, what is your advice for women who would like to have success with men?"

"Well, there are a couple of things I can't discuss right now. The main thing is

always take care of your health and the sex will take care of you."

"If you were in a hospital bed, who would you want in the next bed?"

"Well, I'd want a man there of course."

"Did you learn any new words in *Myra Breckinridge*?"

"I knew all the words, but it was the first time I could use them. Still, I don't

use any four-letter words. I don't think I have to."

"What do you think of the gay liberation movement?"

"Oh, the gay boys," she smiled warmly, "looks like they're gonna take over."

"If you had your life to live over again, would you do anything different?"

"No, I'd do everything, only more of it."

## SODOMY CHALLENGER RELEASED FROM JAIL

by Bo Siewert, Metropolitan Community Church, Los Angeles, Calif.

Dallas, Texas — Alvin L. Buchanan has been released on bond from the Dallas jail. The bond of \$5,000 was put up by his attorney, Henry J. McCluskey, from funds that have been, in part, contributed from people of the Los Angeles Homophile Community.

In a telephone interview with Buchanan's attorney, it was learned that Buchanan had been threatened with great bodily harm as he also faced the possibility of being put in the "hole" by E. L. Holman, Chief Jailor at the Dallas Jail.

In the case of Buchanan vs. Wade, decided on January 21, 1970, by a Federal District Court in Dallas, the sodomy law of Texas was declared unconstitutional. Alvin L. Buchanan had been arrested and charged under that law. His attorney, Henry L. McCluskey, Jr., of Dallas, at once challenged the constitutionality of the statute. Learning of this, a married couple, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Gibson, then entered the case on behalf of married persons "who feared prosecution for possible future acts." Following this, Travis Strickland, a homosexual not charged with any offense, joined the case in order to assert the rights of unmarried persons.

This remarkable series of actions marks the first time in American legal history that the constitutionality of a sodomy law, one similar to those in effect in 48 of the States, has ever actually reached the courts. By filing an appeal with the U.S. Supreme Court, Dallas County District Attorney Henry Wade set in motion legal steps which guarantee that the Supreme Court must hear the case. It might be at least 10 years before another such case would likely reach the court. This means that the Homophile Community now has offered to it an opportunity to participate in an action never before brought to the Supreme Court and probably not apt to arise soon again.

Attorney McCluskey has now filed a cross appeal to the Supreme Court on behalf of Buchanan and Strickland. He is handling this action without fee. In support of this appeal, the American Civil Liberties Union is filing an *amicus curiae* (Friend of the Court) brief. It now rests with the Gay Community to demonstrate to the Supreme Court its own support and show nation-wide backing for the appeal. He offers to act without fee in

(continued on page 12)

# GAY NEWS

July 20, 1970, Volume 1, Number 24



Male Couple Breaks World's Kissing Record: Cary Yurman and Tava Von Will

## WORLD'S KISSING RECORD BROKEN

By Kay Tobin

New York, N.Y. — Flash! The world's kissing record, formerly held by heterosexuals who kissed for 8½ hours straight in South Africa, has been smashed by gays!

Two male homosexual couples, members of Gay Activists Alliance, captured the new world's record by kissing the day away for a full 9 hours on June 28th, Homosexual Liberation Day.

While thousands of other gay men and women were preparing for the parade and then actually marching in it, the two

couples lay comfortably (more or less) on mattresses in Central Park, engrossed in the kissing marathon.

Cary Yurman (whose by-line has appeared on news and feature articles in GAY) and Tava Von Will began kissing at 7:45 a.m. Cary says he was undaunted by Tava's generous blond mustache. Tava says he felt Cary's face becoming bristly as the day wore on, but it "didn't" feel bad.

Back-up candidates were G.A.A. members Phil Raia and Garland Bowen, who started at 9:10 a.m., "just in case the

## PSYCHIATRIST SAYS: "AMERICAN MALES LONELY"

Detroit, Michigan — A Detroit psychiatrist, Dr. Harold Davidson, said recently, "the American man is the loneliest person in the world today" and blamed society's condemnation of closeness among males for it.

Dr. Davidson charged that American boys are simply never taught how to have close male friends.

"It's ok for the girls to have close friends; they sleep at each other's houses; they exchange clothes. But boys aren't allowed that freedom," he said.

He contended boys are taught that having a close emotional tie with another male is somehow un-American.

Davidson further said "men in this country don't hug their sons. And they've given over the education and the discipline of their sons to women."

"As a result," he added, "a young man today feels he can be with another man only in a kind of hale-fellow-well-met sort of way. But getting together with another man to exchange ideas and feelings, this has become taboo."

"Men lose a great deal by not having close men friends," Dr. Davidson concluded.

other two couldn't make it." Both couples were monitored by independent (not to say dispassionate) observers. The couples scrupulously followed the basic rules governing kissing marathons: Hands off!

What everyone wonders about, but hesitates to ask, was asked by GAY's reporter: "In those 9 hours, didn't the kissers stop for anything?" Well, one of the four admitted that before the gay marching crowd reached Central Park, he needed to relieve himself, so he and his kissing partner moved behind a nearby tree. Alas, he tried, but was just too tense to go. So much for that pressing matter.

All four said that, thanks to the natural breezes of the day, they experienced no sense of suffocation, except in the last minutes when the crowd closed in to witness their victories. (Both couples completed the full nine hours.)

What was the first thing the first couple did upon reaching the new world's record mark? They got up, got dizzy, and kissed again! Other gays kissed and hugged them and brought them ice cream and cold cream. The crowd cheered and applauded.

Now about that rumor that homosexual men don't like competitive sports...

# ☀ Homosexual ☀ Liberation Day 1970

photos by Eric Stephen Jacobs George Haimsohn Kay Tobin



Gay Pride: Love, Courage and Beauty



Police were astounded.



Enthusiasm and determination beamed on happy faces.



Jack Nichols (center) and NACHO Officer, Foster Gunnison (right)

## out of the closets into the streets

BY JASON GOULD



The Fates chose to shine favorably on the Gay Liberation Movement on Sunday (the 28th of June), as the weather turned warm and friendly for the end of Gay Pride Week. The sun was bright, the sky was blue and the air pollution index was healthy. What more could we ask for our march up Sixth Avenue?

We got down to Sheridan Square at

1:30. Various gay groups were handing out leaflets and selling buttons. GAA activists with their Lambda (Activity) T-shirts and buttons, DOB women in floppy hats, Mattachine guys with their day-glo "Gay Pride" signs.

GAA marshals with bullhorns directed us down to the end of Washington Place and Sixth Avenue. "Hey, there's Marc. And Charlie, with his airedale. And Sam with his airedale." When the two of them would march together, they'd look like the Bobbsey



"Say it loud, Gay and Proud. Say it loud, Gay and Proud."



Bare chests added a touch of the sensual.



Stoned on good vibes



They came from many different cities.

Twins. But it was all right. According to Sam, their dogs are gay too.

Say it loud, Gay and Proud. Say it loud, Gay and Proud.

A loud cheer went up. It was 2 o'clock and we turned out of Washington Place and out of our closets forever, onto Sixth Avenue, behind the American flag. There were banners and flags and signs. One girl wore a big sign: "Hi Mom." Others sported "Lavender Menace."

Couples wore mix-and-match sweatshirts: "Femine" and "Butch." We found ourselves marching behind a "Lesbians United" banner, which must have confused the straights no end.

At first we were a little scared. I don't know how other gays felt, but we wondered whether we'd meet up with any construction workers. We didn't. We met up with smiles and cheers and a few disbelieving looks.

Two-four-see-eight, gay is just as good as straight!

Arms were thrown up in a clenched fist salute to Gay Power. Fingers spread into V signs. The crowds on the sidewalks returned them. As well they should. Half the onlookers should have been marching with us, or else why have I seen most of them cruising me in the bars on other occasions. It was a day to come out, joyously, with one's brothers and sisters. "Out of the closet, into the streets." A straight couple, with their baby girl, joined us.

Middle-aged, middle-class, high rise parent-types smiled tolerantly at us.

looking for their sons and daughters in our crowd.

We marched four and five abreast, taking up a mile of Sixth Avenue. Motorists crawled by, honking their horns. We passed Alternate U. Yells and cheers and peace signs greeted us from the windows. Great lines were overheard. One guy pointed accusingly at a friend on the sidewalk: "Come on out or I'll point you out." "Give us your sons!" rang out. Songs were started: "All we are saying, is give us a piece." "I've got the son in the morning and the father at night."



The lines stretched for nearly 20 blocks.



All the marchers had a jolly time



Right On! Clenched fists salute at Alternate U.

We got more militant as we marched along. Today we owned the streets. We felt liberated and free. I thought back to last summer, and I wondered if the queens who had had the guts to stand up to cops at the Stonewall knew what a beautiful thing would happen just a year later.

We were fed up with taking crap from the straights and the law and we wanted the freedom just to be. Us! The sun was hot. Shirts were stripped off. People broke ranks to grab a coke or an Italian ice from a pizza stand or a pushcart. When we got to 42nd Street, the cops halted us to let the crosstown traffic through. A few people did a Ruby

Keeler routine in homage. The cops stopped the cars and we all tore off down the half-block that separated us from our fellow gays. There was a feeling of unity, and we didn't want to be kept apart.

The crowds had been sparse, except for a concentration of straights at the Antique Flea Market in the late twenties. But as we got close to the Music Hall, the crowds of onlookers grew heavy. Tourists at Radio City couldn't believe their eyes as we marched by. "Let's do a Rockettes routine for them," shouted Brooks and Colin playfully. We did a few high kicks and then on to the Hilton, bastion of the out-of-towners and

conventioners. People with plastic nametags pinned to their chests gaped at us. A nice, motherly-type lady from Ohio waved back to me. We cooled off in the dandelion fountains at Burlington House.

*Give me a G-A-Y. Give me a P-O-W-E-R. What's it spell? GAY POWER! What's it spell? GAY POWER!! GAY POWER!!! GAY POWER!!!!*

Suddenly there was Central Park. Some do-gooders had tried to remind us at 57th Street with their placards that Jesus would save us, but we weren't in a mood to be saved, but just to have some fun. We crossed Central Park South and

snaked into the park, through the throngs. It felt like we were the victors back from the wars. We were waved at and stared at and cheered at and V-signed at. We answered with "Gay and Proud." We yelled at some friends up on the rocks: "Off the rocks and into the streets."

Sheep Meadow. At last. The vanguard of the march had already made it to the rock at the western end, their banners flying high. They turned around to face the rest of the marchers and started to applaud us and themselves. We answered with applause as we marched forward to meet them! We were on top of



Shirtless youths at the Gay-In



Prescott Townsend, America's oldest gay activist, (See Gay no. 1) with Peter Ogren (left) Tom Doerr (center) Mark Golderman, and Randolph Wicker



Thousands massed in Central Park for the Gay-In

the world. It was pure exultation. I never felt so great in my life, except perhaps for a few orgasms that were, honestly, better than that moment. But not by much. We got to the rock and threw our arms around our friends and kissed. We were gay and out in the open in Central Park and, by God, we were proud! The thing is, we didn't have anything to do once we got there. The various groups had managed to overcome the logistics and resistance to a gay march, but had somehow overlooked to schedule any events for the end. So we organized our own.

A chant went up: "Anyone who's standing is straight!" 5000 gay guys and

girls sat down. Couples wandered around together, arms around each other. Lovers kissed. Heads lit up. The sweet smell of grass was everywhere.

Off in one corner there was a kissing contest. Two gay guys were competing against a straight couple to see who could kiss longest. A large group of GAA people played a sensory expanding game; it looked a lot like Red Rover to me. One spaced-out queen did an impromptu strip-tease. A group of people formed a tight circle. Cheers went up. In the middle of the circle two guys were going down on each other. They must have felt very liberated. Or very stoned.

Mostly people just wandered around. Visiting friends. Making new friends. Connecting. Confronting people on our own terms. Demanding that we be recognized, that we have our rights to walk hand in hand, and kiss if we want to. That we have the right to be ignored.

When a reporter from WNEW opened his newscast with "Ladies and gentlemen, here we are with the boys and the girls in the band," he was shouted down with a chorus of "Fuck You's" and "That's exactly the image we don't want." He gave up that tack fast.

We met this girl, Susan, who came on with this line about how disappointing it

was that all these gorgeous guys were gay, what a waste it was. It was groovy for us, but a drag for her. We pointed out that she didn't have to hang around with gay guys. When last seen, she was still with four very groovy gay guys, her arm around one of them.

All in all, it was a beautiful day to be gay. The sun had shone. We had marched together in unity from the Village to Central Park. We had strolled together, hand-in-hand, through the green of Sheep Meadow. We had kissed and made out, and no one had hassled us. And when evening came, and it was all over, we could all go home and watch Judy in "A Star is Born" on television.



# WHERE HAVE ALL THE LOVERS GONE?

BY LILLI VINCENZ

The article "Twenty Years After: Reflections of a Long-Time Lover" (GAY No. 20) was positively thrilling. How delightful to read about one person's dedication to another! Consequently I felt inspired to say a word or two about a topic that is of interest to most people (whether they admit it or not): permanent relationships. William West explains that the requirement for making a long relationship work "is that you have to want it and keep it *more than anything*." Everything else is secondary. The lover must be the most important person in the world. Mr. West has seen other people claim to want a steady lover "but not enough to change the pattern of their lives."

How crucial that last quote is! How many people want to have their cake and eat it too? "You'll have to take me as I am," they say to their lovers. If anyone has to adapt, it's always the *other one*. "For if you don't accept me as I am, you don't love me, and our relationship won't work"—this, implicit or explicit, is their attitude. I've run across it—and, in the past, have even experienced these feelings myself—this defiance, which testifies to a lack of faith in being able to uphold one's

own end of the relationship and, consequently, demonstrates a lack of commitment. "If you really love me, you'll come to me," we say.

The author's observation that most long relationships started when the lovers were "at a young age... before their lives were solidified into a pattern, or, less ambiguously, they got together early enough to plan their lives around each other" is interesting. It implies that older persons lose their flexibility in adapting to someone else because they are already too set in their ways. Is this true? Someone should do research on the importance of the age factor in love relationships.

The intriguing thesis of the author's friend that "the solidity of the affair depends on its establishment soon after one's self-acceptance as a homosexual... before one becomes programmed totally into 'the gay life'" suggests that "the gay life" diminishes (or at least doesn't develop) one's ability and/or desire to sustain a permanent relationship. I wonder how most male homosexuals react to this hypothesis. Do gays get addicted to cruising to such an extent that this type of contact becomes all they want? Does this sociable and love-making, this camaraderie, obliterate their needs as an individual to relate to another individual in depth and try to build a communications network with that person? Or does it simply decrease their ability to successfully carry through such an undertaking by making them dependent on easy and superficial conquests and pleasures?

I'm not knocking the gay life of single swingers, but I wish there were more emphasis in these pages on homosexual love. Sex there is, for any and all—but how often is love mentioned? Have people become cynical, or is love not worth writing about, not *interesting* enough? Or are the lovers too busy with their private lives to write for GAY?

Personally, I think readers would like to hear more on the topic of permanent relationships: their establishment and maintenance. And I don't believe my opinion derives purely from the fact that I am a woman and am naturally (supposedly) drawn to marriage and home-making. I have heard a man

wondering how to go about looking for "husband material." Are lovers to be discovered in bars? How can one tell whose friendship and love might be worth cultivating? Is it all a matter of trial and error? Should bars be ruled out and other means of meeting potential mates be chosen?

Another man is trying to decide whether tricking is necessary to find a lover, even though his interests are not primarily sexual. Should he expose himself to the ritual of going to bed in order to get to know people?

These two men want more than just the usual fascinating sexual encounter. They want to find someone to share their personalities, interests, and lives with. Perhaps they should skip the bars and try to cultivate friends/lovers in the more personal, less competitive setting of gay social clubs or homophile organizations, where the process of getting acquainted is more leisurely and more defined in human, rather than purely sexual, terms.

There are too many ways to go out looking for a mate, but it seems to me that all we can do is help luck along, for *luck* is what we need. It's our attitude toward people and toward ourselves which will make success likely or unlikely. I don't think the homosexual has that much more of a problem in finding a long-term partner than the heterosexual. Homosexual women may encounter more difficulty, since they usually know fewer gay people, especially women, than men do. And yet they try harder than men.

But luck, a good self-image, and guts to weather the bad times are still the essential ingredients in finding and keeping a lover. Straights also have problems in finding mates. My father once reminded me that homosexuals aren't the only ones suffering from loneliness. Heterosexuality doesn't guarantee happiness or protection from loneliness. Sometimes we forget that our homosexuality is not necessarily the cause of our loneliness and that some of the problems we face in relating to others are not unlike similar problems beleaguering the heterosexual.

Straight marriages can be greater disasters than gay marriages—simply because they often involve dishonest

motives and false hopes from the start. There are too many wrong reasons available to drive heterosexuals to marry, like security, status, conformity, children, physical convenience. We've seen people suffer the consequences of their ill-advised unions. Many don't have the good sense to separate, or, weighted down with obligations, real or imagined, toward children, don't feel free to separate. Thus they sacrifice their individual pursuits of happiness on the altar of "what's best for the children." They deny their own personhoods and learn to live by "duty" alone—which, of course, creates frustrations, which in turn give rise to ugly manifestations in the form of prejudice and jealousy of anyone who isn't burdened in the same way.

We homosexuals can be fortunate that marriages usually arise from the desires of two people wanting to live together for reasons of love alone. No social status or reward is associated therewith, and if the love should not persevere, the couple may break up with no obstacles. In some ways we have it better than the heterosexuals. When we attempt to form a permanent relationship, the two people are equals, with no predetermined roles to play, who need not answer to any kind of social expectations or obligations, and who are free to fashion a union of their choice. So much room for creativity, for imagination, for self-fulfillment!

Of course, there are the dangers and the pitfalls that come from living without a structure to fall back on, from having to build one's own framework. Sometimes we fumble around in unexplored regions of the soul trying to define ourselves in relation to another undefined entity. Getting closer and closer to another person can be frightening—like getting so close to an object that it is out of focus and one no longer recognizes it. This can be confusing, but it is also a step toward confronting, if not unraveling, the human enigma: What *is* the human being? Who am I? Who are you?

Before I become metaphysical, I'll stop. Just one more thing. Many, many years ago, I attended church regularly in New York at the Christian Community (associated with the Anthroposophical Society—if anyone knows what *that* is). The pastor once explained that man was made for woman and vice versa to overcome the essential loneliness, or aloneness, of every human being. This makes sense to me and doesn't seem to exclude homosexuality. If love's primary function is to overcome isolation, then it doesn't matter what kind of love it is, as long as this function is fulfilled, right? And even though the fact remains that we can never merge completely with another human being, we can still form relationships that make our lives and personalities flourish with the love and happiness they bring. Of course this involves work and commitment. Growing together interdependently is a challenge. But finally there will result that sphere of twoness that belongs to those two human beings alone—a private world that is a home and a protection against the "whips and scorns of time," against "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," and, perhaps especially in our day, against "the law's delay." This love is kind of like having your own little church, which will always be a source of comfort, faith and joy. End of sermon. Go out and be happy and gay!



In the Grove: Bob Ansel, Dick Leitsch's lover

# A Cherry In The Grove

BY DICK LEITSCH

Orthodox Jews dream of spending the High Holy Days in Israel and devout Catholics save to go to Rome for Easter Week. When Gay Pride Week rolled around, I, devout and orthodox homosexual that I am, made the pilgrimage to the spiritual capital of the gay world, Cherry Grove.

Many things about the Grove have changed since the memorable day five years ago when I visited a friend there, supposedly for a weekend, fell in love with the place and stayed through October. I've never missed an opportunity since to go back, and it's the one piece of land on this earth for which I might, in a fit of patriotism, fight and die for.

While there have been some changes, the basic charms of Cherry Grove never change. Fire Island still has one of the most beautiful beaches in the world, one of the few that runs East and West, rather than North and South. That means the sun follows the beach, smiling down on

sunbathing gays from dawn to dusk.

The sense of community and community pride continues. The residents still conserve the dunes (unlike the straight neighbors, who let theirs deteriorate shockingly, and therefore suffer more damage from the winter storms). The Arts Project still raises money for community projects.

Many of the houses have been improved over the years, some of them to the point of being almost unrecognizable. But all still bear signs with campy house names like "Tea-Room Charlie's," "Double Entry," "Catherine the Grape," "Broken Hearth," "El Exyenta," "All The Way Inn," "Chicken Delight," "Ballroom," etc.

The glory that is the Grove is two-fold. First, there's the lack of pressure and tension, and the delight in being away from traffic, air pollution, noise and civilization. There is not even the diversion of the cinema, theatre and the like. There's little to do but sun, swim, dance, drink, smoke, have sex, perhaps read, and communicate with nature, yourself and your fellow man.

Secondly, Cherry Grove is a gay community, organized around gay life, with gay standards as the community standards. Provincetown is just another honky-tonk, like Greenwich Village. The Silent Majority parades up and down the boardwalk in Atlantic City, leaving gay people to perhaps dominate, but never control, side streets.

There is nothing cheap or tacky about the Grove, and we not *they* run the community and set the social customs, manners and life styles. It is our community, not a straight world in which gay people have to fight for recognition or, at best, survive on grudging and limited tolerance.



A Fashion Show at the Beach Hotel

None of that has changed and, please God and Oscar Wilde, never will. What has changed is a significant portion of the Cherry Grove "establishment." A new combine has taken over most of the commercial property from Jimmy Mari, who is now busy running the Country Cousin, one of New York City's nicest restaurants/bars. They have made many changes at the Grove, all for the better.

There are a few more shops. Phyllis still sells flowers; Bruce and Carol still have the grocery and Fred is still the smiling liquor man. They're as much a part of the Grove as the Rack. But now there are two liquor shops, and three clothing boutiques. The Gazebo, located in the Beach Hotel, has fabulous clothes. Piquarius, on the dock, has moderately-priced fashions, and the Marquis de Suede (also in the Hotel) sells those "special" items. A large gift shop, and a moderately priced restaurant (open 24 hours on weekends) have been added near the dock.

There's a new marina, so that those with boats may dock and visit the Sea Shack and Hotel. Those who want to spend some time at the Grove may do so by paying regular hotel rates (\$10 a night on weekdays; \$15 on weekends) for the privilege of tying up their boats in the marina.

The Sea Shack has been enlarged to accommodate the huge week-end crowds, but middle of the week diners, who often felt lost in the huge expanse of the old Sea Shack, no longer need feel lonely. High backed booths break up the space and provide secluded nooks for intimate dining. The quality of the food has improved immeasurably and is well worth the slightly high (for my budget, anyway) prices. Andy, the new Maitre d', is a real gem.

Mike, one of the four partners in the new combine, is General Manager, and his other partners (who closely resemble Oskar Werner, a young Kirk Douglas, and a young Ray Milland) call him "the good-looking one." Mike seems to be everywhere at once, making certain that everyone is happy.

Katie, a lady well known to the winter-in-St. Thomas set, has taken over the old Club Atlantique, which has not surprisingly been renamed "Katie's." She dispenses high-quality drinks and entertainment.

The Beach Hotel is the most improved. The old "pit" on the deck has been covered, and an outdoor bar, with tables and booths is there. A side "pit" contains weeping willow trees, which soften the old "institutional" appearance of the Hotel and shade the bar in the daylight hours.

More trees grace the corners of the pool which, with its barbells and gym equipment, is now free to everyone. (There is a charge of \$1.00 for beach chairs, if you want one.)

A gay blue-and-white striped tent provides a pool-side bar, and every sunny afternoon scores of people can be seen sipping gin pool-side or sunbathing on deck chairs while chatting over a Tom Collins.

The regular bar in the Hotel has been totally redone and all of the cutesy rural decor is gone, including the high-fenced corral for dancing. Instead, the decor is neat white lattice-work and subdued lighting which gives a cleaner, more relaxed ambience to the room.



One of Cherry Grove's many ornate dwellings

The back area, with the enormous fireplace and the portrait of the owner of the Grove's first hotel, has a pair of new pool tables and the start of a new decor.

The most startling remodeling has been done on the newly-named "Ice Palace." The walls have been covered with a three-dimensional clear plastic substance that looks like chunks of ice. This provides millions of small and large facets which pick up and reflect the elaborate light show installed by "Electric Paul," a San Franciscan who dropped by one day and was put to work developing what will soon be one of the most dazzling light shows in the East. Each week more lights are added, and Ted (the partner who looks like a young Kirk Douglas) claims that, by August, the show will be more elaborate, and use more electricity, than the one at the Sanctuary. "The only thing they have we don't will be cathedral ceilings," Ted said, "and just wait until next year!"

One of the warmest of the new touches at the Sea Shack is a small plaque in the bar honoring the recently deceased author of *Little Mary Sunshine*, who was a long-time Grove resident and a popular local figure. The plate reads simply, "Rick Besoyan brought sunshine here."

To be continued

BY ANGELO d'ARCANGELO

Having nibbled my way around the edges of the Underground for some time, I was not unaware of the plans for the year's most spectacular and significant event, the GAY-IN in Central Park. I'd marked my calendar some weeks before; the very first day I'd heard of the plans.

The d' in d'Arcangelo stands for diffidence, however, for, as everybody who knows me knows, I'm very liable to cool off on some notion or other, likely to forget or procrastinate myself out of a situation or a responsibility or commitment, be it pleasant or otherwise. The fact is, though I constantly encourage others to join various groups and to participate therein, I do so with full knowledge that I am congenitally unable to do that which I advise. Groups

Existential Blues

There's a split in all our lives. Nothing to run for the shrink about; nothing to build a movie around; simply the universal difference between what you are in private among your peers in the intimacy of your lusts and fantasies and with those beings who help you work them out, and that carefully faceted man or woman who walks about nodding and talking, doing the business of the day and living, at least then, according to the arbitrary rules, regulations and predisposed notions of speech, motion and gesture. The existentialists have isolated for us the notion that we are ever and always alone, each unto each, each apart from one another, and those behavioral scientists who have dedicated themselves to understanding our human situation and rejecting cant have found that this condition, or illusion, is universal and never-ending. It has always

hadn't even one excuse to keep me away from the march. Worse, or better, I had to take my friend to Manhattan. So, nothing to do. No moral side-stepping possible without severe loss of face and much attendant self-loathing.

Making History for Fun and Profit

You can be sure that many people will write and talk about the parade. Before this piece appears, those of you who will not have been there will almost feel as though you had because of all you've read and heard about it. And you will regret, repeat, regret not having been there. It was sublime!

Granted I did all those things I do when I enter, say, a party full of people I don't know. There was that social air about it all. I know myself well enough to know the full repertoire of my tricks. It took the full length of the splendid, friendly, frantic and completely humanistic march to force the realization

would empty, the prisons would empty, the battleships and bunkers would empty, and the only true crazies, the True Blue Meanies would be left in their places of power to push buttons summoning people who were out and away, their arms interlinked, making plans to start all over and to stay in the sun.

Love Your Crazies

For my money, give me a crazy who simply wears odd clothes, or who wants to preach some man harmless creed. Let them cover themselves with feathers and furs, sequins or skirts, and talk: But keep them out in the open lest they and you and I forget that they're people, too. That's the dangerous triad.

Before I go I would like to thank my hosts, those darling young men and women of G.A.A. for giving life a little party. And I'd like to thank the beautiful young man covered with cameras fucking

# gay-in=joy-in=love-in!

The Gay-In: Central Park, June 28, 1970



of any kind, for any purpose, tend to dew me with a chill. Five minutes in the back room of any of the popular bars can be counted upon to drive me into canipions, even though I enjoy and approve of the sport involved. I have to benumb myself in order to sit comfortably in a restaurant. Claustrophobia, it's called—the fear of closed spaces. In short, more than four people in a room or a bed is much too many for me.

All of this being understood, gentle reader, you will appreciate that my anticipation of the GAY-IN and its preceding march was casual at best. A fine undertaste of panic coated my tongue as I buttonholed my acquaintances and tried to persuade them to march.

MARCH! God, the word reminds me of my military service. What a debacle! They thought I was being insubordinate: I couldn't explain to them that, having so many people around, simply blew my mind. I couldn't show them graphs and pictures of poor d'Arcangelo having the identical heaves at Coney Island.

appeared to me that the "alone-ness" is one which one always feels when one is among people not of one's own choosing. It seems to me that it is there that we are forced to resort to preset behavioral patterns which project as little of ourselves as possible to others in order to avoid their hostility. Among our friends and among our lovers, we can put aside the debilitating illusion of "alone-ness" and rejoice in the gratification of the chosen intimacy; the multiple and continuous social and sexual intercourses which give our lives color, scent, and substance.

The night before the march I was enjoying the kind of intimacy I most treasure, cheek to cheek, mind to mind, belly to belly, and man to man. It was for me particularly poignant, for my friend and I hadn't seen one another for more than five years, and as I'm sure you know, not all reconciliations are pleasant. Fortunately, ours was. What a pleasure it was to talk and to sleep with him, and to see dawn's rosy cheeks from within the gothic arch of his marble thighs. A wonderful way to start the morning!

But morning it was, and I found I

upon me that I was indeed not among strangers, but friends, most of whom I happened not to know. Historic event. It was like Whitman. (Goodbye, at least for a while, old badass existential bogey.) When the curling file of my known and unknown friends filed into the meadow and walked to that hillock covered with waving applauding people, it was a family reunion, and the tattered carpeting of the park became a living room in which we all, under the beneficent sun, lived, touched, smiled and—not tolerated, but welcomed—one another's differences not as a lessening of our own particular selves, but as endless complements to that spark of self which is the sum of one soul.

And oh, don't we come in wonderful styles though? And sizes, shapes, colors and varieties! So many beauties! So many kinds of beauties and possible friends and lovers. Is it any wonder the sellers of shame want to keep us all, ALL, in the dark. Indoors. In air-conditioned coal chutes and overpriced jukeboxes; away from the light and away from each other. Why, if America ever came out of the closet and looked at itself... and saw the beauty of it... the mental hospitals

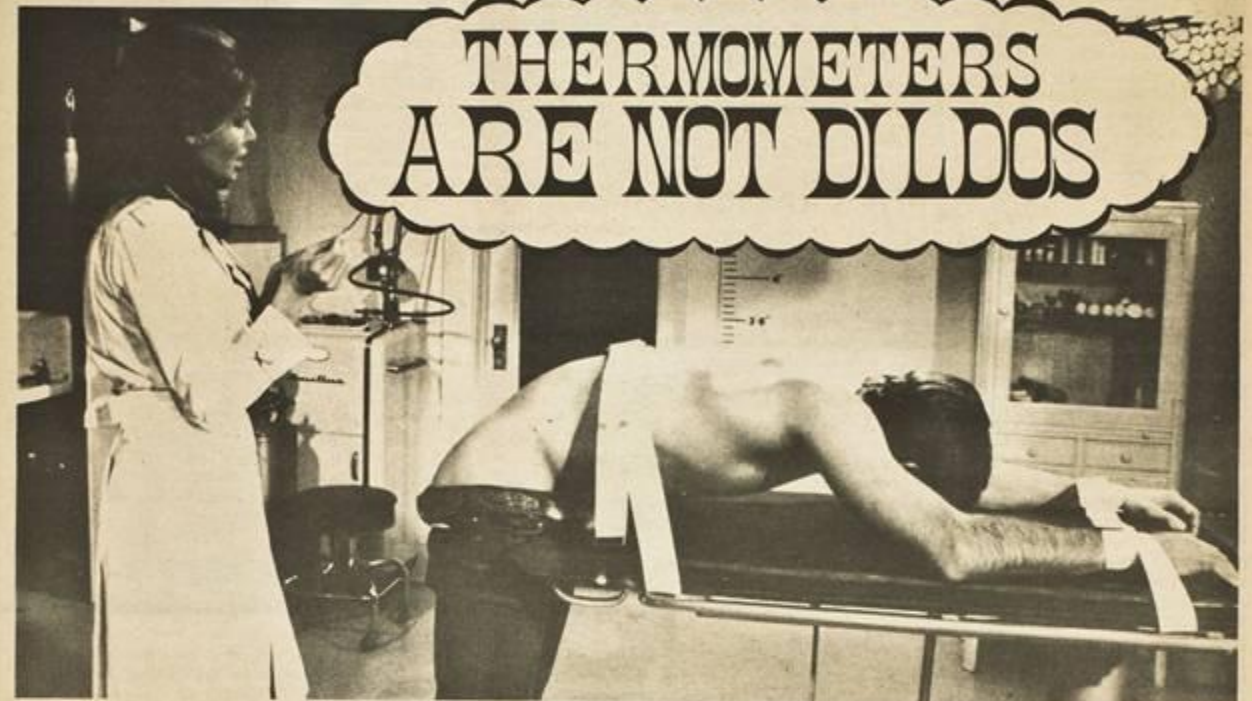
my mind so thoroughly in the space of one spontaneous kiss. And thanks to you-know-who for putting that fat joint into my head and stoning me under the trees. And to the Ho-Daddy blonde from out of town, thanks for talking dirty to me and letting me feel your superpneumatic pecs: It was just what I needed at the time; a little "fifties" but not unappreciated. And to everybody else, love and kisses, or, as the great poet says...

"Thank you, for letting me be myself again."  
... or, as another poet said,  
"Sudden as sweet  
Come the expected feet.  
All joy is young, and new all art,  
And He too, whom we have by heart."

Like I said, if you weren't there, I'm sorry for you: You should have been.  
The close of the day found me happier, freer, in the middle of a double-header and loving everything a hell of a lot more. I have never gotten rug burns with a clearer head.  
"Everybody, I love you."  
... and I thank you one and all.

## what hollywood should know :

# THERMOMETERS ARE NOT DILDOS



Raquel ships out a rectal thermometer: hardly a dildo

BY PETER OGREN

Myra Breckinridge (the novel) came out about three years ago and did some strange things to the heads of most Americans who read it. Gore Vidal's story of the archetypal female chauvinist run amok was probably one of the cleverest and most original books of the already decadent decade. But on the screen, Myra is a shadow of what could have been, totally devoid of genuine wit, unbelievably castrated (no pun intended) and horribly executed.

Contrary to what many people have been saying, the fault for this abortion is not upon the head of Raquel Welch. There were parts of this film that were quite funny indeed, and although La Bombshell didn't get to strip, she still looked great in the part. There's a certain "too feminine" look about Raquel that perfectly fits the mold of the ultra-femme sex-change case. And she has a certain knack (dare I say at last?) for throwing off one-liners with a modicum of bounce and *elan*. This is her best role to date. I only wish that could really be saying something.

Mae West: Divine Raunch

Mae West, the Divine, the Incomparable, the Eternally Raunchy, is one bright spot in the role of Letitia Van Allen, the Queen of the Casting Couch. We all know by now that Miss West wrote all of her own dialogue, so we should not be too surprised to see that her role is (a) vastly different from the book and (b) virtually peripheral to the movie. Gone is that fantastic scene in the hospital where, wheeled in with her neck in a brace, Letitia describes her Ultimate Experience, being raped by Rusty and thrown down the stairs so that her hitting the bottom perfectly coincided with her Big O.

Actually, I had understood that the scene was switched for the movie so that Miss West put Rusty in the hospital, but that apparently has ended up in the cutting-room floor, along with (I suspect) thousands of feet of other interesting bits.

Mae West has the honor of having written the funniest line in the show, and since you'll hear about it anyway I may as well tell you: a cowboy tells her that he's "six feet, seven inches." Whereupon the Sex Goddess retorts, "Forget the six feet. Let's talk about the seven inches."

What Dildo?

Naturally anyone who had read the book was bound to wonder how they would handle the dildo scene. I beg your



The incomparable Mae West

pardon? What dildo scene? Everything is implied, nothing is shown. The really brilliant step-by-step humiliation of the beautiful stud Rusty (played with a proper sulk by Roger Herren, an extraordinary specimen, who by the way did a stint in L.A. as Cowboy in *Boys in*

the Band) is condensed—I almost said paradoxically "watered down"—into Myra's making him pee into a jar, strapping him down, taking his temperature with a rectal thermometer, and announcing that she will "ball him." Young Herren does have nice buns, incidentally—he's really a handsome man. Then Myra straps on an off-camera something, Rusty's eyes widen in terror, and she goes to town, whipping him with a rodeo hat (that, I suppose, is the equivalent of "riding my stallion") with old movie flashbacks, and lines like "I'm coming, Shirley Temple!"

The reversal of Myra into Myron is plainly and simply all wrong in the movie. Myron (Rex Reed, as blank as ever) is actually driving the car! Of course the director fails to see that Myron is Myra and vice-versa—maybe this is a hint at a self-destructive streak in Myra, this business of being hit by herself—(he thinks). Myra gets hit and goes flying, but Myron is the one on the ground. If you can figure that one out, let me know.

There is no development at all of the Myra-Myron reversal, which to me was the best part of the book. Come to think of it, there was no development of anything.

The only thing that this movie has over the book is the fornicopia of "dirty words." Now, I don't mind that one bit, but there's one point near the beginning, where Myra says, "Make no mistake about it, Myra Breckinridge is a dish, and don't you forget it, motherfuckers (as the children might say)." Well, for inconsistency or something or something, some fathead bleeped out *mother* and let *fucker* go through. The language is probably the only thing that garnered this bumper an "X" rating.

"Alter Ego" is Ridiculous

For perpetrating this abomination on a great and witty book, director Michael

Sarne ought to have his head handed to him. This is probably the worst-directed movie ever made. The editing is a crime before God, Man and Women's Lib. The screenplay is a farce. The ending drops into your lap like a mangled corpse, *think!* And just as I was getting to enjoy myself! Why Sarne cast Rex Reed is beyond me, and John Huston is just plain awful. Even more peculiar is the question of the *alter ego* relationship between Myra and Myron, as if they were really two people. They are always on screen together! There is even one scene where Myra appears to be giving Myron head (Rex Reed??), which in the context of the book and possibly of the movie makes that one of the strangest examples of auto-fellatio (or would it be auto-cannulizing?) in history. Myra would certainly never go down on or for any man, even her/himself. And poor Mae West! I adore that woman. She can do no wrong, and yet, in the context of this movie, there is very little that she can do right. Thank heaven for her eternal sense of the voluptuous, and her infallible humor and wit. (Thank heaven too for the swarms of pretty bobs that pass through her doors... helps keep the "camp" fires burning!)

Dear Raquel: You have some fine moments in a sort of Claudette Colbert-Loretta Young-Maureen O'Sullivan way, I still think you are beautiful, and I wish you could act a trifle more, but don't blame this one on yourself. My dear, Dase herself couldn't have saved this one.

So sad but true, Myra Breckinridge, which could have been one of the funniest and sexiest comedies in years, has been reduced to a whisp of its original self. Poor Myra. It isn't just her tits that got lost in the fracas, it's her spirit and wit as well.

**SODOMY CHALLENGER  
RELEASED FROM JAIL**

(continued from page 3)

filing another *amicus curiae* on behalf of Homophile Organizations and individuals.

Funds are also desperately needed to support Mr. Buchanan, as the publicity given this case has ruined his chances for gainful employment. He is living in a Dallas hotel where a room costs \$4 per day. He also needs money for food and personal expenses.

Tuesday morning during a telephone interview with Alvin Buchanan, it was learned that his health has been greatly impaired during his confinement. He has been in jail, off and on, for nearly a year. E.L. Holman, Chief Jailer at the Dallas Jail, forced Buchanan to write Reverend Troy Perry and tell him he could no longer receive the Metropolitan Community Church publications. Alvin alleges he was also told he could no longer write to the good Reverend and that MCC was verbally abused by Holman, he added. The heterosexual prisoners were allowed to enter the tank where Buchanan (and other members of our Community) were held at various times. Alvin further states that at these times they were sadistically used, both for the other prisoner's sexual gratification as well as the pleasure they derived from beating them severely.

During his stay in the Dallas Jail, Buchanan reported that he lost three teeth, had his eyes blackened on numerous occasions and is now suffering with a stomach ailment probably caused from a combination of beatings and poor food.

He also stated that had he been put in the "hole," as Holman threatened, he would have been there for 30 days on bread and water, under unspeakable conditions.

Alvin wishes me to thank all of the people who have aided him. He said that never before has he realized the true meaning of the words compassion and friendship.

*Editor's Note: GAY will act as a collection center for those who wish to contribute toward the cost of the appeal. Please make your check payable to HENRY J. McCLUSKEY, and send to Texas Fund, Four Swords, Inc., P.O. Box 431, Old Chelsea St., NYC, NY 10011.*

relationship between two undergraduates at Cambridge University—"one sensitive and intellectual who had a great passion for another," Spencer said.

Why did Forster never publish it? "I think he did it for himself, not for publication, because he wanted to express this theme," said Spencer.

He also said efforts will be made to seek publication of "Maurice."

**COURT TO RULE ON  
"FUCK THE DRAFT"  
SIGN**

Washington, D.C.— The Supreme Court has agreed to decide whether the four-letter words that punctuate much of today's political dissent are protected by the free speech provisions of the U.S. Constitution.

The Court said it would hear the case of Paul R. Cohen, a clerk in a Los Angeles department store, whose 30-day jail sentence brought the dirty words issue to the Justices.

Cohen wore a jacket emblazoned with a sign that denounced the Selective Service System. "Fuck the draft," the sign read.

He wore the jacket in the Los

Angeles Municipal Courthouse on April 26, 1968, and was arrested by the police on the charge of "engaging in tumultuous conduct," a violation of the state statute against disturbing the peace.

His lawyers contended unsuccessfully in the California Court of appeals that the sign was worn "to make the public aware of the depth of feeling against the draft shared by himself and his friends."

As such, the lawyers said, the words of the sign are constitutionally protected expressions of opinion, and while they may be offensive, to choke them off would constitute a denial of the right to free speech.

**COMPLAINTS SAY  
"SURFERS ARE  
GAY TOO!"**

Dana Point, Calif. — Complaints from homosexually-inclined surfers have been received by *Surfer*, "The International Surfing Magazine," a bimonthly publication dedicated to the sport and philosophy of surfing. The following letter appeared in the latest issue.

"As *Surfer* moves closer to capturing all the philosophy and way of life of

surfing, will this magazine be ready to focus on what is not even discussed much among surfers? *Surfer* focuses heavily on sex (and rightly so). But what of sex between those of the same sex? It happens, and often. And *Surfer* prides itself on an open and complete view of surfing.

If 10% of males in the U.S. have done it—imagine in surfing where in a close, mostly male environment what goes on! If drugs and everything else isn't bad to talk about, should this be ignored? Especially, when to some (like myself) it is great to get close to nature in surfing, and even greater to get close to those who surf—be it a guy or a girl. This doesn't mean cover stories, features or personal ads at the end of the magazine. Just realize there is a nicer life than Chuck Dent knew in his article (and surfers don't go to that gay bar); like what happened at the party for the Huntington contestants Friday night before the finals. Or perhaps less innuendos about Johnny Fain and Mickey Dora or just noticing the bitichin' ad on page 27 for Quintzel—I dug the ad for the girl in the wet suit. What more can be said except it's great to have 200% of the fun. Why not show all of surfing?

Signed  
Necessarily anonymous till everybody's heads are cool."



Christopher Street West: Los Angeles, Salute to Gay Liberation. (photo by Lee Mason)

**THOUSANDS TAKE PART IN GAY MARCHES**

by Kay Tobin  
New York, N.Y. — Thousands of gay men and women marched joyously through the streets of Manhattan Sunday, June 28th, to celebrate the first birthday of homosexual liberation. The unprecedented march was the culmination of Gay Pride Week. The ranks of festive participants stretched out over twenty city blocks as they moved from Sheridan Square in Greenwich Village up Sixth Avenue to Sheep Meadow in Central Park.

Thus homosexuals from all over the Eastern United States commemorated the first anniversary of the first homosexual uprising in history: that which took place in Sheridan Square in June of 1969 when homosexuals fought back after the police raided a once-popular but now-shuttered gay bar, the Stonewall Inn. On the West Coast on the same day this year a similar commemorative march was held in Los Angeles. Estimates of the New York crowd varied from 5,000 to 10,000, with

the higher figure being applied to the final, huge gathering for a Gay-In in Central Park. In addition, thousands of spectators lined the three mile parade route.

Groups participating in the demonstration, many with resplendent banners, included: Daughters of Bilitis, Gay Activists Alliance, Gay People at Columbia, Gay Liberation Front, Homophile Action League, Homosexuals, Intransigent!, Mattachine Society of New York, Mattachine Society of Washington, and Philadelphia New Gay Alliance, to name a few.

The flyer from the umbrella committee of sponsoring groups stated: "We are united today to affirm our pride, our life-style and our commitment to each other. Despite political and social differences we may have, we are united on this common ground: For the first time in history, we are together as *The Homosexual Community*."

Press coverage was extensive and

included the following media: *New York Times* (which put the story on page 1 the following day), *French News Agency*, *U.P.I.*, *WNEW-TV*, *Canadian Broadcasting Corporation*, *WCBS-TV*, *WABC-TV*, *WINS*, etc.

Throughout the parade, marchers shouted various chants: We are gay all the way—Two, four, six eight, gay is just as good as straight—Three, five seven, nine, lesbians are mighty fine! Out of your closets and into the streets! Ho-ho homosexuals! Stop the population with gay liberation! Gay and proud, say it loud, gay and proud!

The thousands of marchers filed into Central Park's Sheep Meadow, moving past two gay couples at work (?) breaking the world's kissing record (see adjacent news story). The Gay-In in the Park was at first mostly a sit-in, as participants recovered from the long march in the sun.

The only planned activity in the Park was sponsored by Gay Activists Alliance, who provided an abundance of body contact by conducting sensitivity games in the soft grass of the meadow. Their gay love pile—composed of dozens of warm, wiggling bodies in one fantastic heap—let forth the most spontaneous, if inarticulate, yelp for liberation heard all day.

Throughout the meadow, gay couples cuddled, kissed, laughed, and listened to themselves being described by announcers across the band of their transistor radios. Television cameras oiled at the open show of gay love and affection and solidarity. The Gay-In went on until well after sundown, after which GAY's reporter was told, love knew no bounds.

Said one Lesbian, "We've just experienced the world's greatest consciousness raising event for homosexuals!" Said the flyer from the umbrella committee of sponsoring groups: "We are showing our strength and our love for each other by coming here today. We are all participants in the most important Gay event in history."



On the Boob Tube: Franklin E. Kameny, Ph.D.

*Blossoms  
On The Boob Tube*

BY JOHN P. LeROY



Whenever programs about gay life appeared on television, everyone used to become up-tight. In 1962, when Dr. Frank Kameny, president of Washington Mattachine, made one of his first television appearances, the announcer spent five minutes apologizing to the audience for having as his guest so presumably despicable a creature as a real, live homosexual. Kameny, on that occasion, gave a one-and-a-half minute talk.

Four years later, both he and GAY's co-editor, Jack Nichols, were guests on a panel discussion on Washington educational television station WOOK. After doing his best to be as polite as he knew how to be, the moderator flew into a rage near the end of the three-hour program. "Get out of here, you horrible vicious perverts," he roared, throwing his pencil at his guests. "You make me sick. I want to vomit. I never want to see you again. Out of this studio! Off of this stage!"

It was the kind of program where viewers phone in questions for the panelists. For three hours, Jack and Frank had had to answer questions like "Do you have organs of both sexes?" and "Can homosexuality be cured by taking hormone injections?" However, after the broadcast, the station was so flooded with phone calls that Jack and Frank were asked to come back again, and the moderator was a model of decorum.

About a year later, in 1967, C.B.S.

did an hour-long special on homosexuality, mostly in negative terms. Jack was one of the gays who not only expressed a positive viewpoint, but who also allowed his full face to be shown. He was fired from his job as a hotel sales manager the day after the broadcast.

**Maturity Emerges**

Now, in this enlightened time of mid-1970, evidence of maturity in TV land is beginning to appear elsewhere than the Carol Burnett Show. The most recent example occurred in the New York area on June 24 at 10 p.m. over educational station WNDT, channel 13. After five minutes of news, the moderator of the "Newsfront" program introduced seven leaders of the homophile movement and invited them to discuss the current plight of the homosexual, his current problems, aspirations and goals.

What resulted was one of the healthiest and most stimulating discussions on the subject ever to come across the boob tube. In spite of sharp disagreements and heated exchanges, nobody blew their cool, yet everybody gave as reasoned and as impassioned a statement of his or her viewpoint as could be made under the circumstances.

Jim Owles, president of the Gay Activists Alliance, when in the Air Force, found that his homosexuality prevented him from taking part in the free speech movement, even though he was in perfect agreement with his straight buddies. This helped bring him into the vanguard of the fight for an end to

discrimination in employment and police harassment. He and other members of the G.A.A. have become masters of the political confrontation when members of the Establishment ignore legitimate homosexual demands.

One of three female panelists was Ellen Broide, a member of the Gay Liberation Front, and spokeswoman for the radical viewpoint. She expressed her homosexuality as a form of liberation. As a regular heterosexual, she felt herself to be a mere sexual object. Her being gay gave her a sense of mission and identity whereby she could not only experience a new sense of freedom, but take an active part in combatting the present system based mainly on power and greed.

Another one of the ladies, Lois Hart, also of G.L.F. tied in the movement toward women's liberation with gay liberation. The existing oppression, Miss Hart maintained, was caused by the failure of women to love one another. Integration into society is therefore impossible under these conditions.

Becky Irons, a member of the Daughters of Bilitis, was in general agreement, but was more interested in having the lesbian maintain a more positive image of herself, and to work more within the system for meaningful change.

Jim Fouratt, another G.L.F.er, was perhaps the most radical of all. Wearing a full beard and a scroffy outfit, he nevertheless spoke quite earnestly and passionately of the urgent need for all gay people to join hands with all oppressed groups, and stage an overthrow. He argued that society produces the

stereotypes and, as a result, the homosexual internalizes his fears and guilts, goes into his closet, and becomes ineffectual. Fouratt sees his homosexuality as an expression of his protest, and as a means whereby he feels he can relate to other oppressed minorities, even if they are anti-homosexual.

**Nichols Takes Exception**

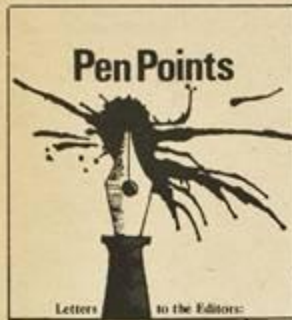
Long-haired Jack Nichols (he had not re-grown his familiar moustache), GAY's co-editor, took some exception to this view. "I like to work outward," he said, "starting with a change in myself first and changing the world as a result." Jack noted with pride the gains made by the homosexual community in the last five years, including the fact that openly acknowledged gays have successfully set up their own businesses. Also, he said, some politicians within the system are now actively supporting gay rights. Jack deplored the need for labels "homosexual" and "heterosexual," "male" and "female," he felt that on a "people to people" basis hostile camps and groups can "come out onto common ground," and that there can be more effective communication, genuine understanding and progress.

But it was Frank Kameny who probably expressed the needs and aspirations of the majority of homosexuals most forcefully and articulately. The moderator, Mitchell Krause, tacitly gave up his role and Kameny inadvertently took over. It can be accurately stated that, as leader of the Washington Mattachine, Kameny is to the United States Government with respect to homosexuals what Ralph Nader is to General Motors with respect to automobile safety. If the Government ever adopts a policy whereby gay people can get security clearances, promotions and job security without having to keep their proclivities a secret, Dr. Frank Kameny will be one of the men most responsible.

He argued quite cogently, if a bit didactically, that however much we may dislike being labeled, people still have preferences, and should not be penalized for them. This country and its institutions belong as much to the gays as it does to the straights. Every legal nonviolent method should be used as forcefully as possible to enable the homosexual to claim what is rightfully his.

At the end of the program, I came away with the feeling that some of the most difficult and important issues of our time had been thrashed out by seven committed, intelligent, sensitive people. To the average straight person, the program may have seemed a bit tedious, but had he listened attentively, I believe he would come away with the following impressions: (1) Homosexuals cannot be stereotyped. They can range from solid-type citizens like Frank Kameny to hippy-type radicals like Jim Fouratt. (2) The homosexual will remain less silent and less invisible than he ever has in the past. (3) He will be increasingly willing to get up and demand what is his, and will fight back when he is wronged. (4) The divisions among homosexuals themselves run parallel to the divisions in society itself; young and old; rich and poor; conservative and radical.

I hope there will be more programs like it, and it looks like there will. C.B.S. has invited Jim Owles and Frank Kameny to do another program. By the time you read this, it will have been taped.



Pen Points

Letters to the Editors:

NUDIE PIC CHEATERS

Dear GAY:  
I just saw your excellent publication for the first time and was most impressed. In fact, I intend to send in a subscription as soon as I get some money back from a dishonest mail-order house - fat chance!!

Which brings me to why I'm writing you. I feel you would be doing your readers a great service by exposing these companies (of which there are many) that prey on homosexuals. There are a few very honest companies (Colt, Luger, as examples) who operate in a very businesslike, above-board, manner. However, I can't help but feel they must be hurt by less-honest companies, just because of the association of dealing in male nudes. Many persons who are stung by one disreputable outfit, and wiser than I am, aren't going to take any more chances; thus the reputable firms lose their business.

I could give you a long, detailed account of my trying to get a photo set from Greyhuff since the 21st of February, 1970. However, I will spare you that, only to mention that, as of today, I have received only my cancelled check back: even tho I have written them on the average of every other week, I certainly don't expect you to do anything about that; however, if your readers could send in the names of other businesses they have had bad experiences with, thus warning all your readers, perhaps very soon these businesses would disappear from the scene, leaving only those who are making an honest effort to serve the gay community.

If such a listing could be compiled, I'd be glad to "donate" names of several other companies that are perfectly glad to take our "Queer" money, but give nothing in return.

Congratulations on your excellent, and much needed, publication!!

Love, and Peace,  
Virginia Beach, Va. Stephen C.

P.S.: Oh, fuck it!! I'll never get that money back. Enclosed find check and subscription form; I'll rationalize by its being a gift for my roommate, and read his GAYs. Thanks.

Ed. Note: We invite you and all others to send GAY resumes of difficulties you've experienced with male-picture companies. We would like to assist in a campaign to rid the nation of dishonest sex-advertisers.

GAY MARCH

Dear GAY:  
A new migrant, not yet through with migration, I watched with admiration the March to Central Park. I plan to march next year. But how come the News and Post regard it as no news though full of

social chit chat and syndicated rubbish? YMCA Visitor  
From out of town  
Ed. Note: The Daily News gave the march one inch on page 12 of Monday's paper. For the first time the News referred to homosexuals as "gay folk" rather than "sexual deviates" or "perverts," which is its usual custom.

The New York Post's offices were probably closed for the weekend. Sad, as they, no doubt, might have been quite fair.

The New York Times thought the march important enough to warrant front page coverage. A good picture appeared inside. Their write up was good journalism.

The Village Voice also printed a well-written front page article, with in-depth coverage of Gay Pride Week events of the previous week.

GENERATION GAP?

Dear GAY:  
Fifty-one years ago last November, the First-World-War was over. For Germany, this meant Revolution and Social Democracy. Being 16 years old, and having been brought up there, these were exciting times for me. The Kaiser had run away to Holland. According to the press of the period, he had homosexual affairs during his reign, and there were suicides in connection with them.

The new born Republic, headed by Friedrich Ebert, intended to make many needed, drastic changes in government. Professor Magnus Hirschfeld, a leading, middle-aged M.D. in Berlin, took advantage of the new, political, developments. He formed an organization to liberate homosexuals, and strived to have Paragraph 175 (Sodomy) eliminated from the German Laws. The idea spread like wildfire all through Germany, and soon branches were established in most big cities.

By 1920, it was an undeniable fact that I belonged to what is, in America, now called the Gay World. At age 18, I was the youngest leader of one such group in my hometown. We named it Sagitta (Arrow), for a very brilliant star. Having had 50 paying members, as we did, was a feat in those days in a small community.

In 1926, 24 years old, I arrived on American soil, and went sexually, as most respectable people of my type then did, in hiding. My experiences since then were manifold: cops, blackmail, rough-trade-holdups, disease, courts, psychiatrists, looking for a way out, 30 years of unhappy and unsuccessful marriage, you-name-it, I had it.

What a different life the homosexual youth of today can have. Everything is wide open, and thanks to daring people like you, there is a still better future ahead.

As for generation gap, that is a lot of crap. If people of all ages and walks of life would only take a bit of trouble trying to understand one another, they would find out how much more common ground they have to make life a richer, happier, and more rewarding experience.

It gives me great satisfaction at my advanced age to read your paper and see that more and more people care. Eventually even lawmakers?  
Keep up the good work.

B.P.

ELTINGE AUTHOR REPLIES TO LEE BREWSTER

Dear GAY:

I have not seen Mr. Brewster's Carmen Miranda imitation, but I have read his illiterate letter to GAY no. 19. It includes phrases such as "I take offense to his statement," "he's different from me," etc. One hopes that Mr. Brewster has fewer difficulties with propositions than with prepositions, or his life must be a mess. I have no objections to his appearing in drag - "We've got to understand others," as Mr. Brewster says - and (to quote him further) "I don't care if (Mr. Brewster) looks like Dracula's mother, God Bless Her!" But he really ought to be glad that someone takes an interest in Eltinge, who added a little dignity to the drag (and made real money at it), for that statement of Mr. Brewster's that "one of the better-known drags has even appeared on the cover of VOGUE" is false, fortunately or unfortunately. If he knows so much about the peculiar people who are transsexuals - and they are peculiar when they think of it as "freedom" instead of entertainment, as Eltinge did - he ought to know that. Let him call VOGUE for further details. Tim Marlowe

HAIL COLUMBIA!

Dear GAY:

Through a friend of mine in the States, where I had been attending college for some years, until last January, I received an issue of your publication. (No. 15, May 18, '70)

I know it is not easy to form an opinion about the quality of your publication from just one copy of it, but I can tell you I really had a good time going through its pages, and I definitely liked its orientation. I think an article like "The Liberation of the Head," by Mr. S. Verk, reflects very well the way many people think nowadays, and it is in line with articles that show a completely new mentality among the so-called new gay people.

I want to congratulate you sincerely for this effort in favor, not just of the gay community, but of our whole society.

I also want to inquire about the possibility of getting a subscription of your magazine here in Cali, Colombia, and how much it would cost in case I could receive it.

Besides, I would like to let you know that if I could ever be of any help (information about gay life in this country or whatever) to your paper or any of you, in this country, I would be very glad to help you in any possible way.

By the way, and just in case you are wondering who in the hell I am, I am 25 years old, got an M.A. (Sociology-Economics) in the States, 6'1", 160 lbs., white, dark complexion, and quite attractive. Sincerely yours, H.A.

Cali, Colombia, So. America

Editor's note: Subscription rates for U.S.A., Canada, and Mexico are 13 issues for \$6, 26 issues for \$11, and 52 issues for \$20. For all other countries, the rate is \$1 per issue.

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.

FornY scope

BY STORM NETHERLAND

In the words of Marullo Ficino, the founder of the Platonic Academy in 15th-Century Florence, "The heavens don't affect our will... but they do affect our bodies."

ARIES the Ram (March 21-April 20) - Tuesday is a day of love for you, with good prospects of a romance and your present romantic interest in the mood to celebrate with you something pleasant that has come his way. His stroke of luck brings you a few good strokes and puts you into high good humor until Sunday, when participation in a gang bang could leave you feeling left out. Instead use leisure creatively.

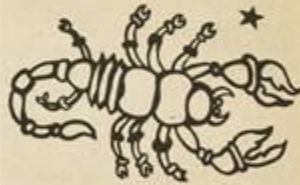
TAURUS the Bull (April 21-May 21) - Preoccupations with business and finance should keep you off the streets this week. Don't sign anything important until Thursday, but at the time of the Full Moon Saturday plunge ahead. Cock included.

GEMINI the Twins (May 22-June 21) - The cock in hand is worth two in the head this week. Don't let fantasy carry you away when practical considerations must be faced. If something or someone doesn't come around to your satisfaction by Full Moon, try another tack. Ponder that someone's coming isn't the same as coming around!

CANCER the Crab (June 22-July 23) - Have you been delaying a love letter? Write it. Do some sorting out of acquaintances versus friends, tricks versus possible paramours. You are in a position to select just now, and flat on your back can be a strong position!

LEO the Lion (July 24-Aug. 23) - Orient yourself toward home and family this week, as that is the direction in which your good fortune lies just now. Your romantic activities will be mild this week, with an afternoon mock likely Thursday. Be patient with an old or recent amour; he needs your warmth.

VIRGO the Maiden (Aug. 24-Sept. 23) - Enjoy the build-up, baby, but don't get too carried away with the sex. You could strain something. Pursue the mentally, emotionally and physically relaxing and familiar. No hanky-panky in minor places.



LIBRA the Scales (Sept. 24-Oct. 23) - Come together with a loved one, not only physically but rather regarding your hopes and dreams. You should stress partnerships and friendships this week and not be discouraged that Numero Uno has not come along yet.

SCORPIO the Scorpion (Oct. 24-Nov. 23) - Just now be content with a little erotica in print, giving time to one of your other hobbies than humping. Give your mind a little attention. Read GAY, don't just slobber over the pictures!

SAGITTARIUS the Archer (Nov. 23-Dec. 21) - If you're turning over your apartment to someone temporarily or delegating work, be sure you and the other person understand each other. If you haven't vacationed heretofore this month, go soon. Bodies await you and so does love in the outdoors which will refresh you.

CAPRICORN the Goat (Dec. 22-Jan. 20) - It's a week of successful improvisation for you, with stimulating contacts old and new and an especially rousing love bout midweek. Good things culminate in considerable joy Saturday or Sunday. Be oral as well as articulate.

AQUARIUS the Water Bearer (Jan. 21-Feb. 19) - Be ready for unexpected opportunities in your career particularly. This is a busy week for you. Keep busy on those trusty Aquarian legs of yours, and don't be afraid of throwing them up in the air, either!

PISCES the Fish (Feb. 20-March 20) - Harmony grows between you and a mate or partner, but you must cultivate calm for both. Exercise your compassionate nature while controlling your passion through Saturday when the Full Moon influences indiscriminate hand-outs.

A Book To Rechy Over

BY RANDOLFE WICKER

THIS DAY'S DEATH by John Rechy, Grove Press, \$6.95, 255 pages.

This Day's Death a novel by John Rechy



City of Night, a bestselling hustler's autobiography, introduced John Rechy to millions as a new writer with great promise.

Numbers, Rechy's second effort was far less noteworthy and consisted almost entirely of nothing but vivid descriptions of some thirty odd blow jobs received by the author in one short but busy week.

Numbers dimmed the Rechy promise; now This Day's Death, a

morbid, boring, self-centered exercise in "momism and closet queerness, dims it even more.

The first 165 of its 255 pages detail nothing but the smothering hold an aged ailing mother has on our narrator. After 165 pages, we discover that the much dreaded "legal difficulties" alluded to so recurrently do not involve girl rape as we have so far been carefully misled to believe. No, Jim Girard is charged with sodomy.

Our hero finds himself impotent with a girl he's picked up on the streets of Los Angeles. He goes to Griffith Park, ever so tediously going through those boring 1950's closet queen guilt agonies of "this isn't for me."

Nevertheless, he finally finds himself in the bushes unzipping his fly to share those family jewels he's tried to keep so pure with an anonymous sexhunter who's already fallen to his knees before him.

But before glory is consummated, they hear someone approaching and they separate. The newcomers turn out to be the local vice cops who arrest Jim and his would-be seducer for a crime they didn't quite find time to commit.

Eventually they're brought to trial. Our man of the bushes refuses to plead guilty to a lesser charge, a misdemeanor, and undertakes an elaborate defense.

Movies are made of the scene which prove the cops couldn't have seen what they claimed to have witnessed from where they testified they were standing.

The judge comes out to view the locale and while the defendants logically prove their case, some sex hunters are still about and a couple are literally flushed from the bushes by the visiting judiciary.



John Rechy

Predictably, the judge finds them both guilty and sentences Jim to five years probation, a felony conviction which destroys Jim's plans for a legal career. Now he's a convicted "sex offender."

After his conviction, Jim debonairly returns to the scene to collect the blow job he's already been convicted and sentenced for. Since his probation specifies that he is not to frequent that section, he literally risks imprisonment

doing so. Finally, Jim "faces himself" and kisses his handsome seducer fully on the mouth. And that's about as deep and real as emotions get to be, homosexually speaking. Somehow, the reader feels he's still wandering in that city of night.

A writer must live to write and sometimes an established name must write to live. This Day's Death comes across as a hacked out novel by a great talent in need of some quick cash. It lacks both the scope of City of Night and the carefully sculptured turn of phrase which vibrates through Numbers. Only "youngman," used over and over again, seems to link all three.

John Rechy, not such a "youngman" himself anymore, would do himself and everyone else an enormous favor by just coming out and getting it over with. Then, at least, he might no longer bore us with his self-indulgent hang-ups about mother and his pointless struggle against his homosexuality.

Don't buy This Day's Death. At \$6.95, it's thievery. Wait for the paperback if you must, and then only read the last eighty pages.

Better yet, wait till John Rechy leaves momma and ventures out into life again. When his life improves, so will his writing.

well of possibility

the time. Is there any way out? S.L., Ill.

A. Your letter contains its own answers. That small town holds no rewards for you that mean anything, if you must spend the rest of your life in the closet in order to earn them. The first loyalty you owe is to yourself, not your family or your town. If you cannot fulfill your parents' dreams, they may be disappointed, but you cannot be expected to sacrifice your right to lead a life of your own choosing in order to fulfill anyone else's dreams. You have your own dreams to bring to fruition. They had theirs. You have a right to yours. I am sure that you already know you must leave that town and move to a big city where you can live with some degree of freedom and self-respect and the possibility of having friends and a lover to share your interests. With your education, you should have little trouble obtaining employment. The most important thing you will obtain, however, is your FREEDOM FROM FEAR. Your family must respect your right as an adult to choose your own future and to make your own decisions. They may disagree with your choices, but that does not alter your right to make them. Life is not always easy, but refraining from making a choice never makes it easier when you come to realize how much you have cheated yourself by refraining. By all means, move. You will never regret it. There is no sunshine in a closet. Or human warmth.

Q. I have been trying to get my lover to slow down some in our sex life. He always wants to carry on at least two or three times every night. I used to love it but it is wearing me down now after three and one half years of it. I am crazy about him and I love our sex together, but most of the time I am so tired I can hardly get up and go to work. If I try to say no, he gets mad and says I'm getting tired of him which I am not, of course. I just am tired of so much sex. Once a night is plenty for me. He says I am too young to feel that way. I am 29. What should I do?  
R.F., Brooklyn

Q. Reading your column so often has given me the courage to write this letter. I am a man of 46. I have known I was homosexual since I was 17, but I have never had sex with either a man or a woman. I just cannot bring myself to do this. I have no homosexual friends and just a very few heterosexual people I like to think of as friends, although we are really not that close. I have never been happy in my life, and I don't know how to break out of this situation. What can you say to a man like me?  
R.R., NYC

A. I would like to put my arm around you, comfort you, shake you a few times, and tell you that you have been a martyr all these years to a nonexistent cause. You have unnecessarily deprived yourself of all the things which give life any meaning. And what have your rewards been? No friends, no love, no peace, and no self-respect. There are countless organizations here which would welcome your presence, and in which you could meet any number of potential friends and also find some meaningful contribution you could make to the general welfare of your peers. You have really cheated yourself out of everything of value, and you have cheated others of the possibility of knowing you at all. If you cannot force yourself to risk involvement with other humans (a minor risk, you'll discover), I would suggest you enter therapy to escape that prison as soon as possible.

Q. My boyfriend was just sent away to prison for seven years. We have been lovers a little over two years, and we are heartbroken to be separated now. He wanted me to promise to be faithful to him for all the years he is going to be away. Not to go with anybody else or even to have sex with anybody. Just stay true to him. I wanted to say yes, but I knew it would be a lie. How can I hold out for seven years, no matter how much I love this guy? I am only 21, and I know sex will be on my mind a lot if I don't have anybody to have it with. He is already writing me letters to find out if I am staying true. Right now I'm not doing anything but how do I know how long I can hold out? And how do I know what's going to be in a year or two? I hate to make him unhappy since he is locked up

# THE LAST ESTATE

BY GREGORY BATTCOCK

**L**n two days my Air Icelandic DC-8 will whisk me to Luxembourg. In the meantime I have to: (1) finish a book on Herbert Marcuse for Dutton; (2) finish a history on Figurative Art of the Sixties for Abrams; (3) start an essay on Andy Warhol for *Other Scenes*; (4) Cope with the painters who finally decided to come paint the place after three years of pleading; (5) Keep an appointment with Steve, a high school student from Pelham Manor, whom I met at Grand Central after returning from a lecture at Fairfield University, a Jesuit College in Connecticut; (6) Arrange an appointment with Larry so I can give him the Paterson State College sweatshirt I promised him in January; (7) Play my Italian language records that I bought in 1967 but haven't found the time to listen to yet; (8) Open a bottle of Champagne right now; (9) Call up Grace Glueck to ask her about the latest on the *Biennale* in Venice; (10) Call up Gregoire Muller for several reasons; (11) Deliver the photographs of Jill Johnston to Dutton, call up John Perreault, Andy Warhol and John Wilcock; (12) Draft a position paper on "Problems of Artists in New York" for

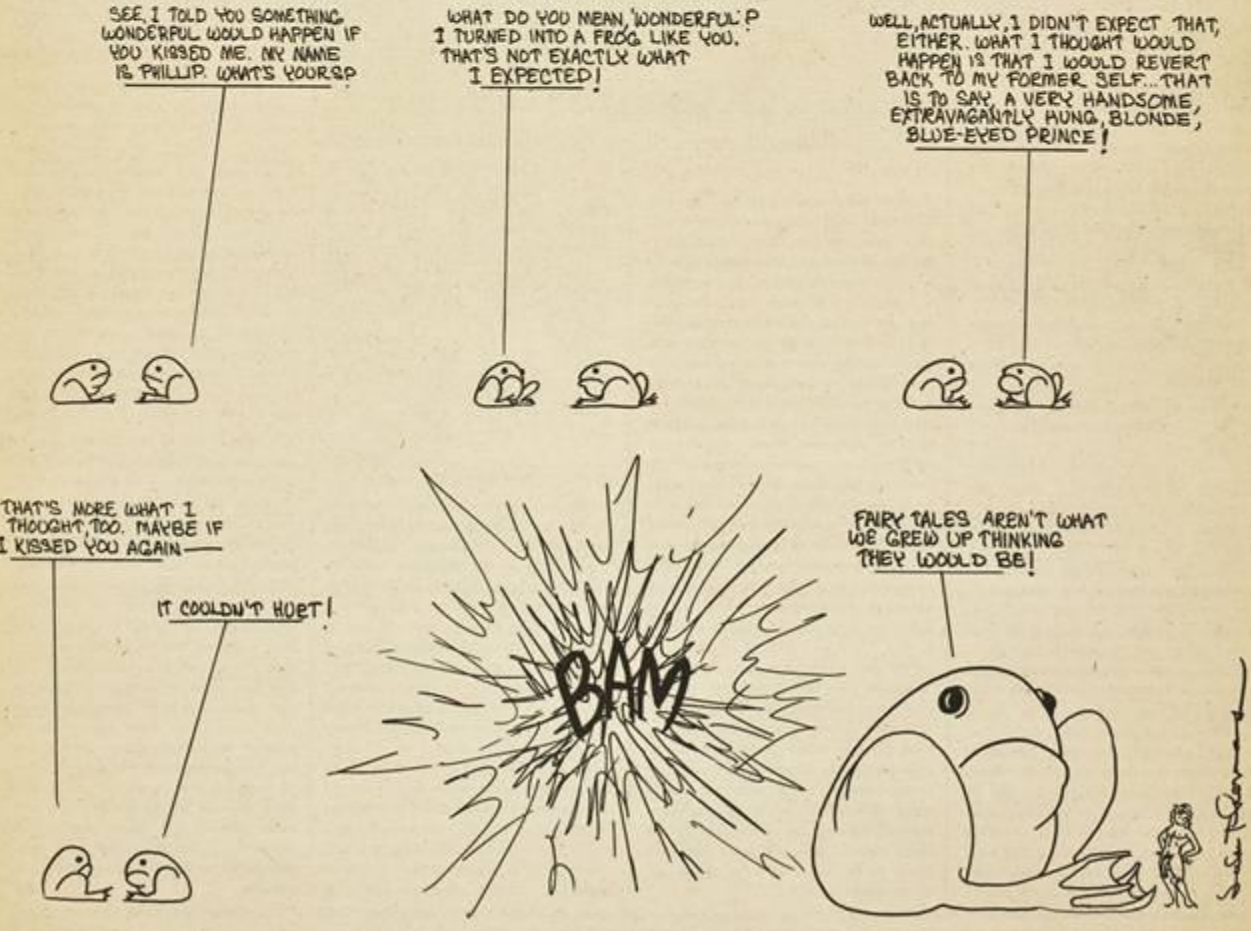
William O'Dwyer headquarters; (13) Call up Heama Sonnabend to find out if she made us (me and Hendrick Ruitenbeek) hotel reservations in Venice; (14) Write Dr. Wladimiro Dorigo, Head Press Office, Venice *Biennale* to tell him I'm coming; (15) Get *ARTS Magazine* to send me a Press Card so I can get photographs for the article I'm supposed to write on the *Biennale*; (16) Write the hotel in Marseilles for a reservation; (17) Call up the rental car people to check up on the car that's supposed to be waiting for us in Rome and to tell them that our hotel is situated, unfortunately, in the middle of the "no cars" district; (18) Buy the 1970 Red and Green Michelin guides; (19) Call up Tony and tell either him or his mother that if he doesn't come to just tomorrow, he's fired; (20) Go to the Sheridan Square bookstore and buy (a) *Art and Confrontation* (b) the Viking *Marcuse* (c) *Waverly Root's Restaurants of Paris* (d) *Kate Simon's Italy: The Cities In Between*;

(21) Take Perreault and Ira out for dinner at the little tiny trattoria on Mulberry Street where they change the prices every day and do the cooking right on a stove in the same room with the four tables and where they don't have a menu, nor speak English, and cheat you left and right but are utterly charming; (22) Try to find an opportunity to make it just

once more with Angel before leaving; (23) Have dinner with Ruitenbeek so we can talk about Europe; (24) Go to Orbach's to get something decent to wear on the airplane; (25) If we don't have reservations in Venice, write the director of the *Biennale* and tell him to get us reservations, or else I'll mention his name in *GAY*. Incidentally, Mr. Plofsky (Plofsky's Fish Market, Broadway at 100th St.) thinks it's O.K. to write for "sex" papers. Also Max and his colleagues at the butchers' (Paramount Market, Broadway at 99th) seem to think it's O.K.—"There's nothing wrong with it..." However at Adam's and Mahony MGB Garage on the East Side, they are still a bit uptight—but, you know, they're coming around. And, incidentally none of these merchants are fascists—Christ, you should see them in Jersey—they'd put strichnine in your ground beef or sugar in your gas tank if they had the slightest inkling you were mixed up in a "... Communist, etc., etc., sex, etc., homosexual, etc..." I can't figure out what they think at the Greengrocer's. Since they threw me out for picking my own asparagus, I punish them by not chatting with them while shopping.

(26) Call Les Levine and ask him if he want's me to give out my annual N.Y. Art Awards in an article in *Culture Hero*. The last prize goes to all my friends who

are suddenly radicalized but who, three years ago, ridiculed people who went to peace demonstrations or insulted people who constantly got emotional about Vietnam at polite dinner parties. So, they've finally come around. And they all want medals, too; (27) When does the train for Verona leave? (28) I walked around Third Ave. and 59th Street tonight and it reminded me of Iowa for some reason. They have girl clerks in the Bookmaster's store there. "Do you have such and such which was advertised in Sunday's *Times*?" "Well, if it was just advertised we wouldn't have it in yet," she said. There are certain things that women simply can't do, and working in bookshops is one of them. Waiting on tables is another. Why can't they stick to driving taxicabs? In France they have women attendants in *Men's* toilets; (29) Write a letter to the *Times* telling them to stop calling the 'food/fashion/family' pages the 'Women's' page. Why is it the 'Women's' page anyway? Nowadays, one would imagine, women have completely stopped reading it. Men haven't. (30) Is there anybody who wants: "A nice clean method..." for what? "... for cleaning the type on the typewriter." (31) Chi e quel ragazzo? Ask Steve. (32) Call up father to see if he's still alive. (33) Defrost icebox; (34) Pay super to come in to water plants unless he thinks they're dying anyway; (35) Go over to Paper Place to say goodbye to Mark; (36) Visit Tosh before one of us leaves; (37) Try to con ANYBODY into driving me to the airport. No, there isn't anyone. (38) Bon voyage.



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# GROPING AROUND

## GAY CALENDAR

**Monday, July 13:** "Homosexual News" rebroadcast of 7/10, WBAI-FM (99.5), 11:30 a.m.

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

**Tuesday, July 14:** Mattachine Society discussion and dance at Trocadero, 180 Christopher Street, 8 p.m. Donation \$1.00

**Wednesday, July 15:** Regular meeting of the West Side Discussion Group. Church of the Holy Apostles (9th Ave. & 28th St.) 8 p.m. Donation \$1.50

**Thursday, July 16:** N.Y. Daughters of Bilitis regular meeting at the Condroy Club, 240 W. 38th St. 8 p.m. Women only. Donation \$1.50

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

**Friday, July 17:** "Homosexual News and Comment" on WBAI-FM (99.5) 8:15 p.m.

**Sunday, July 19:** Gay Liberation Front regular meeting at the Church of the Holy Apostles (28th St. & 9th Ave.) 8 p.m.

### NATIONAL DIRECTORY

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

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

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

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

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

"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 Box 1 5025, Wash. Sta., Reno, Nevada 89503

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## BEST BETS

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

### in MANHATTAN try:

- Barn, 26 Ninth Ave; GM's \*\*\*\*
- Beacon Baths, 227 E. 45th St., a best buy. \*\*\*\*
- Big Spender, 9th Ave. bet. 41st & 42nd; GM
- Candy Store, 44 W. 56th; for meeting out-of-towners; GM's\*\*
- Christopher's End, 1180 Christopher St. (towards dock) restaurant; GM\*\*\*
- Continental Baths, 230 W. 74th St.\*\*\*\*
- Den, Little W. 12th & Washington; GM
- Finale, 48 Barrow, restaurant; Int.\*\*\*\*
- Five Oaks, 49 Grove, restaurant\*\*\*\*
- Gianni's, 19th St. bet. 5th & 6th Aves.; GFs\*\*
- Goldfarb's, 7th Ave. at Bleecker, restaurant; GM\*\*\*
- Harry's, 3rd Ave. bet. 80th & 81st; GMs\*\*\*\*
- Kookie's, 149 W. 14th; GFs\*\*
- Roundtable, 151 E. 50th, restaurant; GF, GM
- Sauna Baths & Health Club, 300 W. 58th St.
- Stable Inn, 17 Barrow, restaurant; too new to tell
- Stud (International Bar), Greenwich STREET at Perry; GMs\*\*\*
- Tenth of Always, 82 W. 3rd; dancing, private, after hours; GMs\*\*\*
- Tool Box, 507 West St. at Jane; GM\*
- Wine Cellar, 531 Hudson St., restaurant; Int.\*\*\*\*
- Yukon, 53rd bet. Lexington & 3rd, restaurant; GMs\*\*\*\*
- Zoo, 421 W. 13th St; GMs\*\*\*\*

### In SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA, don't miss:

- Arena, 5574 Melrose, Hollywood; GMs\*\*\*\*
- Corral Baths, Cahuenga Blvd., North Hollywood; GMs\*\*\*\*
- Farm, Santa Monica Blvd. bet. La Cienega & La Brea; GMs, some Int.\*\*\*\*
- Gallery Inn, Ventura Blvd., San Fernando Valley, restaurant; GMs\*\*
- Golden Bull, City of S.M., restaurant; GMs\*\*\*\*
- Lillian's, W. side of LaBrea, S. of Sunset, Hollywood, restaurant; Int.\*\*
- Oar House, City of S.M.; inadvertently Int.\*\*
- Por Favor, Santa Monica Blvd. E. of Robertson, restaurant; GMs, some Int.\*\*\*\*
- Sewers of Paris, 1608 N. Cosmo Alley, Hollywood; GMs
- Sister George, 9105 Sunset Blvd., W. Hollywood; GFs
- Stampede, Santa Monica Blvd. W. of Fairfax; GMs

### In BOSTON, here's the itinerary:

- Cave, 20 Boylston; GMs\*\*\*\*
- Edwardian, 21 Broad St., restaurant; Integrated afternoons GMs\*\*\*\*
- Jacques, 75 Broadway; colorful mixture of Gay GF and Gay GM, but redolent of Syndicate; \*\*
- La Grange Baths, La Grange St.; new, clean, cozy; GMs
- Locke-Ober Men's Bar, 3 Winter Place, not overtly gay, lots of GMs fooling themselves; \*\*
- Mario's, upstairs corner of Shawmut and Broadway; eccchi!
- Napoleon Club, 52 Piedmont; elegant mirrored salons on several levels, lustful cruising gentlemen in coats-and-ties, informal Sundays, always friendly; GMs\*\*\*\*
- Other Side, 76 Broadway; dancing, psychedelic lighting, huge room, minimum, lots of action but scattered; GMs\*\*
- Playland, 19 Essex St.; in heart of Combat Zone, Boston's tenderloin, and typically awful, but fun for slumming; GMs\*
- Regency Baths, Regency St.; gaining in popularity, unbelievable total of 135 cubicles reported, not counted by this reporter; GMs
- Shed, S&M, but not terribly uptight about it, far friendlier than NY's Tool Box, about as amusing as Den; GMs\*\*
- Sporter's, 235 Cambridge St.; Harry's Back East of Boston, where everyone goes and most of the time grooves; GMs\*\*\*\*
- Twelve Carver, 12 Carver, of course; out of another era, a little forlorn save for the new talent trying to make a go of it in the spirit of late owner Phil Bayonne; GMs\*\*\*\*

### NEW ENGLAND

(No starring system applied to these spots, as in some cases that's all there is in the vicinity and whoever is in the neighborhood goes.)

### Ogunquit, Maine:

Poor Richard's, restaurant  
 Portsmouth, New Hampshire:

Sagamore

### Providence, Rhode Island:

Crown Coffee Shop, 206 Weyboset  
 Kublai Khan, 129 Weyboset

### Provincetown, Massachusetts:

(Bars, except where indicated, are on main thoroughfare, Commercial St., or just off it. Every bar & restaurant in this civilized, advanced community are all INTEGRATED, of course. The Portuguese majority is indifferent to sexual "unorthodoxy" and expects everyone to be considerate of each other, living and letting live.)

Ace of Spades, comes and goes as favorite hangout for GFs, depending on whims of owner, Fran

Atlantic House (Little room), on a quaint mews is second oldest inn in town, with two celebrated heterosexual beauties behind bar who ring everyone's bell as you ring theirs by tipping

Cellar Bar, Crown & Anchor Hotel, intimate and integrated

Edwardian Room, Crown & Anchor, integrated and out-and-out gay dancing until late June, when Edwardian becomes integrated show room starring the great Arthur Blake, friendly and fun Ray at bar Hip Garebo, Crown & Anchor, where the dancing will be transferred after Edwardian's transition & Boston's Sylvia Sidney will conduct cocktail shows on weekends

Madeira Club, Pilgrim House Hotel, integrated show room, top on Cape Cod, once one of the great cabaret theatres on Eastern Seaboard where Laugh-In people got their start, will feature acts from Puerto Rico July 4-Labor Day

Moors, far West on Bradford St. to highway, restaurant; sing-along at 5:00 after all-day beach orgies a daily stop for everyone

Pilgrim House Hotel, oldest inn in town, where Henry David Thoreau once slept with, we might assume, as much pleasure & joy as do the mobs of young bucks, aunts, etc. from all over U.S. & Canada, integrated, somewhat primitive facilities, at-home feeling provided by thoughtful, generous owners

Town House, complex including restaurant and Back Bar for Gay GMs with Ron Scott at piano and beautiful garden fenced with roses; Downstairs Bar for Gay GF's only; Galleria Bar, fully integrated



It certainly would be nice if some big strong city boys were to help a little country girl with her luggage!

