GAY PRIDE ISSUE

Gay

50¢

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Gay Teachers OK'd By Washington D.C. School Board



(Photo by Kay Tobin)

GAA—DC President Bill Bricker

Bans Discrimination For Sexual Orientation

BY PERRIN SHAFFER

Washington, D.C. On May 23, the D.C. School Board became the first school board in the U.S. to ban discrimination against gay school personnel.

The resolution reads:

The D.C. Board of Education, after discussion and consideration, hereby recognizes the right of each individual to freely choose a life style, as guaranteed under the Constitution and the Bill of Rights.

Therefore it is resolved that henceforth it shall be the policy of all departments and services under the jurisdiction and control of the D.C. Board of Education to promote a policy of non-discrimination in hiring, employment, promotion, tenure, retirement and/or job classification practices, within such jurisdiction and control, relative to the sex or personal sexual orientation of any individual(s), regardless of past, present and/or future status of such individuals.

This policy is to be implemented forthwith and published through regular channels.

Three members of GAA testified at several meetings prior to the vote on the resolution. Legal Committee chairman, Dr. Franklin Kameny, claimed that while job discrimination was less than in other, more visible minorities, fear of discrimination exacted a toll in mental anguish. He felt that this fear prevented teachers from testifying. He said that the lack of "adverse consequences often alleged to flow" from employment of gays "is pragmatic refutation of any objections which may be raised against this resolution." He stated that studies showed that "child molestation is much more a heterosexual phenomenon than a homosexual one," but that the resolution wouldn't alter school policy on such behavior.

At the May 23 School Board meeting at which the resolution was passed, Superintendant of Schools Hugh Scott prefaced discussion by Board members on the resolution by informing them that existing policies already performed the func-

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Security Clearance Re-instated

Washington, D.C. A gay employee who lost his security clearance after 13 years of service in government-related jobs (on account of his acknowledged homosexual inclinations) had his clearance restored on



Security Clearance expert Dr. Kameny

May 26th by a Federal court.

U.S. District Judge John H. Pratt ruled that the government may not lift security clearances on account of sexual orientation unless it first proves that there is some adverse connection between a person's sexual preference and the manner in which he performs his job.

Judge Pratt stated that the government agency assigned to rule on security clearance matters in government-cvilian work clearly discriminates against homosexuals.

The case in question involved Benning Wentworth, an employee of Bell Laboratories who had been relieved from his duties after the Industrial Security Clearance Review Board revoked his "Secret" clearance in 1970.

Judge Pratt struck down an argument of the government's review board that the

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Unitarians Hear "Sexual Minorities" Resolution

Los Angeles, Calif. A probably unprecedented resolution endorsing the gay lifestyle was directed to the General Assem-



Unitarian clergyman, Rev. Nash

bly of the Unitarian-Universalist Association of America for debate at its convocation in Dallas, Texas early in June.

The eight-point proposal, written by Rev. Richard Nash of Los Angeles, was accepted by 100 delegates to a regional pre-convention meeting at Lake Arrowhead late in May.

Hash said he believed it is the most all-embracing statement of social and religious equality for gays and bisexuals ever presented to a major American denomination. As many as 1500 delegates were expected at the national convention. UUA represents several hundred congregations in the United States, Canada and Mexico. Those attending the Lake Arrowhead gathering represented 9000 church members in southern California, Nevada and Arizona.

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Gay Libbers Help Revise Unitarian Sex Course

Boston, Mass. Two Gay Liberation educators have won invitation from the Unitar-



Barbara Gittings to help revisions

ian-Universalist Association to help revise the Gay chapter of the church's new sex-education program.

The invitations to Barbara Gittings of Philadelphia and John Preston of Minneapolis, director of the Minnesota Council for the Church and the Homophile, follow Preston's criticisms of the new program as a well-intentioned but subtle put-down on gay people.

The Unitarian program, called *About Your Sexuality*, is an extended series for young people aged 11 to 14 that frankly discusses masturbation, contraceptives, VD, gay life and the whole question of sexuality. Straight critics have attacked the gay unit as "seductive" and much too sympathetic.

Preston, 26, founder of Gay House community center in Minneapolis, found

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Supreme Court Turndown Angers Mid-Westerners



Mike McConnell

Minneapolis, Minn. The McConnell decision by the U.S. Supreme Court—the one that sent the New York *Daily News* into editorial raptures and a fireman's union chief stomping on gays' crotches—provoked the mention of violence by Minneapolis gays and a split among Minneapolis conservatives.

It even sparked a denunciation by the

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As You Like It. A gay version of William Shakespeare's play by Toby has had a well-publicized run in Los Angeles. Here, Chuck Mitchell as Oran tries to entice Randy (Billy Liligrin) as the Gypsy with the love song, "Did I Tell You I Love You?"

WHERE WILL YOU GO TONIGHT?

A DIRECTORY FOR DISCRIMINATING DISPOSITIONS

CODE
GM–Genital Males
GF–Genital Females
TV–Transvestites
INT–Integrated, gay & straight

BY JERRY FITZPATRICK

WEST VILLAGE

A Real Restaurant, 105 Macdougal St. (677-9850). New and Sparkling. Food is excellent and reasonable. Bring your own wine, Int.
Bon Soir, 40 W. 8th St. (473-9859). Cha-cha palace, mostly Latin. Bunny is on the bar during the day. GM & TV
Bonnie & Clyde's, 82 W. 3rd St. (GR 3-9304). Dancing, free buffet on Sundays. Elaine is behind the bar to make you feel at home. GF w/some GM
Carr's, 204 W. 10th St. (255-9742). Neighborhood bar and crowd. Alfie is the only one left behind the stick. GM
Casa Laredo, 551 Hudson St. (989-8520). Tex-Mex food at its best. Beautiful atmosphere. Say hello to Bernard on the floor and Jim at the bar. GM & Int.
Cave, Bank St. and Washington. New, sawdust on the floor, Jeff and Randy at the bar and Kevin to make sure that you have a good time. GM
Cell Block, 372 W. 11th St. Going through bartenders like Carter goes through pills. Ted is still there.
Coven, 531 Hudson St. (255-9741). New policy. Downstairs is for dining. Features a complete Italian, Spanish, German or Chinese dinner at $2.50. Stop in and say hello to Ted, Martyn, Chuck, Matty and yours truly.
Danny's, 139 Christopher St. (929-9321). Has picked up considerably. I'm sure that the day crowd is due to Jerry behind the bar. GM
Danny's in the Hideaway, 500 W. 14th St. Brand new. Lefty's Place has Jack Hartman and Kevin behind the bar. Dancing, and if you're in the mood, there's a motel upstairs. GM
Danny's Sheridan Sq., 170 7th Ave. So. Young heads and dancing. Lost Joey but got Jack Hartman. Marvin and Jody will see to your needs. GM
Delaney's, 72 Grove St. (Al 5-7905). Drinks by Joey J. and piano by Murray Grant. Fine food. Int.
Fedora's, 239 W. 4th St. (CH 2-9691). Jack and Larry on the floor to serve you. And Fedora herself making sure that you enjoy your meal. GM/some Int.
Finale, 48 Barrow St. (CH 3-7358). Seems despite some groovy help they are still losing business. Say hello to Jaimie and Philip. GM/Int.
Five Oaks, 49 Grove St. (675-9669). Village favorite off Sheridan Square. Int.
Four Eleven, 411 Bleecker St. (CH 2-2117). An old-time favorite. Int.
Gas Station, 70 Grove St. (242-1408). Brand new and a lot of fun. Dancing in the rear, conversation in the front with Jan Wallman. Clyde doing incredible portraits for $1. GM/INT.
Glory Hole, 183 W. 10th St. Sexy Bill on the bar, Dottie on the floor. Manager doesn't seem to like his job. GM
Goldbug, 83 W. 3rd St. (677-9874). What a coup! Not only Best, but also my favorite Joey (Miccoli). Say hello.
Hors of Plenty, 353 Bleecker St. (242-0636). Great food but you'll have to bring your own wine until they get their liquor license. Int.
Inca, 399 W. 12th St. (242-9722). The food is great and they have sexy Joe. A mixture with a lot of GM.
Julius', 159 W. 10th St. Hamburgers are great. Drinks are good. Hap, Joey, et al will take care of your drinks. The crowd is pretty, but don't count on making out. They still stare off GM
Keller's, 284 West St., near Christopher. The grand-daddy of leather bars, recently celebrated its 13th anny. GM
Kookie's, 149 W. 14th St. (242-9226). The bar is clean but they don't encourage GMs. Kookie looks like a poor man's 2½x2½s. GF
Magnolia T, 105 W. 13th St. My own Sam is doing the cooking, so you know it's good. Sexy Lou and beautiful June on the bar. Devon is on the floor.
Marie's Crisis, 59 Grove St. (243-9323). A lot of fun. J.L., John Michel, Micky, Libra and Jan Thomas on the piano. GM, GF
Mona's Royal Roost, 28 Cornelia St. (CH 2-9557). Cozy room with Joe and Eddy to see that you have a good time. Mostly GM
Ninth Circle, 139 W. 10th St. Hamburgers, etc. Garden dining, little dancing. Bill and Ed on the Stick. Young heads. GM
One Potato, 518 Hudson St. (691-6260). Lunch scene is mobbed. Frank, or Elizabeth the Last, holds court and you're sure of a few guest stars. Dinner is reasonable and good. See Billy for some of the best drinks you've imbibed. GM, GF, Int.
Paula's, Greenwich Ave. and 7th Ave. So. The food is very good. Chris and Elaine tend bar while Paula supervises. GF, GM
Peter Rabbit, 305 W. 10th St. (929-9279). Wild mixture of folks, cruisy. Sexy Jimmy and George to tend your needs.
Roadhouse, 570 Hudson St. (CH 3-4214). One of the cruisiest. Packed every night. Tom and Sy run a tight ship with aid from Rex, Ron, Tom and of course Stella by starlight. GM
Tor, 21 Greenwich Ave. (255-1337). Snack shop, cruisy afternoons; find out what is happening all over the Village. GM/Int.
Westbeach, Christopher St. (down near the pier). I thought that this was "straight." Imagine my surprise when a bunch of brothers waved me in last Sunday. It's a wild saloon and Jason and George will make sure that you enjoy. GM/Int.

EAST VILLAGE, WASHINGTON AND UNION SQUARES

Club Baths, 24 1st Ave. (673-3283). Open 24 hours. Dynamite facilities and humpy studs all over the place. Confidential V.D. tests every Thursday 5-9pm. GM
Eighty-Two Club, 82 E. 4th St. (GR 7-1046). Home of the female impersonators. Tourists.
McSorely's Ale House, 15 E. 7th St. (477-9363). Was very cruisy when we were kids; I doubt if it's changed all that much even though Women's Lib got there too. Int.
Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. So. (777-7870). A wild mixture of everything and, baby, the prices are STIFF. Int.
St. Mark's Baths, 6 St. Marks Place (473-7929). Low prices because they wouldn't dare charge any higher. Run down. GM
Spoofie's, 232 Park Ave. So. (475-9759). Will let you know more later on.

GRAMMERCY & MURRAY HILL

Beau Geste, 239 3rd Ave. (475-9724). You'll find yourself looking for Gary Cooper. Great decor. The food is quite good and the waiters are pretty. Thom and Jack tend bar. Piano upstairs. GM
Leo's Lion, 57 Lexington Ave. (686-9608). Nice, friendly atmosphere. Your host is David. Go and have a good time. GM
Tavern in the Townhouse, 108 E. 38th St. I'd prefer a cabin in the sky. Another disco, ala Tamburlaine. (Probably have the same troubles with the neighbors.) Same heads are here. Beautiful Joey is on the bar, I'd like to say you name it but I'll settle for Int.
Uncle Charlie's South, 581 3rd Ave. Three separate rooms allow you to keep making entrances. This beautifully decorated place is always jammed. Bob and Jerry are your hosts while Frank, Ron, Ken, Kevin and Ronnie will keep your glasses filled. GM

CHELSEA

Eagle's Nest, 11th Ave. & 21st St. If you're not into leather (black) and/or western, don't bother. You won't get in and why hassle the management or yourself. This is for leather people only. GM
Nine Plus Social Club, 149 W. 21st St. Exclusive after-hours club for the leather set. You must be sponsored by a member. Nice place.
Spike, 120 11th Ave. Same numbers as at The Eagle. Sexy Roy Baker is on the bar. GM

SOHO

Gay Activists Alliance Firehouse, Saturday night dance at 99 Wooster St. Get there early and have a ball and a half. Take the 7th Ave. IRT local to Houston; 8th Ave. IND (AA/E) to Spring; 6th Ave. IND (D?F?B) to Broadway/Lafayette; BMT (RR) to Prince; Lex. Ave. IRT to Spring. Cabaret every other Friday with barrels of beer, soda and live entertainment. Movies on Sunday evenings. GM, GF

MIDTOWN & MIDDLE EAST SIDE

Beacon Baths, 227 E. 45th St. (687-0322). Take the elevator to the 11th floor and groove. Some incredible humpers. Great for a matinee with all those married execs trying to find happiness before going home to the f'il woman. Free V.D. test Wednesdays from 4pm to 8pm, GM
Candy Store, 44 W. 56th St. (581-4664). Wax museum gone. New disco dancing. New image for a heretofore tired place. Ricky Klein keeps things jumping. GM
Continental Sauna, 111 W. 56th St. Not as grand nor as expensive as the "Mother Church" on W. 74th St. Good for a businessman's lunch(?). GM.
Lib, 305 E. 45th St. (Le 2-0290). The ensemble players, Jerry, Ellie, Lois and Jim, along with Gretchen and Ken, will assure you of a good time. GM, GF
Mayfair, 964 1st Ave. (EL 5-9259). Kind of closety but fun. Good food at a good price. Int.
Roundtable, 151 E. 50th St. One of the biggest discos in town. I still object to no call liquor. At $1.50 a throw, yet. Mario, Joey and Bobby will keep you entertained.
Sauna Baths, 300 W. 58th St. (PL 5-6880). A small place that closes at midnight. Busy during the late afternoons, tho. GM
Sebastian's, 1068 1st Ave. (355-8052). Crazy Sebastian on the bar and Bill is in the kitchen. GM, GF
Singles, 951 1st Ave. (486-9832). Johnny Vincent will make sure that you enjoy yourself and Bobby Larotta will tend to your libations. GM
Troubador, 1078 1st Ave. (755-1955). Friendly neighborhood bar. Dennis and Tom are on the bar. GM
Victor's Quarter, 974 2nd Ave. (355-9453). Neighborhood bar with some Midnight Cowboys.
Yukon, 140 E. 53rd St. (421-8122). Roy has started a new policy. No ties and jackets and, would you believe, dancing. A lot of fun people still hang in here. GM

DANCE BELT & HELL'S KITCHEN

Better Days, W. 48th St. New. Mel and Jerry are on the bar.
Big Spender, 315 W. 48th St. (586-9882). Lots of gypsies from the nearby shows. Some beauties. Good time. Eric tends to the libations.
Brothers & Sisters, 355 W. 46th St. (247-8840). One of the better bars in N.Y. with guys and gals putting it all together. GF, GM
Dirty Edna's Scoreboard, 264 W. 46th St. (265-9077). Advertised as "The home of the Midnight Cowboys." Some of them look as if they missed the last roundup. GM
Haymarket Pub, 772 8th Ave. (586-9360). They asked J.F.H. not to list them in "The Gay Insider U.S.A." But they are. Int.
Jimmy Ray's, 729 8th Ave. (582-9507). They won't admit to it either. But you might find what you're looking for here. Int.
Joe Allen, 326 W. 46th St. (581-6464). Gypsies, name-performers, etc. Gay is the word for the bar while the tables will be mixed. Int.
Loading Zone, 346 9th Ave. (563-8212). Some of those "Cowboys" that missed the roundup are here. GM
Tijuana Cat, 350 W. 46th St. The incredible Dawn Hampton is doing the vocals while Edward Morris tickles the ivories. GM/GF

UPPER EAST SIDE

Alibi, 1546 2nd Ave. (249-7026). Gwen has turned Monday nights into nostalgia night. It's also Show Night with herself playing Nelson Eddy to Gene King's Jeanette MacDonald. Quite a treat. GF, GM
Country Cousin, 1313 3rd Ave. (879-6614). Dine in a rustic atmosphere. Bar-B-Que in their open hearth Mon. & Wed. Groovy people. Mother Rice reigning during the day while Ralph and Lou take over at night. Billy, Harry and Eddy on the bar.
Harry's Back East, 1422 3rd Ave. (249-6991). Always one of the cruisiest bars in town. "Grandma" Lee will take care of you during the day and Judy, Jerry, Gilda and George will do the honors at night. GM, some GF
New Jimmy's, 1576 3rd Ave. (860-4509). Two of the best hosts in town, Joe and Tom. Food prepared by Carlotta, served by the best waiters in town; drinks by Kelly and Ed; topped by the sensational entertainment of Johnny Savoy, Judy Sexton and George Sardi.
Painted Pony, 1485 3rd Ave. (744-9580). Piano bar under the direction of the incredible "Gypsy." Good drinks dispensed by Ralph. Cruisy and nice. GM
Piper's Lounge, 1201 Lexington Ave. (734-9305). Tony Black's back is back. Can you believe he has Pussy with him? Dancing. GM
Three, 314 E. 72nd St. (734-9303). Good food, excellent drinks with boys and girls mixing together. Ask for Patti, GF, GM
Uncle Charlie's North, 1049 Lexington Ave. Boasts one of the "humpiest" bartenders in town, Wally. Another good reason is Roger. Ricky is on the door. Cruisy as ever. GM

UPPER WEST SIDE

Candlelight Lounge, 309 Amsterdam Ave. bet. 74th & 75th Sts. (874-9607). Neighborhood crowd. GM
Chipp's, Columbus Ave. bet. 66th & 67th Sts. Popular with Lincoln Center audiences. Int.
Continental Baths, 230 W. 74th St., west of B'way. (799-2688). More than a bath-house, it's a totally gay environment even down to a weekend cabaret. Expensive, but worth it. Students ½-price with I.D. cards. GM
Picadilly Pub, 324 Amsterdam Ave. bet. 75th & 76th Sts. (874-8632). Easily the most popular bar in this section of town. Good cruising and friendly people. GM
Westsider, 2160 Broadway at 76th St. (874-8013). Another popular bar with dining room and bar at street level and pool tables at the beer bar downstairs. GM

UPTOWN

Charade, 1800 2nd Ave. at 93rd. Where Black is Beautiful, the age is young, the food and music are soul and the dancing terrific. GmM
Gold Rail, 2850 Broadway (MO 2-4704). Restaurant and bar popular with uptown gays and Columbia students. Int.
Mt. Morris Baths, 1944 Madison Ave. (534-9004). This has a black majority. GM
Pauline's Interlude, 2267 7th Ave. at 135th St. A Harlem landmark since before most of us were born. Int.

BROOKLYN

Danny's in Brooklyn Heights, 108 Montague St. (625-8844). Social center of the Heights. GM
Johnny Lyon's Supper Club, 1201 Utica Ave. Freddy is your host.
Man's Country, 53 Pierrepont St., Brooklyn Heights. Brand new and picking up rapidly. Monday night is leather night w/ movies. It is just across the East River and easily accessible. Did I say that it's a bath? It is.

QUEENS

Adirondack/ Betsy Ross Room, 73-13 37th Road, Jackson Heights (429-8605). It's right on "Vaseline Alley." The room is pleasant but the owners (no mistake) give off bad vibes. GF/GM.
Trysting Place, 120-31 83rd Ave., Kew Gardens (846-8922). Cruisy dancebar with a balcony from which to play Romeo if you're so inclined. Say hello to Fran and Danny. GF, GM
What A Dump, 76-07 Roosevelt Ave. Cruisy people in a cruisy setting. Gay owned which is a big plus. Say hello to Don, Vinnie, Chet and Teddy. GM.

GAY CINEMA

David, 236 W. 55th St.
55th St. Playhouse, 55th St. between 6th & 7th Aves.
Jewel Theatre, 12th St. & 3rd Ave.
Park-Miller, 43rd St. betw. 6th Ave. & B'way (BR 9-3970)
Tomcat Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St.

Jerry's Sphere



BY JERRY FITZPATRICK

Hello, world, here I am again! Fasten your seatbelts as I am about to do some throttling.

BAR WORKERS UNITE!

Now, thanks to the Knapp Commission, we know that there are no more cops on the take. Now, thanks to the Italian Anti-Defamation League, we know that there is no Mafia. Now is the time for a few answers to a few questions that have been festering inside me for a long time. In these days of LIBERATION how is it that the worker in gay bars is still treated as a second class citizen? With women's lib getting equal pay for equal work, how is it that the bartenders and waiters in gay bars haven't gotten themselves together to seek equality with their straight counterparts? For example: paid vacations or paid sick days. I think that will do for a start. (I'll leave pensions and hospitalization for another column.) Is that a gasp that I hear from the bar owners? I understand, having been management in three of New York's most successful bars that there are real problems involved for management. (No-shows because they found a dick on the way to work, etc.) Therefore, I propose a guild or a union, headed by bartenders and waiters themselves. In order to join, you must prove your competency. If you are caught stealing (I caught three in Queens), you don't work in the city again. Little stuff like this could go a long way toward making us equal with our straight counterparts. The gasp is getting louder, gentlemen. I wouldn't worry, though. I doubt that there are enough balls in the entire city to get a man to first base much less get this proposal off the ground. Man, that was a nice pipe, though.

MORE ON LIBERATION: While in grammar school I came across this lovely nun. She proposed to the class that we walk with our eyes cast downward to avoid temptation. Being a very religious youngster I followed the good sister's advice and wound up with a slight concussion. I walked into a lamp post. That was the last time that I walked with my eyes cast

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The Editors Speak:





WHAT CAN WE BE PROUD OF?

For the third year in a row the nation's gay communities are once again celebrating Gay Pride Week, marching commemoratively in cities from coast to coast, remembering the spirit of independence and defiance that characterized the Stonewall uprising in Greenwich Village in June, 1969.

The message of the Stonewall is still clear: *we won't be pushed around any more. We're shoving back.* The angry young people who barricaded police-raiders inside the bar, chased them down the street, and then gaily danced the can-can in jubilant scorn around Sheridan Square, inaugurated a new era.

It was the first time in American history that homosexuals, as such, had put their *bodies* on the line against tyranny. Before, when bar raids had taken place, kids went off in the paddy wagon sniveling, without protest. In those days many were still unsure of the propriety of their sexual orientations. They had somehow accepted society's sick condemnation of homosexual love. But today, only three years later, a vast change has taken place. The vibrations of the Stonewall uprising have been felt in far-away places and we who are homosexually inclined are learning to believe in ourselves, and thus, *at last*, in each other.

What does this mean to the man on the street? It means that more and more people, accepting themselves as whole, are readier today to give and receive love and affection. It means that a new awareness is invading the collective consciousness of the nation's gay communities, an awareness that spells *honesty* instead of subterfuge, that brings *directness* into our relationships instead of digression. It means that fear, guilt, and sexual stricture are on their way out, offering a "gay world," which before too long will be able to point to itself proudly, saying, "Yes, our lives *are* gay, in the old, jovial sense of the word."

I HAVE MORE FUN WITH YOU THAN ANYBODY

Yes, we've finally written a book–and as this issue of GAY hits the newsstands, our book will go on sale in local bookstores across the country. It's called I HAVE MORE FUN WITH YOU THAN ANYBODY (St. Martin's Press–hardback $5.95) and since it's by us (Lige Clarke and Jack Nichols) it answers the question: Can a relationship between two people be truly gay? Our joint experience–over the last eight years–has shown us that it can.

Ask for the book (mentioning its publisher) in your neighborhood store and if they're not carrying it, possibly you may want to suggest that they do.

We do hope you'll enjoy the book. We've enjoyed living it. A lot.

31% Minnesotans Favor Gay Rights

Minneapolis, Minn. The accurate, respected Minnesota Poll of the *Mineapolis Tribune* found 31 percent of the state's population in favor of repealing laws which proscribe sexual conduct between consenting adults, specificlaly including gay people.

The results of a poll of 583 Minnesotans aged 18 and over were published March 26, and show 65 percent were against such repeal. But they show a marked improvement in attitudes over a *Minnepolis Star* Metro-Poll conducted 12 months earlier, in which only 29 percent of the Twin Cities area, with half the state's population, favored repeal.

From 29 percent in the relatively sophisticated metro area to 31 percent state-wide is considered a remarkable advance in only 12 months.

Still, the Minnesota Poll shows statewide opinion trailing that of Minnesota young people. Six hundred people age 18 to 24, polled separately in December, actually favor sodomy law repeal by a margin of 62 percent to 33 percent.

That same youth poll, published in the *Tribune* in January, showed young people favoring legalized same-sex marriages, 50 percent to 46. The state-wide sampling, published in March, shows 20 percent in favor, 75 opposed.

The persistent attempts of Jack Baker and Mike McConnell to win a marriage license have received wide publicity in the region since May 1970 and are doubtless responsible, in large part, for the 20 percent. Before their efforts began, the proportion favoring legal gay marriages would have been miniscule, and 20 percent is considered an enormous gain in only two years' time.

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Blow Dealt To D.C. Sodomy Statutes

BY PERRIN SHAFFER

Washington, D.C. On May 24, lawyers for the parties to a challenge to D.C.'s sodomy law signed a legal agreement excluding "private consensual sexual acts involving adults" from enforcement of the law.

According to James Heller, president of the American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU) Fund and Dr. Franklin Kameny, president of the Mattachine Society of Washington, the agreement (called a "stipulation" in legal terminology) means that the federal government can no longer discriminate against D.C. gays in employment on the basis of "criminality," citing D.C. Code Section 22-3502. This could affect several such cases in which the code is mentioned. In addition, Kameny feels that the police or courts may now cease to recognize D.C.'s solicitation statutes, which have particularly affected black drags. "Soliciting someone to commit an illegal sex act was in itself illegal, but should no longer be construed so, now that the act is legal," explained Kameny.

The case, initiated by Kameny, was filed last September by the ACLU Fund in the U.S. District Court for D.C. The four gay plaintiffs sought to have the sodomy law declared unconstitutional, naming D.C.'s police chief and head of the Morals Division of D.C. police as defendants. The defendants, after lengthy legal maneuvering and delays, decided to seek a stipulation for dismissal rather than answer charges brought in the case. Had the defendants decided to answer the charges, the court would have had to render a decision, possibly declaring the law unconstitutional. Although a stipulation is easier to change than a court decision, Kameny feels that it would entail too much work for police attorneys.

The stipulation reads:

Pursuant to the provisions of Rule 41(a)(1) of the Federal Rules of Civil Procedure, it is hereby stipulated by the parties to the above-entitled action that D.C. Code Section 22-3502 (Sodomy), when construed in light of the Constitution (see Griswold v. Connecticut, *381 U.S. 479 (1965), prior decisional law in this jurisdiction (see* Rittenour v. District of Columbia, *163 A.2nd 558 (D.C. Mun. Ct. App. 1960), and the legislative history of the statute, does not apply, and cannot be applied, to private consensual sexual acts involving adults (persons age 16 and over); and that the above-entitled action is therefore dismissed, each party to bear his own costs.*

This stipulation shall not be construed as implying that D.C. Code Section 22-35-2 has been applied in the past by the defendants to private consensual sexual acts involving adults.

Supreme Court Turndown Angers Mid-Westerners

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Veterans of Foreign Wars and a new blast from the gay community's most lovable enemy, retired Baptist preacher The Rev. Joseph B. Head, 71.

It all began April 3 when the U.S. Supreme Court decided, 8 to 1 (Associate Justice William O. Douglas dissenting), not to review the October 1971 decision of the U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals in St. Louis, Missouri, which denied Mike McConnell an $11,000-a-year librarian's job at the University of Minnesota.

The university Board of Regents turned McConnell down in July 1970 after he applied for a marriage license with his lover, Jack Baker. Ruled the St. Louis court, the regents were justified because McConnell "demands . . . the right

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GAY

Publisher
Four Swords, Inc.

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Jack Nichols

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Jean Luongo

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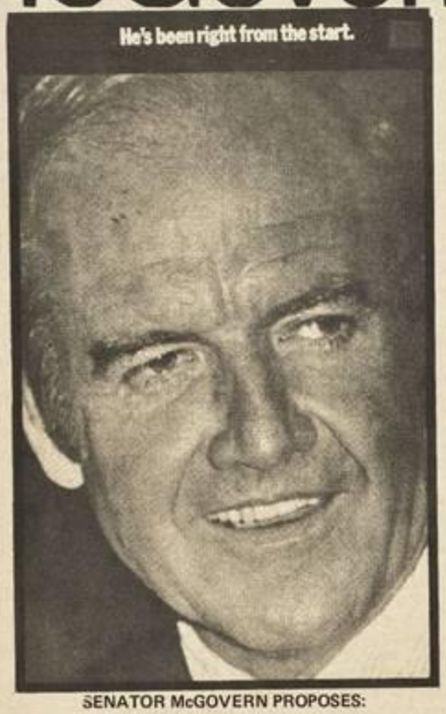
McGovern



SENATOR McGOVERN PROPOSES:

1. Sexual orientation or preference should cease to be a criterion for employment by all public and governmental agencies, in work under federal contract, for service in the United States armed forces, and for licensing in government regulated occupations and professions.
2. Sexual orientation should cease to be a criterion for immigration to the United States.
3. Government and private investigatory agencies should cease to collect data on the sexual preferences of individuals.
4. Sexual orientation should cease to be a criterion for obtaining housing, insurance, or bonding.
5. Individuals previously given less-than-honorable military discharges solely for sexual relations between consenting adults or for allegations relating to sexual orientation should have the character of those discharges changed to honorable.
6. Increased federal support of unbiased research into the nature of all human sexuality.
7. Federal sponsorship of educational programs which will foster further understanding of both professional people and the general public on these issues.

The following statement in support of Intro 475 was read to the New York City Council on December 17, 1971, by Eleanor Clark French on behalf of Senator McGovern:

Senator McGovern recognizes that in American society today—no less than in other cultures and as throughout recorded history—a substantial minority of women and men of all ages are identified with a homosexual life style. He further recognizes that certain assumptions of the majority concerning homosexuals have been used as a rationale for harassment and denial of elemental civil liberties for millions of individuals. As for other oppressed and stigmatized minorities, Senator McGovern pledges the full moral and legal authority of his presidency towards restoring and guaranteeing first-class citizen rights for homosexually-oriented individuals.

VOTE FOR SENATOR GEORGE McGOVERN
IN THE PRIMARY — JUNE 20, 1972

If you would like to assist in Senator McGovern's campaign, either by sending your contribution, or by canvassing or phoning, contact:

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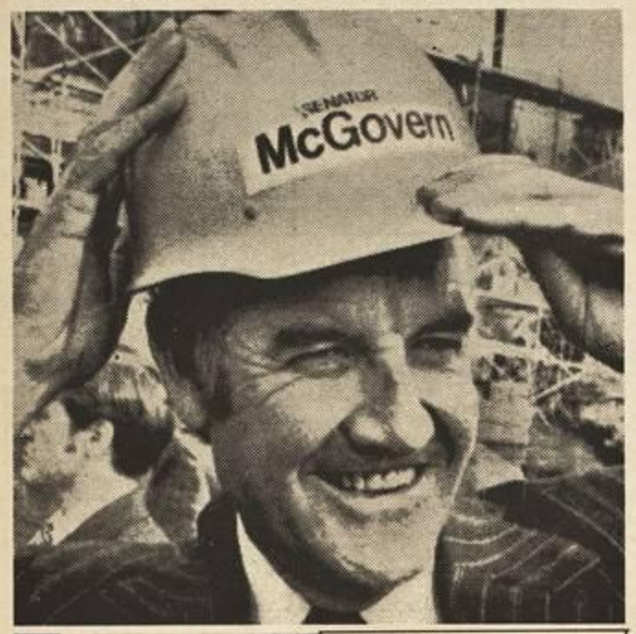
A GAY GUIDE TO THE DEMOCRATIC PRIMARIES, JUNE 20

COMPILED BY JOHN P. LeROY *ON THE BASIS OF QUESTIONNAIRES AND PAST PERFORMANCE*





What Do The Politicians Promise?



Note: New York Congressional, State Senate, and State Assembly District boundaries have been changed, and the new lines and district numbers were not completely available at press time. If in doubt, call the League of Women Voters, or your local Board of Elections, (212) 674-8484 or (212) 966-4750.

FOR PRESIDENT

George McGovern – He's ahead in delegates, and his position on gay rights is A+. Humphrey, Nixon, Muskie and Wallace want to forget that homosexuality exists. Shirley Chisholm is a right-on woman, but she's not strong enough. (If you live in the West Village, be absolutely dead certain to get everybody you know or have heard of to vote the McGovern slate. That district has been joined on to part of Staten Island where the homophobes want to run an uncommitted slate, and are pressuring heavily for it. Village political savants estimate that a 4-1 majority for McGovern is needed to overcome it.)

FOR CONGRESS

MANHATTAN 18th C.D. **Koch** – He's been a political stalwart and a long-time friend of the gay movement.

MANHATTAN 19th C.D. **Rangel** – His answers to the GAA questionnaire have made him so with it, he's willing to support gay sex education in the public schools.

MANHATTAN 20th C.D. **Abzug** – It's unfortunate that she's running against Ryan, who's given us a lot of help in the past, but Bella's been "our girl" and we want her back in there.

BRONX 21st C.D. **Badillo** – is a must, for Ramos, that virulent homophobe who gave a scurrilous anti-gay speech on the floor of the state legislature and helped defeat the gay rights bill, is trying to unseat him. Badillo has supported Intro 475 consistently.

BRONX 22nd C.D. – Here it's a toss-up between **Bingham** and **Scheuer**, for both have been judged fair-to-good on gay rights by a sampling of activists.

BRONX 23rd C.D. **Richard Ottinger** is trying for a political comeback, after having lost to Buckley. He was with us in 1970 on gay rights, and hasn't changed.

BROOKLYN 14th C.D. **Lowenstein** is trying to be the man to unseat Rooney this time, and we hope he succeeds. Rooney has not only given that district nothing but corruption and decay since World War II, but he seems to be a homophobic godfather.

BROOKLYN 16th C.D. **Elizabeth Holtzman** is a right-on woman. Her opponent, that Stone Age New Deal relic, Emanuel Celler, has admitted only recently that we need gay rights.

We haven't found any good progay candidates in Queens or Staten Island for Congress. Hopefully things will be better organized in those boroughs in 1974.

FOR STATE SENATE

Joe Galiber, 32nd S.D. BRONX, original cosponsor.

Joe Zaretski, 29th S.D. MANHATTAN, good supporter of Intro 475.

FOR STATE ASSEMBLY

The following have been outstanding in the support of gay rights in the State Assembly:

Blumenthal, 69th A.D. MANHATTAN – gave exemplary support to gays and one of the eloquent speeches on behalf of the fair employment bill.

Gottfried, 67th A.D. MANHATTAN – strong supporter and eloquent speaker.
Koppell, 84th A.D. BRONX – spoke out for Intro 475.
Leichter, 71st A.D. MANHATTAN – one of the original sponsors of gay rights.
Martuscello, 52nd A.D. BROOKLYN – helped to get bill out of committee and worked closely with Brooklyn groups.
Olivieri, 66th A.D. MANHATTAN – supported Intro 475 strongly and was one of the sponsors of the gay rights bill.
Passannante, 64th A.D. MANHATTAN – the father of the gay rights movement in the state legislature. Engineered bill onto floor and swung more votes for it than anyone expected, only 10 votes shy.
Solarz, 45th A.D. BROOKLYN – cosponsor of original bill.
Strelzin, 57th A.D. BROOKLYN – good outspoken gay rights advocate.

The following voted in favor of the gay rights bill in the assembly:

Beatty (53rd A.D. Brooklyn)
Blumenthal (68 Manhattan)
Brewer (29 Queens)
Chananau (82 Bronx)
Cincotta (43 Brooklyn)
Cooperman (27 Queens)
DeSalvio (62 Manhattan)
DiFalco (63 Manhattan)
Fink (39 Brooklyn)
Gottfried (67 Manhattan)
Hecht (83 Bronx)
Hochberg (81 Bronx)
Jack (70 Manhattan)
Koppell (84 Bronx)
Lama (40 Brooklyn)
Leichter (71 Manhattan)
Lisa (34 Queens)
Martuscello (52 Brooklyn)
Mercorella (85 Bronx)
G.W. Miller (72 Manhattan)
H.J. Miller (30th A.D. Queens)
M.H. Miller (44 Brooklyn)
Mirto (59 Brooklyn)
Montano (77 Bronx)
Nine (78 Bronx)
Olivieri (66 Manhattan)
Passannante (64 Manhattan)
H.A. Posner (22 Queens)
S. Posner (76 Bronx)
Sharoff (42 Brooklyn)
Silverman (48 Brooklyn)
Solarz (45 Brooklyn)
Southall (74 Manhattan)
Stavisky (26 Queens)
Stein (65 Manhattan)
Steingut (41 Brooklyn)
Stella (86 Bronx)
Straub (58 Brooklyn)
Strelzin (57 Brooklyn)
Williams (56 Brooklyn)
Wright (54 Brooklyn)

Joe DeLisa gave a good deal of special aid in compiling this information.

Cruising Off Broadway...



BY IAN J. TREE

JUILLIARD DANCE ENSEMBLE

As often as I'd been to performances at the Alice Tully Hall end of the New Juilliard School, I had not had an opportunity, until about a week ago, to visit the other end, when I discovered that the Juilliard Dance Ensemble was performing two repertory programs of dance (six pieces in all) with choreography by Doris Humphrey (4), Jose Limon (1) and Anna Sokolow (1).

The Passacaglia and Fugue in C minor by J.S. Bach opened the evening's program, with Angeline Wolf and David Briggs as soloists. Miss Humphrey had done the original in 1938 and despite its 35 years, it was still quite serviceable. The piece was stately which all of Bach's organ works seem to suggest, but I thought it could have been danced with about half the number of people (19) on stage. Miss Wolf handled her solo chores very nicely with a rather angelic look about her—nice smile. Mr. Briggs, on the other hand, though quite capable, was not nearly as loose—never a smile, just a straight ahead, resolute approach to his solo. There is something to be said for that, but not here.

Of all the pieces on the program, *Lyric Suite* by Anna Sokolow was a stunner, both from the dancing and choreographic viewpoints. Miss Sokolow's work was aggressive and marvelously visceral with a capital VIS. It really grabbed my by the scrods. Practically everyone was a standout in their respective solos, particularly Marc Stevens and Hannah Kahn in the opening two movements, *Allegretto Gioale* and *Andante Amoroso*, which complemented one another very handsomely. Both Jennifer Douglas and Gregory Mitchell were breathtakingly delirious in their respective solos and the final movement, *Adagio Appassionato*, provided an exquisite *pas de quatre* for women. Some super sensitive dancing.

The Winged was a ballet created by Jose Limon in 1966—all about birds: their habits and gatherings and rituals. Again Jennifer Douglas with her partner Sheldon Schwartz gave just the right touch of naivete to their "Nuptial Flight" and again provided a marvelous contrast to the aggressive go-ahead dancing of Angeline Wolf and Marc Stevens in their solo called "The Swifts." But best of all was "Duel" as danced by Peter Sparling and Ryland Jordan. They really captured the essence of two cocks (hmmm!) squaring off against one another—nice stuff.

I was so taken with the Ensemble, I was back the next night to see their second program, in which they presented an all-Humphrey program: *The Shakers, Day on Earth* and *Lament for Ignacio Sanchez Mejias*. *Shakers* and *Lament* didn't seem to have any substance either in subject matter or in the dancing. So much for them. *Day on Earth* was the second-night stunner, this time pairing Peter Sparling and Hannah Kahn as the man and woman, Diana Hart as the young girl and Elizabeth Haight as the young child. She was absolutely charming as the little girl and there wasn't an ounce of pretention or precociousness in her dancing. Mr. Sparling gave a strong performance and I was struck by his compassion. An iron fist in a velvet glove kind of thing. He needs to mature just a bit and I have no doubt he'll be a first-rate dancer. Miss Kahn's dancing seemed quite mature and it was easy to pick up the subtleties of her approach to things. She has a very fine sense of her body and how it moves. She's a fine dancer already, and it made me smile when I thought of how she will become better still.

THREE BY THREE

Got a call from Ron Link the other day to come review the latest offerings of the Playwright's Workshop Club, *3 by 3*, as directed by Ron.

There were three one-act plays; *Split Level*, by Robert Heide; *Singer With a Big Band*, by Tom Eyen; *and Molly's O*, by Christopher Mathewson.

Mr. Heide's play was indeed a short one—8-10 minutes. It struck me as an incredibly insane moment in the lives of a really wigged out southern couple, Viola and Alex. It involved politics, an assassination and $10,000—which I suppose was the fee they were getting for the assassination. Despite its short length, or possibly because of it, Mr. Heide managed to sustain the tension and it fascinated me to see how individual insanities fed corporate madness. Leslie Chain (last seen in Tom Eyen's *Give My Regards to Off-Off Broadway*) and Edward Bell were perfectly paired. Miss Chain came off (almost) as a wide-eyed, pucker-lipped pocketbook-fussing ingenue who's out of her mind. Edward Bell is a knockout in the looks department and a damn good actor. His portrayal of Alex was intense and I now wonder if the tension could have been sustained had the play been any longer. Surely it was an on-going moment of madness in the lives of two people who I'm sure considered themselves perfectly "normal."

Tom Eyen's play, *Singer With a Big Band*, seemed familiar on several levels. Not only did he use the same set of actors and actresses from his former play, but the subject matter again was about a washed-up (out) star, or in this case a singer whose ratings have fallen off dramatically. Mr. Eyen has a facility for rapid spitfire dialogue and action, and though the play had only one act, there was a fair amount of overlapping with scene changes and people slipping into different roles. Katrina Tralongo played the washed-up singer—a sequel perhaps to the washed-up star she played in Eyen's last effort. Perhaps she's just in a rut or something. Leslie Chain did a really fine job as the singer's neglected sister and honed it to a superfine edge in a scene which finds her strait-jacketed and recalling past memories. She's really good. Ed Bell and George Patterson play two gay hairdressers and Anne Coleman played the singer's alter ego (I think). I've seen other stuff by Eyen and this is not some of his best writing—serviceable, but he's done better.

The evening's third and by no means least offering was Christopher Mathewson's *Molly's O*—all about the owner of a seedy diner and her "partner" Dinky, the cook, who had previously been a customer, and for reasons not explained decided to or (I think) was forced to stay on. Into their seedy eatery comes a new customer, Cecil, brilliantly played by Edward Bell. His soft-spoken manner suggests a submissive person and being duly noted by Wanda, the waitress/owner, and Dinky, they put him (Cecil) through the mill. All through this he keeps singing that song "You Must Have Been a Beautiful Baby." And suddenly I made a sickening connection between the song, the look in his eyes which had gone from meekness to madness, and an attache case he was carrying. Well, I wasn't too far wrong. That "beautiful baby" he kept singing about had been neatly chopped into pieces, wrapped in a large paper bag and stuffed into the attache case. Our meek and cowering Cecil was also out of his cage and he had the dissected baby to prove it.



A scene from "Split Level" by Robert Heide, directed by Ron Link.

I must compliment Mr. Bell on an excellent performance in all three pieces, especially *Molly's O*. His three roles were quite different, although he did seem a bit "uncomfortable" as the gay hairdresser. Mr. Bell comes across as masculine without doing a macho number—this coupled with his strong masculine features made the hairdresser role seem a bit ludicrous, but he handled it well enough.

Of the *3 by 3*, I liked Mathewson's *Molly's O* best. It was well acted and paced and I was fascinated by the frantic madness going on just below the surface of all three characters. It ended with a sickening thud as Dinky sees his chance for escape and the madness begins again —this time with Wanda and Cecil waiting for the next customer.

AND FURTHERMORE . . .

GRAND OPENING—I dropped in at *Man's Country* over the weekend to help them celebrate the grand opening of their new pool (god it's huge), their steam room and the sun deck on the roof; just in time for the summer's first long weekend. Unfortunately, Con Edison fucked things up. Well, not really. A gas main and steam main exploded on Pierrepont Street right in front of the Pierrepont Hotel where Man's Country is located. The plumbing for the steam bath and the pool were destroyed and consequently the grand opening will be delayed for at least two weeks, as I talked with congenial Gene Chandler, the manager. Watch for the new opening dates in a forthcoming issue of GAY.

ALSO in an upcoming issue, Daniel and I had some studio nudes (very tasteful I might add) done by our super good photog friend, Roy Blakey. We saw the proofs, as did Lige and Jack, and as usual Roy has done a super nice job.

Speaking of our friend Roy Blakey, his new book *HE* should be available by the time you read this. June 1st was the date for publication. Again I've seen the proofs and being familiar with Roy's work in the past, you're in for a treat. First-rate work from a first-rate guy—all for only $16 which includes tax, postage and handling. *HE* is available by mail from BLAZE ENTERPRISES, INC., Dept. G, 727 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10011.

BETTE MIDLER AT CARNEGIE HALL

Don't forget that Bette Midler will be in concert at Carnegie Hall on June 23rd. Tickets are $4.50, 5.50 and 6.50. Call the box office, 247-7459, or Ticketron, 644-4400 for ticket information.

HEALTH PROJECT

The GAY MEN'S Health Project is gathering information on existing health care facilities and how they relate to gay men. For more information call WA 9-7150 or write to 247 West 11th St., basement, New York City 10014.

JACKIE CURTIS AT THE CONTINENTAL

Yes, that's right! June 17th is the date, and you won't want to miss this great talent in the tubs. For information call the Continental Baths, (212) 799-2688.

COMING SOON

Coming Out, a new documentary play by Jonathan Katz, directed by David Rozensack, is being presented by the Arts Committee of GAA at the Firehouse, 99 Wooster Street, Friday, June 16 at 7:30; Sat. June 17 at 2:30 matinee; Sunday June 18 at 8:30; Mon. June 19 at 7:30; and Sat. June 24 at 7:30. Suggested donation $2.00.

The Queer Red Menace Stalks Us Again



George Wallace's kindly face

BY VICKI RICHMAN

The defense lawyers in the case of Governor Wallace's attempted assassination may not yet have even the docket number, but the trial is already finished in the press, and a formidable verdict reached.

An improper sex role has been found guilty.

"Psychoanalysts consider this the classic outcome of a boyhood in which a stable male identity is not formed," *The New York Times* omnisciently advises us about political assassins in a psychological biography of the accused published less than a week after the shooting. It breaks all records. Psychoanalysts have been know to take longer choosing their couches.

Numerous other disgraces are uncovered in the defendant's past to complete a case history of problem-riddled manhood. Among them are lack of girl friends, failure to smile at people who greeted him, unfulfilled professional aspirations, and not talking to the waitress at his local pizzeria. Unfortunately we don't learn at what age his toilet training was completed, but with no fewer than six reporters deployed in this fearless muckraking, no doubt we'll get that information in due time.

With such standards of evidence, as a matter of fact, I could have been convicted of killing a hundred politicians and a few generals for good measure. And I don't even believe in killing animals for food.

But in its unrelenting zeal, *The Times* has managed to find psychoanalysts to link each of the aberrations to an irresistible desire to shoot George Wallace. The scientific gentlemen no doubt had their learned opinions scattered among the headlines of the daily press as a public service in this time of grave crisis. Also, their office hours and rates are available to readers desirous of being disabused of similar inclinations.

A cheaper method might be to remember to smile at the woman who tosses you your salad at the lunch counter and to find a few feminine names for your address book. Just think how you'll frustrate that *Times* reporter trying to get the beads on you!

Still, you never can be too sure. The *Times* staff, outdoing itself, came up with a fellow college student of the defendant, who gave us the dirt, but good: "We all decided we were going to stay away from him, because there was something wrong with him." One wonders what she would have said if the reporter caught her after the young man had won a Nobel Prize instead of after his arrest for attempted murder. Has the verdict suggested the testimony, instead of vice versa?

Nevertheless, if a reporter found fewer than ten people to say the same thing about me, he wasn't really trying, and I'm not even accused of anything. It's frightening, isn't it? At this rate I could be arrested at any moment. Or measured for a straitjacket.

The defendant's brother was also rounded up and quoted, "He hated my Ma. He never liked her." Very significant. But I'm safe here; I don't have a brother. On the other hand, there were all those juicy things I confided in my cousin when I was ten . . .

These gems of investigation are meant to confirm the hypothesis that "the processes that led to the derangement of all the assassins began early in life when circumstances molded the way in which a young boy develops his basic concepts of his identity or role in the world." All this profundity and a picture from the defendant's high school yearbook to boot! Quite a bargain for fifteen cents. Now we know. All those queers running around shooting politicians. And the defendant wasn't even wearing a starched white shirt for the photo. How warped can you get?

The value of such reporting cannot be underestimated. Courts, bogged down by such considerations as due process and presumption of innocence, can take weeks or months, and in the end discuss nothing but evidence. Such gut questions as what his superintendant's brother thought of the defendant can be wantonly ignored by the judge, frustrating the public's inalienable right to know: Was he or wasn't he? I mean, there are some things that just must not be withheld from a nation struggling to maintain its traditions in this age of lawless violence. Like, what about that high school kid hanging around the locker room? Or the five-year-old trying on his mother's pantyhose. Watch out! He's the next John Wilkes Booth.

Unfortunately, under this criteria just about every man (women too—they haven't established their male identity either) can be considered a potential assassin, except such individuals of proven masculinity as President Nixon, Lieutenant Calley, and Governor Wallace himself.

A problem arises, however, when you realize that assassinations have resulted in about ten injuries, fatal or not, in the last century, while the three exceptions are responsible for hundreds of thousands of deaths and torments in no more than the last decade.

Psychoanalysts reconcile the discrepancy by noting that not every unfortunate deprived of his male identity will turn to using politicians for target practice. "If his alienation and psychic incoordination are not paralyzing," lectures another shrink in rare virtuoso vocabulary, who, unlike The Shadow, chooses to remain visible and to remind us what evil lurks in the heart of non-man, "he may become the leader of a movement which projects into political and military action his private murderous hate." In other words, if he can't make the grade taking pot-shots at his local alderman, he'll be campaigning to stop the fire-bombing of infants in Vietnam. Quite a threat the queer is to our stable society! A statistically insignificant number with guns, and the rest out demonstrating for peace.

On the other hand, Governor Wallace has stated that he'd gladly run over any demonstrator in the way of his shiny limousine. The man is clearly the result of a childhood in which a stable male identity has been formed. You won't find *him* making a spectacle of himself protesting injustice.

But in its eagerness to get the facts on this menace to our democracy, *The Times* has just not found the time to dig up the psychological backgrounds of more stable figures. I don't, for example, recall reading what psychoanalysts had to say about Lieutenant Calley's male image after he was arrested for murdering Vietnamese children, or what President Nixon's high school sweetheart thought of his virility after he mined North Vietnam's harbors. But you can't print everything, you know, when valuable space is needed for a full-page snowjob on a 21-year-old drifter.

To take up where the respected *Times* left off, I decided to nose around the small towns and back alleys, searching for those embarrassed little guys with a story they've never had the courage to tell, and came up with the following comprehensive, hitherto unrevealed, exclusive psychoanalytical study of the all-purpose candidate-tycoon-general. Since they all seem interchangeable, only one such biography is necessary; just apply it to whomever you're interested in.

DETAILS OF CELEBRATED LIFE REVEAL PATTERN OF PERFECTION

As the dust settles on his hectic ride through the history-making headlines of the century, little-known facts in the life of Basil the Bountiful are finally coming to the fore. Now retired to the still-uncounted acres of his ranch in Basilburg, he lives modestly with his wife Basilia, his gods Basilboy and Basilgirl, and his daughters Basilotta and Basilotta-prime. To casual observers he appears no more than a gentleman oregano-grower of the old school.

But psychoanalysts have likened Basil's background to that of Genghis Kahn, John D. Rockefeller, the deMedicis and John Wayne. "There are fantastic similarities," said sage old Dr. Amadeus Enzyme in his plush, carpeted Fifth Avenue office, in which he has written fourteen books on the subject and solved 126 crossword puzzles (each of which is framed on his wall), all while struggling to stay awake listening to his patients. "They are clearly the products of a masculine image well defined early in childhood, possessing extraordinary ambitions remarkably consistent with their emotional and intellectual orientation: rape, plunder and murder."

Sergeant Sweatsocks, who served under the old warrior in the now-legendary Battle of Basil, agrees. Adroitly ferreted out from somewhere amid the miles of uncharted government-built Surplus Soldier Stashes, the hoary old fighting man recalled, "Why, it seems like only yesterday that rip-roaring old Colonel Basil single-handedly—without aid, advice, or sanction from no one, no how—cut down 74 of the enemy, 183 of the friends, and 25 of the folks nary a one of us could figure out what the hell it was they was doing there, 'cept maybe that it was their home. It took us a week to sort 'em out one from t'other, but Basil, he jest laugh and say, 'Why, Sarge, they all looks the same when you got 'em at the business end of a machine gun.' Yessir, that was old Basil for you—always seeing the lighter side!"



Would-be assassin hugs cop

The processes that led to his dynamic development began early in life when circumstances molded the way in which the young boy conceived of his role in society. "I remember him well," said his high school sweetheart. "He was so cheerful, so outgoing, not like these grouches always by themselves. He'd take me to the pizza parlor, and he'd always be smiling; he'd leer at the waitress, snicker at the busboy, and break up when someone cracked a good one about a fag. He'd get three pizzas—one for himself, one for me, and one for target practice. 'Eat your fill, Mary,' he'd tell me. 'You're worth it.' Of course, my name wasn't Mary, but, as he'd say, we all looked the same to him when he had us upside down."

This firm grasp of his masculine responsibilities to society paved the way for his most brilliant political success, in which he ran his wife for governor to contravene laws—inspired by "commie queers out to get" him—forbidding him from succeeding himself in office. "It's not like I'm really going to be up there signing important papers or anything like that," Mrs. Basil blushed charmingly on that occasion. "I'll stick to where I belong while Basie steers the ship."

During his administration he was noted for unquenchable energy in tracking down and imprisoning the lawless, the violent, the self-indulgent of all races, religions and sexual persuasions. "No one can say I'm prejudiced," he would assure the leader of whatever protest group. "Black, brown or queer—I've got a cell for you."

The roots of this pride in law and order were suggested recently by his white-haired, trembling old high school history teacher. A reporter managed to speak to the kindly old woman after a generous bribe to her keeper at the Senior Citizens' Golden Years Pasture, where she was found occupied with her rocking chair.

(continued on page 16)

The Last Estate



Gregory's wine cases in the rear of the plane caused some difficulties.

BY GREGORY BATTCOCK

"Flying for business or a rest?
Spend some days in Budapest."

I see the fishing boats go to sea. I see them return to port full of fish. I watch the fishermen pack the lovely fish into wooden boxes and unload the boxes and carry them off. Where in the world do they take them?

Trying to get a fresh fish in a restaurant on the isle of Poros is useless. There are lots of good tomatoes and a good resinated white wine that they claim is local. It is not, of course. There are no vineyards on Poros.

Today I strolled several miles to the lovely old monastery of Our Lady of Something or Other. I had yet a kilometer to go when I saw the first of many crudely lettered signs warning travelers "no shorts of mini hop allowed in *monastiriou*—place of god." That, I thought, is debatable.

I sat in the crumbling, white-washed cloister sniffing left-over incense, listening to the flies, reading last week's *Saturday Review* and cultivating prurient fantasies about the young monks and how they kill their evenings together. After an hour or so a *clip clop* announced the approach of my first monk. He appeared, all 80 years of him, and went around kissing gravestones. At that point it seemed advisable to return to the outside world.

There is a big naval training center on Poros. Occasionally, despite the fierce gaze of sentries I steal a glance over the wall. There they are, thousands of Greek youths in their little uniforms. I suppose they are being told they are protecting democracy in Greece. Despite the obvious contradiction, it certainly makes more sense than protecting democracy in southern Vietnam. Government in Greece, as in the banana republics, doesn't seem to concern or affect most of the people. "Greeks are happier now than they ever have been before. The Colonels have brought them stability and prosperity. Anyway, you Americans have lots of nerve talking about democracy," explained a Dutchman I met in a waterfront cafe.

Still, it's sad to see all the sailors behind walls. They should let them out. I don't mind seeing animals cooped up—at least they are protected from people—but I can't bear the thought of people being cooped up. And cooping up Greek youths is especially shameful. No one would disagree with that.

Only four days ago I sat in the "transit lounge" at Zurich airport wondering where to go next. The departure announcements offered lots of possible destinations: Cairo—no, too noisy. Beirut—where is that exactly? Barcelona—interesting idea. Geneva—no. Madrid—too noisy. Tunis—hmm, good idea. Positive reinforcement. Athens—too noisy. Lisbon—very nice. Amsterdam—too near. Dusseldorf—god, no.

I settled on Tunis, until it was pointed out there was only one flight a week. And I had just missed it. "Oh, go to Athens. You'll like Athens. You can go to a Greek Island. Anyway, if you don't like it you can always leave. There are plenty of flights," informed the airline clerk.

And from Athens I settled on Poros. Other than the fact that I met a nice American family and the fact that I had to shoo away three screaming children AND their mother who came to stare at me resting under a tree in a lemon grove overlooking the Saronic Gulf, things are on the quiet side.

I don't know why it is, but as soon as one finds a quiet spot on this earth screaming children show up and ruin it. This is especially true in Greece, Italy and Riverside Park.

My perpetual, transnational pursuit of happiness may puzzle sedentary readers who, no doubt, assume I have a part-time job with an airline or something. In fact I despise all airlines. The worst airlines are: (1) Eastern, (2) American, (3) All other domestic carriers, (4) TWA (Try Walking Across), (5) Swissair (Hot Air—a pun on the German colloquialism for "gay" because all Swissair stewards are gay), (6) Air France, (7) Sabena, (8) Air Maroc, (9) BOAC (Better On A Camel) and of course (10) SAS (Sail and Steam). International airlines serving the worst food and flying the worst planes are El Al and Icelandic.

As a rule I fly for free, but with limitations and that explains why it takes me four days with stopovers at Brussels and Montreal to fly between New York and Athens.

Other than a TAP ticket seller I met once at Kennedy, I have never met anybody decent in an airport. Meeting decent people in airplanes is equally difficult. Decent people avoid flying. I met a pleasant youth on a National plane between Houston and Miami once and I met my friend Tony on a plane en route to Martinique. I also met a nice, but drunk, businessman in the first class section of a plane flying between Chicago and Iowa City.

(continued on page 16)

Pen Points

Dear GAY:

I am writing this letter to correct a mistake, and to unload a burden that I have carried for 32 years. I sincerely hope that you can be of some assistance.

When does one suspect and then finally realize that he is a homosexual? To most this probably occurs at an early age. The more important question is, when does he cease to fight the embarrassment, the guilt and the fears. More often than not, many never do. My own experience could be compared to an opening night at the theatre when one first steps out on the stage. The continuing turmoil, the nervousness and gnawing in one's stomach and never-ending fear. It goes on, 60 minutes in every hour, 24 hours a day, 52 weeks a year.

In May of 1971 when being faced with constant harassment and possible blackmail, I foolishly placed my faith in my fellow man. A 12-year career in the Air Force came to an abrupt end. My reward for 12 years of honorable service was a General Discharge declaring me totally unfit for Duty.

I then returned home and attempted to rebuild the pieces, hiding my shame and living a lie. Now that a year has passed I find myself asking—

What have I done wrong?
What crime have I committed?
Whom have I hurt?

I too want to live, relax, have friends, to love, to be loved and to have fun. I want to be free, to be me and not envious of everyone I meet.

The other day I purchased the book *The Gay Crusaders* [Ed. note: Paperback Library, $1.25]. Your story along with the others was an inspiration. You were happy, contented, proud and NORMAL. The song title, "We Shall Overcome," was mentioned. It should have been, "You Have Come." It's the rest of society that needs to catch up.

Well, I too wish to overcome. It is my desire to join that culture which is proud of what they are and not what the law archaically demands. I want to be a part of it, live in it and to contribute any talents that I have and it might need.

I wish to visit the city in the near future in an attempt to build a useful and rewarding future in the Gay Culture. I would deeply appreciate any information you could forward me regarding meeting places, bars or other establishments I might visit. Any pamphlets, publications or news letters would be most useful. Of course I would pay any costs or charges.

I wish to close by saying I am not Gay by choice. This was decided by something or someone beyond my control. If I must be, then help let me devote all my talents and energies toward that part of society which recognizes me as a fellow human being. I know that I have made the right decision. Thank you very much for your time and consideration.

Sincerely,
G.K.
Albany, N.Y.

[ED. NOTE: Your choice of *The Gay Crusaders* was a good one. Try reading *The Gay Insider* (Olympia Press, 220 Park Ave. South, NYC 10003, $2.95). Although it's almost a year old, it will fill you in on Manhattan night life. For an up-to-date listing of bars, dinner spots, baths and clubs, see page 2 of each current issue of GAY. Be sure to stop in at the Oscar Wilde Memorial Bookshop (291 Mercer Street, Manhattan) and at the GAA Firehouse on Saturday night, or, if you go to a GAA meeting, on Thursday evening. It's at 99 Wooster Street.

Finally, we hope that you'll enjoy your initial excursions into the "gay world," remembering, of course, that it is just beginning, as you are, to find its way, and that people everywhere, whether straight or gay, are in various stages of personal developement. A healthy skepticism combined with a strong faith in man's innate good are wise companions for you.]

Dear GAY:

Congratulations on acquiring articles by Mickie Burns. She has the gift of language. No doubt about it. Her last piece was incisive, passionate, simple, entertaining, hopeful and sad. Like life.

It's a shame that courageous persons like the woman she described in GAY no. 77 are bypassed so often by ignorant upsurgents who imagine that all people before them were timid and inferior. Even as apostles of the obvious these people are not original.

Here's to the heroes, female and male, who treaded water against the tide and then were almost run over by their ship when it finally came in to dock. May they be buoyant eternally, for unless such individuals live longer than movements, humankind is in trouble.

I think that both Mickie Burns and Sorel David are first-class writers. Thev are women for women's rights, and they have retained perspective and humor. We would all do as well to be as fervent and reasonable from our differing vantage points.

Dr. George Weinberg
Manhattan

Dear GAY:

I mean, like you really have to work pretty hard sometimes to be so negative. Obviously, Sorel David did not bother to listen to the entirety of my statement concerning life on the Bowery. Not to mention the fact that she, actually, is guilty of the smug middle-class morality of which she so eagerly accuses me of displaying. I quote: "It suits me now to walk along the Bowery . . . I need the sharp spectacle of human suffering to pierce my gloom, like some kind of existential popper." It would appear to anyone, Sorel, that it is you, not I, who is using the misery of the Bowery to bolster your own morale. My god, the juxtapositioning of the first two paragraphs of your article, however well written, make you seem utterly ridiculous.

This person's abandon at demonstrating the shallowness of her comprehension and her lack of a quiet enough mind to be able to listen properly I find pitiable. Sorel, darling, put on your perspective. (Sorry if I sound "bitchy.") If I didn't know it to be irrational I might be tempted to crash with as much abandon into the good old time-worn fray of "who's a better revolutionary" but my statement (taken out of context and totally misrepresented from the film *Three Lives*) stands as it is—as an indictment of capitalism's (our, Sorel's and mine) treatment of those of us who are poor, handicapped, alcoholic, or simply despairing. Although we're all down here together, I, at the moment, am not in the same real space as the people she refers to as "bums." But inasmuch as they are there, I am. I have never doubted that for a moment and need to prove it to no one. If Sorel David, who at least seems to be more gainfully employed than I, heard something other than what I intended and *did* state quite clearly enough for anyone who was listening to comprehend, it's a problem she has with herself, not me. May I recommend that you try more fresh fish, spinach, fruit, whole grains and plenty of milk for your nasty disposition.

Love,
Mallory Millett Jones
New York City

Our Lady of New York

BY KATHY BRAUN

Kathy Braun's Notes from the Inside first appeared in GAY 77. We are pleased to continue with her adventures in Bellevue, or "The Looney Bin," as she calls it . . .

The Editors

"As long as there is one man behind bars, we are all imprisoned."

—George Bernard Shaw

SOMETHING STRANGE
IS GOING ON

This being my fourth time in the looney bin, I naturally think a lot about craziness. Being insane is like living out a dream and just as difficult to describe. Oh, one may talk about the events that happened and the thoughts that transpired, but the essential quality, the meaningfulness of craziness is hard to capture. I'm talking about total craziness now, delusion, loss of contact with reality. Severe depressives and attempted suicides keep me company here at the funny farm, but I am an elitist about my insanity. I mean, after all, anyone in their right mind living in this world *should* be severely depressed and suicide is, after all, as Camus tells us, only a matter of choice. But delusions "I am Napoleon!" "No, *I* am Napoleon!" the real thing, that's my subject.

As I say, the real meaningfulness of craziness is hard to pinpoint but somehow it is this very meaningfulness itself that is the essence of a delusion. It is like a dream in that while we are dreaming we experience meaning in a way that we can never hope for in wakefulness, except in rare moments of transcendence. Time loses its customary importance and even space, though craziness occurs in space and dreams do not, even where we are becomes secondary to the meaning behind it all.

I've never acid tripped, afraid to tamper still further into the far out, but I've smoked a lot, I wanna say, a helluva lot of grass and being crazy is like those intense stoned moments when everything is clear and the truth is known but with madness the moments of truth keep coming. No matter how bizarre the ideas are, they are all truthful; one departs from sanity when one no longer realizes the oddness of all that's going on.

One of my delusions was that I was Queen of New York. I suppose that was an improvement over past episodes, where I was Queen of the World. I sat on the fender of a car parked in front of my apartment on Ninth Avenue and gave the royal greeting, cupped hand gently waving to the people, my subjects, as they passed. I was filled with boundless joy because the people were so beautiful, so human, and yet, along with that which occurred spontaneously, I was creating what was happening. A well dressed man would walk by and I would think, "There goes one of my advisors. He looks like he's thinking about the affairs of my state. I won't wave and disturb him." Or a working man would walk by with his tools and I'd think, "There goes one of the Palace maintenance men. Good to see the Palace being kept up." And then an expensive looking woman would walk by and I was stumped for a moment to figure out her place, but then I got it—she was a lady in waiting and a familiar so it was unnecessary for me to wave to her since we were intimates and communicated without formality. But that I didn't place her right away, that I deliberately created her role as I sat there, meant that somehow in all of it, it was a game, a vast put-on. And it had that quality—I was amused and having a good time continuously—yet the delusion was real, I *was* Queen of New York and all the trucks going down Ninth Avenue were bearing presents for me and Dorothy. And somehow the actual presents, never delivered and never seen, were unimportant. What was important and meaningful beyond words was the total conviction that the trucks were for me—the *belief*, the *atmosphere* of the presents and my Queendom.

Each time I go crazy it's a happy trip: This is the fourth time the trucks have borne me gifts. And the fourth time that the radio and television have sung for me and the woman I love. One time, the third I think, "Oh Happy Day" was currently popular and I heard it as "Oh Kathy's Day." I wept with joy every time it was played. This time round Roger Grimsby, Melba Tolliver and the entire Eyewitness News Team were my team and in my bag I pictured them all in a lovely summer-camp commune with all my friends singing in a circle and Dorothy grinning from ear to ear and joyous as a daisy.



This commune thing was not actual, like me sitting on the car and waving. You might say it was an intense fantasy. It was something that was going to happen. But again it was the conviction, the deep belief that this wonderful thing would indeed come true that made it so great.

Being crazy has changed my life. More than anything else, more than being gay or being 30 or anything, madness has formed the very basis of my attitude towards life. Like everyone else I know, when I reached 21 or thereabouts I was struck and horrified by the meaninglessness of life, but insanity at the age of 23 changed all that. When I came down, I looked at what I had gone through and was amazed and am still amazed. That conviction, that belief, that flood of ideas where everything around me, even unto the street numbers, was meaningful—where did it all come from? And for that matter, I continued in my thinking, where does ordinary non-crazy thought come from? How wonderful is an idea!

At night, lying in bed ready for sleep, one's mind is a blank, relaxed, empty, and then all of a sudden a thought comes. Wherefore thought and how and why and how come and how grand. There is meaning I say, it shrieks at us from all around, we feel it in our skins and it comes to us on the eve of sleep.

It's not meaninglessness that I found when I was 21, it was meaning—horrible, hideous meaning. A reality that meant guns and bombs and subways and strangers and application forms and all the things we all know about. It's ugliness I found, not meaninglessness. I cannot bear ugliness. No one likes it very much I guess but I truly cannot bear it. My manic pot-filled high old life has been a flight from this nightmare 20th century horror movie I live in.

And high indeed it has been. Eight years of 9-10 joints a day, bar to bar, dreaming, laughing, all of it—all I wanted to do when I left the Bronx. And let me tell ya friends, I did it good. I was a superb hanger-out. I developed hanging out to a fine art—ask around, chances are I've hung out with the person sitting on the barstool next to yours or passing you that joint.

With my first three hospitalizations I thought of my wigouts as religious experiences—I was the chosen Child of God, and let me tell you I still can't quite reject that theory out of hand. It's quite incredible to me that the people here who have delusions almost invariably have religious delusions of one sort or another. All you trippers out there, reformed or otherwise, all you West Coast Jesus freaks and East Coast Zen freaks—you know and I know and my fellow mental patients know in our guts that God may be dead but there sure as hell is *something* strange going on and all the atheistic Southampten psychiatrists are off the beam for not taking it seriously into account.

But the psychiatrists do make a couple of points now and then. They talk about my lifestyle as not being a satisfactory one and much as I hate to admit it, they're right. Child of God is a nice way to spend your twenties, but mother's getting on in years and longs for the life of a happy settled lezzie. I'm willing to give up my position as the guru of 9th Avenue and I'm willing to give up my crazy bag. Strange, but true.

What did it to me was love. This last time, the fourth, I took Dorothy with me and off we went, both thinking we were ESPing and not at all, both deluding like mad (as it were) and both ending up at the farm—separate ones mind you, me to Bellevue, she to St. Vincents. (I guess they knew she got class and I don't.) I almost took Pamela along this time too but her English endurance I think kept her out of the clutches of the little men in the white coats. I didn't mind ending up in the bin. I've done it before and I'm an old hand, but I didn't like at all doing it to Dorothy. Not at all. Because, you see, she hated it—she had a bad trip. I was Jesus and she was Judas and even though I had her grinning from ear to ear in my Roger Grimsby commune, where I had her was not where she was. I discovered that my reality, as beautiful as it was, was not a *shared reality* and that's the key, I guess.

When I was 21 and through my twenties, I looked for myself and nothing stood in my way—not friends, not lovers, not reality. But now I'm 31 and I've tasted love and sharing enough to know that I would gladly sacrifice the ultimate realities, gladly sacrifice my chair on the right hand side of God for a chair at the breakfast table with a love friend.

And so you see friends, I'm a reformed lunatic. Against my will, mind you. If it had worked, I'd be hanging out e'en now. But it didn't work. The delusions were grand but the halls of Bellevue are ugly, as ugly as anything outside and I no longer have the youth to withstand the devastation these wigouts wreak on my life.

The worst part of all is what I'm left with down here at the bottom of the mountain—and like the lady said, it ain't no rose garden—me, the assiduous collector of the rarest, the finest roses.

But through it all the seeds of those flowers are left in my soul. I still lie in bed at night and out of nothing a thought comes. And I'm still left with that insane conviction that through it all, life is not meaningless at all but a bloody goddamn miracle.

To Be Worthy Of Love

Merle Miller's New Novel: What Happened



BY THANE HAMPTEN

Review: WHAT HAPPENED—*A novel by Merle Miller, Harper & Row Publ. May 1972. $7.95.*
Dear Merle:

Okay, my love, I've played your *rondo* several times through. It *is* actually a *rondo*, isn't it? (That relentlessly reoccurring main theme.) I'd call it a *grand fugue* but I think you might be composing that now. Yes, *rondo*, based in inverted (sic) thematic material from Miss Wagner's T&I *Leibestod*. Love. What a bitch. Don't snitch, just pull the switch. A swish in time saves nine, right?

George Lionel, going cwazy from too much love and never enough; going cwazy from too much therapy and never enough. George Lionel, back to the womb-tomb, and slam the door. Georgie-Porgie, pianist and composer . . . and professional sissy. Ssssissy sssounds like what it meansssss! Sibilant pissy sissy, hissing and prissy.

Love. Chaos. Love. You should have called this opus, *By Love Possessed*. You had a right to that title, but Cozzens got there first. Screw Cozzens. (Horrid thought.) But we'll have to settle for *What Happened*. Does the public know what happened? Do they ever? Do they care? Does George really give a fuck if they find out? Maybe. Maybe not. I'll tell them anyway, indifferent clods though they be.

And in George's own words, when he is pondering Charley's suicide: *"What happened to Charley? Somebody said, 'Life happened to Charley.' And that will have to do, I guess. Life happened to all of us."*

(I saw the best minds of my generation . . . But that wasn't your generation, was it, Merle? That generation, just as destructive, but in its own original way, came later. Personally, I never belonged to a fraternity or a generation. And what of the present one? We always begin with the hope of flourishing during a Golden Age, but it always turns out to be just the *Age of Gold Polka*, played on a penny kazoo.)

Apparently you don't much care for Saint Louis Tom; however, you must agree with the whimper-instead-of-bang theory—even if you do indicate you won't go quietly to the crematorium, won't go without some sort of protest. Do not go gentle into that balmy night. And we do mean *balmy*, don't we? Always on the brink. Clink. Sanitorium sarabande, played on a rubber band of angels.

Loved your dedication! (*Love*. There's that cheap word again. But then, I adore cheap sentiment.) I mean, the part that goes, *"This novel is dedicated to all the people who tried to kill me along the way."* That's really quite thoughtful of you. And generous. It's the only kind of memorial the grubby little bastards will ever get. But you don't expect them to be grateful, do you? You little commie-sissy.

I'm grateful. But that's because I'm not a killer. (I've tried to conform, Doctor, but I just can't . . . And here's a partial list of my thanks.

Thanks for the style, the cinematic cross-cutting. Present/past/present/long past/recent past/present, etc. It kept things lively and put more iron in the ironies. You never let loose ends dangle. I ended knowing everything. (Out of curiosity, how's that done? Do you thumbtack a thousand wee file cards to a bulletin board?) Thanks also for confirming my suspicions about Certain People. As for you-know-who, that's one I was totally unaware of.

Thanks for making me laugh. "Suggested epitaph: HE WAS DONE IN BY HIS GONADS." (Yes, Merlie, epitaph for many a queer . . . Listen, dear, they're playing our song! . . . Do you know he was done in by his gonads? . . . No, but hum a few bars and maybe I can fake it.)

Shawn, 100% homosexual, vowing to go straight after marriage. Speaks to George: *"I've always been bisexual. You know. I told you that night. You remember?" And George, replying wryly and cynically: "I guess I was a little drunk that night, but I do know bisexuality is very big this year."* (Bless you for that one!)

Thanks for waspy and impertinent tidbits; e.g.—*"That's the best way, really . . . to die young. If I'd died after that first triumphal year, died of something romantic like hemophilia, I'd be immortal now. And they'd have made a movie of my life that would have all the brutal realism of the one they made about the Schumann girls, Roberta and Clara."* (And what about Miss Chopin and her diesel dyke?)

And: *"In school when they did* A Christmas Carol . . . *I was always Tiny Tim, that little faggot, that screaming, sanctimonious little faggot. I know where he ended up, hustling in Piccadilly underground, undercutting the other boys. 'I'll show you a good time for tuppence, sir. God bless us every one.'"*

Thanks for all those basic truths; e.g.—*"It's the most sincere people who cause most of the trouble in the world. I'll take a charming charlatan every time." And of those many boys and promiscuity: "Four or five years ago I made a list of all those I could remember. I refuse to repeat the number, and I hadn't even begun . . . I met a man in Rio once, a rich, dreadful man, a deputado, and he had kept a record, he said, since he was sixteen. The number was 6,280. And he had never seen anybody twice . . . That was not the reason he was dreadful. That was the reason he was sad."*

Thanks for being so unprejudiced. But . . . if you hadn't had the skin flayed from your ass, anually from birth on, would you be so? I doubt it, and therefore shouldn't find anything remarkable about such all-inclusive tolerance.

And thanks for the beauty that made me unashamed to cry. Do you mind if I quote this whole passage?

I once saw a Gypsy in an arch in the Alhambra. Can you imagine a Gypsy boy, darkly dusk, near an arch in the Alhambra? Fourteen he was, he said, and I said, You're too young to be fourteen, but he said Juliet was; Jesu is, he said.

His skin was translucent and softer than alabaster. Twelve lions watched me touch him. And the streets from below sound the heard as I touched him. The sky in Granada was blue, but there was no room at the inn for Jesu. I could not take him to my room at the inn. Dirty little alabaster, they told me, and so I left, and Jesu left, and we sat all night under the Gypsy star, loving without room. Waiting for the wise men and the shepherds and the dawn. And then Jesu kissed me, and I left Alhambra and Alabaster and Granada, without a star. Adios, *said Jesu.*

Tears for the lost and the damned. The magnificently, unjustly damned. Poor Clarinet Player . . . Black Beauty, putrifying on foreign soil. Poor Lily, Dede, Christopher. Poor Shawn and Charley. Those two aren't really dead, you know. At least their spirits returned to inhabit (inhibit?) the bodies of two of my own friends, Mike and Jerry. Are you the only survivor now, Merle? I want to live a long time, but I couldn't bear being the sole survivor—of anything.

Poor Sarah McCormick Payne. I knew her, too. The sad tale was the same but her name was Gibson. We used to sit on her front porch steps every afternoon, sharing a box of Ritz crackers. Just too gentle for her own good. No one ever suspected and one day she was able to quietly escape—by way of her (relatively new) oven.

As to Rosenberg and his death—those luminous passages on pages 225 through 330. I didn't like that man and I don't like his type. And so I particularly resented you making me care and making me cry. I resent any writer clever enough to draw successfully and precisely the emotional response he anticipates from me. I don't like being manipulated. I'll be on my guard next time, Merle, you rat.

Thanks for having enough confidence in your story to not be fashionable and embellish it with fuck-suck scenes. I wasn't tempted to dissipate your effectiveness by masturbating every 50th page. Almost GP all the way. If it weren't for certain "mature concepts," I'd say this book belongs on all high school reading lists. It belongs there anyway, damn it. They've got to benefit from your mistakes, or history will repeat . . . oh, you know the Santayana quote.

And thanks for giving me another contemporary author to really care for and identify with. I've reread all my Vidal, Capote, Baldwin and Isherwood until I'm sick of them.

I'll leave the final thanks to use as a tag for this review. In the meantime, love, a few minor criticisms from a presumptuous peasant. To wit: Don't feel so sorry for yourself, Merle/George. You're entirely too exclusive. What in blazes makes you think "ugly duckling sissies" have a worse time of it in life? Just because they are more obvious and are easier prey? Obvious faggots are simply punished in unsubtle ways. That doesn't mean your cross is heavier than mine or the next masculine gay's. The enemy grabs us all, equally. No discrimination here. And the greatest enemy for some poor unfortunates is self-deception. True, at a tender age, Merle/George was raped at camp. What about those, of a not so tender age, who camped only after raping themselves—at thirty, at forty? Better to wear your label from birth.

Cockeyed Optimist I may be, but I can't quite force myself to believe we are all such irrevocably predestined losers, or that the world is such a sour scum bag. Surely there is more to life than insomnia, regrets, madness and death. I can like your work while rejecting your philosophy.

And are you perhaps trying to atone for this overdose of pessimism by tagging on that dreadfully rosy little ending? (Maybe I don't adore cheap sentiment after all.) It doesn't work. It doesn't *fit*. It set my teeth on edge. You should have stopped with "I'll be there at midnight."

No matter. You've got my gratitude anyway. And so, the final thanks. Thanks for coming out of the closet. Some of the ways you emerged have irritated me, but on the whole, good show. Now that you're liberated, now that you've exorcised your demons, may I safely assume the sequel to *What Happened* will be more positive? Can we save today's Shawns, Georges, Christophers, Mikes and Jerrys?

You must believe in personal liberation. *What Happened* is the proof. You couldn't/wouldn't have written it with the shackles still on. It's a very good book and your well-earned reward. How very much I pity the other Famous Authors who refuse to allow themselves the luxury of honesty.

Your demons are exorcised, you've forgiven all your enemies (that's one way *I'm* not quite mature and liberated enough yet) and the past is finally buried, a stake through its cursed heart. Now, on with the *grand fugue*. Christopher can premiere it on the next anniversary of your Public Coming Out. I hope it's in the key of D, which I've always thought of as a happy and bright one.

Warmest regards,
Thane Hampten



Author Merle Miller

The Last Of The Mohicans

An Early American Gay Novel

BY DICK LEITSCH

The best thing on television recently (with the possible exception of Kate Reid as Gertrude Stein in an NET adaptation of "Brewsie and Willie") was BBC's dramatization of the early American gay novel, *The Last of the Mohicans*.

Yes, that said "early American gay novel." Didn't even America's best-selling magazine, *TV Guide*, say that the real love story in *The Last of the Mohicans* is that between Natty Bumppo (Hawkeye) and Chingachgook, the sole surviving Mohican?

Homosexuality was common enough in the Americas, if early European travelers can be believed, before the white man's civilization took over. Doffot, for example, made California sound almost as gay then as it is now, and homosexuality in early America was often structured, institutionalized, and accepted as perhaps it hasn't been since the Greeks.

The Crow, Creek, Sac, Fox, Hopi, Navaho, Omaha, Seminole, Mohican and many other tribes had a whole etiquette of homosexuality, as did many (if not most) South American tribes. Donald Webster Cory succinctly summed up the most common patterns in the Indian world:

Men were discovered dressed as women, acting as wives for their warrior-husbands, performing all the duties of the household, and accepted by all the women of the tribes. Renunciation of one's own sex was a tribal ritual of the Chukchis, and the youth who voluntarily performed this renunciation took a husband. The shamins, or high priests, were usually effeminate, and gave evidence of being homosexual. They were regarded by their tribes as magicians, having supernatural power and the ability to interpret dreams.

Not all tribes expected their male homosexuals to accept a female role. Some recognized the homosexual/heterosexual combination in us all and maintained a common dormitory where the men slept together. There, as in army barracks, prisons and other places where men are segregated, homosexual play was commonplace and the man who didn't join in was a misfit. In these tribes, as among the Arakamas recently discovered in South America by Tobias Schneebaum, women were for breeding, homosex for pleasure.



Boy-love was not unknown, either. In some communities the unmarried men were expected to find their sexual gratification with the uninitiated boys, not with women. Elsewhere chiefs and other high-ranking men had their boy lovers as well as wives. In some tribes boys were taken along on extended forays for sexual convenience. When the party approached the settlement, the boys were scuttled to find their own way home, leaving the braves to pretend horniness to their wives.

Anal intercourse was the most common form of homosexual activity among the Indians, though the Crow seemed never to have thought of it, limiting themselves to oral-genital activity. The Hopi permitted only mutual masturbation. Some male Crows adopted female mannerisms, lived alone, and were visited by adolescents and older men who dropped in now and again for blowjobs.

Indian life must have seemed a glimpse of paradise to the gay European who happened upon a group of Mohave boys having a contest to see who could ejaculate furthest, or to find a group of striplings measuring one another's erect cocks, then tying lines to the longest and betting on who could drag a stone tied to the other end of the string the greatest distance. One simply didn't do such things, at least not so openly, in Old or New England!

Natty Bumppo and the other Europeans who took to the woods with the Indians may not have been motivated solely by a desire for fresh air and adventure. It is just as likely that they were attracted by the Indians' free acceptance of homosexuality and moved to the forest for the same reasons you and I left Middle America to live in New York or San Francisco. The continued popularity of books about them may result from our dreams of doing the bushes with strong, silent, loincloth Indians. *The Song of the Loon* was an all-time gay best-seller, probably because Richard Amory hit upon one of our deepest, oldest fantasies.

Critic Leslie Fiedler analyzed James Fenimore Cooper's *Leatherstocking Saga*, of which *The Last of the Mohicans* is a part. Natty and Chingachgook are the inseparable couple in the series. Hawkeye (Natty) shocked Mr. Fiedler with his line, "I have heard . . . that there is a feeling in youth which binds men to women closer than the father is to the son. It may be so. I have seldom been where women of my color dwell; but such may be the gifts of nature in the settlements."

Mr. Fiedler comments, "It is an odd enough notion that tender heterosexual love is a possession only of men in settlements, and that in its place the forest breeds an equally tender passion between males."

Actually, there's nothing "odd" about that. Throughout literature, myth and legend, the "settlement"—be it village or metropolis—is an effete place full of heterosexuality. Men are *men*; noble or not so noble savages, only in the woods, in the army, at sea, or in other places where men are together without women and in conscious or unconscious homosexual relationships.

Fiedler gets the point when observes that Cooper, through Hawkeye, reveals "that the very end of pure love of male for male is to *outwit* [his emphasis] woman, that is, to keep her from trapping the male through marriage into civilization and Christianity."

It is always the woman who nags man to learn table manners, go to church, and to stop making war, to stop hanging around with the fellows and stay home with the wife and kids. In the settlement, women succeed in that more readily than in the woods; hence the settlement's bad reputation.

Heterosexual marriage is almost always seen by men as a trap. Even supposedly happily-married men today still call the wife "the ball and chain." They envy us "bachelors" our freedom. In literature Jane was a drag on Tarzan, Romeo died for his love for Juliet, Macbeth got into a lot of trouble for listening to his wife. Batman and Robin, Robinson Crusoe and Friday, Hawkeye and the Sagamore, remain men as long as they remained together.

In *The Last of the Mohicans* Major Heyward may marry Alice; he's effete anyway. Uncas, the manly noble savage, may not marry Cora, and therefore must die because of his love for her. Not only did Cooper disapprove of miscegenation, but an eagle must not be chained to a nest. Only Hawkeye and Chingachgook live happily ever after.

When the old Sagamore mourns the loss of his son and the end of his race, his "lover" comforts him. "No, no," says Hawkeye, "no Sagamore, not alone. The gifts of our colors may be different, but God hath so placed us as to journey in the same path. I have no kin, and I may also say, like you, no people . . . The boy has left us for a time; but Sagamore, you are not alone."

The two live faithfully together through *The Leatherstocking Saga* until the old Indian's death, and even that will not separate them, Cooper assures us. "But of all doctrines," Hawkeye tells the last of the Mohicans, "that which disturbs me . . . most, is the one that teaches us to think a paleface goes to one heaven and a redskin to another; it may separate in death them which lived much together, and loved each other well in life." But he assures the Indian, "Depend on it, boy, whether there be one heaven or two, there is a path in the other world by which honest men may come together again."

James Fenimore Cooper might be shocked by the idea, but he is an American Plato, having created, one supposes unconsciously, what Fiedler calls a "vision of love between males, more enduring and purer than any heterosexual passion."

Lets Celebrate!

Gay Pride Week 1972



Last year's Christopher Street Liberation Day parade drew thousands of festive participants in Manhattan's Sheep Meadow.



BY JOHN FRANCIS HUNTER

"Where do you send the congratulatory telegram, the Happy Birthday greeting in commemoration of a year of astounding and unprecedented progress toward equality under the law and universal dignity in America?"

Thus I began my GAY article marking Gay Pride Week 1970 which enumerated the gains made for homosexuals and sexual liberation in general during the incredible year that had just passed. Donn Teal in *The Gay Militants*, that magnificent history of the early days of the Gay Liberation Movement (which succeeded the quieter but, even in 1969, then nearly 20-year-old Homophile Movement) used the introductory rhetorical question to open a section of his book and thus immortalized the words. I am repeating them now, since I feel it is valid again to wish to congratulate, but God knows there are so many persons who have participated and contributed to Gay Liberation in the year gone by, between Christopher Street Liberation Day last and the one coming up a week from next Sunday, in such a rich variety of ways, that an attempt to be comprehensive in singling out individuals is insolent as well as futile. And how encouraging is that fact! To find it all but impossible to designate the most significant contributions, or to laud the chief contributors, is to realize we are succeeding. We've gotten BIG.

When a movement such as ours has grown so fantastically, enlisting so many diverse supporters and embracing such a wide representation of our behavioral minority, that means it came at a point in time when it was inevitable and that the world was ready. History makes great persons.

KUDOS TO THE IMMORTALS

This is not to say that the handful of visionaries—from Henry Hay of the original Mattachine and Dorr Legg of ONE and Frank Kameny to Jim Owles and Bob Kohler, Troy Perry and Morris Kight of the latter-day saints—did not, through their courage and imagination, define the direction and help direct the thrust of their sisters' and brothers' longings and aspirations. They did, and they and their successors have justly earned their place in the humanitarian hall of fame. However, had it not been *they*, it would have been someone *else*.

As I maintained in my summer of '71 essay in *Sexual Latitude: For and Against* (Hart), our species makes the adjustments necessary for survival, and freedom for all of whatever orientation to love and coexist, however exceptionally, is now essential to that survival. Once, when a Sword of Damocles hung over our tentative population, such was not the case, for sex for procreation was vital and it was obligatory to hide and circumscribe those who were inclined toward their own sex lest their alluring way become the mainstream way as it one day shall become when we reach the androgyne utopia, when man finally becomes herself (sic).

GAY LIB HAD TO BE

Gay Liberation is the manifestation of the dramatic change in human interaction necessary toward building a Loving Society, when competition is demode and the warrior skills are no longer valuable, nor distinctions. It's an eluctable process, and nothing can prevent its coming about or prevent the cosmic circle from being joined. Not a retrogressive Supreme Court, not a barbaric Max Macho like Michael Maye (how symbolic are his initials!), neither reactionaries in Idaho nor Old Order demagogues like George Wallace out in the Great Miasma. The enlightened shall prevail and we/they know it, those who quiver to the lovelightvibes of the Aquarian Age.

But off the metaphysical truck for a moment. It's time to hadn out some Stonies or Lavender Bricks to those who have been most recently in harmony with what's going down. No matter how pretentious and contradictory it may seem to make Stonewall Awards nor how inconsequential in view of the *weltansicht* I have just presented, for sentimental reasons I'd like to nominate a few gays, gay clusters and gay allies for special recognition as we prepare to celebrate and march and assert our right next week to continue pursuing and developing our life-style and, especially, to do so on CSLD all over the land—not only in the great free cities where festivities have taken place already for at least two years, but also in bastions of conservatism like Dallas where we walk in the sun for the first time. The times between June '71 and the present have produced new climates for new heroines and heroes, and the tide of events has swept old familiars to new crests of honor.



Author Kay Tobin

LOOK AT THE BOOKS!

For one thing, we've added some important books to our library of the gay experience. Kay Tobin and Randy Wicker have provided us, in *The Gay Crusaders* (Paperback Library) with a roster of superstars (omitting, alas, such luminaries as Kight and Dick Leitsch), and their book is invaluable on many levels, not the least of which is its powerful explosion of the myth that all gays spring from similar emotional environments and family constellations. Just as the blacks have systematically brought forth their achievers out of the morass of racist exclusion in which they were buried, so has *The Gay Crusaders* begun the work of gay glorification in the political sphere. This will not find its conclusion until creative gays dead and living are lionized and their gayness no longer hidden under "asterisk and euphemism," as Frances Green of our new Renaissance House put it on WBAI recently. And, of course, the Search for a Gay Past has begun in earnest with Forster posthumously heard from and Horatio Alger, and as gay contemporaries come out and are singled out. For if there are now productive, healthy gays, who can deny they have *always* been with us, managing somehow to love their way despite the isolation, the pariahdom, the maiming and the mendacity—some parts of which, as I have suggested, may have been in the best interests of survival? How the world is ready for us, whether the majority know it or not.

Dr. George Weinberg's *Society and the Healthy Homosexual* (St. Martin's Press) is another milestone book which all of us should study, praise and recommend. Its simple message that the sickness in our society is not homosexuality, but rather homophobia, is so threatening to the basic assumptions of our civilization's entrenched institutions that it has been greeted with widespread silence on the part of the straight press and has been ignored by the psychotherapeutic profession of which George is an often reluctant member. This extraordinary man is viewed as a traitor, furthermore, because he is a heterosexual denouncing the prejudice and willful ignorance of those who share his majority orientation.

(Why are there so few "intellectual liberals" who have come to terms with their homophobia, who would march to war to erase racism and rally in support of slandered ethnic minorities, but who fail to see their benighted inconsistency in not condemning fag-baiting and name-calling?



Photo by Millard Thomas

Author Dr. George Weinberg

My theory is that today's intellectual males felt sexually deprived during their salad years as they applied themselves to books and learning and that the honors and celebrity which their thinking has brought them in their adulthood, making them increasingly attractive to selective females, has not been complete compensation for the seed spilt in solitaire during their youth. Anything that seems to denegrate their late-blooming prowess is an affront, and they fear that being identified with other gentle, questioning men—like many of the homosexuals who are confronting their prejudice nowadays—may deny them some of their new-found malepower.

CHERISH THE GAY ALLIES

A Stoney, certainly, to intrepid George, man of action, love and art as well as intellect. He is a gay ally to be cherished as are GAA counsel Hal Weiner and Minnesota's former Commissioner of Human Rights, Conrad Balfour.

Another psychiatrist renegade who surfaced in print this past year is Dr. Paul Rosenfels, who in the complex *Homosexuality: The Psychology of the Creative Process* (Libra) proposes that the homosexual, as the ultimate rebel capable of building stable interpersonal relationships via psychic rather than genital polarization and thus defying the accepted basic precepts of human cohabitation, will provide the example for constructing a better world. Do you think it's sheer coincidence that a Rosenfels and a Weinberg are suddenly around to articulate such unorthodox theories, that they sprang full-grown from the brain of Zeus after Stonewall? No, they were getting ready all this time, to pop up when their time had come . . .

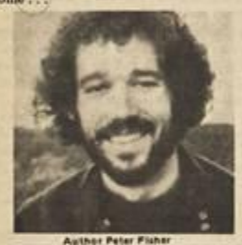


Photo by Mauri Rubin

Author Peter Fisher

Add *these* valuable books that have chronicled the rise of the New Conscience: *Homosexual: Liberation and Oppression*, Dennis Altman; the Merle Miller expansion of his January '71 *Times* self-expose, *On Being Different* (Random House); *The Gay Mystique* (Stein and Day) Peter Fisher, the early '70s New Free Gay equivalent of the classic *Homosexual in America*. The Fisher work is one of the most persuasive proofs yet offered that out of the turmoil of the Gay Lib Movement has come a lucidity, a calm and a sense of proportion and purpose never before arrived at by any other rebellion in such a short span of time. Fisher and Altman are representative of the best of a new breed of ponderers of the human condition, while Miller remains the most distinguished voice of the Possible Transition, to which, alas, his lettered contemporaries remain apostate.

A LIFE-STYLE TREASURE

For joy, for reveling in the wonders of being gay once guilt is gone, Lige and Jack's *I Have More Fun With You Than Anybody* (St. Martin's Press) has made an inestimable contribution to the literature and suggests how far we have evolved toward a post-revolutionary life-style. Of course, they were alive and well long before Stonewall, and their loving tandem biography reminds us that, for the truly creative, a revolution comes after the fact. There are those who leap to the ramparts with the New Order already realized in practice and fancy—knowing it's already happened. When you read Lige and Jack, you will dig the metaphysical message . . .

We should hold our own screen awards ceremony this year and give John Schlesinger his Brick for the noble *Sunday, Bloody Sunday*. The gay doctor is presented as being by far more attractive than either the neurotic straight female or the bland love-eating bisexual, though the latter perhaps heralds arrival of a new era free of requisite choice that our Movement is helping to bring about, like it or not—and many separatists do not.

A DARING MUSICAL

Cabaret is another bold adventure in exploring the possibilities of unfettered sexuality, though it has rather gone closer to the original Isherwood and done what the timid Broadway production dared not do: show the young writer as, at least, temporarily bisexual. There was little doubt that in the original *Berlin Diary* the narrator was gay. To have him even ambivalent in a major film musical is progress.

Others who rate recognition for bringing *tour de forces* to the screen are the titan of the homoerotic, Fred Halsted, for his ritualistic *L.A. Plays Itself*, and the lesser but competent Wakefield Poole for his sensual fantasy feast *Boys in the Sand*. The erotic in the arts serves a purpose that escapes many: In transition as gays learn to relate on new levels, person-to-person instead of body-to-body as the hostile majority once forced us to do, fearing our loving each other more than our sodomizing, it is very healthy and useful to remove pressures via masturbatory fantasy. A good jerk-off novel and a book of photographs can keep you off the streets, and if sex is creative energy think of the culture we can build with the sublimated surplus! Not that I expect us to cut back on the sexualizing when we are actually just realizing its potential, the church and state be damned at last. Our sex equipment is love equipment, after all, though there's a good deal *more* to loving . . .

GAA BRINGS ENTERTAINMENT

Another *Cabaret*, this one a biweekly night club innovation at the GAA Firehouse, is the most exciting thing happening onstage in New York just now. On alternate Fridays in the nerve center of the city's political activism, 99 Wooster Street, pro and tyro gays (and straights who are willing for their *material* to be scrutinized for bourgeois sexism by the very discerning audience, and their own attitudes vis-a-vis gays and women weighed, an historic about-face in show business, where the straight is now the queer onstage) perform in showcase. Here a gay male may freely sing the masculine pronoun in a love song—in fact, promotes a credibility gap if he does not—and comics may investigate the uncharted realm of gay humor that is not camp and put down the establishment as gleefully and ruthlessly as it has always elicited laughs at our expense. We have long been able to laugh at ourselves, sometimes for the wrong reasons.

Thanks to the dedicated and irrepressible Vito Russo and his passionately committed arts committee, the excellent and diligent accompanist Randy Barnett, and the benign emcee/comic Rusty Blitz, GAA's *Cabaret* is breaking new ground, really eclipsing such straight try-out spots as the Improvisation. A year ago it didn't exist.

In San Francisco, L.A. and Houston, the year '71-'72 has witnessed continuing experiments with all-male productions, drag shows and even a gay *As You Like It* in Hollywood. In Houston, a gay *Hair* was produced, while S.F. is the scene of many Broadway revivals done "our" way.

Nightride, a moving melodrama that honestly portrayed the artist generation gap, enjoyed a three-month run Off-Broadway and a production in Coral Gables, with producer Bill Shirley anticipating other performances by gay little theatre groups across the country. A series of symposia were held in N.Y. after curtain on the subject of *Nightride* and the Homosexual Today.

THE POLITICAL WINNERS

No recapitulation of the triumphs and achievements of this past year would be worth the print if the political advances were not chronicled once-over-lightly (having been covered so well in the great gay press coast-to-coast). In the larger context, the repeal of archaic laws in Connecticut and Oregon was effected, and Colorado comes into the enlightened fold July 1. Hawaii late this winter enacted the most liberal legislation to date, while Idaho, in a spasm of reaction, recently repealed its repeal.

East Lansing, Michigan became the first city in America to brand discrimination against hiring homosexuals illegal, and San Francisco followed close behind. Every one of those council members in either city who voted *for* should have his/her profile blasted into the cliffs of Mt. Rushmore. But, then, so should those who voted *for* and *lost* in any other city or state assembly. it's much more difficult to have championed the New Order and lost, but surely such champions know they are instruments of change and are not to be dismayed.

FREE CAPITAL TEACHERS

The District of Columbia set one of the truly revolutionary precedents (see news story this issue) in declaring that gay teachers shall not be denied employment. (Ah, Ms. Chisholm, if only you hadn't held out in this one area you might have been glorified by us next week, instead of George McGovern, who has expressed no such obtuse reservations as you about the gay's fitness to instruct the young!) Now all those beautiful gay teachers of D.C. who have served so well so long can relax and be honest, a wonderful thing for a teacher to be *allowed* to *be*. Socrates, we made it!

In the areas of proliferating Gay Lib groups, the grand prize goes to New Jersey, where in the past few months at least a half dozen new organizations have sprung up and now hold out the promise that the populous Garden State may have taken the first giant step toward serious decentralization of the Movement away from the big urban centers. Except for N.Y., L.A., S.F., Chicago and Seattle—and to some extent Boston—most of the grassroots activity has been limited to college campuses, and though Jersey's activist groups are still in the main based in academe, there are several of a community-wide makeup. When I spoke to the Student Homophile League of Rutgers in early May I was assured that Gay Lib was by no means exclusively a student-backed proposition beyond the Hudson.

TAKE STEP TO SERVE

Transcending the purely political already, gay people in L.A., led by Don Kilhefner and the ever-ahead Kight, opened their Gay Community Services Center, V.D. Clinic, and Liberation House. Likewise, the natural step toward laying foundations for a new Gay Is Good culture, after the politicos succeed in getting repressive laws repealed, which step is *social service*, has been firmly taken in Minneapolis, Seattle and Boston, with the founding of Gay House, Stonewall House and the Homophile Community Health Service in those cities, respectively.

Congratulations are surely due, too, to the pioneers of Liberation House in Manhattan, to Bob Aron and Dave Murphy for their work in establishing the Gay Switchboard, and to Dr. Ralph Blair et al for the creation of the Homosexual Community Counseling Center. Local lesbians are right on with a share-the-food program.

I could go on and on singling out activists, political and social, but with the rank-and-file increasing at such an astonishing rate, and so many deserving recognition, the dramatic contributions of a few stand out and symbolize the extent of our success and the depth of our commitment. Those who resisted violence, who risked and suffered injury, who went to court and to jail, our martyrs of '71-'72:

Jim Owles and Morty Manford at the Inner Circle Massacre, Hilton Hotel, April 15.

Charlie Burch, Cora Perrotta and Sylvia Rivera in Suffolk County. (Cora recently finished serving a 15-day jail term for the Cause—and has changed her name because her family is not as proud of Cora as all the rest of us are.)

The Lindsay Fifteen.



GAA—NY President Rich Wandel

MOVING HARMONY IN ALBANY

The fourteen stalwarts who slugged their way on foot to Albany and those who accompanied them by car. It was one of the most moving experiences of my years in the Movement to behold Hernan Figueroa rush to embrace his lover Richie Wandel, president of GAA, who was leaning heavily on the shoulder of Don Goodwin of the Mattachine, their closeness signifying the new harmony and interdependence between the two once-hostile local groups. So we lost out in Albany again, still many of us went again to keep the flame of protest alive, and that is what matters. We were "international" this year, too, with Bjornodd Haave of Oslo's Norwegian Society of 1948 (Norway having just abolished its law prohibiting homosexuality) along and also Volker Eschke of Homosexuelle Aktion Westberlin (gay activity being OK in the Federal Republic under seventeen and over twenty-one, verboten during the "military" years between!).

Praise, too, to the heroines and heroes of the City Council chambers of the Empire City who would not sell out their "unacceptable" transvestite sisters and brothers. To Bebe Scarpi and Pete Fisher and all the other eloquent defenders of the right to be equal whatever their attire and the expression of their individuality.

REMEMBER THE WESTERNERS

And I mustn't overlook the marchers on Sacramento of last July; the valiant band in Columbus; Richard Nash of Pershing Square; Bill Baskett of Long Beach; Mike McConnell and Jack Baker of Minneapolis. If you haven't heard of the above groups or individuals, then the parade has somewhat passed you by this year, and it's time to fall in.

But do fall in in the spirit of what was begun at that seedy dance palace three years ago. Don't be led by the nose into another mass display of conformism. On our big day let's not submit to any person or pressure group who would have us exchange one form of tyranny for another, telling us, for instance, we cannot celebrate ourselves with cockapilliar or float. That we cannot participate if we are, perchance, a gay barkeep who still answers to the PD/Mafia/SLA! Any gay is potentially just as lovable as the next, and no gay who tolerates oppression, in any form, including governmental, is all that liberated and impeccable. Should we also

(continued on page 16)

Clay's Clearing House

BY ALAN CLAY

BAD GUYS AGAIN

You've got to say one thing for the homophobes—they are *persistent!* As John LeRoy recently stated (all too accurately, sad to say), "Too many gays have been coming out of the closets lately, and nothing less than the stupid display of force seems adequate to drive them back in." I honestly hadn't ever thought about it, but I suppose these Super-Heteros *are* running scared now.

Part of the reason is of course that old fear of latent homosexuality deeply nestled within their own pea-sized brains. This fear is largely unfounded but we must remember that the disease (sic) of homosexuality, to the average homophobe, is as contagious as a new strain of Asian flu, or is carried like pollen by the winds. Nobody is safe! Nobody, I tell ya!

And another part of the reason they are scared is based on their need to always have a lower caste around. Southern rednecks need Blacks more than they need air or water or pone. Homophobes must have faggots—swishy, sneaky, shadowy, neurotic, guilty, obeisant, cringing queers. Otherwise, how to enforce, by contrast, that He-man concept the homophobe must have of himself in order to function? (There are two other props he insists upon. Servile women and loaded rifles.)

So when the fruits git uppity, the homophobe, in astonished-frightened-righteous outrage, hauls off with a swift kick to gay nuts. Michael Maye, that recent darling of the hetero-jet set, is just a particularly energetic example. There are others. Many. We've come a long way in a very few years, but as I've said, these hetero-honkeys will fight to the death before they'll let any creepy kid molester get his-her-its hands on pure little Junior's wee-wee. Here are three recent chapters in the continuing saga of Super-Het's Struggle to Keep America Straight—(as specifically written into the Constitution by Father Washington and Uncle Jefferson).

I

Don Slater, writing from Hollywood about his Assemblyman, Charles J. Conrad. Conrad is a reactionary who helped spark the famous "homosexual purge" in Hollywood in 1966. He does not want changed any existing laws (which discriminate against homosexuals) as this would give homosexuals license to solicit in public places and in schools. (*Schools!* I can well read this phobe's fungus-encrusted nightmares. Bunch of gays roaming the halls of P.S. 184, calling out seductively: "Fresh young boys wanted! Let us lure you to the magical Twilight World, little dears!") He is also worried about the increase in venereal disease. Got news for you, Charlie m'boy. *Your* people are loaded with it, too. And if V.D. is going to increase, all the enforced legislation in the world won't stop it.

Conrad's position has recently been challenged by a bright, young libertarian named Barry Bernstein who is on the side of gay rights. At the time of this writing, we don't know who won. (The election was June 6th.) Even if you don't live in the Hollywood area, keep your fingers crossed. Every Conrad deposed is a step in the gayrights direction.

II

But the King-Of-The-Pig-People Award goes, without question, to San Francisco Republican candidate (for the Gay Area 10th Assembly District) George E. Dye. This card-carrying wart hog has proposed —aw, shit . . . you're not going to believe this one . . . in San Francisco . . . in 1972 . . . but I *swear* it's true—he has proposed a new state law providing for *involuntary castration of all homosexuals.* Judas H. Priest! See? I told you you wouldn't believe it. Want another quote from his Prince of the Pygmy Pricks? You don't? Well, you're going to get it anyway. "When two males are sexually attracted to each other, they both need *brain surgery.*" You tell 'em, Mr. Doughnut—you've got the greasy hole.



Why not be a pen pal for someone who is in prison?

Some of this information was forwarded to us by knowledgeable Don Jackson of S.F. He also wrote reminding us of Walk-Softly-and-Carry-a-Big-Dick Nixon's disagreeable attitude toward gays. My-my . . . I had totally forgotten some of Dick's other tricks. Oh, Richard! Shame on your double standard! Have you ceased to remember that wonderful, mad, impetuous summer when you and Joe McCarthy were united in tender love?

III

And last (and noted for hilarity value alone), Seattle police arrested two male patrons of a local ice skating rink when the happy duo held hands during the "couples only" period. The other customers gave shouts of approval, but Piglet Law was afraid of corruption of minors. The offenders were rushed from the rink, searched, handcuffed and whisked off to the porky pokey. Charged with "disorderly conduct," natch!

So, there's today's three examples for you. Good ol' homophobe. Stops at nothing and never even notices how ridiculous he is. Do not be angered, my friends. Just fill your hearts with pity.



Peter Fisher, author of "The Gay Mystique."

YOU'VE STUCK ME
ON THE WRONG SHELF,
DAMNIT!

Chicago's Gay Pride Newsletter (171 W. Elm, Chicago 60610) reports that Roosevelt University has banned Pete Fisher's *The Gay Mystique* from display in its bookstore. The reason cited was poor sales, yet employees of the very bookstore confessed that it had been doing quite well. Came to light that an official directive demanded that no books on *that* subject be displayed on campus. (Corruption of minors again? Oh, how *altruistically concerned* our elders are! See no evil; hear no evil; shit no evil.)

The Newsletter also informs that other Chicago bookstores insist on categorizing books on homosexuality under Psychology rather than under Sociology which "therefore contributes to the misconception that being gay is a mental problem, rather than just a natural form of behavior for the human animal."

This same information and opinion were given to me by Donn Teal (*The Gay Militants*), regarding Manhattan bookstores. According to Donn, books on gay subjects are poorly displayed, if displayed at all and if *stocked* at all. And they are misclassified. After becoming aware of this, I did some checking on my own. True, all too true. And books on Black and Women's Liberation were centerstage, all the way. No one had bothered to classify them under Sociology, Home Economics or Revolution. They just stood in their own proud, straight rows, waiting to be grabbed up. Well, at least they didn't put us under *Humor* . . .

But the next time you're in Brentano's, Scribner's or Doubleday's, come out of the closet long enough to voice a small complaint, huh? I did, and do you know I wasn't even arrested . . .

PRISON BARS LEAVE
PERMANENT SCARS

Ever been in prison? Neither have I. The closest I've come was seeing *Fortune and Men's Eyes* at the Trans-Lux West. That was near enough for me. I like being raped as much as anyone, but not under those circumstances.

We do still have the feeling (from seeing too many old Jimmy Cagney movies on the Late Late Show) that prisons really are filled with Hard Characters who deserve to be there. Of late, we've become aware that quite a few do *not* deserve incarceration. Attica, Riker's, etc., have opened our eyes. But we tend to think mostly in terms of poor Blacks. We should, but I'm afraid we've been ignoring our gay brothers and sisters (or maybe even uncles and aunts) who have been sent to these lovely seaside resorts on a variety of (mostly petty) charges.

Several organizations have recently been attempting to correct this situation. Among them, the Gay Community Services Center of L.A. (1614 Wilshire Blvd., L.A. 90017) and The Stonewall (4016 37th Avenue South, Seattle 98118). They have been counseling juvenile and adult probationers, providing housing, jobs, advising prison authorities, sending well-documented complaints of gay prisoners' ill-treatment to government officials, visiting prisons and giving comfort to these unfortunate gays.

I very much like what Gay People's Alliance of D.C. (435 Marvin Center—800 21st St. N.W., Washington) is doing. And for those of you who don't want to get Too Deeply Involved, here is an alternative. If you'll write GPA, they'll send you a list of addresses of gay prisoners from all across the country. These people are frightened and *lonely.* Can you imagine for a second that particular wrenching loneliness? Certainly some of them deserve to be where they are. But you could give them the most positive rehabilitation of all—by caring. Instead of placing another Lonelyhearts ad in a sex tabloid, why not send for this GPA list, and use it? Especially some of you older gays with your continual and self-centered laments of feeling unwanted, unneeded, unloved. You might be making a worthwhile investment.

JUNE 25th IS UPON US!

This is my last chance to order you out on the streets for the Christopher Street Liberation Day Parade. Notice my lack of subtlety? I don't request; I *order.* You have no choice. I don't care if you *are* playing Mah-Jongg with Jean Stapleton that day.

For all you timid souls out there, *please* take my word for it; that parade is a ball, a joy, a delight from beginning to end. True, on June 28th, 1970, that first parade day, I was more than a little scared and filled with misgivings when I approached Sheridan Square. For one thing, I didn't *know* anybody, I wasn't *with* anybody, I had no moral support. All my friends thought I had gone off the deep end. ("Stupid exhibitionist!")

But I stayed, and after it was all over I was so smug and proud of myself I *reeked* of it. By the time we had gotten to 42nd Street, I didn't give a goddamn if *Life* took a picture of me chanting "Gay Power!" and put it on the cover of their miserable middle-American mag.

Was it necessary for me to march that day in order to "establish my identity"? Perhaps not. But I do know it helped me greatly to overcome certain personal problems. They're too specific to be of general value listed here. Let's just say that you also might find the march "therapeutic." And as I said, FUN!

To give you encouragement, let me reprint this statement on gay rights recently given the Syracuse Gay Freedom League by one of my favorite, *genuinely* "beautiful people," Ms. Shirley Chisholm:

It is the highest human right to be free from governmental and societal interference in one's private life. There should be no laws or public policy prohibiting any relationship among consenting adults. Gay liberation is fighting for that apex in human ideals—the freedom to be self. Must we condemn those who have different outlooks from the so-called standard? I say no. The liberation of Blacks, Chicanos, Women and Homosexuals is a goal that must be reached now.

This is the only statement on the subject, by an active politician, that has ever inspired me. It is the only such statement by a politician that I have ever believed—and believed to be motivated by sincere concern.

In A Bar By Myself

BY SOREL DAVID

Here's a small scoop for you—I mean why should I let Jack Anderson outdo me all the time. *The Supreme Court is crooked.* I told this to my mother the other day. "Oh," she said quite seriously. The time is ripe. The people are ready to listen to anything now. "How do you know this?" she asked. She was quite serious, you understand. "Everything else is crooked," I said, "why not the court?" Meanwhile, what to do in the face of this rampant corruption, this moral decay we find everywhere in the nation today. For brief respite I offer this small song taught to me by my friend crazy Kathy Braun and written by Kathy and her friend Neil. The tune is arbitrary, sing it to any music you like; after all, it's the word that sets you free, Lord.

The song:

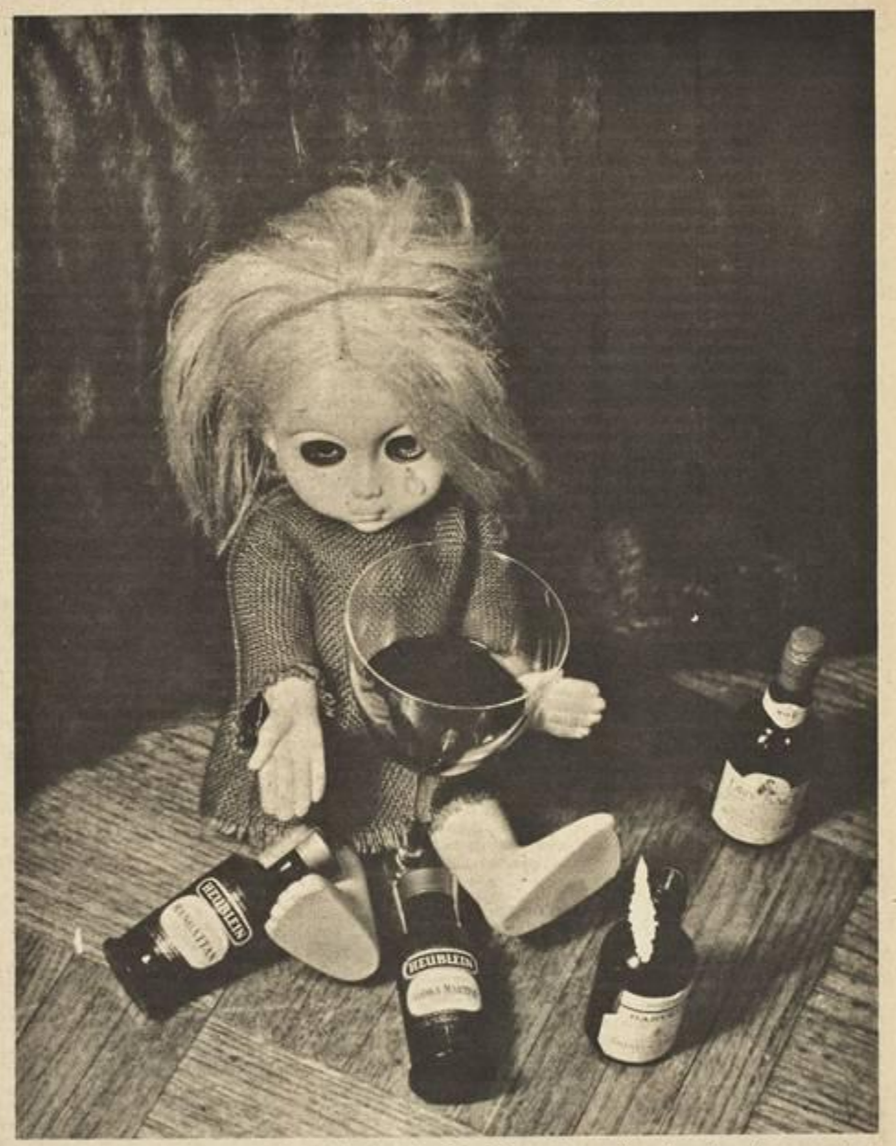
Going down the road to Stephanie's house. Going down the road to Stephanie's house. Going down the road to Stephanie's house. Going down the road to Stephanie's house.

Knock Knock. Oh hello Neil. Hi Stephanie. Listen, I thought if I came over we could listen to some records together this afternoon. Oh gee Neil, I'd love to, but I can't (alas), I have to go to the allergist this afternoon. Oh well, too bad, maybe some other time. Yeah, okay, well bye Neil. Bye Stephanie.

Going down the road from Stephanie's house. Going down the road from Stephanie's house. Going down the road from Stephanie's house. Going down the road from Stephanie's house.

For me the whole thing lies in that one word—the allergist—of course orthodontist or even psychiatrist would have worked as well, but allergist, allergist is such a fine touch. It completely defines an era, creating a small but perfect slice of a neurotic, New York, middle-class Jewish childhood, of growing up somewhere in Brooklyn, Long Island or the Bronx.

Going down the road the other night, I ended up at St. Adrian's—St. Adrian's bar and grill—no, Company. St. A's Company is what it's called. Sometimes, I think, I go to these places just so I can practice looking imperious and aloof, imperiously aloof, perhaps. I can't imagine doing anything else at St. Adrian's. Imperiously aloof, index finger poised alongside one tooth, the left incisor, just delicately balanced there, toying with the tip of it to bring out, heighten its pointed deadliness, I like to think, one eyebrow arched of course, mouth loose, lips parted slightly, just enough to reveal that tip of tooth, a cold look altogether. I've always been rather addicted to poses of one sort or another. This one is in the female mode, a cold imperious woman, but I haven't gotten to it directly. I rarely get to feminine places directly though they are a large and important part of my make-up. I reach this imperious place by accepting utterly the male part of me and reaching for a female mode of expression as an otherness. As a drag queen plays a woman, in a sense, but here I'm playing a very different sort of woman—a coolly restrained, calculating, almost masculine woman.



These people in here think I'm weird, which is strange. Somehow I expected more of the place. Adrian's is, after all, supposed to be a Soho-Arty 'inspot.' Why, they even have poetry readings there. Well, but they're also having live music-rock bands now and the crowd is looking correspondingly more teeny-bop tonight. The bartender, a hulking Hell's Angel type—also a pose, the massive muscles on his arms bulging out of his sleeveless dungaree jacket are already more than half gone to fat—he's completely harmless, but still thinks he can play menacing to someone as small as myself. He looks me up and down slowly as I dispassionately spit out my order. "Coke please." "A coke?" he says incredulously, scornful sarcasm breaking across his face and voice. I don't deign to respond, remaining absolutely impassive, my face immobile as I wait, which reduces him to merely filling my order, taking my dollar and making change. Although I might be a ridiculous weirdo, he, nevertheless, remains a wage-slave. It's my old refuge of the Silva Thins man, a smooth hard veneer, taking over again. It's only a game with me, an elaborate charade of a defense mechanism and lord knows I love to play.

Back at my table in the corner, men and women alike, just boys and girls really, stare at me. This is the new generation of liberated youth we're all counting on to save the world. I'm sure they're all pro-gay-lib in theory, they just never came face to face with one before. Actually, the fact that I'm gay doesn't disturb them so much. What they can't fathom is a single young woman coming into a bar and sitting down alone to have a quietly reflective drink or two. Still another example of women's oppression, this is a province apparently reserved solely for men. I'm sure if I was some kind of fifties drag butch with slicked back hair and came stomping in there hunching my shoulders and doing all sorts of other exaggerated posturing, they would have picked up on where it was at right away. Oh yeah, a bull dyke, they would have said to themselves and gone on about their business without giving me a second thought. (Not that I have anything against fifties drag butches with slicked back hair, you understand—it's only those of little faith who automatically confuse description with deprecation.)

But as it is, as I am, that is, not at all like that, but rather a smallish young woman, modestly, if I do say so myself, attired in acceptable unisex fashion—why, I bet I looked almost human to them—they can't figure it out at all. They stare, some openly and unabashed, others sneaking sidelong glances whenever they deemed it prudent to do so. But it's alright with me. I'm enjoying the whole thing actually. They stare, but I don't care. After all, they've provided me with the perfect setting for my imperious and aloof bit.

The Queer Red Menace

(continued from page 7)

"Young Basie never could abide dissidents or troublemakers," she recalled. "There was that time during the school production of *Julius Caesar* when he leapt to the stage and beat and kicked four of the performers in togas. 'All those pansies parading around in lipstick,' he swore. 'But Basie,' I said, 'Portia is a girl.' But he up and answered, 'Don't make no difference to me. They all look the same when they've got a dress on.' "

Basil's unparalelled resourcefulness in the marketplace, that backbone of independence and vitality in this country, is now recognized as the model for college texts on economics. As president of Ubiquitous and Sundry, Inc., he typified the American image of free enterprise and old-fashioned know-how. Refusing to limit his scope, he diversified his interests by alchemically packaging air as white bread, fire in bombs to burn Vietnamese to death, earth for big-city children to marvel at, and, in a stroke of financial genius, water to sell to the rest of us, whose streams and rivers his other industries had polluted.

"I'll sell anything. It all looks the same to me when it's got a good old Yankee dollar sign attached to it," he remarked to a trusted associate while waiting at the deposit window of his Swiss bank.

But profit was not his only concern. "Papa Basil swore he'd always take care of his own," recalls a former employee at one of his factories. "His pension plan was the pride of our union contract. On retirement day, he'd personally come down to the shop to hand that faithful old working man a beautiful, gilt-edged envelope containing—in Old English script, mind you—the address of the nearest welfare center."

Never one to cling to outmoded doctrines, Basil was always the first to advocate change and reform. As soon as he was elected to office, he introduced legislation to abolish welfare chislers.

"America's peaceful citizens have had to face many challenges from alienated, lonely, frustrated, sexually undefined individuals endangering us all with their warped grudges," Dr. Enzyme concluded while waiting for his next patient. "Fortunately, with such secure, gregarious, masculine leaders as Basil the Bountiful around to be shot at, our trigger-happy, gun-toting traditions will remain secure. Read about it in my next book."

The Last Estate

(continued from page 8)

Sex encounters at airports are rare. My single brush with airport sex occurred at Miami International. My friend Simone told me she fooled around with somebody she met at San Juan airport. The way she tells the story, they repaired to the airport hotel to commence the fooling. Another friend told about an exciting encounter with an airport cop in the men's room at Montreal Airport. You would think airports would be more lively, what with hotels and shower/changing rooms you can rent (Zurich, Milan [Linati] and Brussels). The most attractive people (and by all means, the most vulgar as well) fly American and Pan Am between New York and San Juan. There is also an interesting crowd, if you can brave the children, on Eastern's San Juan-Newark route. The ugliest people by far fly Sabena between Brussels and London. Paris-London flights attract a particularly bland, unattractive crowd (French businessmen). Zurich-Milan and Paris-Rome attract charming, elegant trade. Alitalia passengers are very nice.

You have to be very careful travelling nowadays because of the airport inspections. The Europeans are very thorough. And honest. They are looking for guns, knives and dynamite. The Americans are vicious and dishonest. The inspectors are looking for one thing only—grass, and hard stuff. One inspector in the Pan Am terminal at Kennedy found a popper in my jacket pocket. "Hmm. What's this?" he exclaimed, as though he had discovered a concealed machine gun. "You have a heart condition? I understand people use these things for other reasons," the goon persisted. Of course, at that point I almost DID have a heart attack. Finally, after a few more vulgar wisecracks the idiot let me board. I ordered a quick glass of champagne. "What in the world is this? It isn't champagne," I said. "It's domestic, sir. We don't open the imported champagne until after take-off," she explained.

"Flying for business or a rest? Spend some days in Budapest," one airline urges. Yeah. Why not.

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Lets Celebrate!

(continued from page 13)

exclude the gay who pays taxes in support of the government that denies us full equality? Remember that the underworld thrives by providing the services which society condemns or the law prohibits but which human appetite craves. If we pay homage to a local, state or federal government that considers us criminals, calls us deficient and victimizes us, we are no better than the *next* person struggling in bondage.

People deserve the government they tolerate. Since I, for one, believe we deserve something better, believe the handwriting on the Stonewall in Sheridan Square in 1969 was predetermined, I am going to be more jubilant next week than I've ever been in my gay life because I am living to see come to pass the inexorable promise of the ages: that the human birthright is total freedom. Total. None of us yet has it, but we are surging toward it. The closer we get the greater our acceleration. We can taste it, smell it, feel it.

STAY IN/OUT OF STEP

And so I congratulate all who are trying to get in step with our human destiny—by striding *out* of step in this time and space. The different drummer has always had the beat, the real creative rhythm of the universe, the *off*-beat. Come all you dancers to the lovelightvibes.

Come dear ex-lover Gerard who helped teach me, perhaps unawares, this past year that we must go all the way in defiance of the straight past, or not make it together. As Jim Baker put it in *Gay Sunshine* No. 9: "Gays are already far ahead of straights in the work of creating a nonparanoid loving world. Being able to love each other physically is a major intuitive step closer to everyday utopia. Gay men don't have to worry too much about confusing guns with cocks . . . When as gays we realize that our role-playing and possessiveness are obsolete, and we begin living and relating to each other as free unique original beings, on an everyday basis, everybody will be much happier. We have always been revolutionaries by the very fact of our existence . . . To set a good example, to realize our inner selves, we know that we must act out our private dreams and personal hopes. We are of the earth. We are gay. We love. We are free. There is really enough for all."

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO ALL YOU NEW FREE GAYS. Three years old, each and every one of us. Let's make the most of it.



Wanna buy last year's issue?



GAY EDITOR JACK NICHOLS answers questions from German newsman on sex roles, homosexual equality, women, and other topics on West Berlin Television.

Turntable Trips

BY DAVID FRECHETTE

THE SECOND JERRY RIOPELLE ALBUM CAPITOL ST-863

Jerry Riopelle is a relatively new arrival on the singer/songwriter scene and he's a remarkably gifted one. He has a rugged tenor whine of a voice, accentuated by a soft Southern California twang, which sounds like a pleasant cross between Nilsson and Leon Russell or an unpampered good-natured version of Loudain Wainwright the 3rd. Jerry Riopelle is a fairly label-resistant singer. His music—most of which he either writes himself or with a collaborator—is a carefree blend of country-rock, blues and folk tastefully seasoned with an occasional jazz riff.

He seldom sings other peoples' songs but when he does the listener is in for an unusual experience. His version of the Stones' "No Expectations" outfits the tune with a Latin tempo without disturbing the song's mood of pervasive despair. Conversely, his austere acoustic version of Hank Williams' country classic "Jambalaya" is full of joy. In his press release Jerry Riopelle is aptly described as "a consummate musician making personal music" and "a singer of love songs of all moods and shadings." He is also the kind of singer better heard than written about.



Jerry Riopelle

MICHEL LEGRAND: BRIAN'S SONG—THEMES AND VARIATIONS BELL 6071

Michel Legrand, acclaimed for his soundtrack music both here and in France, has assembled some of his best movie themes for an evening's easy listening. The title track was written for an unusually well-received film made for TV which will soon be released theatrically. Legrand, a gifted pianist and musician, has had the wisdom to arrange, conduct and produce his own material and, in doing so, has somehow subdued the strings. The sauciness we expect of French composers is present on the album. Thankfully, the syrup has been removed. Included on the album are "Theme from *The Go-Between*" and Legrand's Academy Award-winning "The Summer Knows" from the film *Summer of '42*.

JAMES BROWN: REVOLUTION OF THE MIND, RECORDED LIVE AT THE APOLLO, VOL. 3 POLYDOR PD-3003

If you're throwing a party, this two-record set of best-selling soul classics by James Brown, done live at Harlem's Apollo Theatre, is what you need to make it funky. James Brown's music is earthy, simple and unpretentious Goodtime Soul (Sly Stone & Co. and Kool & the Gang are bona practitioners in their respective ways). Body sounds; nothing for the head this time around. Even obvious message songs, such as "Get Up, Get Into It, Get Involved," double as good dance numbers. One of the many reasons for James Brown's ten-year-plus international superstar status, aside from his having sold over 35 million singles, is that he knows what his audiences require of him and he seldom, if ever, lets them down. He now has a previous Polydor album, *Hot Pants* (PD-4054), out, and a third album *Soul Classics*, is on its way.

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THE PLEASURE CHEST

Gay Teachers OK'd By School Board

(continued from page 1)

tions intended by the resolution. Board members spoke after that. Father Raymond Kemp stated that the resolution merely sought to clarify the existing policies and noted that it would apply to women as well as gays. Mattie Taylor agreed with Scott, saying that unions and employment contracts protected employees. (The contracts state that off-duty behavior is no concern of the school system.) She cited the lack of any cases charging anti-gay discrimination. One of the 20-some gays in the audience whispered "If the resolution is so useless, why is she so opposed to it?" As if to answer the gay, Taylor's voice rose as she expressed fear of advocacy of homosexuality in schools and threatened to remove her children from them. The gays were silent as many of the 40-some others clapped.

The next few minutes revealed how the vote would go. Board President Marion Barry indicated that subtle discrimination has been practiced against blacks and women with protections similar to those supposedly afforded by the unions and employment contracts. The gays in the audience clapped while the rest of the audience remained silent. Martha Swaim reproached the audience for clapping during discussion of one of the most emotional issues to ever come before the Board. Hilda Mason said that, having struggled so long for the Constitutional rights of blacks, she sympathized with gays. She felt gay school personnel to be no threat to her grandchildren. Mattie Taylor and Evie Washington then voted against the resolution; Kemp, Barry, Swaim and Mason voted for it; and Bardyl Tirana abstained.

The vote climaxed months of effort by D.C. GAA and Board member Kemp's Student Life and Community Involvement Committee. GAA attempted to make its views known to candidates for the D.C. School Board election last November, by sending questionnaires to candidates, calling them, and holding a well-attended speaker's forum. "I think we raised their consciousness," said GAA president Bill Bricker. "Two candidates who scored low on our flier to the gay community rating candidates—Barry and Kemp—ended up voting for the resolution. The resolution was presented to Father Kemp's committee on April 19 and he worked hard to persuade board members to vote for it. Now he intends to work for curriculum changes, pro-gay literature in libraries, gay counselors and gay activities. We expect Mattie Taylor to take her children out of school any day now."

Security Clearance Re-instated

(continued from page 1)

mere fact that Wentworth was a homosexual was enough to cause them to lift his clearance. The board argued that homosexuals are frequently the target of blackmailers.

Pratt held that "this pre-judgment effectively deprived [Wentworth] of his right to a fair and impartial hearing and restricted his right of due process." In addition, the Judge ruled that the government must be able to prove some "rational connection" between a person's homosexuality and his ability to safeguard classified material.

Wentworth, said Judge Pratt, had worked for ten years with access to the government's secret materials and before that for three years with the U.S. Air Force. "There has never been the slightest suggestion that [he] has violated any regulations concerning classified materials."

"The government has withdrawn Wentworth's clearance without laying a proper basis for such withdrawal," said Judge Pratt. "Moreover," he continued, "Wentworth has been subjected to a shocking array of questions concerning the most intimate details of his life" at the security clearance hearing, which "violated the fairness of the entire administrative proceeding."

The Wentworth case has received widespread publicity in newspapers and magazines nationwide, including *The Wall Street Journal* and *Newsweek*. Acting as counsel for Wentworth was Dr. Franklin E. Kameny, President of the Mattachine Society of Washington and one-time gay candidate for Washington's Non-Voting Delegate to Congress. Dr. Kameny told GAY, "It looks like a major victory with significant implications. I haven't yet seen the text of the actual decisions, but as soon as I do I'll be able to comment on it with greater specificity."

Unitarians Hear Resolution

(continued from page 1)

Nash, a recently controversial figure both inside and outside his denomination, told GAY he frankly didn't have hope for passage of his proposal this year. "But it'll raise some consciousness," he predicted. "If we come away from Dallas with anything at all, it'll be significant."

He said the regional meeting's ready acceptance of the resolution was "easier and more gratifying than even I hoped for."

Nash's "Resolution on Sexual Minorities" states, in part:

". . . To begin dialog with people who are gay and bisexual (and) excluded from religious groups geared to the needs and cultural assumptions of heterosexuals.

". . . To draw upon the people and traditions of the gay community to enrich the life of churches . . .

". . . To work with gay and bisexual persons to develop programs and materials which acquaint Unitarian Universalists with the kinds of oppressions faced by sexual minorities, and with their plans for achieving their liberation.

". . . To consider hiring ministers and other professionals who are gay or bisexual, evaluating candidates by professional criteria only.

". . . To make facilities available for dances, worship and other activities of the gay community (and) to devise appropriate ways of celebrating their love relationships."

Although Nash is an ordained Unitarian minister and a former national UUA executive, he has said he fears his two trials and ultimate conviction for an alleged act of prostitution (Issue No. 72) have crippled his hopes of obtaining a permanent pulpit in this area.

Both his conviction and an extraordinarily severe three-year probation sentence are being appealed by prominent civil liberties lawyer Herbert Selwyn. Selwyn has said he can show that the second trial contained grave judicial errors and—in Municipal Judge Mary Waters' instructions to the jury—evidence of an unjudicial bias against the defendant.

Selwyn appeared before the same Judge Waters late in May with a motion that the court pay the $700 its reporter would charge to supply the defense a transcript of the January trial. Not unexpectedly, she refused.

Nash said he had promises of financial help from church student groups in the East in his effort to overthrow the conviction and sentence.

After conviction, Nash did five days of a 40-day jail sentence before local gay groups mustered up $180 bail bond for him.

Gay Libbers Help Revise Sex Course

(continued from page 1)

some parts "biased and objectionable," however.

"To emphasize that same-sex behavior in past or present does not automatically determine one's future sexual life style," one declared goal states. Well and good, Preston replied in a March 23 letter to the association's Boston headquarters—but why is the same statement never made about exploratory heterosexual encounters?

Another goal—"to indicate that same-sex fantasies and thoughts are not the deed, and are common and normal"—is also true—"but why, if being homosexually oriented were okay, does this statement have to be made?" Preston objected. "It is nothing more or less than a strong support against acting on specifically homosexual desires," and is no less true of gay thoughts than of hetero desires.

Preston also objected to explicit photos of gay sex, taken from male porno publications, which do not show gay sex as the culmination of feeling, loving and sharing, unlike the course's hetero photos.

Two records with the court—Jack, the gay lib activist, who champions gay rights but as a human being is "cold, unloving" —and Mike, who is torn between his love for a man and his love for his wife—also drew Preston's ire. "The message in Mike's record is clearly, 'Have hope. Someday, you too can escape the trap of homosexuality for the blessed heaven of heterosexuality,' " Preston said. "The kindest thing that could be said of him is that he is a messed-up bisexual."

Preston's critique brought a lengthy, sympathetic response from consultant Eugene Navias, who said not all Unitarians are ready for the message Preston would have preferred but that he has to deal with people "where they are at." Mavias said many local churches have invited gay people to discuss their scene with the 11- to 14-year-olds when the gay chapter is discussed.

From curriculum editor Hugo Holleroth, however, came an even more thoughtful 4½-page reply that admitted, "If we were beginning today to develop *About Your Sexuality*, I'm certain some of us would bring more understanding to homosexuality than three years ago. I'm certain I would."

The "Mike" record, Holleroth said, helps destroy the assumption by some straights that, if only a gay guy would have some hetero experiences, he'd never want to be gay again. "I played it at a conference last summer and when it was over, 40 people sat in silence. Finally a woman spoke for everyone when she uttered, 'It isn't funny any more, is it?' "

Holleroth closed by inviting Preston and Ms. Gittings to come to Boston to see if a revision of the gay unit "could move us closer to dealing adequately" with gay life, when the second edition of the course is published.

Supreme Court Turndown Angers Mid-Westerners

(continued from page 3)

to pursue an activist role in implementing his unconventional ideas concerning the societal status to be accorded homosexuals and, thereby, to foist tacit approval of this socially repugnant concept upon his employer."

Despite objections by the American Civil Liberties Union, that no university could be held accountable for the divergent beliefs of its thousands of employees, the nation's highest court let the St. Louis ruling stand.

That decision drew sadness among Minnesota gays. "It closes off the last opening for gays to gain their rights through the system," wrote graduate student Robert Halfhill, former president of the campus gay liberation group. "If I were a regent, or a judge, I would walk in fear for the rest of my life, for I would never know from what quarter the just punishment for my bigoted and morally loathesome actions would come."

Halfhill, however, suggested a mass student and faculty strike for freedom, rather than violence.

But never let it be said that The Rev. Mr. Head did not see an opening where one might be imagined to exist.

Wihtin a week the aged Mr. Head had fired off his own letter to the editor of the *Minnesota Daily*, accusing Halfhill of being an "anarchy advocate" who has "disrespect for the laws of the university" and holds out "the threat of violence, bloodshed and destruction of property."

According to the good Mr. Head, "Halfhill seems to echo the Trotskyite students who belong to the Young Socialist Alliance, the group that has thrown out qualified registered visitors [including Mr. Head] from its public meetings and advocates the violent overthrow of the United States.

"Halfhill's suggestion of throwing a monkey wrench into the system and crippling the transportation, water and power supply of Minneapolis, thus causing the death of men, women and little children . . . is repugnant," the 71-year-old Tennessee and Kentucky ex-preacher proclaimed.

All this from a pure-bred, bona fide liberal like Halfhill? The man who called the drag-queen phoners of bomb threats on campus "counterproductive" and suggested they "redirect their efforts into the more constructive political and educational activities of gay liberation"?

Mr. Head, however, persuaded the 55 Minneapolis and suburban VFW posts to condemn "recent activism" by Minneapolis gays and the whole "gay movement . . . the advocacy of the homosexual group is repugnant to the best interests of society and that, as a security measure, it should be condemned and checked in every way possible as dangerous to the morals and well-being of the nation . . . The advocacy of homosexuality could help undermine our democracy."

Enter James Newman, chairman of the Minnesota Young Americans for Freedom. Newman, a university graduate student, is a "libertarian" conservative—the kind who figures it's fine to "let it all hang out" as long as Big Daddy, the fearsome Federal Government Bureaucracy, never gets involved. Mr. Head, of course, is a "traditionalist" conservative, the kind whose highest ideals are based upon Leviticus, Queen Victoria and, when necessary' sex-in-the-missionary-position (with the lights out, naturally).

Newman joined Halfhill in blasting "our supposedly open system [for having closed] its eyes and ears to the needs of the individual citizen, the reason that the court system was established . . . Halfhill did not advocate violence. Rather, he asked for the same treatment that any other American is guaranteed . . .

"I am concerned at how some self-proclaimed 'conservative' leaders are in reality reactionaries, people who bray loud and hard against government running the lives of individual citizens, yet who are willing to look the other way when government interferes in the lives of those citizens with whom they disagree.

"Rev. Head, what societies agree with your good, conservative, Christian view of homosexuality? The most notable are the totalitarian, Godless nations ruled by the Communists in Europe, Asia and Latin America."

Most of the Western Christian Church, Newman contended, is "increasingly tolerant of life styles that you would call 'sick and morally depraved.' "

Jerry's Sphere

(continued from page 2)

downward. Thank God. Wow, there are a lot of beautiful things to see in this world. (Yes, THINGS.) Trees, flowers, MEN, rainbows, streams, WOMEN, puppies, snow falling, MEN! Ah, yes, the beauties of mother nature. But, now that we're liberated I'm told I am a SEXIST because I see beauty in physical senses. Well, my children, all that I can say is that if liberation means that I have to go around banging my head into lamp posts, I don't want it. I'll agree that there is more to a person than his or her outward appearance. But it sure is a lot of fun finding out what the inside of a beauty is like. Alas, I imagine that I will be sentenced to a life of pure SEXISM. I don't know who I have to ask pardon for this. For I'm sure that the good God who, in his wisdom, made me a homosexual also had something to do with making me a SEXIST.

AND STILL MORE ON LIBERATION: It happened here, it is happening in L.A., in San Francisco and Dallas. Plans for the Christopher Street Liberation Day Parades are being marred by UGLY in-fighting. This group doesn't want that group and that group doesn't want the other. This group wants to take charge and so does that one. TO ALL OF YOU I SAY BULLSHIT!!!! As I understood this parade, it was to be for the ENTIRE gay community celebrating the birth of our independence, fought for by DRAGS at a BAR. Now, the drags, the bars and God knows who else are not supposed to participate. Dear sisters and brothers, if we cannot get it together amongst ourselves, how can we expect the straight community to take our cries for equality seriously? I'm beginning to wonder if we will be able to take ourselves seriously if this SHIT keeps up. Let's get it together! Everyone march! Everyone have a good old fashioned summertime tumble. Hold hands and sing (grope, if you must) but for God's sake and ours, show a united front to the "other" world out there. GAY IS GOOD! GAY IS PROUD!

VILLAGE BAR OWNERS got together and boosted the price of beer to 75 cents. I realize the rising prices of liquor and beer merit a rise in over-the-bar charge, gentlemen, but 75 cents is a bit much.

Of course there is nothing to compare to the RIP OFF of some of those midtown discos. Having managed a few, I understand their problem too. (I once caught a queen sippin' on a coke that she/he had brought in from Rikers.) But $4 at the door???

OK, my darlings, enough. I know that you are all waiting for what we used to call chit-chat . . . The YUKON's Roy heard about Ms. Gwen Saunders on a motorcycle and promptly went up and challenged her to a drag (WHAT?) race. That's it Roy, handle her gently, but my money's on Gwen . . .Cycle M/C run to Fire Island must have been SOMETHING else. "Insatiabelle" groaned that he'd never had so much fun (?) in his life. His brother, who travelled up with Bill from Fla. just grinned. (Not to spoil the flavor.) And everyone else I saw coming back was so exhausted they couldn't move . . . By the way, Jack tells me that the Miami P.D. is stepping up harassment of gays. Towed away five LEGALLY PARKED cars from a favorite bar's parking lot. Get it together Miami . . . What owner of a Village bar had better find out why he's losing so many bartenders? Could it be that they are catching your manager with his hand in the till? I heard it from more than one . . . Lee Schwartz and Gene King Phifft (again)??? Did you know that if you ever need a favor go to MARIE'S CRISIS and talk to J.L. He'll offer to get it for you or do it. Then hold your breath and try not to turn blue while you're waiting. Thanks, John . . . Heard that there was some wild action over at the GAS STATION the other P.M. . . . CONGRATULATIONS, Joe and Kasse on your sixth anniversary. Paul and Warren on your second. The only thing I like better than a birthday is an anniversary. A birthday is your own special day but imagine a special day that belongs to two people in love. WOW! I almost had one once. Missed it by one day. Oh, well . . . Went to dinner with my cohort Martyn Denlea at the BEAU GESTE and the meal was marvelous . . . PERSONAL TO JOE O'B: We'll miss you very much, babe. I hope that they will appreciate you in Dallas . . . Happy to welcome Mark Riely and his magazine, DAVID, to the big city . . . Another summer season has started at RIIS PARK. And it's RIP OFF time again. The beer is warm, the franks and pizza must have been left over from last year, and the parking lot has jumped from 25 cents to $1!!! I urge all of my brothers and sisters to bring your own goodies until the concession stands improve their standards . . . ATTENTION ALL BARTENDERS: The first meeting of the BARTENDERS ASSOCIATION will take place at Dino's (formerly of the STUD) house on Perry St. Anyone interested may contact me at the COVEN, Mon.-Fri. evenings (255-9741) . . . AND MORE CHANGES: my favorite, Joey (Miccoli) no longer at the Trubador. He's now at the GOLDBUG. Pussy no longer at SEBASTIONS. He is now with Tony Black at the PIPER'S LOUNGE. Bobby Reed out of MAGNOLIA T's and June Von Hummil in. Biggest change, Lou, Katy and Ernesto no longer at the LIB . . . By the way, I'd like to thank the entire crew at the LIB for their kind words and confidence in me. I was very touched . . . Has anyone seen or heard from Frankie Brill??? Bobby Marino, of NEW JIMMY'S, is just what my doctor ordered . . . You are probably tired of reading this, but I went up to hear Johnny Savoy and Judy Sexton and they REALLY do get better each time I hear them. Judy did a new song the other night and tore the house down. Two WINNERS! Ditto, Dawn Hampton and Edward Morris at TIJUANA CAT. Hadn't caught Miss Hampton for quite a while. She still gets the most out of any song she sings . . . I don't know where THE ADIRONDAK, in Queens, got their Lou but I'd wish they'd find out if there is another one around . . . Beautiful Joey (TAVERN IN THE TOWNHOUSE) thank you much for all of the goodies . . .

PERSONALITY PROFILE: David Nelson of LEO'S LION has come a long way in a short time. Thanks to his astute management the LION has grown in stature and popularity. He is a good friend, and because of his love and encouragement I've been able to do what I felt was right. He's quite a man. Stop in and say hello, and thanks from me . . .

BAR PROFILE: THE ROADHOUSE has become the busiest bar in the West Village. No matter what time of day or night you are sure to find someone to talk to here. Tom Ross and his Sy have done a good job in management. I must say in all honesty that they have one of the best crews in the city. In the day you have "sexy" Rex. "Roadhouse Ronda" works the swing (?) shift, day and night. My favorite "Kitty" cat, Tom, is on nights during the week along with the inimitable Stella. You might like to catch Keller, Michael or Richie on the floor. Go over and enjoy yourself . . . Until next time, GAY & PROUD, Je.



Frank, George, Frank Elliot, Jerry Fitzpatrick and brother Carl.



George Kelly (from New Jimmy's) was voted most popular bartender (June). "I'm glad we're getting together," he said of the monthly bar awards.



Gretchen (from The Lib) was chosen Best Waitress (June). "I work my ass off," she said.

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Wanton Ads

ESTABLISHED ARTIST, 45, looks 35, personable, 5'6", 140, good build, 7"5", affectionate, considerate, fun; versatile but prefers slender young head-type who digs maturity, experience, knowledge, profound sex. Box 89, Planetarium, NYC 10024.

APPRENTICE MASTER seeking guy or group for help in improving technique. I am 49, interested in B/D, S/M. Occupant, PO Box 617, Lenox Hill Sta., NYC 10021.

WANTON ADS

GENEROUS WHITE MALE, 28, slim & butch, wishes to meet young Oriental for fun & lasting friendship. All answered. Send photo please. Ron McAvoy, 185 B Norwood Ave., Cranston, RI 02905.

DISCREET WHITE MALE, 35, connoisseur French culture, also versatile, seeks sincere groovy W/Ms, ? to 35, for lasting friendship & sex. W/S possible but no S/M, hustlers, fatties or phonies. Physical details, interests, photo if possible. Write soon, will answer all. Occupant, PO Box 192, Murray Hill Sta., NYC 10016.

READY TO THROW UP YOUR HANDS? Take heart! Clean cut w/m seeks same to 35 for enduring affiliation. 30, 5'11", 145 lbs. Elegant, sensitive, constant as the Northern star. M. Kramer, 1725 Randall, NYC 10472. NYC residents with own apt. send photo.

DOMINANT ENGLISHMAN, late 40s, fine body, well-endowed, seeks passive males under 30 without hangups or guilt feelings, prepared to enter into the erotica. C.V.G., 152 W. 42 St., Suite 504, NY 10036.

YOUNG, HOT & HORNY MALE, just came out, seeks young slim males to 25 to show me & teach me about gay life. Must be honest & sincere as I am. Photos a must. Ron H., PO Box 40, Berwyn, Ill. 60402.

SOMEONE TO CALL UP & see occasionally? European male, 40, hospitable, attentive & considerate to others, is interested in meeting guys, possibly Orientals, possibly water signs. I have artistic interests but am curious about all subjects. Also, yeah, I am tall, have a beard & a nice guy. Please write: RC, Box 674, Cooper Sta., NY, NY 10003.

FOR A COMPLETE RELAXING massage in Queens, come up to Johny or Billy at Flight 1 Spa, 113-25 Queens Blvd.

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BIG HANDSOME male nudes. Sample photos $2. 12 photos $3; 24 photos $5. State age. Cash preferred. Louis Nations, 1188 Castle Ave., Cleveland, Ohio 44113.

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AMPUTEES ONLY REPLY, leg above knee, white male wanted for an intimate white male friendship. PO Box 4145, Philadelphia 19144.

ATTRACTIVE MALE, 30s, white, tired of bar scene, wishes meet Latin or black male, quiet & responsible, to establish stimulating & interesting relationship. Write: Box 704, Chelsea Sta., NY, NY 10011.

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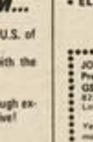

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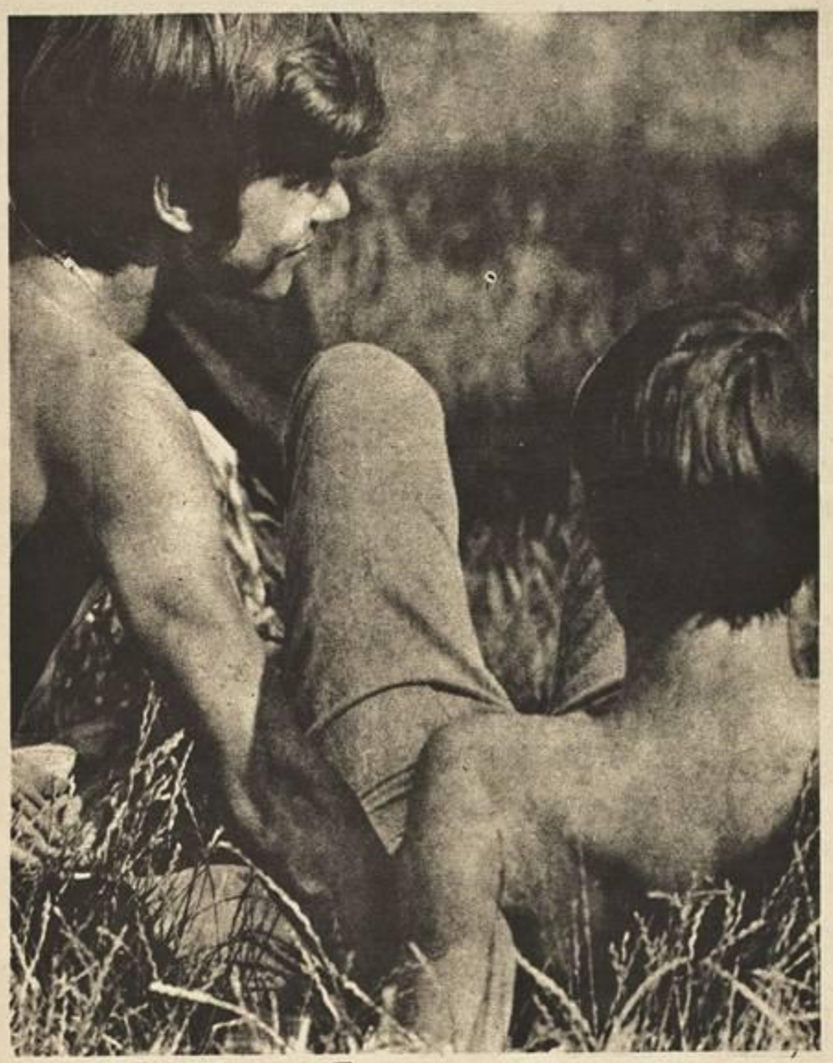

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HELP MAKE A GAY PRESENCE at the democratic convention

This will be the first time in history that Gays have banded together for an action of national significance. The National Coalition of Gay Organizations is sending representatives to speak to regional hearings of the Democratic Platform Committee in cities across the nation, and will present the Gay Rights Plank before general platform hearings in Washington.

We expect the Platform Committee to include the Gay Rights Platform in the over-all Democratic National Platform to be presented to the convention as a whole in Miami on July 13. WE NEED THOUSANDS OF GAYS TO TRAVEL TO MIAMI AND GIVE VOICE TO GAY DEMANDS. We are co-ordinating this auto and bus caravan from cities across the nation so that we can be sure of an effective Gay presence in Miami.

THE MAP AT THE BOTTOM OF THE PAGE INDICATES THE AUTO AND BUS CARAVAN ROUTE TO MAIMI BEACH. ALL TIMES LISTED ARE EASTERN DAYLIGHT TIME, PLEASE CONVERT TO YOUR LOCAL TIME. THIS CHART GIVES THE *EXACT* DEPARTURE TIME OF THE CARS AND BUSES FROM MAJOR CITIES. IF YOU WISH TO JOIN THE CARAVAN TO MIAMI YOU MUST BE IN THE GREYHOUND STATION IN ONE OF THESE LISTED CITIES AT THE SET TIME. IF YOUR CITY IS NOT ON THIS LIST CONTACT YOUR LOCAL GAY ORGANIZATION OR THE TRAVEL SERVICE BUREAU OF YOUR LOCAL GREYHOUND STATION TO ARRANGE FOR TRANSPORTATION TO ONE OF THESE MAIN POINTS.

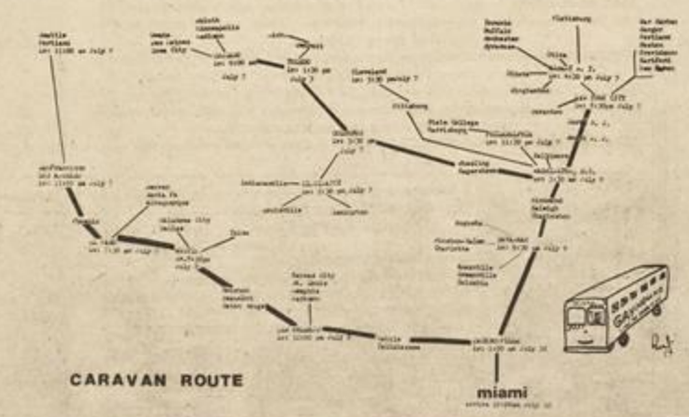
WE HAVE RECIEVED EXCELLENT COOPERATION FROM THE GREYHOUND PEOPLE, AND THEY WILL BE GLAD TO HELP YOU MAKE PLANS TO JOIN THE CARAVAN. HOWEVER, YOU MUST REMEMBER ONE THING: THE GREYHOUND PEOPLE ARE NOT GAY, AND THEY ARE USED TO DOING THINGS *ON TIME!!!* THE ONLY WAY WE CAN ARRIVE IN MIAMI AS A GROUP IS TO FOLLOW THIS SCHEDULE. THE BUSES WILL NOT WAIT.

TO PURCHASE TICKETS AND FOR MORE INFORMATION, CONTACT YOUR LOCAL GAY ORGANIZATIONS AND/OR THE TRAVEL SERVICE BUREAU IN YOUR LOCAL GREYHOUND STATION.

DEPARTURE POINT	TIME	GREYHOUND CONTACT
Chicago	July 7 9:00am	J.T. SHIRO (312) 346-6540
Los Angeles	July 7 11:00am	J.C. PARSONS (213) 627-7181
Toledo	July 7 1:30pm	N.J.MULLIGAN (419) 248-4631
Cincinnati	July 7 2:30pm	D. YATTEAU (513) 621-6362
Albany	July 7 4:30pm	W.J. KAYSER (518) 434-8095
Columbus	July 7 5:30pm	J.W. GANSLEY (614) 221-2388
New York	July 7 8:30pm	R.M. LANGAN (212) 594-0400
Philadelphia	July 7 11:30pm	B.A. McCARTER (215) 568-0633
Washington	July 8 3:30am	G.C. BROWN (202) 638-1512
Austin	July 8 8:30pm	B.J. PINCKARD (512) 376-7451
Savannah	July 9 9:30pm	T. CONTRADO (912) 233-1514
New Orleans	July 9 12:00 pm	R.L. O'BANNON (504) 524-1261
Jacksonville	July 10 1:00am	C.A. MITHEMM (904) 356-5521
Miami Beach	July 10 10:00am	O.E. PHODEN (305) 373-0711

Remember, this is the first coordinated national Gay action ever to take place, and its success depends on your support. Washington volunteers are working on transportation and other regional projects, while Miami volunteers are handling the Miami situation. Any questions you may have, information you can give, or help you can offer will help build the action even more. Please keep in touch with us.

THE NATIONAL COALITION OF GAY ORGANIZATIONS
Box 2554
Washington, D.C. 22213



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