

GAY 50¢

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"RAIDER" HITS MIKE DOUGLAS SHOW

BY RICHARD A. RUSINOW
PHILADELPHIA CORRESPONDENT

Philadelphia, Pa. The May 7th taping of the *Mike Douglas Show* here was disrupted by the Gay Raiders' leader, Mark Segal, in protest over the show's "censorship" of the Gay Liberation Movement.

According to a press release from the Gay Raiders, "the *Mike Douglas Show* has been found guilty of one of the hardest crimes against gay people: silence! For too long, shows like the *Mike Douglas Show* have been an open forum for all controversial issues, except Gay Liberation!"

Prior to the disruption, Segal pointed out that the protest arose directly over the show's cancellation last August of a guest appearance by the Rev. Troy Perry of the Metropolitan Community Church Fellowship and a second cancellation earlier this year with Segal and the Gay Raiders. According to Segal, both guest appearances had been arranged and confirmed by the show only to be cancelled at the last moment "without any explanation as to why."

The May 7th taping, for distribution

nationally by Westinghouse Broadcasting Company which produces the Douglas show, was co-hosted by popular singer Tony Bennett with guests Helen Hayes and comedian Pat Cooper.

About midway through the show, Segal rose from his seat in the audience and handcuffed himself to a TV camera and demanded to know why the Douglas show had refused to deal with representatives from the gay community. "Mr. Douglas," Segal shouted, "why have you and your show refused to let representatives from the Gay Movement in this country appear on your show?"

Douglas, obviously somewhat confused by the disruption, said, "What are you talking about? We've had gay people on the show," but then ignored Segal for the remainder of the brief disruption, during which the taping was stopped.

Within a few minutes, members of the Philadelphia Civil Disobedience Squad cut the handcuff and removed Segal from the KYW-TV studios. No charges were pressed and Segal was later released by the police.

Segal later said he had been in touch



GAY RAIDER, Mark Segal (left), challenges talk-show host Mike Douglas to bring Gay Liberationists on his program. Guests Tony Bennett and actress Helen Hayes look on in dismay. (See *The Wicker Report*, p. 4, for closeup.) (Photo by Harry Eberlin)

with the show's producer, Woody Fraser, about arranging for representatives of the Gay Movement to appear on the Douglas show in the near future.

PSYCHIATRIC ASSOCIATION MAY DROP "SICKNESS" LABEL

Honolulu, Hawaii A thousand assembled psychiatrists meeting at the annual American Psychiatric Association convention this year applauded and approved a statement by a lay gay liberationist that homosexuality is not an illness and should not be classified as such.

The convention, held in May in Honolulu at the Hilton Hawaiian Village, had held on May 9th a panel discussion on the subject "Should Homosexuality Be In The American Psychiatric Association Nomenclature?" It was chaired by Dr. Robert Spitzer, a member of the nomenclature committee, and had five psychiatrists address themselves to the question. Three were against the "illness" label; two recommended that it be retained. The three doctors who were against the label were Dr. Richard Green, Dr. Judd Marmor of the University of Southern California and Dr. Robert Stoller of UCLA. The two psychiatrists who adhered to the sickness theory were Drs. Charles Socarides and Irving Bieber of New York.

The gay liberationist who represented the homosexual viewpoint, Ron Gold of New York's Gay Activists Alliance, led the discussion with an address entitled "Stop It, You're Making Me Sick." In a

moving personal account, he examined the general traditional psychiatric views on homosexuality and how they had entered into his own life, preventing him for a long time from having a healthy view of his own sexuality. He placed the burden of present civic disabilities suffered by homosexuals squarely on the shoulders of the American psychiatric establishment. Mr. Gold informed GAY that he had been applauded for five minutes at the end of his talk.

Dr. Richard Green, approving liberationist Gold's views, said that it would be as easy to give a talk entitled "Should Heterosexuality be in the APA Nomenclature?"

Dr. Robert Stoller of UCLA, noting that the label failed to denote a condition succinctly and accurately, urged that it be removed.

Dr. Socarides, who has served as a government consultant to testify on the essential sickness of homosexuality, repeated that homosexuality was an illness which could be treated. Dr. Socarides has written a book about homosexuality.

Dr. Bieber, another fellow author, reviewed the material in his own book, based on 106 homosexuals who were psychiatric patients. Admitting that there

might be non-neurotic homosexuals, he insisted that the genesis of the homosexual impulse was pathological and that a "normal" homosexuality was a "myth promulgated largely by the militant homosexual organizations."

Dr. Judd Marmor, of the University of Southern California and a vice-president of the association, rejected the "sickness" label and the label of "abnormal," noting in that category other patterns of behavior not shared by the majority of society. He said: "There is nothing sick or 'unnatural' about homosexual object choice."

Another gay liberationist, present as a "discussant," Dr. Franklin Kameny of the Mattachine Society of Washington, countered Dr. Bieber's picture of an "intact masculine identity" as one culturally-

imposed and at the present time, due to the inroads of such movements as women's liberation, no longer acceptable even within our culture.

To Dr. Bieber's protest that homosexuality was not present on the Israeli kibbutzim (collectives where children are often brought up apart from the parents), Ronald Gold stated that he had lived on kibbutzim and could state that homosexuality was present there.

Although the final new nomenclature will not be issued until 1978, there was a general anticipation of an immediate change put forth by the committee on nomenclature so that homosexuality will be dropped from the list of "aberrations."

Ron Gold, reporting later to the New York Gay Activists Alliance membership,

(continued on page 6)



Culture in College. Self-defense is taught to gays at Rutgers University's Conference on Gay Liberation and Culture. (See page 9) (Photo by Kay Tobin)

WHERE WILL YOU GO TONIGHT?

A DIRECTORY FOR DISCRIMINATING DISPOSITIONS

Manhattan

WEST VILLAGE

Bonnie & Clyde's (GR 3-9304), 82 West 3rd St. Mostly women. Dancing. Free buffets on Sundays. Rock bands on weekends. A friendly spot. (Mostly women)

EAST VILLAGE

Club Baths (673-3283), 24 1st Ave. [1st Ave. & 1st St.]. Mr. Clean must work here! A humpy crowd in a lavish setting. One of the nation's finest baths. Reasonable room and locker rates. Half price for students. Don't miss it! Open 24 hours. (Men)

GRAMMERCY PARK & MURRAY HILL

Barn (473-9080), 232 Park Ave. South (19th St.). Lots of room in an atmospheric setting. (Men)

Beau Geste (475-9724), 239 3rd Ave. (20th St.). Top-notch food that's reasonably priced. Fresh salads. An exciting menu. A romantic atmosphere with a bar upstairs. One of gay Manhattan's finest saloons. (Men or Women)

MIDTOWN & MIDDLE EAST SIDE

Beacon Baths (687-0322), 227 E. 45th St., 11th Fl. A well-run establishment with clean rooms, polite attendants, a good steam room. Don't miss the weekday matinees usually attended by lunchtime nibblers. Two large floors of fun. Reasonable rates. Open 24 hours. (Men)

Continental Sauna, 111 West 56th St. Not as grand as the "Mother Church" on 74th St., but interesting nevertheless, and well-run. Afternoon and lunchtime get-togethers are common. Open 24 hours. (Men)

Walter's Apartment (371-3774), 1066 2nd Ave. Fine meals, entertainment and the wild illusion of being in a penthouse overlooking NYC. This restaurant/bar is a winner! (Mostly men)

DANCE BELT & HELL'S KITCHEN

Big Spender (846-9882), 315 W. 48th St. Lots of gypies from the nearby shows. Some beautiful. Good time. (Men)

Tianna Cal, 350 W. 46th St. If you're wondering what it's like to spend a chic evening among Latinos, go. Fine entertainment. Lots of hoopla! (Men or Women)

UPPER EAST SIDE

Marty's Back East (249-6991), 1422 3rd Ave. (81st St.). One of the Upper East Side's long-lived spots. (Men)

New Jimmy's (860-4509), 1576 3rd Ave. (87th St.). First-class New York supper club. Exciting food and drink and the best in entertainment. (Men and Women)

UPPER WEST SIDE

Bike Stop (874-9014), 230 W. 75th St. A fun spot. (Men)

Continental Baths (799-2688), 230 W. 74th St. The largest, swiftest bath/cabaret/gym/funhouse in the world! Hundreds of private rooms, lockers, hot-tubbers. First-class entertainment on Saturdays. Swimming pool. Cavernous steam room. Open 24 hours. (Men)

EROTIC FILMS (Male)

55th Street Playhouse (JU 6-4590), on 55th St. between 6th & 7th Aves.

Jewel Theatre (260-1990), 3rd Ave. at 12th St. Park-Miller RR 9-3970, 43rd St. between 6th Ave. and Broadway.

METROPOLITAN COMMUNITY CHURCH
Metropolitan Community Church (213) 226-5137. Services on Sundays at 4 p.m. at 9th Ave. and 28th St. Rev. Roy Birchard, Pastor. The Manhattan congregation of a rapidly growing denomination which nationwide makes no secret of its appeal to the gay community.

GAY ORGANIZATIONS

GAA Firehouse (226-8572), 99 Wooster St. Get in early for Sat. Nite dances. Marvel at the Cabarets every other Fri. Lesbian dance last Fri. of each month. Sponsored by one of Manhattan's most active gay lib groups. (Women and Men)

Gay Switchboard (924-4036). Call this number if you're new to New York and they'll tell you where to go! (Women or Men)

Matthew Society (691-1066), 59 Christopher St. This venerable gay lib organization has served the New York community for years! Stop in and visit the fine offices on Sheridan Square. Apartment listings, social services, travel assistance, legal advice and counseling. Evenings.

Brooklyn

Danny's Brooklyn Heights (625-8844), 108 Montague St. Two floors of fun and frolic. (Men)

Man's Country Baths (624-1362), 53 Pierrepont St. Clean, well-run, top-notch bath. Olympic pool. Lockers, rooms reasonable rates. Dancing, gym, sauna, steam. Open 24 hours. (Men)

GAY ORGANIZATION

Gay Alliance of Brooklyn (256-0249). Dances every other Saturday night at 9 p.m. in the Hotel Bossert, 65 Remsen St. Brooklyn Heights. \$3 admission. G.A.B. is Brooklyn's largest gay lib organization.

NEW YORK STATE RESORT

Master G's Round Hill Resort (914) 496-9845). A large Tara-like Hostel that's popular with New Yorkers seeking a country rendezvous. Pool in summer. 25 acres of good times with hills and woods in which to wander. Meals. Rooms. Cabins. Reasonable rates. Open all year. (Men and Women)

New Jersey

Gay Activists Alliance of New Jersey (201) 343-6402. Large meetings every Friday evening at 8:30 p.m. at the Central Unitarian Church, 156 Forest Avenue, Paramus, N.J. After the meeting there's a dance, refreshments and socializing in a comfortable, congenial atmosphere. Mailing address: P.O. Box 1734, South Hackensack, N.J. 07606.

New Jersey Gay Switchboard Information for the state of New Jersey on organizations, bars, medical referrals, legal difficulties, etc. (609) 921-2565 and (201) 238-9390.

Washington, D.C.

The Pier Nine (488-7909), 1824 Half St., S.W. You've heard of superstars? Well, this is a SUPERBARI! One of the largest, swiftest, most astonishing nightspots—gay or straight—in America. Bring your I.D. (Men and Women)

Lost & Found (488-1203), 56 L St., S.E. Another superb! Restaurant, dancing, crowds galore! A classy, happy atmosphere. Bring your I.D. (Women or Men)

Georgetown Grill, 1329 Wisconsin Ave., N.W. In the heart of Old Georgetown and near "the block" where crowds take walks after 2 a.m.

Phase One (544-6831), 525 8th St., S.E. Washington's bar for women.

Club East II Baths (488-9731). Open daily 24 hours. \$5 membership required. May be purchased at door with I.D. Clean, comfortable. (Men)

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

Metropolitan Community Church (547-2773), 705 7th St., S.E. Services Sundays 2 p.m.

Gay Activists Alliance of Washington, D.C. (544-1826) An active gay liberation group with meetings on Tuesday evenings. Call for information or write P.O. Box 2554, Washington, D.C. 20013.

Philadelphia

Allegro (KI 5-9953), 1412 Spruce St. Open daily 4 p.m. til 2 a.m. Three floors. Philadelphia's oldest and most well-known nightspot. A real blast for everyone! (Men)

Penrose Club (546-2650), 1415 Locust St., 2nd fl. Considered an afterhours club. 11 p.m. til ... Dancing, liquor, beer. A pool table. (Men)

Miami

Warehouse VIII (445-8713), 3600 S.W. 8th St., Coral Gables, 9 p.m. til 5 a.m. Dancing, liquor, beer, food. Three different bars upstairs and downstairs. Pool tables. Patios. (Men)

MIAMI BEACH

Ambassadors III (538-9967), 427 22nd St. Large club-like atmosphere. Dancing. Not unlike a Manhattan bar. (Men)

Beachfront II (446-9596), 2847 Coral Way. One of the best bets in the Miami area. (Men)

GAY CHURCH

Metropolitan Community Church (576-0708), 2901 N.W. 2nd. Services Sunday 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m.

Baltimore

Club East Baths (727-9320), 1105 Cathedral St. Open 24 hrs. Membership required. Can be purchased at door with I.D. This bath is one of the finest in the famed Club Baths chain. (Men)

Eddie's, 102 Water St. Daily 6 p.m. to 2 a.m. The oldest gay bar in Baltimore. (Men)

JERRY'S SPHERE



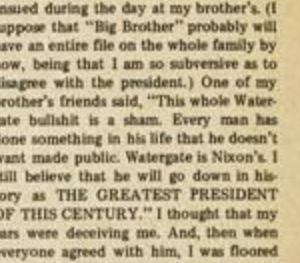
BY JERRY FITZPATRICK

WATERGATE, IS IT REALLY THAT IMPORTANT? Any regular reader of this column is hip that I have been a strong advocate of getting to the bottom (or the top?) of the Watergate bugging operation. I must admit to moments of relish as each new and sordid detail is made public. I can remember asking if the American public had grown so blasé to corruption that it didn't really consider Watergate to be the major scandal that it was. Of course, in the last couple of weeks Watergate has taken over the front page of every major periodical in the country. The big question remaining, did the chief executive indeed know what was going on or not? It seems obvious to me that he must have had at least an inkling of the bugging since his "good friend" and partner in private life, John Mitchell, was heading this committee. The fact that one political party was so subservient as to go into such detail to bug the other party's national headquarters is, to me, not only criminal but most frightening. If top executives in the White House would stoop to these depths, who in the country is exempt from such breaches of privacy?

This is the point about Watergate that frightens me so very much. We are, in the eyes of the world, THE DEMOCRACY. If such police state practices are to be allowed in a democracy, how is the rest of the world to survive? This is, I believe, the major question involved in the Watergate scandal. The fact that the President's benchmen were so sloppy in their work is the only ray of hope that I find through the muck of the entire affair. It proves that the American people, even with the help of the White House, are plainly not up to the tactics of a police state (I fervently hope to God).

UP IN NIXON COUNTRY: I traveled up to Irvington-on-the-Hudson to visit with my family for the event of my nephew's First Communion. You will pardon me if I boast a little bit about the family into which I had the good fortune to be born but I feel that they are VERY SPECIAL. On my mother's side I have been blessed with four living uncles and one gorgeous aunt. My cousins number 47 and, at present, the great-grandchildren number 20. (I know, I know, they could use a little

more planned parenthood. But you know those Irish Catholics.) The point being that even the cousins in Jersey know that if they cut a finger and needed help, at least one, and, more probably, all would be there within a matter of minutes to give aid and solace. This might give you an inkling as to why and how much I love these people. If you love somebody that much, you feel that you can say things about them that you would murder anybody else for even implying. Well, the whole gist of this is the conversation that ensued during the day at my brother's. (I suppose that "Big Brother" probably will have an entire file on the whole family by now, being that I am so subservient as to disagree with the president.) One of my brother's friends said, "This whole Watergate bullshit is a sham. Every man has done something in his life that he doesn't want made public. Watergate is Nixon's. I still believe that he will go down in history as THE GREATEST PRESIDENT OF THIS CENTURY." I thought that my ears were deceiving me. And, then when everyone agreed with him, I was floored. . . . Of course, I wasn't going to sit there with my fat mouth zipped and I started. I was in shock by the time I left my brother's. No matter what argument I offered, it was not even entertained. These marvelous people of love and compassion who, after family, value their PRIVACY more than anything else are blind to the dangers of that privacy being invaded in a way that this country has never dreamed of before. I sadly left and on the train back to Manhattan wondered how many other beautiful people in this country have been blinded to the imminent danger of the police state that we are rapidly approaching!



The cast of "The Faggot."

IN THE LAST ISSUE I wrote of an attack that I suffered and of the fright that accompanied it. Since that time I suffered three more attacks. They have determined that the trouble is not with my heart, but is located somewhere in my stomach. It is not an ulcer. And, I've been told just to take it easy for a while. I must tell you, though, of the rumors that have been running rampant since my attack at FRIZBYS. According to those rumors, I have suffered everything from a stroke to a hysterectomy (????). The only thing that they have left out is childbirth, and from the gut that I was carrying around, I'm surprised that they left that one out.

PERSONALITY PROFILES: Martin Delella has taken over the kitchen at the CO-PABANANA over on Lexington Ave. and 25th St. Martin and I first met at the then COVEN where he presented me with the

(Continued on page 16)

THE EDITORS SPEAK

POLICE AT THE TRUCKS

May 24th. Readers of GAY know that meetings between the gay community and the police department have revealed that police and owners of the trucks have not been altogether happy about the situation at the trucks near the docks in Greenwich Village. There, under the moonlight and the rays of early dawn, considerable numbers of men hump and pump, wiggle and giggle with pants at half mast in a somewhat disconcerting display of anonymous affection. Disconcerting, we say, because the trucks are located on private property and their owner has expressed, in an interview with this newspaper, his horror about it all. "They urinate all over my yard," he said in dismay, "and I don't understand how they can have relationships with each other in the same place that they urinate." Not a bad question, really.

In any case, as GAY goes to bed with this issue, police have surrounded the trucks and allowed those who were trespassing exit only after showing their identifications. A mild warning. Under the laws of this state, it is not improbable that hundreds of arrests could be made in this locale and that the resulting furor would set the gay liberation movement in an awkward light.

Anybody going to the trucks these days risks the ire of the police department. Perhaps those who enjoy such surroundings should arrange to buy a truckyard of their own so that they can be safe on their own "private property."

WHITHER THE GAY LIBERATION MOVEMENT?

Gay Liberation—for many young men and women—is an intensely viable and important experience. For others, who've passed through "Movement" portals, it is a fondly remembered stage in their lives, one which helped them come to terms with themselves but which they have later put behind them for one reason or another, hoping, at the same time, for the "Movement's" continued success.

It would seem, however, that Gay Liberation as an organized movement has entered a somewhat dormant period. There is no longer as much enthusiasm among young idealists in Center City, although the "Movement" is growing by leaps and bounds in out-of-the-way locales: in colleges, small towns, neighborhoods, and in the general consciousness of the community-at-large.

In New York, there are several large, somewhat unwieldy but earnest organizations which try, each in a different way, to meet the needs of our vast communities. Each of these organizations depends for its character—for its style and its manner of approach—on the people who run it. No organization is any better than the people who comprise its membership and take an active part in the decision-making processes.

In some cases, those in control are less than personal and are concerned more with political maneuvers and activism than in a more personal approach to liberation. Against such activists we say not a word. We need a large conglomeration of those who are angry, those who will shout, and those who will put their bodies on the firing line to protect our community from the machinations of corrupt political shysters.

We also need organizations filled with people who wish to work quietly, to improve our community's fortunes from within, and to build the foundations for social betterment on more personal levels.

Finally, we are in desperate need of organizations which place social activities, discussion groups, dances, talks and communal gatherings at the forefront of their thrust.

There is little doubt but that thousands of homosexually-inclined citizens are dissatisfied with what they have observed passing in the name of gay liberation in certain better-known locales, as letters to GAY indicate. The meetings they have attended have been long, dreary, too political, filled with organizational politics and infighting, and generally "counterproductive" for them as individuals. For thousands who have gone to such meetings, there has been disillusionment, disappointment and a feeling that there is "no place for me in this mess."

What can be done to insure that gay liberation continues to develop as a meaningful personal commitment to growing lifestyles better suited to a society that suffers under the banners of old-fashioned religions, politics, laws and economic and technological freezes?

We've been giving a great deal of thought to these issues, and, hopefully, have evolved in our own perspectives some positive approaches based on current developments to which we as journalists have been witness.

The most important recent growths of gay liberation as a movement, we think (aside from the political advances, the assaults on U.S. Government policies, the turnabout of some churches, and the rising consciousness of the homosexually-inclined masses), have been in the universities, colleges and in neighborhoods. The "Movement" in colleges is alive and well. Those who chair the gay liberation groups in colleges may change from year to year, but it seems that there are always those present who can refer young men and women who are "coming out" to decent books, to social gatherings, and to an outlook on themselves and their orientations that will make life easier for them henceforth.

Neighborhood groups are cropping up everywhere: providing socials, discussions, dances, etc. In our own neighborhood, the East Village, *The Ninth Street Center* has opened its doors and a group of well-intentioned people gather almost every evening to talk to one another honestly, improve their mutual understanding, to relax, read, play chess, take art classes, participate in drama groups, and to gain a greater sense of self-awareness and concern for the quality of life itself, realizing that their attitudes about sensuality and sexuality and their lifestyles contribute to the enhancement of life—their own and that of their friends and neighbors.

In Brooklyn, a group has grown up in Flatbush. In Westchester, a similar organization has been established.

GAY suggests that these neighborhood groups are in many ways the hope of gay liberation's future. They need not be large. In most cases, the fact that they are, in fact, small is of great import. The smaller the group, the more intimate can be the exchanges between group members. At one neighborhood confab, for example, a discussion group of fourteen voted to split in two—each taking a different room in the Center, so that those taking part could draw closer to one another.

There are enough first-rate books which have come out of gay liberation to serve as a basis for discussions on that particular topic. Among those we would mention are Dr. George Weinberg's *Society and the Healthy Homosexual* and Phyllis Lyons and Del Martin's *Lesbian Woman*.

In any case, you, dear reader, can bring gay liberation into your own home. Secure a few good books, read them, and invite others to join you in your living room for regular weekly socials. Discuss your hopes, dreams, problems and ideals and philosophies openly, giving your best to your friends as they should to you. Gay Liberation is becoming a grass-roots movement. Let's take it out of the large meeting halls and put it into our closest relationships, those with our neighbors and our friends.

GAY

Publisher
Four Swords, Inc.

Executive Editors
Lige Clarke
Jack Nichols

Art Director
Warren Adkins

Production
Ruth
Peter Ogren
Consulting Editor
Pete Dvarackas

New York Correspondent
Randy Wicker
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Photos
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Columnists
John P. LeRoy
Gregory Baltcock
Thane Hampton
Vicki Richman
Jerry Fitzpatrick
Vito Russo
Leo Skir
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Contributors
John Francis Hunter
Dick Lelisch
Richard C. Wandel
Perrin Shaffer

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The Wicker Report



Randy Wicker

BY RANDY WICKER

MARIJUANA HUNTERS SETTLE FOR POTTY RAID:

While Charlotte, North Carolina vice squad officers were staked out in that city's Freedom Park checking out complaints of reported drug dealing there, they noticed what the *Charlotte Observer* termed "unusual and unrelated activity around a wood frame rest room" near the railroad station adjoining the park.

Subsequently, on May 7th and 8th, the vice officers arrested eight men and charged them under North Carolina law with "crime against nature" which carries a maximum penalty of ten years imprisonment.

The *Charlotte Observer* and the *Charlotte News*, the city's two newspapers which are both owned by Knight Publishing Company, reported the arrests making sure that each person's name, address and place of employment were included in their report.

Those arrested included a former *Charlotte Observer* reporter and television announcer, a foreman for an engraving company, a teacher at UNCC, a self-employed septic tank installer, an accountant for Celanese Corporation, an analyst for Exxon Corporation, a director of the Red Cross blood program and a man who worked in airline operations.

All eight were released in \$500 bond and were scheduled to appear in Court May 11th. However, thanks to the Knight Publishing Company's painstaking coverage of the arrested suspects, their addresses and occupations, one of them never made it to court.

He was 33-year-old Eugene M. Cadieu, the accountant for Celanese Corporation. The day the *Charlotte Observer* story appeared listing his name, address—Maiden, a small town near Charlotte—and his employer, Celanese, Cadieu drove his car out to nearby Lake Norman and killed himself.

A small caliber pistol was found near his body and an expended shell was in the chamber. The shooting was ruled by the Catawba County Sheriff's Department to have been self-inflicted.

"Charlotte's newspapers are responsible along with the Charlotte vice squad for this young man's apparent suicide," our Charlotte informant writes. "These papers are considered quite liberal in their political and social views, with the exception of homosexuals."

GAY RAIDER BOASTS MANY ACCOMPLISHMENTS:

Mark Segal, a 21-year-old gay who found-



Gay Raider Mark Segal chained himself to TV cameras.

ed Gay Youth in New York three years ago before moving to Philadelphia with his family, has established quite a record—and a reputation—for himself during the past couple years.

After moving to quiet Philadelphia, Mark tried to dance on one of the local teen dances which was broadcast every Saturday from Atlantic City's Steel Pier. Segal and his boyfriend were kicked off the set when they did so.

Segal subsequently slipped into a local TV station a few days later, jumped onto the set during the evening newscast and charged that the station treated gay people unfairly. The interruption got a mammoth amount of publicity—more than Philadelphia's entire gay movement had received during the previous decade. The audacious Segal became a local personality and was dubbed almost affectionately by the press "the gay raider."

Segal then traveled to Hollywood, where he disrupted a taping of the Johnny Carson show by chaining himself to a railing and reportedly cost the Carson show some \$40,000 in additional taping costs to *Variety*.

He was arrested but the charges were dropped. The network brass were apparently too busy staving off Richard Nixon to worry about prosecuting a young "gay raider." Segal was not arrested during the earlier Philadelphia TV takeover because there had been no "no trespassing signs" posted in the studio.

However, once the NBC brass discovered that Segal had access to their studio and was intent on causing them no end of disruption and trouble unless they met with him, the promise of a meeting was fast in coming.

The Tonight Show's executive Producers agreed to meet with Segal and hear his grievances. Then cancelled when they discovered Segal had issued a press release concerning their conference.

Gay-raider Segal promptly chained himself in the lobby of the NBC Executive Office Building in Burbank, California, until several vice-presidents of NBC actually met with him.

Segal had seven demands. Modestly, he lists them as follows: (1) NBC nightly news stop censoring coverage of gay events; (2) NBC hire four gays, two men and two women, to act as a gay review board ("An innovative proposal" says Segal, "there's no such thing even for blacks."); (3) if the gay review board

90-minute show on gay liberation and "that the three people who were on the Jack Paar show not be allowed to appear on any more programs."

As a result of his pressures, Segal says that Kersey agreed not to rebroadcast the Marcus Welby Show which offended many gays and was the subject of a zap by GAA in New York.

Segal works full time at his chosen avocation of gay liberationist. He zapped Sargent Shriver in Philadelphia and so angered the Democratic vice-presidential candidate that Shriver shouted out: "To Hell With Gay People!"

When Segal confronted a spokesman for President Nixon, Nixon's man declared: "Our new majority doesn't include these kinds of people."

When the United Fund refused to give money for gay community services, Segal chained himself in the building's doorway and kept United Fund workers headed for lunch locked inside for nearly 45 minutes.

On May 17th Segal called from Philadelphia and announced that he was single-handedly well on the way to having the city charter amended to include "sexual orientation" in three places. Seems the local politicians had all met with him and pledged their support but he "was not at liberty" to release any of their names.

Segal said that he had arranged for an educational program and printed materials for the Foster Parents Association geared to foster parents who have adopted gay youngsters.

The previous week Segal had chained himself to the cameras of the Mike Douglas Show, a television show Segal maintained "is seen by more people than any other television show in the world." He did it to pressure the Douglas show to do



Mark Segal speaks to students at Philadelphia's Temple University.

him on a recent meeting with ABC VP Tom Wolfe. Mr. Wolfe kept his appointment with Segal and politely listened to his various complaints and demands. Would ABC do documentaries on gay liberation this coming year?

"Probably not," Wolfe surmised. "We only have ten hours of nationally broadcast documentaries a year and gay liberation would be pretty far down the list. Watergate would come first."

Earlier, Segal had met with Thomas Kersey, ABC Vice-President in charge of Standards and Practices on the West Coast. According to Segal, Kersey was "very receptive" to his demands there which included that Dick Cavett do a

some programming on gay liberation. "We were able to sneak press in the theatre, and our own photographer," Segal beamed. "We're getting pretty nifty on our zaps now."

"Every single book in the gay lib bibliography is going to be in every branch of the Philadelphia Public Library as a result of our efforts," he continued. "And the *Advocate* and GAY are going to be bought by several branches as well."

In the background, a woman's voice could be heard. "That's my mother," Segal enthused. "Would you like to talk to my mother?"

"Yes," I replied, thinking Segal had

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An Interview with Steve Ostrow

Le Continental: C'est Moi

BY JOHN P. LE ROY

What do Mick Jagger, Lillian Roth, and Bella Abzug have in common? Carl Stokes asked his audience on the six o'clock news with a smirk on his face. "Well, they all put in an appearance at a steamy place called the Continental Baths in the historic Ansonia Hotel. Congresswoman Abzug actually made a campaign speech there at pool side to an interesting audience clad in towels. Pat Collins visited this unusual club which looks like something out of Fellini's *Satyricon*."

The scene shifted to the familiar dance floor in the basement of Ansonia, but its resemblance to anything out of *Satyricon* is coincidental at best. Fellini's characters wore tunics, not towels. There were no scenes with men dancing hard rock with each other, no electric lights at all, and certainly no futuristic vinyl and foam rubber in *Satyricon*. And if the NBC staff writer thinks the Continental is a decadent place, he would have done better to compare Grossinger's with the fall of the Roman Empire. At the Continental, most people know why they're there, and most of them do indeed enjoy themselves. At Grossinger's, they're bored silly, and they all wish they were someplace else, and, according to Gibbon, that's what the last days of ancient Rome were like.

"It is a discotheque, a night club, a health club and a gay bar," Pat Collins intoned in an unctuous tone of voice. "The bar serves Tiger's Milk instead of Cutty Sark.... It is the Continental Baths and Sunday through Friday it is a restricted club... restricted to men who would not be happy at the New York Athletic Club. Mostly because men who go to the baths say they are homosexuals."

"On Saturday nights only, women are allowed at the baths; with them come the curious straight men who are there, they say, to see the show. What they get for their six dollars is an unofficial floor show put on by bath customers for the outsiders. The visitor sees is men dancing with or talking to each other or swimming alone in the vast heated pool. Most of the men are attractive and nearly all of them are femme. At the Continental, flab is the only sin, and it is a sin that cannot be denied because the baths' regular spends most of his time in a towel. That is, except for the time when he is in the pool when it is customary not to wear anything. I asked one customer why the baths is preferable to parties and bars where he could make friends."

The customer, a young good-looking chap, replied earnestly that you don't play games in the baths the way you do at parties and bars. Collins blithely moved in for the kill.

"People come here for sex—there's no sex here on the premises?"

"In the private rooms," the gay guy replied without batting an eye, "in the steam room, er, places like that." He wisely decided not to mention the orgy room.

"In the outside world, the baths is known as the place where Bette Midler got her start. Ms. Midler has gone to the big time and Johnny Carson, and the club is now looking for a new singer to launch. The current favorite is Lee Horwin. The Continental's owner and manager, Steve Ostrow, who sees himself as the Ted Mack of the steam room, always looks for

new talent at his club. Ostrow insists that this is a health club with entertainment and no more than that," Pat Collins continued, still maintaining a tone of voice that suggested the nausea a Scarsdale girl would experience if paid enough to do a research paper on conditions in the sewers of Bombay.

Ostrow appeared on camera, clad in a flannel shirt open at the collar, showing generous amounts of hair on his chest. His dark blond hair and moustache were neatly waved, and the expression on his face suggested a cultured gentleman looking for a polite way to get rid of a tiresome bitch.

"One of the young men I talked to prior to doing the interview told me that he comes here for sex!" Collins stated like a haughty school principal who has just caught a boy masturbating.

"Yes!" Ostrow replied, looking puzzled, wondering why the question needed to be asked, "they certainly do. Everybody comes here for a different reason. I've gone to the Waldorf for sex, too. Who's to say what goes on in their rooms, too. This is a public place and we're open 24 hours a day, and we don't discriminate who comes in here—gays, straights, fat, short, black, fair, rich, poor—you know, we're all things to everybody and from what I see, I'm proud of my clientele for whatever reasons they come here."

"Well, is this club a fantasy?" Collins asked, trying to compose himself from the straightforward reply.

"No. I think it's one of the few realities in the world today... it's so democratic in here because when you get in that towel... there's no class here. People are people and you are what you are

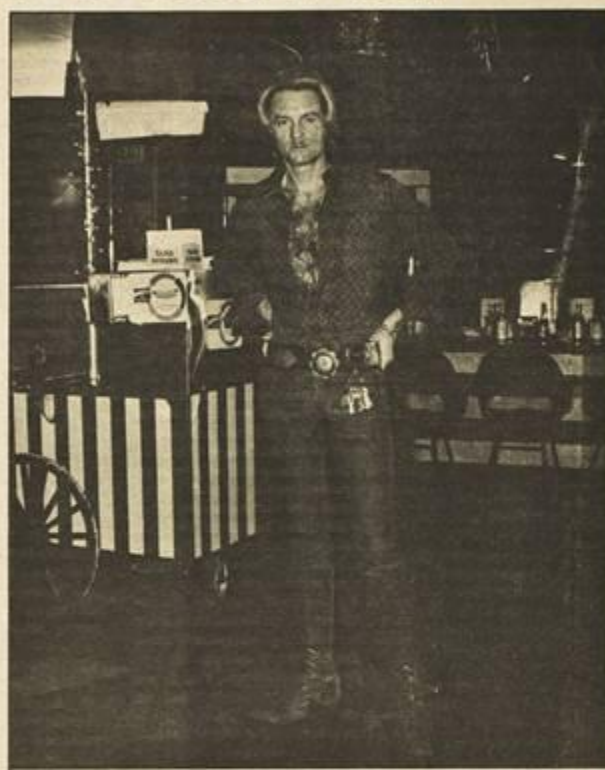


Opera singers Steve Ostrow and his wife, Joan King

and you either can relate or you can't, and that's very real."

But Pat Collins wasn't accepting Ostrow's version of reality. "Any resemblance to the Continental Baths and the fall of the Roman Empire is not coincidental. This is a celebration of the flesh," said one young man who goes to the baths a lot. "We have been to the moon and look at us," he said, "still wallowing in our decadence. But," he added, "I like it."

Pat Collins signed off, and millions of viewers were no doubt titillated in the best tradition of mass media soft-core pornography. A few days later, I had stopped by Walter's Apartment restaurant on 2nd Ave. near 56th St. where, to my surprise, Steve Ostrow and his charming wife were doing a week's stint singing songs and ballads as part of the regular cabaret entertainment. Steve had a ringing tenor voice that overloaded the public



Steve Ostrow is rightfully proud of his social innovation: a giant Community Sexual Center

address system to the point of distortion, and his wife is a clear-toned lyric soprano admirably suited to light operetta roles.

After the show, when Steve, this time formally attired, told me how tired he was getting of all the misinformation that was being circulated about the Continental, invited me to pay him a visit the following Saturday evening. His main office at the Continental is rarely seen by customers. It's located in the rear of the street floor, usually guarded by an attendant, a short lit corridor, and two-way mirrors. Steve was not yet back from dinner, but Mrs. Ostrow was there.

We began to talk, and the Ostrow story that emerged is indeed fascinating. He and his wife met when auditioning for a small opera company called the Opera Art Company, which they each joined in hopes of one day making the Metropolitan. Steve sang *Rudolfo* in *La Boheme* not knowing that the lovely young lady who sang *Mimi* would some day be his bride. Performances took place at St. John's Church in the Village before it was destroyed by fire. She used an Italian name, Anna Regina, and it wasn't until several performances of *Tosca* and *Boheme* were given that Steve discovered Prima Donna Regina was really Miss Joan King. In 1960, the two were married, a year after they met. Steve, according to his wife, was stage struck to the point of forgetting three pages of the score for every page he learned.

To support himself, Steve became an executive of a finance company, lending money by day and singing Verdi by night. The competition was far too formidable for either of them to make the Met, though Steve had won a scholarship and studied for a while under the great Wag-

nerian heldentenor, Lauritz Melchior. Then, two unusual events occurred: Ostrow was indicted by the government on a false charge, and he met Walter Kent in a men's room.

He was acquitted, but was no longer bondable, so his career as a moneylender came to a halt. After his encounter with Walter, whose father had been in the bath business years ago (I decided to be polite and not inquire about the details), the idea of a new bath house in New York occurred to both of them. At the time, in 1968, there was only the Everard, the St. Marks, and the Mt. Morris in Harlem, all of them filthy, degrading places. The idea of opening up a clean bath house that treated customers with decency and respect, together with a plethora of facilities not found anywhere else, from hair dryers to libraries, was unheard of. A fiercely devoted following kept the Continental going during those first two years. Steve even police raids, hold-ups, embezzlements, rip-offs, or licensing problems could force the Continental to close its doors, and by 1970 the Continental had become open even to women.

Steve took care not to tell his wife anything about it. By this time, she had settled down to becoming a housewife (they have two children). It was not until the place opened that he let his wife know that it was a Turkish bath, but under no circumstances was she ever allowed in the front door. Though she knew about gay people from having been in the theatre, she had never heard of a bath house or its purposes. Only when, on a lark, Steve started giving cabaret entertainment did he allow his wife to enter the premises. The men were uptight be-

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PSYCHIATRIC ASSOCIATION MAY DROP "SICKNESS" LABEL

(continued from page 1)

noted that no psychiatrists had come out as gay during the conference and that at a gay gathering of psychiatrists that evening at the House of Charles, he had been told by various gay psychiatrists that although they were "for" him, they disagreed with his "means" and that the time was not yet "ready." There were about 50 psychiatrists, all male, at the House of Charles gathering.

"They are comfortable hiding," Gold told GAY. "I wasn't." Mr. Gold informed the GAA that the Northern New England Branch of the APA has already removed homosexual disorders from the category of "sex deviation" and placed it beside heterosexual disorders. He emphasized that it continues to remain the task of Gay Liberation to tell homosexuals they were not sick, that years of damage from psychiatric misinformation had to be undone.

VILLAGE MURDERER STRIKES AGAIN? BAR PATRON NEARLY KILLED

BY RANDY WICKER

New York, N.Y. Marshall B. Lewis, 44, who works as a data processing manager for a midtown firm and who only goes out to gay bars "every now and then," was nearly killed by a man he met in the Ramrod bar Monday evening, May 14th. Police suspect the man Lewis took to his studio apartment at 333 E. 14th Street might be the homicidal maniac who killed three gay Villagers earlier this year. He is still at large.

"I was kinda tight," Lewis recalls. "I had gone to the Ramrod for a few drinks. I noticed this guy come in wearing a Levi jacket. I thought I heard the bartender say, 'Hi, Chris' when he came in, but the police have checked and it turns out the bartender had been speaking to another person. But at the time it seemed to me he knew other people in the bar."

"The guy was really pretty ordinary looking. I go to bars so infrequently I really couldn't say whether I'd seen him around before or not. I had a few drinks and some of the details of what happened in the bar are fuzzy in my mind."

"He must have been the one who started the conversation. I'm an introvert. The most gorgeous doll in the world could stand next to me all night and I wouldn't say a word. But once I'm tight, if someone starts a conversation, I'll certainly talk."

"Anyway, we got into a conversation. He claimed to be 39 years old. I would guess he weighed around 160, was 5'10 1/2" or 5'11". He had dark hair, greyish-green eyes. I don't believe he was a native Easterner because he didn't handle his R's in a typical manner. There was nothing menacing or criminal looking about him. He was wearing boot-like shoes, not what I would call 'boots.' They came up about six inches on his leg and zipped up the side. Something like that I take particular note of."

"At one point he went to the restroom and the bartender told me, 'Watch out for that guy. He's a hustler.'" Lewis elaborated. "I've never paid for any relationship or anything like that but I don't mind spending a couple of bucks to buy a guy a few beers. I was out spending money I shouldn't have been spending anyway."

"I don't know what we talked about at the bar or who suggested what, but later we ended up taking a cab to my place. All this time he seemed to be a very ordinary person."

"Was he drunk?" I probed. "How can one drunk tell from another

drunk?" Lewis responded good-naturedly. "After we got home we had a couple more screwdrivers. I don't remember what we talked about, but it might have been opera because several of my recordings were out on the couch and on the phonograph."

"Anyway, he went to the head. There's a closet in the hallway leading to the head and when he came back into the room he had a couple of neckties in his hand."

"Were you dressed in a way that made you look S&M?" I pressed. "Was he dressed in a way that would make you think he was S&M?"

"I really can't say," Lewis responded. "That particular night I was wearing dress slacks, a pair of shoes, a white shirt without a tie and a leather jacket."

"I don't believe leather was ever discussed. But when we got home, I hung my coat and his coat in the closet in which I keep, or rather, 'kept' my leather. I had quite a little investment in leather hanging up there."

"Before I knew what was going on," Lewis continued, "my hands were tied in front of me with the ties. Then he went into the kitchen. He came back a minute later with a knife and started slashing up my leather couch."

"What the hell are you doing?" I said. My attention was riveted on his eyes. He had a wild maniacal look. He seemed like a man crazed. He came over and put the knife at my throat."

"Make one sound or make one move and I'll cut your God Damn throat," he growled. Then he cut the upper layer of the skin across my throat from ear to ear with the point of the knife. I had every reason to believe him. I could tell by that look in his eye, he wasn't kidding."

"He went to the closet and took out my leather jackets one by one, slashed them and piled them on the table. 'You leather queer! You cocksucker!' he snarled."

"Did you get the impression he thought of himself as straight?" I pried. "No," Lewis insisted. "I don't think he thought of himself as straight. After all, we had met at a gay bar. We'd talked and everything although no passes had been made by either of us."

"Well then, did he appear to be getting some sort of sexual thrill out of slashing up your leather gear?" I continued. "Do you think he had some strange sort of leather-slashing fetishism going?"

"Not at all," Lewis declared. "If anything, he seemed to have some anti-leather thing going. He went after the leather stuff first although he also slashed up my

dacron raincoat. "Then he poured bottles of liqueur on the piles of slashed clothing and set them on fire," Lewis explained. "He was looking for cash. I had spent my last couple of dollars paying for the cab home. He went to this small dresser where I keep my bills and papers."

"He emptied the drawers onto the floor. He stole my credit cards but left my passport and savings book. He took my wrist watch too. My bank statements for the past several months he tore in half but didn't throw them onto the fire."

"The fire was getting and growing. The smoke was really getting very thick. He went around and wiped his fingerprints off everything. I'm certain he expected me to die."

"Fortunately, I wasn't put directly into the fire. I decided to pretend I was unconscious. I closed my eyes. That way I figured if he was going to kill me outright, I wouldn't see him coming at me with the knife."

"Apparently, while I had my eyes closed, he opened the mouthpiece of the telephone and removed the transmitter from it. I'm sure he thought I was unconscious. He stayed till the place was quite filled with smoke. I don't know how he managed it. Maybe he held a wet handkerchief over his nose, I don't know."

"Finally he left. I was nearly unconscious by that time. My hands were tied so I couldn't open the door. I pulled myself over and banged on it and screamed for help. I was concerned that I wouldn't be able to awaken anyone. I'm an 'isolationist' here and don't know my neighbors very well."

"Fortunately, I was able to awaken them and they called the Fire Department. By the time the firemen got here and broke down the door, I was unconscious from the smoke. I woke up as they were wheeling me down the hospital corridor. They told me that if they had arrived just a few seconds later, I would have ended up in the morgue. It was a damn close call."

Lewis said that the police had been "most courteous" and seemed to be "sincerely interested in the case." After showing him a number of pictures and talking to the bartender in the bar, the police told Lewis: "We know the person you left the bar with." Lewis said that a photograph of one suspect they had shown him was "very striking" and "similar" to his assailant.

"The police haven't shown any attitude that indicated they felt I was in any way different from themselves," Lewis elaborated. "Det. Joyce said they can charge the guy with assault and possibly with attempted murder when they catch him. There was blood on the door and I think that makes grounds for an 'attempt-

ed murder' charge. The Fire Marshall said he would also charge the guy with arson when he's apprehended."

After being released from the hospital, Lewis called his supervisor and gave him a limited account of what had happened and said he would have to take the rest of the week off to recuperate.

It then dawned on Lewis that his misfortune might have gotten some attention in the press. Checking the papers, he found it had been covered by the Daily News and the New York Times on Tuesday. That afternoon neighbors told him Channel 5 television had been filming during the day and would carry a report on its evening newscast.

On Thursday, the New York Post reported the incident but said the man wanted for the assault on Lewis, according to police, "may not be the killer of three Greenwich Village homosexuals in January as they initially suspected."

According to the Post report, the police said they knew the man's name and expected an arrest on Thursday, May 17th. However, Lewis reported two days later that the suspect was still at large.

Police told the Post that the man who assaulted Lewis was in his 40's and was a local resident of the Village. They said that this contradicted an earlier description of the person suspected of slaying the three other men in January who was described as in his mid-20's, blond and apparently an out-of-towner, possibly connected with the military.

"I've worked for that company five years come July," Lewis says. "I don't know how they are going to react to all this. I check with my supervisor daily. So far he's been very friendly."

"But he's such a great guy," Lewis adds. "I think if they were considering letting me go or anything, he would consider it wasn't the kind of thing to bring up over the phone."

"Well, what do you think is the moral to be drawn from your experience?" I ventured as my telephone interview with Mr. Lewis drew to a close.

"I don't know," Lewis responded. "This guy might come back for me. I don't know for sure who you are. I don't know what you look like. I've never heard of you. For all I know, you could be the guy calling me up just to find out how much I remember and what I've been telling people. I've told you more than I've told anyone else."

"Believe me," I assured him. "I'm Randy Wicker, a reporter for GAY. Go out and buy GAY's current issue. You'll find my name and picture in it."

"I'm not going out of this building," Lewis declared apprehensively. "I'm not taking one step out of that front door unless I'm with someone I know and trust."

PUERTORICAN BROTHEL RAIDED

Mayaguez, Puerto Rico. Police in this western Puerto Rican city have raided El Limon Guest House, a plush male brothel which sits atop a jungle-clad mountain overlooking the city and the sea.

Known to many as "Arturo's," the guest house catered to an international clientele, renting cottages and apartments to homosexually-inclined businessmen, executives and others who took the three-hour trip from San Juan to reach Mayaguez. Overnight guests were surrounded by young men from neighboring hills in the area who prostituted themselves for as little as \$3 a throw.

In GAY (No. 8) Randy Wicker described the brothel without naming it in a feature article, and it is also described as "the only plush male brothel in the western hemisphere" in Lige Clarke and Jack Nichols' dual autobiography, *I Have More*

Fun With You Than Anybody.

The raid took place on the second weekend in April, according to Puerto Rican newspaper accounts, and police claim to have arrested a Mayaguez professor, a Harvard University instructor, students, models and industrialists. The arrests took place during a party and were the culmination of a two-month investigation by an undercover agent who, according to *El Nuevo Dia*, a Puerto Rican newspaper, "played an effeminate role" in order to infiltrate among the patrons of the establishment.

Twenty agents from the Mayaguez Police Department and the Vice Squad under the command of Captain Angel David Gonzalez and Sergeant Carlos Zapata conducted the raid. Forty-two persons were arrested and charged, according to the

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 EVENINGS
 AND WEEKENDS

PENPOINTS

Dear GAY:
 Congratulations to Eric Stephen Jacobs and Lige Clarke on the wonderful set of photos in GAY (May 21st). I don't know about others, but I saw certain other personalities in most of the "faces" Lige made for the benefit of the photographer; but I doubt if you will see the same people. Eileen Eckhart is a favorite of mine and I saw a little bit of Eileen in many of the photos. Also Boris Karloff and, yes, Dracula. (Lige won't mind my saying this as we all know he is a very handsome fellow when not "mugging" it up.) This is one of the best features you have ever run and I think you should make more use of Lige's beautiful bony body.

Now let the real Lige Clarke stand up!
All the best,
 Tom Wilson
 New York City
ED. NOTE: Eileen Eckhart is a new one on us!

Dear GAY:
 I enjoy going to the baths and I understand the NYC Board of Health offers free VD tests. Does this indicate that the baths are under the control of the City? If so, does this lessen the chances of a police raid? The reason I ask is that now that the city's tough massage parlor law is in effect, it appears quite possible the police now have an excuse to raid the baths—since some of them offer massages. Personally, I think the police will leave the baths alone, especially in an election year, but one never knows.

Speaking of the elections, I hope all gay people follow the campaign closely—for if Mr. Biaggi or Mr. Marchi is elected Mayor, we can all kiss our baths, bars and other meeting places goodbye. I never want anyone to go through another reign

of police entrapment and terror as such was the case with Mr. Wagner.

Sincerely,
 Bill
 from Staten Island
ED. NOTE: Massages in the baths are legitimate parlors. Sex in private rooms is not against the law, since no one has the right to peep!

Dear GAY,
 We would like to reply to Leo Skir's review of our anthology, *Out of the Closets: Voices of Gay Liberation* (Douglas Books). There could be three possible sources of the erroneous remarks in Leo's review, the first of which could be an inability to read; the second would be Leo's belief in a certain white male heterosexual theory that you pick out only those points you would like to believe about a certain group and forget the rest; and the third is that Leo is suffering from a poisonous case of sour grapes, since he was also preparing an anthology, but his never saw the light of day.

First, we would like to correct some of the most blatant errors. Leo mocks Allen's comments about blue jeans, but he totally misses the point. Allen was trying to say something about the issue of sexual objectification, about the way we get turned on or turned off by someone's superficial characteristics, by their clothes, age, looks, hair color, cock size, etc. Surely, Leo, like any of us, has suffered the pains of being rejected because we didn't meet someone's beauty standards or fantasies. A radical gay liberation perspective tries to deal with this aspect of gay oppression. Apparently, Leo doesn't care about this. Leo claims to be an expert on the decline of GLF, but how could Leo really know what has happened with GLF and its people when the only time we

ever saw him at a GLF meeting he was covering it for *Mademoiselle* magazine! In challenging some of the lesbians who omit their last names, Leo ignores an important aspect of the women's struggle, namely the rejection of the patriarchal habit of women adopting the names of men (by their father or husband). In some cases, first names only are used not because writers are closeted, but because they wish their writings to be appreciated for what they say and not for who is saying it.

Secondly, you accuse us of hate, as if it is wrong to hate our oppressors. Yes, a lot of women hate a church which insists that God is a man. A lot of gay women hate male homosexuals who oppress them as women (including those, Leo, who use such diminutives for women as "baby"); we hate gay magazines which feed their money to publications depicting women as on their backs, magazines which give lip service to most lesbian problems, and which themselves promote a youth cult oppressing older gay men (when has GAY ever shown a naked man over thirty—or do we all commit suicide from repressed anger before then?). We hate a culture which jails us for sodomy, and we hate people who use us merely as sex objects, whether we are men or women. But, as stated in the anthology, the ultimate enemy is male white heterosexual society, and the anger towards gay brothers and others was meant as constructive anger, to raise the consciousness of those who are oppressing others. For example, you quote the statement where Ann accuses Marlene of being white and therefore racist, but you ignored the fact that Ann and Marlene were and still are lovers. That was the predominant theme of the article—their struggle to love one another despite differences of race.

But that is just what Leo wants to ig-

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more. He quotes the foreword stating that "love is the core of our revolution," but he ignores all the articles dealing with love. What about all the gay love poems? What about the photos showing gay people working, thinking, loving together? What about the joy of being gay and four years old expressed in "Portrait of a Lesbian as a Young Dyke"? What about "Dear Mom," an article in which a young lesbian tells her mother that she is gay. Is that a hate article? And what about "My Gay Soul," and Konstantin Berlandi's beautifully written story of his life, and the article on consciousness-raising? Or did you just skip those articles that don't coincide with your preconceived ideas about Karla Jay and Allen Young?

Speaking of misconceptions, you claim that we are both "white and of bourgeois background." This isn't true, but what would it matter if it were true? We weren't meant to be gay, none of us—after all, our parents wanted us to be straight, didn't they? But most of us weren't meant to be "radical" either, and here are some of us gay and "radical" (as much as that word sticks in Leo's throat). Yes, there's hope for all of us—even you, Leo.

Yours, with gay love,
 Karla Jay
 Allen Young

[ED. NOTE: Your "love" and "accuracy" are impinged upon by your dig at GAY in your letter. You ask us: "When has GAY ever shown a naked man over thirty?" There are two naked photographs of John Francis Hunter (frontal and backside), age 42, in issue 31, page 7.]
 [Leo Skir says: "You're right. I'm wrong. You're FULL of love."]

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CHOICE, October '72

It allows the reader to share a part of the lives of two interesting people... There is no homosexual agonizing here, no hankering after causes, no apologies, few regrets. More than this, the memoir demonstrates that sexuality—gay or straight—guarantees nothing: living creatively is in no sense defined or limited by sexual orientation.

LIBRARY JOURNAL, August '72

Nichols and Clarke represent what many have called the New Homosexual.

THE FOUNTAIN, June '72

The memoirs of two young men, in love with life, with each other, and with values such as generosity, loyalty and friendship... light-hearted... written with humor and, in the fullest extension of the word, with gaiety... It is easy to finish this book with a good feeling about it and the authors... these authors have made a valuable contribution to this literature... candid... honest... deserves to be read and discussed.

THE MINNEAPOLIS TRIBUNE

Full of zest for life and appreciation for its finer values.

PUBLISHER'S WEEKLY

... contained a great deal of human warmth and love.

GAY SUNSHINE

Do read it—not only for its fun but for its philosophy.

SCOTTISH MINORITIES GROUP NEWS

It fairly leaps with joy, with insight, with honesty, with freedom... great breaths of fresh air, vast amounts of level-headed observation, and a strong undercurrent of love, tenderness, and charity, not as much for each other as for Everyman—surely a sign of some maturity and no little wisdom... And yet rarely does the word "love" appear. It doesn't have to. It's inherent in every sentence; it's intrinsic to every thought; it pervades the book...

OO Magazine, February '73

A fast-paced account of two self-fulfilled gays who are making it... The homosexual position fails to unbalance their total perspective. Jack and Lige find many other creative avenues in their lives. I HAVE MORE FUN WITH YOU THAN ANYBODY can launch a trend toward healthy images for young gays to follow. Perhaps the next generation will be a different one.

VECTOR Magazine, September '72

\$5.95 at all bookstores

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175 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10011

I have more fun with you than anybody Lige Clarke and Jack Nichols

Kulcher in Collitch

If the initial impetus which spawned the Gay Liberation Movement in each major city has slowed somewhat, gay liberation is by no means dying.

One of its most important developments has been the proliferation of lib groups in colleges and universities, many of which are supported by student bodies and school administrations. These college groups reach young men and women who are "coming out" and assist in making their transitions from old lifestyles to newer ones as painless and as loving as possible. Many of these groups are not the angry oppression-conscious nitpickers we are all too accustomed to in urban areas, but thoughtful, idealistic young people gathered in friendly camaraderie.

One of the oldest university groups is the Rutgers University Homophile League which recently sponsored its Third Annual Conference on Gay Liberation and Culture. Assisted by the University's Culture and Education Fund committee and the Student Government Association Major Speakers committee, the Rutgers gay liberation group invited well-known speakers to address students on topics of interest.

Among the speakers were John Francis Hunter, Dr. Franklin E. Kameny, Vicki Richman, Jack Nichols, Morty Manford, Dr. Ralph Blair, Jim Owles, Barbara Gittings and various priests, rabbis, ministers, doctors and graduate students.

Conference Coordinator from the Rutgers Homophile League, Gregory J. Saka, in cooperation with the group's Chairperson, Sarajane Garten, and its various officers, Daniel Hladik, James Monahan, Michael N. Sitzer, J. Lee Lehman, David Nichols, Wayne Arthur, Susan Borkowski, Gine Cologero and Walt Newkirk, planned an exciting schedule which began on April 26th and ended April 29th, 1973. Along with the Conference Workshops there was a showing of the Unitarian-Universalist filmstrip, *The Silent Minority*, a cabaret, a dance and a picnic. College days aren't what they used to be, what? Let's go back to school.



Dr. Franklin Kameny discusses "The Legal Aspects"



Jack Nichols praises Walt Whitman



Barbara Gittings discusses how to get along with one's parents



Dr. Ralph Blair speaks about gay psychological counseling.



Sweatshirts sold by college groups are worn unashamedly on campus.

BROTHEL RAIDED

(continued from page 6)

San Juan Star, with violations of Article 283 of the Penal Code which prohibits encouraging lascivious behavior. The brothel's owner, Arturo Cortes, was charged with violations of Article 287 of the Penal Code which makes it illegal to operate a brothel. Senor Cortes is believed to be in his 70's, and has operated El Limon Guest House for at least a quarter of a century.

Police, according to *El Nuevo Dia*, were surprised at finding the place "decorated in the best taste and with all mo-

tifs" and "suitable for an establishment which caters to a refined clientele." The club's surroundings, said the newspaper account, "are characterized by well-manicured trees and gardens, fountains, colored lights and other attractive trimmings which make the place most interesting at night."

The agents confiscated several marijuana cigarettes and promised to furnish reports on these aspects of the raid as soon as the cases are submitted.

Puerto Rican papers listed the names of those arrested, as is customary in such raids.

WATERGATE, COLSON & GAY LIB

BY CADE WARE

Washington, D.C. The icy hand of Watergate touches everything in Washington nowadays—maybe even gay liberation. If you picked up *Time* magazine for May 8, your eyes must have popped when you read that likely young men were hired during last year's Presidential election campaign by former White House Special Counsel Charles W. Colson "to pose as Gay Liberationists and wear large George McGovern buttons at rallies for the Democratic candidate, thus linking McGovern with that cause."

Incredible? In this shaken city today, just about nothing is incredible.

I knew a lot of gay activists who went to Miami for the Democratic Convention action last July, and many who later worked with gays for McGovern. I decided to try to learn who, why and where.

Colson left the White House under a Watergate cloud last month to practice law. He wouldn't answer the phone. But his partner, David I. Shapiro, picked it up.

"That charge is totally untrue—it's a malicious lie," Shapiro said. "No—I don't know how such an unfounded rumor got started."

Shapiro was quoted by *The Washington Post* as calling the gay lib charge "almost too funny."

I asked him whether he knew that there really were real homosexuals who had campaigned for George McGovern last year—and that Gays for McGovern had been a bona fide McGovern campaign committee from early on.

"No, I didn't know about that," he said. "I was involved in a very important lawsuit during the campaign."

What was his attitude toward gay liberation?

"I haven't got any attitude toward gay liberation. I believe everybody has a right to their private lives—particularly consenting adults."

Was that Colson's attitude?

"I don't know."

No clue there.

I talked to gays who had been part of the National Coalition of Gay Organizations Campaign '72 action in Miami. They thought the proposition was illogical. Nobody knew or had ever seen *Time* magazine's likely young men. One activist asked why somebody who wanted to "embarrass" McGovern this way didn't put money into lobbying for the Democrats' minority report gay platform plank.

"If it had passed, then McGovern would have had to run on it or repudiate his party." Or, why didn't they just send

checks to NCGO or to Gays for McGovern?

Alan Vick, an NCGO lobbyist in Miami, said, "The whole thing's ridiculous. There were many better ways they could have done it."

Some of the activists talked about strange characters without visible support who got involved down in Miami—but then, there have been many of those in gay liberation.

Cliff Witt, national coordinator of NCGO Campaign '72, said, "All the people I knew who worked with Gays for McGovern after Miami were people who had been in the movement for several years."

Still no clues.

I put in a lot more calls and got a lot more clam acts. "We have a policy of not revealing our sources, Mr. Ware," said one big-time correspondent importantly. "So do I," I answered.

At last I reached Hays Gorey, Washington correspondent for *Time*, who said he knew who made the charge. But, like all good children of the free press, he doesn't reveal his sources either.

"My source has talked to Colson, and Colson admitted he did it," Gorey said.

Gorey wouldn't explain anything about how many people participated or how much money was involved—or even if he knew the answers to those questions—for fear, he said, of compromising his source.

"It wasn't a question of impersonation—no one impersonated a homosexual—and no, there weren't any real homosexuals involved, either. What it was that people were hired to carry McGovern banners and McGovern paraphernalia at gay rallies around the country."

This seemed like a different proposition from the original statement in *Time*. I tried to think of gay rallies where I'd heard of suspicious strangers whooping it up for George.

"I wouldn't want to say anything about where or when or what gay rallies," Gorey said.

I said from what I'd learned so far, *Time*'s account didn't sound too likely.

"Look, my source has told me he will go into court and swear this is true—if it ever comes to that."

Did he think that it would?

"No—that's very unlikely. There are too many other charges involved already."

I thanked Hays Gorey and hung up and decided it will be interesting as hell to hear *Time*'s mystery informant testify in court—if it ever comes to that.

PHONY COP STALKS TRUCKS

BY RANDY WICKER

New York, N.Y. About two blocks away from the trucks, last fall a car stopped around 2:00 a.m. one evening and the driver addressed a young gay man standing on the street corner. "Come here," he demanded. "I'm a cop."

"Show me your badge if you're a cop," the young man replied.

"The next thing I knew," the man reports, "he showed his badge. It was an unmarked police car."

"What were you doing in the trucks?" the "cop" demanded.

"I wasn't at the trucks," the young man answered.

"You calling me a liar?" the "cop" responded. "I saw you were at the trucks."

"If you did, you really have good eyes," the young man ventured. He had only passed through the area briefly and left after deciding "nothing interesting was around."

"I wasn't nervous in the least," he recalls. "I had smoked some grass earlier and it was just fantastic. I was really stoned. As a matter of fact, the cop made me pull up my arm like I was a real drug freak or something."

"Get in the car, you're arrested," the "cop" commanded.

"I got into the car," the young man continued. "We started talking."

"Why do you go back there?" the "cop" inquired.

"Are you married or single?" the young man quizzed.

"Single," the cop answered.

"Well, wouldn't you go back there if there were a whole bunch of girls back there?" the man probed.

"No, I wouldn't," the "cop" replied.

"There's too big a chance of disease."

"Well, I only let people blow me there," the young man continued.

"You mean you don't blow anybody?" the "cop" pressed.

"No," the young man answered.

"Well, why would anybody want you then?" the "cop" prodded.

"I don't know," the young man ventured. "But it's never caused me any problems before."

"Well, then you're not really gay," the "cop" continued.

"Oh yes I am," the young man responded.

"After this whole big deal, the cop decided he wasn't going to arrest me," the young man recalls. "But he told me, 'Don't go back there because if you do I'm going to have to arrest you.' Well, you want to drive me to the subway?" the young man suggested.

"OK," the "cop" agreed.

"Well, I have to go to the Port Authority," the young man elaborated.

"He drove me to the Port Authority and stopped," the young man reports. "He told me he was bisexual. He began groping me. 'Please don't,' I objected."

"OK," the "cop" said, "but be very careful there. I don't like arresting people, but I have to. The only reason I didn't arrest you is because you're a kid [the young man was 21]. If you were an adult, I wouldn't think twice about arresting you even though I'm bisexual. That's still trespassing and that's still against the law."

"I saw his picture on the police identification," the young man continued. "He had a police radio and everything. He said I was lucky he wasn't a TPF because they wouldn't have thought twice about arresting me and then I would have had a record."

"He was in his late 30's or early 40's and heavy set," the young man reports. "He had short hair, a crew cut. He was

dark, maybe Italian."

The young man says that he asked the "cop" if he was gay because he seemed so nice and lectured him in an interested and concerned manner.

"If it makes any difference to you," the "cop" responded, "I'm bisexual."

"He asked me to play with my cock," the young man continued. "Isn't that weird! He reached over and groped me. He had a whole lot of police shit in his car. The radio kept going on and off. It was a really cheap looking plain black car. There was a microphone on the seat attached to the radio. He made a pass at me on 40th St. after he pulled over there," the young man continued. "I told him I felt funny sitting there. I think he wanted to carry on right there."

"There's no safer place than a police car," the "cop" replied reassuringly. The young man then got out of the car and caught his bus home.

Several weeks later, when officers from the Sixth Precinct met with gays at the Mattachine Society offices on Christopher St., the young man related his experience to them.

"That guy has been locked up. He wasn't a police officer," Police Officer Frank Hollywood declared at that time. "We've had problems like that for years, people pretending to be police officers as a guise for making out."

Don Goodwin, Mattachine's president, interjected that someone from New Jersey had been apprehended after a member of GAA witnessed someone's being pulled into a car by a bogus policeman and had recorded the vehicle's license number, believing the person in fact was being arrested.

However, several weeks later, the young man was sitting in a car with two other people right by the trucks. The same "cop" pulled up and asked for I.D.s from all those in the car.

"One of the two other guys sitting in the front seat of our car was a health officer," the young man explains.

"Let me see your I.D.," the gay health officer demanded.

"I don't have an I.D. You want an I.D.? Come down to the station house with me and I'll show you an I.D.," the "cop" answered.

"Let me write down your license number," the health officer continued. At that moment, the "cop" moved his car parallel to the parked vehicle with the three gays in it to hide his license plate. However, the health officer jotted down the part of the license number which he had glimpsed. The "cop" saw him and became furious.

"At that moment, the other guy in the front seat, who was driving, started moving so we could see the guy's license number," the young man reports. "The health officer shouted at the guy as we did so: 'Let me show you what a real badge looks like in case you're interested.' He flipped his badge at him."

"When that happened," the young man elaborates, "the 'cop' started following us and took out a gun. He was right alongside of us. We couldn't have been going very fast, maybe 15 miles an hour, because we had just started. We had only gone half a block. We got as far as the Silver Dollar. Then we stopped because the 'cop' was pointing the gun at the health officer. We didn't know if he was real or not, but we weren't going to take chances."

"So then he tells the guy: 'Get out of that car. You're under arrest for impersonating an officer,'" the young man continues. "I'm not impersonating an officer. I am an officer, a health officer,"

(continued on page 12)

You'll Have More Fun than Anybody

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BY JOHN P. LEROY

The editors of this august publication, Jack Nichols and Lige Clarke, are going to take an extended leave of absence this summer in order to go to Europe and they want you to go with them. Beginning on Thursday, July 5, they are going to be the guides and hosts for a 16-day fully escorted luxury tour to Amsterdam, Copenhagen, Hamburg and London. It won't be an ordinary tour, either. Having known Lige and Jack for almost ten years, I can speak personally from experience that they will do more to see to it that you have a good time than just about anybody else I know.

Of course, you might think that this is an out and out plug, and I wouldn't lie to you—it is. And you might also be wondering why I'm urging you to go and what I get out of it. I don't get a thing out of it except the satisfaction of knowing that some of the readers of GAY might have a better time this summer than ordinarily, and that travel bargains like this, designed especially by and for gay people, don't happen too often. So I consider it an honor to be among the first to pass the good news on.

Here's what's being planned: there'll be a get-together party at Kennedy Airport over cocktails where Lige and Jack will get acquainted with your fellow travelers. Then it will be off to Amsterdam on a KLM jet. You'll be checking in at the Okura Hotel, a brand new 21-story deluxe beauty located right near all the action. Once you've been freshened up, you'll be riding the canals, dining at posh restaurants like the Lotus, and be taken to the very best bars, clubs and dance

halls that Amsterdam has to offer. If you don't much like being with the group all the time and you want to be alone, or with a very special friend, that's fine too. Jack and Lige will see that you get maps, layouts of the city, and the locations of all the best places to go.

A tour of the museums and art galleries and a special party will conclude your stay in Amsterdam, but you'll be in Copenhagen the next day walking through the resplendent Tivoli gardens and meeting some of the handsome cultured Danes who speak English quite well. A private motor coach has been arranged for you to tour the city in. A couple of days with little or no organized activity have been sandwiched in so you can sleep late and do what you feel like doing when you want. Prices in Copenhagen are about the same as in New York, so bring money if you want to do some shopping, especially at the porno supermarkets where buying physique photos of any time, size, shape or variety is no different from buying a pack of beer at your local grocery store. Only other American tourists are shocked. Optional tours of Hamlet's Castle, the Danish Riviera, a boat ride to Sweden or a trip to the beach are yours for the asking.

Your luxury hotel in Hamburg will be a real winner—Vier Jahreszeiten right on a beautiful lake. A native guide will show you the ins and outs of the city where swinging is a way of life. You'll be cruising the canals of this lively city, both literally and figuratively, with concerts and theatres in the evening. If the weather permits, head out for the beaches. I have it on good authority that they're "something else."

From there, it's on to London; and if

the theatre, the concerts, the opera or the ballet are what you groove on, London has them in even greater abundance than New York. Another four-star triple-A-plus first-class hotel, the Britannia, awaits you; and you couldn't ask for more discretion on the part of the staff, and more comfort in the way of furnishings. You'll have tickets to a hit show on the West End before it comes to Broadway, and invitations to parties in London's private clubs where you don't get in without them. You can dance your nights away at Louise with the Londoners and get yourself some really mod clothes at the tailors of Seville Row or the shops on Carnaby Street. On your last day in London, a farewell dinner party is planned where you can swap experiences with your fellow travelers and have a last good fling with new-found friends.

Before you come back to good old New York, though, you'll stop back at Amsterdam for a chance to get some duty-free liquor to bring back home or some tax-free cigarettes, not to mention watches, jewelry, perfume or cameras. Of course, the tour is not free, but for what you get, it's worth a good deal more than the \$895 price tag (\$115 extra for single accommodations). Round trip jet economy fare, hotel accommodations, continental breakfasts, four theatre, opera, concert or ballet tickets during the height of the festival season, gourmet dinners, sightseeing, chartered motor coaches to get you to and from airports and hotels, maps and guides for all the cities you'll be visiting, tips and gratuities for handling your luggage, and invitations to clubs and parties you wouldn't otherwise have gotten into, not to mention the hospitality of Lige and Jack, are all included; and it would be a bargain at twice the price in

spite of devaluation.

And if your vacation isn't until after the first three weeks in July, a second repeat tour is going to take place from July 19 through August 3. Even though there have been dozens of gay travel tours for the past decade, I have never seen one so complete or so well thought out as this one. The pair of lovers who run the Garrick Travel Service (Merle King and Craig Anderson) at 226 West 47th Street, N.Y.C. 10036 (telephone: (212) 265-7950) have been working on it for months, and travel is their business. They know Europe like their own backyard, and their organization has a well-deserved reputation for arranging conventions and guided tours for some of the most staid business executives in existence.

Lige and Jack have told me that they love travel so much it's hard to say if and when they're ever coming back. Like Walt Whitman, they feel that to stay put in one place or in one habitual life style is to risk stagnation, even if it causes the bittersweet kisses of parting. Jack can speak Persian fluently, and he and Lige may wind up somewhere in Iran or they may journey to the East where Lige can learn more about the practice of his yoga. I can only hope that they'll become homesick for this wild and wicked metropolis before too long. Even if they don't come back, physically, they will have left quite a legacy in New York, for this newspaper will indeed continue as the ghost they will have left behind.

In any case, if you can take this tour, one thing is certain: you'll have more fun traveling with Lige and Jack than just about anybody. I know; I've been writing and working with them for the last four years.



Lige and Jack: They feel that to stay put in one place or in one habitual lifestyle is to risk stagnation.

Photo by Eric Steinhilber Jacobs

Subscribe to GAY

PHONYCOP

(continued from page 10)

the man in the front seat responded. "Get out of the car or I'm going to force you out of there," the "cop" replied, pointing the gun at the health officer. "You're under arrest."

"I'm not getting out of the car," the health officer responded.

"All right, you're not getting out of the car. So give me the badge," the "cop" insisted. The health officer handed the "cop" the badge and the "cop" wrote down the badge number where he works, then told the health officer: "You're not going to have a job tomorrow. I'm going to see to it that you get fired."

"Then the guy driving the car got disgusted with this whole thing," the young man relates.

"I'm tired of this," the driver declared getting out of his vehicle. "I'm going to call the police and get a real officer here."

"He went and called the police. Meanwhile, the 'cop' drove off," the young guy reported. "The other two had to go back to New Jersey to go to the theatre. So I was the one who waited for the police to come. I gave the information and filed the complaint."

Not long afterwards the police called and told the young man that the license plate number which he had given them "did not match" any of their records. In fact, there was no such license plate issued to an individual or a policeman in

New York State. However, they asked if the young man would file a complaint and help them identify the individual when he was apprehended. Later, when police officers visited the young man in his home in Queens, they were very friendly and cordial.

"They were furious about this guy doing this," the young guy reports. "They said they were investigating this matter very carefully."

Some years ago, in 1969, an off-duty transit cop shot and killed a gay man at the trucks under the West Side Highway when the person he was shaking down refused to give him money saying, "You're not a cop."

In early May, police were called to the trucks when someone there reportedly was waving a gun around. It may or may not have been the bogus "cop."

"The police asked me to keep this quiet," the young man confides. "Maybe they think the guy is really a cop. I don't know. But they sure seemed anxious to catch him."

Anyone encountering the "trucks cop" should use caution and if possible record the license number of his car. The previously recorded number may have been erroneous.

Call 783-0315 and the information will be relayed to the authorities. Better yet, when the "trucks cop" appears, call the real police. They want to talk to him.

NINTH CIRCLE BAR BURNS

New York, N.Y. The Ninth Circle, a popular Village gay bar at 139 West 10th Street, suffered between \$50,000 and \$100,000 damages from fire Tuesday morning, May 15th.

The bar recently won a special variance allowing it to have a dance floor over the strenuous objections of many heterosexual neighbors.

Bob Krivit, the Ninth Circle's owner, has operated the bar for nearly a decade. When his straight clientele dwindled, Krivit, who is heterosexual, closed his bar, hired a new staff and reopened as a gay bar.

Krivit is considered to be a legitimate businessman who responsibly manages his bar and maintains his gay following by charging less and giving greater value per dollar in food and drink than his competitors. Many Village gay bars are reportedly operated by underworld figures with syndicate connections.

"The fire was definitely not caused by arson," Krivit told GAY when asked about rumors that his unsavory competitors were responsible for the fire. "It started in the ventilation ducts down in

the kitchen."

Krivit said that he had previously had several smaller fires but that none of them had done any extensive damage. The May 15th fire, however, gutted the kitchen and the first floor dining area before firemen could get it under control. Krivit lives above the bar and discovered the fire around 6:30 a.m.

For a few days, the bar remained open using only the upstairs bar area which had not been damaged by the fire. However, that proved uneconomical.

"I had a crew in here just a few weeks ago to clean out those ducts," Krivit mused. "If they'd done their job properly, I don't think this fire would have happened."

"Now we're going to do some extensive renovations," he continued. "We're going to make use of the variance we won. I'm going to extend the main floor all the way back over the area where the garden dining area used to be."

Krivit concluded that a "larger and improved" Ninth Circle would reopen on Labor Day.

PHILADELPHIA PLANS FOR GAY PRIDE WEEK

BY RICHARD A. RUSINOW
PHILADELPHIA CORRESPONDENT

Philadelphia, Pa. The Philadelphia Gay Pride Committee—1973 announced plans here for Gay Pride Week with a variety of activities throughout the week of June 2nd through 10th.

The theme of this year's activities is "Celebration of Gay Life—We Are All Gay Together" and begins officially on Saturday, June 2nd, with the second annual Gay Arts Festival at Temple Univer-

sity, with workshops running from 10 a.m. to 1 p.m., followed by an art exhibit at 1 p.m. and the premiere of *Pansy*, a new play by John Dennis at 2 p.m. All the Temple University activities are free and open to the public and will take place at the Temple Student Activities Center at 13th and Montgomery Streets.

Sunday, June 3rd, the Philadelphia Gay Community Center Committee will present "Gay Artists in Concert" at St. Mary's Parish Hall on the University of Pennsylvania campus at 8 p.m. Proceeds

from the \$1.50 admission to the concert will go toward the Community Center's building fund.

Gay Activists Alliance (GAA) of Philadelphia has scheduled a dance for Saturday, June 9, as part of Gay Pride Week with proceeds to go in part to the Gay Switchboard and the Lesbian Hot Line here. GAA's Radical Queens Committee will also be holding a drag party during the week with date and location to be announced later.

The Parade itself, with an expected turnout of 5,000 marchers, will take place Sunday, June 10th. Marchers will rally at Rittenhouse Square in Center City at noon, march north from the

Square on 18th to Chestnut Street, east on Chestnut to Broad, north on Broad to John F. Kennedy Blvd., west on John F. Kennedy Blvd. to 16th Street, then north to the Benjamin Franklin Parkway where the marchers will proceed northwest along the Parkway to the Art Museum Circle where there will be a Street Fair, booths from the various groups in the area and a clothes-line art show and street theatre.

Further information and details on additional events during Gay Pride Week may be obtained by writing to the Philadelphia Gay Pride Committee, P.O. Box 2350, Phila., Pa. 19103, or by telephoning the Gay Switchboard (215) 978-5700.

N.Y. PARADE COMMITTEE SEEKS VOLUNTEERS "HELPING HANDS LIST GROWS"

WANTED: 250 responsible gay women and men for exciting one-day gig working biggest Gay Lib event in history. No experience necessary, just a loving spirit and willingness to attend two Saturday afternoon "training" sessions and show up bright and early June 24. Phone: Lesbian Switchboard or Gay Switchboard, 924-4036.

If the Christopher Street Liberation Day '73 Coordinating Committee were running a classified for marshals and hospitality people for the march and gala the last Sunday in June, that's how it would read. Including the names of Jean DeVente, Grand Marshal, and Sy Cohen, Regional Liaison and Hospitality Committee.

Both are recruiting gays to meet the requirements of making things go smoothly from Central Park West to Washington Square and to greet out-of-towners during Lesbian Pride Week and Gay Pride Week beginning the 18th. Marshal volunteers will be welcomed Saturday (June 9), at 3:00 p.m., at the Gay Activists Alliance Firehouse, 99 Wooster Street. Ms. DeVente will be in charge.

"We want our people to see that we meet the City's requirements and have a happy, peaceful march," she said. "No interference from regular police or the TPF will be necessary. We've had no incidents in the past we couldn't take care of ourselves, and we'll do it again."

Cohen's job is a new one, as there have never been official greeters before. His people will be invited to make themselves visible all week prior to CSLD, handing out leaflets and buttons, giving information to out-of-town sisters and brothers, and personing an evening and Saturday "welcome wagon" (Ms. DeVente's pickup truck). Hospitality people will wear bright orange ribbons, while marshals will be garbed in yellow sashes, and the 15 to 20 regular Coordinating Committee members will wear Day-Glo red.

"This is a real switch to be soliciting for helpers and not money," commented Fund-Raising Chairperson Rex Martin, "as it's usually money we're begging for. No contributions will be refused up through CSLD and the week after, but right now we're in good shape."

Martin and his dedicated quartet of money grabbers—Chatty Kathy, Polly, Jimmy and hubby (who was May's Best Walter of the Month—have been systematically canvassing gay bars and businesses and accepting organization and individual donations since late March. So far, the CSLD group is solvent, a claim that few movement organizations can make.

"Many gays believe in working within the system; we believe in using it," is a

motto which has been adopted by most of the planners this year.

The only sour note struck in gathering funds occurred at the Gay Ginza discotheque May 14 when the success of a benefit there was dimmed by the fact that the "management didn't live up to the arrangements made between the committee and them regarding drink prices and the right of guest bartenders to serve as had been planned," according to the Fund-Raising cadre. Though there was some bitterness about the obvious effort to "cash in" on the CSLD sponsorship, the resulting party excitement and high calibre show made this first benefit memorable.

Planist/humorist Edward Morris, pianist/lyricist Franklin Roosevelt Underwood, and the singing duo of Judy Sexton and Johnny Savoy brought down the house. Copies of Renaissance House's new national gay directory, *Gayellow Pages*, were contributed as door prizes, and the official CSLD buttons designed by Gay Youth leader Mark Wald were passed out for the first time.

Deadline for special events to be included on the CSLD calendar is this coming Friday. Information can be referred to Calendar and Handbills Chairperson John Gish, (201) 489-2458, to either community switchboard or to Jerry Fitzpatrick at Frizby's bar in the Village.

HELPING HANDS NO. 2

Contributions of time, space, talent, services and money—in some cases all of these—have recently been made to the CSLD '73 Coordinating Committee to help plan and execute the Gay Pride march and gala on June 24:

- Gay Activists Alliance/New Jersey Lesbian Switchboard
- Gay Activists Alliance/New York
- New Jimmy's Supper Club
- Gay Teachers Caucus
- Edward Morris
- Franklin Roosevelt Underwood
- Judy Sexton
- Johnny Savoy
- The Advocate
- Syracuse Gay Freedom League
- Ron Conklin
- George Sardi
- Ronnie and Clyde's Bar
- Uncle Charlie's North bartenders
- Big Dish Restaurant
- Country Cousin Restaurant
- Walter Kent
- Grand Prater/GMP Enterprises
- Dave Vangen
- Tommy Hall
- Paul Wagner
- Meryl Sheppard
- Aleine Reed
- Cheryl Hardwick

An Interview with Laura Kenyon

Laura isn't only a Dream

BY VITO RUSSO

It was one of those rare Saturdays when I had the price of a room at the Continental Baths and was still willing to pay their rip-off prices. I arrived about noon, planning to spend a full 24 hours in gay oblivion. I was lolling around the pool in the middle of the afternoon, looking more M&M than S&M, when it happened. I heard a voice. "My God, that voice!" I shouted. A total stranger lying near me almost fell in the water. On the half-lit stage I discovered a small redheaded woman perched on a stool, singing Cole Porter's "Throwin' A Ball." I sat down on a folding chair and couldn't move for an hour. I felt like James Mason at the Downbeat Club on Sunset Boulevard. It was like watching the Mona Lisa being installed at a gallery before the opening; you knew that in a few hours there would be mass adoration but for now it was all yours. I didn't even know her name.

The show that night was a promise fulfilled and her name was Laura Kenyon. Her hair a flaming lion's mane and her gown a bright yellow chiffon, she was fire and sunshine to an audience who discovered that night the joy of hearing an old song sung with a sense of history and yet an immediacy born of a new personality. When she sang a song called "Easy Street," it was 1941 and we were in the Cotton Club. It's the kind of languorous blues song that nobody does anymore and we were transported. At one point, in the middle of the second chorus, the audience burst into applause in appreciation of someone who obviously could do wonders with a lyric. When the show was over, I turned to Walter Kent of Walter's Apartment and the look on his face told me where I could find her next.

A few weeks later Laura Kenyon created a sensation at Walter's Apartment. She packed the club every night for two weeks and on closing night waiters cried and there were little sentimental gifts and lots of speeches. The classic pattern was forming. For the first time in its history, the Continental Baths announced that the entire month of May would be devoted to *Pizzazz '73—The Laura Kenyon Show*, produced and staged by Ron Field and Tom Rolla with musical direction and accompaniment by Cheryl Hardwick. A word about this Cheryl Hardwick. Ms. Hardwick is generally recognized by the performers for whom she plays as the eighth wonder of the music world. I have seen performers get lost in stories and anecdotes in the middle of a song and watched Cheryl ("fingers" to her friends) do amazing things back there, tempering mood changes and atmosphere which changes with every line. The fact that she was accompanying Laura Kenyon told me quite a bit.

Pizzazz '73 lived up to its name. Obviously adapted especially for its audience at the baths, it was a fast and furious revue which featured skits and dance numbers. The opening had Laura alternately singing songs made famous by great ladies of song (including "You Gotta Have Friends," the theme song of another redhead who has been unjustly compared with Laura) and been dragged off the stage by the chorus for not being herself. When the real Laura Kenyon finally emerges, she's a knockout. The first of two solo concert spots in the show in-



Laura Kenyon is the star of "Pizzazz '73," staged by Ron Field and Tom Rolla.

cluded "I Don't Want To Know" delivered almost as a vicious threat, a gleeful rendition of "Where The Boys Are" which went over beautifully for reasons I'm sure need not be explained, and a medley build around "Love," which expertly combines half a dozen winners such as "Supper Time," "You Make Me Feel So Young" and "Make Someone Happy." The song is ended with a lyric switch which reads "it's a straight thing or it's gay, but it's super either way." Those words explode into the room and are greeted by a gratifying burst of applause from an audience usually composed of the gay jet set who "go to" everything but "see" very little.

One of the funniest bits in the show is a sensual S&M sequence during which a man dressed completely in leather but bare-assed, his back to the audience, adorns himself with countless "toys" and ornaments from a conveniently located "Pleasure Chest." This is performed completely to the score from 2001. When he is finished he turns to the audience and spreads his legs apart in a macho gesture of defiance. Immediately, he is surrounded by a chorus of people singing "Put on your Sunday clothes when you feel down and out . . ." It works like a charm.

In the latter half, against a backdrop of motion pictures of Marilyn Monroe, Laura sings the haunting "Does Anybody Here Love Me?," a song written by Billy Barnes as a tribute to Marilyn. This second concert section far surpasses the first, reaching an almost unbearable level of intensity with "Higher" and dropping to subdued pain with "Killing Me Softly." I looked around the room as they applauded wildly: Tommy Tune, Harvey Evans, Pat Ast, hundreds of people who had just made a discovery. I thought of that Saturday afternoon a few short months ago when I almost drowned someone because I'd heard that voice. Who is she, after all, and how did she get there that day? You just don't go around finding major talent sitting like the White Rock Girl, for Christ sake.

"Talk to her at Ron Field's house. There's a room upstairs where she feels comfortable and you can just rap." Her

manager, Tom Rolla, is a likable guy, bent on protecting her from any chaos and disorder. "She's got a chaotic life as it is. I just try to keep her bright and make sure she's happy." I could see why she likes the loft room on the top floor of Ron Field's townhouse. It is cozy and rustic looking. Not a log cabin, my dear, elegantly cozy and rustic, with a skylight and lots of rugs and a bar and a slot machine which bears the gold-plated inscription, "To Ron, Love, Ann-Margret and Roger." A nice little room. She looked very Rita Hayworth that day. Even more so than usual. You're always about to say "How do you do that?" but then you realize it's her. No special effects, just an aura. She cocks her head to look at me and her hair cascades down her shoulders like a slinky toy. The look says "OK. Ask me."



Laura's star is rapidly rising.

Early on, it is made evident that we don't discuss her family or her childhood. Just the career, right. Right. She was born in Chicago but spent most of her time in L.A. before coming to New York four years ago. Was New York the usual culmination of the dream? "No, it just came along, I guess, the way everything else has. It's not that I wanted a musical career more than anything, you know, like you always hear about. I just sang. Al-

ways. The business kept falling into my lap. It was always watching someone perform and saying 'I can do that.'" Come on, Laura, nobody gets this far without wanting it. "Well, I did things, of course, like Ted Mack came to Chicago once and my Greek girlfriend Joanne and I were going to do Patience and Prudence ("I know, I know, by the dawn . . .") but she copped out on me. I do remember telling all my friends in L.A. 'I'm going to be a very famous singing star someday.' I never had a lesson up until recently. In L.A. everybody said I should go to USC Workshop. Lee Horwin and all those people were there at the time and I said to myself 'What have I got to lose?' so why not. I got a scholarship, of course (see what I mean?) and that's just the way things have always happened. It wasn't even a major decision to come to New York. I mean, you just don't go off to New York. A series of events brought me here, the most important of which was my marriage to Orrin who came here to do a show. He called me and said 'Come on, let's get married.'" Orrin Reilly, now in *Seesaw* on Broadway, though not to be found at the interview, is always somewhere near, giving support, moral and otherwise. Watching them backstage together at Walter's Apartment, you get the sense that they are real friends who also happen to love each other. "I remember were living at the Hotel Alamac uptown near 72nd Street when we first got here. It was nothing like I'd pictured New York would be. But things happened again. I was working at the Hotel switchboard and in two weeks I had a part in Al Carmine's *Peace* at the Judson Memorial Church. Two days later I got a part in *Hello Sucker* with Martha Raye. After that I understudied Aldonza in *Man of La Mancha* and did that for a year and a half. We lived in a lot of places. After the Alamac we lived on Sixth Street and Avenue C." Here she starts to chortle. "My dear, I thought I was living in the Village."

I ask how she happened to meet Tom Rolla and Ron Field. "That freaked me out. I was asked to sing at a Performers For Peace rally in the Village. So I went down there and when I saw the list of people performing I got absolutely crazy. There was Alice Playton and right before my song, Alec McGowan was doing readings. I was terrified! When I finally opened my mouth and started singing, the first two people I laid eyes on were Tom and Ron who happened to be passing by and came in. They've been tremendously interested in me both professionally and personally ever since. In cases like this you just can't separate business from friendship. Ron took me down to Reno Sweeney's one night after giving me this big buildup, you know 'They'll love you.' Well, we got there and the guy sort of said 'You know, we want star here.' That really brought me down. Then a few weeks later Cheryl Hardwick called me and said 'Can you get some songs together in four days for the Continental Baths?' You know the rest."

Well, now I know how she got on the stool that day. Is she happy about the way things are working out? She puts her hands straight out in the air. "Are you kidding? I love it!" So what now? A remake of *Giada* with Orrin in the Glenn Ford role? (He'd be perfect.) "Well, you

I'LL TAKE MANHATTAN

Tubshit: A Parade of Tight Asses

BY VITO RUSSO

Where was I? Oh yes, it's Spring. There are so many good things happening now that I can't begin to tell you. There are also some pretty shitty things happening and I certainly do know where to begin, but that comes later. First off, the things to sing about. Jonathan Katz's superb gay liberation documentary play, *Coming Out*, is re-opening for an extended run at the Night House Theatre at 249 West 18th Street. It has been revised and updated since its original presentation at the GAA Firehouse last June. For the past year, it has been playing gay groups on and off college campuses in the metropolitan area. A Boston production is now running and will have performances through Gay Pride Week.

Jonathan Katz tells me that he has had a hell of a time researching the play and is constantly adding newly unearthed material. The latest additions concern the op-



A scene from "The Children's Mass"

pression of gays during Colonial times. There is one new incident involving the hanging of a black gay slave on Manhattan Island in 1646. This kind of information, he says, is very difficult to obtain. There is almost a conspiracy to cover up such things. For instance, the Walt Whitman poem which opens the second act was originally believed to have been written to a woman. In 1920 the original manuscript was found and it was discovered that it had actually been written to a man. It was never changed, however, and the published version is still referred to a woman. Katz will use the original, not published poem.

Coming Out is a very special work for many reasons. It evokes a sense of community between factions of the gay community unable, heretofore, to agree on the color of an orange. This ecumenical effect extends to fostering pride and awareness in closeted gays, many of whom have come out as a direct result of seeing the play. One of the reasons for this is that the play illustrates the origin of the myths that have plagued us for so long. It places the burden of guilt where it belongs—on straight society, and allows gay people to see how they've been used and made to hate themselves.

I can't wait to see this new version. Last year, I remember seeing people sit at



"Tubstrip" EXPLOITS," says Vito Russo, "just as did 'Circle in the Water' a few years ago."

the play and become emotionally moved to the point of cheering. The entire production, by the way, is being sponsored by the Gay Activists Alliance, which means that they have loaned author Katz and director Dave Roggensack the money to put the show into production to "foster the development of a new liberated gay culture." This is a fine gesture which justifies me beyond words. I urge you all to see *Coming Out*. Not only do I think it is good theatre, but it's a necessary step in the evolution of the movement which should be taken by every gay person in town. It will run Fridays through Sundays and all tickets are \$3.50. Group rates are available and that's not a bad idea for a night out for your local gay group. Call 691-7359 for reservations.

The horn blows next for Steve Grossman who is a godsend. I first saw him perform at the GAA Cabaret six weeks ago and then noticed that he was appearing at Folk City. Steve sings gay liberation songs which he writes himself. His voice is great and his songs are personal and beautiful. There is a sense of the sharing of his lifestyle in his music which is missing from other gay performers. My favorites were "Christopher's Blues" which is an impression of gay life on Christopher Street that is accurate and moving, "Out" which is a song to his parents telling them that he is gay, and "Caravan Tonight," a haunting love song that has to be heard to be felt. The amazing thing about Steve Grossman

is that he is making it. Uncompromising and honest, he is making it in show business. He is it. He's going to be the one to bridge the gap between straight and gay audiences. *Variety*, last week, called him the best gay singer around. He is. If you don't catch him before then, he'll be performing at the show in Washington Square Park after the Christopher Street Liberation Day Parade.

Speaking of Christopher Street Liberation Day, everyone involved in the committee for planning it this year is fairly astounded and a bit taken aback by the tremendous response from all levels of both straight and gay society to our pleas for help. Firstly, the bar community, too often unjustly criticized for its lack of political consciousness and awareness, has worked miracles in fund raising for the march. At a series of benefits held at various gay bars around the city, enough money was collected to do things this year which were impossible in the past. These benefits were oftentimes staffed completely by bartenders and waiters giving their own time (and donating all of their tips) for the benefit of Christopher Street. On the day Intro 475 failed in the City Council, Rex Martin, behind the bar at the Roadhouse, was so furious that he made a spontaneous speech to the customers. He raised \$75.00 on the spot for Christopher Street. Gwen Saunders of Harry's Back East offered the use of her car for sound equipment, plus someone

to drive it. Bartenders and waiters have been exerting all their spare time and effort, attending meetings, working on committees and making space available. Dave Vangen of Brothers and Sisters has turned over his cabaret to us on Wednesday nights for the purpose of running benefits to raise money. The first two benefits were a smash, with Alaina Reed and Cheryl Hardwick donating their considerable talents for us and Steve Grossman tearing the place up with his music. Don't miss next Wednesday's show at 10:00 p.m. We're also showing movies after each show. Can't tell you the titles but they're dynamite. Come and see. You will also be pleased to know that so far we have received favorable responses from the following people who will participate in the show in the park: Sally Eaton, Meryl Sheppard, Trish Brumbaugh, Paul Wagner, Steve Grossman, Chris Robinson, Lee Horwin, Sal Mineo, Patsy Kelly, Cheryl Hardwick, Alaina Reed, Judy Sexton and Johnny Savoy and Frank Underwood. Bette Midler, however, has not as yet bothered to answer me. I hope she hasn't decided that she isn't interested. That would make me very sad.

The new play at the Theatre De Lys, Fredrick Coombs' *Children's Mass*, is a fine look at a very elusive and much maligned segment of our world. Mr. Coombs is a good writer who creates living characters out of cliched myths and the dust of the misunderstood. *Children's Mass* is the story of Dutchie, a transvestite junkie, and her friends, Geoffrey, a bisexual hustler, and Jimmy, an owlish cripple who finds trouble relating to other people. They live in a loft on Wooster Street and share their money, their dreams and their isolation. Dutchie, the central character in the play, is developed beautifully, for the first time bringing to the stage a portrait of a transvestite that lends a measure of humanity as well as illusion to the lifestyle. This is due in no small measure to Courtney Burr who plays Dutchie superbly. Mr. Burr has managed to create the three dimensional character Mr. Coombs has written. So often actors playing transvestites fall back on that tiresome old drag act we've seen to death, all camp and grand gestures. Mr. Burr obviously understands that the camp and the grand gestures are only symbols—symptoms of what the problems are in living in a world of which you are not really a part because there is no place made for you. When we laugh at the things he does, we don't laugh because he's a show the way a caricature is a show—we laugh because Dutchie is an endearing, funny, tragic person with whom we have laughed and cried before and we recognize her.

The other leads are good, each projecting a measure more than the surface qualities we've come to expect from actors playing hustlers and cripples. Let's face it, we've had quite a few of them in the past few years. Donald Warfield as the omniscient young man who comes home with Dutchie in the second act scared the hell out of me. I'd never have brought him home. Which means, of course, that he is

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Wicker

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asked if I had "heard" his mother. "Here mother, this is a reporter. Talk to him," Segal continued. "Wait a minute," I pleaded, "I don't want to talk to your mother, I misunderstood you." "Oh," Segal responded, a little bit disappointed. "My mother is constantly talking to reporters. She's been quoted in many of the papers around here. She's a liberated mother." "We're meeting with state officials soon," Segal promised. "I'll fill you in on what happens then."

GAY MARRIAGE CAUSES BOSTON CONTROVERSY:

Bob Jones and Harry Freeman, two Boston men who met while studying for the United Methodist ministry, were married by Rev. William E. Alberts, Old West Church Methodist pastor in early April.

The pastor performed the ceremony over the strenuous objections of Bishop Edward G. Carroll, his superior. Bishop urged Rev. Alberts not to perform the ceremony because of the "ill effects" it would have on "your fellow ministers, Old West Church and yourself."

The Bishop called the ceremony "a caricature of marriage" although he had written Rev. Alberts that he was not opposed to two persons of the same sex living together.

"I will support you in a Celebration of Commitment as Bob and Harry pledge fidelity to each other as deep and abiding friends..." the Bishop had written.

The United Methodist Church adopted a statement in 1972 which recognizes the right of homosexuals to live together "as consenting adults" Bishop Carroll explained to Boston newsmen, but it did not "recommend marriage between two persons of the same sex."

The Bishop said he wouldn't try to strip Rev. Alberts of his credentials because to do so required 90 days' notice before the Methodist annual June conference and there were only 60 days left. However, the Bishop said he would seek to have Rev. Alberts reassigned. Methodist ministers are assigned to congregations on a year to year basis. Rev. Alberts has been at Old West Church for the past eight years.

Rev. Alberts said he felt constrained to perform the ceremony because "I am Bob and Harry's pastor. They asked me to perform the wedding. I believe their love is deep and sacred and that it is affirmed by God. I see performing the wedding as an expression of my ministry."

Only the United Church of Christ and the Universalist Unitarian Association has accepted homosexuals into their ministry to date. The controversy regarding homosexuals and the church is expected to enter a new round when Troy Perry's MCC has established 50 congregations and has 20,000 members and is therefore eligible for membership in the National Council of Churches. MCC currently has 32 congregations and 12,000 members.

BOY LOVERS GET CAUGHT:

Eight men, including a British child psychiatrist, were indicted May 5th by a Suffolk County Grand Jury on 27 counts of conspiracy, sodomy and sexual abuse involving 15 boys, some of them under 11 years of age.

Sam Fierro, chief of the Suffolk County Rackets Bureau, said the men befriended the boys as "big brothers," then committed sexual acts with them at a house in West Islip between January, 1970 and December, 1971.

One of the arrested men, Hal Oelke, 48, of 335 E. 51st St., was identified as a public relations man and a former fund raiser for Big Brothers of New York.

Another, George Rossman, 53, of New Haven, Connecticut, is married and the father of three. A third, George Brehm, 50, of Floral Park, L.I., was already serving a term in the Auburn State prison as a result of similar charges a year ago in Nassau County.

Three of the eight indicted men are still at large and are believed to be in Europe. Bail was set at \$2,000 for each of the defendants.

Most of the publicity revolving around the case centered on Dr. Morris Fraser, a 31-year-old psychiatrist who worked as registrar at the Royal Belfast Hospital for Sick Children. He was suspended from his \$8,000-a-year post when the indictment was announced. Dr. Fraser denies the charges.

ITEMS:

* Gay Students at Columbia finally opened their refurbished lounge in early May. The lounge had been opposed by the Dean who had opposed passing along a \$2,500 grant donated by an alumnus for refurbishing the gay lounge.

* Seattle gays are being harassed. In one incident a gay woman's leg was broken by some policemen who told her that "we're going to get your kind."

* Germany has just legalized male prostitution and lowered the age of consent from 21 to 18 years of age.

* Dignity, a group of Gay Catholics, was formed in 1969 by an Augustinian priest in San Diego, California who found gay Catholics had their guilt feelings reinforced in the confessional. It now has several chapters and 500 members nationally. New York information: 282-6391.

* West Side Discussion Group will sponsor a street fair at 14th St. and 9th Ave. Saturday, June 23rd, and will also present the play *Spitting Image* June 23rd-24th and June 29th-July 1st.

* *VD Blues*, a special program on the Public Broadcasting Service which included interviews with GAY's editors and others, has won the 1972 medical journalism award of the American Medical Association.

* ABC will continue *The Corner Bar* during the coming season.

* New York's GAA has requests for from three to six speaking engagements every day and needs additional volunteers to go out on some of the appearances.

* Gay Community Services Center in Los Angeles has secured spot announcements for its services to the gay community on local TV and radio stations. The Gay Community Services Center had to fight for the time after qualifying as a public service agency.

* The *Village Voice* is being sued for a total of ten million dollars by State Supreme Court Justice Domin S. Rinaldi after that paper ran an ad in the *New York Times* which showed a sketch of the Judge and read: "The judge bawled out the cop. And let the pusher go free." Another *Village Voice* ad in the *New York Times* Magazine plugged Arthur Bell's smear coverage of gay bank robber Littlejohn Basso.

* Joan Crawford had kind words for her gay fans when she appeared as the last in a series of "Legendary Ladies of the Movies" at New York's Town Hall. "I accept them," Joan Crawford declared. "I always have. They're people. I find them much, much more interesting than some of the dullards that I know."

* The Night House Theatre will present *Coming Out* starting June 8th. The play, erroneously announced a few weeks ago, will play Fridays through Sundays at 7:30 p.m. Seats are \$3.50. Reservations can be made by calling 691-7359. The updated play includes new material about the history of gay blacks in the United States. The performances on June 22nd, 23rd and 24th will be presented free of charge in celebration of Gay Pride Week.

* *New York Magazine*, hardly a publication known for its "kinky" tastes, relates that Alex Comfort's *The Joy of Sex*

says a four poster bed is essential for bondage scenes. *New York* quotes a local psychiatrist as saying: "Tying people up is a common sexual fantasy," and counselling that it's best to use silk ties because they "won't leave marks."

* Parents of gays will meet Sunday afternoon, June 10th, at 3 p.m., in the lounge of the Grace Methodist Church, 13th Street and 7th Ave. Gays and their parents are invited to attend. Parents active in the group will call parents and invite them to the meeting if requested to do so. Phone Mrs. Manford, LE 9-2459, for details.

Ostrow

(continued from page 5)

yond belief at the sight of a real woman. The idea of having the opposite sex invade the last bastion of sexual segregation was too much for a lot of customers, and to some extent still is.

Notes in the suggestion box were flooded with demands to get the breads the hell out of there or else! Little by little, the customers got used to it and, before long, Joan found herself being cruised. Now she's "one of the boys." She has appeared on a TV phone-in show representing the Continental, and has handled dozens of abusive calls as well as any experienced guiltless liberated gay could.

At that moment Steve returned and began to prepare for the floor show that was to take place later that evening. He took a few moments to elaborate on his own personal philosophy. "I feel that too many people live their lives for something that's never going to happen. I'm not that smart to know that I'm going to live forever, and I'm not that smart to know even that I'm going to live until tomorrow. In fact, while I'm talking to you, the roof can fall in, so I never know how long it's going to be. If I predicate my existence on something that's going to happen tomorrow or ten years from now, I may never get there. So, if I don't enjoy each moment along the way, then what good is the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow? It may not exist, or it may be just a pot when I get to it. So, for me it's the trip getting there, it's every day that's the rainbow, not the pot of gold."

When he first opened the Continental, he did not have the same degree of awareness. Steve did it, he told me, more out of a gut reaction, and could not have articulated why he was doing it. Today, upon looking back over the experience, he can honestly say that he'd rather be involved in running the day-to-day activities of the Continental than in singing Tristan at the Met, for the long-range discipline and training required were not so gratifying to him as is making the Continental an extension of himself.

"The baths, it is me—it always has been me," Steve said candidly. "It has never been anything else but me—good or bad. I take the full pride and responsibility for what it is. I'm not afraid to try things, and I'm not afraid to make mistakes. If I'm not making enough mistakes, I'm not trying enough things. I believe that fallible human beings were put on this earth to try and to do. When I die, I want scars all over me, because then I know I've tried it all, and I've lived it all. I've experienced!

"I don't go after easy things. I get a lot of rejections and I get about one in ten of the things I go after... but I do it for that one—that's what makes it all worthwhile."

There was a moment's pause as I could only nod in perfect agreement. I asked him about where he sees himself now, and what of himself and his future. "I'm very unpredictable, but dependable. What I will do grows out of the moment. I live in my feelings right now, and I believe that the only constant thing in this world is change, just the way the food you just ate is turning to shit.

"For me, the Continental is always an indicator to what's happening around us, and in that way we'll always be fresh and new to everybody, because it'll be fresh and new to me. If it's not fresh and new to me, then there's not going to be any challenge. And then I'll get tired of it. I have to keep it that way, because that's the way I am."

I asked him about possibly going into politics in view of the gay candidates now running for elective office.

"I have no present intention of going into politics and nobody has asked me, but I'd love it. I have a feeling that I could do very well at that, because I have something to say and I only say what I believe in. People don't very often like what I have to say, but I have to say it anyhow. I practice what I preach, or at least I try to. I don't know how good a politician that would make me—I come off often as opinionated, as arrogant, but I'm always real," he said with deep emotion in his voice.

Although Walter Kent has long since departed the Continental in order to help launch the Beacon Baths and Walter's Apartment restaurant, he and Walter still see each other on the friendliest of terms. One night, when Steve stopped by the restaurant and consumed a huge meal, he asked Walter why he shouldn't come by and sing for his supper.

"The way you eat, you'd have to sing all week," Walter replied.

"OK, I will," said Steve wryly, and the result was a week of Steve and his wife Joan being featured at Walter's Apartment. After the week had expired, Walter could be seen on a Saturday night enjoying the cabaret show at the Continental.

"The challenge to me at the Continental," Steve told me, "is that I'm in control. I've presented thousands of people, as an emcee. If, during the time, I've communicated something of my true feelings to someone, then that's true fulfillment. In order to do that, you have to be vulnerable as a performer and open yourself up, because that's the only way you can get a true feeling from a true emotion. To me, only an honest feeling will communicate. And so, I open myself up, and maybe I can get myself across. I don't think anybody can say I'm insincere."

"For me, the good life is the direction—there are no fixed points. It's a movement, a flowing process. That, to me, is fulfillment. When one has the psychological freedom to move in any direction. In that way, you're truly choosing. When you feel you have no choice, you feel trapped; but when you feel you have the choice, it's another ball game. The Continental is the place to give the people the choice to move in whatever direction they feel they want to move in. You want to look, at people—it's there. You want art—there's an exhibition. You want sex—it's there. You want TV—it's there. You want to go swimming—there it is. I give all the choices. People don't even know why they come here. They come here because they have all the choices. Because they're being satisfied on many levels. Not only their basic needs, food, shelter, sex; but look at what else we're giving! People come here just because it's nice to relax and come here and watch television. And know that the other is there, too. That's what the world is all about."

IMPORTANT!

TO SUBSCRIBERS AND READERS: This issue of GAY will not be superseded until July 2, 1973 and will remain on newsstands until that date. Changes in editorial format, reorganization in art direction, printing and distribution will be responsible for the two-week delay. Four Swords, Inc. asks your forgiveness.

Jerry's Sphere

(continued from page 2)

Sarah Siddons Award. (Marty is Margo and I was Eve.) We have been close friends ever since. May I inform you that his is one kitchen from which you are assured a fabulous meal any time that you try it. Go over and try it. You won't be disappointed. (Ask for Phoebe as your waiter so I won't get into Dutch.) . . . The theatre district has gone chic with the opening of ALEXANDER THE GREAT. At the helm of this luxurious nite-spot is the man who invented the meaning of the word "sophistication," Tom Dowling. I've known Tom more years than either of us will admit to and he has never changed. He is one of the super hosts of Gotham. The two-storied club opened with a gala attended by such notables as Ms. Vivian Blaine, Lana Cantrell, Jill Hawthorn, Ava Williams, Tawdry Audrey and the Messers. Walter Kent, Don Arment, Gene King, Gene James, Teddy Price and a cast of hundreds. Certainly a tribute to a man who has been in the business a long time. People that we hadn't had the pleasure of seeing in many moons came to wish Tom success. Go over and find out why Tom Dowling is practically an institution. (Walter Kent [BEACON BATHS AND WALTER'S APARTMENT], by the way, will be the recipient of the CONTINENTAL BATHS' FIRST HUMANITARIAN AWARD. A justly deserved honor.)

ATLANTA: It's been a while, but the city keeps getting better every time I visit. Jerry (COVE) took off one night to show me what was new since my last visit. There is a new dinner house called THREE that is a converted private house. The decor is "Southern comfortable" and, I am told, the food is great. KING'S KASTLE INN is something else again. I don't know where the money came from, but it is obvious that a lot went into it. There are three floors of rooms and suites above a giant bar and a smaller bar overlooking the Olympic size swimming pool and the tennis courts. Behind these is the "health spa" and baths. Downstairs, delight to the KING'S KLUB, a private club for men with the great sound of Gordon on the piano organ. (Say hello to a right-on woman named Nell who, if approached right, might even grant you a dance or two.) Next room is the GARBO CLUB, the distaff's answer to the KING'S KLUB. A great idea for a great time. Chuck, the manager, is an affable host and I plan on haunting him until he books Savoy and Sexton et al in that big room. SWEET GUM HEAD is still going strong and the same goes for them. The COVE is mobbed; I couldn't believe it. A great city on the move. And, while I'm at it, I'd like to thank Jerry once more and the doctor and nurses at Piedmont Hospital Emergency for their T.L.C. when I had the attack and to David from Alabama who gave up his Saturday night on the town to stay with me, making sure that I was alright. With brothers like him, I know that I'm on the right side of God. (P.S. Travis, sorry that we missed each other again.)

BON MOTS: The Faggot has been saved and will soon open at the Trucking and Warehouse Theatre. It is a work that all New Yorkers and anybody else visiting this fair city should support, not only for its statement but because it is a brilliant piece of theatre. . . . Sexton and Savoy off to the Cape and the Hamptons for the summer. . . . Doric (TY'S) named me the "Florence Foster Jenkins of the body building set." If you don't remember, ask your mother. I did. . . . Hope that Jack in Miami is feeling better. . . . Happy that Mike is home. . . . BEAU GESTE still doing SRO biz despite some new competition(?). Give the best and your customers don't forget. . . . Eric Stephen Jacobs really going places with his pix appearing

in more and more publications. . . . Bravo to his Phillip for his brilliant performance in *The Faggot*. . . . Thom and Audrey off to play bingo. Would have called Bobby Splain (MARIE'S CRISIS) but he is probably there already. . . . Bravo to Buddy Noro (JUNQUE SHOP on Hudson St.) who is gaining a lot of publicity for selling copper by the lb. He was interviewed on *Midday*, a local TV show. When asked by the host if he wanted to become known as the "copper king," Buddy answered, "How about QUEEN?" . . . Thanks to award winner Cloris Leachman for her militant reply to a snide Johnny Carson after his query on her preference for homosexual friends. Ms. Leachman went into a tirade and ended with, "If you don't like it, I can leave right now." Right on, Ms. Leachman. . . . "Kanen" mooning because "Lloyd" went to Alabama for a few days. But we're to believe that it is only a "platonic relationship"???? FRIZBYS' second annual HUMPTY NUMBER CONTEST Sunday, June 10th, promises to be better than last year's. The winner will go into the MR. DAVID CONTEST in August. . . . COMPANY has a winner in their barkeep, Bruce. . . . I'd like to correct something that I said in the last issue. As I said, sex was nowhere concerned with the "original sin." I said that it was "pride." What I meant was FALSE PRIDE. Pride is natural and healthy. So, be proud and remember: don't be afraid of LOVE and/or SEX.

God bless us all, Je

Laura

(continued from page 13)

know, life is long and if it's through my music that I make a break, fine, but I don't want to do just one thing. You know how Bette Davis gave something to the world as an actress? Now she is very intense, moving her hands in the air a lot and pushing back her hair. "I want to be an actress like that. Colleen Dewhurst is another example. This takes year of working and studying. Sagittarius people don't usually make it until late in life. I'd rather not be just another flash—I want to make a statement. It can be just one good play or a great song or writing one poem that says something. That's a life's work, getting to that, and it can justify a career."

What about Orrin? Are they happy? I remind her what happened to Norman Maine and Esther Blodgett. "It's all in you, man. How can I be happy and how can he be happy with me if we're not happy with ourselves? No matter what we do with our lives, we are two people who have love for each other. It must really be hard for those housewives. You know, those people out there. Marriage is a safe place for them. Who ever promised anybody safety? If they don't put me down for the way I live, I won't put them down for not having the courage to get out of the kitchen."

We eventually get to my favorite question. She's been around, played the Baths, been all over. Why does she think it's so hard for gay performers to come out? "These people are not happy, darling," she says confidentially. "You know, our parents have laid a lot of bad stuff on us. You're supposed to want children and all those things they did. It's very hard for gay performers to break out of the way they've been taught. The more you admit to yourself, the more you learn about yourself, but they don't know that. When they're 70 years old and they've lived their lives, they'll have only themselves to blame for what they see in the mirror. That's not gonna happen to me. I live the way I please. I'm married to somebody I care about and we will do our thing. If the people in Iowa don't like something about the way I live, then that's not the audience I want behind me. That's the way gay performers should look at it but they're scared. Revolution

is a good thing, you know, but we've all learned not to hurt other people. You have a statement to make and it takes a while to make it because you have to be gentle with those you love."

Now, at the end of the day, we talk of many things; is she aware of the fact that there is now an item on the menu at Walter's Apartment called Liver Laura? "Delicious. Next week, it's a Kenyon Burger." We talk about favorite singers—"Peggy Lee! Great. Also, of course, Billie Holiday. And for an all around pure genius person, Kay Thompson." Which of course brings me to Judy Garland (you try and make that connection. I waited all day). "Did you know I have her dress from *The Wizard of Oz*?" When she helped me up and put the smelling salts away, she went on to tell me that she collects antique costumes. "I have one of Betty Hutton's dresses from one of her musicals and a fabulous vamp dress with all these spider webby things all over it." She puts her hand on her hip like Mae West and says, "Of course, dear, it's m'hobby."

As we walk to the door I ask if she likes all the attention and the star mystique. "Sure," she says nonchalantly. "I think it's beautiful that people can love you that much." I think about that and I figure that it's probably the same attitude that got Judy the dress which now belongs to Laura. Nice start. I'd still settle for a woman on a stool singing "Easy Street" but the doors opened and the crowds came and some things you just can't keep to yourself. So I'll share.

Tubshit

(continued from page 14)

very good because that's just the kind of person Dutchie was unconsciously looking for and he fills the bill beautifully. The only performance that bothered me was Elizabeth Farley's as Millie. It was too "here comes the drunk," like Susan Tyrrell's in *Fel City* and I'd pictured Millie as being older and more worn out looking. Also, perhaps the character isn't developed as well as it should have been. In order to believe Millie, we'd have to know a bit more about what made her that way. The children are fine, except in some awkward moments at the end when they just cover a lot. Throughout the play, they are very bright, quick, lively kids; you'd think that when tragedy struck the one they loved best, there would be some kind of reaction.

All nit-picking aside, I think that Fredrick Coombs is a very intelligent writer and I hope working in residence at the Albee Foundation will spur him to produce another play soon. This play is a very compelling look at some very different lifestyles. The motivation to explore them is that they are there. There is too little understanding or tolerance for the way other members of our community choose to live. *Children's Mass* is a giant step toward fostering them.

Editor's note: Unfortunately, The Children's Mass closed Sunday, May 20th, after a short run.

Another play opened (began previews) this week. It's called *Tubstrip*. This play, billed as *Better Than A Trip To The Baths*, is not offensive, not oppressive, not controversial; it is simply the most boring two hours you will ever spend. Plays like this make me more furious than things like *Boys In The Band* because they pretend to be a product of our liberated culture. They use the fact that homosexuality is more open than ever before to exploit the situation to make a buck. Instead of trying to make any kind of statement whatsoever, the author and producers of *Tubstrip* merely show a group of people who find various excuses to show us their asses and expect that because gay people will pay any price to see an ass, they will simply make a for-

ture off the gay community. That is precisely why it will preview through July; because the producers know that as soon as they open it, it will be reviewed by the establishment press and will close; so they'll take their money first, thank you very much.

With the exception of a few funny lines, six of which came from the audience, the play has nothing to say; therefore, there is nothing to say about it. The performances (sic) are uniformly execrable and the set is very nice. It even has a swimming pool. I am told, but am unable to confirm, that the author, A.J. Kronenfeld, is in reality a staff writer for the *Advocate* under another name. If this is true, he should be ashamed of himself. Most of the actors don't use their right names because they are equity and *Tubs* isn't (that's the reason they give) and nowhere on any of the publicity does the name of the producer appear. The director, Doug Richards, is really Jerry Douglas who directed *The Back Room* and I'd like to know what he's ashamed of; all these people running around hiding and asking for your money. Nice, very nice.

The Rising Star Boat Ride up the Hudson last week was a knockout. It was like being at a floating baths. Unfortunately, I had a temperature of 103 and had to sit huddled in a corner and just watch for eight hours. I was determined to go, sick or not. The watching was a lot of fun in itself. The crowd was varied, including all types of gays and about 40 or 50 straight couples, some of whom were very uptight and retreated to their own little island on the third deck and swaggered a lot and put their arms around their dates. The inevitable happened just before dawn. There was a lovely outdoor orgy in progress on the Main Deck and a bejeweled transvestite tipped up to the third deck, stood dead center, put her hands on her hips and shouted to the straights: "What are all you people doing moping around up here; they're sucking cock downstairs." Well, my dear, they were *unweeched*. And a heartwarming sight it was too. I had a great time.

Baby Jane Dexter, that red hot mama I talked to you about, opens once again on June 5th at Reno Sweeney's. This is your chance to discover an exciting new singer in your own backyard. She sings a lot of blues and Bessie Smith and has a very funny song about Cinderella. Make reservations.

Still Shots: The manager of a young actor was told recently by *Where It's At* magazine that they don't put men on their covers because they don't want to be known as a gay magazine. "Move over *After Dark*!" quipped John Paul Hudson. . . . Mrs. Bell and Mrs. Giametta spotted doing the old one-two at *Children's Mass* the other night. . . . Mrs. Jerry took ill in Atlanta and had to return to New York to undergo some tests. We wish him well. We also wish he'd stay home where we can keep an eye on him. . . . Performer Whelan Flowers' puppet, Madame, says a closet queen is somebody who buys GAY from a blind newsman. . . . Once again Alaina Reed surprised the hell out of me at The Godmother. She and Cheryl Hardwick do a dynamic job together. Every time you relax they blow your mind. . . . Next week Sally Eaton will be appearing there and the word is that she's terrific. . . . Terri Ralston of *A Little Night Music* betting out songs in the back room of *Brothers and Sisters*. . . . Barbra Streisand's new TV special being put together by the same group who did *My Name Is Barbra*. . . . *Newsweek* reports that Stephen Sondheim never married because he hasn't found the right girl yet. So far that makes him and Liberace. OK. Me too. . . . What a city! Bless you.

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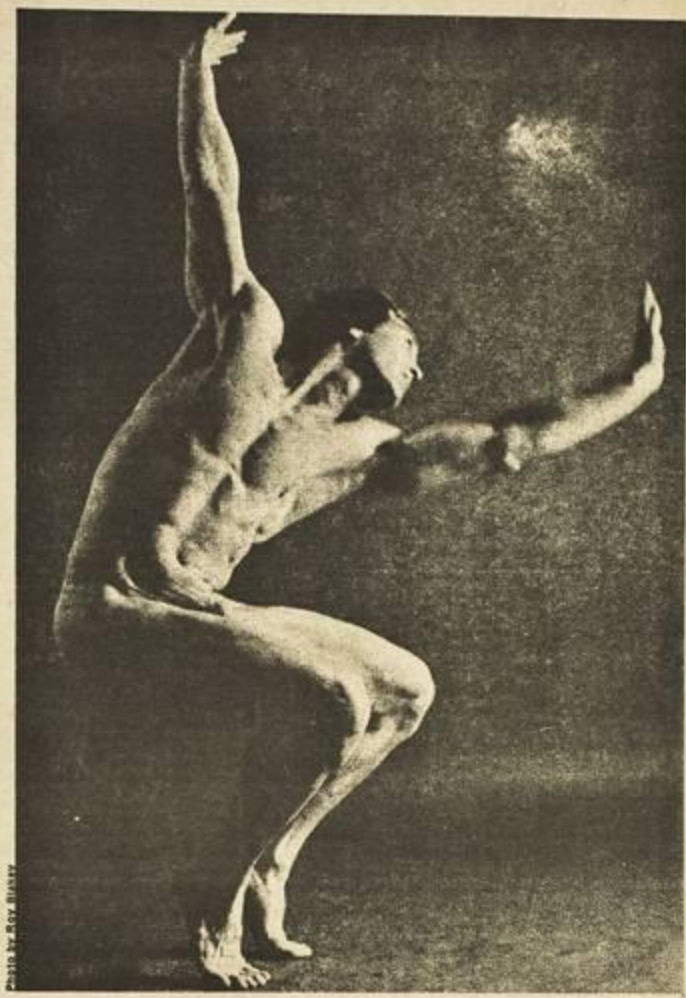
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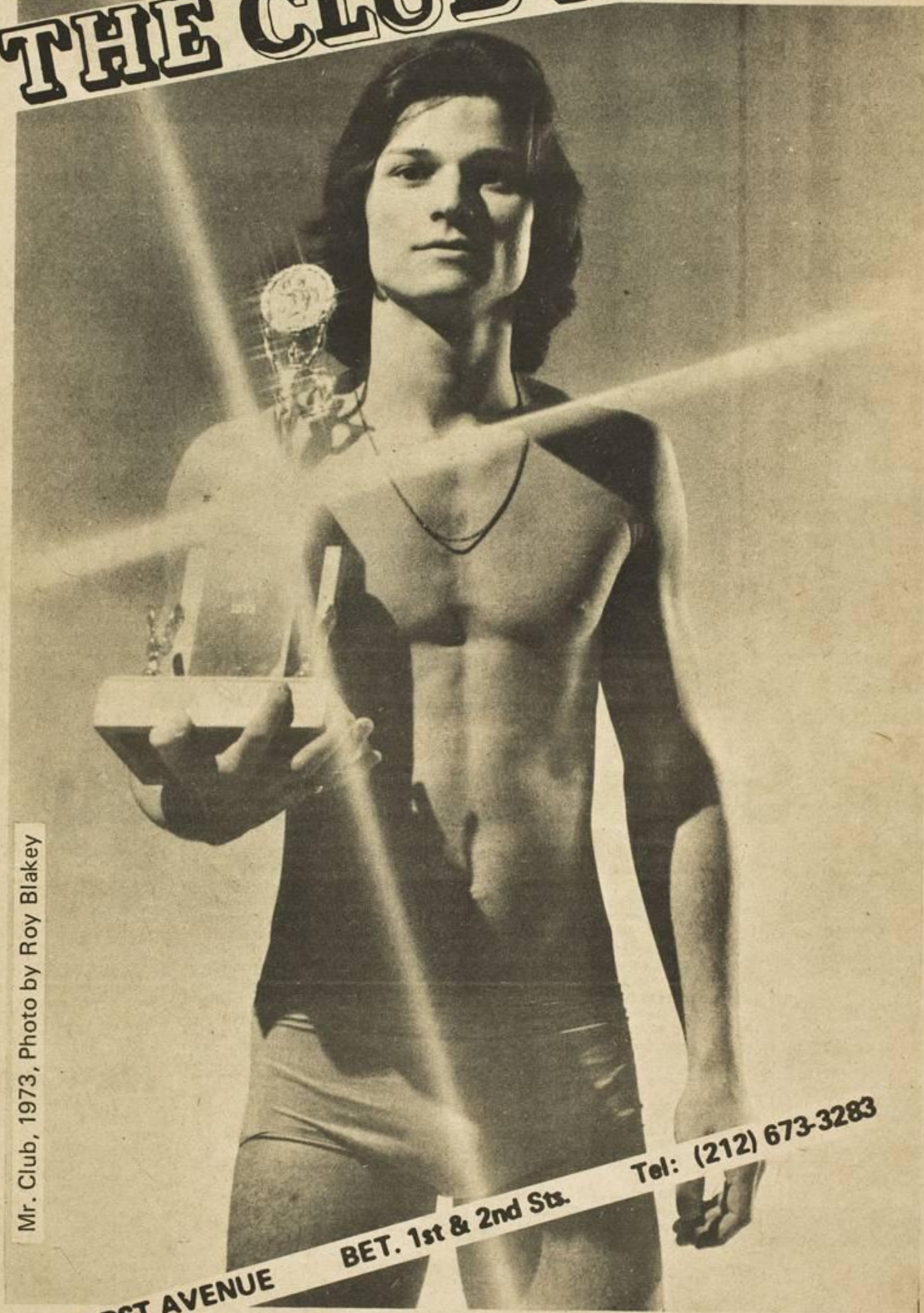
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