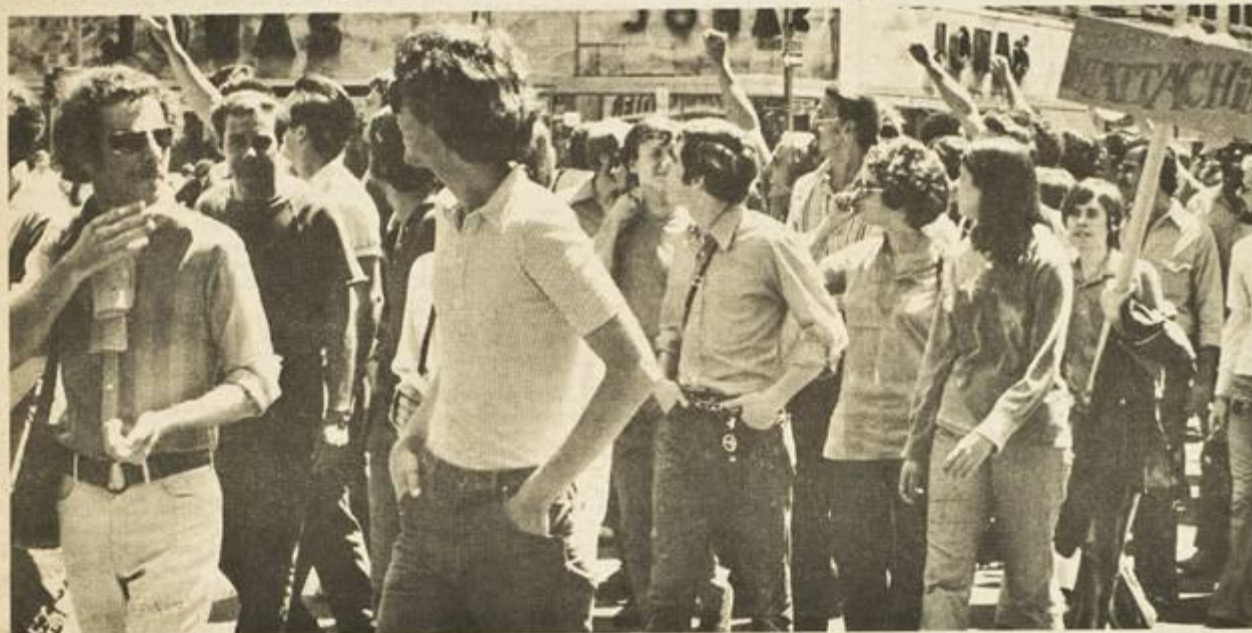


Gay Pride Week Opens



Christopher Street Liberation Day 1970: thousands marched to celebrate the birth of Gay Pride. This year thousands more are expected.

Record Attendance Expected Multiple Activities Planned

BY PETER HADLEY

New York, N.Y.—The second annual observance of National Gay Pride Week began on Friday, June 18, and will continue through the week until Sunday night, June 27. At press time, plans for the celebration of gay unity in New York included several dances, films, community meals, a fashion show, theatrical performances, a candlelight march to City Hall, a street fair, workshops in gay liberation, and an auction. The week's activities will culminate in a march from Greenwich Village up Sixth Avenue to Central Park, where a mammoth Gay-In will take place. It is expected that Sunday's festivities will be the largest homosexual event in history.

Gay Pride week activities are also scheduled in Los Angeles, Chicago, Boston, San Francisco (including a march led by Rev. Troy Perry to Sacramento), Seattle, San Jose, California and Phoenix. In Los Angeles, the Christopher Street West parade down Hollywood Boulevard is slated for Sunday evening at 7:00 p.m. followed by a dance. During the weekend June 25-27, there will also be two conferences, one for women only, the other for their gay brothers, at the Gay Liberation Front Center, 4400 Melrose Avenue.

In Chicago, the festivities will run the entire week, including a Gay Art Fair, a boat cruise on Lake Michigan, several rap sessions, including one for and about parents of homosexuals, a dance at Northwestern University (tentative at press time), a picnic, and a parade with

floats and bands through the Oldtown section (Chicago's answer to Greenwich Village) to Lincoln Park for a Gay-In.

Looking back on last year's Gay Pride Week happenings, co-ordinators of the Christopher Street Gay Liberation Day Committee anticipate an enormous turnout. According to Craig Rodwell, of the CSLDC, thousands of marchers will come in from out of town for the parade on Sunday the 27th. Chartered buses are

expected from Boston, Hartford, Conn., Bridgeport, Conn., Allentown, Pa., and Rochester, N.Y. In addition, Rodwell also noted that there will probably be "at least eight" chartered buses from Washington, D.C.

Weekend housing for out-of-town participants is being handled by the GAA Parade Committee, (212) 284-0226, by the Christopher Street Liberation Day Committee at 237-1049, and by the Women's Center of the DOB at 475-9870.

Anyone who has or needs a room to put up an overnight guest is urged by all groups to contact them.

For a detailed list of New York Gay Pride Week activities, see the calendar of events on page 7.

Gay Couples Celebrate Engagement At Marriage License Bureau

BY PETE FISHER



Gay couples adorn the wedding cake, while Jim Owles of GAA relaxes at Mr. Katz's liberated desk

The Honorable Herman Katz, City Clerk, invites you to an engagement reception for Messrs. John Basso & John G. Bond Messrs. Steve Krotz & Vito Russo at his office, Room 265, Municipal Bldg., Friday, June 4, 1971 at 10:00 a.m. All welcome. Dress optional Sponsored by Gay Activists Alliance.

New York, N.Y.—Shortly after 10:00 a.m. on Friday, June 4, approximately thirty-five GAA members hurried up the stairs to the second floor of the Municipal Building on Centre Street to the City Clerk's office, where applications for marriage licenses are available to those

(continued on page 14)

New York Assembly Votes Down Rights Bill

BY MARK DOWNS

Albany, New York—The New York State Assembly has defeated a bill which would have outlawed discrimination against Gays in employment, housing and public accommodations. The vote was 85 to 60 and came after almost two hours of floor debate on May 26th.

The bill, which was sponsored by Assemblyman William F. Passannante (D-L-Greenwich Village), was the only Gay rights proposal which was reported out of Committee in this session of the Legislature. Bills that would have repealed the consensual sodomy law died in the Assembly Codes Committee.



Assemblyman William Passannante (seated) planning strategy with Jim Owles and Ernie Reaugh.

Failure of the Passannante measure was the result of almost unanimous Republican opposition on the final roll-call vote (only four GOP Assembly members voted in favor of it). Ironically, the bill appeared to have passed on the "short roll-call." This is a procedure by which Assemblymen who oppose the bill are asked to raise their hands. When the "short roll-call" was made, less than 40 members voted against the bill. At that point, Assemblyman Thomas J. Murphy (R-Syracuse), an opponent of the bill, demanded a slow roll-call in which each Assemblyman was called by name. It was felt by many observers that Republicans who privately wanted the bill to pass, were afraid to vote for it on roll-call and thus go on public record as favoring the proposal.

Several days before the vote, representatives from several Gay organizations around the state went to Albany to urge legislators to support the bill. Ten people from the Gay Activists Alliance, including

(continued on page 16)

INSIDE

Clancy Zap Page 3
Gay Pride Calendar Page 7
D.O.B. Center Page 9
Burton's "Villain" Page 15

WHERE WILL YOU GO TONIGHT?

A Directory for Discriminating Dispositions

New York's Night Spots

DRINK, EAT AND BE MERRY!

THE GAY INSIDER, by John Francis Hunter, is now available at your local paperback bookstore for \$2.95. It is the most thorough and entertaining guide to Manhattan. If you're spending time in New York on your summer vacation, be sure to pick it up. Or, write for it to Olympia Press, 220 Park Avenue, South, NYC 10001.

Symbols: GM stands for Genital Males; GP for genital females and Int. means that a bar or restaurant is sexually integrated.

The Barrel Inn, 568 First Ave., bet. 41 & 42 Sts. (563-8222) GM
The Bearded Bag, 951 Ninth Ave., bet. 52 & 53 Sts. Chubby Chasers, GM

St. Hub Spender, 315 W. 48th St. (586-9880) Theatrical types and before-and-after-the-show crowds, GM

Bonnie & Clyde's, 82 W. 3rd St. (GR3-9304) Dancing and lots of activities, like buffets and movies, GP & Int.

Bufffeathers, 1716 2nd Ave. at 89th St. (772-9838) East Side neighborhood bar, GM

The Candlelight Lounge, 309 Amsterdam Ave., bet. 74 & 75th Sts. (874-9607) One of New York's longest-running gay bars, a friendly neighborhood place, GM

The Candy Store, 44 West 54th St., bet. 5th & 6th Aves. (581-6664) Piano bar for the suit & tie crowd and out-of-town businessmen, GM

Carnival, 507 West St., at Jane (above the Tool Box, Back room policy, GM

Carri's, 104 W. 10th St. A sociable bar in the Village! No posing, no frantic rush to make out—just nice people having fun, GM

The Charade, 1800 Second Ave. at 93rd St. Black is beautiful! The music and food is Soul, and the dancing is wild.

Chipp's, Columbus Avenue between 66 & 67 Sts. A charming bar/restaurant very convenient to Lincoln Center. It's mixed now, but the gay crowd is slowly taking over, especially the landscaped sidewalk cafe, Int.

Come Back, 185 W. 10th St. After-hours club where the bartenders and other nice people go to unwind, GM and some GP

Country Cousin, 1313 Third Ave., bet. 75 & 76 Sts. (879-6614) Good food, good liquor and nice people, GM, mostly Int.

Damen & Pythias, 105 W. 13th St., bet. 6 & 7 Aves. A smart new dining-dancing-drinking place in the Village, GM

Danny's, 139 Christopher St. (929-9321). It's been better days, but the people still come here, GM

The Dan, 835 Washington at Little W. 12 St. (989-8999). Don't show up without your leather drag, GM

Dirty Edna's Scoreboard, 264 W. 46th at 8th Ave. (265-9075). A gay "saloon" whose ad-warn, "If you are arrogant or pretentious you won't score with us." GM

The Eagle's Nest, 11th Ave. & 21st St. Private club for the leather/western crowd, GM

The Exile, 491 W. 12th St. at Jane. Back-room policy, GM

Fedora's, 239 W. 4th St. (CH2-9891). The best of the gay restaurants. Excellent food, casual atmosphere. Reservations suggested, GM & GP

The Flute, 48 Barrow St. (CH3-7538) Another famed gay eatery, GM & GP

The Four Seasons, 99 E. 52nd St. The bar is crisscrossed by the grand set, but be careful, the place is integrated.

Frank's, 115 MacDougal St. bet. 3rd & Bleecker (at the Cafe Wha). Free admission, light show, dancing. Soda bar. Open 8 p.m. to 4 a.m. GM

Gianni's, 53 W. 19th St. (675-9809). A dancing bar for women, GP

The Goldbug, 83 W. 3rd St. (677-9874). The bar with everything, including dancing, GM

T. Goldfarb's, 61 Seventh Ave., at Bleecker. (989-9446). Restaurant, piano bar and quiet bar, all under one roof. Something for everyone, GM

Hades, Jane & West Streets. Private club for the leather set, GM

Mary's Back East, 1422 Third Ave., bet. 80 & 81 Sts. (249-6991). The one place where it's always "in" to be. When the other joints are dying, this one is packed—even on Monday nights, GM

Heat Wave, 131 West 3rd St. (GR5-9325). Another new place in the Village, GM

The Hip-o-Drome, 165 Avenue "A", bet. 10 & 11 Sts. (228-9884). The gay center of the Lower East Side and haven for the young, radical chic set, GM

The Hot Line, 1544 2nd Ave., bet. 80 & 81 Sts. (734-8861) Would you believe—a telephone on each table, a la "Cabaret," so you can cruise

sitting down. Dancing and live entertainment, too, GM, a few GP.
Jimmy Ray's, 729 8th Avenue (582-9507) A neighborhood bar & restaurant in the theatrical neighborhood. Not crisscross, and not really gay, but fun, Int.

Katie's, 159 W. 10th St. at Waverly Pl. Julia's, 159 W. 10th St. at Waverly Pl. Julia's, 159 W. 10th St. at Waverly Pl. Julia's, 159 W. 10th St. at Waverly Pl.

The Lighthouse, 2160 Broadway, corner of 76th St. (5J 7-9791) An old-timer on the bar scene trying to make a come-back under new management, GM

Luisi II, 104 W. 13th St. (929-9568) GM
The Luv Cage, West 4th Street, off Sixth Avenue. An upstairs after hours private club for women, Dancing, GP

The Machine, Hotel Empire, 63rd & Broadway. This discotheque for the young, mainly Latin, set on the balcony of the hotel just across from Lincoln Center, GM

The Main Bar, 1718 Second Ave. A new dance bar with loads of that East Side charm, GM

The Menemsha Bar, Hotel Allerton, Lexington Ave. at 57th St. The place where the over-35 set retreats for peace and quiet when the "youth culture" gets too cloying, GM

New Jimmy's, 1576 Third Avenue, between 88 & 89th Sts. (860-4509) The newest, and one of the best, of the gay restaurants. Reservations suggested, GM and GP

Nine Plus Social Club, 149 W. 21st St. (924-9387) Another one of those private clubs exclusively for the leather crowd, GM

The Oak Room Bar, Hotel Plaza, 59th and Fifth. Formerly headquarters for the elegant closet set, women's lib "liberated" it and ruined cruising, Int.

O.K. Corral, 835 Washington St. Leather crowd, GM

Old Vix, 309 E. 60th St. (832-9049) Very crisscross dance place with an intimate atmosphere, GM

The Painted Pony, 1485 Third Ave., at 84th St. (744-9580) Live entertainment and a friendly crowd. What more could you want? GM

Paula's, 64 Greenwich Ave. (691-3360) The Street again has a gay bar! Intimate and friendly, Paula's is just starting to catch on, GP and GM

Pauline's Intermade, 2267 7th Ave., at 135th St. A Harlem landmark before most of us were born, Int.

The Piccadilly Pub, 224 Amsterdam Ave., bet 75 & 76 Sts. (874-8632) One of the newer (and busier) Upper West Side bars, GM

Peggy's Place, 153 W. 48th St. (265-9792) It's gay in the evenings, and a hard-hat hangout in the afternoons. The hard-hats may love you, but the day bartender won't, GM

The Planetarium, 181 2nd Ave. near 12th St. An out-right discotheque with all the trimmings, GM

The People's Coffee Grounds, 210 W. 82nd St. Under the orange sign, down in the basement, for sipping, sipping coffee, meeting people... Sundays, from 4 p.m. to 1 a.m., GM, GP

The Reuelabara, 151 E. 50th St. (758-0310) Dancing to live rock bands, mainly a young crowd, but everybody assembles here, GM & GP

The Royal Root, 28 Cornelia St. (CH 2-9557) Small, but excellent restaurant with an intimate bar. Mostly neighborhood and very "in" people, Int.

The Sanctuary, 407 W. 43rd St. (247-4210) Church converted into a mad discotheque. Once the most popular place in town, but lost its liquor license. The high price for fruit juices is killing business, GM

The School, Amsterdam Ave. bet. 65 & 66 Sts. A noisy, busy headquarters for Latin types and lovers of Spanish music. Open weekends only, GM

Seaford Yard, 146 W. 4th St. Private, after-hours club with dancing and pool tables. Bring your own bottle. Open 8 a.m. to 7 a.m., Int.

Slage 45, 305 E. 45th St. (332-0290) A dancing bar where Black is beautiful, GM

The Striped Shirt, 1393 2nd Ave., bet. 72 & 73 Sts. (861-3450) A marvelous restaurant with a delightful bar. Every other drink is 1¢ (except Sundays). Reservations required for dinner, GM

The (International) Stud, Greenwich & Perry Streets. 50¢ beers and swarms of gorgeous numbers make this an ever-popular pickup bar.

Table Top Club, 2234 Third Ave. (722-9601) This very friendly club is planning to move its restaurant, bar, game room, etc., downtown soon. Discover it now while it's still "in." GM & GP

Tamborine, 148 E. 48th St., near Lex. (PL 1-0030) A chic new midtown bar with dancing, shows, door prizes and the works, GM

Teaki's Quarters, 1497 York Avenue, at 79th (734-9868) The newest "in" spot on the East Side, GM

This at That, 221 Columbus Ave. at 70th St. (874-9351) A neighborhood bar that's becoming gay as the Gay Renaissance on the West Side continues, GM

Three, 314 E. 72nd St. at 2nd Ave. (734-9303) A delightful eatery with great food and a popular piano bar.

The Toot Box, 507 West St. at Jane (989-9496) Another bar with everything: dancing, movies, buffets, the works, GM

The Top-21 Greenwich Ave. A sidewalk cafe, Int.

The Triangle, 34 Ninth Ave. GM

The Troubadour, 1078 1st Ave. bet. 58 & 59 Sts. (755-1955) Popular East Side spot, now serving diners, GM

Twelfth Night, 281 12th St. corner of W. 4th. Intimate, very friendly bar presided over by Billy. They give grand champagne brunches on Sundays, Int.

Uzelle Charles's, 1049 Lexington Ave. at 75th St. (861-6132) Friendly, crowded and very crisscross bar, GM

Victor's Quarters, 984 2nd Avenue, GM

The Washington Square, 675 Broadway. Private, after-hours club with dancing and drag queens, welcome, GM—but you can't tell by looking.

Willie's West Side, 224 W. 82nd St., east of Broadway (874-9833) A crowded, friendly dancing bar where the radical chic, revolutionaries and West Side Liberals all meet, GM

Wine Cellar, 531 Hudson. Restaurant, Int.

A Woman's Place, 29th Cornelia St. Open Fri. & Sat. from 6 p.m. to midnight, this coffee house is also a center for women's books, crafts, etc., GM

The Yukon, 140 E. 53rd St. bet. Lex. & 3rd (421-8122) Where the older set gathers. Suit & tie required, GM

The Year 2000, 318 W. 49th St. off 8th Ave. (489-7262) A wild, marvelous discotheque populated by the younger set, GM

The Zodiac Uptown, 1487 1st Ave. at 77th St. Dancing and live entertainment on the chic East Side, GM

The Zoo at the Zodiac, 835 Washington, above the Zoo. Back room policy, GM

THE PATHS

The Beacon Baths, 227 E. 45th St. (687-0322) Go in main entrance and take elevator to the 11th floor. Features: water bed, television room, "Skyline Lounge," piano lounge, private rooms and dormitory. Open 24 hours.

The Club Baths, NYC, 24 First Ave. bet. 1st & 2nd Sts. 673-3283. A most lavish bath house. Four floors, features: large sauna, beautiful double steamroom, carousal shower, whirlpool bath, swimming pool fed by natural springs, exercise room, dormitory section, beautiful TV lounge, game room & backyard summer patio for sunbathing. Great music, lighting & carpeting throughout. Good afternoons & evenings. Students half price every day with student card. Open 24 hours. Best buy, GM

The Continental Baths, 230 W. 74th (729-2681) The place that revolutionized the tub business in America. Features: Live entertainment Fri., Sat. & Sun.; restaurant facilities open 24 hours; complete gym (with instructor three times a week), Olympic-sized pool, steam rooms, saunas, TV lounge, library, futuristic lounge downstairs with dancing, massage, VD clinic, roof deck for summer sunbathing, private rooms, dormitory, you name it, they probably have it. Open 24 hours. Students half-price with student card, GM

The Continental Sauna Club, 111 West 56th St. Operated by the Continental Baths people. Elegant, but on a less grand scale than the "mother church" on 74th Street. Still a best buy, GM

Everard, 28 West 28th Street (684-8935) Left over from before the "revolution," Everard stands as an example of what Continental saved us from. It's dimly lit, the help is surly, and all it has going for it is a fine steamroom, GM

St. Mark's Baths, 6 St. Mark's Place (473-7929). Superficial cleanups haven't changed the somewhat dangerous and ugly vibes emanating from this shanty. It's the place to find surly management. Open 24 hours except for the main steamroom, GM

Sauna Baths and Health Club, 300 W. 58th St. (above Child's) (PL 5-6880) A smaller spot which encourages "togetherness." The Sauna closes at midnight, and does its best business from 4:30 in the afternoon until 10 or 11, as the midtown junior executive stop in to knock off a piece on the way home. Doesn't offer much in the way of facilities, and therefore directs everybody's attention to the main thing, GM

Women's Talk Groups

Thursday evenings (6:30 p.m.) women are meeting at the Gay Activists Alliance Firehouse (99 Wooster Street, two blocks south of Houston) for discussions on topics of interest to women.

The Daughters of Bilitis is also open to women interested in meetings, dances and feminist workshops. DOB is located at 141 Prince Street (at West Broadway). Phone: 475-9870.

EDITORIAL

GAY, Volume 2, Issue 54

This week, Peter Ogren is substituting for Lige and Jack, who are on vacation.

GAY PRIDE WEEK

For the second time in our nation's history, this week homosexuals all across America are celebrating Gay Pride Week. More than two hundred gay liberation organizations have sprung up since the Stonewall Riot showed homosexuals that they were no longer obliged to play the submissive, guilty hook for the straight world. Last year thousands of gay people marched in the streets of New York, Los Angeles, San Francisco and Boston in the first truly communal celebration of the joy of being gay, and the freedom of being oneself, not only among friends but with all people, straight and gay. "Out of the closets and into the streets" wasn't just another glib slogan; it was a living, breathing reality. And those who marched last year showed how exciting, how deeply moving an experience that could be. And this year we have even more to be proud of.

THE VOTE IN ALBANY

It is regrettable that the bill to protect the rights of homosexuals in employment and housing was voted down in the New York State Assembly. However, GAY salutes Rep. William Passanante for his tireless efforts in bringing his bill to the Assembly floor. In a system that usually buries "controversial" legislation in committees for years on end, it is to Mr. Passanante's great credit that he was able to bring his bill to the floor in the very first session of its existence. This augurs well for reconsideration and likely passage in the near future.

But it is with anger and shock that we note the blatant, appalling anti-homosexuality of Bronx Rep. Manuel Ramos, whose "filth and scum" and *maricon* name-calling on the floor of the Assembly brings him down to the "nigger-kike-spic" school of rhetoric. Maybe the idea of homosexual rights wounds Mr. Ramos in his *machismo*, but such behavior has no currency in a barroom brawl, to say nothing of the New York State Assembly. Mr. Ramos has no business representing anyone anywhere. Just as there are gay blacks, whites, Indians, chicanos, or Orientals, there are gay Puerto Ricans, and this insult to gay people, on the sole basis of his personal distaste, is an affront to the gays in his constituency, and smacks of the same thinking that got homosexuals thrown into Cuban work camps. The Bronx should be ashamed to have such a bigot as their representative.

GOT AN EXTRA BED?

Thousands of marchers will be coming to New York to take part in the Christopher Street Liberation Day parade on Sunday, June 27. Many of them will need a place to stay for the weekend. If you are among those who could volunteer an extra bed for two for out-of-town marchers, please call the GAA Parade Committee at (212) 284-0226, Christopher Street Liberation Committee at 237-1049, or the Women's Center at 475-9870.

Gay Author Merle Miller Hailed By GAA

BY PETER HADLEY

New York, N.Y.—Merle Miller, whose *New York Times Magazine* article, "What It Means To Be a Homosexual" caused a furor among homosexuals and heterosexuals alike, was given a standing ovation when he spoke to the general meeting of the Gay Activists Alliance on June 3 and his remarks were punctuated by frequent rounds of applause.

"My life has been filled with rue," Mr. Miller began, his voice quavering slightly, "but when I see this group in this firehouse, all I can think is what I wouldn't give to be able to haw the 25 years you

have bought. Twenty-five years of secrecy is a cancer that eats away at us all. Isn't it a pity that we can all stand up and just say, 'Look, this is me'?"

On the subject of his article in the *Times*, Mr. Miller remarked, "When I said at the end of my piece that I wished I'd been straight, what I meant to say was not that I felt that straight was really better, but that in this society God knows it's easier to be straight."

"I got over 2,000 letters about my article, and an enormous number of them from straights. And an awful lot of them said, 'We know you'll get a lot of criti-

Bar Zap Turns Into Cocktail Party

BY RANDY WICKER

New York, N.Y.—Clancy's Bar on Third Avenue between 53rd and 54th Street has all the elegance of the Blarney Stone, complete with steam-table hot plates and 25¢ steins of beer. It has a largely straight clientele although the bar itself is nestled in the heart of Third Avenue's hustler's row.

Richard Wandel and his lover Hernan Figueroa, along with three members of Los Angeles GLF, wandered into Clancy's one night and were greeted by a beefy middle-aged Irish bartender who leaned over the bar, pointed at the door and shouted: "Get out. Get out. We won't serve you here."

"Why not?" Richard queried.

"Get out. Get out. We won't serve you here," the bartender repeated.

Richard and Hernan weren't holding

hands at the time, but two of the three Angelinos were, in Richard's words, "obviously gay." Before entering the restaurant the group of them had also conversed with a hustler on the sidewalk outside. All were wearing various gay buttons.

It wasn't the first time Clancy's had cast a wary eye on gay patrons. Earlier a group of some five people, two of them Tony winners, had been refused service because the only gay in their group was wearing a "Gay Power" button.

When GAA heard of the incidents, they voted to "zap" Clancy's, May 28th, Friday afternoon at 5:30. After assembling seventy-five strong on the corner of 51st Street and 3rd Avenue, a "testing party" of five proceeded to Clancy's before the rest—two women and two men, and a runner to report back to the maing row.

The two couples entered Clancy's holding hands. They embraced. They kissed. Then, arm in arm, they joined the workmen at the bar and ordered draft beers. One of the several bartenders taking it all in stride simply served them. Clancy's before the rest—two women and two men, and a runner to report back to the maing row.

(continued on page 13)



Holding hands and embracing was no obstacle to getting a drink or having fun at Clancy's.

broadly. "One woman psychiatrist from Washington, D.C. obviously made all her judgements from the pictures of me that were published with the article. She claimed that my homosexuality was really due to a glandular deficiency! And one Park Avenue psychiatrist said to me, 'I'll take you into therapy for free, but since you're too old, there's really not much point.'"

"But an article like mine and a firehouse like this is only the beginning," summarized Miller in a voice charged with emotion. "Together all of us are going to change this goddam society."

GAY

The official views of this newspaper are expressed in The Editorial. Opinions expressed in by-lined columns, letters and cartoons, however, are those of the writers and artists and do not necessarily represent the opinions of GAY.
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Randy Wicker's Basket



BY RANDY WICKER

MIDNIGHT COWBOY MAKES GAY MILLIONAIRE

James Leo Herlihy, author of *Midnight Cowboy*, told *Variety* recently that his earnings from that property were nearing the \$1,000,000 mark.

"I never dreamed anyone would dare make a film of it," Herlihy said, "particularly the film that was made. Even while it was being made I had no interest in it because the word around Hollywood was that it was going to be a flop. When I went to the premiere in New York, I got interested. I absolutely loved it. Most of it."

"Most of it?" *Variety* probed. "Naturally, there were a few things I didn't like," Herlihy explained. "I didn't like the scene where 'Buck' shoved the telephone in the mouth of the homosexual. I wanted it out of the picture because I thought it was just too much. I'm afraid I bummed up Schlesinger's party after the premiere by harassing him about it. And I didn't like the deviate act in the balcony of the movie theatre. It wasn't in the book. They invented it and it was hard to watch and totally unnecessary."

Herlihy's latest work, *The Season of the Witch*, sold out its first run of 25,000 copies prior to publication date and was a Literary Guild selection for May. He says it has outsold *Cowboy* four-to-one so far and that there is "a wonderful big film in it."

"There's really no big clamor for the book," Herlihy declared. "I think everybody's scared of it. But I'll make it myself rather than let it go to waste. Besides, I now have a greater interest in films than in writing."

GARRISON SQUELCHED

Judge Herbert Christenberry of the United States District Court has ordered New Orleans District Attorney Jim Garrison to "stop all legal proceedings against Clay Shaw." The judge ruled that Garrison had a "significant financial interest" in prosecuting Shaw because Garrison was attempting to promote his book *Heritage of Stone*, which deals with his investigation into the Kennedy assassination.

Garrison was attempting to prosecute Shaw for "perjury" in connection with an earlier trial in which Shaw was acquitted.

Garrison attempted to link Clay with Lee Harvey Oswald and make an issue of Shaw's alleged homosexuality. Pressmen uncovered attempts by Garrison to pressure a local gay bath owner to testify that Shaw had checked in with Oswald and further efforts to get an imprisoned man to testify that Shaw once propositioned him. *American Grotesque*, documenting Garrison's attempted scapegoating has recently been published.

BEST BITS

Gore Vidal has lost his counter-suit against William F. Buckley for libel in connection with their much-publicized clash at the 1968 Democratic National



Gore Vidal: countersuit countered

Convention and the *Esquire* articles which followed. Buckley's suit against Vidal has not yet reached the court.

Idaho has legalized consenting homosexual acts. Colorado, Hawaii, and Oregon seem close to adopting similar changes. Maryland voted down the proposed reforms in its House committee 7-5.

Gays who zapped the recent psychiatric convention in Washington, D.C. report that Dr. Irving Bieber claims he is not an expert on female homosexuality and that "female homosexuality is not the counterpart of male homosexuality." Dr. Bieber, widely attacked for his Freudian homosexuals-are-sick theories, supports many gay demands for civil liberties. On the recent *Playboy* panel, Bieber said that employment discrimination against homosexuals was unfair, that homosexuals should not be excluded from teaching positions, that homosexuals were no more inclined towards pedophilia than were heterosexuals. Bieber has also written letters to the military urging them to grant a security clearance to Dr. Franklin Kameny and to revise their policies which totally exclude homosexuals from federal employment.

Through talking with other psychiatrists at the convention, the gay activists discovered that Dr. Socarides, who frequently warns the public about the "menace" posed by the gay liberation movement, is widely regarded in professional circles as "a kook."

Kevin McGirr, Boston GLF'er who was dismissed from his job at Mattapan Chronic Disease Hospital after protesting the use of aversion therapy on a guilt-ridden drug addict, reports that part of that patient's aversion therapy consisted of carrying "a portable self-shocking device designed to eliminate his drive toward males."

Life Magazine writer Mike Durham, after researching the gay community for several weeks, feels that the news in the homosexual community at present is the proliferating *Gay Lib* movement. Making an about face, Durham now plans a feature on that subject in early July, right after Christopher Street Liberation Day. He's gone to Minnesota to cover Jack Backer, gay student body president of the University of Minnesota, and plans to photograph the GAA firehouse activities, Troy Perry's march on Sacramento and Gay Pride Week activities in New York.

The latest legalistic fad seems to be gays entering heterosexual marriages in order to help other gays to enter the U.S. Only a few such arrangements have been made to date with some provisions made, whereby the immigrants concerned sign papers promising to assume all legal expenses to create and later dissolve the marriage—after citizenship has been obtained.

Planners of Gay Pride Week activities have asked Mayor John Lindsay to declare the last week of June "Gay Pride Week." Failing that, they hope to have the Mayor at least declare June 27th "Christopher Street Liberation Day."

An employment service established by gays seeking to set up a gay social organization, yet unnamed, has reportedly placed 25 people in jobs in the last couple of weeks. It's run by Bob Harrington, who can be reached at (212) 685-2281.

Binghamton GLF recently sponsored a dance attended by some 900 people, only 150 of whom were gay. These upstate New Yorkers say a student widely known by the student body to be gay was recently elected to high student government position. The one local gay bar now allows them to post notices of activities. One GLF member who told authorities at Harpur College that he was gay was given a post as dorm counselor although someone else was thrown out just last year when his homosexuality became known.

The David Frost Show may feature gay spokesmen one evening during Gay Pride Week.

Finland, which used to have the most repressive anti-homosexual laws in Europe, has legalized homosexual acts between consenting adults 18 years old and older and between consenting minors 18 years old and younger, while retaining penalties for older adults who molest minors.

A U.S. Civil Service Commission Board of Appeals has reversed a decision by the San Francisco regional office, decreeing that a professed practicing homosexual is not suitable for civil service employment. Dalego W. Suchecki, a temporary postal clerk in San Francisco, had been retained on active duty while his appeal was pending.

University authorities have denied use of university facilities to Homophiles of Penn State (HOPS) pending review of the group's legal status. Previously, the Undergraduate Student Government Supreme Court had granted HOPS a charter. Governor Milton J. Shapp was challenged by Dr. Franklin Kameny during ceremonies on the steps of Penn

State's administration building when he praised student efforts to "bring all members of the community into the mainstream of life." Gov. Shapp refused to intervene in the suspension of HOPS privileges, saying the university administrators were only upholding state laws, then ended the question and answer period. Later Shapp described Kameny as "typical of some people who are trying to push their programs." Before the confrontation, Gov. Shapp was unaware of the HOPS controversy.

Volunteers manning the GAA dances at their new firehouse headquarters have had their idealism tempered by some



Firehouse dance: drugs were a drag for one night

unpleasant realities. First, volunteer workers discovered that the gay merry-makers treated them like servants although they were laboring for free. Next a strictly enforced policy, requiring all members to report any drug use on the premises so that violators could be escorted outside and permanently banned from future dances became necessary when some of the "Haven crowd" drifted down because prices were lower and they thought they would be in less danger of being busted. And finally, an effort to institute self-service on beer and refreshments failed when it was discovered most people simply left their half-finished warm beer and got a fresh cold can, doubling dance refreshment expenses. Finally, adding insult to injury, Peter Steinberg, whose committee had organized the last dance in May and who had labored without pay all week to make the affair a success, had his coat stolen during the dance. That same night someone ripped off a large can of "tips" on the counter of the downstairs coat check room. Live and learn.

The recently formed San Francisco GAA plans a "work-in" demonstration at the Federal Building June 22nd to protest federal employment policies. The demonstrators will identify themselves with homosexual badges and then sweep windows, clip hedges, and sweep sidewalks outside the building. Their tags will read: **HOMOSEXUAL FBI AGENTS, HOMOSEXUAL JANITORS, HOMOSEXUAL JUSTICE DEPARTMENT WORKERS, etc.**

The Los Angeles Welfare Department threatened to cut off welfare payments to Ralph Schaffer, 43, a long time gay activist because he refused to lie about his homosexuality while job hunting which

(continued on page 16)

Cuban Arts Council Announces Anti-Homosexual Policy

BY PETER HADLEY

New York, N.Y.—At a recent conference on education and culture held in Havana, Cuba and attended and endorsed by the leaders of the Cuban government, the influence of homosexuals in the arts and in education was denounced as "not to be tolerated."

The declaration by the First National Congress on Education and Culture, which was circulated with a denunciatory statement by a leftist group in New York called the Gay Revolution Party, summarized the "problem" of homosexuals in Cuba as follows:

The social pathological character of homosexual deviations was recognized. It was resolved that all manifestations of homosexual deviations are to be firmly rejected and prevented from spreading. It was pointed out, however, that a study, investigation, and analysis of this complex problem should always determine the measures to be adopted.

It was decided that homosexuality should not be considered a central problem of a fundamental one in our society, but rather its attention and solution are necessary.

A study was made of the origin and evolution of this phenomenon and of its present-day scope and antisocial character. An in-depth analysis was made of the preventive and educational measures that are to be put into effect against existing focuses, including the control and relocation of isolated cases, always with an educational and preventive purpose. It was agreed to differentiate between the various cases, their stages of deterioration and the necessary different approaches to the different cases and degrees of deterioration.

On the basis of these considerations, it was resolved that it would be convenient to adopt the following measures:

- a) Extension of the coeducational system: recognition of its importance in the formation of children and the young.
- b) Appropriate sexual education for parents, teachers and pupils. This work must not be treated as a special subject but as one falling into the general teaching syllabus, such as biology, physiology, etc.
- c) Stimulation of a proper approach to sex. A campaign of information should put into effect among adolescents and young people which would contribute to the acquisition of a scientific knowledge of sex and the eradication of prejudices and doubts which in some cases result in the placing of too much importance on sex.
- d) Promotion of discussion among the youth in those cases where it becomes necessary to delve into the human aspect of sex relations.

It was resolved that it is not to be tolerated for notorious homosexuals to have influence in the formation of our youth on the basis of their "artistic merits."

Consequently, a study is called for to determine how best to tackle the problems of the presence of homosexuals in the various institutions of our cultural sector.

It was proposed that a study should be made to find a way of applying measures with a view to transferring to other organizations those who, as homosexuals, should not have any direct influence on our youth through artistic and cultural activities.



HERE THEY COME... OUT OF THE WILD BLUE YONDER... FLYING STRAIGHT INTO YOUR HEART!

The BOYS IN THE BAND

STARRING
Frederick Combs Leonard Frey Reuben Green
Robert LaTourneau Lawrence Luckinbill
Directed by
William Friedkins



STARTS TOMORROW • GOTHAM
8:30 A. M.
B'way & 47th St.

The above poster for Mart Crowley's *Boys in the Band* was shown in the April issue of *Print Magazine*, in response to a contest for posters in the style of the Forties. That film, which roused the ire of many gay people because of its negativism and its "dated" approach to homosexuality, apparently struck the designers (Mabe, Trousdel) as perfect fodder for a forties rip-off. Even the chorus line gets the treatment. Note even the old theatre name and the well-nigh forgotten RKO logo. And the clothes! And the haircuts! But would you believe now that *Boys in the Band* "is not a musical"?—P.H.

It was resolved that those whose morals do not correspond to the prestige of our Revolution should be barred from any group performers representing our country abroad.

Cuba's treatment of homosexuals, beginning with the establishment in 1965 of "work camps" for gay people, has been of constant concern to militant homosexuals, and has posed a considerable theoretical problem to groups who wished to incorporate the gay movement into the movement for support for Castro's Cuba.

CENTURIANS
Encyclopedia of Sexual Instruments

Hundreds of the most bizarre-erotic devices for the male & female genitalia, including steel, from Hong Kong, Japan, U.S., Germany, etc. plus 5" to 12" spike-heel boots, Rubber Wear, Distasteful Implants from England, Sweden, etc. Full 8 1/2" x 11" 2 Volume Encyclopedia, illus. with photos (many in action), nearly 200 pages to buy from Vol. 1 or 2, \$4.50. CENTURIANS, Box AE-64, Westminster, Calif. 92683 both for only \$7.95.



CHRISTOPHER STREET LIBERATION DAY 1970: The first truly communal "coming out" of gay men and women in celebration of Gay Pride and a new sense of identity and personal worth.

THE SOURCES OF GAY PRIDE

BY PETER OGDEN

Gay Pride as we understand it didn't always have the militant ring of Gay and Proud. Even in the beginning of the gay movement, homosexual spokesmen didn't come on Gay and Proud. They had to be proud of being gay, otherwise they wouldn't have been in the movement in the first place. But in the beginning there was no room for Gay and Proud; everything was Gay and Defensive.

When Randy Wicker was doing a lot of the homophile movement firsts in the early sixties, he was proud of being gay. But he was also feeling *dumped* on not only by a hostile and unfeeling public, but also by the fact that there weren't twenty homosexuals in the city of New York who even cared what the movement was trying to do.

When I was passing out leaflets at the very first gay demonstration in America, at the U.N. on Easter Sunday 1965 in protest against Cuban work camps for homosexuals, my primary feeling was anger. I was also rather scared. There were only about two dozen people in that demonstration, and half of them were straight radicals from the League for Sexual Freedom.

In those days, how could you come on

proud when you were being scrutinized like some sort of germ under a microscope?

Gay people have a lot to be thankful for when the subject of those Stonewall riots comes up. The gay kids who stood up and fought the system on its own terms accomplished something that no one else had ever done—they shook a lot of the thinking of the straight world about gays to its roots. Last year's Christopher Street parades were the very first manifestation of genuine pride within the homosexual community. And this year we have so much more to be proud of, because Gay Pride isn't just a crowd trekking up to rally in the park. Gay Pride is rooted in accomplishment, and in a sense of being part of something which has achieved a measure of what it is working for.

The fact that in the past year, Gay Activists Alliance and the Daughters of Bilitis have established functioning community centers is a source of Gay Pride. The fact that churches like the Metropolitan Community Church in Los Angeles and the Church of the Beloved Disciple in New York are flourishing is a source of Gay Pride. The fact that there are gay radio programs in New York, Los

Angeles and San Francisco is a source of Gay Pride. The fact that homosexuals have lobbied directly in the legislatures of this country, and have sat in the balconies watching and noting the progress of their work in the floors of the assemblies, and that mayoral candidates in San Francisco and forward-thinking candidates in New York like Bella Abzug and Steve Solarz and Bill Passanante actively seek gay support and work for gay rights, are sources of Gay Pride. The fact that an avowed homosexual like Frank Kameny ran for Congress, or that Jack Baker was elected President of the University of Minnesota student body is a source of Gay Pride. The fact that groups like Los Angeles Gay Liberation Front zapped Barney's Beanery for his "Fagots Stay Out" sign, or that New York GAA sat in at *Harper's Magazine* in protest against an anti-homosexual article is a source of Gay Pride. The fact that a successful novelist like Mele Miller, who grew up in a period of our nation's history when to be a homosexual was to be considered less than a man, "came out" in the *New York Times Magazine*—doing at fifty what is hard enough at twenty and more difficult as one grows older—that is a source of Gay Pride. The growth of the gay press,

the rise of gay groups on virtually every campus in America, and the increasing visibility, for the public at large to witness, of free and open homosexuals are sources of Gay Pride.

Perhaps best of all is the change in the numbers of gay spokesmen. Five years ago there weren't ten people in this country who would get up in front of a crowd or go on television to speak for the rights of homosexuals. Ten years ago there weren't two! But today there is an abundance of bright, articulate and dynamic men and women to bring the message of Gay Pride and gay rights before the public.

And it is these achievements on the part of the gay community that we salute when we march to our Gay-Ins, and which we must keep in mind when we return to our homes. For Gay Pride isn't just a one-week or Sunday afternoon affair. Gay Pride is something we must keep building on through concrete achievement. We don't have to be surrounded by our gay sisters and brothers to have Gay Pride. We have the very real, fertile evidence of the accomplishments of the gay community to give us a sense of belonging, as well as a sense of personal worth.

NEW YORK GAY PRIDE WEEK CALENDAR

GAY PRIDE WEEK, June 18-27, 1971
CALENDAR OF EVENTS

Friday, June 18
DOB—Benefit for the "5th St. Women," party & mixed media presentation, 8:30 PM, WOMEN ONLY.

GAA—Dance (official grand opening of Firehouse), 9 PM.

Saturday, June 19
DOB—Dance, 8:30 PM — WOMEN ONLY.

GAA—Film "Gypsy," 3:30 AM — Continental Breakfast, 7 AM—Noon-5:30 PM, Cabaret, "An Afternoon of Arts & Pleasures" — Play "Requiem," 5:30 PM — Dance, closing with breakfast, 9 PM.

Sunday, June 20
"Gay Action for Constitutional Equality," organized by Kalos Society & Gay Liberation of Bridgeport/Hartford, Assemble 12 Noon in Seaside Park, Bridgeport, Connecticut, for March to Federal Building.

DOB—Discussion groups, banner & poster making for CSLD march, 2 PM — WOMEN ONLY.
GAA—"Out of the Closets" fashion show, 2 PM & 6 PM.

Monday, June 21
COME OUT!—Workshop on "Radical Gay Communications" — for place and time, call 581-2639.

GWLF—"Sing-a-long" at 141 Prince St., 8 PM.

GAA—"Rap Happening," roundtable rap with people in the arts and from the Gay Community, 7 PM.

MSNY—Legal Clinic, 6:9-30 PM.
Tuesday, June 22

GAA—Play "Requiem," 7 PM & 10 PM, followed by open discussion.

Wednesday, June 23
Citywide demonstration against YMCAs in the afternoon; for further info., contact Peter Ruffet 237-1049.

GAA—Film "The Battle of Algiers," 8 PM.

WSDG—Discussion & social, "Gay Pride" topic, 8 PM.

MSNY—Dance, at the Eighth Day Club, 543 Broadway (Spring & Prince Sts.), 10 PM.

Saturday, June 26
CSLDC—All-day "Gay Lib Forum & Workshops" 9 AM-6 PM. For place & details, call (212) 242-5273.

GAA—Street Fair, "A gay festival of things to see, do, buy and play," 1 PM on Wooster St. between Prince & Spring Sts. "Action Raps," 10 AM-12 Noon & 2 PM-4 PM.

Ave. to Central Park's Sheep Meadow for "Gay-In." Bring food to share, games, musical instruments, love.

DOB—Communal Supper after the march. Bring food. WOMEN ONLY.

GAA—Open House after march.

MSNY—Open House after march at Eighth Day Club, 543 Broadway, 7 PM.

NOTES:
GAA—Gay Activists Alliance
DOB/LESBIAN Center — Daughters of Bilitis
GWLF—Gay Womens Liberation Front
MSNY—Mattachine Society of New York
WSDG—West Side Discussion Group
CSLDC—Christopher Street Liberation Day Committee

All GAA functions, unless otherwise noted take place at GAA Firehouse, 99 Wooster Street (between Prince & Spring Sts.)

All DOB & GWLF functions, unless otherwise noted, take place at The Lesbian Center, 141 Prince St

All WSDG functions, unless otherwise noted, take place at Community Center, 300 9th Ave. (near 28th St.)

All MSNY functions, unless otherwise noted, take place at 243 West End Ave.

HOUSING
City-wide coordinator telephone number is (212) 237-1049.

GAA FIREHOUSE
99 Wooster Street
DOB CENTER
141 Prince Street

SUBWAYS:
Seventh Ave. IRT No. 1 HOUSTON ST. (Local)
Eighth Ave. IND AA/E SPRING ST. (Local)
Sixth Ave. IND D/F B'WAY/LAFAYETTE
Broadway BMT RR PRINCE ST. (Local)
Lexington Ave. IRT No. 6 SPRING ST. (Local)



Thursday, June 25
GAA—Open House, 8 PM. Candlelight March to City Hall to support fair employment for homosexuals bill in City Council. Assembly points: GAA Firehouse 10 PM & at Lesbian Center (DOB) at 9:45 PM.

Friday, June 25
GAA—Community Supper, 6-8 PM. "2nd Birthday Party" for Gay Liberation movement, 9 PM.

GWLF—Dance, 8:30 PM at Lesbian Center.

Auction, 4 PM. Pot Luck Dinner, 6:30 PM.

GAA—Dance (evening — place to be announced), 9 PM.

DOB—Dance, 8:30 PM. WOMEN ONLY.

Sunday, June 27
CSLDC—Christopher Street Liberation Day. Assemble for mass march on Christopher Street (from 7th Ave. westward) from 12 Noon-2 PM. Mass march starts at 2 PM, up 6th



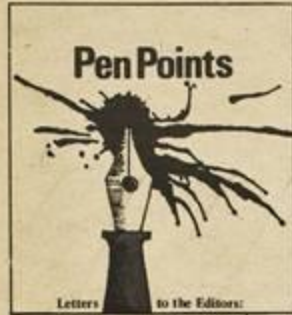
In Central Park, last year's marchers fished out in the meadow



A Famous First: Dick Leitch (foreground) Craig Rodwell at the UN, Easter Sunday '65. In L.A., over a thousand Proud Gays marched down Hollywood Boulevard.



Gay sisters waiting in the Washington Place wings for the 1970 Christopher Street Parade to begin



Letters to the Editors:

CHANGE IS NO "CAMP"

Dear GAY: I find Dick Leitsch's lament for "the 'good' old days" (GAY No. 51) appalling from someone in his position. Leitsch's superficial approach makes it quite clear why, in New York, he and his organization have been replaced by others as the prime movers for necessary change. I rather imagine that the slaves used to have some good old times when they returned to their quarters at the plantation after a day of working for and being beaten by their masters, and I am sure that there have been (and still are) some real fun parties in the ghettos (both the Jewish ones of the past and the black ones of the present), but few people use these as an excuse for retaining or restoring slavery and the ghetto. This is what Leitsch's lament amounts to. Achieving necessary social change is hard, serious work, whether done through persuasion, demonstration, the courts, or

the polls. The Civil War was no camp, and neither are sit-ins, demonstrations, test cases and the Black Panthers. That spirituals and jazz grew out of black oppression makes the fight against that oppression no less serious. That camp grew out of gay oppression makes that fight no less serious either. Unfortunately for Leitsch, the effort to eliminate prejudice, bigotry and discrimination is a deadly serious one which requires anger, political action and a great deal of serious effort, because oppression is a deadly serious thing. Humor, sex, entertainment and camp are wonderful; let's have lots more of them, but in their own right and truly freely, and not as a response to, or in fear of, suppression, repression and oppression. The Gay who is without a job or in jail because he is gay—and I am sure that Leitsch gets at least as many such cases as I do—is in no position to enjoy or to participate in those pleasures. And if we're all busy following Leitsch's prescription, no one will ever help him or bring an end to the needless human destruction and misery which he represents. As for Leitsch's comments on my recent Congressional campaign—I will leave the judgment to those who viewed the campaign in Washington, as Leitsch did not. The well-nigh universal response from people I know as well as from total strangers who still come up to me in the streets and in restaurants, etc., is "Thanks" from the Gays and "Congratulations on a superb campaign—I hope you'll continue in politics; we need you" from the straights. While there may perhaps be a few, small, carefully-selected districts in a country where a campaign of the type

suggested by Leitsch could be effective, a campaign conducted as he suggests almost everywhere and certainly for a post representing a whole city (as mine was) would only render the candidate pathetic and the gay community ridiculous. The voters—including the gay ones—are interested in such mundane, every-day issues as municipal services, taxes, transportation, housing, education, crime-prevention, unemployment and welfare, the war, rights for everyone, etc., etc. Any candidate for office, from any constituency neglects these at his peril; one-issue candidates rarely get very far. However, the polls are open to everyone. Let Leitsch give it a try for himself. I have a feeling that he'll change his tune within 24 hours after he starts active campaigning and engages in his first public appearances with his opponents or has his first meeting with his intended constituency. Sincerely yours, Franklin E. Kameny, Washington, D.C.

TRASHING THE TRASHERS?

Dear GAY: It is not my intent to judge the alleged sexism of GAY nor Peter Ogren's right to his personal opinions about Martha Shelly. The purpose of this letter is to protest what amounted to no more than a vicious trashing of a human being in print. I have worked, marched, lectured, rapped and argued with Martha. I have seen and felt her anger. Her complexities and her brilliance have been both a source of consternation and admiration to many of us in the Movement. The history of the Gay Liberation Movement has already

been set down. However she classified herself and whether her fists knotted or her eyes blazed is not important. When most of today's spokespeople were barely peeking out of their closets her fists, her eyes and her body were on the line. Martha Shelly did it well and she is not deserving of Ogren's vicious attack! Bob Kohler NYC Mr. Ogren replies: I can appreciate your protest of Martha Shelly's criticism in GAY, but I would certainly not call it vicious nor a trashing. In my own view, Ms. Shelly, an accomplished and intelligent speaker and manipulator, did just what she came to do: she trashed the conference. If she had announced "I'm leaving, and you can all just sit here and talk about me," she could not have done a better job of disrupting the meeting. Yes, she "did it well." Indeed, in that regard, though she was not physically present, she could not have made her influence (on my opinion mainly, if not actually malevolent) more intensely felt. And in the end, the whole purpose of the convocation was perverted into a meaningless waste of time. I felt that I'd just come out of a war. I am not in the slightest way concerned about the quality of her anger; what does get to me is the reasons—or rationalizations—of that highly theatrical rage over such a silly photo. I don't think that Ms. Shelly was even concerned with the photo either, but really with what the article said, and I still maintain that she didn't have the slightest idea of who her audience was. Gay men jerk off over other men, not over women. What's wrong with that, anyway? And by the way, neither Oxford, Chamber's, nor Webster's contains the words "spokesperson" or "spokespeople." In the plural, when there are speakers of both genders, English goes along with every other European language, and forms the plural "spokesmen." I'm sure you'll find that "sexist," whatever that means.

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

BY THE STAFF OF GAY If you have a question about PERSONAL matters, write to the staff of GAY, c/o GAY, P.O. Box 431, Old Chelsea Station, New York, New York 10011. Only letters of the widest possible interest can be published. All letters will be answered if accompanied by a stamped self-addressed envelope.

JOIE DE VIVRE

Q. As I have no one to turn to, I hope you won't mind my using you. The letter is in the form of a poem, the only way I can really express myself. I am looking Sometimes violent as the dusty wind scratching New York streets And sometimes soft as a gentle sun nursing a lake in Central Park. The earth and the heavens have spiraled and I've aged with my search—gracefully, I'd like to say—and still Each day I hope to find a new niche I've not scrutinized before. My eyes turn inward My voice softly steals whispers to me pretending I'm not alone. Sometimes I almost feel as Pygmalion for I create from mere molecules of air a lover—and wish him more alive than I am now I can close my eyes, reach out and take his perfect form. live with him three minutes With him before the vision shatters in an



Joie de Vivre

empty orgasm. (this the saddest feeling) When I was young I could not see why most songs spoke of love And now Every poem I echo to myself alone Must be about that mythical God. P.S. New York, N.Y. A. To respond to your poem would probably take several books, or at least

where people with similar heads gather. If your head is into liberation, you can try your local gay lib group, or perhaps look around for a poetry workshop. The whole trick is just to go where people are, be open to relationships with others and then just let the problem work itself out naturally. Q-I'm 32, not the best looking guy in the world, but I try to be honest and sincere with all the people I meet and know. I guess I'm a closet queen, afraid to really admit that I am gay. There are many things about gay life I don't understand, so I take things carefully. I'm planning a trip to New York and maybe then I can let my hair down and have a good time. R.T. Pound Lake, Ill. A. Many of us are fearful of being gay. Society's prejudice has affected all of us but once we realize that society is in this case wrong we can become free to simply be ourselves. Gay is beautiful, as is any method of expressing love. It's a part of our life and once we can understand this, we also become free to investigate the many other things each one of us contains. As long as we are fearful or guilty about being gay, we stifle not only our sexuality but many other beautiful aspects of our personality. Hangups over one aspect inevitably make us ignore not only the beauty in that aspect but also the good in the rest of what makes each one of us ourselves. When you're in New York, enjoy yourself but don't let it end with your return ticket. Closets can be awfully dark and they're really not too much fun.

Loosely About Women BY SOREL DAVID

Saturday afternoon, listening to the radio, and WNCN seems to be into a Giuseppe Verdi weekend thing—which all in all has a lot more soul and is a lot more spectacular than anything WCBS has ever come up with. About a year ago I started getting into opera in a big way and for a few months I drove everyone crazy borrowing records, blaring the radio, and making grandiose pronouncements about the highest art forms and like that all the time. Lately, though, I haven't been able to sustain quite the magnificence of mood necessary to listen to an opera all the way through. But today something indeed magnificent, something miraculous and monumental happened. I watched a woman collapse and die on Spring Street today. Imagine it—death walked in my neighborhood, on my streets where I go everyday and nobody knew until then, suddenly, right before my eyes, he took someone. Nothing has really moved or excited me quite so much in a long time. I felt strangely drawn to the scene happening there on the sidewalk, some irresistible fascination with this—the mechanism of death—kept me there staring until the police came to cart the body away. Now why are all these people always telling me I'm on a death trip?—a capitalist death trip no less—the fools, they think writing for GAY has made me rich. I felt alive, invigorated as if some of the woman's ebbing life force was surging through my veins. I wanted to do something great, build something monumental or write a symphony maybe. And then I wanted to make love. But Billie was busy leafing through the back issues of GAY, which I finally remembered to bring back from the office and there was no one else around so I settled for WNCN and Verdi instead. La Forza del Destino—how wonderful, anyone who could title a work The Force of Destiny can't be all bad. I am celebrating the passing of her life and my own life by listening to Verdi's La Forza del Destino. All of which is intended to set the mood and bring us around to my main topic of discussion. La Forza del Destino and the melodrama of New York DOB. In case you don't already know, a few weeks ago there was a takeover, to use the words of the group that lost, at DOB. The old regime is out and a new somewhat more motley crew has installed itself at the Prince Street loft. So Old Mr. Hegel was right, it seems, that world hysterical spirit just keeps a-movin all around, at least as far as women's gay lib groups in the city go. The men have always had their various organizations, each with its own ideas about how to get liberated and



Gay sisters on the march, 1970. A lot of changes have gone down in the year—new faces, a new DOB Center, a new sense of where it's at.

DESTINY AND THE D.O.B.

each with its own constituency. The women of the movement, on the other hand, have always consisted, more or less, of a solid block, a small but fairly consistent group of women who keep moving from organization to organization. In the beginning there was GLF, speaking post-Stonewall of course, and GLF Women were where it was at. Then Radicalesbians broke off from GLF and for a few months they were hot. The fact that they spent those first few months arguing over the official spelling of their name may have had something to do with their initial popularity. What would it be—Radical Lesbians or Radicalesbians?—the suspense was far too great for anyone to even think of missing a meeting. After that the ball bounced around between Radicalesbians and GLF Women for awhile and then along came the GCCW. The GCCW—Gay Community Center Women became the place to be for right-on radical lesbians of every persuasion. But alas, even this couldn't last and just as the gang was deciding what to do about not relating to the GCC anymore, which entailed trying to relate to the idea of the Autonomous Gay Liberation Women as a name, rumors started filtering down about a power struggle at DOB. And so it happened, the great takeover, the small group of movement women have now attached themselves to DOB. All I could gather from two meetings worth of discussion of the struggle was some heavy paranoia on both sides. Everyone who said anything sounded completely crazy to me. First there was the issue of the May newsletter in which Ruth, the president, accused everybody of accusing everybody else of everything. The specifics of it all didn't seem to be entirely clear to anyone. Sexism was mentioned several times but this may or may not have any bearing on anything. It's more or less obligatory to bring up this subject in radical (read as mimeographed) statements these days. Ruth maintained that the whole business was a personal attack, while the loyal opposition said no, it was criticism, personal criticism. Several long, impassioned and ultimately boring statements were read followed by a complex discussion about what Ruth really means by attack. Democracy or something like that was a key issue, the terms democratic process, dictatorship, hierarchical structure and rhetoric from the chair were thrown around a lot. Ruth kept saying DOB is on the map, DOB is on the map. This was immediately countered by cries of yeah, but we don't even have an occupancy sign while some of us quietly wondered if telephone directory rather than map wasn't what Ruth really meant. Finally the presi-

dent, vice president and social director resigned and walked out leaving DOB to the force of destiny—that solid block of movement women waiting not so patiently in the wings. So DOB is definitely where it's at now—the Prince Street loft has been designated as a lesbian center and virtually all gay women's activities, outside of the bars, originates there. DOB, the remnants of Radicalesbians and the GCC women meet there as well as a new Lesbian School. The school, truthfully the only thing to come out of the movement in a long time which intrigues me, will feature classes in carpentry, judo and karate, swimming, creative writing and puppy training, among others and meets on Tuesdays, I believe. But call DOB and make sure. They are, it turns out, in the directory if not on everyone's map. Aside from a few stylistic alterations in rhetoric, the committees have all become collectives and people have taken to relating to things and implementing decisions instead of just plain old doing things like they used to, life goes on as before. The cry of Sisters! Sisters! still reigns supreme and the most noticeable difference, to my way of thinking, is that the quality of the refreshments has gone markedly downhill. No more, alas, no more chocolate donuts.

A GAY GUIDE TO FLORIDA

BY TIM MARLOWE

It was Ponce de Leon (looking for the Fountain of Youth, which Americans are still seeking) and the fabled island of Bimini (which Adam Clayton Powell discovered) who first brought the Spanish-speaking crowd to Florida. Today the Cubans are there in great numbers, but English is still spoken, in a manner of speaking, by the natives and the thousands of sun-and-fun seekers who vacation in the United States' southernmost state. Some people say Florida is a tropical paradise. Some people say it's a dull place that hangs like a limp cock off the end of Georgia. Who's right?

Today Florida stays in the headlines with Cape Kennedy, Miami Beach, the circus wintering at beautiful Sarasota, and the *managers* wintering at posh resorts like Palm Beach and even Daytona and Jacksonville. Florida serves the nation as a ghetto for the "cracker," a station for the space program, a citrus farm and place for Tom Dooley to advertise, a place for some very dismal swamps and people, a set for the jet set, a glittering resort and a national geriatrics ward (a last resort). It is often spectacularly beautiful and lush: a nearby Hawaii. It's swinging, exciting: an Easterner's Las Vegas. Some people can't wait to move or retire there. Others say that "it's a nice place to visit but I wouldn't want to live there." Some people are saving their pennies to buy land there—there's been a land boom since Flagler's day—and others think it's a California for those without the energy or the brains to make their way west. The warm climate is a great draw for some. Others aver that if they owned Hell and Florida, they'd rent out Florida and live in Hell.

Here, then, is your gay guide to fun in the sun (or if you prefer, "the land of fruits and nuts"). It's only fair to warn you that down there a lot of people think fruits are nuts, so watch out. In 1963 the State of Florida decided that their fair state was not good, just "fair." They set up an Investigation Committee of the State Legislature to look into the "rot" in society caused by homosexuality. On the cover of the report was a "shocking" picture of a man kissing a boy. Inside are photos from "the catalogue of a supplier of homosexual erotica" and "the files of a Florida law enforcement agency" that went around taking snaps of guys being blown in public toilets. The committee's report was "prepared primarily for the benefit of state administrators and personnel officers," but you used to be able to get a copy by writing to the state capital (Tallahassee). It is now banned in Florida!

Florida is still very big on entrapment. Plainclothes dicks wave their dicks. Bars are raided. Under State Law 798.03 forni-

cation (sexual intercourse between an unmarried man and woman) can get you 3 months in jail or a \$30 fine. "Crimes against nature" (which State Law 800.01 sums up as cocksucking, cunt-lapping, and rimming, as well as screwing boys or animals) can get you into the pokey "not to exceed 20 years." The Committee suggested that an "enlightened" move would be this: add new facilities to state prisons so that convicted "criminal psychopaths"—that's YOU, if you're caught doing what comes naturally with a male—could get compulsory psychiatric care. They also set up "a central records repository for information on homosexuals arrested and convicted in Florida"—which many say doesn't worry too much about the "and convicted" part—and made it easier for the licenses of any teachers caught to be yanked permanently.

Actually, though educators and students are both paranoid about being gay in Florida, your best bet for a good time is Gainesville (home of the University of Florida), Jacksonville, (home of Jacksonville's excuse for a university), Orlando (with a swinging junior college), Pensacola (ditto, plus Servicemen), Tampa (with a university), St. Petersburg (with a junior college and, like all the other great beach places, a lot of students on vacation at holiday seasons), and The Committee's stomping ground itself (Tallahassee) where—right under the noses of some of the legislators—there's a lot of cocksucking going on. Tallahassee's *Dural* and *Floridian* hotel bars have quieted down now. The action is in more public places. And of course there are Miami and Coral Gables, where the young are learning a lot, and not only in their college and high-school classes. Florida's sun-tanned, sun-bleached youth is not only Florida's future—it's a lot of fun in the present, too.

There are also the "brown jobs." That's what the Navy calls the Army, though I've always thought it would be better the other way around. Check out any town near an Army base in Florida. Don't miss Fort Lauderdale (with *The Zanzibar* and the *Saloon Bar* across the street from each other, *The Elbow Room* and *The Doll's House*) or Fort Myers (*The Calypso*) or Fort Pierce (where they tell me there's a gay bar called *The Half-Way Inn*; I haven't checked it out be-

cause the very name turned me off). Jacksonville has an *El-Bo Room* (ain't they cute down here?) and a place misnamed *Butch's*. Pensacola used to have a few gay bars on Palafox Street, but now I don't know. But it still has the Naval Air station, so there must be something. Ask the natives, scort around.

New Yorkers will probably wind up at one of those Miami hotels that somehow manage to make Las Vegas look tasteful in comparison. Kitsch with luxury: enjoy, enjoy. Try the Greyhound Bus station's *Terminal Bar* as a last resort. Drive up and down Biscayne Boulevard (also drive over the causeways at night for a romantic view of the splendid lights of the city twinkling in the waters of the bay). Don't miss the gay beach (near the Seaquarium), because you look great in a bathing suit, don't you? (If not, stick to the bars.) Look in at the Coconut Grove places like *Florida Pharmacy*, *Le Moon Villas*, *Candlelight Inn*. Try the rather sleazy places on 3rd Street (*The Carnival*) and N.W. 27th St. (*Dehoxe Bar*, *Googie's*) as a change of pace from Miami's tropical beauty. If you want hustlers, some of the world's hardest parade downtown. But there's plenty free in Miami Beach: *Frenchie's* and *The Alley* and *Basin Street* and *The Mayflower* (Puritans come across in it?), all on Alton Road. *Pin Up* and *Nite Owl* are "Park Avenue" places, but that's not like New York's Park Avenue. Check out lovely Virginia Beach and *Cook's Bathhouse* and *The Sea Shore Hotel* on Ocean Drive. The best of Miami is the scenery and the climate. The best of the bars is—well, whatever is popular or open right now. You'll just have to ask around: the list of anybody who doesn't live there and make weekly rounds is bound to be out-of-date.

"The best" also depends on what caters to your particular taste. Just what are you this week? The worst can make the rat traps of Daley City look like San Francisco's finest. Like everywhere else that's big, Miami has good and bad. But the weather is always good. Almost always. So "come on down," as the orange juice people say.

If you get to Key West—it's all a question of how far you want to go, as usual—see *Captain Tony's* and *Dedeck's Restaurant* on Green Street and *Rudy's* and *The Gallery* on Duval, or whatever's "in"

now. *The Brown Derby* is near the naval base, but why be near something? Go and get it where it is. Trouble with sailors: they always seem to travel in pairs, like nuns. But if you have the ingenuity and energy for two... In any case, just don't miss Florida's wonderful seafood while you're down. Delicious. (Just a gourmet note.)

Actually, going down may be the best part of a trip. I know what you're thinking. What I'm thinking is that you can have fun driving to Miami as well as when you get there.

Pick up hitchhikers who look "safe," if you think it's wise, or just stop in some of the places on the way. St Augustine is one of my favorite places: maybe even a place for beauties as well as being a beauty spot. The beaches are heaven. The Senile Citizens of many beachfront communities may have tried hard to keep the college students from flocking to Fort Lauderdale, Daytona Beach, and so on, where they drink beer out of cans (imagine!) and commit many other atrocities (such as sleeping free on the beaches and driving motel men mad). But every year the kids are there, more or less numerous, more or less wild. The oldsters don't like their Bingo games interrupted by Beach-Blanket Bingo. But there are only so many cops. The fuzz just can't cope with the fuzzy-cheeked teenagers. Maybe YOU can...

Face it: the kids still go to Florida over the holidays. Kids from all over. It's a magnet for them. Sure it draws a lot of scrap iron too. You may get screwed. You may get nailed. It may be tacky. But (all puns aside) it can be fun, at any age. You'll love Florida. We don't want to sound negative but just watch yourself: it is Florida, after all. Activities may be more supervised than some other places you're used to. Just be careful and enjoy yourself. We're not trying to discourage you from a holiday in Florida, just trying to make sure you have a happy one with lots of action and no "incidents." You don't have to be as cautious as a friend of mine in Miami (he chases only boys under 18, having been picked up by too many plainclothes policemen in the past), just be sensible. And at the same time, have a ball. You'll "moon over Miami" for the rest of the year, thinking back on those sunny days and lush, tropical nights. ■



MOON OVER MIAMI

BY AARON BATES



Practically every columnist in GAY has made some kind of stand on Women's Liberation with the exception of myself. Today I am going to break my record and talk my head off on the subject, and then serenely go back, in the future, to less political subjects.

Actually, though, I see Women's Lib more in terms of role-playing than politics. Women must act politically in order to break away from their traditional roles (if they wish) as housewives and mothers. However, I am skeptical of some of the methods and actions that certain vocal members of the movement are taking in the name of Liberation.

Because many men tend to view women as inferior creatures and because many occupations are closed to women, it is completely natural for some females to wish to strike back. However, one can screech about persecution till the next flood and the status quo will remain nearly the same. One can shout, "Right on, sisters," till one's face turns a shade of violet, and most men and women will continue to be turned off to the entire movement. Why? Because men who were raised to emulate John Wayne and women who were brainwashed from infancy to be subservient are perfectly satisfied with their roles in life, especially those who have never thought and will never think about them. When one tells such jolly *hausfrauen* they are oppressed, they will laugh in your face, all the time snuggling up to the men they adore (or at least have learned to live with). The men will simply sneer and tell you to act like a woman (or how they think a woman should act). Thus, this line of attack, which seems to be the most popular, will get the Women's Lib ladies virtually nowhere.

When I was in college, Timothy Leary once spoke to a portion of the student body. They practically hailed him as a savior, a man who knew where things were at. Since he preached mainly to the converted, nothing was accomplished except that drug-users were given new blessings and ego-booster. The few non-drug-users in the audiences regarded Leary as a freak.

I make this parallel simply to show that there is little point in converting the converted. When certain Women's Libbers think in terms of converting the enemy, things will start moving to everyone's satisfaction.

Clever and attractive women are often repulsed by the movement simply because they have been able to get what they want out of men by using the existing system to their advantage. I once heard a frowsy, plain and sexually unappealing young woman speaking to an audience of extremely affluent capitalists and their elegantly coiffed and richly dressed wives. "You women are oppressed!" she shouted into the microphone, not realizing that the husbands were the ones who put in twelve to fifteen hours a day to supply their wives with furs, gowns by Dior and Balenciaga, and jewelry. If any of the audience had ulcers, it was the male segment. The women remained for the most part unimpressed by the speaker and the men for the most part wondered what she was raving about. In a poll taken



"As long as women in the movement continue to think solely in terms of alienating the enemy rather than converting him (or her), progress will remain at a virtual standstill..."

SEX OBJECTS UNITE: YOU HAVE NOTHING TO LOSE BUT YOUR LEISURE

before and after the convention at which speakers representing every major social movement were present, Women's Liberation found a two per cent increase in popularity, while homosexual rights netted thirty percent and sex education in the schools netted almost fifty percent more positive response.

As long as women in the movement continue to think solely in terms of alienating the enemy rather than converting him (or her), progress will remain at a virtual standstill, except perhaps in areas of abortion law reform, in which non-movement women are also involved.

I have always believed that men are more emotionally screwed up than women anyway. From early childhood, their emotional capacities are limited by certain thou-shalts and thou-shalt-nots. If women are raised to be housewives, men are raised to be providers for women. Why should men be forced by society to

bear the brunt of these responsibilities? Why should men have to pay enormous sums of alimony and child support? Because women cannot succeed in the economic rat race as well? Naturally, if a man must provide home and shelter for a wife and five screaming kids, he is not going to bend over backwards to see a woman vying for his job. To his way of thinking, he needs the top-paying positions more than a woman does because it is his responsibility to support a woman. If a woman has children and a husband to support, he would probably make allowances for her because she has the same responsibilities. But why should a single, would-be career woman stand a chance under such conditions? If women claim to be oppressed, men are equally oppressed, if not more so. In order for a woman to gain the rights she clamors for, she had better start showing the man she competes with how he is also oppressed. Once that is accomplished, she can start

working on the businessman's wife, even though many women are perfectly satisfied in a traditional capacity, especially ones with affluent husbands.

I'd be thrilled if some man or woman wanted to support me. Then I would have more time to develop my talents as a writer or artist or whatever interested me. If anything, I have nothing but envy for the woman who lives under these conditions.

Of course, there are many women who are not married, who have children to support, or who simply wish to be independent. If they are ever to be liberated (and the major result of liberation seems to me to be economical gain), they must start a campaign to change the thinking of men. Shouting dreary slogans will not accomplish anything. Snarling about sexism will be met with even more male repugnance.

The women who scream the loudest about being "used as sex objects" look as if they could never encounter such a problem. Some very attractive women also feel this way, but they seem to be in the minority. I've always felt that when a man makes a pass at a woman, she has the right to say "no" if she desires. She also has the right to pose for a centerfold in *Playboy* if she doesn't mind that particular type of exploitation. Besides, she is certainly paid handsomely to be a "sex object." The truth of the matter is that some women enjoy being desired by men. Some women also enjoy using their beauty or charm or wit to exploit the same men who regard them as "sex objects." I'm not sure that theirs is a plight worse than death. It may be true that traditional values have created such women, but even so, they seem satisfied. Why should Women's Libbers even bother with them? Why should they care what Hugh Hefner is doing anyway unless they're secretly envious? Let's face it—Betty Freidan doesn't stand much chance of being asked to pose *au naturel*.

Being gay, I enjoy looking at handsome men. If I were straight, I would enjoy looking at attractive women. In fact, I enjoy looking at attractive women now, but I'm not thinking of them in terms of being "sex objects." I suppose that many of us have inherited an aesthetic sense dating back to the Greeks. If a person's face and body are merely shells, we like to look at handsome shells. Can you name a Women's Lib-oriented book to top *The Sensuous Woman* on the best-seller charts? Of course, *The Female Eunuch* is starting to do well on the charts. Could it have anything to do with the fact that Germaine Greer is an attractive, sensual woman? Her message may be radical, but she's sexy when she says it. In a way, using sex to one's best advantage may be part of the system to be overthrown, but it seems to work. Men listen. Women listen. Let the dowdy, fat women in their army fatigues scream like fishwives about "sexism" when they should be offering solutions to the economical enslavement of men and women. Let them throw out their cosmetics and bras when they should be talking about abortion reform and equal job opportunities. Let their own hangups outline everything their movement was based on as they chant "Right on, sisters" and "Women's Liberation Now." At least, they have some comfort in listening to each other. But when are other people going to start listening and stop laughing?

The Cruising Photographer

QUESTION:

Is it possible to have a deep and open lover relationship with more than one person at a time?

Jim Zals, Buffalo, N.Y.:
"Of course it's possible. Almost any form of relationship among human beings is possible. But it's rare at this time and in our culture. Gay people are no exception to this; we usually



come to believe that only relationships sanctioned in straight society are proper for us. Gay people could contribute a lot to transforming culturally determined ideas about love relationships."

Gregg Charles, Syracuse N.Y.:
"A relationship with one person usually tends to be a pretty sticky thing. Most people find it hard to tie themselves to one person. I like the idea of being able to go out with any one of the friends who I consider lovers. It makes for variety in my life, because I do love them not for their sex, but for their true selves. Sure it's possible!"



Ed Witkowski, Manhattan:
"I don't think it's possible to have a deep relationship with more than one person at the same time for the mere fact that one would have split himself between many parties at the same time."



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Bar Zap Turns Into Cocktail Party

(continued from page 3)

some representatives of the group ask to see the manager.

The manager wasn't expected until much later in the evening. Neither was the bartender who had been abrasive earlier. The activists, some smartly dressed in coat-and-tie, having just come from work, proceeded to give a rousing "G-A-Y P-O-W-E-R" chant and were promptly served.

Some fifty straight patrons were scattered along the bar and seated at tables in the rear including one straight black couple, both post office employees, who were celebrating their engagement to be married. When the reasons for the zap were explained to them, they ended up wearing GAA lambda buttons and saying "Right on!"

Several patrons expressed surprise that gays had been refused service in the bar, saying they thought it was "ridiculous." No one was offensive or belligerent.

Meanwhile, Clancy's had become a liberated gay bar and was doing a land office business. Some couples held hands. Friends kissed on the lips in greeting and parting. Those participating had appropriated heterosexual prerogatives.

One demonstrator leaned casually against his friend resting his hand on the upper part of his backside about an inch below his belt.

"No, it's not legal there," his companion interjected while talking with another couple, then lifted his friend's hand two inches to the small of his back



What started as a zap turned into just another TGIF party.

just above his belt. "There, that's better," he said. "And that's legal."

At one point, a newcomer reached out as if to touch the front of one lean young man's pants with his index finger. Immediately, his hand was slapped away and two or three activists commenced chiding him severely.

"Fingers in pussies and hands on cocks are not tolerated in bars, straight or gay," one scolded. "I'm not here to get arrested because one person like you doesn't

know how to conduct himself."

Overall, however, it was just a civilized social cocktail hour which passed without incident. Before leaving, Arthur Evans led the group in a final "G-A-Y P-O-W-E-R" chant. Most of the straights in the bar seemed oblivious to everything that was transpiring. The chant, however, was so deafening that glasses rattled on their shelves, and one wondered if the bar's large mirrors might not crack from the vibrations.

"Hey," one red-nosed patron declared, turning around a bit on his stool to watch Evans lead the chant. "Give everybody a round of drinks. That fellow must be buying!"

After leaving word with the bartender in charge that if any further complaints of discrimination were received, they would return and things would not be so peaceful, the demonstrators departed. It was film night at the firehouse and no one wanted to be late.

THE LAST ESTATE

BY GREGORY BATTOCK
"Maunderings"

I'm moving to 3B. On Thursday I gave my last party in 2C. (And turned in the guest list for last week's column; the editors wouldn't print it. (Their way of disapproving of the company I keep.)



Battock greets his guests: elegance with an informal air. (photo David Bourdon, LIFE)

Everybody in the art world dragged themselves up to West 99th St. to drink more Champagne (Moet and Chandon, Brut, N.Y.) than they were worth. The liquor store said you could get 48 people on one case (twelve bottles). Our seventy-five art world luminaries absorbed over 40 bottles, all told. Tony,

who was on the bar, stumbled around in the kitchen; he all but gave up trying to open the bottles. Roland poured and David was on the door.

Apartment 3B just came vacant and despite the new rent law, the landlady is "giving" it to me semi-professional, controlled. A steal at \$325.00 she said. On Monday Hector, Miguel and Tony arrived to help move. Hector painted a shelf in the kitchen, Miguel tried to mix up some plaster but it got all lumpy and Tony swept the floor in the maid's room. Exhausted, we retired to 2C for gin and tonics.

Mrs. Mitchell, our examiner at the rent control, discovered I wrote about art, and announced that she did a little painting herself. In our eagerness to pass the semi-professional inspection both landlord and tenant (me) perked up: "An artist, are you?" I chirped. "Well I'm going to start in again next month," she volunteered.

My landlady, who is crooked as the Peloponnesian coast, won't paint. She even charged me an "agent's fee" for moving upstairs and decontrolling my old apartment for her. Mayor Lindsay only mildly protested Rockefeller's decontrol law: "I respectfully urge you to reconsider," the taxi is too expensive to go downtown in, "Georges Floor Sanding" doesn't sand floors anymore, and the electrician won't return my calls.

Meanwhile the tenants got organized, and each apartment now contributes \$7.00 to pay for a student to sit in the lobby evenings—to ward off muggers. Apartments that don't chip in the \$7.00 are supposed to sit in the lobby themselves several hours a week. The problem was the Chinese tenants (who elected to sit rather than pay) would only sit while the Pakistani student was also sitting. The Pakistani sits on one side, doing his calculus and the Chinese families, complete with children and pots of food, make themselves comfortable on the other side. They steal an occasional glance at one another, and exchange no a word.

Finally somebody made it clear to the Chinese that they were supposed to sit when the Pakistani wasn't on duty. The Pakistani brings along his own extra bright lightbulb for reading.

The people in the apartment opposite have been seen only once in four years—apparently between airplanes. They have a six-room controlled apartment, river view, that goes for \$140.00.

When I bring strangers home they usually say things like: "Hm, ya got a lot of stuff in this place" or "You read all them books?" or "I go to high school in New Jersey." Some recent questions include: "Is this the East Side or the West Side?", "Where'd ya get all the wine?", "You drink a lot?" (As much as I can and

remain sober enough to get up to open a fresh bottle.) Also they've asked: "How do you like living all the way up here?" and "Haven't I seen your picture somewhere?" (In LIFE, perhaps?) and "Can I have a Vodka and grape juice?" and "Well, now that I'm here waddaya have in mind?" and "Wanna see this here map I made of the subway stations?" and finally, patient reader, "What time is it? 7:25? Great! That way we won't miss the 'Flip' show."

If housing were disposable like Kleenex, or reusable like a rented car, it would be, in general, more efficient and up-to-date. Housing as it stands is obsolete, uneconomical and against the grain of contemporary distribution and consumption patterns. Architects are trained in architecture, whereas at this time and place they might be better trained in the sociology of living. Current housing patterns are based upon completely medieval concepts that emphasize possession, protection and exclusion. It's also a profit motivated scheme: that alone is a major indictment.

Contemporary housing systems are immoral, unjust and hopelessly inefficient. Under present social, technological and economic conditions, decent housing for everybody will never (cannot ever) be realized.

Finally, the headwaiter at Casey's said: "Are you the Battcock that writes the column? I'll give you a table only if you promise not to write about it." "You don't have to worry. I can only think of good things to say about you."

Cheers,
Gregory

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Gay Couples Celebrate Engagement At Marriage License Bureau

(continued from page 1)

who meet the requirements of New York State's marriage laws. While twenty-five of the colorfully dressed gays occupied City Clerk Herman Katz's office, set up doughnuts and a coffee machine, and unveiled a multi-layer wedding cake, the others moved through the building in pairs, distributing "invitations" to the engagement party at Katz's office. The cake, topped by a gold lambda and two tiny gay couples, two men and two women, bore the inscription: GAY POWER TO GAY LOVERS.

The unprecedented gay engagement party was the result of Mr. Katz's great interest in the propriety of gay relationships. A month earlier, after the *New York Post* had run an article on Father Robert Clement's Church of the Beloved Disciple and the ceremonies of Holy Union performed there for gay couples, Katz had phoned the *Post* to make an angry statement to the reporter who had written the piece on gay marriages. Word of this soon reached GAA through members of the

citizen Katz was entitled to his prejudices, but not when acting officially in the name of the City of New York.

It was decided that Mr. Katz must be confronted and told to "keep his nose out of gay relationships." Two couples in GAA who planned to be married over the summer said they would enjoy nothing more than a lively engagement party in Mr. Katz's office—just to make sure he got the point.

At 9:00 on Friday morning, the group of thirty-five gays met at the GAA Firehouse to plan the final details of the zap. Shortly before 10:00 they moved en masse to converge on the Municipal Building.

The engagement party started off in a light vein. The gays simply moved into the office, set up their coffee, cake, and doughnuts, and engaged the city employees there in friendly raps about the issues involved. Mr. Katz was not at work that day, and when one of his assistants inquired as to just what was going on, he received an apology for not having been given an invitation. This

folk-singing, while others danced between the desks. People from other offices in the building arrived and began to enjoy the unprecedented spectacle. Arthur Evans helped out by answering the office phone each time it rang: "Hello, Gay Activists Alliance. A marriage license? Yes, this is the place. We're specializing in gay marriages today. Are you gay? Stop by and have a piece of cake at our engagement party."

When the police arrived, they were hard put to find any signs of violence. Mr. Lelane quickly denied that he had claimed that the gays were getting violent. The police seemed to find it hard to take the situation seriously. They were friendly and courteous, although they said they would have to ask the gays to leave or else face arrest, due to Lelane's complaint. One police officer remarked, "I don't see how any thinking person can object to what you're asking."

Warning Lelane that the gay community would keep its eye on the City Clerk's office and be prepared for further, less friendly action if necessary, the gays prepared to leave quietly. As they gathered near the door, a man from the office wearing a green sport jacket pushed through the crowd, muttering under his breath, "Let me out of this garbage!"

It took a moment for that to register. One activist then started down the hall after the hostile man. "Hey you, buddy. Are you calling gay people garbage? Come back here and say that to a gay person's face!" But the man fled down the corridor, around the corner, and could not be found to discuss the matter further. As the gays left the building, deafening chants of GAY POWER echoed

through the cavernous marble halls, helped out by the ideal acoustics.

Once outside, the gays were cordially escorted to the subway entrance by the police, who seemed to have really enjoyed the morning's events. While most of the demonstrators returned to the Firehouse with the cake, coffee machine and other zap paraphernalia, about six of the activists remained in the area to leaflet and explain to late arrivals what had happened during the morning. Among those arriving later were two TV crews who interviewed the remaining gays, while an interested crowd of spectators gathered. Many remained to talk with the gays after the media had left. Meanwhile, back at the Firehouse, the cake was cut and Messrs. Basso and Bond celebrated their engagement with a crowd of friends.

Reminiscent of the Harper's zap last fall, the Katz zap was noticeably different from the angrier, more militant zaps GAA had launched against the Board of Education and the Board of Examiners in recent months. Marc Rubin, chairman of GAA's Municipal Government committee, which organized the zap, said that in spite of its relaxed and friendly tone, nobody should conclude that the zap was not essentially political in nature.

"Gay political power means a great deal more than lobbying and zapping politicians," he said. "It means that there's no place in this city where gay people can be hassled or discriminated against without the gay community coming out to support them. It means that everybody in New York had better know that they can't push gay people around, because the community's there and will stand up for its own."



Even the police found the engagement party amusing. But they still had to ask Owens and Rubin to relocate.

organization familiar with Clement's church.

Katz had expressed disgust at the idea of gay marriages and had stated that they were illegitimate. Furthermore, he intended to file suit against Clement for performing "illegal" marriage ceremonies.

GAA, which takes no stand on the issue of gay marriages or on that of homosexuals and religion, felt that Katz's action represented a clear-cut case of discrimination against homosexuals and the gay community. Father Clement, the activists pointed out, had never claimed that the ceremonies of Holy Union which he performed were legally binding under the laws of New York State. The ceremonies were an expression of private religious faith and personal love and commitment—they had nothing to do with the state.

If the marriages were not claimed to be legally binding, GAA argued, then there were no grounds under NY State law for Katz to press suit. His actions could only be interpreted as representing a personal bias against homosexuals. On the other hand, if Katz himself was claiming that the marriages were legal, but illegitimate because the partners were of the same sex, then this was an open case of discrimination against gay people by a city agency. Acting as a private

failed to improve his spirits.

If the gays had no appointment, he said, they were trespassing on private property and were subject to arrest. "Mr. Katz has been trespassing in private lives!" shouted an angry activist, and asked since when a city office was considered to be private property, barred to tax-paying citizens. Unable to come up with an appropriate answer, the assistant hastily called for reinforcements in the form of First Deputy City Clerk Thomas Lelane, Katz's second-in-command.

Lelane was not about to speak to the visiting homosexuals about the reasons for the zap. "You're not allowed in a public office without an appointment!" he bellowed. "Why not, because we're gay?" retorted a protester. The rhetoric on both sides quickly escalated, and while GAY POWER chants rang out through the office, Lelane hurriedly placed a call to the police, claiming he needed immediate assistance because the demonstrators were "getting violent." Meanwhile, the gays continued to serve coffee and doughnuts to the office workers.

A truly gay atmosphere prevailed for the next half hour until the police arrived. One of the demonstrators, armed with a guitar and the lyrics to several gay lib songs, led some of the visitors in gay

BY STUART BYRON



When the James Bond-type thrillers first appeared on the screen it became fashionable for critics to suggest that they had "undertones of homosexuality." From what I could gather, this notion derived from the presentation in the films of women as Playboy-centerfold-type "sex objects," once modishly supposed to derive from a homosexual "hatred of women," but of late more correctly seen as heterosexual normality in a "sexist" culture. It is true that Bond's love-'em-and-leave-'em relationships with women related more to the gay "life style" than to the love-and-fidelity-till-death-do-us-part dictum of conventional hetero morality—but then, as we all know, gay liberation is an idea whose time has come precisely because gays were ahead of the times when it came to each individual's freedom to find a love-and-sex pattern responsive to his/her own needs. Nowadays straights imitate us rather than the other way round!

More seriously, this idea that violent thrillers are somehow homosexual in sensibility was a result of the half-baked Freudian idea that sadism and homosexuality are inherently connected. Now along comes a new Richard Burton movie, *Villain*, to bring all these ridiculous notions to an explicit (and therefore, hopefully, final) zenith. All of the undertones have become overtones.

Frankly, when I first heard that Burton was to play a gay criminal in a movie, I managed to be optimistic, thinking that the kind of show biz milieu in which the actor moved had made him familiar enough with gays to prevent him from accepting an assignment which maligned them.

Then too, I remembered Burton's essaying of a gay role in the film version



Almost anything goes wrong, and Burton goes into an absolute gill.

of Charles Dyer's play *Staircase*—a work which was at least sympathetic if not entirely satisfactory from a gay point of view.

I even managed to convince myself that the homosexuality of the title character in *Villain* would be presented casually, that the new "maturity" of the screen would permit the presentation of the idea that a criminal is likely to be gay as anyone else. Foolish me! As usual, I was indulging in wishful thinking.

Richard Burton's Villain: The Myth Of The Gay-Faced Goon



A Freudian 'model fairy': a mama's boy sadist sickie in "Villain." Burton was better in "Staircase."

If anything, Burton's gayness in *Villain* is casual rather than casual—or, to be more precise, everything about the character (his homosexuality, his criminality, his sadism) is seen as having a common derivation: arrested adolescence—or, even worse, an arrested childhood. I had thought that the idea that homosexuality is ipso facto "immature" was a discredited notion. But perhaps I've been in "the movement" too long. Apparently this sort of textbook psychoanalysis is still taken seriously in the outside world.

Derived from a novel by James Barlow called *The Burden of Proof*, *Villain* presents Burton as an underworld czar in London, making a good enough living "protecting" gambling casinos, who decides to pull off a heist of a factory payroll in the suburbs. Things get screwed up in the screenplay by Dick Clement and Ian La Frenais, however, and Burton's partner in the venture is picked up by the cops before sharing the loot with Burton. In an effort to retrieve the money, Burton is finally captured by his longtime nemesis, a police inspector played by Nigel Davenport. Under the direction of Michael Tuchner, *Villain*, an Anglo-Amalgamated production for MGM release, has its exciting moments as a movie-movie; from a gay point of view, it's despicable.

Even before we know that Burton is gay, his psychopathic sadomasochism is made clear via a razor-cutting of a police informer. Soon afterwards a castration complex comes into the picture as Davenport and a colleague discuss Burton's methods, albeit with a puritanism reminiscent of the Hollywood of a few years ago: "Did you know he cut off a man's—" "Yes, I know," comes the reply, thus leaving it to our imagination as to what euphemism will be used. Next is presented his "unnatural" attention to his "mum" (Cathleen Nesbitt, doing a repeat from *Staircase* as mother to Burton's gay). He makes sure he's home every night to tuck her in, brings her breakfast in bed every morning, and frequently takes her on outings to Brighton, the British workingmen's seaside resort. Burton's penchant for beating up anyone

who gets in his way—or whom he thinks might get in his way—is brutally demonstrated throughout the movie. He convinces heads of other gangs to go along with the plan to rip off the factory by appealing to their memories of childhood together in the London slums. "We're the boys—remember?" he whines, but in a tone of voice which gives you the message that mentally he still is a child.

With all this, it's pretty clear that the hero of *Villain* is emotionally retarded. But of course there's one element still missing to make it all fit into place. Now just what could that be?

Burton's ultimate adolescent "deviancy" is first foretold to the audience when he demands that some of his minor hoods find Ian McShane, who plays a shady character named Wolfe Lisner and who is one of the most gorgeous new males gracing the screen. McShane is down on his luck before the call comes to return to the Burton fold, reduced to pimping and to peddling an aphrodisiac apparently now familiar enough even to the film's straight audience. "Pushing poppers at four in the morning? A bit sordid," Burton complains to McShane with a mock tone of regret.

Then they go upstairs so that the Big Revelation can be made to the audience, preceded by the kind of music (by Jonathan Hodge) which usually announces the first arrival of Dracula. You know something really bad's a-coming though you don't really see it as there's a "tactful" fadeout just as Burton is removing his shirt.

McShane, it's revealed, is really straight, and we actually see more heterosexual lovemaking in *Villain* than we do the other kind. Burton goes into a royal snit when he catches McShane in the heterosexual act, punching him several times over in the rib cage and ordering the girl out of the flat in no uncertain terms. This naturally fits in beautifully with the psychology expounded in the movie, Burton being seen as the pubescent homosexual who never forgives his paramour for "growing up" into "maturity," and thus hates his girlfriends.

As alternates to Burton's sick lifestyle, the film offers two models of health, and rarely has the nuclear family been seen in a context that was more comparatively favorable. Joss Ackland, the fellow mobster whom Burton eventually murders, is seen as justified in keeping all of the loot as he has wife and children who will need all that bread when he gets out of prison. And, completely gratuitously except as "wholesome" contrast to Burton, policeman Davenport is shown in a family scene, with wife getting up in the middle of the night to comfort a crying child. The Burton character lives isolated from any kind of gay life, and thus the audience never is permitted to know that most homosexuals don't get their jollies by beating up and ravaging weakwilled straight men.

Which of course is the whole point. Of course there exist gays who, perhaps because they never have gotten over a pubescent affair with a guy who later went straight, find it pathologically impossible to develop relationships with gay guys like themselves—just as there are certain species of fag-hags who have never gotten over an adolescent crush on a gay guy. There are all sorts of sick people in this world.

If we lived in a world where gay people were portrayed in movies as often and as casually as they exist in real life, a character like Burton's—as long as divorced from the Freudianism 101 aspects in *Villain* which link his sexual orientation with his criminality—might make an interesting case study. But the media persist in presenting gay lovers of straights far, far, far out of proportion to their minuscule number. It's no wonder that with movies like *Villain* giving straights a restricted view of the gay world that straights begin to think that all gays are after them. And so extend this fear to their children, giving rise to the "child molestation" myth. If you want to establish a direct link between culture and politics, you could say that as long as most movies about homosexuality are movies like *Villain*, gay civil rights bills will continue to get defeated.

Randy Wicker's Basket

(continued from page 4) they claimed "represented himself in such a way as to preclude employment." A medical supervisor of the public welfare department, however, ruled that Schaffer could not be forced to conceal his sexual identity and that his welfare checks should continue.

Alcoholics Together (AT) has come into being in Los Angeles and San Diego. The groups are for gay males with drinking problems. Father Robert Clement of N.Y.'s Church of the Holy Apostles is attempting to set up a similar group.

The mother of best-selling novelist John Rechy died last month. Rechy, who is best known for City of Night, dealt with the very close relationship between himself and his mother in his last novel, This Day's Death.

And finally for those of you who have furtively scanned this column looking for some nasty-gritty, hard-core facts, I can only pass along the following. A movie entitled "Homosexuals Throughout History" has outraged viewers in Los Angeles because in the words of one patron, "Tchaikovsky is portrayed as a faggot (as opposed to a homosexual) who composed his music with a candle shoved up his ass and sucking on a limp cock." And my favorite dirty young man in San Juan, Puerto Rico writes that "the largest cock in the world" has been found on that island—"A 26-inch cock on a 35-year-old Puerto Rican man who is mentally retarded (but sexually advanced—he has no problem at all sucking himself.)" My correspondent hopes to "get some photos of it in action, including film footage" which he feels would "really be saleable material." Who was it that said "movies are bigger than ever?"

N.Y. Assembly Votes Down Rights Bill

(continued from page 1)

President Jim Owles, came to the Capitol to call on New York City legislators. Ernie Reaugh of Albany GLF helped coordinate the lobbying effort. It was the second time this year that large numbers of Gay people descended on the Capitol building to talk to lawmakers about Homosexual Rights. A similar lobbying effort was conducted the day after the mass Gay demonstration in Albany last March.

The floor debate was lively, at some points amusing and at others extremely bitter. Assemblyman Dominick DiCarlo (R-C-Brooklyn) pointed out that the bill covered housing and public accommodations as well as employment and indicated that it was much too radical for the average citizen to accept at this time. Also speaking against the bill was Assemblyman Charles A. Jerabek (C-R-Bay Shore) who said that he personally knew a large number of homosexuals. "I can hardly not be in that position, having Fire Island in my district" the Assemblyman said. He went on to claim that a good number of gay people molest children, an argument which Passannante and several other supporters had tried to lay to rest. "When I was ten years old," Jerabek recounted, "I was approached by a homosexual." He concluded his speech by saying, "if we pass this bill, we're nuts." Assemblyman Joseph F. Lisa (D-Queens) later responded to Jerabek by saying "I'm sorry to hear that because I'm going to vote in the affirmative on this that I might be some sort of nut. I'm

so sorry about it that it upsets me, because I never dare say to you who vote in the negative that you're doing it to secure your insecure heterosexual identity." Lisa's remark drew a round of applause in the Assembly chamber.

Tensions rose on the floor when Assemblyman Manuel Ramos (D-Bronx) gave an extremely emotional speech attacking the bill and at one point referred to gay people as "filth and scum." As soon as those words were out of the mouth of Ramos, Assemblyman Passannante jumped to his feet on a point of "high personal privilege." He denounced Ramos for "indicting other members of society with his malaise and his sickness." In view of the fact that Passannante is not gay, the Speaker observed that his point of personal privilege was not well taken. However, in making his summation on the bill, Passannante got back at Ramos by saying that during his seventeen years in the Legislature, "never once did I hear a member of this house say 'I don't think this should be included... because that's not my kind of a minority.' They may have thought it, but they didn't have the indecency to say it." With the exception of Ramos, the bill received solid support from the Black and Puerto Rican members of the Assembly.

Other Assemblymen who spoke in favor of the bill included, Assemblymen Guy Brewer, Arthur Eve, Al Blumenthal, Irwin Landes, Richard Gottfried, Leonard Simon, Harvey Strelzin, Stephen Solaz, Eli Wager, Thomas Brown, Stanley Hardwood, Armando Montano, Peter Berls, and Sam Wright, all Democrats.

After the vote, Assemblyman Passannante spoke to a group of gays who had come to watch the debate. He said that the fact that the issue was even allowed to come to the floor was a compliment to those in the gay movement and to the Assembly Committee which reported it. He also expressed optimism that the bill would pass in the next session of the legislature. Most gay people who had been closely involved in efforts to pass the bill expressed disappointment at the outcome of the vote, but some conceded that the bill did make a credible showing, considering this was the first year the issue had been raised on the Assembly floor. Breck Ardery, chairman of GAA's State and Federal Government Committee called Assembly defeat of the measure an "outrageous act of bigotry and an insult to every gay person in New York." He went on to say that "This points out the vital importance of all homosexuals becoming registered voters so that effective political power can be demonstrated on election day as well as in mass demonstrations."

Even though the Assembly has defeated the bill there is still a chance, although a slight one, that the issue may be revived in this session of the legislature. Senator Earl Brydges, the Republican leader of the Senate, has indicated interest and support of the bill. If it should be brought to the Senate floor and passed it possibly would be voted on again in the Assembly. If this does not happen, gay people in New York will have to wait until next year's session in Albany to be granted equal employment and housing opportunities.

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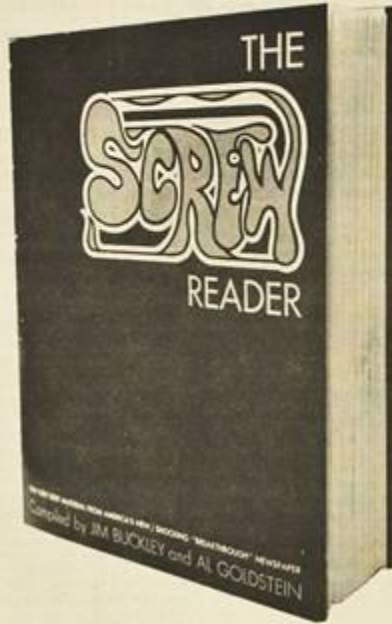
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Feds Raid Baltimore Bars: One Man Beaten Senseless

AN EYEWITNESS ACCOUNT BY JOE GREENE

Baltimore, Md.—On Tuesday, May 18th, a little before 10:00 p.m., more than one hundred Federal Agents swooped en masse, raiding twelve of the city's most popular bars. Two gay bars, the Downtown Club and Cyrano's, were included. I was an eye witness to what happened at the Downtown Club.

I was sitting at the bar downstairs when a disturbance broke out at the top of the stairs. A short stocky man who was sitting at the bar warned me not to get involved and threatened to lock me up if I did. The short stocky man, unshaven and dressed in shabby clothing, turned out to be a Federal Agent.

At the same time, two more feds were standing at the bottom of the stairs and two men came tumbling down the stairs. One of these two men was Federal Agent James E. Heavey and the other was Harrison Lewis, a customer who had left his drink and money on the bar while he went outside to make a telephone call.

Heavey, like his counterpart, was shabbily dressed, unshaven, and wearing his badge concealed under his jacket. He did not identify himself to Lewis as an officer. The brawl broke out between the two when Lewis returned to the bar and was refused entrance by Heavey.

Unaware that Heavey was a Federal

Agent, to avoid trouble, Lewis tried explaining about the telephone call and his money and drink being on the bar. When this failed, Lewis tried forcing his way past what he thought to be a bum off the streets and was slugged and pushed down the steps by Heavey who lost balance and also fell down the steps.

Now there were six feds at the bottom of the steps beating and pounding on Lewis with blackjacks the size of long necked beer bottles. They beat him until he was unconscious, handcuffed and dragged him, in plain view of myself and the other customers, to a back storage room. There the beating continued even though Lewis was completely unconscious when dragged past me.

I finally asked one of the Agents if I could leave and he replied: "Sit your ass back down on that stool." I did! Eventually we were permitted to leave with another threatening warning at the door "not to come back."

To add insult to injury, Lewis was arrested and charged with assault on a Federal Officer.

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