

Gays Miss Blows From Reverend Head

BY ERIK LARSSON

Minneapolis, Minn.—The seating of China in the United Nations has lost the gay movement one of its potentially most valuable enemies, for the time being at least.

The Rev. Joseph B. Head of Minneapolis, national chaplain general of the Sons of the American Revolution, was on the verge of launching a national crusade against gay liberation when the expulsion of Chiang Kai-shek's Formosa government from the UN diverted his attention.

Few issues strike so close to the heart of a dedicated right-winger and draw so much wrath so promptly—not even creeping moral degeneracy among American youth.

The new enemies of Mr. Head, 71, a retired Baptist minister, are not Franklin Kameny, Jack Baker and the Rev. Troy Perry, but Henry Kissinger, the China advisor to President Nixon.

After all, Mr. Head observed, Kissinger got his appointment upon the recommendation of no less than Nelson Rockefeller, and we all know who he is.

"Kissinger is not for the United States," Mr. Head said emphatically at a press conference in Minneapolis November 19, adding that "confidential sources" have identified Kissinger as "a security risk."



The Rev. Joseph B. Head

We all know, Mr. Head said at a patriotic rally November 21, that the UN has plans ready for a world-wide income tax which the United States will be forced to start collecting almost any day now, "unless we fight with all-out strength to avoid it."

As for Kissinger, "he now has 110 assistants helping him plan and carry out the overthrow of our nation," he said, and one of them—Richard Symser—"recently gave a 'trouserless party' in Washington, attended by a large number of Kissinger's staff, White House staffers and other government employees."

"Some revealed their underwear made out of an American flag," Mr. Head said disgustedly. Women in the audience hung their heads in shock, while the men nodded knowingly.

Mr. Head was at the UN the day the China vote took place, and has already conferred in Washington with leaders of national veterans organizations and the Sons of the American Revolution to launch his new campaign:

They will gird up to fight to get the UN flag taken down permanently from every public building where it now flies, including the Minnesota Capitol in St.

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Los Angeles Police Chief Draws Community Anger



Jim Kepner, GCA V.P., with bullhorn

BY DONALD WARMAN

Los Angeles, Calif.—Often lethargic gays staged a vehement zap on downtown police headquarters here after having been labelled criminals in a letter authorized by Neanderthal police czar Ed Davis.

The rare show of militancy amounted to a propaganda victory of sorts. The 75 chanting marchers in front of Parker Center on the chilly afternoon of November 21 drew support from passers-by, most of them motorists tooting the rapid eighth notes which have come to mean "right on!"

The din outside the "Glass House," as Davis' almost solidly windowed HQ is derisively known, finally brought from its innards a police sergeant.

The approach of Sgt. Thomas Brad-

ford, watch patrol commander at that hour, led to a surprising—maybe unique—discussion of mutual problems involving gays and police authority in central Los Angeles.

Leaders of the Gay Community Alliance and H.E.L.P. Inc., the demonstration sponsors, briefly explained why they had come into the very jaws of the lion at last.

On October 22, following nights of harassment, beatings and arrests of gays in Hollywood area bar raids, GCA President Dave Glascock wrote Davis. His reasoned, unemotional request was that Davis name a liaison officer between the department and the homosexual community. The goal of such an arrangement would be to assure an end to vice squad entrapment and frequent brutality in return for the gays' assurances that they are lawful, civilized, honest-to-Christ humans.

Davis' reply, at long last, was dated November 16. It was signed by R.E. Murdock, deputy chief and chief of staff. It was very much to the point.

"It is the policy of the Chief of Police not to conduct liaison with any group which deliberately engages in criminal actions. In that the laws of the State of California proscribe the kind of activity which would characterize a person as a homosexual, your type of organization

(continued on page 8)

Assembly Candidate—Allatorre—Loses



Richard Alatorre

Los Angeles, Calif.—Richard Alatorre, a California Assembly candidate backed by gay activists in the Hollywood area, suffered an upset defeat November 16.

A liberal Democrat and a Chicano in an overwhelmingly Democrat-Chicano district, Alatorre had been regarded as a sure winner in an election campaign characterized by racist appeals, anonymous vituperation and an apparent attempt on his Republican opponent's life.

Bill Brophy, the GOP underdog, gave police and newsmen a vivid account of being shot at eight times from outside his

Highland Park home 24 hours before the polls opened. No suspect has been found.

Meanwhile, a pseudonymous letter on the stationery of a fictitious Democratic voters' group was distributed throughout the 48th Assembly District. It accused Alatorre—among other things—of having represented himself as an Italian-American in an effort to win favor among that locally insignificant minority group.

Brophy polled 48% of the vote, Alatorre 42%, the rest being split among spinoff groups of what might otherwise have been Democratic voters.

In a wry gesture of thanks to his militant homosexual backers, Alatorre donated leftover beer from his "victory" wake to gays who would supervise a homosexual rights demonstration a few days later.

It was the handsome, 28-year-old Alatorre's first try for public office. He indicated later that it probably would not be his last.

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WHERE WIL YOU GO TONIGHT?

A DIRECTORY FOR DISCRIMINATING DISPOSITIONS

MANHATTAN

MIDTOWN

The Beacon Baths, 227 E. 45 St. bet. 2nd & 3rd Aves. (647-0322). Take the elevator to the 11th floor and enjoy the many clean, modern facilities. Reasonable rates, popular, open 24 hours. Free, confidential V.D. tests every Wednesday from 3pm to 6pm, GM only.

The Beaded Bag, 951 First Ave. bet. 52nd & 53rd Sts. (466-9322). Super drinks and excellent prix fixe Italian dinners. Your host: Sonny, GM.

The Big Spender, 315 W. 48th St., west of 8th Ave. (586-9880). Popular place for before and after theatre drinking; also the watering spot for the gay theatrical crowd. Here's where you'll find that glorious bunk who's third from left in the chorus line, GM.

Brooklyn & Sister, 355 W. 46th St., bet. 8th & 9th Aves. (247-8840). A two-story, hand-painted after-theatre fun, Hamburgers and light snacks, turntable and record juke instead of juke box. Boys and girls together. Fun.

The Candy Store, 44 W. 56th St. bet. 5th & 6th Aves. (581-4664). Piano bar, very popular with out-of-towners, hence a good source for new faces. Jackets required, GM.

The Continental Sauna Club, 111 W. 56th St. Operated by the Continental Baths management. Elegant, but less grand (and less expensive) than the "mother church" on 74th St. GM only.

Dirty Edna's Scoreboard, 264 W. 46th St., east of 8th Ave. (265-9077). An unpretentious gay "saloon" where it's easy to score. Some "business boys" hang out here, GM.

The Four Seasons, 99 E. 52nd St. The very elegant ones cruise here—cautiously, as it's interrogated, GM.

Gerardine's, 36 W. 48th St. bet. 5th & 6th Aves. (265-2291). Inexpensive dining in luxurious surroundings—perfect for before or after the theatre. There's also an intimate bar and dancing on weekends. Fred's your host, GM & GF.

The Lib, 305 E. 45th St., bet. 1st & 2nd Aves. (L.E. 2-0290). A whole new scene for gay men and women. Cocktails, dinner and dancing with hosts Lou, Katie and Jerry, GF and GM.

The Leading Zone, 568 9th Ave. at 41st St. (563-8212). The front is a gay saloon, full of those campy, raunchy denizens of 42nd St. In back, a cabaret with delightful live shows. Mostly GM, some GF.

Menasha Bar, Hotel Alverton, 132 E. 57th St. at Lex. The place the over-30 crowd retreats to when the Youth Culture gets too cloysing, GM.

The Roundtable, 151 E. 50th St. (758-0310). Dancing and live entertainment. Some say it's like dying and going to heaven, GM.

The Sanctuary, 407 W. 43rd St. bet. 9th & 10th Aves. (247-4210). A church converted into a mad discotheque. Dancing, juice bar (no liquor), live.

Sauna Baths, 300 W. 58th St. at Columbus Circle (above Child's) (PL 5-6880). A small place which closes at midnight, the Sauna is busiest between 4:30 and 11 pm and on Sunday afternoons. Few facilities, GM only.

Tamberlane, 148 E. 48th St. near Lex. (PL 3-0030). The current "hot" spot. Groovy drinks and gorgeous girls, all so fabulously dressed. Dancing, GM & GF.

The Troubadour, 1078 1st Ave. near Lex. (755-1955). Sebastian hosts this beautiful (but expensive) restaurant. Busy bar, groovy people, GM.

Yakona, 140 E. 33rd St. bet. Lex. & 3rd Ave. (421-8122). Where the older set gathers and the Nightly Cowboy scores, GM.

NOTE: If you work in midtown, both the Troubadour and Gerardine's serve excellent, inexpensive lunches.

UPPER EAST SIDE

Britt Top East, 1716 2nd Ave. at 89th St.

The Country Cousin, 1313 3rd Ave. bet. 75th & 76th Sts. (879-6614). The "in" eatery of the gay set. Excellent food and all the beautiful people you could want to see, GM, some GF.

Harry's Back East, 1422 3rd Ave. bet. 80th & 81st Sts. After all these years it's still the busiest bar in New York any night. Don't miss it, GM.

The Jungle, 303 E. 60th St. bet. 1st & 2nd Aves. An outta-sight juice bar with dancing. One of the few after-hours places left, GM, some GF.

Paper's Lounge, 1201 Lexington Ave., bet. 81st & 82nd Sts. (734-9305). Fire Island's own George Sardi presides over this "live musical happening" bar. You'll love it. Mostly GM.

The Painted Pony, 1485 3rd Ave. at 84th St. (744-9580). Piano bar patronized by very friendly people, GM.

New Jimmy's, 1676 3rd Ave. bet. 81th & 89th Sts. (860-4509). Excellent gay restaurant/bar with pleasant atmosphere, great food and charming clientele. Recommended: Sunday Brunch (1-5 p.m.) \$2.50, including drink. Mostly GM.

Three, 314 E. 72nd St. at 2nd Ave. (734-9303). A charming, intimate bar which serves as the social center for East Side girls. Guys are welcome too.

Uncle Charlie's, 1049 Lexington Ave. at 75th St. (861-6132). The customers are friendly and the place is crusty and always crowded. What more could one ask? GM.

Victory's Quarters, 984 2nd Ave. An East Side neighborhood bar. Relaxing and unpretentious but full of very nice people, GM.

UPPER WEST SIDE

The Candlelight Lounge, 309 Amsterdam Ave. bet. 74th & 75th Sts. (874-9607). A landmark bar that's been around forever. Now getting a face-lift. Neighborhood crowd, much socializing, lots of cruising, GM.

Chipp's, Columbus Ave. bet. 66th & 67th Sts. A pleasant bar/restaurant popular with Lincoln Center audiences. Mixed.

The Continental Baths, 230 W. 74th St., west of 8th Ave. (799-2688). Much more than a bath-

BY IAN AND DANIEL

A MIRACLE—INTERBORO DANCE COMPANY

"Oh, My Goodness, There Has Been a Miracle." This was the caption which greeted me as I was given a program. I had come out to Queens Community College (where's that?) in another country or something? To see them, I had been quite intrigued on my first viewing of the company at the dance festival in Central Park back in September. I managed to locate their manager, a delightful young lady named Barbara Sinder, who also dances with the company.

In my ten years of attending dance concerts, only on two other occasions (one quite recent) have I been so thoroughly taken with an entire dance company and their work. Though their dance pieces, or at least the ones seen (if it is, were not breathtaking or startling [with exception of a solo piece called "Cave Painting" danced by Clay Talarferro], they were utterly delightful and left me smiling inside and out. They are a young, fresh and vibrant group and their approach and attitude towards their dancing is thoroughly professional but [blatantly] without being studied and stiff. They certainly seem to enjoy their work and if the smiles and sparkling eyes which I saw were not delight on their part, their performance was quite a polished job-on, but no, this was not a put-on. For from it, I found myself being invited to start my dance classes [beginning] again, and upon completion rush right out and audition for them.

All they presented was pure joy to see. I particularly liked: "Guaranteed Pure" and "Spanish Steps," both of which were in a humorous vein (an area most comedians, large and small, seem to have overlooked or neglected); a piece called "Reaching," with music from the soundtrack of "Shogun"; and two other pieces, "Fly With Me" and "Oh, My Goodness, There's Been a Miracle." They seem to be very much into jazz ballet, for they handle it quite well.

And, as if to really cap off the evening, I discovered (to my own personal delight) that I had developed a crush on two of the dancers. I was quietly going bananas each time they were on stage. Oh, sweet adolescence, where have you flown to?

Oh, my goodness, there HAS been a miracle. They call themselves the "Interboro Dance Company." Their next concert is January 3rd at Alice Tully Hall. What a fantastic up for starting the new year! Hope to see you there.

OH SHIT! THERE'S BEEN A MASSACRE . . .

... And it's called "Some Of My Best Friends Are . . ." A herd of simp-wrist stereotypes throw big little teapots (at least one a minute) in a tacky "typical" gay bar, while another herd of equally stereotyped straights sits around patronizing them. This film purports to promote understanding of us poor queers—but if it'd seen it when I was just coming out back in Texas, I'd have killed myself.

GOOD STUFF

"Lenny" is a beautiful piece of theatre that deserves every bit of praise it's gotten. Julian Barry's script uses huge chunks of straight Lenny Bruce routines. Tom O'Horgan's acid-core staging, backed up by Robin Wagner's spunky wit, takes us bodily into Bruce's tripped-out imagination. Most of all, Cliff Gorman is Lenny—there he IS, man, alive and loud and shooting the finger at society's tight asshole. At the Brooks Atkinson.

"The Fantasticks." Yes, the Fantasticks! I finally saw it after it's been playing for over 11 years, and I loved it. Tom Jones' joy itself is a masterpiece, an over-the-top fantasy about dealing with reality. Harvey Schmidt's score is some of the best theatre music around. Not are the performances state after such a long run. In fact, the show is fresher than most of the new things I've seen recently. At the Sullivan Street Playhouse.

FILM FESTIVAL

The Erotic Film Festival continues on its (semi) horny way, despite a bust during its first week. Of the gay flicks, we've only got "Tuesday" and "The Love Garden" so far, neither of which is outstanding. Yet to come: "Confessions of a Male Graduate," "Bobby Beaberly" and "Jerk!" There's talk of the festival's being extended, so keep these in mind.

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house, "Connie" is a total gay environment, complete with weekend cabaret. Expensive, but worth it. Open 24 hours. Students half-price with student I.D. card, GM only.

Piccadilly Pub, 324 Amsterdam Ave. bet. 75th & 76th Sts. (874-8622). Jimmy Sheppard, one of the most fabulous bartenders in town, presides over this, one of the most attractive bars on the West Side. All the sociability doesn't ruin the cruising, GM.

The Westside, 2160 Broadway at 76th St. (874-8513). One of the newest and most exciting bars in the city. Dining room and bar on street level, pool tables, etc., in beer bar downstairs. Tommy, Frank, Brian, Johnny and Billy work hard to insure everyone has a good time, GM.

Winnie's West Side, 224 W. 82nd St., east of 8th Ave. (69-8232). A crowded, very friendly dance bar where Blacks, Latins and Whites mingle under the approving gaze of West Side liberals, GM.

UPTOWN

The Charade, 1800 2nd Ave. at 23rd St. Where Black is Beautiful, the age is young, the food and music are soul and the dancing outta-sight! GM, mostly.

The Gold Rail, 2850 Broadway (MO 2-4704). Restaurant and bar popular with the uptown gays and Columbia students. Mixed straight & gay.

Palatine's Interlude, 2267 7th Ave. at 135th St. A Harlem landmark since before most of us were born. Mixed, but widely known as a gay watering spot.

CHELSEA

The Cell Block, West Street and 11th Ave. We haven't seen this one yet, but with that name and in that location, we'll bet it's a new leather lounge.

The Eagle's Nest, 11th Ave. & 21st St. You won't be allowed in without leather or western gear. If you do slip in, they won't serve you, GM only.

Everard Baths, 28 W. 28th bet. 8th & 6th Ave. (684-8932). Old, raunchy and with an air of marvelous decadence, this place goes on and on with its band of devoted patrons. Open 24 hours, GM only.

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

Nine Plus Social Club, 149 W. 21st St. (924-9287). A private club exclusively for lovers of leather, GM only.

The Stockade, 120 11th Ave., at 20th St. General Sid Wander ("The Hardware King") hosts this new leather and western spot. No admittance without appropriate attire, GM.

LOWER EAST SIDE

The Branding Iron, 165 Avenue "A," bet. 10th & 11th Sts. (229-9884). A new leather/western bar, the first to venture out of the "leather ghetto" of the extreme West Village and Chelsea, GM.

The Club Baths, 24 First Ave. bet. 1st & 2nd Sts. (673-3283). A lavish bath with luxurious, thoroughly modern facilities. Open 24 hours. Students half-price with student card. A best bet, GM only. Free, confidential V.D. tests every Thursday from 5 to 9pm.

The Shaft, 181 2nd Ave. bet. 11th & 12th Sts. The old Planetarium, redone and seeking a new image and clientele, Mostly GM.

Hip-O-Drome, 165 Avenue "A," bet. 10th & 11th Sts. (229-9884). The gay center of the Lower East Side and haven for the young radical chic set. Free movies Thursdays, GM.

St. Mark's Baths, 6 St. Mark's Pl. bet. 2nd & 3rd Aves. (473-7929). Rather rundown and a bit seedy, but the prices are low and the place is active. Open 24 hours, GM only.

QUEENS

The Alley, 63rd St., off Roosevelt Ave., Woodside (429-9542). A friendly dance bar with nice extras such as a 3-5pm cocktail hour and 6pm buffet.

Ev's 11th Hour, 193-14 Jamaica Ave., Hollis (HO 5-9846). Very friendly neighborhood bar.

Fountain Blue, 69-05 Queens Blvd. at 69th St. (429-8533). Dancing to live rock music, free movies on Tuesdays, champagne buffets Sunday nights.

Love, 73-11 Yellowstone Blvd., Forest Hills (268-3955). Live stage shows, dancing, free Sunday buffet.

60-95 Club, on corner of Metropolitan and Eliot Avenues, Ridgewood (265-0351). Popular neighborhood dance bar with a free Sunday buffet.

Three Jolly Pigeons, 37-21 Greenpoint Ave. near 38th St., Sunnyside (937-0189). The newest in the growing list of Queens spots—and the first to serve the Astoria section.

Trysting Place, 120-31 83rd Rd., off Lefferts Blvd., New Gardens (846-8922). Very popular bar with a restaurant on a balcony overlooking the dance floor. Free Sunday buffet. Lots of girls.

BROOKLYN

The Circus Lounge, 1369 Flatbush Ave. at Beverly Rd. (BU 4-9022). Live shows Fridays and Saturdays, free buffets every night.

Danny's in Brooklyn, 108 Montague St., Brooklyn Heights. A piano bar, one of the focal points of this very gay neighborhood.

STATEN ISLAND

Beachhaven, Seaside Ave., Midland Beach (351-9625).

Budy-Buddy Club, 1400 Clove Rd. (447-0033).

Caroline's, 86 Mills Ave. (442-9146).

The Mayfair, 3 Hyatt St., St. George (447-9771).

Los Angeles Bar Listing on page 23

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The Editors Speak

BAR RAIDS

As GAY goes to press we've received news reminding us once again that we're not safe. Police, strutting about in gay bars, are reasserting their threatened masculinity in two different East Coast cities. Arrests, beatings and gestapo tactics have characterized their behavior, and, it seems, IT'S TIME FOR AN ANGRY REVIVAL OF THE SPIRIT OF THE STONE-WALL RIOT.

SUFFOLK COUNTY, L.I.

The scene of the first raid was *The Corral* bar in Suffolk County, Long Island. On a Thursday evening, two plainclothesmen entered *The Corral* and drank. Friday they returned. The bar's management discovered later that they were from another precinct, not the 3rd where *The Corral* is located. They proceeded to drink (according to management, quite heavily)—and repaired to the back of the bar where they groped and annoyed patrons who reported them to the bar's management. At that moment two uniformed officers from the 3rd precinct entered the bar and the plainclothesmen, stumbling about drunkenly, pointed accusingly to two young men who, they said, were guilty of "lewd public acts." One young man was accused of jumping on top of the juke box and masturbating. Other patrons exclaimed, "That's a lie!" The mother of a patron, who was present in the bar, also testified to the fact that the police were lying. *The Corral's* manager was beaten savagely by these goons, and dragged out to a waiting police car. The Third Precinct police retired from the scene, however, and the plainclothesmen (who were from the Sixth Precinct) took the manager and the two patrons to their station house where they were booked. The arrested men said that the plainclothesmen were so inebriated that they could scarcely take care of the booking.

The gay community in Suffolk County is, as a result of this ugly behavior by the "police," moving quickly toward militancy. *The Corral*, including its owners and employees, is going

MIAMI, FLORIDA

We've always regarded Florida as "the Homosexual's Mississippi," a state where police, more savage than in any other locale, have always felt free to run ruthlessly over the rights of gay citizens.

Now word comes to us from this "vacationland" that four bartenders have been arrested for serving liquor to homosexuals. Well, it sorta makes you feel like an American Indian, doesn't it? Two more men have been arrested also—one of them charged with "being" a homosexual.

State Attorney Richard Gerstein, who was once one of the homosexual's outspoken foes, has changed character quite a bit during the last few years. "I think there are more important things to be concerned about," he said, "such as keeping people safe on the streets and in their homes."

Would Mr. Gerstein please remind the New York State Attorney that Suffolk County police should have more important concerns as well?

Minnesota Warden Bans Jack Baker



Jack Baker: If Mike ever goes to prison there'll be no visiting rights.

Sandstone, Minn.—The warden at Sandstone Federal Prison has forbidden two more people to make further visits to the prison—gay activist Jack Baker and his fellow law student Jean Hellman.

Miss Hellman took Baker, who is also student body president at the 43,000-student University of Minnesota in Minneapolis, along with her November 12 to provide legal help for a gay prison inmate, in the law school's student-staffed Legal Aid Clinic.

When he found out they had been there, and whom they had tried to help, Warden Loren Daggett told both of them they could not return.

Earlier in November the warden barred gay sympathizer Conrad Balfour, former Minnesota commissioner of human rights, from the prison, citing Balfour's tongue-in-cheek remarks about his sex life at a gay rights rally.

The warden, who has dictatorial pow-

to fight back. Bravo!

This newspaper puts policemen on notice throughout New York State that all policemen will suffer unnecessarily in the eyes of the general community because of the acts of these neanderthals in Suffolk County, and that it would be wise if State authorities were to exercise discipline over Suffolk police. If State authorities fail to take matters sensibly into their hands, GAY and other publications with which its editors are associated, will embark on exposes of police behavior reaching a minimum of 300,000 readers in the New York area. We will also launch a nationwide campaign utilizing all friendly media open to us (including TV stations, national magazines, etc.) to underscore that those responsible for such raids are not only the plainclothesmen, but their superiors, and the superiors of their superiors. We will print their names, and ask why, when crime is rampant, members of the police force are frolicking in gay bars.

MIAMI, FLORIDA

We've always regarded Florida as "the Homosexual's Mississippi," a state where police, more savage than in any other locale, have always felt free to run ruthlessly over the rights of gay citizens.

Now word comes to us from this "vacationland" that four bartenders have been arrested for serving liquor to homosexuals. Well, it sorta makes you feel like an American Indian, doesn't it? Two more men have been arrested also—one of them charged with "being" a homosexual.

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An Evening at the Trucks



Marco Vassi at the trucks

BY MARCO VASSI

Even o'clock on a Friday night in early October on Greenwich Avenue. The warehouse district. The street is seemingly deserted, the air is close, polluted. Nearby, the Hudson River flows in turbid currents, sweeping its daily quotient of garbage and industrial waste into the once beautiful New York Bay. I walk along quickly, my eyes darting ahead, ready to leap into the street at the first hint of attack and run for my life. Survival in the city parallels survival in the jungle: the existence of natural enemies is real. The chance that someone wanting my money or my life lurks in one of the hallways is not so low that I can afford to be careless. I am angry that I can't take a peaceful stroll at night without having my lungs filled with poison and my vibrations challenged by the threat of violence. I spit on the civilization which bore me; two thousand years of greed, bigotry, ugliness, alienation from the ground-of-being, and we have ended by fouling our own nest, by turning the verdant earth into a ghoulish horror house.

Up ahead I see a group of five men lounging against a car. My heart begins to beat and the reflexive adrenalin rushes start. It is amazing that I have become so conditioned to violence that it is the first thing I expect in such circumstances. I realize that any overt attack would be welcome after the daily round of deadly hostility which living in poverty and overcrowding engenders, the state of all but a very few in this "empire city." Realistically, I calculate that little more than a barrage of hard glances will be hurled at me as I pass. More psychic damage. But as I approach and they look at me, one of them smiles. I hesitate, slow down, and look into his eyes. His gaze is soft, inviting. There isn't murder in his heart, there

is an invitation to tenderness.

At once I realize the truth. They are homosexuals. I am safe!

At that moment of insight, the radical aspect of the gay lifestyle came crashing home. For all the damage they share with the rest of society, manifesting as various forms of fear, confusion and over-reaction, I had never recalled an instance of physical aggression on the part of any homosexual I have ever known, seen, or observed in my entire life. That was an extraordinary notion, and I wasn't sure whether it was the result of the selectivity of my vision, or whether it bore weight as an actual phenomenon. Of course, I had never met one of the homosexuals who wants to serve in the Army and presumably be sent to Vietnam to kill, but I knew there were such people. Yet that seemed a relatively small group of pervers and cast little reflection on the gay community at large.

I moved into the circle of men the way a dog might, tentatively approaching, ready to sniff or snarl, touching noses, proceeding to genitals and assholes. If there is a community, dogs romp together, or fuck, or simply spend time in the same space. If there isn't, they part without a backward glance. As monkeys, we are not far removed from such a straightforward biological program, except that our civilization has robbed us of the chance to perceive one another in such direct ways. Here, it was different. One of the men asked me for the time. I asked for a cigarette. A few pleasantries were exchanged. We all looked quite openly at one another's bodies. And suddenly I was absorbed. With hardly a word exchanged, with no rationalizations, I simply became part of the circle, and then there were six men standing idly on the sidewalk.

Although I didn't articulate it as such at the time, the group was an energy center. The men were doing nothing but being there, and in a period of time, their

vibrations bled and formed a lazy vortex into which anyone passing by might easily be pulled, to add his own energy to the scene. We were doing nothing other than enjoying the fact of our existence and giving one another the recognition of presence. It was as though I had suddenly become the member of a pack of hunting animals who were lolling at their leisure. There was no need to exchange names, personal histories, opinions. The gestalt found its own pulse, and that was the only pertinent reality. For there was nowhere to go, nothing to do, and we didn't have to have a reason for living. We were alive on the earth, digging the mundane quality of the unimaginable, sharing intimations of eternity.

I looked to a large space ten yards from where we stood. Four trucks were parked in a huge empty lot, surrounded on two sides by high brick walls and on the third by ribbed metal doors which, during the day, opened into a storehouse. It was very dark. Every once in a while a man would emerge from behind the trucks and walk off, or someone would come strolling down the street and drift in, almost as though to fill the slot just left empty. Obviously, something was happening and I disengaged from the circle, as easily as I had entered it, and went to see.

There were some fifty men in the concrete corral, an area some forty by fifteen feet. The scene resembled nothing so much as a small herd of deer breathing in place. There was no sense of movement; everyone was just standing. The nucleus was in one corner and most of the men formed several loose concentric circles around some activity which I couldn't see. Inside the clump of bodies there was some little stirring; men drifted out toward the periphery and back in toward the center in random patterns. Four or five men were at the opposite end of the lot, waiting for something to develop in

their vicinity.

I worked my way through the wall of bodies until I came to the focus of all the energy. A short thin wiry man of about twenty-five, with curly black hair and bushy sideburns, was kneeling in front of a blond giant with a body like an Olympic swimmer and a face like a Hitler youth. The young god looked unblinkingly into the distance, his face a mask of stern composure, as the man before him worked feverishly sucking his erect cock in and out of his mouth.

Sex itself is not sexy. Once one is actually into the contact of skin and skin, once that secret pact of silent penetration has taken place, and two human beings are totally engaged in the powerful simplicity of the act, then all thoughts of sex disappear before the reality of the doing of it. That is the state of sex, and it is an intensely private place, even when it appears in public. I wondered at the spectacle. Could it be explained in terms of exhibitionism and voyeurism, or would that be to oversimplify to the point of draining the act of all its vivid meaning to the participants? To say to an exhibitionist, "You're an exhibitionist," has no value in the face of his enjoyment of the activity. The ambience among the circle of men was such that I had difficulty in



breathing. Something stronger than cock-sucking was going on there. Important and entrenched taboos were being violated. Laws were being broken. The thing that society most stridently abhors was being perpetrated, and the ensuing vibration was volatile.

There was no jostling, no anxiety. The men stood quite calmly. Yet each was cunningly focused on the balance of the mood. They were watching the cocksucker, but there was no real prurient interest. Rather, the sense was that of a kind of liberation, a throwing off of shackles. The fact that this was going on in the street overwhelmed any other considerations. I have long been of the opinion that if we ever lived in true sexual freedom, sex would take place everywhere and at all times. After all, we have all known those moments when we are with someone and sharing a vibration of love and we want to move into each other's arms on the spot and kiss and touch and interpenetrate. And what prevents us are three related factors: our own conditioned inhibitions, social censure and police intervention.

In this light, what was happening behind the trucks was nothing more than a neat bit of leaderless behavioral engineering. Anyone with any sexual sophistication understands that the crucial aspects of sex, as in tripping, are set and setting. If one puts oneself in a situation in which sex can flourish into overt intercourse given the proper vibration between the parties involved, then if one is blessed by a sexual stirring and finds it reciprocated in someone else reasonably attractive, it is possible to get right into it. In this case, some fifty men gathered together for no other reason than to see whether any or all of them would, in one way or another, share a moment of sexual surrender. And they were braving the three demons of control by being open enough to suck a cock in public if that's what one felt like doing. The mood of that meeting was as excited as any I have ever been to. Although I was probably the only one there interested in the politics of the thing.

I repeat, there was as much real revolution taking place in that open crypt as in any other activity going on anywhere among the forces for life on this earth. What happened there transcended the notion of homosexuality. The fact that there were no cunts present throws the problem of sexual schism in its most brutal and revealing light. I received no vibration from anyone there that women weren't wanted; any woman entering that scene, however, would have to go in with as much sensitivity to the many levels of reality as those men. And should she feel an authentic urge to couple, she would not have to even talk to the man who hoists the throbbing penis between her thighs. Are there any women capable of that? To the degree that there aren't, cocksuckers will still think of themselves as homosexuals, when the point is to suck

a cock and walk away without any labels at all.

The man next to me was six feet tall, black, round and horny. It was easy and excruciatingly difficult to do what I wanted to do just then. For all my metaphysical meandering, the idea of sinking to my knees and acknowledging my desire so openly made me hesitate. I tested my responses, and concluded that if I were alone with the man, I would not hesitate to suck the cock which was already bulging the outline of his jeans. I felt the familiar pressure in my chest, the slight tug at the corners of my mouth. I had blown many men, in beds, in hallways, in the baths. There is nothing more I need know about the act itself. It is nothing more than a taste I now possess, as I do for hot buttered croissants at Sutters. It is probable that I have known all the variations in the accoutrements to the act. Then why there? Why then?

I think as much to prove the point to myself as it was for any purpose of sensual gratification. Actually, if I never sucked another cock, I wouldn't miss it. I no longer have the compulsion to perform, and can only be roused by exceptional circumstances, which include the right people in the right mood. I would not have been at peace with myself had I not done the thing which was right for me to do. And as a hundred eyes watched, I began the timeless ritual of falling slowly and consciously to my knees, letting my jaw drop open, letting my lips be full and my tongue be easy, and awaiting the pleasure of the man who stood over me.

As I entered the dance whose details have been known and described countless times by gay writers through the centuries, I entered a space of reverie. The cocksucking was not relegated to the mechanical, but to the periphery. After all, I had a relatively large and utterly attentive audience; I had no worry that I would not be appreciated. It was clear that at that moment I was the focus of energy, and I didn't need to strain. I had a lot of help. As to the man attached to the cock I had in my mouth, he was presumed to be in command of his own decisions. I didn't have to do anything special and if what I did do ceased to interest him, he could pull out without any bad feeling on anyone's part. The most amazing revelation during that time was my realization that passion is generally an affectation. It is the product of the sexual energy crashing against more or less artistic, but always negative, internal and external resistances. The ideal sexual act has no friction, therefore no heat. It is the form taken by pure vibrant energy within and between the bodies. It was with perfect song froud that I charted the route of his orgasm through the tactile faculties of my lips, tongue, and mouth. When he

came, I was simply delighted, a feeling all the more precious for its relative rarity.

My only complete homosexual experience as a teenager was with Butch. We had gone to Randall's Island to play "chance piece," a game in which each of us got to dry-hump the other for sixty seconds. Butch had caught my eye during a circle-jerk among the younger boys that he oversaw; we were thirteen and he was sixteen and presided over our antics with feigned boredom, pretending to attend merely out of anthropological necessity. But when he asked me to bicycle to the island with him, I knew he had chosen me as "his" and was blushing flattered. Of course, the code of the neighborhood insisted that I maintain a pose of gruffness, or else be thought "queer." Odd that the honest enjoyment of a perfectly beautiful interchange between men should be branded as sinful by society at large and a model of hypocrisy planted in its place. Yet such is the culture that we live in. Of all of us, only Joey was brave, and when his mother was at her job working, he would invite the gang to stand around the bed and masturbate over him as he fingered himself and brought himself to a kind of ecstatic excitement with broomsticks and pop bottles. I often wonder what became of him (I certainly wouldn't recognize him now if I saw him), and pay him belated homage for a courage to admit what I was not able at the time to admit, that I truly understand the joyful grotesque behavior.

We pretended to wrestle until it became quite obvious that both of us were interested in his fucking me, and were ready to cast off the formalities of the neighborhood code which required equal time from both partners in both directions. He lay on his back and I squatted over him, wondering whether anyone was watching and could see that we were not really wrestling, until he pushed me off him, pulled his cock out, and spilled the semen on the grass. Then—and this picture is indelibly inscribed upon my memory—he wiped the tip of his cock against a tree, an action I found, and still find, absolutely startling.

We did not speak or exchange glances and rode with muted excitement back to the neighborhood and went down to the cellar where we had our clubhouse. The vibrations were thick between us. Up to that moment, even our indiscretions were within ethical bounds, but what was being suggested by our mood took us into very dangerous territory. For a trembling teenager born and raised in an Italian feudal section, the ramifications of my desire were immense. What we were about to do was worse than sin, it was disgusting. And

yet, to the thin troubled teenager that I was, I could find no reason in my body or heart or mind to deny what so strongly called to me. This was the problem of sexual freedom in its sharpest outline. Both of us were too unlearned to even know the word homosexual. Our knowledge of sex was rudimentary, and in a sense, quite healthy. Pole went into hole, that was all we knew, and now, after two decades of sexual libertinism, I find that after all there is no more to it than that. Except for the fancy flourishes (which grow fewer and fewer as one proceeds to the heart of the matter of what goes on between two people fucking).

No one else was in the cellar. My breathing became shallow. What we wanted was incapable of justification by any of the understandings which had been passed on by our priests, parents, and teachers. If we did it, it would have to be a totally secret act, for punishment would be equally heavy if we were caught. It would be, not because we wanted it so but because it was so given to us, an act of defiance, a blow for freedom of expression.

We mumbled a few words. I don't even remember what was said, and found our way unthinkingly to a dark corner at the very rear of the cellar, where the coal was stored. I could feel the power of my desire, and the shame which encased it. I pulled my pants down and bent over, putting my palms against the wall. I can to this day remember the texture of the moist crumbling plaster. I closed my eyes and did not know what was going to happen, how it would feel. My knees grew weak with anticipation.

And then the pressure between my buttocks. A sliding, a sense of burgeoning warmth, fullness. Something clicked in my mind, and I felt pain. Had either of us been more sophisticated or relaxed, we would have waited a moment until I stretched to accommodate him, and then gone on. But I tensed and panicked, and pulled away. Neither of us moved. I could feel his lust laced with embarrassment. A moment passed.

"I want to fuck you again," he whispered.

My stomach dropped. Often, in reliving the memory, I had pictured myself whirling about and murmuring "Yes" as my arms curled about his neck and I pressed myself against him. But I was far from any ability to act so spontaneously. His cock went into me again, and almost before I could adjust to his presence, he came, and pulled out at once.

(continued on page 16)



Equal Rights Hearings Continue "I Should Have Worn My Maidenform Bra!"



BY LEO SKIR

Sunday night (November 14) I was up all night, fearful, insomniac. The next morning I might be called on to testify on discrimination against gays at the City Council hearings on Bill 475. I had typed out what I wanted to say. I re-typed it. I had xeroxed the testimony of 3 gay guys who'd experienced discrimination at the

President Robert Abrams coming out strongly for 475 as a "classic expansion of the frontier of civil rights and civil liberties."

Sanity—but not what people wanted that day. In front was former Yippee Jim Fouratt who has trouble letting a minute pass without yelling "Fag!" "Racist!" or "Sexist!" And around the hall a goodly number of such-like children looking like they were waiting to lead the revolution on the Battleship Potemkin.

They were awaiting "provocation" which now came. A Staten Island nurse holding a New Testament in her hand urged the councilmen to read Chapter 19 of Genesis on Sodom and Gomorrah. She was told by Councilman Burden that Genesis was in the Old, not the New Testament. He asked her how she related to the parable of the Woman Taken in Adultery. Was she without sin, to cast the first

stones now open to gays were used at great cost (the case noted had financial backing from the New York Civil Liberties Union), and suggests legislation was needed.

Cheers.
Barbara Glickman, chairman of the foreign language department in a private school, said she was a lesbian and would no longer tolerate hiding behind a mask. She described her satisfying life with her lover and a child by a previous marriage, insisted that she and other gay members of the faculty worked well, were not "sick," did not seduce children. She demanded acceptance.

Cheers.
Alma Routsong of Daughters of Bilitis testified of police harassment for "selling beer without a license."

Cheers.
Morty Manford of Gay People at Col-

divert the issue."

But he's wrong. It is the issue. It doesn't matter that many transvestites out and stomp their feet.

SO:
Mrs. Charlotte Durham, employment agency counselor, had seen qualified gays as being fully qualified. She testified to a case of anti-gay discrimination she had witnessed. Applause.

Mrs. Margaret Skelar of 664 College Avenue, S.I. (two children, 6 grandchildren) spoke against having gays in the school system. "I am in the majority in disliking things contrary to God," she said.

Boo! Hiss! Boooooo! Hiss!
Councilman De Marco: "There seem to be a lot of radiators here."

A question from the council: What injury could the homosexual do in teaching the young?

Mrs. Skelar answers in quiet surprise: They could teach them "how-to-be-a-homo."

WHAM! Yells! Screams! Jim Fouratt and Co. yelling and screaming.
It is explained to Mrs. Skelar that "homo" is a bad word like "nigger." She apologizes. Says she never uses "nigger" (good girl!), but apologizes are not accepted by the Young Revolutionaries.

A Mr. Brauner-Judson, another Bible-man, explains that homosexuality is latent in all of us, that the young, so rebellious, must be led, instructed, and that whatever superior intellect "sexual deviates" possess, they lack moral character. Asked if they would not suffer by being denied jobs in education, he replied that it was suffering they brought on themselves through choice. He was the husband of the religious nurse who had testified previously. They had adopted five children. Perhaps they had taken to heart St. Paul's dictum, "It is good for a man not to touch the body of a woman."

At any rate, he was hissed at and boo'd at.

Harry Weitzer of the Religious Society of Friends testified against the religious injunctions based on the story of Sodom. He said the inhabitants of Sodom had been punished for violation of hospitality, not sodomy. He also spoke against the appeal to "nature." He cited the reports of homosexuality throughout the mammal kingdom from Wainwright Churchill's *Homosexual Behavior Among Males*. (So if the other mammals do it, do you have to?)

Cheers! Whistles! Foot stomping.

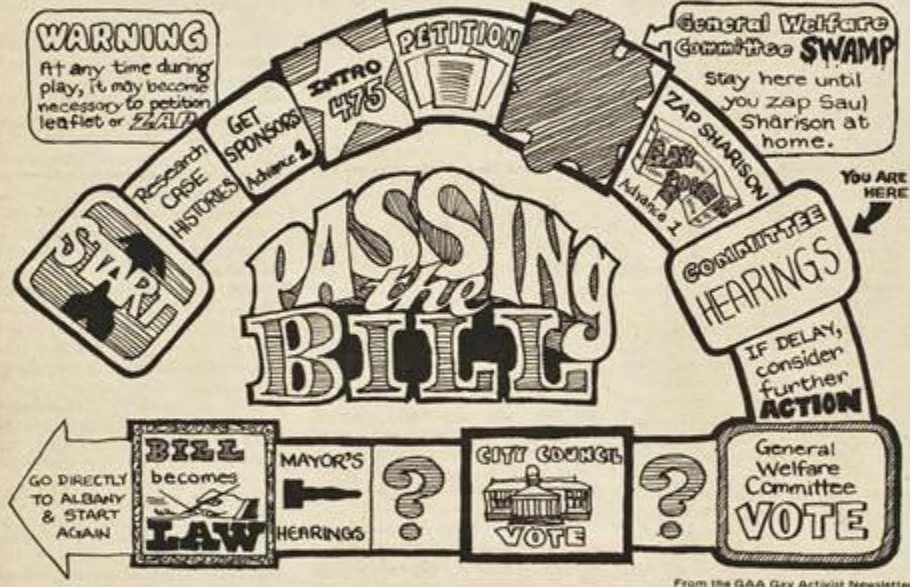
Alan Ross testified he could lose his child-welfare worker job if his homosexuality was part of the record. His supervisor knows, also knows he is an excellent worker. He gives the report to the council.

I feel very out of this cheering and hissing, as I did even in high school with our-team/your-team.

Arthur Bell (our team!) speaks, says at once that he has no intention of giving testimony after these Bible-toting sob-sisters (he has been sitting next to Jim Fouratt who is Mao-toting, angry-brother. Mao is Good. Bible is Bad. Cheer Mao. Hiss Bible. Our team. Your team. Bow-Wow!). "I am a homosexual and I am a human being. I don't have to listen to this shit."

He is talking as a *Village Voice* reporter. Carter Burden on the council is *Village Voice* publisher. Bell tells De Marco he—Arthur Bell—put De Marco down in his report in the *Village Voice*.

"Good," says De Marco. "The *Voice* being against me in my district stands in my favor." (continued on page 10)



From the GAA Gay Activist Newsletter

YMCA—this to be given to the council. No use. I was fearful.

No cause, it turned out. I WAS called. I DID give my testimony, but I was one of 25 people and my testimony was most pallid, tame, unnoticed. I had dressed up real straight—in a suit—bought for me by my father for a family funeral with hopes that someday I would put it on and get a real job. If he only knew I was using it to make an appearance as Public Homosexual.

I should have worn a dress. I had even thought of it since the last hearing. Councilman De Marco, one of the 15 council members of the Committee on General Welfare which was hearing our testimony, had visions of boards of transvestites during the last hearing on the 18th of October.

Now when I came to the City Hall hearing chamber on November 15th, 10 a.m., I saw his dreams fulfilled. There was Sylvia and two sisters in full drag.

I was sorry we hadn't faced the issue head-on, earlier. I thought of the reaction of a king in a Scandinavian country (I think it was Denmark, in World War II) who, when all Jews were ordered to wear yellow stars, had them placed on his clothing and those of his family. We gays should all have worn dresses.

The session opened with Ethan Getto reading a statement of Bronx Borough

stone? She explained she was without sin since Jesus had taken her sins on him. She also referred to St. Paul's condemnation of homosexuality (but did not mention St. Paul's condemnation of marriage or his desire to keep women silent in public).

Another True Believer, a George Canaris, sole member of the Young Voters League of the Bronx, spoke. Mr. Canaris was young in heart rather than body. He spoke with the advice of his "religious leader," one Charlie Shaefer. His friends had told him to "give them hell," ("them" being the members of the council) for encouraging homosexuality. He explained to the members that the only reason homosexuals would enter the school system was to solicit children.

The man was thanked politely by the council and hissed impolitely by the audience.

Mr. Sharison, who was heading the hearings, told the assembled gays that he would adjourn the hearings if the demonstrations continued. The demonstrations continued and he did not adjourn. Whenever someone said something the gay audience liked, they clapped and stomped their feet. Whenever someone said something they didn't like, they would yell New York City, notes that the homosexual "discretion" is eventually forced to be perjury, cites cases where the legal de-

umbia spoke about being denied a lounge for gays at Columbia University.

Cheers.
Mrs. Helen Peason of Staten Island explained that the bill was a disservice to "discreet" homosexuals who did not pride themselves on a life which was against *God and Nature* (Staten Island and the Bronx seem to have a lot of God and Nature).

Wild hisses and boos.
Richard Amato presenting himself as connected with the Democrats of Queens gave evidence of discrimination collected as head of Gay Activist Alliance's Fair Employment Committee. A councilman remarked that he was avoiding the central problem: "What if we employ a Mr. Shultz on Monday and Tuesday we get a Miss Shultz. That's the problem. I just saw two people in dresses trying to get into the men's room—"

The two people in dresses—no three—in the balcony—Sylvia & Co.—called out and began to come down. The guards ran to stop them. A councilman said, "Let them come down."

Sylvia explained that they wouldn't let her in the ladies' room and she used the men's.

De Marco to Richard Amato: "Maybe the bill doesn't go far enough for you. Shouldn't it include transvestites?"
Richard Amato to De Marco: "Don't

It's What's Up Front That Counts?

BY THANE HAMPTEN

"Bullshit! Most uncut cocks stink and you know it! Anyway, if you're so hot for 'em, why did you marry me? I'm circumcised and damn glad of it!"

Astonished by such an outburst, I came back to the den from the kitchen (where I had been requisitioning more than my rightful share of gin, which is my wont at parties). Danny was standing, shaking a finger at his Andy. Andy complained that it was silly to become so heated up over a little thing like that. It was just a passing remark.

I asked what in blazes was going on. And I was told that J.B. had been waxing lyrical over the large and "deliciously shrouded" member he had put under extensive scrutiny the evening before. J.B. was therefore accused of being a "skin queen," of loving objects and not persons. And his honesty had simply been considered vulgarity. (I would accuse him only of poetic excesses.)

Andy came to J.B.'s rescue. There was no real difference between types of cocks, and Danny had been impossibly rude toward any guests who were not circumcised. (Danny excused himself by saying that "uncut gays are cleaner because they're more conscious of their bodies.") Jim admitted he had always found circumcised cocks to be ugly and incomplete. Ralph shrugged. "After all, beauty is in the eye of the beholder."

And the wrangling match continued. Both sides defended their positions with vituperous vehemence. In the end, no one had defected to the enemy camp. I thought with some amusement that this, as with politics and religion, was one subject in which no one ever expressed an opinion of neutrality. You were either desperately for or against.

I had never made a specific point of asking any of my cohorts how they felt about it. I knew my own feelings—that I have always had more of a fancy for the natural, uncircumcised penis. This preference is based partially on a personal concept of aesthetics; a love of Greco-Roman art, and Renaissance nudes (post-Verrocchio). But I was also aware that it was just as much a case of that old Attraction to Opposites. Having parted company with my foreskin at a very tender age (and without my consent, if memory serves), I confess to having always had a degree of warm interest in that particular dollop of flesh. But I had never gone to extremes in seeking it out. It was just an added bonus.

I also knew that in my many years of happy absorption and exploration of males, I had only come across one person who was—I say with some delicacy—a shade offensive to the nostrils. He was young, and of a social background that is known to be calculatingly apathetic toward most forms of physical hygiene. I sent him home with a gentle lecture and a promise that we would attempt the union at a more auspicious time. (I once had a friend who was exclusively a devotee of chickenish rough trade. He reportedly cruised the ghettos with a bottle of rubbing alcohol, a flannel of cotton swabs, and a song in his heart.)

My friends had definite opinions, although it was a subject that rarely came up even in the most revealing bull ses-



CURT STREIBER

sions. Those who would freely admit a fondness for rimming were loath to discuss the type of dong they preferred. This made that party melee of even greater interest and I decided to take the bull by the horns (or the prick by the prepuce, if you wish) and not only make as accurate a poll as possible of my friends' feelings on the matter, but do a bit of research as well. I soon found that there was not much research to be done. There was more time spent filling forms, ticking dusty catalogs, and trying to wrest material away from library personnel than in reading and taking notes.

Most information, certainly as far as periodicals are concerned, dates only from the previous six years or so—or basically from the time many taboos were being lifted. (There was even a discussion of circumcision in the September 1968 *Good Housekeeping*. That must mean something. Who gets the Seal of Approval? Those with or without the operation?)

But those magazines (including *Commentary*, *Scientific American* and *Time*) told precious little. And theological studies concerned themselves exclusively with Biblical interpretation, while medical texts described method and technique. My own little medical dictionary simply states: "... an ancient surgical procedure; it is performed as a ritual among Jews, Mohammedans, and some other people. It has hygienic values, preventing the accumulation of smegma." That's it.

In various ancient times, a rather crude circumcision was done to mark the subjugation of war captives. It was not unknown in Egypt. Certain aboriginal tribes even today perform circumcision rites to mark puberty, to ward off various evils, as sacrifices to fertility gods and goddesses, and to attract the opposite sex. In Greco-Roman times, it was simply looked upon with disdain—as a mutilation.

I don't know enough about Judaism to discuss circumcision in connection with it here. Nor is that my purpose. I will only say that historically, the first Biblical mention is in the Book of Genesis and it was a covenant rite between God and Abraham. Such Old Testament passages are constantly being reinterpreted. I will also say that I have heard some Orthodox Jews have always resented gentiles being circumcised. And there have been anti-Semitic cultures who would have preferred death to circumcision.

Aside from the religious philosophy, what are the medical reasons advanced in favor of it? Beside preventing any unwanted secretions, it also retards other conditions such as *phimosis*, in which the foreskin is too tight to be retracted, and *balanitis*, an inflammation of the head. The theory has also been advanced that uncircumcised males may be more vulnerable to penile cancer, and responsible for cervical cancer in women. (This, as with so many theories of the origin of specific malignancies, has yet to be really proven.)

The critics of circumcision argue that it is simply not universally necessary. In America, it is done in a mindlessly routine manner with little regard for cosmetic considerations. (More on that, later.) In Canada and England, the practice has been dying out. One of the strongest critics, a Dr. Foley, writing in the July, 1966 issue of *FACT*, makes the following radical observation: "American mothers agree to circumcision due to hostility to their sons. It is one way an intensely matriarchal society can permanently influence the

physical characteristics of its males." (1)

Well, perhaps Dr. Foley comes on a bit strong. But a colleague, Dr. E. Noel Preston, in an article in *The Journal of the American Medical Association*, states flatly that "... there are only questionable benefits from circumcision. They are not outweighed by the small but definite incidence of complications and hazards such as hemorrhage, infection and surgical accidents." He feels that educating people regarding personal hygiene is the answer to the problem.

Well, yes. Of course. But, in all fairness, is Dr. Preston taking into consideration that in a sexually repressive society (a term which still fits America like a snug contraceptive) very few parents are going to suffer the extreme mortification of instructing their kids to care for those... shameful parts. In Italy, as in other European countries, Papa doesn't hesitate to show little Mario how to skin back the pecker so it doesn't bind. (Mamas are also known to practice a gentle form of pseudo-masturbation on the bambino as a means of lulling him to sleep. It would only occur to Americans that this act was perverted.)

Leaving medical considerations for a moment, how do guys feel about the matter? And why? (I am speaking of and for Americans. In the many countries where circumcision is rare, there is no point to debate. We take what is available.) There is little public record of the attitude of well-known personalities. Gore Vidal's infamous Myra makes several comments that certainly lead one to believe Vidal or Myra (or both) prefer the unaltered member. Richard Amory lavishes enough detailed and loving description upon it. And others at least have no objection to the uncult variety. D'Arcangelo seems to enjoy sharing such phrases as in describing Giano's "lushly curtained prick." And John Francis Hunter makes clear his excitement of the black Cameron's "thick, vein-caked, uncircumcised complex of flesh and follicle and fluid and fun."

Among modern artists, I know of only two nudes, by Pavel Tschelitchew. Both sport natural endowments; however, this may well have been the usual tribute to traditional classic style rather than individual preference.

In taking my own petit poll, I found an amazing spectrum of pros and cons. No two people gave me even remotely the same answer. Take Johnny, one of my closest friends, for example. He is absolutely repelled by the thought of an uncircumcised penis. He will not, under any circumstance, consummate the sexual act with anyone who is not snipped. Cruising is fraught with dangers for him. He hates searching the streets as it can involve a great waste of time. If, after going to the trouble of tracking down his prey, he finds the person is hooded, there's two hours shot to hell. Plus embarrassment. Europe is a supreme frustration for him. Water, water, all around—and not a drop that he is willing to drink. He is only in his element at the baths where nothing is hidden from view.

At the other end is J.B., who I have often thought would surely prefer a one-inch cock attached to twelve inches of noodle. Another friend candidly states that he likes them because he enjoys the smell. ("I grew up in a Polish neighborhood and all my first and most memora-

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Gays Miss Blows From Reverend Head

(continued from page 1)

Paul. They will also seek to pull the United States out of the UN, but they've been working on that for years already.

It's not that Mr. Head doesn't hate homosexuals with genuine, dedicated passion, it's just that the UN is a hotter issue just now.

Why, only last year Mr. Head and nine other patriots tried to sue the University of Minnesota to force it to expel FREE, the campus gay liberation chapter.

FREE advocates sodomy and other illegal sex acts, they said, and uses the campus as a base "for immoral activity and subversion. They fan out into the high schools advocating their philosophy of life, which is destructive to the youth of our schools."

Mr. Head said FREE "teaches the boys and girls that there are alternatives to men-and-women relationships—shameful, and an unhealthy situation for the American family."

A judge threw his lawsuit out of court.

Mr. Head, who lips when he gets excited—which is often—is a former principal and athletic coach who has served American Baptist convention parishes in his native Kentucky, Oklahoma, Illinois and Minnesota. There are rumors that he left several parishes after young women complained of his advances, but all of the rumors are unverified.

In Minneapolis he has appeared in sev-



The Reverend Head

eral public debates with Jack Baker, former FREE president who is now student body president at the university. After one such clash, Baker waggishly asked Mr. Head if he would perform a wedding ceremony to unite him and his lover, J. Michael McConnell.

"I emphatically refused," Mr. Head said later. "I told him the Bible says to go forth and replenish the earth. You can't do that with two men."

"Unless the people of Minnesota want to return to the days of Sodom and

Gomorrah, we had better get rid of these men and join in a crusade to curb the emphasis being put on homosexuality."

Although he received an award from the Freedoms Foundation, Valley Forge, Pa., last year for a patriotic poem he wrote, not all of Mr. Head's efforts have been met with success.

In 1966 he told Minneapolis aldermen that the civil rights movement was Communist inspired, but failed to dissuade them from adopting a stiff city ordinance covering jobs, housing and public places.

In 1968 he was genuinely puzzled why the city's park board named a park after Martin Luther King, after his effort to show them how notorious a Communist agent Dr. King was.

In 1970 Mr. Head and the Minnesota Sons of the American Revolution gave an award to 12-year-old Susan Klingsberg of St. Paul for her courage in being the only pupil in her class to insist, during a classroom discussion, that she'd rather die than turn Commie, even at the point of a gun. But other children failed to follow her example.

Last February Mr. Head threw a big rally for Father Morton Hill, S.J., a professional anti-pornography crusader, but the collection at the rally brought in only enough to cover expenses. "There's nothing left for Father Hill," Mr. Head sadly told the crowd.

The rally was part of his campaign to keep the road-show production of *Hair* from playing at the St. Paul Auditorium. *Hair* has a scene, he said, in which the American flag is desecrated "in an abominable sex act."

Mr. Head vowed publicly to leap up on stage and protect the flag if that scene were attempted in St. Paul—and reporters carefully watched him to see if he would. He didn't, partly because the show has no such scene.

Even worse, the publicity they spawned made *Hair* the biggest box office success the auditorium has ever presented, selling out every seat to every performance.

Some of the tickets were sold to Mr. Head and other patriots who "monitored" every performance without exception, shaking their heads and taking regularly at the awful spectacle.

That setback came hard on the heels of Mr. Head's long and diligent efforts for two minor right-wing candidates for Congress and governor. Both were defeated by huge margins.

With a track record like that, Mr. Head is considered a priceless enemy for almost any cause to gain. "People figure that if he's against it, there must be excellent arguments for it, no matter what it is," one Twin Cities observer said.

"I sure wish he'd forget China and start hating queers again. We need him."

Los Angeles Police Chief Draws Community Anger



Los Angeles' gay leaders rally at the Federal Building, a block from Police Headquarters.

(continued from page 1)

the GCA) falls into the category wherein we do not conduct liaison activities.

"Any specific complaints that you, or any other members of your organization, bring to the attention of the Department will be properly investigated."

The rebuff was doubly outrageous to homosexuals, whose specific complaints in the past have resulted in no discernible change in systematically repressive anti-gay policies of the omnipresent "flying goon squad." That semi-secret force of vice plainclothesmen is empowered to act in any police division of the city without explaining why it struck when it did.

The "goon squad" raids of October resulted in some 50 arrests and beatings in a dozen gay bars ranging from the most openly faggoty to the most scrupulously cloisty.

Bradford, a soft-spoken middle-aged man, read Davis' reply and scanned an attached page of restated demands on Davis which the GCA had hastily compiled.

Then he took the handful of gay leaders around him by surprise with an apparently spontaneous reaction:

"I don't work in vice any more. All I can tell you is how I conducted myself on that job. But I would be naive if I said every officer necessarily handled the work the way I did."

Bradford indicated that no complaints had ever been filed against him from any side.

Then he asked for additional copies of the Murdock letter and the GCA statement of grievances and demands. He politely reminded the gays that their demonstration would not be hindered if normal sidewalk and street traffic were not disrupted.

The sergeant added: "Be in touch with me. If there is anything I can do to help you, I will. I'll pass your material up to the people who should study it."

Bradford affirmed the gays' statement that a police-homosexual liaison officer has been acting effectively in San Francisco for years, and he agreed that it

sounded like a reasonable idea to try here.

He seemed ready to continue the friendly give-and-take with the demonstrators when the chat was brought to a halt by a large man in civilian clothes who emerged from the HQ, grasped Bradford by the shoulder and gestured him back inside.

At the moment the gathering was dispersing, a TV crew arrived to film the swiftly reassembled demonstrators and to interview their leaders.

True, the crew was from Channel 11, non-affiliated and hardly one of the giants in the southern California viewing area. But to the now jubilant gays, it was a suitable climax to a week of breakthroughs.

Radio KABC, a two-way talk and news station which is a giant in its field, devoted an unheard-of 24 successive hours to discussions pro and con gay militancy and demands for recognition of homosexuality as a lawful, morally valid life style.

The marathon began and ended with a station editorial deploring failure in the

State Legislature in October of the Brown sex law reform bill which would have wiped the toughest of the anti-gay laws off the books.

The editorial urged supporters of the Brown legislation to regroup for a major assault on the Legislature in its 1972 session.

"The liberal, youth-oriented California Democratic Council, meeting in convention here, pushed through an equal-rights plank in which the word 'homosexual,' early stricken, was reinstated. The statement passed without opposition in a bundle of liberal proposals which the CDC intends to bring before the Democratic Party's platform committee at next year's national convention.

Reinstatement of the controversial word, and the word "gay" ("To me it means happy," said a woman delegate) came after Los Angeles gay journalist and activist Jim Kepner stormed from the meeting with the warning:

"You damned well better put the word 'homosexual' back in or you'll lose a lot of votes in this state."

BY DICK LEITSCH

It takes all kinds of people to make up the gay world. Most of us tend to forget that as our friends tend to be people rather like ourselves. The movement people, for example, tend to socialize with other movement people and forget that activists are tied with child molesters as the smallest minority group in the gay world.

Drag queens naturally feel more simpatico with other cross-dressers than with macho-riden middle-class types who shudder at the thought of drag. Bob and I, an old "married" couple, feel closest to Nancy and Cynthia, Jack and Lige, Regnier and Bob, and other gay couples we know. Leather likes leather, and bar goes want friends who will go to the bars with them.

I'm working evenings at Studio 72, the West Side's friendly gay bookshop, and this, my first real job in ten years, has served to remind me just how mixed a bag we gay people are. My customers tell me their problems, dish their friends, and ask me to suggest books and magazines to suit their fantasies.

Sorel David thinks I'm anti-lesbian (a nasty thing to say about a man who thinks Gertrude Stein is god), but my lesbian customers seem to like me. I'm only sorry we don't stock more girly books for them (yes, Sorel, lesbians buy tit magazines), or a larger selection of dildos (yes, Sorel, the girls buy those too—and one butch shoplifted an eighteen-incher from us).

I've learned not to giggle when a man in a jacket covered with peace symbols asks for photos of otherwise naked men in combat helmets or military gear. I was blase when the customer asked if we had any nude photos of male amputees—I even found a magazine with a guy missing a thumb, but that wasn't satisfactory.

Gay bookshops and porn centers deal in fantasy, and it is the job of a good clerk to maintain a mental card file so he can put his hands on just the right fodder for the fantasies of a particular customer. My subject headings include leather, drag, father-son incest, brother love, boarding schools, tattooed trade, size queens' delights, underhung models, rubber gear, Spanish models (very popular with Negroes), Negro models (very popular with blonds), chicken, hard-hats, heavy models, etcetera, etcetera, etcetera, as Yul Brynner used to say.

Our currently best selling magazine is called *Hard?* and the one-word question gets a one-word answer: "Yes." Naked superstars Jim Cassidy and Dakota prove that pectoral muscles are not the only ones body-builders get hard. The majority of our customers cream their jeans over those steel-muscled men, but others simply roll an eyebrow and say, "They look

Confessions of an Erotic Bookstore Salesman

like they need bras. Don't you have any books with slimmer, but better-hung, guys?" To paraphrase Rae Bourbon, "One man's meat is another man's toothpick."

Billy Kamp manages Studio 72 and is the shop's secret weapon. He tries to stock something for everyone, unlike the other gay-operated gay bookshops where the management tries to impose its taste on the customers. Thus, Oscar Wilde Memorial doesn't carry the Guild Guide because Craig doesn't approve of it. The Studio on Christopher Street carries no drag literature because someone down there doesn't care for drag.

Drag is chic this year. The Cockettes are here, doing a cheap imitation of Jackie Curtis' *Vain Victory*, itself (like all recent Theatre of the Ridiculous) a cheap copy of the truly fantastic "Gorilla Queen." Arthur Blake is not a drag queen, but he is a female impersonator and his show at the Loading Zone (see Aaron Bates' column) is the best show in New York this season. The LaFleur Sisters, "Lily Tomlin," Dorian (not the fabled Dorian, the most beautiful female impersonator of all time, but a pantomimist), and others are entertaining in the bars.

Leo's Lion, the Roundtable, the Goldbug, and most of the other bars gave Halloween drag parties. Tommy Dee, of the Westsider, gave such a grand party, with free food and liquor all night, that he nearly went bankrupt. Even GAA, the headquarters of what head drag queen Lee Brewster calls "straight faggots" welcomed drag queens on "Bitches' Christmas."

To digress again (I'm getting as bad as Gregory), did you ever notice that the cops, even in peak times of police repression, leave us alone on Halloween? Perhaps the collective unconscious of the human race reminds them that we were the shamans and witch doctors in primitive times, the wizards, magicians and sorcerers of the Middle Ages, and many of us are the preachers, priests and rabbis of today. One doesn't mess with the Mysti-

cal Ones at Halloween, when the spirits walk and the powers of the unknown are strongest.

Drag queens have super-magic in the eyes of the less sophisticated. I know a Mafia cat who orders rub-outs without blinking an eye, but when confronted with an irate drag queen, he blanches, trembles, and makes the horned sign to ward off the evil eye.

The sexually insecure—gay and straight—hate drag queens because they don't play the "proper" roles and thus threaten the uptight, underhung, sissified men, and the women confused about their sexual identities. These people will wax wroth at the drop of a sequin.

On the other hand, drag queens are more comprehensible to many straight people than "straight faggots" are. Just as straight society accepts lesbianism ("Poor dears, they just couldn't capture a man!"), so can hets understand a man being a sissy and playing the female role. What confuses them is two masculine-looking men ("Either of them could have gotten a woman so easily! What a waste!") making it together.

Secure straights and gays love a drag show. One need only go to Finocchio's or to Brooklyn's Town and Country when the Jewel Box is there, to discover how much straights adore drag. It is fun to see a seemingly stunning "woman" turn on all the straight men in the audience, then open the bodice or pull off the wig and reveal "herself" to be a man. People love illusion—that's what the theatre is all about.

Because drag queens—on or off stage—are obvious, because they upset insecure people, and because so many Americans are sexually insecure, drag queens and effeminate homosexuals are the most maligned of the sexual minorities. They are the front lines, the first to be arrested, fired from their jobs and put down, when the war between the gay world and the puritans breaks out.

No wonder they got angry first and started the Stonewall rioting, that brazen, outrageous street fighting that panicked

the closet queens. I was there and I saw the leather numbers running the other way and the nice "straight faggots" who paraded last Christopher Street Liberation Day clucking disapprovingly and pretending to be straight tourists from Keokuk.

GAA and GLF grew out of the street actions of those drag queens and sissies. GLF is seemingly defunct now, but GAA has become super-straight. At the City Council hearings on Intro 475, a bill which would outlaw employment, housing and other discrimination because of sexual orientation, the GAA spokesman brazenly sold out the drags. Two councilmen were uptight about boys in dresses. Richard Amato of GAA, coolly, I am told, said the bill pertained only to homosexuals. Transvestites (and drag queens, whom Amato defined out of the gay community) can, in effect, get their own laws passed.

It would seem to me that "sexual orientation" would mean a hell of a lot more than just "homosexual." I would interpret that phrase to include prostitutes (male and female), sado-masochists, child-molesters, necrophiles, end even (go ahead, Richard, shudder) *drag queens*. If everyone is not protected under "sexual orientation" then the bill isn't even offering protection to *homosexuals*; it protects only one segment of the gay community, Lee's "straight faggots." Ironically, it is they, the ones who conform, the nice, middle-class, "decent" homosexuals, who need protection least.

I'm against the bill anyway. I don't believe you can legislate prejudice out of existence any more than our ancestors could legislate "sin" into oblivion. The sodomy laws never stopped anybody from screwing or sucking, and human rights laws won't stop anybody from discriminating. But if there must be some grandly moralistic legislation, for justice sake, let it protect those who most need protection.

On the masthead of Lee Brewster's fine magazine *Drag* appears Martin Neimoller's "Declaration of Guilt": "In Germany, the Nazis first came for the Communists and I didn't speak up because I was not a Communist. Then they came for the Jews, and I did not speak up because I was not a Jew. Then they came for the Trade Unionists and I didn't speak up because I was not a Trade Unionist. Then they came for the Catholics and I was a Protestant so I didn't speak up. Then they came for ME... by that time there was no one to speak up for anyone."

I wonder if Lee prints that warning for the edification of his few straight readers, or if it is meant as a reminder to the "straight faggots" that drags and sissies may be the front lines, but the rest of us are just behind them. When they go, we're next, so we have a vested interest in their welfare.



Equal Rights Hearings

(continued from page 10)

Gloria Steinem of National Women's Caucus: "Women have a great stake in the humanist revolution."

Jean Valenti, Public School teacher, grades 1 and 3, says she has no objection to gay teachers.

Cheers.

Dr. Fritz Fluckinger notes that the homosexuals form 3 to 4 million, a large group which needs minority protection. He gives examples of previous cases of discrimination in civil service including aren't gay or that most gays aren't transvestites. That's where the line has been drawn (as it might with Jews, saying the orthodox with long beards are the "objectionable" ones. At that point Jews don't say the Smith Brothers aren't Jewish and that most Jews aren't orthodox-with-beards. Jews say let-them-in! WITH their-beards!).

About this time I spoke, just reading from my paper. Cheers.

Dr. George Weinberg both read his statement and spoke. He summed up the

case for gay employment enfranchisement rationally and beautifully, gave his own clinical experience of the general ability of homosexuals to function normally and even well, logically turning on the two chief arguments against enfranchisement:

1. Popular opinion. Weinberg: "Many people have anti-Negro sentiments, but the law must grant and protect equal rights for blacks, not reflect a prejudice."

2. Influence. "If a child has five homosexual teachers and one is effeminate, why would he imitate the effeminate teacher?"

Cheers.

Guy Charles spoke out for gay anger, citing cases of discrimination amid cheers. When Sharison asked for less heat, Guy replied that gay patience was exhausted with the 9-month delay before the hearing.

Cheers.

Muriel Derr, a Christian, spoke for gay rights.

Cheers.

And then—Bebe spoke! Bebe was wearing a more-or-less male outfit, pants and a blouse, but her home-grown small breasts and long fingernails gave a sufficiently androgynous appearance to make her a fit representative for the transvestites.

He spoke well, clearly, to the point, giving his name as Anthony Scarpi. He had gone to parochial school. De Marco tried to maneuver him into intimating that he blamed the school for his "condition" but Bebe hilariously tossed the question of bad influence on the heterosexual lap. "Look around you!" he told the council. "We all went to heterosexual teachers! And look at us!"

De Marco was very happy. Calling Bebe "Anthony" (no Mr. and Mrs. or Miss), he asked him if he thought he could serve in the police force.

Bebe said yes, he thought he might help in such fields as female impersonation.

I felt uneasy about De Marco's happiness. I felt he thought Bebe had expressed the simple unreasonableness of the gay demands.

But no, he simply defined the frontier. Defined not by gays, who usually did not wear dresses, but by straights who saw gays as de-manned dressed men (as feminists were Bloomer Girls—women in pants).

I felt that the bill would not pass.

It was late. I had to leave. They were thanking Anthony (Bebe!) for adding a note of levity to the proceedings.

Yassah, boss! We sho are glad you like dat minstrel show!

Levity. Thank you for the levity.

A third hearing will be scheduled.

Levity.

Are we going up?

With all deliberate speed.

Levity.

Fairies do fly.

Higher, and hotter.

To be continued . . .

Dutch Group 25 Years Old

BY KO STERKEN
C.O.C. GENERAL SECRETARY

Amsterdam, Netherlands—The Dutch Society of Homosexuals, COC, has been in existence for twenty-five years this month.

After strong opposition initially by the authorities and certain groups in the population, COC is now generally accepted and valued as a social organization.

COC will not celebrate, however. The fact that it is still necessary to have an organization which strives for the acceptance of a social minority and for the integration of deviating patterns of behavior and relationship is not in the least a cause for celebration, its officers believe.

At 2 p.m. on Monday the 22nd of November a press conference was held at the Central Bureau, Frederiksplein 14 in Amsterdam with the theme: "Why the COC is still so very necessary, even after twenty-five years." On this occasion the COC Action and Workprogramme for 1972 will be presented.

On Saturday the 27th of November the traditional national congress was held at the theatre "De Brakke Grond," Nes 53-55, in Amsterdam. Several guests (representing the government and social and political organizations) addressed the meeting. In the evening a cabaret program was presented in the King's Hall of Artis Zoo in Amsterdam. The program touched upon the possibilities and the difficulties of various kinds of human relationships. During the same week the Central Committee published a Manifesto entitled *We'll Continue Our Struggle*. It is generally known that the integration of homosexuals has progressed further in Holland than in most other countries. The COC thinks it has made a modest contribution in bringing this about.

Fortunately, many non-homosexuals want to participate in COC work in order to be jointly zealous for a better climate in society. For this reason the Central Committee has suggested to Congress that they change the name of the society to: *Dutch Society for the Integration of Homosexuality COC*. For COC is not a league of homosexuals any longer, but a constructive force that critically pursues and stimulates the development of society as a whole.



In "Steve Adams and the Curse of the Vindictive Heart": Pamela DeSio, Steve Feinstein and Lorraine Aloha Estes

"New" Old Reliable Theatre Opens

New York, N.Y.—The New Old Reliable Theatre Tavern is once again open for business under the management of David Gaard, author of the popular 1969 Off-Broadway production, *And Puppy Dog Tails*, and Bill Lentsch. Performances are given Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday at 7:30 p.m.

A program of twelve new plays will be presented the first season. Each play will run four weeks. All productions will include stars, super stars, co-stars and guest stars from the great galaxy of the lower East Side Theatrical community.

In addition to the full length play, each bill will include a new chapter in the ongoing adventures of *Steven Adams* and

the Curse of the Vindictive Heart. *Steven Adams* is a pop art cartoon serial for today, filled with trials and troubles, adventures and mis-adventures of *Steven Adams* and his Zany Fun Filled Friends.

Appearing in *Steven Adams* are: Steve Feinstein in the title role, as the trouble-shooting, death defying super hero; David Lucas as the turn coat C.I.A. agent, Hairy; Pamela DeSio as Baby Bitch, the sex-driven dope-crazed sixteen-year-old runaway from Scarsdale with an I.Q. of 185.2; Lorraine Aloha Estes as Angelique Woo, the exotic and mysterious Mrs. Steve Adams-to-be; Ann Barry as Myrna McCoy, Steve's trouble-shooting girl Friday; and Anna Mae Wong, Jr. as Foo Mon Loo, the greatest War Lord of the Twentieth Century.

New bills at the Old Reliable:

OPENING NOVEMBER 29, 1971 at the

10:00 pm show will be the first offering of the Starry Night Repertory Company, a group of vagabond traveling actors who will present puppets, pageants and music. OPENING DECEMBER 6, 1971 at the 7:30 pm show will be *The Day They Gave Babies Away*, a new play by David Gaard. *The Day They Gave Babies Away* is a tripping collage of the mysterious and magic voyage of four young kids in New York and their search of today. This will be the first public presentation of a David Gaard play since *And Puppy Dog Tails*. It will be presented Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings only through the month of December. For further information, or reservations, call 541-7600 or 541-8827.

Arthur Blake: A Pearl in a Rotten Oyster

BY AARON BATES

There's nothing wrong with *The Loading Zone* bar that a good blitz wouldn't cure. Located on the outskirts of New York's posh "Hell's Kitchen" (at 568 Ninth Avenue to be exact), the bar is frequented by those dreary denizens of Times Square's deep. You will find hustlers well versed in walking stud-like before mirrors, tacky transvestites in search of a nightly "john," drunken and rather witless camp queens, slumming tourists and neighborhood bar stool-sitters. In short, Mother would definitely not approve.

However, in recent weeks the bar has added a shining pearl to its rotten oyster. The pearl in question is Arthur Blake, one of America's best impressionists. To refer to Mr. Blake as a "female impersonator" would be inaccurate, since his repertoire includes impressions of just as many men. For every Louella Parsons, there is a Noel Coward; for every Tallulah Bankhead, a Jimmy Stewart; for every Gloria Swanson, a Charles Laughton—in short, for every man there's a woman.

With the exception of Monday and Tuesday nights, Arthur Blake gives two shows nightly at eleven p.m. and one a.m. Word has quickly spread that the maestro is back in town so his elegant admirers (and some not so elegant) flock to this piss-palace nightly to bathe in his sunlight.

Recently Anne Baxter and the cast of *Applause* turned up at one of his performances. Not batting an eyelash (except when the part calls for it), Mr. Blake greeted them with: "Welcome to my theatre." The cast of *Applause* applauded.

Although Arthur Blake may not have had an Anne Baxter impression to pull from his proverbial hat, he did a great job on Margo Channing's originator, Bette Davis. Not Bette Davis as Bette Davis, but Bette Davis as Anne Boleyn on the day of her execution. Says Arthur as Bette in her great cigarette-puffing style, "So, Henry, you're going to cut off my head! Hah hah



hah. That's just like you—saving the best part for yourself. No, I did not sleep with six men . . . I didn't sleep a wink. Besides, it was only five. The midjet wasn't up to it."

While many impressionists can capture a voice, Arthur Blake can capture a face and a hair style without the use of additional make-up or wigs. In retrospect, the illusions he manages to create seem almost magical. How, one might be tempted to ask, is it possible for a heavy set middle-aged man to conjure up child actress Margaret O'Brien? Yet he does so convincingly with the aid of two paper napkins as props. Taking a lock of hair from each side of his head, he winds the napkin around it and presto—instant pony tail. Fine, the illusion of a child's hair style is created, but what about the face? Now, normally Arthur Blake's face is more reminiscent of Oscar Wilde than Margaret O'Brien, but once those ever-changing eyes become rounded and vacuous, once his lips curl into a smug little pout, once that shit-eating grin appears—my God, it's the little heartthrob of America herself, sweetly sprouting lines about a pushy stage mother: "My mother's a vampire. Her head should be cut off and stuffed with garlic. How do I know? Jane Withers told me and Jane knows."

The female impressions continue. Suddenly we have Tallulah Bankhead complaining that "too much motorcycle riding nude with Faye Emerson" wears her out or we have Louella Parsons lasciviously reporting that "Lana Turner told me she divorced her last husband because he got in . . . different." Of his women, Gloria Swanson, dolled up in leopard skin and doing a *Sunset Boulevard* schtick, is one of the best, while his Mae West is a disappointment (the only disappointment, I might add). This should be great news to Lynn Carter whose La West impression remains a front runner.

Working backward (as I often seem to do), Arthur Blake starts his performance with a rendition of Yvonne de Carlo's song from *Follies*, "I'm Still Here," and

he easily makes it his own. I only regretted that he didn't finish up with Yvonne's closing lines: "I got through all of last year and I'm here. Lord knows, at least I've been there and I'm here; I'm still here." After all, the sentiment expressed can certainly apply to Mr. Blake, although perhaps he is saving those lines for the time (in the very near future, I hope) when he finds a more fitting setting for his vast talents than The Detour Room of *The Loading Zone* bar. After all, in his time Arthur Blake played some of the best houses around. Pardon, did I say "in his time"? Well, this is still his time.

Other acts in the show included another veteran showman, Bruno Le Fantastique, the only living Brazilian bombshell whose specialty act is a half 'n' half number—half-man, half-woman in which he proceeds to dance and make out with himself-herself. Bruno has been doing this for a number of years, but the effect is still dazzling.

The fly-by-nightly La Fleur Sisters are also listed on the program, but they seem to have flown. It's no great loss since in the presence of Arthur Blake and Bruno Le Fantastique, lip-sync-to-record queens are a dime a dozen. They have been replaced by singer Gene McAnn who does a medley of Newley-Bricusse numbers dressed in the mime costume of *Stop the World's* "little chap." Since Mr. McAnn's act consists of singing and not miming, he would do well to drop the costume or at least the clown make-up. It's distracting to an otherwise solid show-type voice.

Then there's Jackie Adrian dressed as a saloon girl in snot-colored green with lavender sequins. In falsetto he sings "I Could Have Danced All Night" (which luckily he didn't do) and "San Francisco" (luckily, there were no earthquakes). Although Mr. Adrian does what he does well, I wondered why he does it at all.

Last and least is silver lame attired Jinx Austin who does a female strip. He shouldn't have bothered. At one point he frighteningly descends into the audience

(like Lucifer being cast out of hell) and proceeds to rub his tits into some unsuspecting patron's face. On the evening that I beheld this awesome spectacle, Jinx (living up to his name) managed to choose the wrong man. The wrong man happened to be a gifted female impersonator of the old school, friend Billy Kamp, who twisted his neck so far around to avoid contact that I feared it would snap. Trying to remain collected, Jinx shook a finger at him and returned to the stage. The moment was past and I wiped the sweat from my forehead. "I'm not going to let that fifth rate imitation of Baby Martell shake her tits in my face," Billy remarked to me afterwards.

If any of you read the uptown critics' reviews of the TV special *Dames At Sea*, you'll know that they missed the mark (and the point) again. First of all, they gave Ann Miller credit for saving the show. Now it's true that the old broad looks great for her age and tap dances swell, but her acting is as consistent as ever, that is to say, non-existent. Anne Meara was a loud, brassy and lovable Anne Meara, but not a Joan Blondell. Some obviously straight klutz from the *New York Times* dumped all over Ann-Margret as Ruby and Harvey Evans as Dick, the only two people who, in fact, managed to capture the spirit of the original. I was truly upset when Ann-Margret was given the role in place of Bernadette Peters, but I thought I'd watch the show anyway. Now, while the director seemed to be at fault for allowing the rest of the cast to ham their parts to the hilt, Ann-Margret and Harvey had the sense (and taste) enough to give straight line readings of the corny 30's type dialogue. Thus, without begging for laughs, they managed to capture them, thus saving an otherwise flat musical hour. The uptown critics, who consistently manage to confuse camp with overacting, were thoroughly left in the dark. Pity.

At press time Arthur Blake's engagement at *The Loading Zone* has terminated. He is due to open soon at a new locale.

A Fantastic New Trip: "Nightride"

BY JOHN PAUL HUDSON

NIGHTTRIDE, a play in two acts by Lee W. Barton; produced by Bill Shirley; directed by Milton Lyon; with Philip Larson, Don Draper, Lester Rawlins, Chandler Hill Harben and Jeremy Stockwell; set design by Alan Kimmel; lighting design by Ken Billington; costumes by Karin; stage manager, Charles Roden. At the Vandam Theatre, 15 Vandam St., phone 243-8900.

You who read this may have a stunning opportunity to demonstrate a new kind of Gay Power. You can save the life, possibly, of a work of dramatic art that should have great meaning for you and gays across the land who do not have immediate access to it. Or prolong it—forever. Word-of-mouth will be needed in case the straight press (as distinct from the non-gay press, like *SCREW*, which is not gay but hardly straight in the broadest sense of the word) attempts to kill *Nightride*. I doubt that a sensitive critic will murder it, but perhaps the likes of Richard Watts are still primed not ready for homosexuals to be portrayed first of all as people, who suffer because of the universal inadequacies of people and not because of the exquisite, socially brought-on, and often imaginary shortcomings assigned to them as homosexual people. The gay community, whatever the uptown critics may say, should pass the word along, now, during the tentative opening days (big night is Wednesday, December 8).

Nightride is that long-awaited big-time star turn for which *Boys in the Band* proves to have been audience warm-up—and reveals once and for all that those boys in their cheap, old-fashioned novelty act have lost their lip. Playwright Lee Barton, who will go far, very far, has written a quite timeless traditional *tour de force*, crackling with contemporary tension and throbbing with pathos for all seasons. Traditional in form and dramatic concept though it is, since it treats homosexuals in a situation that could hardly have occurred until very recently, that is vis-a-vis each other, not just society, it becomes as urgent as the demonstration at a city councilman's home in behalf of the fair employment bill. As current as the question "Will Jack and Mike ever be allowed to make it legal?"

IF THEY HADN'T BEEN GAY . . .

If the four out of the five tormented and tormenting protagonists/antagonists (the closest thing to a one-dimensional villain in the piece happens to be straight, but specifically a *talentless* entrepreneur of *talent*, a bloodsucker, which makes villainy generic) in *Nightride* weren't gay humans, would I have been as enthralled the two times I saw it, once in showcase in late October, once in rehearsal just before previews began November 23? Perhaps not, because I have been moved by well-drawn heterosexual interrelationships so often. What else? We live in a heterosexual culture, giraffes in a world of low-strung telephone wires, giants made to sit in nursery chairs, giants in our defiance of institutionalized "norms," if you look at us through the eyes of a Paul Rosenfeld, author of the

New Homosexuality: the Psychology of the Creative Process. We have vicariously suffered through Bette Davis and Anne Bancroft and Anne Baxter and Joan Crawford and Ali McGraw and their opposite numbers, been wrung out over maternal passions, too, since *The Trojan Women*, forced to empathize, like blacks, before the Seventies black movie phenomenon, with whites in a lily-white milieu. And until *Boys in the Band*, where a group of gays was caught alone with the straights not present, tangibly, but lurking everywhere outside like Whitey or the Man, we viewed homosexuals always on the fringes, snarling, sniveling or sucking for scraps.

Frankly, I don't know whether I'd care as profoundly for *Nightride* if the playwright character, Jon Bristo, were a Lillian Hellman *manque* instead of a Williams/Capote/Albee/Inge or whoever you want to think of him as, which is not important; however, the *roman a clef* does titillate, and I want you to be titillated. Nor if the rock singer were Elvis Presley ("Elvis who?") instead of, say, Mick Jagger, complete with taking out "his non-musical instrument in front of 20,000 people in Atlanta," though not like Jim Morrison jerking off on them, and giving his lover a soul kiss onstage at the Fillmore.

IT'S FOR EVERYONE

Wait a minute! I'm forgetting that I would ardently urge non-gays (and straights, if they can take humanity in a gay context) to flock to the Vandam, too. I defy anyone who doesn't have his heart in a sling, totally down on the possibility of a relationship's working out, not to have a good cry, if nothing else. And applaud the powerful performances of the actors, the surgeon-sure direction of Milton Lyon (famed for his work at Princeton), and the super-charged but somehow elegantly restrained dialogue. I would bid them see "us" portrayed not via stereotype but rather through *representatives*.

I say representatives because *Nightride* is not about garden variety creatures. Bristo (Lester Rawlins) is a has-been dramatist, probably Pulitzer prize-winning (accused of having written about "people whose heads are so far apart they don't know whether they're living or dead," "every gay in them so goddam sick they act like bunkers in a psycho-ward"), of the first magnitude once, and an erstwhile clandestine poet whose youthful erotic verse, penned under a pseudonym, we are led to imagine must rank with Whitman's *Catulus*. Jab Humble (Chandler Hill Harben) is a gold-record recipient several times over. Marcus Sternberg (Don Draper) is the aforementioned impresario who we suppose tells David Merrick as Macy's tells Gimbel's. Humble's mute lover, Peter Duchos (Jeremy Stockwell), and Bristo's rough, humpy but articulate navy career man adorer, Erik Fensterom (Philip Larson), are not exactly run-of-the-mill boys next door either, mostly because of their intimate associations with celebrated men, from whom they take extraordinary lustre. Erik confesses that through Jon he has found a link to "im-

portant people," that he has come a long way from the barracks at San Juan because of him—but also that "Jon is the only thing I've got that keeps me a person." (Not true, he's very together.) The point is, they are all individuals; it just happens that we are initially hooked because they live and love in the glamor world of achievers. The day of the bourgeois tragedy on the American stage, with its Willy Lomans and Lolas, is past. Sophisticated Daniel in *Sunday*, *Bloody Sunday* ain't exactly Dr. Christian. He's still "representative."

'SUNDAY' LEADS WAY

It is inevitable that one come away from *Nightride* with thoughts of *Sunday* keening in the back of his head. *Sunday* has broken new ground, dealing as it does with an inter-sex triad, unsensationally and making no value judgments as to which lover the youth ought to return to. There is no apparent isolation that Daniel suffers (except that he is somewhat a spectre at the feast in the Bar Mitzvah sequence) due to his homosexuality, and the amative opportunism of Bob is no more, well, forlorn with regard to his male lover than his female. *Nightride*, as I have said, also deals primarily with human relationships, agonies and possible ecstasies, and I agree in general with what a friend observed about it: "This isn't about homosexuals, it's about people." That should be the case, by definition, in all works of art about gays, but it has taken us a long time to come to that!

Which brings up another of *Nightride*'s themes: the artist generation gap. This is perhaps one of the most compelling conflicts in the play. Bristo, in his fifties, collides with Humble, in his early twenties, each a "name," each dedicated and married as much to his art as to his mate. Their confrontation in the second act, after Humble has accused Bristo of writing a "drag show" when he made the dying lover of his greatest play a female instead of a male, is one of the most scintillating and thought-provoking of the many crescendos that roil and rumble and erupt throughout.

"You never really wrote about him (Bristo's long-dead young lover), did you?" Humble needles.

"I thought I did . . . no, maybe I didn't even think so when I was doing it," replies the besieged Bristo. "I was frightened."

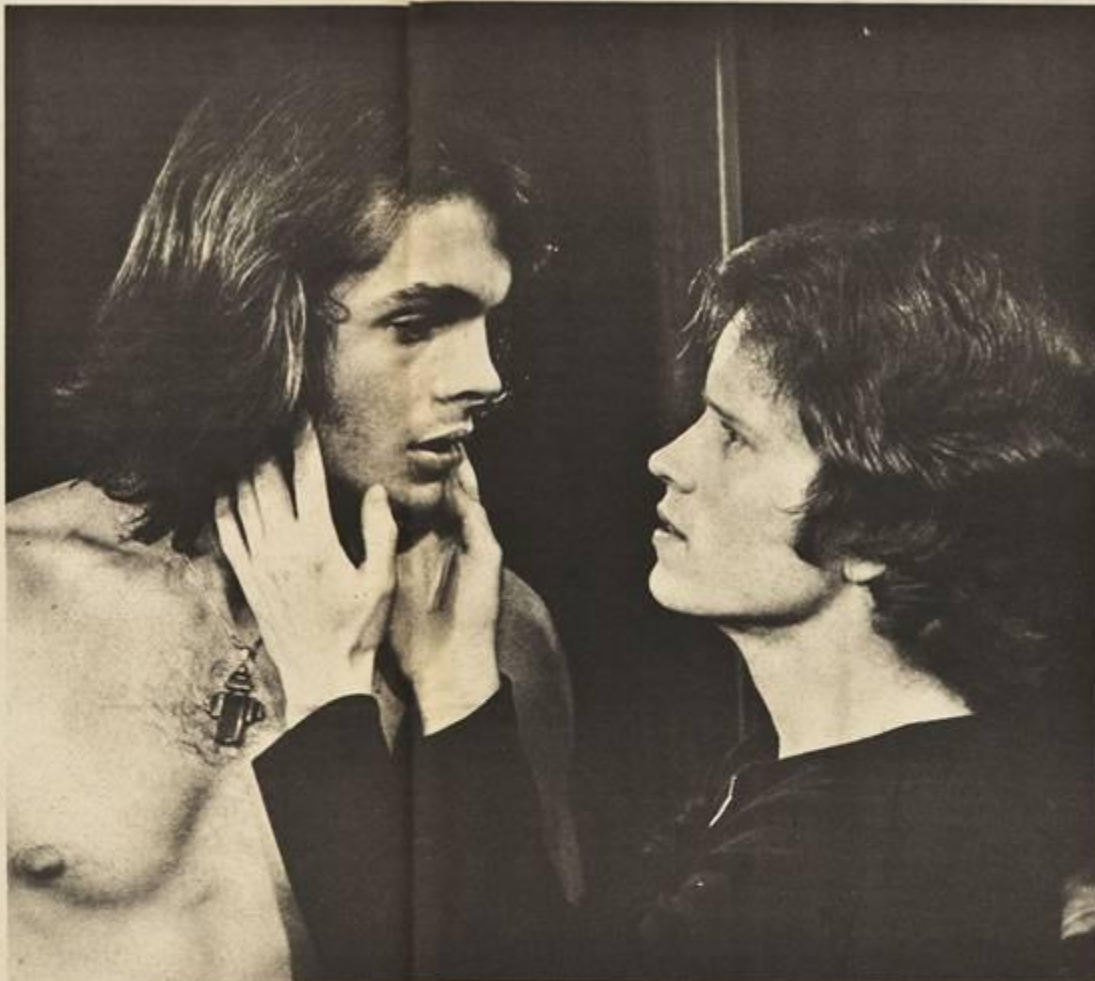
"Why? A man can write anything he wants!"

Bristo, knowing that he is trapped and that later he will make this upstart intellectual inferior pay for making him recant, asks Humble, "How old were you in 1953?"

LEADING MAN 'DELIVERS'

Retorts Bristo in one of the most moving of the gut-heart grabbing long speeches which Rawlins delivers with the pyrotechnics of a Gielgud and core-passion of a Scofield:

"Well . . . I wasn't! I had a career then. You don't know how things were. If you'd kissed



Peter (Humble's mute lover) speaks with his fingers



The cast (l. to r.) Don Draper, Philip Larson, Lester Rawlins, Chandler Hill Harben, and Jeremy Stockwell



Jab Humble: "You're goddam right I am!"

your little boy on stage, they'd have frozen you stiff. You would have ended up back in jail. Considering the teen-aged gangs around them, those 'fans' of yours might have literally killed you. Movie careers got stepped on like bugs. If you got caught in a raid or at the baths you were finished, even if you were young. Well, I wasn't young and I was established. Whatever that means any more. And I was scared. No audience would have let a curtain go up on anything truthful in those days about 'us.' It was a perpetual drag act to get anything across. I guess I did it better than most."

Lest New Free gays who have never felt the sting of oppression or youthful activists who retaste it by recreating a canker to explore out of their commendable zeal for social responsibility become impatient, thinking this to be an outcry solely of another generation, let me assure you that their position is also definitively presented.

Bristo says to Humble, attempting contempt, "You really are proud of it (being gay), aren't you?"

Humble cries back, "You're goddam right I am! You want me to be ripped up with guilt, is that your bag? Well, man, I've been fighting those bastards all my life . . . even now . . . maybe especially now that I've got Pety to worry about. I've watched those fuckers laugh at everything I cared for, let those damn bastards try to lock me up for wanting someone. I've seen them blackmail people and run cheap shrink businesses to tell everyone how malignant we all are! Well, baby, they're through! They may have gotten you to shivel up inside because you don't think you're all right, but they stop with me! Nobody's going to take that kind of shit any more! If you want to run away from everyone that's your own hang-up, but when they come on to me and want to rip Pety and me into two parts, then they got a fight on their hands because I'm going to cut their motherfucking throats!"

Flamboyantly erotic rhetoric of the political dissident?

When Humble flourishes his cock to punctuate his paean to himself, Bristo has one of his finest moments, however, and so does the play. Very sure, this once, of his contempt, Bristo eviscerates him thus:

"Well, now isn't that just beautiful. You think you got the only one? Or the biggest? Or the best? Every bum on the Bowery's got one. Every middle-aged failure's got one. And you think you got them (his audience) to love you because of that! The magic wand! I suppose if you're a twelve-year-old virgin from Scarsdale you might think it was something special. And you think that's love, do you? You hustle your ass on stage instead of 42nd Street and that's really high-class, isn't it? Listen, don't bother with all that dreary old poetry. Let's get a Barbie Doll made of you, with plug-in cocks . . . All you've got to offer is how young you are! When that's gone they'll throw you away like a half-eaten banana! . . . Cock is cheap and when it's not in its prime it's like spoiled meat: you gag on it! I may be a has-been to you, but at least I have a chance to come back . . . Who in hell will want to see you up there with your long hair and your pants bulging when you're my age!"

NO POLITICAL RESERVATIONS

As a sometime Gay Lib polemicist, I was satisfied on the political level, though playwright Barton is anything but a polemicist. A polemicist generalizes, an artist magnifies the unique, making a universally applicable statement out of the individual want and longing and deprivation that make polemics necessary. (I jotted this note, on generalizations, whence come polemics, after pondering the play a second time: we generalize to comfort ourselves in our universal difference—a sort of philosophical narcotic to make us forget we shall die alone, each in his terribly private way, not hearing the benediction of platitudes.)

Surely you will understand, after seeing *Nightride*, why I am so enthusiastic

about its content. Surely you, too, will thrill to the skill of the performances. Rawlins is as superb silent as he is showing off his mastery of the spoken word. Those of you who were or are ambivalent in your longing to perform, who have nourished the Davis and Garland and Hepburn cults because for one thing so many of the great soul-searing roles in the modern theatre have been women's roles (well, how can you top *Long Day's Journey into Night*?) and you have identified with them because of their splendor, you will yearn to play Bristo. A great actress part for a great actor? Irresistible. Rawlins is every inch, tie and sign up to it. When he laments, you hear a darkling wind moaning through the ruins of a monument. He epitomizes the anguish of self-inflicted loneliness, the horror of having climbed an Everest, but now being well over the hill. He gets away with hyperbole that would finish an ordinary actor.

HARBEN IS STAR STUFF

Harben, who was seen—and seen and seen—in *Dark of the Moon*, will not be with us long. His future in films as a new sex idol is laid out for him. Let's hope his first opportunity is in the film version of *Nightride*, as he portrays the dumb animal-metamorphosing-into-complex-human to perfection. The violence always lurking beneath his stardom-acquired cool is plangent and painful. Of course, he is a great beauty, and you will cream, though director Lyon does not play this up in a heavy-handed way. He never underestimates his audience, this intellectual Lyon, who says that one of the things this play is about is, "At what point is declaration mandatory?" Declaration of yourself and your undeniable right to be free, that is.

Larson as Erik is perhaps the most consistently moving of the quintet, an actor of great inner composure and outer calm that spells presence. His sturdy, even bland, Scandinavian looks belie the emotional range of which he is capable, in the most difficult role next to that of the mute. Stockwell, star of the flick *Dinah East*, never speaks a word, but eloquently reveals his soul, scarred like his wrists—mutilated not because he is gay but because he came out of a reformatory where nothing but might was right, and he was fragile. Don Draper as the heavy Sternberg is glorious. Straight-virile without posturing, convincingly superior and patronizing toward gays, he elicits pity from gays for not being able to "tell which ones are the cardboard queens and which ones are the human beings," for being the Establishment exploiter whose "idea of publicity would make Preparation H blush." Not a clinker in the company.

Producer Bill Shirley deserves kudos and a thank you from the gay community for his vision and persistence at getting this treasure out of workshop, where it languished first time around, grubbing for money because he believed in it. Believed that *Nightride* is more than "just another gay sideshow," knowing that it is a stinging probing of the differences/similarities between generations, the ties that bind, the longings that rend, the blanders that separate, the cruelties that make human communication chancy in the best of times—and the possibilities of truly coming together out of private hells through the fires of public self-denials and obscurities.

Rush to see it, and reserve tickets for your gay friends "out there" who will be coming in for the holidays. Have the pleasure of seeing it before that blockbuster movie is made so that you can have the satisfaction of declaring, "I took the *Nightride* before the bandwagon got rolling."

The Last Estate

BY GREGORY BATTCOCK

"VIAGGIO IN ITALIA"

London was, as usual, lovely. George let me stay in his "sitting room." His roommates (Roland, Neil and Jim) were, as usual, remarkably patient and Roland even drove me to the drugstore. Timidly, I asked for two boxes of poppers. "Why don't you take two dozen? We sell them like hot-cakes," urged the pharmacist.

Surely it will please the reader that my lecture at the Institute of Contemporary Art was a success. I advocated my latest theory—about how, in America in the mid nineteen-sixties occurred a major event in the annals of visual perception. London loved it and I even got two fan letters—from ladies in the countryside who claimed Battcock for a maiden name! They had seen my lecture advertised and were overcome to learn there still lived an authentic Battcock—and a male Battcock at that. Never mind girls. I am the only remaining Battcock and the last.

That finishes off the Battcocks. Once and for all. Let's return to my enthralling narrative. On my final night in London George and I went to the Salisbury Pub in Soho, to meet Colin Naylor, editor of *Art and Artists* magazine.

George bought the drinks. Colin drank like a camel driver prior to embarkation on safari out of Bou-Saada. My eye wandered and came up with this here charming English hustler leaning on the slot machine. Before long he joined our little threesome and George got to buy him drinks too.

My hustler, who claimed to be "half-American" (and half Cretin if you ask me), enthralled George and Colin with his contradictory tales. Since I knew I would end up with him (and if not would have decided I didn't want to), I lost interest in the conversation. What mattered now was gesture. At 11, closing time in England's green and lovely land, I invited everybody to dinner.

That rainy, autumnal eve in Soho, Manzi's seafood restaurant got our business. My hustler started with the lobster bisque—a creamy, fragrant brew that warmed the spirit as well as the stomach. George started with the Whiting—tiny fried fish that were taken from the Thames estuary only a few hours before. Everybody nibbled the little delicacies so we ordered a second helping for George. I had the smoked eel and it was spicy, hearty, rich and good. Colin had a shrimp cocktail or something.

And yes, dear reader, you guessed! The restaurant produced a 1964 Moët & Chandon Imperial Brut that had been lurking in the wine list and that went nicely with the checkered tablecloth, our charming Italian waiters, my hustler, George's idiotic maunderings and Colin's polite effusions, not to mention the giant North Sea soles, still flapping their tails, that's how fresh they were, that we all devoured next. Ah, that firm, tender white flesh of our lovely soles! We pleaded for yet more Moët. Our enchanting waiters rushed to bring on fresh raspberry tarts and pitchers of thick English cream...

Well, you can guess what happened next. Colin went off into the night, God knows where. I dragged my lovely hustler back to George's drab living room. And at 6 in the morning I gratefully climbed out of the terribly cramped, uncomfortable cot, tip-toed downstairs with my little suitcase, caught the bus to Heathrow and within minutes was slipping iced Veuve Cliquot (with canned pineapple in it) while waiting for take-off in an Air India

Boeing—for Rome.

First class on Air India reminds me, in some ways, of steerage class on the overnight ferry between Brindisi and Corfu, though I doubt even they would stick cherries and pineapple in the Champagne. The stewardess passed around a "flight kit" containing a map of the world and a free ball point pen. Later I caught her in the pantry busily transferring slices of cold ham and "turkey roll" from individual plastic trays to metal platters—that gesture apparently is the difference between first class and tourist passage.

Getting anywhere by plane is a brutal and torturous ordeal. New York subways, channel ferries and Mexican busses are more gracious, personal and charming transportation systems. The only thing that might be more uncomfortable and annoying than the airplane is the sedan chair. (And I put the sedan chair at par with the automobile—which is unspeakable.) My friend Tony who lives in Hato Rey told me that once he did somebody in an airplane toilet during a jet flight someplace. That's the only nice story I ever heard about an airplane trip. Like everybody else, Tony is a compulsive sex maniac. If a situation is bad he makes it good, and that's that.

But what about Rome? Who needs to be told, yet again, that the Eternal City is still there and just as changing and up-to-date as ever? And what good is yet another eulogy to the Piazza Navonna, the Via Frattina, the famous "tartufo" at Tre Scalini, and the seasonal game and quail—"grilled" "a la diavolo" at local trattoria—that have captured the imagination of all autumn pilgrims to the holy city? The world's pleasures are few. They include, firstly, the winter "carciofi Romano"; secondly, a buttered and creamy fettuccini littered with slices of white truffle; and, thirdly, charming 19-year-old Andrea who approached me in the Pincio garden and who suavely sneaked by the nasty, squinty concierge at my hotel every afternoon at six. Andrea—whose only clothes were his soldier uniform—stuck out like a sore thumb because he was 1. tall; 2. Venetian; 3. a direct descendant of the chap that modeled for Polyclitus' sculpture of the *Doryphoros*.

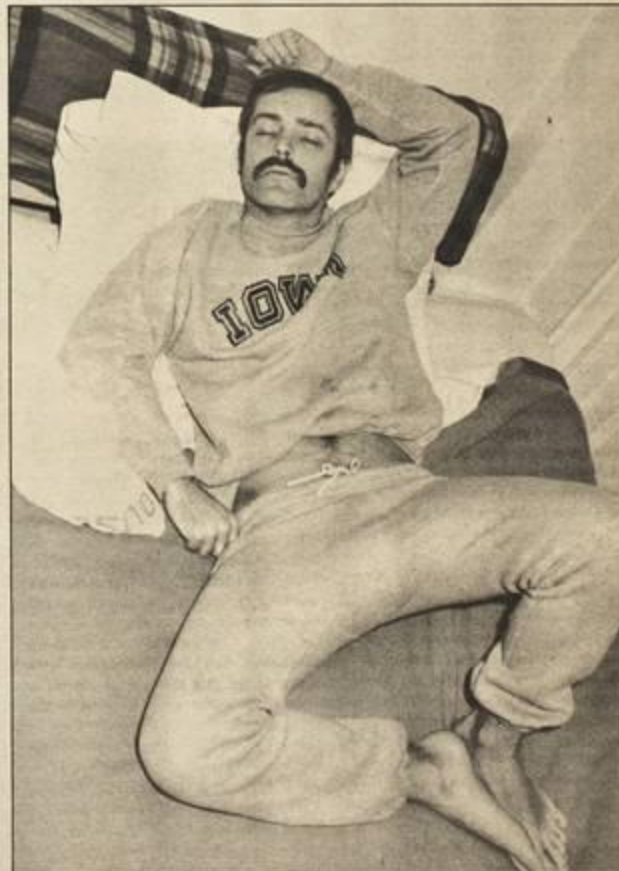
I looked up my old friend Warren Tobin who lives on the Pza. Santa Maria in Trastevere. He took me to dinner at a charming restaurant on the Piazza and said that the elderly chap who washes dishes at the restaurant used to be the parking attendant in the days when they used to allow cars in the Piazza. Once he told Warren that the fish they served were flown in frozen from Greece. Warren also informed me that Italian white wine will give you rheumatism. And offered to enroll Andrea in a language school so he could learn English and be in a better position to get a job when he leaves the military. "Otherwise he will end up in a Venetian suburb with a fat wife and kids," warned Warren. Ah, the intentions of the lord are a mystery, aren't they?

At the Galleria Borghese I watched myself on the closed circuit television they have hidden all over, and paid respects to the famous Caravaggio. Caravaggio was the Warhol of his time. His hustlers are angels, representations of Bacchus and pictures of John the Baptist. "Italians are totally visual," said Warren. "They talk not to be heard but to be seen." In Italy conversation is visual.

Well, Swissair got me back here, but not without three litres of olive oil, a bottle of Campari, a new suit, new shoes and another ball point pen—that had been stuffed in my Christmas stocking flight kit from Swissair.



"Sick Bacchus" by Caravaggio, Galleria Borghese, Rome



Gregory takes a well-deserved rest

Will The Real Kate Millett Please Stand Up?

A Review of "Three Women"



Robin

Lillian

Mallory

BY SOREL DAVID

I don't know what's happening to me. I went to the grocery store to buy some food and I remembered to pick up some light bulbs before we even ran out. So this is what it's come to—after all those frightening years, listening to my mother tell me I was never going to amount to anything (look at me, look at me, she would lament constantly), I couldn't even sew a button on, what would ever become of me. After all that time of resistance, of being diametrically opposed to everything that was supposed to happen, to everything I was supposed to become, suddenly to find myself now turning into a comfortable little housewife type, the sort of person who buys lightbulbs and remembers to pick up a box of those cookies Billie liked—oh, it's just too awful, it's too terrible for words! And the sneaky way it crept up on me too—smack dab in the middle of a Pioneer supermarket—God! How ignoble to think that there could be room for such trivia in my mind.

And so, it was in this state of minor mental disquietude—wondering whether I should worry about this creeping domesticity or not—that I trundled off to see Kate "Women's Liberation" Millett's first feature film. *Three Lives* is what it's called, how marvelous I thought, when first I heard this title and imagined what the film would be like. *Three Lives*, how wonderful, good old Kate Millett, I knew she wouldn't let me down. Kate Millett is, after all, and first of all, an artist before she is the movement propagandist so

many people seem to want her to be, an artist and an intellect I, for one, can truly enjoy grappling with. *Three Lives*, sounding like something I could conceivably write (Yes, but when is she going to talk about the movie?), like something in keeping with my own ideas of what a book or movie should be all about (Be patient, it's coming, I'm sure it is.), I thought it'd be, just like it says, a simple but beautiful presentation of three lives, three women's lives. You just tell the story, nothing more, nothing less, you present the life and let it speak for itself, this is what women and the movement need, not a lot of rhetoric, but stories and films about themselves, about their lives. But I was wrong, I was wrong about the movie. It was mostly talking. It wasn't three lives so much as it was a lot of talking.

It was sort of like the filming of a consciousness raising session, focusing alternately on each of three women's testimonies. The film is made in what you might call the impromptu cinema style. This is the kind of film making made famous by the Andy Warhol film. You get your characters, your superstars, stick them up in front of the camera and roll while they do their thing, which in the case of the Millett films was to rap about themselves. As in the Warhol films, once again we see that this sort of cinema is only as successful and interesting as the characters filmed. The first of Millett's lives, the first 'life' was, for me, except for a few moments of humor, pretty much of a bore. Mallory Millett-Jones, Kate's sister, came on like she's spent too much of her recent lifetime, her life, that is, reading her big sister's book. Somehow I just can't believe people who go around

sounding like a talking women's lib pamphlet, oh the tragic childhood, lying in bed listening to her parents argue, her father shitting all over her mother, of course, and oh the tragic marriage, being a slave-head Geisha to her husband, oh tragic, tragic, tragic. Boy, was I glad when she finally got off the pot, I mean the screen.

The second life was much of an improvement. Lillian, an older woman, older than the first, anyway, 55 if I remember correctly, came across as a simply lovely, lovely woman. Something about the gentle, unassuming, almost hesitant manner in which she began to talk about herself. What a contrast to Mallory who seemed only too anxious and willing to lay her heavy self-pitying trip on us. Perhaps a case can be made that the modest, almost self-effacing qualities Lillian projects are evidences of a not-to-be-admired acquiescence to the woman's role, sacrificing, denying the self, and I think this is definitely part of it. I can't help but feel it's not the whole story. In this gentle woman's quiet recollections and reflections, at times tinged with a wistful kind of irony as aspects of the newly emerging women's consciousness would seep into her understandings of the past, there was somehow more to admire, more of a person to relate to. At least Lillian's story gives us some sense of a real existence, with definite happenings and activities in the world rather than Mallory's endless series of sorrows and complaints.

But it was only in the third segment that the camera found a decently cinematic subject for a subject. One that moves, anyway, in Robin Mide we have the life of a young hippy, runaway, free spirit, lover, drug freak, far out type, yes folks,

a real live one of those. Ah yes, the media, the media defines, like Robin Mide says in the film, "We didn't know we were the hippies till we read it in *Life* magazine." But the thing I want to know is how come all these far outers always have the exact same far-out rap. It's always freedom, do whatever you want, love and no possessions all the time. But don't get me wrong, I liked Robin Mide, possibly the best of the three. When she stopped trying to tell us where it was at and just spoke simply about some of her experiences, the natural performer that she is and her fine wit made her both charming and delightful. Robin, like all good with-it types, is against labels and so would not like it if I labelled her a lesbian, but you get the picture anyway. Yes gang, just to indulge in a little gay chauvinism, this most lively life of the three presented, I feel, must go down on record as being one of us. Nobody who sees the film will be able to forget her wonderful wry comment, "If I sleep with women my mother doesn't like it; if I sleep with men my grandmother doesn't like it."

(Hey, did she talk about the movie yet?) (I don't know, I think so, but did she like it, is what I want to know.) And now, after all that, you're probably wondering what I thought of the movie. Well, I liked it. I was favorably impressed with the level of technical excellence, although the techniques used were quite simple. It was all very well done. But don't take my word for it, go and see it for yourself. I think women owe it to themselves to support, to see this movie. It's one of the first signs of women getting themselves together and doing for themselves. This alone was enough of a kick for me to make the whole thing worthwhile.

Pen Points

UNDERSTATEMENTS AND OVERSTATEMENTS

Dear GAY:

The last five weeks of picketing at Washington's new bar, the Lost and Found, has spawned an inordinate amount of misinformation and confusion about the involvement of the movement in this action and in particular, GAA/DC. The gay press accounts have run from absolute fictionalized "news" articles to simple inaccuracies in reporting. Your article by Perrin Shaffer and Randy Dowling (Nov. 22) falls into the latter category which, in itself, would not move me to write GAY, but causes me and many other GAA members some distress about the overstatement of GAA's role in the picketing. GAA/DC has too many friends to permit rumors and lies to circulate without attention.

Before picketing began, GAA adopted a general resolution condemning discrimination by gay bars against certain segments of the gay community, and endorsing well-founded actions to counter such discrimination. At no time did GAA/DC take any official action against the Lost and Found but, in light of the above-mentioned resolution, did permit the name of GAA to be listed with the other 15 gay organizations and groups supporting the picket. Certainly there are several members of GAA/DC actively involved with the ad hoc coalition conducting the picketing operation, but they are doing so as concerned individuals who fully realize that gays discriminating against gays destroy our arguments to those who are discriminating against homosexuals.

The majority of GAA/DC members, however, have not been participating in

the picket, perhaps because they have been too busy chasing down political candidates and forcing them to take a stand on the gay-related issues in the local school board election. On Oct. 26th, for the first time in the history of the gay movement in Washington, D.C., political candidates attended a GAA political forum where they addressed a large crowd of homosexuals and answered questions about our most personal issue—our second-class citizenship. The event was covered by Washington's major newspapers and television but was totally ignored by the gay press! GAY opted for the sensationalism of the headline "Racial Controversy Rages" instead of the quiet drudgery of political action. I find this sad. Milestones in the gay movement in any city deserve at least a mention, if not equal space. (I understand that there may now be such an article forthcoming.)

My admiration for your correspondent, Mr. Shaffer, continues since his reporting is far more accurate and complete than anything we had for Washington before. Consequently his article on the L&F picket is by far the most detailed and accurate. It does contain, however, one glaring error and one important omission, as well as the already mentioned overstated role of GAA/DC. The error concerns Jim McClard, former Acting President of GAA/DC. The article states that McClard "... resigned from the GAA executive board in protest." McClard was not even a member of the executive committee and therefore it came as a surprise to see that he had "resigned." Our minutes show that his nomination to the exec board was never approved by the membership, possibly because, since August 1st (the time GAA's first president, Joel Martin, was elected), McClard dropped

out of movement activities and did not surface again until your article on the L&F picket where he demonstrated the lack of comprehension one might expect from a person who has intentionally isolated himself from gay lib organizations.

The omission, I feel, was the failure to point out that D.C. has a population of approximately 80% black and 20% white. This poses a very special problem for the bars here where it is imperative to maintain a racial balance. To set up an all-white bar (and the 6-10 blacks seen each night at the L&F when there are 300-400 whites is NOT a balance) means that there will be an all-black bar (with token whites). Neither is acceptable. The Lost and Found is precipitating a dangerous situation that would spread throughout the bars of this city.

I hope this letter clears up some of the confusion surrounding the role of GAA/DC in the picket action against the Lost and Found. We have not turned our back on any part of the gay community, nor have we engaged in any irresponsible action that does not follow the normal GAA pattern of exhausting all possibilities before taking to the streets.

Sincerely,
Cliff Witt
Washington, D.C.

ED. NOTE: GAY, although fully sympathetic with the aims of the gay liberation movement, is moving steadily in the direction of lifestyles rather than movement politics, which are generally as tedious, complex, and heavy as any "cause" enthusiasts can make them. We'll continue to run news of significant events, but we're more interested in *life itself* than the numerous squabbles, theories, and rhetoric of people who, as Omar

Khayyam put it, "talk about it and about."

BLATANT RACISM?

Dear GAY:

As a black homosexual, I do not tolerate my black brothers using words such as "faggot" or "queer" in my presence. Likewise I will not stand by and allow you to put blatant racist articles in your paper. I am of course referring to Donnie Johnston's (GAY, Nov. 22) use of the word "nigger" several times in his "daring" expose of prison life. I hold you the editors primarily responsible because you allowed the article to be printed.

In the editorial of the same issue you showed distress over the situation developing in Washington, D.C. because of one bar's alleged racist practices. Your paper, because it reaches a larger number of people (black and white), can cause a national "squalor" if such articles are allowed to go unchecked.

One last point: Mr. Johnston's last paragraph instead of adding horror to the article (i.e. comparing the "tank" to Attica) only succeeded in displaying more of his ignorance. Anyone close to the situation at Attica will tell you that it is much worse than the conditions he describes about the tank. The conditions in Attica have been formally documented, and there is no comparison.

Peace,
Lauren Simone

ED. NOTE: We didn't call Johnston's rap "daring," we called it "frank." Censoring any of a former prisoner's prejudices (whether anti-gay or anti-black) would make him less real; a phony. We assume that GAY's readers are hip enough to know the difference between those prejudices and GAY's editorial stance.

Marco Vassi

(continued from page 5)

I sought him out later, wanted to do it again, but he was gruff and angry. He had undoubtedly experienced the disgust that those of us raised as Catholics associate with orgasm after so many years of being told how sinful and damaging sex is, how it is an affront to God, and how touching oneself would land one in the eternal fires of hell. He pushed me away and told me never to bother him again. He was older, bigger, stronger. I was confused and hurt, and my masturbatory fantasies for years were attempts to recapture the moment and bring it to fruition.

The man behind the trucks scratched my head, as one would to a friendly large dog, then zipped up, and sidled off. I stood up and found that all eyes had been turned away from me. It was either the height of delicacy or an instantaneous mass attack of disinterest in my further behavior. For the time I remained there, some five or ten minutes, there was no more "sex." Occasionally one man might rub against another, a hand would go to someone's genitals, some fondling took place. I thought of the Subud circle, in which no one does anything until the "spirit" is felt. Only, in this case, the thing most often done was a simply physical contact, man touching man. These people were there not merely for sex but for the freedom to be in a space where sex could take place without unnecessarily elaborate social game playing.

I am aware of the viewpoint which will lament the sadness of men who have to huddle in urine-soaked stone caves to make some brief contact. But surely that perspective has been overdone to the point of tedium. It is time to see even the smallest, most seemingly pitiful action in a new light, the light of human beings who will go to such lengths to maintain any contact at all. We have reached the state of repression in this society where we are afraid to touch, suffocating on our needs and strangling in our inhibitions. For sexual freedom is not a political movement, not an idea, not a new life style, not an organization. It is the moment-to-moment sensitivity to the fluctuations of the sexual state. And anyone man enough (or woman enough) to brave the internally printed taboos, the repressive influences of all society including one's "friends," and the very real policemen, ought to understand that the desperation which often surrounds sex is due to the times we live in, and does not inhere in the act itself. One wonders how often this must be repeated until one realizes that it is possible to get hooked on guilt, the way a junkie comes to enjoy the penetration of the needle quite independently from the shit he shoots from it into his arm.

I walked back to the street feeling very high and very solid. The vibration behind me had all the power of a group of men chanting Om. The nature of the small group in front of the car had not changed, although some of the individuals were different. I thought that if I ever ran for mayor, one of my slogans would be, "Sometimes a man has to get on his knees to discover what it is he's praying for."

Up Front

(continued from page 7)

bie sex contacts were very pungent ones. What the hell, you have to learn to love Limburger cheese, don't you?" Then there is Tony, an S&M cat who likes fore-skins because they can be pierced to sport nice silver rings.

Rob doesn't like them because, as a boy in the South, he used to get chiggers (a wee harvest mite) under the skin of his own. Frank, another country boy, on the other hand digs them because he was in love with, and envious of, his older first cousin. Cousin used to deride him for not being able to make a grand show of slowly and dramatically exposing a nice moist head. And speaking of moist heads, there are gays who become tremendously excited by a great deal of lubricant, and those who view it with extreme distaste.

Author Donn Teal and I have had conversations regarding circumcision, the pros and cons. (Donn, by the way, was not "nipped in the bud," as he puts it, but at the age of sixteen; he knows what it is "To Have and Have Not.") He, as I, takes pleasure in the uncut variety, but states emphatically that it is a pity so many people have exclusive "tastes." "A nice, unsliced Italian bologna is just as delectable as a piece of kosher meat."

He also believes that "Americans' obsession with cleanliness is behind their preference for the circumcised type. I like a man with some smell about him—not too much, but enough to let me know I'm in bed with a human being, not a bar of soap. Why should I object to a smidgen

of smegma on rare occasions?"

Yes. Those soaps, deodorants, shampoos, antiseptics, colognes, toilet waters, perfumes. The excessive shaving and the two showers a day. All of which conspire to rob us of necessary body oils, and natural and often stimulating odors. When I bury my face in a nice head of hair, I don't really want to smell Breck. We try so very hard to bury our origins. Man has a hell of a lot more to be ashamed of than his animal heritage. And, Christ, how we do love to tamper. (Many American men are known to become circumcised just in an urge to conform.)

I have seen circumcised cocks that were skinned to a ridiculous degree, were hard to manipulate and not nearly as exciting. One must usually approach this type with a great deal of care when engaging in oral contact. I have also seen ones that must have been chopped by the neighborhood butcher. Or worked over with a beer bottle fragment during a funky voodoo rite. Or perhaps exposed to a queer piranha. If this operation must be done, couldn't we please strike a happy medium? As it is, there is enough stolen from us, and enough artificiality about us, through the years.

Dear Reader—are you still with me? Are you cut or uncut, pro or con, happy or unhappy with the situation? Are you bored, incensed or pleased with any of the views expressed in this article? Do you have any interesting tales to relate, advice to give, corrections to make, or axes to grind? If so, GAY will be holding a page open in a future issue for your comments. This is a subject that needs airing, so keep those cards and letters coming in. Peace. I hope your Thanksgiving bird was a big one.

A Shakespearean Blowjob

BY DR. GEORGE WEINBERG

George Weinberg Ph.D. is an outstanding New York psychotherapist and the author of several best selling books. His latest work, "Society and the Healthy Homosexual," is soon to be published by St. Martin's Press.

The foppish courtier Oswald is talking to Kent, the loyal follower of King Lear.

"Kent, I love thee not." Oswald. Why then I care not for thee. Kent. If I had thee in Lipsbury pinfeld, I would make thee care for me."

Is the last line unclear? Where is Lipsbury? The suffix "bury" means "town," and so Lipsbury is "the town of lips." Kent's assurance, "I would make thee care for me," could hardly be given if Lipsbury were simply a city like Hartford, Connecticut, or Watertown, New York. Lipsbury—which nowadays would more likely be called "Lipsville"—was not an ordinary town.

In the play, Oswald is offended. Kent goes on to call him, among other things, "an eater of broken meats," and later, a "brazen-faced varlet." Elsewhere, Shakespeare defined a varlet as a cross between a valet and a harlot.

To write a homosexual fellatio proposal does not imply that one is homosexual, and I am not here concerned with the

matter of whether William Shakespeare would have been a zero or a six on Kinsey's scale. Of serious pertinence, though, is the reaction of contemporary scholars to passages like this one.

To explain Lipsbury, a search through maps of England, past and present, was made, but yielded nothing. The best the scholars could do was to locate the little known town of Lipton hundreds of miles from London. It is hard to imagine why you would suddenly care for someone for taking you to that town.

A variorum edition of King Lear, edited by the distinguished scholar Horace Furness, lists select discoveries and surmises about individual lines, made over the centuries. Under "Lipsbury pinfeld," the entry begins:

"What Capell said a hundred years ago is still true: 'It is not come to knowledge, where that Lipsbury is,' but... this we may know, and with certainty, that it was some village or other, fam'd for boxing, that the boxers fought in a ring or enclosed circle, and that this ring was called—'Lipsbury pinfeld.'"

The variorum comments are a study in how far people will flee from the obvious when it is distasteful to think about. The list of homophobic misinterpretations runs on:

"Farmer suggests that it may be a xenit phrase with some corruption, taken from a place where the lines were arbitrary."



"Capell's manuscript gives 'Finsbury' where, says that editor, there must have been a pinfeld, well known to Shakespeare's audience; and this word, through mishearing or misprinting, was corrupted to Lipsbury."

Only one scholar suggested that the "Lips" in "Lipsbury" should be taken literally, and he is dealt with summarily.

How many people know there is a fellatio reference in Act 2, Scene 2, of King Lear? Few. And though this fact in itself is not vitally important, the censorship of hundreds of such facts does homosexuals a disservice. If the abundance of references to homosexual acts, preferences and proposals in the writings of the masters, were not suppressed by editors and translators, the lurking sense that homosexuality is a strange malady would come to an end.

In this case, scholars went over the names of towns covering a thousand miles looking for a real, geographical Lipsbury—to save them embarrassment at having to see the obvious. Could someone earn a Ph.D. degree in an English literature department for collecting and describing the homosexual references in Shakespeare's plays and poems. Probably not. But anyone who does a thorough job, without making unwarranted speculations, will have made a major contribution to the study of Shakespeare and to the theatre generally.



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WHITE, STABLE, SENSIBLE, sensual, hairy, horny stud, 170 lbs., 6'2", waist 32". Seeks white mate not over 36. Must be slim, passive in Greek & French style love. Only picture & NY area answered. Write: DVT, 102 W. 75th St., Apt. 56, NYC, NY 10023.

GAY FEM MALE in 20s would like to meet other males between 21 & 35, butch only, in NJ or Pa. area. Photo, phone please, Nick Giles, 41 Maple Dr., Sicklerville, NJ 08081.

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DISCOURAGED BY BAR SCENE, masculine good looking wasp, college graduate, well read, congenial, friendly, affectionate, with real zest for life, seeks same type, 25-35, to share interests, build friendship, perhaps form serious relationship. 32, 6', 170 lbs. Interests: skiing, travel, music, history. No S/M, queens. Photo please. Box 5707, Grand Central, NY 10017.

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AKRON-CLEVELAND AREA BUSINESSMAN SEEKS DISCREET CONTACTS. 46, TRIM, BUTCH. BOX 3501, AKRON, OHIO 44310.

RUGGED GOOD LOOKING Greenwich Village guy, interested theatre, music, travel, seeks permanent relationship &/or new friends. Photo appreciated. All replies answered. Address: Occupant, Box 703, FDR Sta., NY, NY 10022.

ACTIVE BACHELOR, 41, with good job & country home seeks gay young white male to stay at home, share heart & keep house. PO Box 2621, West Newburgh Sta., Newburgh, NY 12550.

HANDSOME WHITE MALE would like to meet same, up to 35 yrs. I am 28, 5'8", 155 lbs., blondish brown hair, beautiful brown eyes & nicely built. I wish to meet attractive & well-built people for fun & sex. Have roommate, 45, dark curly hair & blue eyes just for the record. Must have clean-cut appearance. No fags, hustlers, hippies or people who take trips! Send photo if possible, likes & address. Photos answered, Prima class. Occupant, Box 434, Springfield, NJ 07081.

YOUNG MAN, 25, seeks male companion 18-21, good looking & built well. Straight OK. Will support right guy. PO Box 391, Central Sta., Jamaica, NY 11435.

GUY, CLEAN-CUT, SINCERE, WANTS TO MEET ACTIVE-GREEK GUYS FOR FUN TIMES. WRITE: BOX 522, OLD CHELSEA STA., NYC 10011.

GOOD LOOKING YOUNG MAN looking for well-built males under 25 for good times, including enemas, freak scenes or just plain fun. Send phone & photo to: Franky Collins, 152 W. 42 St., Suite 504, NYC 10036.

INVENTORS at the gay workshop are creatively at work researching & developing new sense stimulating sex toys. Discoveries are catalogued in the Gay Workshop Newsletter, \$1 per year. Enterprise 291, PO Box 291, Mendocino, Calif. 95460.

REGULAR GUYS WANTED for once or twice weekly meetings in my home. Married OK. Am 44, blond, 5'7", good body, very docile. Prefer slim, hung, very aggressive men. All answered. J. Karl, Box 623, NY, NY 10025.

WHITE MALE, 60, slender, healthy, seeks sincere, trustworthy, dependable male friend to spend Sunday afternoon together. Must be 45-65 yrs. old, fat & have own place. Face photo (which will be immediately returned) is a must. Occupant, Box 239, Vanderveer Sta., Brooklyn 11210.

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BIG HARD MALE NUDES-Sample photos \$2. 12 photos \$3; 24 photos \$5. Cash preferred. Stage age. Lou Nations, 1188 Castle Ave., Cleveland, Ohio 44113.

Classified Ads

DEAR BROTHERS, Sisters & Friends: Mattachine is still up to its old things & more new ones too. The old things include a counseling service & legal aid clinic. A referral service for medical, psychiatric, legal & even religious problems gives help that cannot be handled directly in the office. Mattachine still maintains the largest library in the world pertaining to homosexuality. Mattachine continues to participate in scientific research & surveys, as for example the recent Kinsey Report on "Homosexuals & the Military." Mattachine continues its educational program with information for legislators as well as psychiatrists, clergymen & the general public. For 19 years Mattachine has been leading the way to establish the civil & social rights of homosexual citizens. Distinguished citizens are helping in a variety of ways to put our program across, & many of them are available for referrals as mentioned above. Mattachine needs your help. We need volunteers to staff the office, serve as counselors & help with publications. Sending \$15 for membership will help too. "Those who expect to reap the blessings of freedom must undergo the fatigue of supporting it." Thomas Paine, Sept. 12, 1777. Write: Mattachine, 243 West End Ave., NYC, NY 10023. (212) 799-0916.

GAYS! Our new lists have many gays in NYC, Pa., Conn., NJ, Calif., Indiana, Fla., La., Mich., Minn., Ohio & elsewhere. Names & addresses sent. \$5. Club Direct, Box 734, Kenner, La. 70062.

CRUISE WITHOUT A YACHT. Get the new "gay" game called "Cruising." It's the greatest! Cruise the park, the bushes, your favorite "in" bar. Acquire riches & get a lover & you win the penthouse apartment. Be the 1st to go "Cruising." Send \$5.95 to: Cruising, PO Box 3965, Chicago 60654.

ROOMMATES NEEDED! I am looking for a house on Long Island (3 or 4 bedrooms-exact location to be determined later) & need 2 or 3 men to help share the rent/expenses. Prefer Gay or Bi-Males (lovers OK) approximately 25-35 (but age is definitely not the major factor) with the ability to function in a communal situation yet requiring privacy & respecting the privacy of others. Write: Bill, PO Box 278, E. Rockaway, NY 11518 & give full particulars. Photo helpful but not necessary. Those with phone no. will be contacted 1st. However, all replies will be answered.

FIRST ANNUAL NEW YORK EROTIC FILM FESTIVAL tickets now on sale. 10 different erotic film shows-\$27.50, 5 different shows-\$14.00. Good for any days during the festival-Nov. 5th to Dec. 12th. Money orders or certified checks only. Make payable to: Inner Limits Prods., Inc. Send to: F.A.N.Y.E.F.F., c/o Moose, 116 E. 27th St., NYC 10016.

26-YR.-OLD NY GUY! We had wonderful chat until phone trouble. You said you are relocating in Indianapolis. Write or call again, cheaper & safer to write. Love, Kenny, Terre Haute, Ind. 47807

YOUNG MAN, 25, GOOD RESTAURANT & BAR EXPERIENCE, SEEKS EMPLOYMENT: MANAGER OR ASSISTANT. PO BOX 391, CENTRAL STA., JAMAICA, NY 11435.

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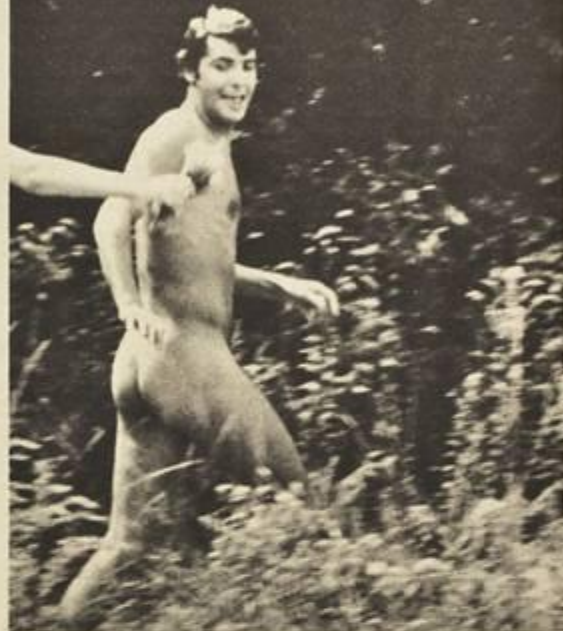
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BLACK PIPE, 2440 So. La Cienega. Packs them in. One of the most continually popular real bike bars in area. GM

BITTER END WEST, 8409 Santa Monica Blvd. Opened not too long ago as a straight club boasting some of the biggest names in show business as featured entertainers. New policy went into effect in September where new owner/manager, Louis Frank, threw open the doors as a mixed club. Both straights and gays pack the gigantic rooms every night and co-exist beautifully. Serves food at reasonable prices. Int.

BOLD VENTURE, 6337 Hollywood Blvd. The old Alley has had a complete refurbishing. Boasts a nautical theme throughout the aquariums and ship models in abundance. Rumor has it that the 6 am shift is now manned by the indomitable "Twilight" if this is so, look for some wild action there between 6 and noon. GM, GF

BUNKHOUSE, 4519 Santa Monica Blvd. is billed as "a Western bar with a taste of leather." If this kind of bar is your bag, then you shouldn't miss it. The crowds are friendly and the atmosphere is unique. GM

CARRIAGE TRADE, 8077 Beverly Blvd. Excellent cuisine served at moderate prices in an atmosphere of quiet elegance... except for Sunday Brunch-then it bears more resemblance to a buffalo run! GM, GF

CLOSET, 7561 Sunset Blvd. Opening at 8pm weekdays, this popular tavern pulls in the young dancing crowd during the late week and weekend. Initially gained recognition because of the friendly atmosphere that prevails. GM, GF

CORNER POCKET, 8800 Sunset Blvd. No one seems to know why this is a gay bar since the majority of the clientele consists of straights. However, this popular Sunset Strip club packs Hollywood's most beautiful bodies in night after night and seldom does anyone go home alone! GM

CROWN JEWEL, 754 Olive St. Downtown's only fun bar. For drinking and cruising stay in the bar upstairs. For dancing and unbelievable atmosphere run downstairs to the IN CROWD PRESENTS. GM

DAVID, 7013 Melrose Ave. This extravagant venture cost someone tens of thousands. The old Red Raven had opened with a blast of thunder and roll of drums... very mad, very chic, tons of shit hanging from the ceilings. People loved it 'til someone came along with another gimmick. DAVID then transformed itself into a dinner house. A couple of months ago, change-over was completed to restaurant and cocktail lounge with cathedral ceilings, sunken bar and very heavy on the mirrors. With all this elegance and change, one wonders when they are going to remodel their men's room and make sure there is soap in the washbasin dish before opening their doors. GM, GF

DON'S MALE BOX, 1087 Manhattan. One of the most successful real leather bars in town packing in mobs seven nights a week. The whole bar is like a chapter-out of a Larry Townsend leather novel. Don recently acquired a bar across the street and called it THE OTHER BOX and is trying various themes to get it off the ground. GM

DOVES COVE, Charming cocktail lounge between Hollywood and the beach. Switches entertainment often for female impersonators to band 10 who knows what next. Has a rather cordial atmosphere. GF

DUDE CITY, 836 No. Highland. Possibly the most elaborate gay bar in existence. The main bar itself is paneled in unfinished wood with a bar right out of the old west. Through a rear door into the unbelievable. The place is actually a city! Complete with cobblestone streets, antique street lamps, shops, small entertainment area. It must be seen to be believed! GM

THE END, 7994 Santa Monica Blvd. Very popular with the young crowd especially as an after-hours gathering spot. Music blazes from opening at 8pm 'til closing at God knows what time. GM, GF

FALCON'S LAIR, 742 No. Highland. Lives up to its motto--THE bike bar. Offers off-street parking for bikers and very discreet entry. Watch for it or you'll miss it. It is so innocuous you'd never know it was there. But wait till you get inside. GM

FALLEN ANGEL, 2709 West 6th St. Beer bar that keeps grinding on year after year. Across from Richard Harris' Mac Arthur Park, pulls in a unique crowd that you'll find nowhere else in the city. GM

FARM, 7878 Santa Monica Blvd. Very high, young crowd. Not really a makeout bar since everyone there is so busy having fun that they don't think about who they're going home with. One drink minimum on weekends and holidays. GM, GF

FOUR STAR, 8537 Santa Monica Blvd. New owners have completed three delightful rooms for dining: The Patio Room, The Old English Room and finally the Fountain Room. For the money, the best food in town but menu rather limited. Service excellent, and it's still one of the most popular 6am spots the city has to offer on weekends. GM, GF

1170 CLUB, 1170 N. Western Ave. One of the newer entries in the sudden rash of leatherbar openings with the rear entry and innocuous front that doesn't even tell you that it's there. GM

GARDEN DISTRICT, 747 North La Cienega Blvd. Popular bar and restaurant. Patio dining on fashionable upper La Cienega Blvd. and an interior unique. Hanging plants abound, flowers are everywhere, on the table, on the walls. See it. It's delightful. GM, GF

GASLIGHT, 1761 North Cahuenga Blvd. This is THE place for the 6am crowd on weekends. GM

GAS STATION, 6550 Santa Monica Blvd. One of the most personable bars in town. Decor is indescribable, and sound system can match or beat any of the straight rock palaces of Sunset Strip any night of the week. GM, GF

GOLIATH, 7011 Melrose Ave. It's the only bar that weathered the police and the court decisions, stayed open, kept the dancers bare assed and reeling while the films kept rolling (there was one period where for about a week the dancers were covered). They are now reaping the rewards as people flock to the room every night to find their pleasure where they may. GM

HANDLEBAR, Franklin Ave. A popular leather bar in the Hollywood area pulls its clientele just as much from the college campuses as from the bike runs. GM

HUB, 7864 Santa Monica Blvd. For nine years this veritable landmark has withstood competition right smack dab in the middle of L.A.'s gayest area. The people are friendly, it's always busy, but never hectic. GM

HOLLYWOOD MUSIC CENTER, 4558 Melrose Ave. Offers nude dancers, art films, dancing, coffee after-hours, and a host of surprises. It usually books a live band for the weekend and the people pack the oversized rooms. It's a natural for cruising since there are all sorts of alcoves and little stairways. GM

JAGUAR, 7511 Santa Monica Blvd. Popular room. Very cruisy with a line that stretches around the block every Sunday afternoon. GM

LEMONGRASS LOUNGE, 6423 Yucaita. This quiet place harked the trend that had gays deserting the downtown Hollywood area for the nicer, more sophisticated bistros of West Hollywood or the Valley. It has a pleasant decor and personable staff. It's neither an entertainment center nor a sordid can, but a cozy, intimate place to socialize without all the gimmickery that seems so fashionable these days. GM, GF

LITTLE CAVE, 3111 Sunset Blvd. Features dancing, and one of the city's strangest decors: it is a reproduction of an actual cave, complete with drawings, stalactites and all. GM, GF

LITTLE CLUB, 1725 W. Florence. It's not so little! Their show regularly packs a real wallop even though it only occurs on weekends. GM, GF

OFFICE, 1640 North Vine Street. Located just half a block from the famed Hollywood and Vine intersection. Has a remarkably corrupt atmosphere that the tourists eat up. This is perpetrated by a large number of transvestites, drag queens wandering in, kids from the suburbs in Hollywood for a "wild weekend," and every other type imaginable. Int.

OLIVER, 365 N. La Cienega Blvd. Delightful room serving cocktails and dinner from 4pm to 2am seven days a week. Menu is extensive and prices are stunningly below any other restaurant in the area. It's too busy sitting home puffing on weed to get out to bars. Int.

SEVENTH KEY, 7713 Beverly Blvd. Neighborhood tavern located opposite CBS Studios. Pulls most of trade from the kids in the neighborhood. Extremely friendly crowd and atmos-

phere. A stranger can't help but feel comfortable and at home. GM

SEWERS OF PARIS, 1608 No. Commo Ave. You walk up an outside flight of stairs, through a door, across a landing, then down a stairway to one of the most unique rooms in town. The wall to wall, ceiling to floor, murals were all done by John Klamik of BUCKSHOT fame. Whether you go for the excellent luncheon or dinner or the unbelievably loud live band that plays after-hours for dancing, you can be assured of a unique experience. Int.

SPOTLITE ROOM, 1601 N. Cahuenga Blvd. What can you say about a tradition? In this one's case, it certainly is NOT dull! Don't be deceived by its initial impression that it's strictly a rough type bar! There is absolutely no telling who you're liable to run into there. It is unique in Los Angeles. Int.

STAMPEDE, 7832 Santa Monica Blvd. As the ads say, "The Stampede is back!" and in truly grand style. This illustrious venture cost its colorful owner \$150,000. At one time the bar was the most popular in Southern California, but dwindled due to poor management and police harassment. Recently opened completely refurbished with flavor under the name Wagon Wheel, and just last week resumed the name Stampede. It's something to see! GM

TRADESMAN, 7505 Melrose Ave. Hollywood's most popular after-hours spot. Giant black light murals give first impression that it's a head bar, but it pulls crowds of all ages from all walks of life. Serves beer before 2am. GM

VAGABOND, 315 E. Florence. Inglewood. Voted Most Outstanding Bar this year at MAGGIE AWARDS. Intimate cocktail lounge featuring dancing on a spacious floor, and tables tucked neatly away for the romantic. Busy seven nights a week after 10pm.

WAGON, 7832 Santa Monica Blvd. The most authentic Western bar in existence to serve cocktails with a rumored expenditure of almost \$100,000. The place will undoubtedly see the boards that once backed the old STAMPEDE again as the crowd there grows every night. GM

WESTSIDE, 6112 Venice Blvd. It is one of the new bars in L.A. that offer the combination of dining, dancing and cocktails. On weekends, the liquor cabinets are locked up at 2am and the place fills up even more for their swinging coffee hours. The cuisine is excellent and well in line pricewise with other restaurants in the city. Located across from Black Pipe. GM

WISHIRE CLUB, 674 So. Vermont. Beer bar frequented by neighborhood gays. Quite comfortable with a friendly group.

ZACHARY, 5414 Melrose Ave. A relatively new cocktail lounge dinnerhouse featuring luncheons Monday thru Friday and supper 7 days weekly. A little too far east for the chic La Cienega mob but building a fine reputation for its consistently good food. GM, GF

THE BEACH

FRIENDSHIP CAFE AND LIQUOR SALON, 112 West Channel Road, Santa Monica Canyon. Directly across the street from State Beach (roughly 75% gay), one must cross Pacific Coast Highway through a tunnel that spills out directly in front of this fun spot. After a long day in the sun, the bikini clad bronzed bodies pack the dance floor well into the morning hours. During the winter when the "tourists leave," the locals still make it one of the funnest places around. Famed clinical psychologist Peggy Sue Gomez reigns supreme during the colder months as the "Empress of Crazy Canyon" as she sings, dances, and wears pretty hats. GM, GF

HOLD, 147 West Channel Road. Friendly beach bar across street from 55 Friendship and Golden Bull. Follows the same trends from summer to winter as does Friendship. Features dancing. Very busy during summer on weekend afternoons. GM, GF

LA CARAVELLE, 54 Channel Road, Santa Monica Canyon. Pseudo-seagat cocktail lounge and restaurant. Prices are a little too high, but the food is generally above average. Their service has been known to send customers storming from the dining room. Just watch which waiter you get! The bar area is very gay and a party atmosphere prevails. Appeals to the older Malibu residents, laid-back. Int.

MATCHBOX, 824 Ocean Front Walk, Venice. Popular little beer bar that packs them in off Venice Beach (almost as gay as State). Any bar in Venice is heavily populated with the female of the species since the younger gay male element in the area is too busy sitting home puffing on weed to get out to bars. Int.

PIER XII NORTH, 2722 Main St., Santa Monica. Large beer bar that features a rather well-produced female impersonation show on weekends and dancing during the week. For the

price you can't beat their Sunday afternoon buffet. Int.

SAN FERNANDO VALLEY

ACROPOLIS, 6230 N. Sepulveda Van Nuys Blvd., SFV. A jumpy spot in the West Valley. Open only a few months, the tavern attracts a younger crowd with their very curvy jukebox and spacious dance floor. Beer only. GM, GF

ATTIC, 11717 1/2 Victory Blvd., N.H. Campy with a fun crowd that can keep a newcomer glued to a barstool for hours! Whether you walk in at 2pm or 2am you can be assured of a lot of laughs. Probably the San Fernando Valley's most popular beer bar. GM, GF

BLA BLA CAFE, 11059 Ventura Blvd., SFV. A relative newcomer to town, it quickly became well known and patronized for a number of reasons. It's not uncommon to see big names from stage and screen getting up to "do their thing." The food is excellent and quite moderate in price. Regular entertainers there are live and generally far above the fare offered by most gay clubs. Int.

BLUE ANGEL WEST, 12179 1/2 Ventura Blvd. Popular dance/cocktail club. Frequently features live entertainment. GM, GF

C'EST LA VIE, 11920 Ventura Blvd. Like a number of other entertainment bars on Ventura Blvd., this relative newcomer makes a strong bid for the tourist trade. Usually there shows a night with dancing between shows. Cast changes regularly so what it lacks in coordination it makes up for with variety. Home of Jack deVine, voted Personality of the Year at 1971 MAGGIE AWARDS. GM, GF

FRENCH BULL, 5661 Sepulveda Blvd. Charming beer and wine restaurant offering some of the best food in the West Valley.

GALLERY INN, 11938 Ventura Blvd. Consistently full of attractive people and the food can't be beaten for the price. Boasts some of the best looking waiters in the city! GM, GF

GLASS ONION, 19223 Ventura Blvd. It's a long drive from the main action areas of Hollywood and the rest of the Valley, but worth it. Gays pack this popular spot every night. Generally a young crowd in there for the dancing and companionship. Beer only.

HANGED MAN, 10522 Burbank Blvd. Popular neighborhood beer bar just a few blocks from TONY'S. Boasts a friendly crowd, and some good conversation.

HYLOPOT, 11818 Ventura Blvd. Nestled in the middle of drag bars, elegant cocktail lounges, fine restaurants, and dance bars, this strange tavern utilizes its high ceilings to duplicate the appearance of a real hayloft. It has a funky Western jukebox, and is generally packed with numbers in Levis and T-shirts. Very cordial crowd if you leave the black patent heels at home. Manager's name is Ralph Rotten--he lives up to his name. GM

JOANI PRESENTS, 6413 Lankershim Blvd., N.H. Comfortable dance bar that attracts both girls and boys. Features dancing and entertainment. Highlight of the evening is invariably when Joani herself gets loose on the drums. She's something not to be missed. GM, GF

KEITH'S, 11801 Ventura Blvd., SFV. Valley landmark for years. Owners of Four Star acquired some time ago and utilized campy Western decor to establish one of the most popular restaurant/cocktail lounges in the Valley. Serves champagne brunch every Sunday for \$1.35. GM, GF

QUEEN MARY, 12449 Ventura Blvd. Dates back to when full drag on stage was illegal in California. Ah, the good old days, with Sandji sashaying down the runway with chiffon flying and wig coiffed to perfection. Underneath the gowns, the artists were required to wear slacks, shirt and tie. It got rather comical in the very dramatic numbers when they would wear those sultry off-the-shoulder gowns only to expose a white shirt and black tie. Today, however, in more permissive times, Sandji and crew are knocking both straights and gays cold with their elaborate shows. Undoubtedly the most professional in L.A. GM, GF

STUD, 3913 W. Olive, Burbank. Unique as a leather bar since, instead of featuring the regular fare of leather bars like bike christenings and open meetings, they get their crowd with movies and one-night appearances by hypnotists and such. GM

TONY'S, 10618 Burbank Blvd. SFV. Having dumped the show CHANGES that brought people from all over town to this spacious room, TONY'S is going through some changes! Fire dancer Fel Andrews is now pouring there to a hearty crowd and that's really the only attraction that a club needs. GM, GF

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