

Lindsay Speech Disrupted by Activists



GAA Presid

rounded by a host of protesting demonstrators.

New York, N.Y.—January 25. While two-hundred and fifty members and friends of the Gay Activists Alliance picketed and chanted outside Radio City Music Hall, fifteen men and women who slipped inside the theatre successfully disrupted a \$100.00 per ticket rally for John V. Lindsay while a crowd of 6,000 looked on. The activists chained themselves to balconies in Radio City Music Hall while others set off noisemakers in the audience. Lindsay found it impossible to speak.

The GAA made good on the first round of its promise to embark on a national crusade of disruption wherever Lindsay makes appearances if he failed to give needed support to Intro 475, a bill which has been defeated in the City Council and which would have guaranteed protection to New York's homosexually-inclined citizens in the areas of both employment and housing.

Despite sub-freezing temperatures and 60 mph winds, a large crowd of GAA

demonstrators stood outside of the Music Hall for over two hours, chanting "Gay Power, Gay Power" chants which were picked up on both radio and TV stations that same evening. New York Channels 4 and 5 (TV) gave the demonstration extended and dramatic coverage.

H. Cathy Riff, an observer for GAY, gave this account of what happened:

The show had begun late because the police had needed an hour to seal off the giant build-

ing in their search for bombs. They had expected the gay group to be violent.

At 9:50 pm, after the introduction of the Mayor, the show moved at a rapid pace. The mayor had begun his background speech when the first of the gays rose to confront him. It was Morty Manford of Gay People at Columbia University. Morty handcuffed himself to a railing and delivered his confrontation lines to Lindsay with conviction. "Lindsay has lied to the gay community," he said. "Nearly a year ago, he promised the homosexual community of New York his support for INTRO 475, a bill which would put an end to three forms of discrimination against homosexuals in New York ... Lindsay has refused to have the Police and Fire Commissioners testify publicly in its favor.

While Morty was speaking, a second speaker, Steve Ashkanazy, joined him. The Mayor tried to shout them down with his microphone, but the gays were too numerous.

GAY reporter Robert Raffone gave his account:

Cora Perrotta handcuffed herself to the railing of the mezzanine to hamper removal by police. After some confusion over her unexpected tactic, the police finally got a set of master keys and removed the handcuffs. Other protesters were either escorted or carried out by Radio City guards. Ernest Cohen, Editor of GAA's Newsletter, managed to toss several hundred leaflets explaining the reasons for the disruption over the railing and onto the main floor. Another, Steve Askinazy, set off a pocket alarm that could not be turned off without a key, and tossed it under a seat. After being carried to the lobby by guards, Askinazy slipped away from the guards and returned to the theatre to make sure his alarm was still going. It was. In the meantime, Mayor Lindsay, who was obviously outraged over the disruption, pulled the microphone to his mouth in order to be heard above the shouts of the demonstrators, and shouted back, "I do support your bill and it will come to a vote this Thursday. If it is defeated, it will be as a result of your actions."

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City Council Kills Gay Rights Bill

New York, N.Y.—On January 27 the City Council's General Welfare Council killed a bill, Intro 475, which would have forbidden discrimination based on a person's sexual orientation. The bill, introduced by Councilmen Clingan, Burden, Scholnick and Weiss, had not been expected to pass without direct intervention by Mayor John V. Lindsay. The Mayor, currently in Florida, declined to act.

Specifically, City Council Minority Leader Elden R. Clingan requested that the Mayor show that he truly supported the bill by asking the Police and Fire Commissioners to speak on its behalf. It had been understood that Lindsay would do so, but in early January he refused. Clingan told the *New York Post* that unless Lindsay lent stronger support, the bill would die. He threatened to campaign against Lindsay in the California primaries if, because of his inaction, the bill failed.

Lindsay sent his representative to testify on behalf of Intro 475, but those close to the Council agree that this was nothing more than a token gesture. Councilman Michael De Marco of the Bronx scoffed at

the Mayor's spokesman.

The City Council tallied 7 opposed and four in favor of the bill. There were three absent and one abstention. Those opposed were William Thompson (Brooklyn), Michael De Marco (Bronx), Leon Katz (Brooklyn), Thomas Manton (Queens), Theodore Silverman (Brooklyn), Eugene Mastropieri (Queens), and A. Joseph Ribustello (Bronx). Those in



Police arrest a gay demonstrator.

favor of the bill included Saul Sharison, Theodore Weiss, and Charles Taylor, all of Manhattan. Matthew Troy (Queens) also voted affirmatively. Councilman David B. Friedland abstained.

The defeat of the bill, which had public backing from many of New York's best known and most influential citizens, is thought to be an unfortunate development by friends of the gay community. Dr. George Weinberg, psychotherapist

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The Reverend Richard Lee Nash

Clergyman Retried on Entrapment Charge

Los Angeles, Calif.—A Unitarian minister accused of propositioning a Los Angeles vice cop went to his second trial January 24 in the wake of an original "show trial," which ended in a jury deadlock December 23.

Rev. Richard Lee Nash, 37-year-old ac-

knowledgeable homosexual, was charged with soliciting an act of prostitution involving a plainclothesman last July 17 in Pershing Square. The arresting officer said Nash offered him "four or five dollars if you will fuck me."

Nash contended that the cop, a hulking young black man, lied about the conversation. He and his youthful, admittedly inexperienced, lawyers envisioned the "show trial" to demonstrate that the lie was part of a systematic police policy of harassing homosexuals.

The strategy failed when the area's top gay-baiter, Police Chief Edward Davis, ducked a subpoena to appear for the defense. Presumably, he would have been required to confirm on the witness stand his recent incendiary public statements on the "homosexual menace" (see related story).

The one vice squad official successfully subpoenaed proved not to have been connected with vice detail on the night of July 17. He simply testified that he knew nothing of vice enforcement policy until he took command of downtown division vice the following month.

That cornerstone knocked out, the defense turned to the "whole man" argument—that a person will not violate the principles of a lifetime in even the most unguarded moment. After eight hours, the jury reported a 6-6 split.

The defense relied heavily on character witnesses in the December trial. That testimony resulted in repeated objections by

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WHERE WIL YOU GO TONIGHT?

A DIRECTORY FOR DISCRIMINATING DISPOSITIONS

MANHATTAN

MIDTOWN

The Bascom Baths, 227 E. 45 St. bet. 2nd & 3rd Aves. (687-0322). Take the elevator to the 11th floor and enjoy the many clean, modern facilities. Reasonable rates, popular, open 24 hours. Free, confidential V.D. tests every Wednesday from 3pm to 8pm, GM only.

The Beaded Bag, 951 First Ave. bet. 52nd & 53rd Sts. (486-9832). Super drinks and excellent prix fixe Italian dinners. Your host: Sonny, GM.

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

Brothers & Sisters, 355 W. 46th St. bet. 8th & 9th Aves. (247-8840). A two-story haven perfect for after-theatre fun. Hamburgers and light snacks, comfortable and record jack instead of juke box. Boys and girls together. Fun.

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Loading Zone, 568 9th Ave. at 41st St. (563-6212). The front is a gay saloon, full of those campy, raunchy dancers at 42nd St. In back, a cabaret with delightful live shows. Mostly GM, some GF.

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

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

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

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

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

Yukon, 140 E. 53rd St. bet. L.A. & 3rd Ave. (421-6122). Where the older set gathers and the Midnight Cowboy scores, GM.

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

UPPER EAST SIDE

The Country Cousin, 1313 3rd Ave. bet. 75th & 76th Sts. (879-6614). The "in" eatery of the gay jet set. Excellent food and all the beautiful people you could want to see, GM, some GF. In Harry's Back East, 1422 3rd Ave. bet. 80th & 81st Sts. After all these years it's still the busiest bar in New York any night. Don't miss it, GM.

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

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

New Jimmy's, 1676 3rd Ave. bet. 88th & 89th Sts. (860-4509). Excellent gay restaurant/bar with pleasant atmosphere, great food and charming clientele. Recommended: Sunday Brunch (1-5 pm), \$2.50, including drink. Mostly GM.

Three, 314 E. 72nd St. at 2nd Avenue (734-9303). A charming, intimate bar which serves as the social center for East Siders.

Uncle Charlie's, 1049 Lexington Ave. at 75th St. (661-6132). The customers are friendly and the place is cruisy and always crowded. What more could one ask? GM.

Victor's Quarters, 964 2nd Ave. An East Side neighborhood bar. Relaxing and unfrenetic bar full of very nice people, GM.

BY IAN AND DANIEL

HEALTH—WHERE TO LOOK FOR IT

The following is a partial listing of "health food" stores, restaurants and publications. "Real food" might be a better term, indicating places that DO NOT specialize in plastic, processed, all-American crap.

PUBLICATIONS

First, learn what to eat.

"Let's Eat Right To Keep Fit" by Adele Davis. Signet, \$1.50.

The Bible of the "health nuts," but don't dismiss her as a fanatic. She's a good old country girl with lots of common sense and a solid background in nutrition. She doesn't advocate weird diets—just eating right. Her book is a detailed study showing what you need, why you need it, where to get it, and what you'll get if you don't get it! The index is miraculous: you look up your symptom and she'll tell you what you're deficient in. Highly recommended.

"You Are All Sane," by George Osawa. The Bible of Zen macrobiotics, a system based on balancing the yin and yang content of food and thus balancing yourself. The diet is rather severe and his claims should be taken with a grain of sea salt. Yet it works for many people, and the restaurants listed below are basically macro. The food is good even if you don't embrace the system.

"Healer" Lifestyles, published in New York, N.Y. (Quarterly) Subscription offices: 5-C Tilton Road, Tilton, N.Y. 12486. 4 issues for \$3.00. Jan., Apr., July, Oct. Primarily a back-to-the-land publication, but it's useful for stuck-in-the-city folk. Recipes, how-to's and articles on living well.

"Prevention," published monthly by Rodale Press, 33 East Minor St., Emmaus, Pa. 18049. 60¢.

Articles on preventing disease before it develops, a factor which most doctors don't (and aren't trained to) consider.

RESTAURANTS

THE CAULDRON, 6th St. east of 2nd Ave. Standard macro fare cooked well. Try the house tempura. Pleasant, clean, good service; a quiet, carpeted back room is available if you want to eat Japanese style. Prices tend to be lower than most Chinese and Japanese restaurants for essentially the same dishes. Very popular place, so it tends to be crowded at dinner time.

THE SAMSARA, 6th St. west of 1st Ave. Just down the street from the CAULDRON. Has the same type of menu (with the addition of couscous) and approximately the same prices. However, the portions are larger and the food is tastier. This is a tiny place and doesn't seem to get as much business as the others, which is a shame—it's more of a bargain.

THE PARADOX, 7th St. between 1st and 2nd Aves. The granddaddy of them all, in a way. Yoko Ono worked here at one time. Again, the standard macro fare, prices slightly lower than the other two, but the taste is no better. Be warned that the PARADOX is always freaky—sometimes freaky good and sometimes freaky bad, depending on the vibes that day—but always freaky.

STORES

GREENBURG'S, 1st Ave. south of St. Marks Place. One of the best-stocked stores in the city for foods, vitamins, cosmetics, etc. Prices slightly higher than other places, but not so's to break you. Organic vegetables available.

PETE'S SPICE AND EVERYTHING NICE, 1st Ave. at 11th St. A great little store where you can get your basic supplies at amazingly low prices. And it has that wonderful organic food-store smell.

THE GOOD EARTH, 1st Ave. south of 72nd St. A veritable supermarket featuring everything from meats to teas to cosmetics. It looks like a supermarket, too, unfortunately, and has upper East Side prices to go with its upper East Side location. This may be a taste of the future, but we hope not.

THE COUNTRY STORE, 77th St. west of 2nd Ave. Much smaller, homier, than THE GOOD

EARTH, and a drastically smaller selection. Prices are generally lower, but remember: you're still on the Upper East Side.

IMPERIAL DRUGS, 17th St. between 5th and Broadway. This isn't a health food store at all. It's a discount store, but they carry a fairly complete line of vitamins and such at decent prices. A lot of vitamins are "generic" to begin with, so don't pay more for a label.

TIGER MITE, 72nd and Broadway. One of the companies that was around when only little old ladies in minis and tennis shoes bought health foods. Their prices are still outrageous.

UPPER WEST SIDE

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

The Continental Baths, 230 W. 74th St., west of 8th Ave. (795-2688). Much more than a bathhouse, "Connie" is a total gay environment, complete with weekend cabaret. Expensive, but worth it. Open 24 hours. Students half-price with student I.D. card, GM only.

Readily Pub, 324 Amsterdam Ave. bet. 75th & 76th Sts. (874-8632). Jimmy Sheppard, one of the most fabulous bartenders in town, presides over this, one of the most attractive bars on the West Side. All the sociability doesn't ruin the cruising, GM.

The Westside, 2160 Broadway at 76th St. (874-8013). One of the newest and most exciting bars in the city. Dining room and bar on street level, pool table, etc., in back bar downstairs. Tommy, Frank, Brian, Johnny and Billy work hard to insure everyone has a good time, GM.

Willie's West Side, 224 W. 82nd St., east of 8th Ave. (874-9833). A crowded, very friendly dance bar where Blacks, Latins and Whites mingle under the approving gaze of West Side liberals, GM.

UPTOWN

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

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

The Spike, 120 E. 11th Ave. at 20th St. A new spot with a new image, located in the same place as the old "Stockade." Say hello to Lou.

CHELSEA

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

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

Everard Baths, 28 W. 28th bet. 8th & 9th Aves. (684-4935). Old, raunchy and with an air of marvelous decadence, this place goes on and on with its band of devoted patrons. Open 24 hours, GM only.

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

Niles Pux Social Club, 149 W. 21st St. (924-9387). A private club exclusively for lovers of leather, GM only.

VILLAGE

Don Solr, 40 W. 8th St. bet. 6th Ave. & Mc Dougall (473-9859). Headquarters for dance-crazy young Latins. Almost as much fun as a trip to San Juan—and a lot cheaper! GM.

Bonnie & Clyde's, 82 W. 3rd St. bet. Sullivan & Thompson Sts. (GR 3-3034). Newly renovated and now managed by Elaine, this place has everything: a big dance floor, free movies, Sunday brunches, the works. Mostly GM.

Carl's, 104 W. 10th St. (255-9742). This place is to Villagers what the corner pub is to Londoners. Don't miss it, GM.

The Celler, 531 Hudson St. (242-6769). A one-time restaurant turned bar is a well-known spot attracting a varied clientele. Say hello to Jerry, the bartender downstairs.

Danny's, 139 Christopher St. (929-9321). A Village landmark with one of the busiest pool tables in town. Very cruisy, GM.

Fedora's, 239 W. 4th St. (CH 2-9691). A very friendly restaurant with excellent food at reasonable prices. Fedora has a large, devoted following so make reservations. Mostly GM.

Finale, 48 Bleecker St. (CH 3-7538). The other named Village eatery. Ray, his lovely wife, and his humpy waiter treat customers like visiting royalty. Mixed, mostly GM.

Gay Dogs, 180 Christopher St. A 24-hour gay hot dog stand and snackery.

The Goldbox, 83 W. 3rd St. (677-8874). A dancing bar for the young set. Features include buffets and live stage shows, GM.

Keller's, 384 West St. near Christopher (CH 3-1907). The mother and father of New York's leather bars. The Landmarks Commission ought to put a plaque on the front of it. Still popular, GM.

Kookie's, 149 W. 14th St. (242-9226). Still the most popular of the girls' bars, Kookie's packs them in every night.

Julius, 159 W. 10th St. at Waverly Place (929-9672). Internationally famous as NYU's local gay bar and for hamburgers. It's popular, and was popular even before the owners fought one of the landmark cases which helped "legalize" gay bars, GM.

& W. 10th Sts. (691-8373). Dining, dancing and drinking in attractive surroundings. Opens at noon for day drinkers, GM.

One Potato, 518 Hudson St. at W. 10th St. (691-6260). Reasonably priced restaurant/bar with very good food, Int.

Paula's, 64 Greenwich Ave. (691-3360). A mixed bar with something different: Mexican food, a welcome change from all that Italian cuisine. Sunday brunch, too, Int.

Peter Rabbit's, 305 W. 10th St. at West. A new addition to the Village scene which we haven't checked out yet.

Royal Roast, 28 Cornelia St. (CH 2-9557). Small, intimate restaurant with a tiny bar. The perfect place to go with someone you love, Int.

Squire's Room, 18 E. 13th St. east of 5th Ave. (255-4746). A luxurious, but moderately-priced, bar/restaurant with, as Lige & Jack put it, "an atmosphere for quiet romance." Lunch: 11:30-3; dinner 5-10 (midnight on Saturday). Mostly GM.

The Den, 635 Washington at Little W. 12th St. (989-8999). A very crummy leather lounge. The boots and jackets are often just costume here, so if you see someone you like but don't dig the S&M scene, suggest alternatives, GM.

The Roadhouse, 570 Hudson St. at W. 11th (CH 3-4214). Give this new friendly Village bar a try. You'll like their wonderful ambience and the great food they serve Monday through Friday from 6 to 10pm, GM.

The (International) Stud, Greenwich & Perry Sts. The best make out bar in the Village, GM.

The Triangle, 43 Ninth Ave. This very popular bar or the sort where one is expected to be, or pretend to be, very butch (or cruising) is undergoing remodeling. Cruising goes on during renovations, GM.

12th Night, 281 W. 12th St., corner of W. 4th St. (989-9303). Intimate, very friendly bar presided over by Don. Known for their good food and famous for their fantastic noise to 4pm Sunday champagne brunches, Int.

Village West, 40 Bedford St., corner of 7th Ave. The manager declares this is not a gay bar, so you can assume all those gay people inside are really straight, GM.

GRAMMERCY PARK

Beau Geste, 239 Third Ave., at 20th St. (475-9724). A split-level bar and restaurant featuring good continental food reasonably priced (\$2.95 to \$5.95). GM, mostly.

Leo's Lion, 57 Lexington Ave. at 25th St. (686-9608). Paul hosts at this friendly, reasonably-priced neighborhood pub. Nice people, GM.

EAST VILLAGE

The Branding Iron, 165 Avenue "A," bet. 10th & 11th Sts. (228-9884). A new leather/restaurant bar, the first to venture out of the "leather ghetto" of the extreme West Village and Chelsea, GM.

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

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

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

St. Mark's Baths, 6 St. Mark's Pl. bet. 2nd & 3rd Aves. (487-7929). Rather rundown and a bit seedy, but the prices are low and the place is active. Open 24 hours, GM only.

QUEENS

The Alley, 63rd St., off Roosevelt Ave., Woodside (429-9542). A friendly dance bar with nice extras such as a 2-5pm cocktail hour and 6pm buffets.

Ev's 11th Hour, 193-14 Jamaica Ave., Hollis (HO 5-9846). Very friendly neighborhood bar. **Fountain Blue**, 69-05 Queens Blvd. at 69th St. (429-9893). Dancing to live rock music, free movies on Tuesdays, champagne buffets Sunday nights.

Love, 73-11 Yellowstone Blvd., Forest Hills (268-9355). Live stage shows, dancing, free Sunday buffet.

60-65 Club, on corner of Metropolitan and Eliot Avenues, Ridgewood (365-5311). Popular neighborhood dance bar with a free Sunday buffet.

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

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

BROOKLYN

Danny's in Brooklyn, 106 Montague St., Brooklyn Heights. A piano bar, one of the focal points of this very gay neighborhood.

The Editors Speak

THE TIMES THEY ARE A-CHANGIN'

This week has sprouted several peculiar public antagonisms and some new variations on old battles. Dick Leitch's column strikes back at a GAA critic and at GAA itself. GAA has declared a nationally coordinated assault on Mayor Lindsay's campaign in "every whistle stop" because he's failed to stand behind his promise to support Intro 475, the bill which would outlaw discrimination because of sexual orientation. Lindsay has been shaken, and so has his staff, by the intrusion of Gay Activists who effectively disrupted his campaign speech at Radio City Music Hall and chained themselves by the dozen to his office in City Hall and in his Madison Avenue campaign headquarters.

First a question about Mayor Lindsay: Since he has promised meaningful support for Intro 475 and hasn't given it and since he's forgotten many other promises to New Yorkers and is now preparing to leave the city to the wolves, how can he expect us to believe his presidential campaign promises?

Yes, John V. Lindsay once took steps to improve the lot of New York's gay community. He has issued directives to take the heat off gay institutions so that big city life has been more bearable than under the Wagner Administration. The gay community has given him due credit.

This newspaper was quick to criticize gay activists when they zapped Lindsay and his wife at the Metropolitan Opera and at other locales two years ago. But that was two years ago. Times and circumstances have changed. Intro 475 should be signed into law prior to the expiration of Lindsay's term. It would set a standard of protection for New York's gay community AFTER he leaves office. Since Intro 475 failed, gay New York may be left at the mercy of any lunatic politician. One thing is certain: Mayor Lindsay won't run for office in this town again. And even if he does, his fans are such a minority that it's most unlikely he'd get the post. Lindsay must have known, in 1969, that his second term could end only in chaos. He is not entirely to blame.

But during 1971 the Mayor was lethargic on the question of sexual civil rights. We haven't yet forgotten his summertime crusade for virtue (see GAY no. 57) in the Times Square area—a crusade which was mere political show used at the time to draw the city's attention away from its real problems. War was declared on erotic booksellers and prostitutes. Lindsay played "You scratch my back..." with society's puritanical multitudes.

Dick Leitch has told us that Lindsay has an attractive and engaging manner. True. He does appear to be at home in his body. He looks sincere. But it also seems clear enough that no sensible or truly sane man would run for the Presidency of the United States. It's a commonplace that all politicians are bullshitters. Lindsay's good looks and good deeds in the past mustn't obscure the politician's hide he's showing us today.

It remained with him—and he chose not to bestir himself—as to whether or not the City Council passed on Intro 475. He refused and the bill failed. City Council Minority Leader Elden R. Clingan has threatened (see GAY no. 69-B) to campaign against Lindsay in the California primaries since it failed. We are grateful to Councilman Clingan for such activist support.

New York's gay community, like every such community in America, seems too overly thankful for crumbs thrown from the hands of benign city administrators. The crumbs are not enough. If Mario Proaccino (or another nitwit with a similar mentality) is our next Mayor, we've had ample warning of the glorious "pervert purges" he'll inaugurate. If Intro 475 isn't law by the time Lindsay leaves office, there'll be no protective device to which New York's gay community can repair to insure a lawful continuation of its gathering places, or, for that matter, of many individual rights. Enticement and entrapment might once again rear their ugly heads. Bars and baths might close. Will Lindsay leave us with no shields at all? Must we continue to applaud him for past deeds? Certainly not. What is Lindsay doing now for his New York constituents? Is he representing the best interests of those of us who voted him into office? He's on the road campaigning for the presidency while trusting earth's most problem-riddled metropolis to deteriorate in the hands of his White House-hungry staff. Is it unreasonable for us to demand that he give his attention—for a few moments at least—to leaving us with a protective law?

Granted, legislation isn't always effective. Thus, Dick Leitch has pooh-poohed Intro 475. He is quite right when he says that instances of discrimination can proceed unhindered in spite of new laws. But a real law is better than nothing. And



if Lindsay doesn't get on the ball, that's the legacy his administration will leave to New York's gay community: nothing.

The GAA has come under increasing fire from people satisfied with crumbs from Lindsay's table. They were tasty crumbs in yesteryear, but the times, they are a-changin' and we believe that GAA is right to take political bulls by the horns. GAY commends the GAA and its brave members for pinching Lindsay where it hurts: on his campaign trail, and for asking him publicly what he intends to do for us before it's too late. If Lindsay is embarrassed by gay liberation demonstrations, let him throw his weight to re-introduce Intro 475. "If he does," says GAA's new president, Richard Wandel, "we'll be his friends again overnight!"

Finally, we're pleased to take columnist Dick Leitch at his word (in his current column) and to disagree with him, since he invites disagreement.

We don't share Dick Leitch's views about activists. We are not sorry that GAA exists. We may not always agree with GAA policy. We may not be joiners ourselves. We may even find some "liberationists" quite heavy. But we're both very happy about the fact that the gay community has produced its own angry, fed-up-with-being-pushed-around loudmouths. There may be a time when we're more than grateful they exist. We may need them to do some shouting during dark times. The louder they can shout, the better.

We recall when Dick Leitch stood with us (1965) on the positive side of activism and was condemned by conservative elements in the gay liberation movement because he'd dared to tote picket signs. They accused him of harming his own cause, much as he now accuses the GAA today of doing the same. If Dick Leitch really finds the gay liberation movement so "boring" perhaps he may wish to write about other topics.

GAA is an organization that evolved naturally out of the relative quietism that characterized the Mattachine Society of New York during the last year or two of Dick Leitch's eight-year stretch at its helm. There is no doubt that Dick Leitch is a gentleman who hates public shouting and argumentation and who prefers to argue in print. As a gadfly we welcome Dick Leitch's talents, but this does not mean that we always agree with his stand.

WHO'S REALLY TO BLAME FOR THE BILL'S FAILURE?

There is one loose thread which the old guard is using to damn activists who've zapped Lindsay. Lindsay himself tried to tie this thread around activist throats when he bellowed, over the microphone at Radio City Music Hall: "If this bill (Intro 475) fails the people here tonight (GAA zappers) can count themselves responsible."

Was this statement a veiled threat? Lindsay knew, did he not, that the Bill would fail anyway (since he didn't give it necessary support)? To blame activists at the last minute was quick thinking on his part. But what particularly annoys us is the patronizing air of such remarks. Does Lindsay overlook the fact that in Intro 475 deserves passage whether activists are zapping or not? It ought to have been passed because men of high principle could see its fairness. Rights guaranteed by Intro 475 are human rights, not "privileges" which may or may not be meted out to us by slick politicians. Lindsay's statement shows that he sees the matter in a political rather than a humane light. There's no good reason to deprive over 500,000 people of a protective bill simply because 15 people are shouting.

Why didn't Lindsay use his influence with the City Councilmen? Politicians supporting the Bill say he preferred to save that influence and to wield it on issues crucial to his own good fortune.

GAY

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Sing Along with Ginsberg

BY LEO SKIR

Cold-sad-broke I go into the Village to borrow \$5 and stumbling home with same, stop at Nathan's at 8th Street corner 6th Avenue wherein is Allen Ginsberg eating oysters (clams?), in transit and about to go home (lives on 10th Street, East Village).

Beside him, his music-thing which makes hummm. I offer to walk home, carry same for him, also ask him for piece for GAY. Turns out he has written a new poem-song *Jimmy Berman Newsboy Gay Lib Rag*.

I note last time I read long thing about him (in *New Yorker*) he making it with girl.

He says this was five years ago.

I ask if it's true what they say about women. That they cook and clean and type your manuscripts.

He says not this one. He and friends cleaned cooked for her. Also typed her manuscripts.

He has no overcoat and his jacket is ragged.

I ask how come.

He says US Govt has tied up his bank account since he won't pay war taxes.

We're walking over to his place on 10th Street. Very broken-down neighborhood.

I tell him we should have communes.

He says New York is like one big commune.

I think no but say nothing. We pass big heap of overturned garbage.

Allen says they should clean this up.

Allen is always saying things like that. I ask if I can quote him for GAY; i.e., he still likes boys.

He says yes. He likes apple-cheeked boys of 18, brown-cheeked boys of 20 and smooth-cheeked boys of 23.

I write this down in mid-street on my memo pad.

I apologize for having left so quickly after his last reading but explain I was jealous of a kid who was hanging around.

He tells me Dylan was there, came to the house later. They made up songs. Dylan suggested recording them. The Jimmy Berman song was among them.

Allen's apartment house is sort of run down. His apartment has lots of roaches: mommies, poppies, babbies. Lots of itty bitty ones.

He sits me down, takes out blues records and starts playing them. Gives me old-gay blues "Sissy Blues" (Ma Rainey, Biograph, 1601 E. 21 Street, Brooklyn 11210). Tells me "jelly roll"—which occurs in the song "Sissy Blues" means "cock"—this fact on record jacket. But I say no, it means "pussy."

He takes out tomato juice from the refrigerator and gives me some saying it's organic and from the Cherry Valley farm.

It is lumpy tomato juice.

"It's organic," he says. "It's from the farm. It's organically grown."

"You told me it was organically grown," I say.

"It's organic," he says. He is drinking his juice with conviction.

Now he plays the tape of the *Jimmy*



Allen Ginsberg and Peter Orlovsky are still as happy-go-lucky as ever.

Berman Newsboy Gay Lib Rag. Dylan strums background chords and Peter Orlovsky coming in vocal at the end. It's good.

He has xerox copy of lyrics. We go over same making slight corrections.

Then he plays something else on tape, his singing of Blake song with David Anram in the background on French horn.

He takes out, shows me original (now famous) photo of him and Peter. This had been on *Evergreen* cover first big mag with 2 stark-naked men on cover. But original picture had Peter's cock and *Evergreen* did not. Allen would like GAY to use original photo. Says it's artistic being Avedon photo and we can get print from Avedon.

I say OK, will tell GAY editors.

Now he is playing "James Alley Blues" by Richard "Rabbit" Brown (*Anthology of American Folk Songs*, Vol. 3, FA 2953).

Fearful I'll miss some of the words he's taken down big-wonderful book *The Blues Line* and opened it up so I can read it too.

It's nice but it's 2 A.M.

I get up, taking Jimmy Berman lyrics, kiss, split.

BY JACK NICHOLS

Leo says we're supposed to get a photo of Allen and his friend, Peter, from Richard Avedon's studio. The photo already appeared in *Evergreen* but the *Evergreen* editors cut off Peter's peter. Allen wants GAY's editors to put it back on again.

I called Avedon Studios.

"Mr. Avedon has gone to the Coast on business. He won't be back until tomorrow."

"Fine. I'll call tomorrow."

Tomorrow arrives.

"Mr. Avedon isn't here right now and he's the only person who can OK the re-

lease of Allen Ginsberg's photo."

"Will you have him call me then?"

Richard Avedon himself telephones me the following day.

"I'm sorry," he says, "but I have a four year contract with *Vogue* and I can't give any of my photographs to anyone for the next four years!"

"Very well, thank you."

It now remains with me to scrounge up another Ginsberg photo to go with his poem. We don't want to run the same one we used on the cover of GAY 65. I go to the bookshop on 8th Street and thumb through Allen's poetry books. No photos.

I call Leo. He is suffering a flu attack and sweating it out in his room at the Y. "I'll call Allen and see if he has any photos."

He calls, but Allen's line is busy. It stays busy all afternoon. Lige and I split for home at 6 p.m. Our home phone rings. It's Allen.

"You need photos?" he asks.

"Yes."

"Very well. But I'd like to proofread my poem before it goes in GAY."

"Alright."

"And I'd like to see what Leo has written too."

"Very well. I'll come over to your place since we don't live far apart, and I'll bring you Leo's article and a xerox of your poem."

He gives me his address and phone number.

"Call before you leave," says Allen.

I jump in a cab, return to GAY's office, xerox the poem and Leo's article and put in a call to Allen before leaving.

His line is busy.

I wait. Call again. Still busy.

More waiting. Again. *Damn it*. I decide to go without calling.

I hail a cab in front of Max's and speed toward Allen's 10th Street apartment.

Suddenly as we (the cabbie and I) are whizzing I spot Allen walking along-

nearly running. I pay the cabbie, jump out and chase him for two blocks in the cold. Finally I catch up.

"Hey! You're a difficult man to keep up with!"

He looks confused.

"Ah, er, did I have an appointment with you?"

I pull out the xeroxed copies and hand them over.

"Oh, ah, yes." He looks a bit embarrassed. "I'm very sorry. I'm rushing to an appointment now," he says. "Sometimes I get mixed up. I'm trying to do too many things at once."

"It is easier to do one thing at a time," I observe. "I need photos of you to accompany your poem and Leo's article in GAY. I need them immediately, since we're on deadline. Do you know where I can get them?"

"Let's see," he says. "Fred McDarragh may have some, and..."

Suddenly he lights up. "Do you have a pencil?" he asks.

I produce a pen and a manila envelope.

"Peter is still in the apartment. I'll write a note. You take it to him and he'll give you some pictures."

"Super," says I.

I hurry on down the street, remembering that only a day before two cops had been gunned down on the next street, a block away.

I search for the proper address. Allen lives with Peter in a 4th floor walkup. Oh, here it is.

I climb the stairs quickly. The building is an abomination. Smells. Dirty stairlandings. Grime.

Still breathless I knock on the door. Three hard raps. No answer.

"Peter!" I sing out.

A woman's voice asks, "Who is it?" She isn't quick to answer the door. It might be a neighborhood junkie.

"Jack Nichols from GAY," I sing back. "I have a note from Allen with instruc-

tions to Peter to give me photos of either Allen alone or of Allen and Peter together."

The door opens and a young woman in a bathrobe peers out at me. Behind her a husky young man also peers out. It's Peter. I'd remembered him as much skinnier.

"Hi," I smile so they'll know I'm not a strung out junkie. They ask me in.

The apartment is as Leo described it. Messy. Poverty-stricken. I've had hip

friends on welfare who've lived in greater grandeur. For some odd reason a picture of the Virgin Mary hangs on the wall. Up front is a desk, presumably Allen's. Peter is wearing a bathrobe too.

"I've got the flu," he says.

I feel Boy Scout-prepared. I've had my flu shots already.

Peter studies Allen's note.

"I don't know what kind of pictures we've got here," he says, fumbling through the closet and lifting a box down

from the shelf, frightening the roaches.

"I need two pictures," I explain. "It's a two-page spread with Allen's poem-song, *Jimmy Berman Newsboy Gay Lib Rag*."

Peter produces a picture of himself singing with Allen last November.

Another photo by McDarragh shows Allen in '64. An oldy. "These'll be just fine," says I.

"You'll return them?" asks Peter.

"Sure I will. After next Tuesday."

I depart, hurrying through the dingy

streets. I'm farther from home than I'd realized.

I'm full of wonder about Allen and Peter. Is their financial status any indication of how two lover/companion poets—with fame... oodles of fame... must fare? As I enter our apartment, I smell incense. I feel lucky. Lige is standing on his head in the living room. Usually he doesn't talk during yoga, but he sings out, "How did everything go?"

"Fine."

Jimmy Berman Newsboy Gay Lib Rag



Allen Ginsberg had a larger beard in 1964.

Photo by Fred McDarragh

The following poem-song is fresh from the pen of Allen Ginsberg who has thoughtfully presented it to GAY through Leo Skir for an exclusive first printing.

BY ALLEN GINSBERG

JIMMY BERMAN NEWSBOY GAY LIB RAG

Whoat Jimmy Berman
I heard you drop his name?
Whadd'ze got to say
what papers is he sellin?
I dont know if he's the guy
I met or aint the same—
Well that Jimmy Berman was
a boy that is worth tellin':

Jimmy Berman on the corner
Sold the New York Times

Jimmy Berman in New York
He had a long long Climb—

Started as a shoeshine boy
Ended on Times Square—
Jimmy Berman whatzat rose
You got settin' in your hair?

Jimmy Berman what's your sex?
Why ya hangin' round here all day?
Jimmy Berman What Love Next
Oh What (God) do you pray?

Who you wanna sleep with tonight
Jimmy Boy
Would'ja like—Come with me?
Jimmy Berman—o my love
Oh what misery—

Jimmy Berman do you feel
the same as what I do
Jimmy Berman wont you come home
And make love with me too?

Jimmy Berman I'll take my clothes off
Lay me down in bed
Jimmy Berman drop your pants
I'll give you some good head

Eighteen year old Jimmie!
The Boy is my delight!
Eighteen year old Jimmy
I'll love him day and night!

Now I know I'm getting kinda old
To chase poor Jimmy's tail
But I wont tell you other loves—
It be too long a tale.

Jimmy Berman please love me
I'll throw myself at your feet—
Jimmy Berman I'll give you money O
Wont that be neat!

Jimmy Berman just give me
your heart and Yeah your soul
Jimmy Berman please come home
With me, I would be whole.

Jimmy Berman on the street
Waitin for his god!
Jimmy Berman as I pass
Gives me a holy nod.

Jimmy Berman he has watched
And seen the Strangers pass—
Jimmy Berman he gave up—
He wants no more of ass.

Jimmy Berman does yoga
He smokes a little grass,
Jimmy Berman's back is straight,
He knows what to bypass—

Jimmy Berman dont take Junk
He dont shoot speed neither
Jimmy Berman's got a healthy mind
And Jimmy Berman is ours—

Jimmy Berman, Jimmy Berman
I will say Goodbye
Jimmy Berman Jimmy Berman
Love you till I die—

Jimmy Berman Jimmy Berman
Pray for me as well—
Jimmy Berman Jimmy Berman
We've abolished Hell!

Nov. 17, 1971

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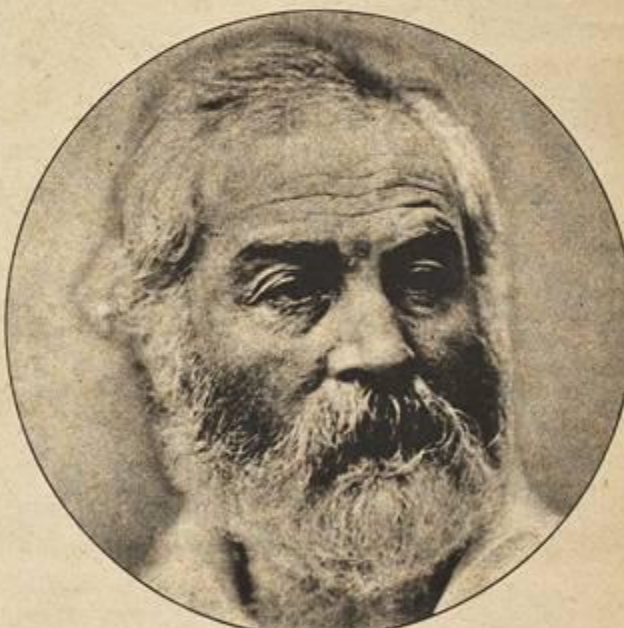
What Is More or Less Than a Touch?



Walt Whitman in 1854.



Walt Whitman in 1872.



Walt Whitman in 1863.

BY LIGE AND JACK

When John Addington Symonds, a Victorian classicist, wrote to Walt Whitman and begged him to make public his sexual preferences, the great poet was quite understandably annoyed. Symonds had studied *Leaves of Grass* but his understanding of the book had been superficial. The section of poems called *Calamus* was genuinely homoerotic, but to pigeonhole it as "homosexual" was to miss Whitman altogether. In fact, Whitman himself was the foe of labels and categorizations. He warned those who would classify him to desist. "The moment you think you have caught me," he laughed, "behold, I am gone."

We like to think our understanding of Whitman has grown during the last year. Like most everyone else, we read his worst poems in high school. *Oh Captain My Captain*, a lament about Lincoln's death, appears in nearly every academic anthology, and is usually accompanied by one or two other patriotic-sounding verses. Whitman is lauded as the "poet of democracy," as the poet who broke with

traditional rhyming and who wrote free verse, and as the "good grey poet," whatever that means.

Allen Ginsberg wrote about Whitman in *HOWL*, that most famous of poems penned in the beat 50's. His vision of old Walt puttering about in a supermarket with an eye on the grocery boys seemed less than complimentary at the time, although today we see that Ginsberg was probably much influenced by Whitman, and is sympathetic to the man who was *Leaves of Grass*.

Our own introduction to Whitman came about unexpectedly. Previously, he'd always seemed "cumbersome," as Thane Hampton put it in *GAY*, but that was before we'd studied his poems carefully, aided by a knowledge of Far Eastern thought we'd been absorbing during the post-acid era.

A familiarity with Zen, yoga, and Vedantic mysticism (a la Christopher Isherwood and Aldous Huxley) paved the way for our return to native ground. We discovered that Whitman, our own countryman, was more than a patriotic poet. He was as profound a philosopher as any we'd ever read. We found ourselves agreeing with critic Karl Shapiro, who said:

He is the one mystical writer of any consequence America has produced; the most original religious thinker we have...

Bernice Sloate agreed, too, noting that Whitman

was a mystic, a poet of cosmic consciousness and life force in all of nature... primarily a religious poet (priest of the New Paganism perhaps).

Why, since we'd never been turned on to poetry in a big way, did we find Whitman so intriguing? What is it about him that strikes responsive chords and brings him to life—just as he'd promised—among comrades and lovers a century later?

and his own body from which he's been too long estranged. His affirmative energy jets out on us in spasms from an inexhaustible self. *Leaves of Grass* is the composition of a soul that sees the world from a clear state of mind—as the Buddhists might put it—of enlightenment. Once this fact is grasped, it can be read, starting at the beginning, with a sense of what Whitman is communicating. The first line, "One's self I sing, a simple separate person," sets his starting point, which reaches a culmination in *Song of Myself*, a poem which must be understood if any of Whitman is to be understood.

His conception of self is the most highly developed we know—one which reaches out through an extraordinary empathy to everything that surrounds him, but which is always conscious of the incredible miracle of its own existence. The Beatles' assertion that "we are all one" lives in *Leaves of Grass* more vividly than anywhere else. In Whitman's steps we find new levels in consciousness, and it offers the reader a view into his own body/mind so that he realizes that he can take the "open road," and that the "long brown path" leads wherever he chooses. Whitman is the great sensualist caring

for his body as meticulously as he cares for his soul. "I keep as delicate around the bowels as I do around the head and heart," he says. His arms reach out in poem after poem to men and women alike, and one can easily detect that his love for his own sex reaches physical heights. His appreciation of male beauty is centered in his appreciation of his own. In our view this self-awareness is the first and most necessary step in what may some day be known as male liberation. The male who moves without a sense of his own beauty can hardly be expected to understand what it is that makes him exciting to his male or female lover.

Leaves of Grass is easily a poem for lovers and comrades: those who are on the open road, traveling, searching, exploring, and wondering. *Song of the Open Road* is an open-air anthem which indicates, better than any poem we know, how to have the best of relationships:

*Listen! I will be honest with you,
I do not offer the old smooth prizes, but offer
rough new prizes...*

*Allons! whoever you are come travel with me!
Traveling with me you find what never tires...
The earth never tires.
The earth is rude, silent, incomprehensible at
first...*

*Be not discouraged, keep on, there are divine
things well envelop'd
I swear to you there are divine things more
beautiful than words can tell.*

*Allons! we must not stop here,
However sweet these laid up stores, however
convenient this dwelling we cannot remain
here.
However sheltered this port and however calm
these waters we must not anchor here.*

*Comrade, I give you my hand!
I give you my love more precious than money,
I give you myself before preaching or law;
Will you give me yourself? will you come travel
with me?*

Whitman knows what it is that we see in a lover:

*And no man understands any greatness or goodness
but his own, or the indication of his
own.*

He realizes why some people are always sad and others always happy:

*I swear the earth shall surely be complete to
him or her who shall be complete.
The earth remains jagged and broken only to
him or her who remains jagged or broken.*

He teaches us how to do nothing (contemplating a blade of grass), so that we

can learn to do something. The blade of grass to him is as amazing as "the journeywork of the stars." He loafs and invites us to do likewise. How America needs such relaxation today!

He points ahead to the broad calm expanses of old age. He is the poet of equality between the sexes. He sings "the body electric" and proves sexual organs and acts "illustrious." He chants movingly "Of Life immense in passion, pulse and power," convincing us a century later that it is truly of "The Modern Man" he sings.

The time is ripe for a Whitman revival. More than any current thinker, he bathes his lovers in a cultural stream that will soon be a torrent. After death, he says in his opening inscription, he may "invisibly return."

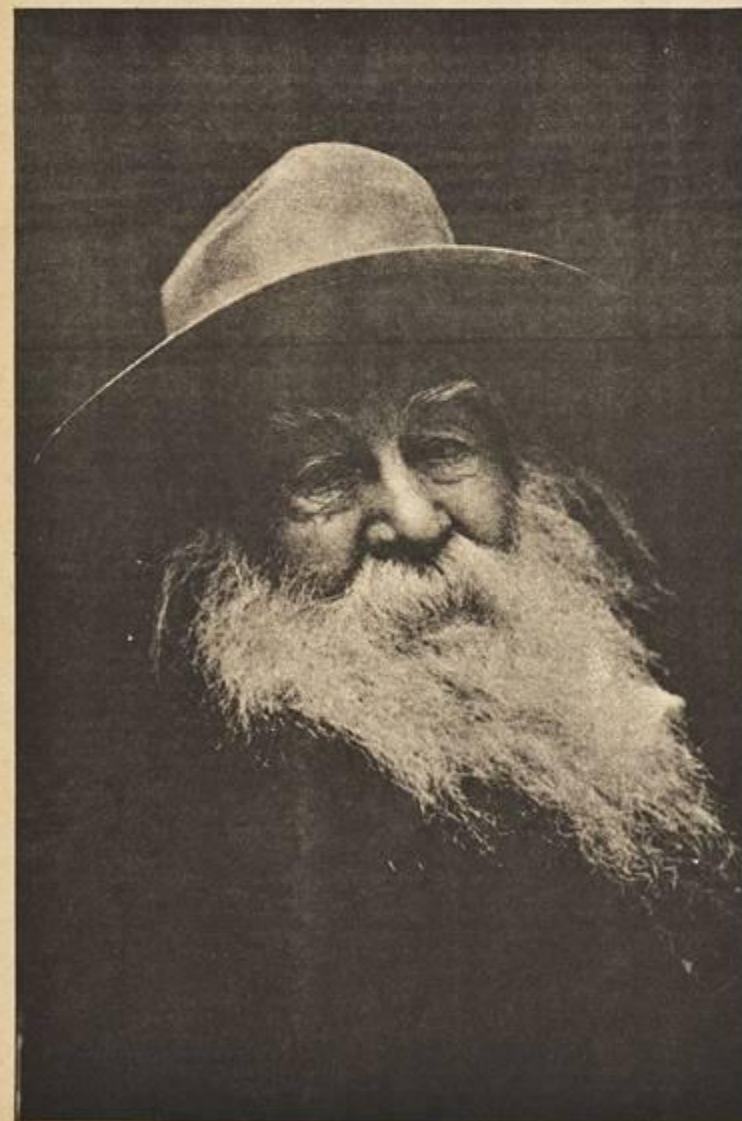
*Or long, long hence, in other spheres,
There to some group of mates the chants
resuming.*

As we read more of him, he expands our thoughts/bodies and encompasses us. We spoke with Allen Ginsberg today and he said, "Yes yes. Whitman is the best of influences. You can't ask for a better companion."

SUGGESTED READING

Leaves of Grass by Walt Whitman. A Signet Classic published by New American Library, 95¢.

Whitman in the Light of Vedantic Mysticism by V.K. Chari. University of Nebraska Press, \$1.65.



Walt Whitman in 1887.



Walt Whitman in 1891.

Cruising Off Broadway

BY IAN AND DANIEL

THREE (MINUS ONE) BY TAVEL

The Life of Juanita Castro by Ronald Tavel, directed by John Vaccaro, with an ever-changing cast. Kitchenette by Mr. Tavel, directed by Harvey Tavel, with Mary Woronov, Frederic Glenn, Nancy Lee and Harry Fierstein. Thurs., Fri., Sat. at 8 pm; Sat. at 9 pm. Theatre of the Lost Continent, 113 Jane Street at West. Reservations: 959-9105.

Originally, I had written a nice long review of a third Tavel play, *Boy on the Straight-Back Chair*, and devoted a single paragraph to the two listed above. But *Boy* closed, damn it. The play was a brilliant carousel of theatrical styles, embroidered with some of the trippiest language since James Joyce. The music was excellent and played well. The cast was one of the finest I've ever seen. The whole production just sort of came out and got you.

The two plays still in repertory at the Theatre of the Lost Continent are early Tavel from the Theatre of the Ridiculous days. I believe they were scripts for Warhol movies.

The Life of Juanita Castro is basically a one-joke sketch, the joke being that Juanita is a man in drag and Fidel, Raul and Che are women in drag. While posing for a family portrait, the four make comments on the Cuban revolution and sexual advances toward each other. The political satire is dated and the sexual mix-ups are too, by now. Director John Vaccaro sits onstage calling the shots and giving the actors their lines (the play is supposedly unrehearsed). It's all just a mildly amusing experience, although I suppose if the actors should be in great form on a given night, it could be a very amusing exercise.

Kitchenette has more substance and more of the explosive confusion that powered *Gorilla Queen* (and *Boy*, damn it!). The play is set in one of those familiarly cluttered kitchen/living/dining/bathrooms that anyone who's been in a low-income neighborhood will recognize. And if you have a low income, probably live in one. It's inhabited by a Dominant Female (Mary Woronov) who alternately ignores and bullies her husband and/or son (Frederic Glenn) who likes to play around in the shower with his asshole buddy (Harry Fierstein) who arrives with a mattress and/or ditz blonde in tow (Nancy Lee—as the blonde, not the mattress) who is out of it.

Again the director is onstage, but Harvey Tavel, thankfully, acts more as a Japanese prop man than as a puppet master and for the most part lets his staging and the actors take care of themselves.

I especially liked Nancy Lee. (She was good in *Boy*, too, damn it!) She sat grinning blithely like a six-foot Barbie doll while various sex acts happened on and around her; then suddenly went raging off on a typical Tavel tangent about excitable people who do dirty things in hallways. Good writing, great delivery.

Much of the fun of *Kitchenette* comes from ad libs, so some nights are going to be better than others. Still it's worth a visit—until they bring back *Boy* (damn it!).

GEE, BROADWAY

Wise Child by Simon Gray, directed by James Hammerstein, with Donald Pleasence, George Rose, Bud Cort and Lauren Jones. Helen Hayes Theatre, 210 W. 46th St. Reservations: 246-6380.

I saw this play in previews a week be-



Bud Cort stars as Donald Pleasence's son in the play.



Donald Pleasence stars in Simon Gray's comedy drama, "Wise Child."

fore opening, so there were still some rough spots being worked out. Even so, Donald Pleasence and George Rose had already put together smooth, complete performances.

Wise Child is a play of imbalances. Each character is whacked out in some way. The stage is sharply raked, and the action seems to skitter continually to one side. Donald Pleasence enters in drag so that the audience is thrown off balance wondering whether he's playing a real woman or a man disguised. (After a while, he's not sure himself.) Hypocrisies and delusions abound.

The play is set in an unfinished hotel in Reading, England. Remember Reading Gao? The hotel owner is a closet case (George Rose) who justifies his homosexuality with religion—when he's down on his knees, he's teaching those young men to pray! Into this situation comes a child-con man (Bud Cort) with his alchy "Mum" (Donald Pleasence), on the run from Mum's botched-up robbery of a postman. The owner wants to teach the lad to pray; Mum wants to leave the con game and go back to honest armed robbery; the young man wants none of it.

Author Simon Gray writes in the Pinter school of psychic violence. Each of his characters projects a persona which he uses to control the other two; at the same time, each character's persona threatens

to take over his personality completely. The battle lines are necessarily hazy, and the fighting that much fiercer.

George's role as the fussy, frustrated hotel proprietor is written full of double entendres, which if hit too hard could have turned into burlesque. He has elected to understate, so that they become Freudian slips—the real self slipping through the facade.

Bud Cort was still having trouble with his character—his stage experience is apparently limited—but he came across nicely in his intense moments and by now his whole performance should be settled in.

And of course, Donald Pleasence is a trip.

MAN'S COUNTRY

The borough that gave you the Brooklyn Clock Tower (the phallic symbol, right down to the sculptured head) now brings you *Man's Country*, Brooklyn's first modern baths located in Brooklyn Heights at 53 Pierpont Street, off Henry, in (or rather under) the Pierpont Hotel. It's one stop past Wall St. on the 7th Ave. IRT (Clark Street). If you've been reading GAY and/or SCREW regularly, you've seen their full-page spread of a very humpy dude wearing a western hat and his birthday suit. Now if that doesn't bring them out of the closet, nuffin' will.

At any rate, the grand opening was Jan. 7th, and Daniel and I trundled on over to take it all in, and to get it on, as it were. Well, in a word, *Man's Country* is a winner.

Beyond the entrance on the sub-street level, you can find the sauna, the nicely equipped gym/exercise room, the showers, the sun room, the towel room and what they call "mini-lockers," which despite the name have adequate room for your clothes.

Coming up to the ground level you find the TV room, with a color set atop what looks to be a real fireplace. Closer inspection reveals a clever light show, with sound effects, going on beneath the "burning" logs. Beyond that is a lounge area with flickering "candles." From here you descend into the restaurant with its raised, finished wood dance floor. Music is from a juke box, and the selection is pretty good. I'm glad to say that the food counter has humans dispensing the food rather than those ghastly machines (though there is also a machine which gives out coffee, hot chocolate, and chicken soup). The decor of this room is decidedly western, with cowboy hats and lariats and even a saddle or two (for getting into, no doubt) hanging on the wall.

Since it was the grand opening, the management laid a super buffet on us, with champagne. Jim, the affable manager, said that a Sunday buffet would be a weekly event.

(Upstairs, where the action is, private rooms and dormitories—an obvious euphemism for orgy rooms—abound. In case you're wondering, Daniel and I did very nicely, thank you.)

In the way of things to come: the Olympic-size pool (which was in operation during WWII but was closed down when the government copped the plumbing for the war effort) will be back in operation by spring. A sundeck with a super view of the city will be opened by summer, and a steam room will be added. They will be acquiring even more floor space in the not-too-distant future for a separate TV room, library/reading room, and a bunk-house type orgy room.

The staff was friendly and courteous (and good-looking)—easy to talk to, nice vibes. We liked it well enough to head back there a few days later. Once it's in full-scale operation, it will certainly give a certain other bathhouse in the West 70's a run for its money. It's a comfortable place to be and we think you'll like it quite a bit.

AND FURTHERMORE . . .

The ETC Company of LaMama is currently presenting an interesting series of music-dramas under the direction of Wilford Leach and John Braswell. I saw three of them last year: *Carmilla*, adapted from the LeFanu novel with music by Ben Johnston, concerns a case of vampirism with Lesbian overtones, *The Only Jealousy of Emer*, a supernatural opera based on the Yeats poem; *Renard*, a razzmatazz production of the Stravinsky burlesque—purists will hate it; anybody else will love it. Reservations: 475-7710.

Also coming to LaMama: *Family Meeting* by William Wellington Mackey. Performances at 10 pm Fri.-Sun., Jan. 28-30 and Tues.-Thurs., Feb. 1-3. *Elegy to a Down Queen* by Leslie Lee. Opens Feb. 10 for a limited engagement. Reservations: 475-7710.

The Merce Cunningham Dance Co. will be at the Brooklyn Academy of Music Feb. 1-13. Reservations: 783-0482 or 783-2434.

Thane Hampton Loves Bobby Short Who Loves Cole Porter

BY THANE HAMPTEN

Back when I was in college, around the turn of the century (or so it seems to me now), I made friends with two boys from New York. Why they chose matriculation at my state's mediocre dispensary of education has always mystified me. As they were lovers, quite open about it, and given to raising hell in general, I had a suspicion that they were exiled from their native ground.

Their sophistication impressed me. I had not been out in the gay world very long; they had been cruising before they were fully housebroken. I liked their hedonistic ways; I was still the constipated yokel. I also envied them. They had money, a car, an apartment of their own. I was a sophomore and they were seniors. I was not only impressed and envious, I looked up to them.

In dispassionate retrospection, I can now see that they were superficial and had little of real value to offer. But they were a hell of a lot of fun and did prepare me for a great deal I was soon to encounter. I learned something of metropolitan gay life. (I was also fascinated that a New York prostitute was a "whoore.") I was taught a few of the more necessary social graces of which I was sorely lacking. And I was exposed for the first time not only to Rae Bourbon but to the singular artistry of such performers as Joe Mooney, Greta Keller, Mabel Mercer and Bobby Short.

These musicians were absolutely unheard of in a community that designated Patti Page, Les Paul, Mary Ford, and Elvis as the supreme arbiters of popular taste. The cozy apartment of my New York buddies became my haven; a place for me to hide from *The Tennessee Waltz* and early Rock and Raunch. The antidote was Mabel Mercer's husky rendition of Cy Walker's *Some Fine Day*, or Bobby Short's *Sand In My Shoes*. I had my first martini while listening to Short's impertinent *Manhattan*. ("We'll have the Bronx and Fire Island, too...") Yes, I was a backward child, but I was coming out—in more ways than one.

Mercer and Short seemed to me the epitome of sophistication, of all the things I had not and was not. I wanted more, but my friends graduated that spring. Brief. They packed the *savoir faire* along with their records and bottles of Calvados and Drumbule, and fled back to White Plains. I had to wait almost four years, until I came to the Big City (immersion myself—conservatively—in sin), before I could even find any Mercer or Bobby Short records to buy.

I would someday like to write an article about Miss Mercer. (So far, I have only had a brief chat with her.) But this is Bobby Short's year. Not only do we have a new 2-record album, *Bobby Short Loves Cole Porter* (Atlantic SD 2-606) but an autobiography of his early years, *Black and White Baby* (Dodd, Mead and Company).

Of the recording, I can do no better than to quote Alan Rich (in *New York magazine*) that it is the personification of "elegance." And if you don't know what "elegance" is, I can't really describe it to you. It is far more than mere sophistication and unerring good taste. It is a life-

style; a total knowledge of how to precisely convey the meaning and flavor of a particular genre; it is the perfect fusion of this mature knowledge with unique talent. And it is the ability to execute the most difficult tasks with deceptively simple and felicitous ease.

A master is a master, whatever his form of expression. And I would as soon go to hear Bobby Short at the intimate Cafe Carlyle as Birgit Nilsson at Carnegie Hall. And if this sounds at all like apology for Short's popular art, let me hasten to say that I would probably prefer an hour or two with him. It's a matter of identification.

When I first introduce my friends to the music of Bobby Short, the reaction is often, "Clever, but... he's so campy... so artificial!" And I feel they are missing the essence of his style, the brittle elegance which has all but gone out of style. If your meter is hard rock, I can understand why Short would hold little appeal. (It is no wonder that he can count, among his most ardent fans, the Duke

yield more information than he cares to share with the public.

Although basically a memoir concerning his adolescent whirl at Show Biz, the book is as much (if not more) the tale of a young black boy's confrontations with an often cruel and indifferent white society. Add to this the bleakness of the depression years. Short appears not to be embittered by these experiences. I find this to be remarkable and amazing. He may not have been quite the victim of social injustice as some (Ethel Waters and Billie Holiday come to mind)—but there was still more humiliation than any person should suffer, under any circumstances.

And for anyone of such insulated, isolated WASP background as was mine, this autobiography should be required reading. Remember—if you can—this was of time and place when it was considered poor taste to say "nigger" within hearing of a black, but "pickaninny" was quite acceptable. It was also a time when blacks would not even be served in a res-

them was nil. He appears to have had the most affection for his mother and younger sister, Barbara. Sports held no real interest for him, but the Fischer and Palace movie theatres did.

The great love, however, was the piano. There was an old upright in his home and he learned to play well enough by the age of eight to go from neighborhood home to home, giving miniature recitals of snappy ditties in return for cupcakes, pie, milk and soda pop. Lessons were given to him but he could never see the need of them as he could play anything at all by ear. (He claims he still cannot read music.)

By the time he was ten, he was playing in local saloons and roadhouses. (No, it wasn't that his mother didn't object. This was the Great Depression. You accepted money almost any way you could get it.) As his technique and style improved, so did his precocity (and the ability to manipulate adults). Shortly before his twelfth birthday, he was discovered by a Chicago agent through a struggling young night club singer, Leonard Rosen. He was given a short trial, a contract was signed, and he was on his way.

The entire middle section of the book is concerned with his travels and various bookings, some very good and some wretched. Chicago, Joliet, Grand Rapids, St. Louis, Milwaukee, Kansas City and finally New York and the Apollo Theatre. One night stands, weekends, days of grinding travel and bad food. Many engagements were in the gargantuan movie theatres that dotted the land. It must be remembered that every large theatre had a stage show as well as the movie in those days.

And it was in these shows that little Bobby met so many of the legendary greats. Red Norvo, Mildred Bailey, Art Tatum, Ethel Waters, Louis Armstrong, Cab Calloway, "Fats" Waller, "Bojangles" Robinson, Fletcher Henderson, Duke Ellington. Many of them took a shine to the hot little pianist-singer. And he absorbed all he could from them.

On one occasion, he even shared billing with female impersonators. As he tells it, "... suddenly, backstage, I was face to face with those odd transvestites tricked out in women's clothing—I was scared out of my wits." And on another occasion that constitutes one of his happiest memories, he is introduced to plump little Judy Garland who tells him she thinks he is "terrific."

And throughout all of this period was the eternal problem of finding places for a little black boy to eat and sleep. Many times he slept on a cot in his dressing room. His friend and guardian, Len, often had to bring food in to him as no restaurant would serve him. (He was allowed into one seedy hotel by claiming to be East Indian.)

The author appears to have total recall when listing the many performers he worked with over those early years. The book would perhaps have been more interesting if he had not been compelled to make such detailed enumerations which convey little to the average reader. However, this compilation did impress me greatly in one respect.

Of the hundreds of talented negro artists working at that time, only a handful ever achieved proper recognition. One is



Bobby Short in front of the Plaza Hotel.

and Duchess of Windsor and Madame Onassis.) But for anyone interested in true craftsmanship, in an artist's complete understanding of his material, Short is the singer's singer. (In addition to Short, I would venture that only Sinatra, Mercer and Ella Fitzgerald have ever shown such devotion and attention to the lyrics of songs.) Ah, my pets, there is a world of difference between artifice and artificiality.

Bobby Short's autobiography is concerned with his beginnings and background. As the book ends (rather abruptly) with his high school graduation, I can only assume the adult years will be covered in future publication. (I might add that the book is not ghost written, which must account for the preservation of its tone of simple sincerity.) Or perhaps he feels that any further revelations would

restaurant of another minority, the Chinese. It was a time when black high school graduation photos were segregated, and moved to the back of the yearbook.

Short was born in 1924 in Danville, Illinois (which also produced Helen Morgan and Dick Van Dyke). He seems proud and grateful that he was never exposed to the South or to urban ghettos. And while it is probably true that Danville was more tolerant and prejudice more covert, the barriers were emphatically there. And what indignities he escaped at home, he was served in double portions when on the road.

Of a large family, he was the youngest son. His father died (while working in a Kentucky coal mine) when Bobby was still quite young. They never knew each other well, and as his brothers were considerably older, companionship with

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The Gay Insider

BY JOHN FRANCIS HUNTER
(and Alter Egos)

Where are your children tonight (the little darlings)? Are they at home? In bed? Alone?"

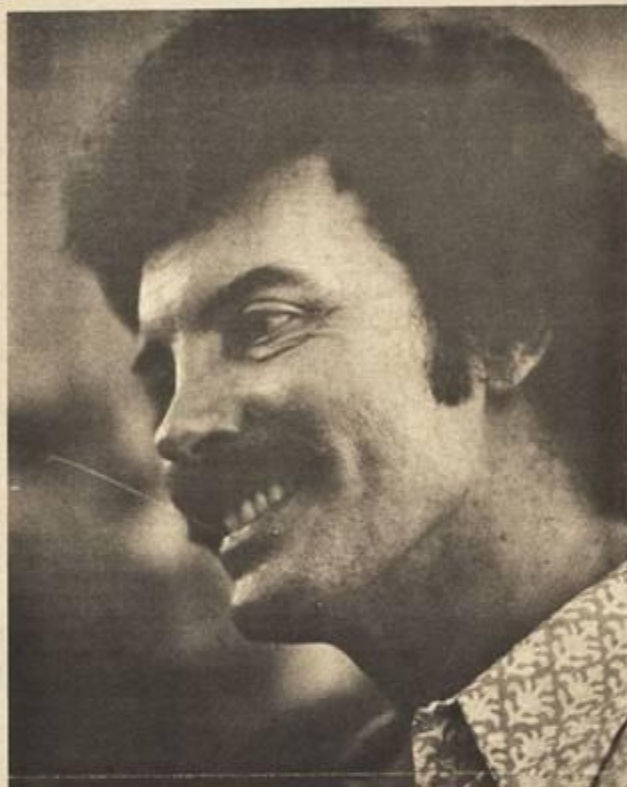
These were the sassy questions posed to chic cabaret audiences in the early 60's who tak-taked over naughty revues that then passed for "satire." This particular song was featured in a long-running show called *The Best of Everything*, which I was appearing in (and helped write) with Ruth Buzzi at the old Showplace on W. 4th St. long before it fell on its face at the feet of the Task Force on Organized Crime. Cass Elliott was hat check girl downstairs.

"Where are your children...?" was sung with insinuating leers, lots of *West Side Story* switch-blade miming—and we wore black leather jackets. Wow! It seems so ingenuous in a day when nobody dares ponder where the kiddies are, nor how badly they're shot up, nor if they're coming home tomorrow or next week or at all, in the company of the junkie next door. Unless they are the neighborhood junkies. Straight society presents a pretty picture, doesn't it? They've done a lovely job of giving their brats something to live for.

NO NEED FOR DRUGS

Well, I could suggest to a few parents where certain happily adjusted gay female and male gay offspring are congregating these days, too involved and dedicated to be laid out by hard dope, too caught up in politics and strategy at beating the folks at their own game to fall back on the needle, most of them. Alive and well—though the folks probably would be scandalized by their associations and actually prefer them to be locked in the thrall of a pusher instead of celebrating together their victories over The Man. Those folks who know—and many of them do—that their children are gay would rather have them strung out than hung up on love and activism at the GAA Firehouse, girls and boys and boys and boys together in a teen town like none other that has existed since the halcyon days of the McCarthy campaign...

The scene is the second floor of the 90-year-old building on Wooster Street in Soho, and about a hundred are assembled to report on the success of three major zaps of Presidential Candidate John Lindsay within the course of 24 hours. Not all are young, but the spirit is younger than a test tube baby. Each participant in one of the foregoing actions—at Radio City Music Hall on the night of January 27, at City Hall the following morning, and at Lindsay's national campaign headquarters in the afternoon—is having his jubilant moment in the sun as he or she tells of twisting the establishment tail. President Rich Wandel and Vice President Nath Rockhill pass the stick to one after another of the Lindsay 15*, those who got themselves arrested trying to urge the Mayor to speak out unequivocally in public in behalf of Intro 475, the fair employment and housing law so long before the City Council. Each relates his experience, joyously embroidering with details that evoke screeches of delight from fellow activists who were on the picket line, as the Executive Committee meeting gets under way immediately after the last arrestee has been sprung from night court at 100 Centre Street, from whence the mob has just come, in the company of now-weary Counsel Hal Wiener, a non-gay



The Gay Insider, John Francis Hunter.

who seems to spend most of his time these days defending GAA people.

BEWARE OF GREEKS

Anecdotes that would fill a book: Ernie Cohen, editor of the GAA Newsletter, who had wormed his way into the Music Hall "benefit" for Lindsay campaign manager Richard Aurelio, whom comedian Alan King had just introduced as having a job akin to that of captain of the Titanic, shot out a shower of leaflets from the second mezzanine after his sisters and brothers disrupted the Lindsay speech with accusations from the floor, chained themselves to balcony railings, and sprung up like Fifth Columnists out of the Trojan Horse throughout the auditorium: Rich (in a Lincoln-esque beard), Morty Manford and Cora Perrotta, Frank Arango, Steve Ashkanazy, Vito Russo et al...

When Vito and company left arm-in-arm up the aisle a woman catcalled, "Goodbye, girls." Vito replied, "We aren't girls. We're men who like to fuck men—and you'd better get used to it!" Parents with an ounce of objectivity would have to admit that the goings-on at the Firehouse reflected a wholesome embroilment in the mainstream political American experience, especially as this was a victory celebration. And just the beginning of an election year engagement. Summed up Rich: "Three major battles, every one of them won by the gay people of New York for the gay community of the nation." No heads broken this time, no police brutality. Just fifteen new heroes and heroes determined to force an honest declaration from a man who says he wants the youth vote and the confidence of youth, his only possible power base in the forthcoming battle.



Morty Manford, one of the Lindsay 15.

FIREHOUSE REHABILITATION

So parents lament that their kids are dropouts, that they are alienated, that they aren't doing anything constructive to change the society they are attacking? Let them send their little darlings to where it's at, they'll be so caught up in the fun and games, where hard work and daring and responsibility are so much valued that they won't have time to go "astray." Unless one considers being arrested for standing up for what he believes, civil disobedience in the time-honored transcendental tradition, "astray." Of course, they do go home to eat pussy and suck cock, in love...

Meanwhile, the look at 99 Wooster St. is one of grim determination amidst the euphoria. SIR of San Francisco and the Gay Community Alliance of L.A. are coming along in a show of solidarity, planning to nail Lindsay out West. Lots of gays are getting ready to be run in for

criminal trespass and obstructing the business of government, following in the footsteps of The Fifteen.

Joan Carroll is just now the most, well, notorious of the lot—the first person ever to chain herself to the desk of the Mayor of New York City—and other immortals are in the making. These kids (of all ages) aren't kidding. Their families should be proud of their resolve!

As a letter-to-the-editor writer I am a novice. But I'm learning fast. Following the 11-page end-of-year *Life* special on the Gay Liberation movement, I wrote at once protesting omissions, among other things. I thought it only "good form" to begin with accentuating the positive, thanking them for the helpful aspects of their coverage. Well, they used only the opening paragraph, which is legitimate, I suppose, but hardly expressing my total views. So when you write to a straight editor, make your salient point first, and phrase the whole thing so that they can't possibly take anything out of context or obscure your point.

DANGERS IN RURALPOLIS

Though the activists were high over the Lindsay zaps, no one has forgotten the rape of the Corral Bar in Holbrook, L.I., nor the beatings in Hauppauge, nor the martyrs of Suffolk County (see GAY Issues No. 67 and 69-A). Suburbia's Medieval hazards lurk out there, wolves beyond the castle moat, and the city seems a bastion of safety and enlightenment, quite an irony considering most people's views of the Sidewalks of N.Y. where muggers outnumber the hookers who outnumber the junkies (?) who outnumber the solid-citizen commuters, etc. Latest scary news from Ruralopolis, where affluent gays retreat to their baronial outposts, drawing themselves into disdainful seclusion, deploring the "boat-rocking" of city militants, comes out of Rockland County. Writes GAA reporter Robert Raffone of his visit to Congress in the company of another activist and a videotape team:

"...Our visit was upon invitation of a couple of local gays who were mildly angry over a recent beating of a patron outside a bar by police. Allegedly, two off-duty patrolmen had entered the bar, Fran Bell's, and made advances to the barmaid, who had told them to 'fuck off.' They left, returning an hour later with three uniformed State Troopers and brutally beat up a 19-year-old gay in the parking lot. Unfortunately, our trip, in my opinion, was worthless, inasmuch as the participation of Rockland County's gay community was very poor, despite extensive advertising in all the bars of our scheduled visit. It seems to me that (they) are more in need of consciousness-raising than they are of a militant gay rights group."

AN APPROACHABLE COP

Here in the citadel of possibilities Robert and Rich Wandel recently met with Capt. Manning, newly assigned to the 4th Precinct, who apparently is interested in opening lines of communication with the gay community. Topics discussed were safety procedures at the Firehouse, which on Saturday nights draws some 1,500 gays to the wonders of the first-rate discotheque, rathskeller, lounge and video-tape room where they can see filmings of recent actions; relations (non-

sexual) with patrolmen; parking problems on Wooster; noise complaints; harassment by police and antagonism on the part of demonstrators.

One activist suggests, "New York's Finest love us because they hate Lindsay."

Robert addressed more than a hundred city police at Fordham University in mid-January who are taking a course there in sexual and social deviation. He observes that "although most of the audience was receptive to the speaker, a few stereotypes reacted hysterically to the speech during the ensuing question-and-answer period."

STRAIGHTS LOOSENING UP?

While consciousness-raising groups are old hat to Women's Liberation and Gay Lib groups across the land, the last and most "unregenerate" group—straight males—has been holding out until about a year ago when seven New York men came together to share their experiences, recognize and deal with their oppression, too. In a lively, right-on little pamphlet entitled *Unbecoming Men*, published by Times Change Press at 1023 Avenue of the Americas, NYC 10018, they have, via essays and autobiographical sketches, come to grips with such questions as the following:

des, squaring off in pugilistic scenes, and learning the warrior skills from adult males, the pamphlet includes pieces dealing with all kinds of conditioning that most American men take as a matter of course. Not so these men. (I'll quote from some of their "confessions" in a subsequent issue.)

Unbecoming Men is one of the most encouraging signs that society is creeping along toward a New Order and at \$1.25 is well worth the price to gays who may one day soon find themselves in a position of being asked by their straight friends, "What can we do to improve the 'quality of life'?"—if you'll forgive the Nixonian lapse. Some of Dick's words, you know, make sense, even as the mendacity of The Man sends shivers up your spine and makes you want to throw up. But so did the words of the fool Polonius—who actually probably meant them when spilling them off to Laertes.

I can't help thinking now of the Checkers speech on TV that Nixon delivered when he was running for Vice President in '52. For belly laughs (after you've thrown up) you should see it as featured now and then on a double bill with Lenny Bruce. The contrast is about as striking as one



A photo from "Unbecoming Men," a male lib booklet.

What's your idea of a man? What's your idea of a woman? Do you really know your "real close" male friends? Who was the last man you kissed? hugged? put your arms around? touched? made love to? loved? Do you cry? Can you cry? Do you need to cry? What were you like as a boy? What are you like now? How are other people oppressed by you? Are you afraid of being tender? gentle? affectionate? vulnerable? Do you cook, sew, dust? Do you automatically "look" at women on the street? Do you call women chicks? broads? cunts? honey? Do you have any idea what being a man prevents you from being? Do you really think you're the only one who feels this way?

Illustrated with telling photos of male children menacingly showing their mus-

between J. Edgar Hoover and Bernadette Devlin. When I think of the public confessions of Nixon, I hesitate to go the route myself. However, I've been forced...

BY ANY OTHER NAME: NO CONFIDENCE

Always ready to spill all, it appears that spilling it under a pen name just won't do any more, though I want to retain the pen name because it's become my trademark. A person who calls himself a Gay Liberationist and writes for the gay press is not entitled to touchiness about his private life, that is, a *personal* journalist is not. Having told something, one must tell all and own up to it. If he celebrates his bedroom postures, he isn't going to be allowed to stop short of describing his

toilet attitudes—though I suspect if I had time for revision I'd consider that an inadequate parallel. (I do think our attitudes toward them are significantly connected, though.)

I have been declaring for some time (and also reiterate in my forthcoming book *The Gay Insider U.S.A.*) that I don't see much difference between writing autobiography under a pen name and fiction under a legal name. Not when that autobiography encompasses friendships, love affairs, and sexual adventures! I have defended the continued "protection" of a pen name—which I adopted not because I was an uninhibited gay but because I was once an inhibited closet pornographer (and soon I'll go into that)—first and foremost because I thought I had/have no right to "compromise" friends, roommates, etc., who had innocently become involved with me before I took to chronicling my life and times in graphic terms. But that is a dodge I can no longer afford, to wit:

HUNTER IS BARTON?

Friends have just informed me that there is a rumor going around that I am Lee Barton, author of *Nightride*, the Off-Broadway drama about males who are homosexual and which I regard as the first important dramatic exploration of homosexuals today probing the possibilities and limitations of their interpersonal relationships, the artist generation gap, the phenomenon of age-ism (largely 20th Century), and wages of public and self-deception vis a vis one's sexual orientation.

In GAY No. 66 I wrote—under my "own" name—a superlative rave about the play, and recently I appeared in symposium with Merle Miller and non-gay (but oh! so simpatico) psychologist Dr. George Weinberg on the stage of the Vandal, where *Nightride* is running (with box-office power now, I might add), the subject being *Nightride* and the *Homosexual Today*. The first of two well-attended sessions was a bit strained during the first part, due to factors I haven't the space to go into here, while the second was relaxed and free-wheeling and helpful to all of us there, and, to me, illuminating. I have also touted the play throughout the community as an honest portrayal of human beings in dramatic conflict, have helped circulate posters and fliers, and have supported it in every conceivable way except financial (since I am far poorer than Nixon has ever been since he entered public life). I did it because I believe in its message and because it has entertained me, moved me, and has given me something to think about. I also find Barton's personal dilemma compelling and relevant and am in agreement with one thing he wrote in the January 24 *Sunday Times* drama section: "The homosexual as a person will never know freedom until his artists stand up for him." Just as I am wholeheartedly committed to what GAA is doing in the political arena—and, for that matter, to what the Gay Community Services Center in L.A. is doing about providing social service, and to the consciousness-raising efforts in Chicago, etc.—I am also ready and eager to back up artists delving into the gay experience past and present. We need a gay theatre just as we need a quality gay publishing house, and I am doing what I can to initiate both...

HAD PLANNED TO TELL

Though I had planned to clear the matter up in my own style with the publication of a book now in progress (working title is *Well, Folks, I'm Gay or Love Me As I Am, A Positive Way to Tell People You're Gay and How They Can Let You Know They Already Know*), I am not to be permitted that happy indulgence. Instead, those who would exchange one form of tyranny for another—proclaiming sourly that if one isn't "liberated" entirely in his way then he's not to be trusted—make it incumbent on me to jump my own gun (which sounds somehow masturbatory, which is OK by me). So...

If the editors will provide space for such rot, in the next issue I shall tell a few things about a man who has used not just two but many names since adolescence (none of them the Rubensian Dick or Peter), through college, in show business, as a movement person and as a writer who has sought to "identify himself to himself." I thought I had already come out; however, I am more than willing to bend over backwards, revealing the Myra Breckenridge eruptions on my butt if such an undignified display will help clear this business up. I think GAY is

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FORM OF
CHARACTER ASSASSINATION

The implications of the rumor that I am Barton in disguise are staggering. While

The Last Estate

BY GREGORY BATTCOCK

Last summer, at Timothy Hennessey's garden in Venice, I met Ezra Pound. Last week, in the middle of winter, I found myself in Venice again and this time met a Brazilian student named Fabbio. I also bumped into Peggy Guggenheim, who lives in Venice.

She was sitting in Harry's bar; as I mumbled a few incoherent platitudes she fooled around with an umbrella, opening and closing it. She gave the fucking umbrella her undivided attention and when she wasn't opening and closing it, she was running her hands up and down its length; occasionally she waved it around in the air. She spoke only twice: "Last year I had seventeen paintings stolen" was her first outpouring. "This year they stole eleven more," she added, helpfully. "You should get an alarm," I ventured. However, by this time she was engrossed, once again, in her pretty umbrella.

When I got back to my table, Fabbio asked, "Who was that?" "Peggy Guggenheim," I said.

"She's still alive?"

"Well, barely."

The famous pigeons in the Piazza San Marco are, in the wintertime, desperate. They spot a tourist a mile away, wait till they see their victim has purchased a 100 lire packet of pigeon food, and then attack. Invariably the tourist, in trying to shield hair and face from the frantic birds, scatters the feed. The pigeons don't give up until they've pecked each and every speck from the folds or clothing and the bird-lover's hair. Some people burst into tears; some start screaming and become quite hysterical.

Pen Points

CHUBBY CHASERS

Dear GAY:

Although I cannot say that I am particularly fond of the label, I am what is so quaintly called a "chubby." (Surely someone can come up with a better term? "Chubby" suggests a Pooch-like quality that some of us just aren't able to maintain with any kind of dignity.) That is not to say that I am "fat"; although it may be true, the word has a quality of flabbiness that does not exist either. Nevertheless, I am a well-rounded individual who, although married, finds an interest in men of various sizes, shapes and colors, etc.

It is this interest that brought me to be engaged in your publication, i.e. GAY. For several months I have faithfully purchased your magazine on the corner newsstand. Never, during the time that has elapsed since my first purchase, have you published any article that could be applied to my particular circumstance. (This does not include your "Wanton" ads. Unfortunately, mysterious addresses suggesting unspeakable pleasures are frightening and carry with them bizarre and desperate connotations.)

Now I am not suggesting a "Fat Power" move (although it would have a certain following). But occasionally you could print something that could be useful and informative for the person who looks a little more Rubenesque than Michelangelo.

If I were aged and paunchy, I could



Gregory visits with Ezra Pound last summer.

Tonight sirens are wailing all over the place. Stacks of boards have appeared along the "streets"—like portable bleachers along Fifth Ave. before a parade. Everybody is getting ready, albeit casually, for the acqua alta—in other words, a flood.

This morning the piazza outside my window has vanished. Instead there is only water. People are sloshing through the water, in high boots. Others tread the portable boardwalks that had been set up during the night. The furniture in the hotel lobby has been piled up to the ceiling. Bell-hops, in high rubber boots, carry the guests from the elevator, across the flooded lobby, and place them on the portable boardwalk.

The Venetians themselves are not very bright. Counting is completely beyond them. Style, however, is not. Some peo-

ple can count, but haven't the vaguest notion of style. Counting isn't really very important.

At the Palace of the Doges there is an antique DENUNTIA box—sort of like a mailbox built into the wall. In the old days people would denounce one another as enemies of the state and remain anonymous, by slipping a note into the DENUNTIA box. We denounced five persons as enemies of the Venetian empire: Umbro Apollonio, Chief Archivist, *Bienale de Venezia*, Gilda Meir, Garrastazu Medice, Rosalba Corriera and Nelson Rockefeller.

Lastly (and I promise the reader for the last time) a report on the airplane—a Sabena 747 from Brussels to New York. My first suggestion, before it's too late, is that they give Belgium to the Russians—though it's doubtful they'll accept. To this day the Dutch are sore about Belgium not being part of Holland. They

don't know how lucky they are. In the fine Belgian tradition of innovation and style, Sabena has inaugurated cafeteria service in the first class section of their jumbos. They couldn't seem to get anything organized and, or so it seemed, hinted that the passengers should return dirty dishes to the galley. They serve a Heitsick Dry Monopole Champagne, which isn't the world's finest. "Would you like some seafood?" she asked. "What kind of seafood?" "Mixed seafood," she reported. With this "mixed seafood" dish she offered tartar sauce. "Have you any mayonnaise?" I asked. "No, we don't," she replied helpfully.

In the upstairs bar the bartender winks as he hands you your drink. I thought he was trying to pick me up, when I noticed that he winked at everybody, including the Belgian businessmen. Nobody, not even another Belgian, would want to pick up a Belgian businessman. Anyway, it's very disconcerting to have the bartender wink—as though there's something wrong or immoral about having the drink.

Of all the New York City mayoral candidates during recent years, Lindsay has openly supported the rights of homosexuals with the greatest frequency. It is doubtful that even Norman Mailer, had he been elected Mayor, would have been as open and consistent in his support. Can you imagine Abe Beame supporting homosexual rights? Even Herman Badillo has been relatively silent on the issue. In fact, perhaps the only politician who has consistently and vigorously supported the rights of homosexuals in New York is Antonio Olivieri. While Lindsay's enthusiasm and support for Intro 475 has been inadequate, it still appears that he is convinced of the righteousness of the bill. Pressure by Gay Activist groups may seem unfair. However, it certainly is justified.

ED. NOTE: What in the world are you talking about? We've never said anything about Richard Nixon except that he's a sexless android conceived and created by the FBI for its own peculiar manipulations and amusement. During most of the month he seems only slightly deranged,

but on a full moon he's programmed to creep out of the Presidential crypt to rendezvous with J. Edgar Hoover. Together these two cronies consume such "delicacies" as pickled virgin's turds and fried foreskins.



[ED. NOTE: We did publish an article on "Chubby Chasers" in GAY no. 10, which drew a great deal of response from chubbies and chasers alike. Did you know that there's a bar in Manhattan, the Beaded Bag (951 First Avenue, between 52nd and 53rd Streets) which serves as a meeting place for heavy men and their pursuers?]

REPUBLICAN HOMOSEXUALS?

Dear GAY:

Your magazine is constantly making nasty cracks and slurs against our President and the Republican party.

You should be reminded that there are thousands of nice gay folks who live in the suburbs of Long Island, Westchester and New Jersey who are Republicans and who respect our President.

Your editorial attitude is that all gay guys live in the Democratic ghettos of New York City. Why don't you wake up?

Yours,

Jim Reagan
Sayville, Long Island

The Dangerous Illusionist

An Interview with Kathy Braun



Safe and secure from the machinations of the mayor.

BY SOREL DAVID

Reading Arthur Sainer's review, in the *Voice* (where else?), of Jean Genet's play, *The Screens*, it has become obligatory when speaking of Genet to say something about achieving sainthood through degradation. The poor man has been severely drawn up and quartered, and in effect dismissed by American literati as dum de dum de dum, oh yeah sainthood through degradation, blah, blah, blah, so what else is new. . . . He cleanses himself of all moral taint through the perfection of sin. . . . is precisely what Sainer says. Too bad, because the rest of his remarks seemed to betray some real understanding of his subject.

Meanwhile, I'm sitting here with my friend Kathy Braun who claims to have some news, something of import to the gay community and is insisting that I interview her. It all seems a bit confusing, but perhaps I can sort some of it out for you. There's something about gay camps, or communes, gay communes. Kathy seems unable to commit herself with any certainty on just what they are to be called. And then there is some nonsense about an inauguration on February 14, that's St. Valentine's Day, she says I should be sure to include. "A grand St. Valentine's inauguration day celebration at Gracie Mansion, and everybody must come," she says. "Gracie Mansion?" Billie interjects. "You mean you're the mayor? You're going to be inaugurated as the mayor?" "The mayor, yes, that's right, I'm the mayor and with the event of my inauguration a new order, a brave new world of peace, beauty and truth will fall over the land. It will begin with my camps, established by decree at the inauguration, a place where gay people can

live together in communal joy, humping and love." "Humping?" "Oh, did I say humping? I meant harmony, of course, communal joy, love and harmony, though humping definitely won't be ruled out."

"The mayor," I tell her. "I don't see why you don't inaugurate yourself as God, so long as you're inaugurating yourself." Billie likes this idea. "Yeah Kath, you've got to be God-Look, the women's movement people will go for it, you being a woman and all." Kathy is silent and pensive for a moment, she is almost swayed, I think, but no. "No, the mayor. I don't want to be God. There's no money in it. I'm the mayor and the first thing I have to announce is that John V. Lindsay is a dangerous illusionist. A dangerous illusionist, Billie and I are instantly enthralled by the phrase. "John V. Lindsay is a dangerous illusionist, do you want to explain, do you want to elaborate on that?" we ask. "No, it's a one liner," she says softly, though to little avail. There has been, by now, a fair amount of mind expansion and Billie and I are really getting off on this phrase. "Yeah, what do you mean by illusionist, what exactly is a dangerous illusionist?" Billie asks. "It's a one liner, I tell you, it's just a one liner," Kathy insists. I steadfastly and somewhat pompously, I must admit, maintain that the thing has possibilities for a great one-act play. Billie interrupts several times to announce that she still thinks Kathy should be God, or is God. Something like that. Kathy scowls, but none of this stops me. "I see the thing as a sparse, Brechtian, metaphysical-political type melodrama with large helpings of the absurd thrown in to help it over the humps." "The humps?" they say. "Do you mean harmony?" "No, humps, the kicks against pricks," just because I like the phrase. Billie and Kathy look genuinely confused but I haven't time to explain.

"You see," I continue fervidly. "The key to it all lies in your notion of illusionist."

"But it's a one liner, Sorel, leave it go at that."

"I see it as a balloon, a giant John V. Lindsay illusionist balloon hovering over the stage. Meanwhile there's all this stuff going on underneath it, nothing is as it seems and the balloon . . ." Billie and Kathy start looking around the room absently, focusing on various objects, Kathy picks up my guitar and begins to strum softly.

Obviously this can't go on. It does not go on. The next move is made by Kathy who skillfully and forcefully reasserts herself as the center of the universe. "Listen Sorel, I don't care what you write, just be sure to include the part about the camps. And serious. This is serious, Sorel." "Serious, oh dragville," Billie sighs and promptly falls asleep. Undaunted Kathy continues, "We're going to have these camps."

"What kind of camps, concentration camps?"

"It's me, well, I'm the only one left."

"No—like summer camps, you know, with cabins, a rec hall, a lake, the whole bit."

"Oh, well, who's going to run these camps?"

"Oh, I don't know. Whoever wants to. Whoever is there. The organization of the camps will be anarchic in nature."

"Anarchic! You mean unstructured, non-hierarchical and like that? Oh, it'll never work."

"What do you mean, it'll never work. Of course it will work!"

"No, it won't work, history will bear me out. Take GLF and look what happened to DOB."

"Yeah! Billie awakes with a start."

"Who's going to cook?"

"Oh well, I have an answer for that," Kathy says. "You can believe I've

thought about that. Arlene Kisaner and her sewing bee will cook, like at Radicalesbian weekend retreats, remember?" Silence while we are consumed by memory for a few minutes. A pretty good trick considering none of us has been on a Radicalesbian weekend. Oh yes, but there have been rumors, there have been rumors all over town.

But Billie and I remain unconvinced. Kathy, arms raised over her head, mouth open, gasping a bit, beseeches the heavens with her eyes. "The world isn't ready for me," she says. "I'm light years ahead of my time, nobody understands me, nobody!" She sits down to ponder this silently while Billie and I begin a long and somewhat dull discussion on the relative merits of a structured society as against a non. Finally Kathy stands, all current currents of air in the room cease and desist and then she speaks. "Listen Sorel, about those camps, it's a good idea, but I can't be bothered with it now, I've got better things to do." Her face lights up, animated with a new direction, smiling and borne aloft on the wings of new illusion she floats out of the apartment. As the door slams behind her, the words "John V. Lindsay balloon" are heard to be muttered in the hallway. I feel sure she is going off to write my play.

There remains only to end this interview. But before I do so, I feel it's only fair to point out that I gave myself the best lines, and now to end. In the absence of interviewee, I find I am unable. Billie, always at my right side and never at a loss, calls up *Cosmopolitan* and asks for someone to pinch hit. They are unable to spare anyone but arrange to send us Channel 5's Rona Barrett from Hollywood who finishes up with: "The mayor—my, my, what a zingy idea, Miss Braun." "Ms., an absurd chorus from Billie and myself. "Nifty and neat. Watch out world, this gal has big plans!"

Leo Score Visits the Second to Last Estate

BY AARON BATES

I always wondered how it was possible to type four or five pages completely void of content. I honestly believed it would be a challenge but I didn't know how to attack the problem. All in good fun, I decided to study the work of experts in the field so I turned to the writing of my fellow columnists in GAY. The following is what I discovered...

THE SECOND TO LAST ESTATE

BY GREGORY COCKBATT

The fat little man with nasal drip asked me for directions to the New York Historical Society. What an odd question, I wondered, as I pushed him aside. Well, there was just no time to answer him. It



Cockbatt and Johnson collect oysters in Maine.

was five o'clock in the morning and I was late for Jill's. As usual, Jill was not expecting me. I pounded on the door for a good ten minutes. It reminded me of that dingy hotel in Puerto Rico and the way young Pedro used to laugh, but that's another story.

"O God, Gregory, it's you!" Jill moaned. Funny, she never looked so odd before. Of course, she wasn't wearing any eye make-up, but then Jill never has worn any eye make-up since I've known her. It must have been something else.

"Have you been to the New York Historical Society lately?" I ventured as she plopped a glass of 1865 Chateau Rothschild into my hand.

"Very good," I added, approvingly.

"Thank you, I usually wash windows with the stuff."

I heard that line before. It was on the plane to London—first class Icelandic. I recall the incident vividly because it was on that flight that I spotted my Gucci tie, the grey one.

"Gregory, do you realize that it's five o'clock in the morning?" she asked.

"You told me to come at five. Don't say you didn't. I remember distinctly. I even wrote it down in my book. Here, I'll show you." I handed her my book and watched as she slowly flipped through the pages. "There, you see. Five o'clock."

"But look at the date, Gregory. It

was yesterday. I needed you yesterday, Gregory. Today doesn't matter." I realized that only an anarchist could say such a thing but I decided not to mention it; after all, anarchy is so passe.

I decided my best step would be to feign an apology. "I'm sorry I'm late. The important thing is that I'm here."

Jill laughed. It was a wild, uncivilized laugh; I didn't think she had it in her. "You see," she whispered, "yesterday I was tired of being a Lesbian. I wanted to see what it would be like, just once, to be a male chauvinist pig—a homosexual male chauvinist pig."

"That makes everything clear," I noted, wishing desperately that I was in Malta sipping Campari. I don't really like Campari, but what else can one do in Malta?

Jill ran a hand through her unkempt hair and sighed. "You don't understand. It's my name," she explained. "Everyone

you might as well leave."

I opened the door. "Is that your last word?"

She nodded, and I looked at her one last time. "If you want me, I'll be in Maine gathering oysters," I noted. She smiled and instantly I knew that I would not go to Maine. I would not be caught dead gathering oysters in Maine even though the Duke of Windsor had invited me. Besides, it was the wrong season for gathering oysters and I felt that Jill needed me here. Tomorrow I would write Edward and Wallis a letter to explain.

A GOOD CHRISTIAN BOY ATTENDS A JEWISH SERVICE

BY LEO SCORE

Noon. April Fool's Day at the Jonathan and David Synagogue. Rabbi Robert H. Cohen will be publicly married to his lover of sixty-two years, Rabbi Jonathan Noblesky.

I sit in the pew and the sore on my cheek bursts open. I collect some of the puss with my forefinger and study it. Next to me is Ms. Bette Midler. "Look at this," I say, showing her my forefinger.

She shudders as I raise the forefinger to my lips. The puss is green. Little bits of darkened blood as well. I taste it. Ms. Midler moves to the other side of the aisle.

I leave the pew as well, go to Arthur Bleh of the Voice. "Look, Arthur," I point to my cheek.

"That's disgusting, Leo," he says.

Good to know that someone's sympathetic. I smile and try to watch the service. Arthur Bleh moves to another pew. I wonder when the sore will stop oozing puss so I can concentrate on the service. I'm an R.C. and this lack of pageantry turns me off in a big way. I don't want to be bigoted, but are they really going to sacrifice a Christian baby during the service? The thought makes my sore bleed even more. Blood is trickling down my cheek. Will it ever stop?

People are pointing their fingers at me now. They say, "Look, it's bleeding." I want to say, "Don't you think I know that? Don't you think I wish it would stop?" Maybe I'm a hemophiliac and don't realize it. Maybe I'll bleed to death

and when the synagogue is empty, they'll find my lifeless body. Then they'll all cry for Leo Score. When I'm gone, they'll appreciate me. That's the way it always is.

Just as Rabbi Cohen is smashing the wine glass under his foot, I run out into the street. Taxi stops. Get in and tell driver, "The nearest hospital."

Driver studies me. "I don't want no blood on the seat," he warns as we take off.

The emergency room is packed, but I have plenty of room. As soon as people see the sore they back away. The mark of Cain. My parents warned me never to step into a Jewish House of worship. Is this my punishment?

I wait two hours. Is the doctor goosing the nurse in the back room. I finally see him and he asks, "What's the matter?"

"My face!"

"Your face?" he asks.

"It's bleeding."

The doctor puts his glasses on. Stops making with the Helen Keller routine. "Oh, you have a sore there, don't you?"

"That's why I'm here, doctor," I tell him. I wish I had never come.

"Is it syphilis or cancer?" I ask. "I want to know everything."

"No," he says. "Just a sore."

"Can you be sure?"

"I'm a doctor. I know." He puts some iodine on it and a bandaid. "You can go now," he says.

"Are you sure you're a doctor?" I ask. He looks insulted. "Get the hell out of here. I don't have any time to waste."

I return to the synagogue, but I am too late. Service over.

I run over to Arthur Bleh. "Don't touch me," he says.

"It's all right," I tell him. "It's just a sore. The doctor told me."

The married rabbis are chatting with friends. The excitement is too much. One of them has a heart attack and dies. Don't know which one. Both very old and wrinkled. The Lord giveth; the Lord taketh away. He dies no longer living in sin. Can Jews die living in sin? Don't know. Must ask my priest about it.

Next year I will go to Jerusalem. Maybe I can find many answers there.

Don't know. But must learn.

Somehow.



"Yes, I know I'm bleeding. I can tell."

"Don't Tell Me I'm Gorgeous. Just Give Me a Job!"

BY DR. GEORGE WEINBERG

A certain theoretician about the gay scene, a man given to abstractions and profundities often to the point of becoming incoherent, recently lamented to me the presence of transvestites in court during the hearings. It was his opinion that a handful of neatly dressed homosexual men and women speaking politely might have prevailed in their demands, but that the appearance of men dressed like women overtaxed the humanness of the councilmen, who decide whether homosexuals are fit to hold their apartments or not. "They ruined our hopes. We should have kept them out of there."

Being a fellow who thinks overtime, he concluded that the transvestites could not simply have been volunteers but must have been sent by counter-revolutionaries to infiltrate the gay group and weaken it.

He was like a woman I met in the waiting room of the San Juan airport who announced that she was bumped from a flight because some dignitary took her seat. This was her surmise—actually, she had been late in confirming.

After hearing her for some time, that she was going to write to her senator, to her congressman, to Ralph Nader and others, a stranger broke in that there was a way for her to get the place of a Puerto Rican on the next flight. "You'd have to pay five dollars to a certain person," he said in low tones. She agreed immediately, and he and his friends laughed and walked away.

Just as she was revealed as having no principle, so was the gay acquaintance of mine who wanted to shove transvestites off the freedom bus. The ultimate equivalence of human beings—this was not clear in his mind. The sense of outrage against preferential treatment because it is a form of abuse of human beings was not his outrage. Instead, he merely felt anger at having been personally deprived. As for the woman in the airline terminal, if dignitaries bumped ladies like her all day long, or if ladies like her exploited the favoritism toward U.S. tourists by taking unfair advantage of Puerto Ricans, none of this would have troubled her—so long as she could be made secure on the flight she wanted. The gay lib spokesman I mentioned felt the same way.

The right to dress as one pleases is ethically inalienable and unassailable. Oppressors of transvestites are enemies of individual liberty. Failure to be outraged at present customs and laws regarding dress has no excuse. Rage at outrage is expected of humane people. To feel such pain is a cost which must be incurred by all truly humane people. It is one of our links—a stabbing sense of anger where others see nothing amiss. Jonathan Swift wrote for his own tombstone that he had gone to a place where savage indignation at the wrongs to mankind could no longer lacerate his heart. Such feelings were a cost of his sympathy and his vision.

A few weeks ago I went to a confrontation in the Barnard gym between moguls at Columbia (heads of departments and President McGill) and irate Barnard women who wanted the male chauvinist policies at Columbia acknowledged and rectified. The meeting called me, infuriated me, made me feel like a student again, cribbed and confined in a steel folding chair while listening to calm responses by the men to the women asking the questions. The women were



breathless and angry and bust. They brought out that even at the martial law men got paid more, that men were accepted more readily to study in the different departments, that they predominated on the faculty and were more often

promoted to higher income line that of all professors.

The men on the panel were slick and content as they talked about the charges. If only eighteen percent of the applicants chosen for some department were

women, this was better than in thirty countries in the world. And when other charges were made, they answered that conditions were improving steadily, that eighteen percent was better than twelve percent ten years ago. Their very choices of comparison were irksome. If the power of admission is in one's own hands and there are women applicants and one wishes to be unbiased, why offer comparisons with current practices in Peru or Venezuela? One can simply rectify the sexist practice next semester by giving women equal opportunity. And what has the past got to do with decency, if it is possible to be decent now?

The comparisons were made exclusively by the men. They revealed the men's genuine indifference to the clamors of the women. The men were simply acquitting themselves in true academic manner, by appearing calm and rational, while the women who spoke, every one of them, felt the urgency of their cause. Anyone who yearns for justice and who feels that justice is not being done feels distressed. If one has no interest in justice, but only in appearing reasonable, one may escape the sort of distress that sometimes makes the most passionate people seem tipsy, hysterical, futile, fatuous.

And so the men looked smoother than the women, and many of the women, angry at the coolness of these spokesmen for the injustices at Columbia, resented to the calmness of the men by becoming even angrier—at which juncture the men were able to one-up them by acting even calmer, as if to make the clamors of the women seem unruly and disqualifying.

I was reminded of my acquaintance, who considered the transvestites unruly.

The humane person envisions a fair society, pieces together his or her vision out of all the good and bad the person has experienced. The bad inspires a sense of what is good. The good is to be emulated. When complaints or suggestions are made, the humane person evaluates them in the light of his own vision. One does not invoke other countries or other eras as examples of the bad, as sources of consolation. One invokes them only when they illustrate how improvements can be made. One uses a knowledge of history to add to one's ideals and be more humane, not to become smug about contemporary practices.

To compromise with one's vision, one's own, pure, free, unfettered vision of fairness, is always costly, whether the issue is sexism, or transvestism, or any form of prejudice against individuals for choosing life-styles harmful to no one. The costs of compromise are always greater than they seem. Among the most serious are dullness and complacency.

The crime committed by our society against people who wish to dress in ways that are at present unapproved of is a slur on humanity, on art, and on decency. It is a slur on all human beings, a slur which cannot be overlooked or bypassed.

My acquaintance, who held the theory that The Movement should ditch transvestites for the sake of homosexuals as a group, will doubtless identify himself while reading this piece. To me he seems like a person rowing away from a shipwreck and refusing to let anyone else into the boat. In addition to being inhumane, he overlooked that there may not be enough people to row the boat if the waves are high and a lot of strength is needed.

Dr. George Weinberg is an outstanding New York psychotherapist and author of "Society and the Healthy Homosexual," published (February, 1972) by St. Martin's Press, 175 5th Avenue, NYC. \$5.95.

Activists to Wed Los Angeles Style



David Glascock and Charles Augugliaro announce their engagement to be married.

Los Angeles, Calif.—David Glascock, 31, chairman of the Gay Community Alliance, and Charles Augugliaro, 21, of Detroit, Mich., have announced their intention to wed at 4 p.m. Sunday, February 20, in a service conducted by Rev. Troy Perry in the Metropolitan Community Church here.

The pair made the joint announcement January 10 at the conclusion of a GCA meeting in which Mr. Glascock was re-elected by acclamation.

Mr. Glascock is a former employee of

Yellow Cab Co. Mr. Augugliaro is advertising representative for Zipper, a new local gay publication.

Plans for a formal reception were to be announced later. The couple said they would honeymoon in their Hollywood apartment.

Frank Zerelli, formerly of GAA/New York, was elected vice-chairman, Jim Kepner secretary, and Gary Coleman treasurer. Members voted to approve a salary of \$300 a month for the chairman, and if funds can be found for the purpose.

Federal Funds For "Gay House" Blasted

Minneapolis, Minn.—A crew-cut Minneapolis alderman has criticized a pending \$1,000 grant of federal funds to Gay House community center from the Minneapolis Model Cities program.

The alderman is Jens Christensen, a frequent critic of the Model Cities program who has regularly won election by narrow margins by playing on the sympathies and fears of large numbers of elderly voters in his ward.

Christensen said the grant to Gay House "may not be in the best interests of Model Cities," although it and other recreation grants were approved by the Model City board elected by residents of the Model City area on the South Side of Minneapolis.

It is the Minneapolis Park Board, not the City Council, which supervises Model City recreation funds, and the Park Board approved the grant Jan. 5, over the token objection of one park commissioner, Alexander Gallus. However, Christensen suggested asking City Comptroller Earl Arneson to stop the grant.

Gay House, founded last March in an 11-room house at 216 Ridgewood Ave., near the gay ghetto south of Loring Park, had asked over \$12,000 from Model Cities for a year-round recreation program.

It was authorized to receive \$125 for eight months, for part-time pay for one person to line up ball teams, ski weekends, recreational outings, crafts classes

and other activities for the 150 or so gay men and women in their 20's and late teens who visit Gay House in the average month.

As a result of Christensen's objections, a City Council committee has scheduled a hearing on the Gay House grant. "We are trying to provide an alternative to gay bars," said Cindy Hanson, the 25-year-old administrator.

If Alderman Christensen wants to discourage Gay House programs, Ms. Hanson is expected to ask him, at the hearing, why he feels it wise to encourage underage people to try to enter bars. Other gay activists also started efforts to line up support for the grant from more liberal aldermen.

The Gay House grant would not be the first example of federal funds to gay people in Minneapolis for gay self-help.

On Dec. 14 the National Institute of Mental Health awarded \$5,000 to two gay counselors in Minneapolis for counseling and education efforts. That grant, believed to be the first in the country for gay self-help, went to John Preston, 26, founder of Gay House, and Jennie Fortier, 23, a counselor of juvenile delinquents for the county.

Besides \$200 monthly salaries for each, the experimental grant provides for training of straight counselors to handle gays' problems.

chased and arrested by the Negro and a white man who identified himself as a fellow vice officer.

Crucial to Nash's defense was his testimony that he had made two phone calls from the bus station a few minutes earlier. One was to a woman friend at whose home his car was parked and who promptly invited him to dinner. The other call was to "my lover's roommate," reporting his safe return.

The phrase "my lover's roommate" was to prove calamitous. Neither Nash, his straight lawyers nor his friends who filled the tiny courtroom foresaw Rubin's opening in this not uncommon living arrangement.

"My lover's roommate told me," Nash said, "that my lover would be off work at 11 p.m."

"That gave you three hours," Rubin

commented. "How many lovers have you had in your life?"

Nash admitted to two—the present one for two months at that time, a previous one for two and a half years ending in 1969.

"How often did you have sexual relations with other men during the two years you had no lover?"

"On the average of once a week."

"That comes to 104 contacts in two years. Couldn't we stretch that to 105? A quickie downtown? Maybe you called your lover, found out he'd taken in a roommate while you were out of town, and you decided to get even with him."

Preposterous as was the accusation, it went without challenge. So did Rubin's sneering reference to the Unitarian faith: "Isn't that the one where you can get ordained by putting ten dollars in the mail?"

Nash's hospitable woman friend did his defense no good when she testified that Nash had declined the dinner invitation, saying he had other plans for the evening.

For Nash, who has been national director of domestic welfare programs for the Unitarian-Universalist church, conviction next time around could be ruinous. Although the offense is punishable by a fine of \$150, the merest suggestion that money might change hands in return for sex is tantamount to commission of the crime in California law.

Dr. Ernest Pipes, Los Angeles Unitarian minister who appeared as a character witness, said he regarded Nash as "unimpeachable." But he added:

"If I were convinced that Rev. Nash had done anything to degrade human life, I would have to revise my opinion."

It was an uneasy note on which to rest the defense.

After three hours, the jury returned to hear further instructions from Judge Nelson on the definition of the phrase, "beyond a reasonable doubt."

It was nearing midnight when the jury reported that the "reasonable doubt" remained in the minds of exactly half of its members.

It Doesn't Pay to Be Nice

BY DICK LEITSCH

My recent columns have been much too good-natured. The quality of enemies I am making these days has sharply declined. There was a time when I'd answer my telephone to hear Gore Vidal telling me I'd been too hard on poor old Merle Miller, or open my mailbox to find sharp letters from people I respect suggesting I'd been too harsh in criticizing the latest absurdity committed in the name of gay lib.

Lately, I'm just getting mail from people who agree with me—and the usual pretentious, usually illiterate—and always shrill—notes from GAA members carping because I can't take them seriously. Have I unwittingly turned into Mr. Nice Guy, or has the outrageous behavior of the Gay Activists Alliance so raised the community's level of tolerance for the absurd that you are unshockable? A man is known by the enemies he makes as well as by the company he keeps, and when I'm left with only Ritchie Amato and Arthur Warner, the quality of my enemies has sunk to new depths.

Lige and Jack saw fit to print Ritchie Amato's denunciation of me in the last issue of GAY. The letter cheered me up considerably, especially as Amato said writing the letter required "that I take time out of my efforts on behalf of gay liberation to answer this other would-be oppressor." (sic) (He obviously means I'm the other "would-be oppressor," and the context makes it clear he's the first.)

Considering the activities of GAA as reported in GAY and the other homosexual press, I suppose the gay community owes me a vote of thanks for distracting one of the activists for at least a short time.

Since Amato opened with *ad hominem* statements about me, I may as well reply in kind. My first contact with him came in the spring of 1967, when I was President of Mattachine and he was head of the Suffolk County Young Democrats. I'd written him, and other political leaders out there, about two issues: one, the raids at Fire Island, which were, I contend, politically and financially motivated, and second, the arrest and persecution of a Long Island disc jockey on charges of "child-molestation" which was also a politically motivated case.

Ritchie responded with one of those letters so dear to the hearts of politicians. You know the type: My heart bleeds for you poor people—but there is nothing that we can do for you at this time without putting ourselves in jeopardy. Lots of luck.

In those days we were gentlemen in the movement, so we didn't go out in buses and take over Ritchie's office, shout him down at his meetings, or get ourselves arrested, paint ourselves as martyrs and brand him as an "oppressor." Instead I wrote him letters.

Eventually I got him to make one of those statements people like Bella Abzug, Ed Koch, George McGovern, etc., consider "militant":

... You may use my name and title... as being sympathetic with your cause as it applies to two adults in private relationships when minors are not involved in any way (directly or indirectly). I've supported unpopular causes in the past... another one can do little damage anyway (God help me, Amen!)

He wouldn't help me "get" Judge Underwood and Police Chief Barry, the two local pols evidently behind the Fire Island raids. "Challenging them on this



issue, even privately, would result in a personal smear on myself (as a candidate for town council)." And GAA carps that John Lindsay lacks political courage to make a strong fight for gay people!

As to the disc jockey: Ritchie told me, with a straight face, "The unfortunate conduct of the disc jockey, and those homosexuals who do threaten the young on the mainland in Sayville, does your cause much harm."

Were we talking about children? No, as I explained to the oh-so-militant Amato. Ritchie himself told me "one of his regular 'studs' was a youngster I knew in high school, who was well under 21." My dear, the boy may have been under 21, but if he qualified as a "stud," one could hardly call him a child and justify a child-molestation charge!

I'm considering selling copies of Amato's letters to me to the various politicians who will this year receive questionnaires from GAA. Messrs. Muskie, McGovern, Humphrey, et al may find just the proper evasions they need to avoid taking a stand on gay rights!

Now, to the other portions of Amato's letter. He's pissed at me, it seems, for two reasons. First, I show no interest in, and didn't attend the hearings on, Intro 475. Well, my birth-sign is Taurus, and I'm more practical than romantic. I long ago noticed that those romantic populist movements achieve nothing but enemies.

General Motors, Lockheed, Penn Central, the Catholic Church, the American

Senator McGovern has done for gay rights. What has the Senator done—in Congress, or in his home state—for us? Nothing. So he really has no right to swoop into New York and tell our Councilmen to go out on a limb he dared not crawl out on himself!

In the coverage of the hearings in the straight and gay press, including that in this paper, it was noted that Councilmen who support the bill had to tell the demonstrators that they were risking the murder of the bill with their cheap theatrics. I embarrass easily, Ritchie, and I'm not going to public hearings to watch you people make fools of yourselves.

Amato also claims he didn't "sell out" drag queens. The impression given by the Times is that he did—and would the Times lie? Drag queens who were at the hearings were of that same opinion. But Amato tells us, by implication, in his letter where he stands on that issue. Intro 475 is a bill covering the rights of "straight faggots," those short-haired, oh-so-nice, butch actors with their machismo pretenses. "Another bill" is needed to cover drags and presumably anybody else who doesn't represent the middle class.

If Intro 475 passes, there will be no other bill. GAA and the other organizations will not push for it, and the butch actors will adopt the "I've got mine, Jackie, fuck you!" approach. If there's going to be a "gay rights" bill, then write it properly, damn it, and make it cover all gay people. If you're unwilling to do that, then stop misrepresenting your bill.

I have one other possibly offensive statement to make and you may all grab your pens and write Jack and Lige demanding my instant dismissal from GAY's staff. Am I being an oppressor if I say I don't like being called "brother"? The word always brings to my mind Frank McKinney Hubbard's comment that "The fellow that calls you 'brother' generally wants something that don't belong to him."

Besides, I have one real brother whom I don't like very much. Must I be afflicted with thousands, maybe millions, more whom I don't know and maybe wouldn't like?

I never cared much for the doctrine of the Mystical Body of Christ when I was growing up Catholic, and I have no more use for the brotherhood of man concept preached by the Left. When you get involved in all that, there's no stopping. If all gay men are my brothers, so then are all straight men. If I must get upset because a "brother" is maltreated, must I protest every time Lige and Jack dump on my "brother" Richard Nixon, or whenever GAA attacks "brother" Lindsay? And what do I do when "brother" Hoover and "brother" Berrigan begin to mix it up?

It's all too confusing—and very incestuous, as every trick is also my "brother." I'm not much for family ties. I don't speak to most of my relatives, and my siblings get a Christmas card annually (except for my sister JoAnne, who is more than just a sister; she's a friend).

Families are something one is born into, a motley group of nice and horrid people one cannot choose, but is presented with. I prefer friends; one selects them. It makes me feel very oppressed when someone who is not my friend seizes on the word "brother" and presumes a relationship with me. Please don't call me "brother," Ritchie. You wouldn't want to oppress a homosexual, would you?

Clergyman Retried On Entrapment Charge

continued from page 1

Prosecutor Marshall Rubin—repeatedly sustained by an otherwise sympathetic Judge Irwin Nebron—that "The Cause" was not on trial. Jurors apparently resented what Rubin termed a "soapbox" presentation.

Defense lawyers Earle Tochman, 27, and Carson Taylor, 25, failed to recoup

from the loss of that second strategy. Nash's case, which sounded foolproof at the start, went to the jury room in shreds.

Nash testified that he was in Pershing Square that night because he had just arrived at the nearby Greyhound station after a religious seminar in Berkeley. Laden with his suitcase and a full clothing bag, he was headed for a local bus stop when the need to use a toilet beneath the square came over him.

According to Nash, the Negro stranger approached him as he left the men's room. The stranger made it clear that he was lonely, could use money or drinks, and was willing to drive Nash to some secluded spot.

Nash said he had a lover, didn't believe in paying for sex and had appointments to keep that evening, anyway. He walked away from the encounter, then was

200 Delegates Attend Calif. Conference

San Francisco, Calif.—A statewide conference of homosexual groups here has resulted in creation of an embryo Committee for Sexual Law Reform, devoted to pressuring the so-called "gay rights law" through the legislature this year or next.

The measure, sponsored by Assemblyman Willie Brown (D-San Francisco), failed of passage in the 1971 Assembly session after a rancorous debate in which 20th Century liberals lost out to conservatives who still shudder over the fall of Sodom, Gomorrah and the Roman Empire.

Some 200 persons attended the Jan. 17-18 sessions sponsored by the Society for Individual Rights. Their highlight, a SIR fund-raising banquet addressed by Brown, was ostentatiously picketed by dissidents who claimed that SIR is trying to maintain a monopoly on Bay Area gay rights activities. Isolated confrontations between conferees and protesters apparently resulted in no change of attitude on either side.

Conferees voted to require the new

statewide committee to promote voting participation in this year's presidential campaign. Named as recommended primary candidates, depending on the voter's party preference, were Sen. George McGovern, Rep. Shirley Chisholm and Rep. Paul McCloskey.

The basic committee elected at the convention consisted of SIR's political committee chairman, Jim Foster, to represent the Bay Area; Steve Schoch of HELP, Inc., for the Los Angeles area; Rev. Howard Williams of San Diego's Metropolitan Community Church, and Frieda Smith, Sacramento gay activist. David Goodstein, San Francisco investment counselor whose \$1,000 initial contribution made the conference possible, was elected committeeman-at-large.

Each of the first four named was to nominate two other persons from his area to committee membership, thus bringing its total to thirteen.

The so-called "Brown Bill" would all

criminal statutes. Opposition to it centers in rural and WASP suburban areas and in traditionally conservative—and heavily populated—"rich" counties between Los Angeles and the Mexican border.

Brown himself termed his proposal, at the San Francisco rally, a "bullshit" bill in that it legalizes sex activities everybody practices anyway. It would serve only to stop harassment.

Opponents of the SIR conference and of the establishment-minded SIR organization itself termed the measure a "pig" bill. They claim all laws regarding sexual conduct are repressive because they tend to hold back mankind's progress toward an androgynous society.

Backers of both viewpoints agreed that if the "Brown Bill" or anything close to it is to see the California Legislature this year, it must be before spring. When campaigning gets hot and heavy, they agree, the subject of sexual liberty will be one very few politicians want to have to embrace.

Major Newspaper Adopts "Gay" Policy

Minneapolis, Minn.—Gay activists have persuaded the Minneapolis Star & Tribune Company to change its policy and let the word "gay" appear in display and classified ads in Minnesota's two largest newspapers.

"Homosexual" is not a valid alternative word because some gay people object to it, Jack Baker and Steve Endean told Director of Retail Advertising Harold Hughes. After two lengthy letters and a visit, Hughes acquiesced. As a result:

A Minneapolis gay bar was able to advertise for a doorman in just those words. The old wording required was "bouncer for sissy bar."

Gay House community center ran a three-line personals ad with its phone number and "Gay help for gay people" slogan. The house's 20 trained volunteers reported that phone calls—for help, to ask questions and to harass—tripled during each of the seven days the ad ran, a good many from middle-aged guys who don't hear the free ads a local rock radio station gives Gay House and other youth agencies.

A North Side gay ran a "Two gay males to share large house" ad under "Roommates Wanted," and was flooded with indecent phone calls, apparently from middle-aged closet cases.



A Fair Housing Demonstration by homosexuals in Manhattan is, perhaps, the first of its kind. Triggered by reports of mistreatment of gay tenants and refusal to rent apartments to single people, the demonstration against Park West Village at 92nd Street and Central Park West was sponsored by GAA. (Photo by Eric Jacobs)

Poll Shows 74% Young Favor Gay Job Rights

Minneapolis, Minn.—The Minneapolis Tribune's Minnesota Poll reports that 74 percent of the state's young adults believe no one should be denied a job because he's gay.

The poll of a representative sampling of 600 Minnesotans aged 18 to 24, published Jan. 16, also found that 62 percent agree that the law should not forbid any kind of sexual conduct between consenting adults, including homosexuals.

The Minnesota Poll findings are significant, because the professionally-conducted poll has an excellent reputation for accuracy, as confirmed by its pre-election polls. Further, Minnesota—with its unionized iron range, vast numbers of corn, soybean and wheat farmers, and the urban influence of Minneapolis, St. Paul and sprawling suburbs—may be considered a balanced microcosm of the nation in some respects.

The poll also found that young adults believe the law should permit homosexuals to marry, by a margin of 50 percent to 46. However, the efforts of Jack Baker and J. Michael McConnell of Minneapolis to obtain a legal marriage license have received wide publicity in the past two years, and these attitudes may not be representative of the U.S.

The poll showed that college-educated people, singles and big-city residents are consistently more open-minded or liberal regarding gay rights than married rural residents with high school education or less. However, a majority of the sample was sympathetic to gay freedom in every education, residence and marital status category on both the job-rights and sex-act questions. The totals:

Job-rights: 74% for, 19% against, 3% "it depends upon the job," and 5% no opinion.

Legal sex: 62% for, 33% against, 5% no opinion.

If Minnesotans' views are representative of the nation as a whole, the findings assume further significance in the light of the 1972 elections, when 25.7 million Americans in the same age group—18 to 24—will be eligible to cast their first votes for president, 18 percent of the total electorate.

Larry Allen, Morris Knight's Companion, Dies

Los Angeles, Calif.—Larry Edward Allen, 24, a six-foot-three Alabamian with a long-legged, awkward gait and big gentle hands, was eulogized here January 22 as "a different person—as we are all different."

Allen, longtime companion and housemate of nationally known gay activist Morris Knight, died five days earlier of a massive hemorrhage following an overdose of barbiturates. Friends said Allen had had a history of intermittent drug addiction.

A memorial service conducted by Rev. Troy Perry at the Metropolitan Community Church here coincided with burial of Allen's remains in Simms, Ala., near

his hometown of Mobile. Some 125 persons attended the simple, non-denominational Los Angeles ceremony. Among them were a handful of Allen's southern California relatives, all married couples, one of them with a teenage son.

Speaking apparently to Allen's kin, who were strangers in his church, Rev. Perry said:

"Larry was a strange boy in so many ways. He had a great tenderness, an instinctive feeling for the needs of other people. And a sad smile, as if he knew what was predestined . . .

"Help us, O God, to know that he was different—as we are all different."

Lindsay Speech Disrupted

H. Cathy Riff gave this account of Cora Perrotta's performance:

Cora began her tirade. Too short to qualify as a Rockette (she's only five-feet-one) she was certainly a star that night. Cora began by handcuffing herself to the balcony rail and removing her outer garment to reveal the lambs-embroidered on her T-shirt. Cora implored the Mayor to answer the charge that he had abandoned New York City's gays.

The general audience, assembled to hear the Mayor, was moved by Cora's plea and beseeched the Mayor to answer her. Many shouted in unison, "Answer her. Answer them."

Meanwhile, Richard Wandel, President of GAA, joined with Marty Robinson and Steve McBride in setting off small air horns which they threw in the opposite direction from the shut-off valves. Their effect was to create a continuous blast of sound, which the police were not able to silence even after finding the horns and picking them up. Next, all those supporting the gay liberation movement joined a chorus of shouting at Lindsay—"Liar, liar, liar." Included were representatives of various separate gay groups in New York City. There could be no doubt that the audience, or much of it, seemed more interested in the gay's demands than in Lindsay's speech.

Hundreds of pamphlets explaining the disruption were thrown from the balcony by Ernest Cohen, editor of GAA's Newsletter. Outside on the street, to the tune of "Frère Jacques," the words were sung: "Mayor Lindsay, Mayor Lindsay! Where are you? Where are you? Hiding in the closet. Hiding in the closet. Shame on you. Shame on you." There were high winds and it was freezing cold outside. Demonstrators took turns in coffee shops, and in subway stations to warm up while waiting

for those inside the theatre.

At a press conference held at the GAA Firehouse, 99 Wooster Street, the following morning, Richard Wandel advised members of the press that: "Last night a mere handful of gays managed to make it impossible for John Lindsay to speak even two consecutive words to his friends at the Music Hall."

Wandel also said that the Radio City demonstration was not "a one-shot deal." "He will hear from us again sooner than he thinks," he said.

As he spoke, seven demonstrators were being arrested at City Hall. Jo Carroll, who chained herself to a leg on the Mayor's desk, told GAY that seven of her companions were chained by the waist to a railing. "The tactical police came with some huge scissors and snipped us loose," she said. Others besides Jo Carroll who were arrested were Nath Rockhill, Cora Perrotta, Brenda Howard, Ed Eisenberg, Frank Arango, and Bruce Gilbert.

Later, the same day, eight more GAA members were arrested on the same charges at Lindsay's campaign headquarters at 415 Madison Avenue. They included Richard Wandel, Morty Manford, Steve Ashkenazi, Martin Clabby, Denny Cavello, Cathy Stein, Paul Hons, and Jim Vetter.

Those arrested were charged with criminal trespassing, disorderly conduct, and interfering with governmental operations. The last charge carries with it a possible 1-year prison sentence.

Wisconsin Hears Sex Law Plea

Madison, Wis.—Wisconsin's laws against sexual conduct between consenting adults should be repealed, a task force recommended Jan. 18 to Gov. Patrick Lucey.

"Sexual conduct" was described as including "fornication, adultery, sexual perversion, lewd and lascivious behavior or possessing lewd, obscene and indecent matter."

"I guess that includes us," one gay observer said.

The report also calls for legal prostitution and for local option on gambling, and unfortunately was announced the same day that four men were indicted in Madison for running a particularly vicious white-slavery ring out of a Madison sauna parlor, using torture and beatings to keep the unwilling teen-aged girls in line. The Wisconsin legislature is not expected to take up the recommendations until 1973, however.

Counsel Kills Gay Bill

continued from page 1

and author, had this to say: The defeat of this bill was an act of violence against the gay community—a quiet, murderous act. No one profits from this and hundreds of thousands lose by the Council's decision. I suggest that everyone get behind the GAA as fast as possible.

GAA President Richard Wandel has announced the launching of a nationwide campaign by gay liberation groups to upset Lindsay's campaign. A number of large, popular gay liberation groups have responded, including the Society for Individual Rights (SIR) in San Francisco and the Gay Community Alliance in Los Angeles. Both groups have agreed to follow GAA tactics in their respective cities where the Mayor will be campaigning. Said GAA's Wandel at a recent press conference: "We can no longer accept the lip service and political games of a man who thinks he can run for the presidency on a phony record of civil rights advocacy. GAA joins with gays throughout the nation in opposition to such blatant hypocrisy."

Gay Insider

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entitled to print the "expose," since as an institution its integrity is of concern to so many, mine being of concern solely to me (and those who believe that I believe in what I'm doing). The Times isn't interested, although they, like the Village Voice, pay higher rates . . .

WISH I WERE CASEY

Another person I am not is Wakefield Poole, producer/creator of the delicious sex fantasy *Boys in the Sand* (reviewed in GAY no. 69-B), now running at the 55th Street Playhouse. I wouldn't mind being he, though, as he has filmed a wonderful celebration of cocksucking as one of the most beautiful forms of human expression. Nor would I mind being Casey Donovan, for at least the duration of a lazy summer on Fire Island, where, in this version, there are no other people except extraordinarily endowed and sexually expert real or fancied sack mates. It's impossible to ignore Casey's physical magnificence, or to minimize its impact in a world where the facade is deified, but his ardor, his capacity to give of himself, are symbolic of what the organism could become if the psyche were allowed entirely free expression by society. I adore him.

I have much more to say, somewhere, sometime, in praise of *Boys in the Sand* (despite the unpleasant connotations of its title), but for now I am obliged to publish this further confession regarding my integrity as a journalist:

GOT A FREE TICKET

Just as Nixon defended his accepting and keeping (and later burying, I think)

Checkers, I must confess that I wrote the p.r. people handling *Sand* and asked for a free ticket, which was forthcoming. This is a traditional practice among journalists who intend to review a film, you know, and I think it can hardly be construed as "conflict of interest." I couldn't afford the five bucks—the most obviously oppressive thing about the movie, and due to the persistence of a system that provides for the continued exploitation of the homosexual . . .

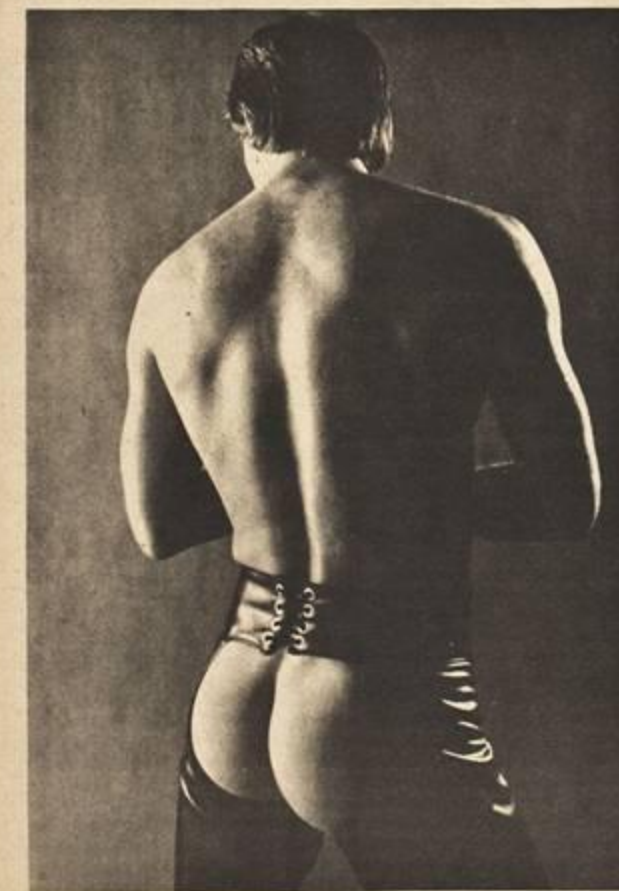
I've also seen *Nightride* four times, free, and friends of mine have been admitted on evenings when the generous producer, Bill Shirley, wanted to fill the auditorium for one or another reason, none assailable ethically or morally. It's called "papering," for those of you who require that everything be "defended." Clive Barnes, who also liked *Nightride*, got in free, too.

HUNTER IS BARNES?

I think Clive Barnes is really Conrad Nagel or Shirley Temple. Well, as somebody wrote in a sketch of the same vintage as "Where Are Your Children Tonight?", have you ever seen them together?

The Lindsay Fifteen are really the Catonsville Nine. Cora Perrotta is not, however, Morty Manford. I know because I was arrested with them both once (minus chains). Hernan Figueroa is not Mary Lindsay, though they both have something in common, their mates both being politicians, one who is honest. And Rich Wandel is already there. If he doesn't shape up, Big John won't get where he wants to go.

I think we've got a new game going: "Who's That Coming Out, Really?"



Casey Donovan displays one of the more interesting sides of his personality.

Bobby Short

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forced to wonder how many others might have had fame and fortune in a less unsollicitous and hostile society. How many Bill Cosbys, Leslie Uggams, Flip Wilsons and Diana Rosses languished and died from lack of exposure and support? The few who did make it did so through superhuman effort and ruthless tenacity.

Eventually Bobby seems to have simply tired of it all. He was homesick and wanted to go to high school in Danville. The balance of the book is taken up with memories of his mother (who always strived to be bright and fashionable, even in the worst of crises), of Roosevelt and the CCC camps and WPA projects, of the

advent of World War II with its special brand of humor and songs. And—above all—it is of a family that was at least never without pride. His story ends poignantly with graduation farewells. The last line: "And when the time came, I left Danville." And then what?

No matter, Bobby Short reopens at the Cafe Carlyle on February 29th. Whatever your age or musical persuasion, I'd like to encourage you to go there some pleasant spring evening. And if he should sing a Cole Porter ballad—for example, *How Could We Be Wrong?* or *You Don't Know Me*—you'll be able to discover this elusive "elegance" for yourself. It is as tangible and rare today as the performer. I intend to pay another visit soon. And maybe this time I'll have the courage to tell Bobby Short that I love him.

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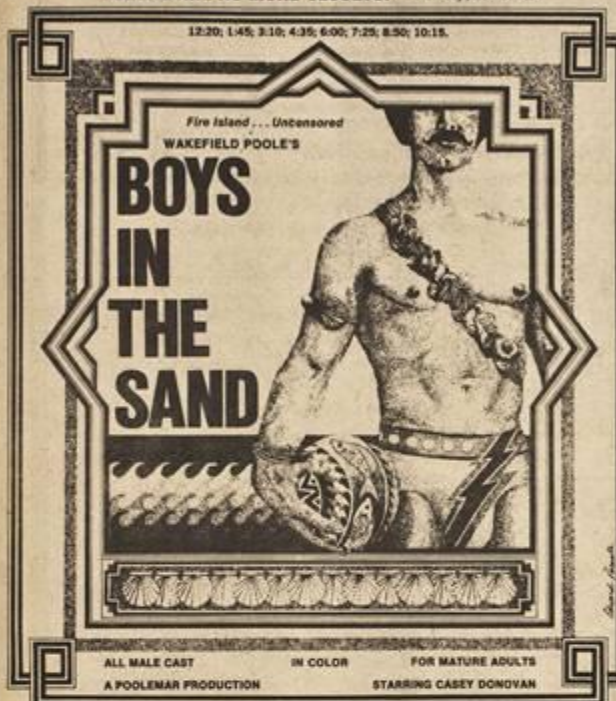
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