Gay

50¢

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Photo by Eric Stephen Jacobs

Activists chain themselves to McGovern Headquarters telephones.

Activists Invade McGovern Hqtrs.

BY JOHN P. LeROY

New York, N.Y.— At about 11 a.m., Monday, August 21, a delegation of 25 or 30 members of the New York Gay Activists Alliance paid an unexpected visit to the McGovern for President headquarters at 605 Fifth Avenue in order to protest the Democratic Party's presidential nominee's apparent disavowal of his previous stand in support of gay rights. They spilled out onto the fourth, fifth and sixth floors, brought all campaign operations to a grinding halt, seized the switchboards, blocked all incoming and outgoing calls, and staged a good-natured sit-in. They took over former Mayor Wagner's office. Wagner was in Syracuse. Many of the volunteer McGovern workers chatted with the gays, or went about their business as best they could, but with all communications severely curtailed, and in a general atmosphere of confusion, very little work was accomplished.

Three GAA members, Martin Clabby, Bruce Voeller and Jimmy Green, chained themselves to the phones at the main switchboards, told all incoming callers that the place was under the control of the gay liberationists, and hung up. A demonstration was formed outside McGovern Headquarters, leaflets were passed out, and singing and chanting for gay rights took place extemporaneously while reporters and TV cameramen from all major newspapers and networks took it all in. A minor scuffle broke out as the gays inside tried to seize the switchboard and presented the McGovern people with their demands. Bruce Voeller got knocked down, but as he lay there, the bright lights of the GAA videotape crew (GAA videotapes all major zaps and demonstrations in order to deter brutality through eyewitness evidence and to keep a historical record) beamed down on him. Someone shouted "Let him go," and Voeller proceeded to chain himself to the phone.

An anonymous call for the police went out, and several patrolmen arrived shortly thereafter, ready to make mass arrests. Ethan Geto, a witness at the Michael Maye trial who is now on a leave of absence as press secretary to Bronx Borough President Abrams in order to handle the public relations for New York's McGovern campaign, asked the police to leave, and discussed gay rights with the activists. It is Geto's position that no violence or brutality take place, for it is contrary to the McGovern style. He and his aides could only use a few private lines that did not go through the central switchboard. They were cornered into a few small offices while the gays sang, ate and rapped.

According to GAA, the reason why they were occupying McGovern's New York Headquarters was to induce the Senator to publicly repudiate a speech made by Kathy Wilch at the Democratic National Convention, which was a vitriolic attack on gay rights in general, and homosexuality in particular, whose purpose it was to get the proposed gay rights plank stricken from the Democratic National Platform. The speech was carried over national television at about 5 a.m. Eastern Daylight Time. The convention proceeded to vote down the proposal as it had done on abortion reform and other controversial issues.

On February 12, during the primaries, McGovern had issued to various gay or-

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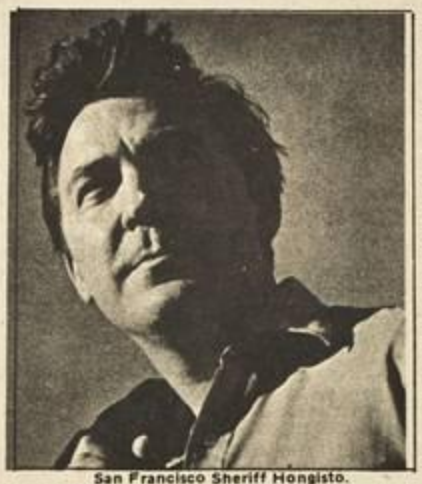
Photo by Eric Stephen Jacobs

Activists picket McGovern Headquarters.

Bar Ass'n Skirts Gay Resolution



San Francisco Sheriff Hongisto.

San Francisco, August 16. The American Bar Association decided to send to committee rather than approve a resolution urging repeal of the nation's antiquated sex laws pertaining to private conduct of consenting adults.

The vote at the A.B.A.'s annual convention held here this year was 143 for referring the resolution to its section on criminal law while 82 members wanted it approved. William J. Thom of New York City, who introduced the resolution on behalf of Gay Activists Alliance, told the chair that "you cannot shut off debate that way."

Invoking parliamentary procedure, a member from Illinois arose to say that it was "improper to refer" the proposal to committee. "The matter is so disposed of," declared President-elected Robert W. Meserve. The Illinois delegate then added that "the effect of a sub-motion is to amend the main motion which would make the main motion still before the floor for discussion and further amendment. He asked that *Robert's Rules of Order* be read. "No," shouted the angry Meserve. "I'm going to conduct the meeting."

The main motion (the resolution) reads:

"Resolved, that the legislators of the several states are urged to repeal all laws which classify as criminal conduct any form of sexual conduct between consent-

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"Sex Prohibitions Unconstitutional" Says Law Professor

San Francisco. An expert on sex law reform is optimistic that the prohibitions on oral copulation, anal intercourse and other sex acts can be challenged on Constitutional grounds.

Walter E. Barnett, professor of law at the University of New Mexico, called the sexual prohibition statutes in 45 states an "absurd patchwork which result in one conviction for every six million acts." He addressed the Gay Law Students Association which is also meeting in San Francisco in conjunction with the annual American Bar Association convention. (See separate story.)

Barnett contributed to the gay liberation movement by preparing a legal brief for the North American Conference of Homophile Organizations Legal Commit-

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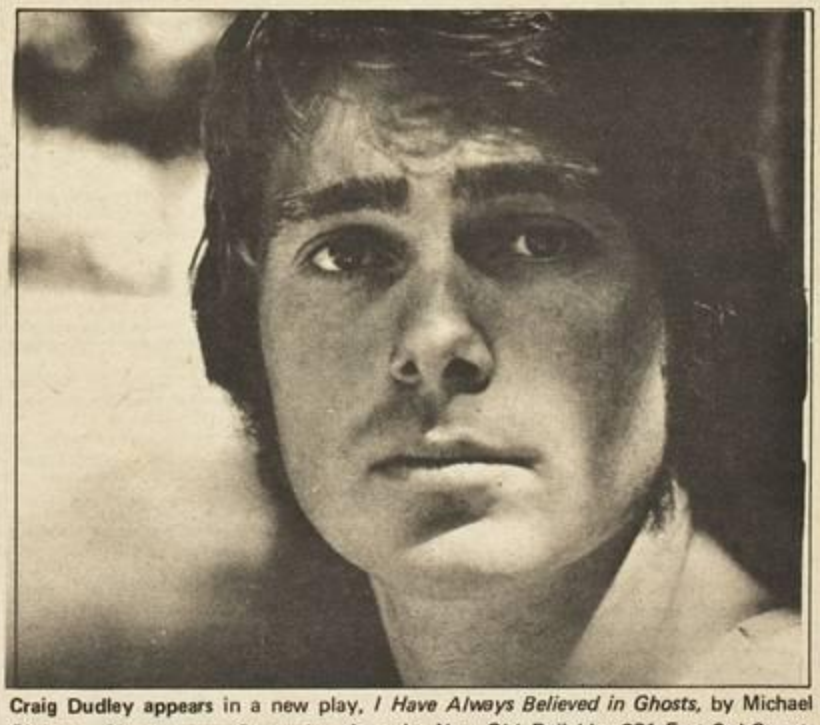


Craig Dudley appears in a new play, *I Have Always Believed in Ghosts,* by Michael Gibbens. *Ghosts* opens September 4 at the New Old Reliable, 231 East 3rd Street, Manhattan, and runs through September 27. Directed by Bob Bogdanoff, the production advertises itself as "the first play produced in NYC that has gay characters integrated in a story which does not deal with homosexuality." Curtain: Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays 7:30 p.m. Call 541-8827 for reservations.

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

Because many of your letters have asked how I rate the bars in this column, I shall attempt to tell you. I try to be objective, but let's face it, we are all human and have our own favorites. I realize that what turns me off or on may not do the same for somebody else. If I find a bar pulling any kind of rip-off, I'll let you know immediately. Otherwise, I'll attempt to give you as complete a listing as I possibly can.

WEST VILLAGE

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). New management has ruined this place. (My opinion.) Chuck is still hanging in but I don't know how much longer he'll be able to. I guess some GM.

Cave, Bank and Washington Sts. Sexy David is on days, Ken and Jeff will take care of you nights. Beautiful Kevin is manager. GM.

Denny's, 139 Christopher St. (929-9321). Gaining an imminence FAST. Getting a very together crowd of guys and dolls. Try it. GM, GF

Denny's in the Hideaway Motel, 500 W. 14th St. (989-2649). Lefty and Kevin are here to ensure your good time. Lucille is on during the day. GM, GF

Denny's Sheridan Square, 170 7th Ave. So. Young heads and dancing. Buddy the Body is on days, Marvin and Peter, nights. Jody will make sure that you enjoy, GM.

Delaney's, 72 Grove St. (AI 5-7905). Drinks by Joey J. and piano by Murray Grant. Fine food. Int.

Fédora's, 239 W. 4th St. (CH 2-9691). Jack and Larry on the floor to serve you. And Fédora 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). J.L. has taken over this disco. He's got Sy, June and Jiggs thrown in on weekends. GM

Goldbug, 83 W. 3rd St. (677-9874). Dancing to great sound. Shows during the week. Younger crowd. GM

Howie's Hideaway, 183 W. 10th St. Howie is in there pitching. I think that between him and Dottie they'll have a going place. GM

Horn 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.

Inn, 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

Kellers, 284 West St. Granddad of the leather bars. Keeping up with the times. Pool and some humpy prospects. 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 ZsaZsa. GF

Marie's Crisis, 59 Grove St. (243-9323). A lot of fun. John Michel at the helm. Bobby Splain for cocktails and Micky during the night. 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). One of my favorites for lunch with Frank. My favorite, Bill, and Peter take over at night. Food is reasonably priced and quite good. 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). The IN bar in the Village. Jammed any night of the week. Go and have a good time. GM

Sammy's Folly, East 15th St. near 5th Ave. (675-8740). Nice big piano bar. Leah is your hostess and (hopefully, still) beautiful Bobby Conroy is on the bar. GM.

Spike, 120 11th Ave. (20th St.). Humpy Chelsea studs come from the Eagle and relax here. GM

Tor, 21 Greenwich Ave. (255-1337). Snack shop, cruisy afternoons; find out what is happening all over the Village. GM/Int.

Turnover, 105 W. 13th St. I haven't been here. It's a dance palace and has the incredible Stella behind the bar. I suppose GM.

West Beach, Christopher St. If you are like me and like saloons once in a while, this is it. Wild assortment of people. Int

EAST VILLAGE, WASHINGTON AND UNION SQUARES

Club Baths, 24 1st Ave. (673-3283). Mr. Clean must work here. Dynamite people in an opulent setting. You'll find someone here. Confidential VD tests Thursdays, 5-9 p.m. Half price for students. 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

GRAMERCY & MURRAY HILL

Beau Geste, 239 3rd Ave. (475-9724). Very good food, reasonably priced, served by some of the best looking waiters in the city. Romantic atmosphere. Cruisy bar. Say hello to Thom and Jack nights, and Chuck and Gene days. GM

Leo's Lion, 57 Lexington Ave. (686-9608). Nice, friendly atmosphere. Your host is David. Go and have a good time. GM

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. Leather and western bar. Very popular. "Buffalo" Bill is there and, on weekends, sexy Roy. 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 11th floor and groove. Afternoons are a gas and very busy. Free V.D. test 2nd Wed. of the month – 4p.m.-8p.m. GM

Candy Store, 44 W. 56th St. (581-4664). Dancing on one floor, piano bar on the top floor. Have a cocktail with the beautiful Don. GM

Charlie's Also, 1154 1st Ave. (355-8663). Brand new and, I feel, it's a comer. Pussy is at the helm with my favorite, Joey, and astrologer Bobby Blake behind the bar.

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, Ellis, 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). Zany Sebastian is your host. Bill provides the excellent food. John Weston will whet your appetites. GM

Singles, 951 1st Ave. (486-9832). Johnny Vincent will make sure that you enjoy yourself and Bobby Lazotta will tend to your libations. GM

Sundowners, 309 E. 60th St. (832-9094). Mike Murphy heads this place. He's got Kathy and Bill Irwin on the bar and dynamic Jory Cord entertains Mon., Tues., Wed. Groove on the garden. GM

Troubadour, 1078 1st Ave. (755-1955). Very friendly neighborhood bar. Your host is Ken Winters. Cruisy and dancing. GM

Victor's Quarter, 974 2nd Ave. (355-9453). Neighborhood bar with some Midnight Cowboys.

Yukon 140 E. 53rd St. (421-8122). Roy has given it a new image. Young and vital. Dancing. GM

DANCE BELT & HELL'S KITCHEN

Better Days, W. 48th St. Flan is on weekends. I don't know who they're replacing Mel with, or why. GM

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 A.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, 586 9th Ave. (563-8212). Some cowboys and lots of TV's. Would you believe GM(?)

Tijuana Cat, 350 W. 46th St. Incredible Dawn Hampton is vocalizing on the weekends. Catch your breath before gazing on barkeep Bo. Wow. GM, GF

UPPER EAST SIDE

Alibi, 1546 2nd Ave. (249-7026). My favorite Ms., Gwen Saunders, will be sure that you have a ball. Monday night is "nostalgia night." Wednesday they have an act called Potpourrie. It's dancing and a gas. GM, GF

Country Cousin, 1313 3rd Ave. (879-6614). Drop in during the day and say hello to Mother Rice. Crowded dinner hour. Billy and Harry are on the bar. Your hosts: Ralph and Lou. GM, some GF

Fiddle Stix, 1487 1st Ave. (77th & 78th). Opens at 9pm. Dancing. Beautiful Joey is 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

Jack & Blue at Three, 314 E. 72nd St. (734-9303). New management has brought humpy Dennis back to take care of the bar. Dining in the rear, cruising in the front. 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). Mickey and Tony Black will tend to your needs. Very cruisy crowd. Dancing. 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

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

Piccadilly Pub, 324 Amsterdam Ave. (bet. 74th & 75th, 874-8632). Good cruising and friendly people. Nathan and David, along with Jim, will see that you have a good time. GM.

Westsider, 2160 Broadway at 76th St. (874-8013). Popular bar with humpy help. Wed is Bryan Murphy's show, Thursday is Gypsie. Enjoy. 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 Brooklyn Heights, 108 Montague St. (625-8844). Two floors of fun and frolic presided over by Paul. Sal is your daytime host behind the bar with "dizzy" Duke and Bruce taking over at night. GM.

Man's Country, 53 Pierpont, Brooklyn Neights (624-1362). Masculine atmosphere for masculine GMs. A bath in Brooklyn complete with gym and an enormous pool. I think you'll like this one. GM

Piano Bar, 103 Montague St. Just found this one. Kitty Kelly is M.C. during the day and Mike takes over at night. GM.

QUEENS

Betsy Ross Room, 73-13 37th Road, Jackson Heights (429-8605). Pleasant, friendly people. Sean Sullivan, along with Ed and Jim, will see that you have sufficient liquid, nourishment. GM/some GF.

Sombrero, 253-32 Northern Blvd. Owned by the people who had Zero's. Haven't been here yet but it sounds nice if you're in the neighborhood. 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.

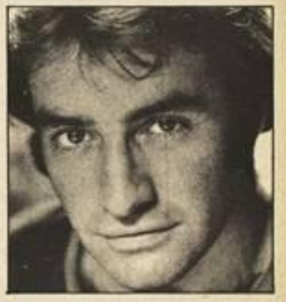
WASHINGTONVILLE, N.Y.

Mister G's, Round Hill Resort, Rt. 208 Washingtonville, (914: 496-9845). Billed as an all-gay resort with 25 acres to frolic and swimming pool that gets its share of "skinny dipping." It sounds too good to be true. I'll let you know more. 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

FRIGHTENING STORY OF THE YEAR AWARD: The poor waiter who was stabbed and mugged. He developed pneumonia. His lover was told that he had to be moved to a private room with 'round the clock nursing. Before this could be done, they would need $800 up front. (A sorry state of affairs, that you need money in order to stay alive in a city hospital.) The boy and his lover work in the same bar. The lover went to the boss to ask for the loan and suggested that it could be taken out of his salary. The boss, who lives on Park Ave., has a chauffer-driven Rolls, and, worst of all, is gay, offered the panic-stricken lover $10!!!! Thanks to co-workers, customers and friends, the necessary money was gotten together and the boy has recovered. Neither boy had medical insurance. I wonder how many bar people do. A few months ago I suggested in this column that a BAR PEOPLE'S ASSOCIATION be formed. For God's sake, if for no other reason but medical insurance, why the hell don't you? Or do you all think that it couldn't happen to you? It could happen to any of us. As was so ably demonstrated, most bosses don't give a good God damn about us. We must start taking care of ourselves. GET SOME SMARTS GOING AND ORGANIZE!!!!

HUMAN OR GAY, WHICH COMES FIRST? It has long been my contention that I am a human male of gay orientation. My brother, John Francis Hunter, claims that I am first gay, especially in the eyes of the law. A good point taken. I have been following with horror the exploits of Sylvia Rivera, Cora Perotta, Morty Manford, etc. It would seem that John Francis is indeed right. However I am still not convinced. The laws are man-

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The Editors Speak



THE BANDITS

As GAY goes to press the news of a Brooklyn bank holdup (August 22, 1972) has spread throughout the nation. For the first time, newspapers used the word "gay" in their headlines. *The New York Post*'s headline (August 24) said: "3rd Man Gives Up in Gay Bank Job." *The Washington Post* carried a similar headline. The New York *Daily News,* not unexpectedly, simply said "Weird, Man, Weird" for the perusal of its four million readership. Press coverage was out of proportion to the importance of the robbery simply because of its "gay" angle.

Three young men—all of them confused, foolish and conventional—planned and executed a masochistic jamboree which led, finally, to the death of one of them: a teenager, Salvatore Natuarale. The remaining two men who were captured were Robert Arthur Westenberg, a 21-year-old unemployed *elementary school dropout,* and John Wojtowicz, 27, a one-time bank teller who is said to have impressed 18-year-old Natuarale by boasting of a former bank job he had pulled. The two young men had met three weeks previously at Danny's Dancing Bar (140 7th Ave. South, Manhattan). Wojtowicz, according to a friend, invited Natuarale to move into his apartment in Greenwich Village. Ostensibly, their plan had started as a "joke" and as it grew, had no other motivation, it seemed, than money. But when the robbery was in progress, and the bandits had taken nine hostages, threatening others with injury and death, Wojtowicz suddenly revealed another side to his motivations by demanding the release of his male "wife," Ernest Aron, 26, a patient in a psychiatric ward at King's County Hospital.

Wojtowicz's high regard for convention came through clearly when he revealed what he intended to do with his money: he would send his male "wife" to Scandinavia for a sex-change operation. He had "married" Ernest at the "What's In A Name" Cafe last December 14th, and his male "bride" was dressed in a white wedding gown. It was all quite "proper."

Ironically, Wojtowicz and Westenberg may very well have a difficult time getting a fair trial, particularly since it is known to jurors that they may be homosexually inclined. What the jurors will not realize, however, is that Wojtowicz has wanted desperately to be just a "regular" guy—to fit into a prescribed cultural mold. New York's GAA will watch carefully, and attempt to ensure that justice is done.

Deni Cavello, a sometime spokesperson for gay rights, stressed, according to the *New York Post,* that Wojtowicz is a *political prisoner.* Bullshit. If he committed the crime, which seems fairly certain, since TV coverage followed him for long periods as he emerged from the bank, he is a bandit who deserves our pity, but not our glorification.

Let's not forget that Wojtowicz's partner, a confused teenager, is now dead—fired on by an FBI agent point-blank.

THE McGOVERN ZAP

GAA's zap of Senator George McGovern's headquarters here was ill-conceived, we think. It seems they're going after the wrong man. Doesn't anybody want to get rid of Richard Nixon any more? (See Pen Points—Letter no. 1—in this issue).

ASK YOUR BOOKSTORE TO ORDER IT

We've had lots of telephone requests—most of them from outside of New York—asking how to get a copy of our recently published book, I HAVE MORE FUN WITH YOU THAN ANYBODY. Other authors have complained that bookstores and book salesmen are squeamish about selling gay books. If you can afford to wait, ask your local bookstore to *carry* the gay book you want. This will help to bring gay lib into the bookselling business.

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Barbara Walters Comes Out!

Photos by Eric Stephen Jacobs



Smile, Barbara, SMILE! Homosexuality is only as serious as you make it.

BY THANE HAMPTEN

Thursday morning, August 17, 1972, 9:30 a.m. NBC, Rockefeller Center, 3rd floor, etc. I follow the arrows, dodging beefy characters lugging pieces of sets used on the Today show. Enter a corridor and know I'm in the right place when I see Randy Wicker, Rich Wandel, Vicki Richman and other familiar faces. We bring each other up to date. I wave to Merle Miller and he comes over to explain why he hasn't had a chance to call me lately.

After a few minutes of rigidly enforced confusion and delay, we're ushered into the studio. Lots of tables covered with blue cloth. Ashtrays, pens, note pads with the show's logo on top. I take a seat next to Bob Milne of Mattachine. We're soon joined by four matronly ladies; Westchester and Scarsdale written all over them. I know the type well. Too much leisure time; kids grown and flown from the nest; husbands not home until 7:15; silence and boredom and thank God for the telephone. They've seen every matinee in town twice and *Fiddler* eighteen times. Came to NBC out of desperation—and to see some freaks in the flesh. Why the hell did we get them at *our* table?

An assistant director stands before us, begging for quiet. She toys nervously with the inevitable clipboard and yellow pencil. Brightly: "Good morning! Welcome to Barbara Walters' *Not For Women Only*. As you may know, we tape today for an entire week's programing, so you'll be here until about 2:30. We'll have five-minute breaks between each segment, and lunch after the third one. Please don't ask to make any statements. Most of you are supporters of the Gay Liberation movement, but we'll only have time for really pertinent *questions*. Please watch for the flashing "applause" sign at the beginning and end of each program. Thank you."

Barbara Walters appears, introduces herself and comments that the program will be aired sometime in October. They don't know exactly when but will let us know. (How?) She tries to smile but apparently has little more talent for jolly facial expression than her videoassociate, David Brinkley. And she . . . *never laughs*. I don't trust her.

She goes to the moderator's cockpit, gives last-minute instructions to the panel, then waits (with ever such Professional Composure) for the countdown. One of the matrons leans to me. "Do lesbians call themselves 'gay' too? Or is that word just for the boys?!" Oh, dear. Was "the boys" in quotes or capitalized? I'm afraid Bob and I are in for a rough time of it. I give a cursory nod and try to concentrate on Miss Walters' opening statement.

". . . because of the great interest in all forms of liberation today. And none has been more *controversial* than Gay Liberation. This entire week we will be exploring the many areas of gay liberation, and of homosexuality in general. And now I'd like to introduce today's panel.

"First, Merle Miller, author of *On Being Different: What It Means to Be a Homosexual*. Mr. Miller has written many other books including the best-seller, *Only You, Dick Daring*, and is currently working on *Marshalltown, Iowa*, which is about a return to his hometown."

She then introduces Arno Karlen, author of *Sexuality and Homosexuality—A New View*; Barbara Love, co-author with Sidney Abbott of *Sappho Was a Right-On Woman*; Arthur Bell, author of *Dancing the Gay Lib Blues*, *Village Voice* columnist and one of the founders of Gay Activists Alliance; Melvin Wulf, lawyer for the American Civil Liberties Union.

Okay, now we can get down to business. Walters turns to Miller. Referring to his work-in-progress on Marshalltown, and with the slightest flicker of an icily detached smile, she asks if one *can* "go home again"—after making such revelations about one's sexuality.

Miller: "Well, my mother still refers to the original piece in *The New York Times* as '*that* article,' and I was disinherited . . . for a while. But I actually found them kinder and more loving now than ever before. My hometown is similar to so very many in The Heartland. The only Gay Lib is at the university. I met a young man there who was too ashamed to check *On Being Different* out of the library, so he temporarily 'stole' it. His mother found him reading *Only You, Dick Daring*, which has *nothing* to do with homosexuality, but she made him stop reading it. She was afraid something awful just *might* rub off on her boy."

Everyone laughs . . . except Walters. She asks how he feels about the Gay Liberation movement itself. Miller raises his head proudly, almost defiantly. "I'm *very much* into Gay Lib! As to my original reasons for publicly coming out of the closet, I was forced to say to myself, 'If not me, *who*? If not now, *when*?' "

Applause. Arthur Bell volunteers that Gay Lib is a search for self-identity. Barbara Love agrees. "You have to announce that you're gay for self-respect. Lying is a form of mental illness!"

There are questions from the audience. Michael Maye and the lack of justice in New York. Melvin Wulf draws on his scholarly pipe and says that the law is less to blame than the general atmosphere of prejudice. But he agrees that laws must be changed, and there have been some progressive developments—as in Washington, D.C.

Walters asks what laws homosexuals want changed. There is a mild groaning and shuffling in the audience. (At intermission, Walters reminds us that the *very* familiar material and views being presented is not at all familiar to the many communities that receive her syndicated program. She asks for our patience.) Arno Karlen discusses "moral turpitude clauses" in teachers' contracts, and agrees with Wulf that it is more important to change attitudes than laws.

Walters seems to be uncomfortable with the word "gay" and rarely uses it. Perhaps it is too intimate for her? She asks if the term *Gay* Liberation doesn't leave us open to ridicule. (As we've always been open to ridicule, on every level, it never occurred to *me* to question its use in this connection. The word *Gay* is a symbol of great significance for us.) Miller, simply and flatly: "We have a right to use *whatever term we wish*." End of subject. End of first program.

Our suburban companions have been scribbling wildly on their note pads. They have a flood of questions, for the panel, for Bob and me. They push the sheets of paper eagerly across to us and are obviously enjoying themselves. At no time do they seem self-conscious. Indeed, they seem astonishingly willing to enter into the spirit of things. We glance at their questions. Very logical and sensible



Merle Miller, author of "On Being Different."

Photos by Eric Stephen Jacobs



Barbara Love, co-author of "Sappho Was a Right-On Woman."



Arthur Bell, author of "Dancing the Gay Lib Blues."

thoughts. I'm beginning to re-evaluate the ladies. Bob gives them a capsule history of homosexuality from 571 B.C. to the present. Their eyes are *wide*.

The studio is once again flooded with light and Walters appears in a Tasteful Knit. She looks archly into the camera. "The Gay Liberation movement may be made up of less than one percent of the total homosexual population, but they're making *a lot of noise*." Bell smiles proudly and nods.

Karlen and Wolf carry on a dialogue about the necessity of testing the ridiculous sodomy laws in court. Wulf sends the current Supreme Court directly to hell—and I get my first satisfying thrill of the day. Ms. Love explains the "gallantly defeated" platforms at the Democratic convention.

Walters is still concerned about the damaging effect of "labels." Bell and Love insist that we hate labels and are working for the day when they're unnecessary, but that day hasn't yet come. Arthur: "We have a saying, 'Better blatant than latent.' All causes are militant at the beginning, then simmer down. At this point, it's essential for *me* to *advertise*." The woman next to me stiffens.

The origins of homosexuality within the individual are discussed. I open my *Times* to the editorial page and see what Russell Baker is up to. Milne doodles aimlessly on his note pad. I hear Bell saying, "I love my parents *for* making me a homosexual!" Barbara Love makes a face and shakes her head. "A good family is simply one that allows you to grow up as *yourself*—whatever that may be. That's where love should come in."

Another taping session ends. Walters promises the television audience-at-large that there will be more about "cause and cure" on Wednesday. Break. Plump Adele turns to me, urgently. "But why *advertise*? Look, I'm Jewish. I've been in lots of places where I sense Christian hostility, but I don't start yelling, 'I'm a Jew! Accept me!' " I remind her that she isn't *compelled* to hide it. Anyway, sexual and religious prejudice aren't really analogous.

The third session is about to start. I'm getting hungry. I notice that Dr. Albert Ellis has replaced Wulf on the panel. My appetite is somewhat diminished. Milne turns to me with a mischievous grin. "Do you realize that Ellis looks *exactly* like Woody Allen?"

"Hell, Bob, I thought everybody knew Woody Allen *is* Albert Ellis. That's why Allen gave David Reuben such a royal screwing in his new movie. Ax the competition."

Walters opens this program standing at one of the tables. She makes a point, in introducing Ellis, of mentioning his belief in the value of *curing* homosexuals. She suggests that Bell might disagree with the good doctor's philosophy. Arthur gives Ellis one of the most deliciously indulgent and patronizing smiles I have ever seen. Arthur: "The very word 'cure' . . . sends *chills* . . . up . . . my . . . spine." Cheers from the floor. Walters glares at the offending clique.

Ellis protests blusteringly to various attacks. "You seem to forget that there are *many* homosexuals who want desperately to change." (And for all the wrong reasons, I muse.) "What I'm against is the *rigid, fixed, compulsive* type of homosexual." Love voices equal concern and irritation at the rigid, fixed, compulsive heterosexual.

Miller shames Ellis for sticking to outmoded and unshakable definitions, then accuses him of believing in the concept and power of *machismo*. Ellis issues denial. Karlen deplores the great amount of opinions in psychiatry with so few hard facts behind them. Someone in the audience asks what approach gays should take with parents. Love answers that "we are trying to educate our parents to not feel *guilty* about our homosexuality." And she laments Ellis' presence instead of George Weinberg. More arguments and a tentative truce.

Musical theme up and out. Lunch is served and I get my chance to find out if Carson is right about the NBC commissary. He's right, but I'm too hungry to care. And the pickles are great. Our ladies have a hundred more questions and comments. Rae offers me her chocolate pudding and decides that her cousin's daughter is a lesbian. Sylvia wonders breathlessly if any of her girl friends are secretly gay. I tell her that I'm sure there must be one or two. I can see her mentally rummaging through the spectrum of familiar faces. ("Which one? *Which one?!*") Tomorrow's meeting of the Mah-Jongg Club may have some curious aspects. I should have kept my big mouth shut.

The fourth taping is still Get-Ellis-Time. Love accuses him of representing "oppressive psychiatry" and brings out the standard gay view that such doctors are acquainted only with disturbed homosexuals and should stop making those abominably generalized statements about us. (I still think it's a case of the blind men and the elephant . . .) Ellis accuses Love of bigotry and claims that gay militants are "fighting intolerance with intolerance." Love continues to interrupt and Walters' temper flares. (This all too human emotional display will no doubt be eliminated from the finished tape.) Bell goes to sleep. I turn to the movie section of the paper. The fourth segment ends.

Everybody seems to be getting up now to stretch their backs and legs. Enjoyable experience but I wouldn't want to go through it every day. Our companions present us with this hour's notations. Bob and I grade and return their papers. They want to know the meaning of "cruising," "proselytize," "tearooom," and most parents just want to see their kids happy and Jews are more tolerant of gays than you might think because one minority shouldn't make fun of another one but you can't blame mothers for wanting grandchildren, can you? No.

The final program begins with a new discussion of politics. Love reminds (warns) the public of the large gay voting bloc that is now beginning to assert itself. Heterophobic fear of gays is brought into the conversation. Bell: "The fear is *ignorance*. The media *must* help erase this fear." (Right on.) Miller thinks one of the greatest hetero-fears is of gay teachers. He lists several reasons why this is completely ridiculous and should be overcome—including the fact that there are entirely too many gays to purge from the school systems. That loss of thousands of instructors, you know. "Why, there are more gays in teaching than in any other group except maybe the United States Army and the New York Ballet." (Much laughter and applause. If it weren't for Miller and Bell injecting the program with their keen humor, these proceedings would be overcast with a most deathly pallor. God knows, Walters doesn't add any sparkle.)

Karlen announces pessimistically that there will always be a degree of social prejudice against homosexuality, Ellis tries to shove in a quick defense of psychiatrists and is ignored. I feel a bit sorry for him. I did enjoy one of his Playboy popularizations. (He says nothing more during the balance of the program and exits immediately at the end. Everyone else remains to chat and exchange further views.) Miller insists that gay liberation will do a great deal for heterosexual liberation. Gays are not working selfishly just for themselves. Bell agrees and invites Walters to share the "warmth, love and fun" to be found at GAA Firehouse on Friday and Saturday nights. Walters accepts! A historic television first! (Maybe she'll M.C. one of the cabaret shows?)

One of her associates holds up a sign with the numeral "5" on it. She quickly begins her summary. Gays do not want to seduce or corrupt. They do want an end to all role-playing, an end to senseless and vicious prejudice, an end to ignorance and apathy. They want the opportunity to function as human beings. They want the freedom to find, give and experience *love*.

The day's taping is ended. Walters thanks the panel and they in turn thank her for the "necessary exposure." Our ladies applaud with great enthusiasm. I'm worried that they've become over-converted. They shake our hands and tell us it's been a "real treat" and they've "learned so much that's valuable." I tell them I've learned a few things myself. (True. Not from the program, but directly from The Girls. At no time did I feel the slightest hint of hostility or hypocrisy. This could have been a neighborly quilting bee.) Adele insists I take that nice roast beef sandwich home with me. A shame to waste it. Okay.

I promise Bob that I'll drop by Mattachine one of these nights. Then I go to congratulate my friends on the panel. Good show, everybody. Hope it helps. Well, who knows? The programs *are* seen across the nation. Got to reach *some* people. Still lots of resistance though. But at least Willard and Maude Oglesby can see we don't have horns, huh? And—there are four nice suburban ladies who won't let their husbands or friends make cracks about "fags" any more. Little by little . . .

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The Queen and I?

A Drink on Bugie Street



A gay bar in southeastern Asia.



The Bugie Street boogie.



A lady (of/by?) choice.

BY STANLEY SEYMOUR

My business affairs have taken me to Singapore a number of times in recent years, usually for brief visits of four or five days. "Business" in this case means calling on local executives by appointments made weeks in advance, before my departure from New York. Since my clients are Chinese and since the Chinese are lavish with their hospitality, I usually have more invitations for lunches and dinners than time permits.

Despite my tight schedule, I manage to save one evening for some non-business friends who are reporters on one of the major Singapore newspapers. My friends are Indians, the smallest of the three ethnic groups in this small city-state: the vast majority are Chinese who have been there for generations, and then there are the Malays who form a significant minority. There is also a large British colony—many businessmen and a large military establishment which is currently being withdrawn as England slowly comes to the realization that it is no longer a World Power.

On each visit, my friends urged me to join them for a look-see at Bugie Street and made it clear that not only was it the vice center of Singapore, but of a sort not to be seen anywhere else in the world. Since my friends are both straight and reticent, it was not clear what the attraction was all about except that the highlight was an open-air fashion show put on by a bevy of dazzling young hookers. Since Bugie Street does not come alive until after midnight, and since I'm not a connoisseur of ladies' fashions, I insisted that I couldn't afford the time and energy if I was to be fresh and competent for my morning appointments.

On my last visit, I gave in to their urgings and my own curiosity and planned a schedule with a free morning so I could sleep off the night before. We had a late dinner at an excellent Indian restaurant and settled in at a Cafe on Bugie Street in time for the post-midnight show. My friends assured me that while we were on dangerous turf, we were completely safe in this particular Cafe because they knew the manager and he would watch out for us. (It made me think of the old days when black friends would take me to Small's Paradise in Harlem explaining that Whitey was as well protected within those doors as he'd be at the Waldorf.)

Bugie Street is a wide avenue, comparable to Fifth Avenue in width, running about the equivalent of five city blocks in length. It is lined with Chinese-owned restaurants and bars arranged like Paris cafes with most of the tables outside. There is no vehicular traffic and in the middle of the road are food stands selling Chinese and Malayan delicacies. There are swarms of beggars, shoe shine boys, pimps and whores. Above most of the restaurants are impromptu opium dens which emit a sweet smell that mixes well with the varied food odors and passing perfumes.

Since Singapore is not yet a major tourist city, the clientele are mostly residents and most of these, British servicemen who arrive in large drunken groups and consume huge amounts of the excellent local beer.

And then came les girls. About twenty or thirty of them strung out in a loose formation wearing copies of the latest French and American fashions. They were all petite Malays who have small bones, light brown velvet skins and huge luminous black eyes. Like chorus girls on a runway, they stopped at tables to be photographed, to sip a soldier's beer, to kiss a bald man on his pate. The fashion show was in three or four installments: after the first turn, the girls disappeared and returned after fifteen minutes in different costumes with different hair pieces and new jewelry. In the final parade they all wore elaborate evening dresses and I looked at one relatively tall specimen who had been giving our table special attention, and remarked to my friends that she had rather broad shoulders for a Malay.

Much hilarity. Of course these beauties were "genital males" (an expression I've read somewhere) and the joke was on me. The whole point of the excursion was to see how long it would take me to figure it out.

After the dawn broke, my curiosity was really piqued. Although I didn't discuss the matter with my friends, it occurred to me that the fashion show was only a preliminary and that now these little morsels were going to get down to the real business at hand—hustling. And the prey had to be the young military types. But how does a soldier detach himself from a table of buddies, find the hooker of his choice, and wander off into the night. Not openly of course, since, drunk as he was, he knew he'd have to face his buddies in the morning.

The techniques were about as subtle as the back room at the Barn. Young John Bull would make eye contact with the lady of his choice and then stand up and announce in a masculine baritone that he'd had too fucking much to drink and was heading back to the base. Off he'd stagger into the darkness and the lady.

The mysterious East isn't so mysterious after all!

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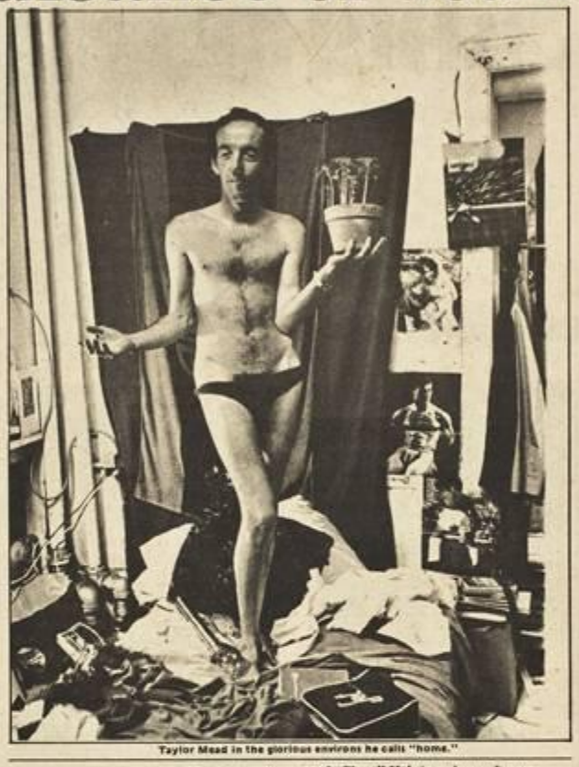


Taylor Mead in the glorious environs he calls "home."

BY VICKI RICHMAN

The Saturday night show at the Continental Baths seems almost an afterthought, a suddenly remembered chore to be endured in good spirits and disposed of uncomplainingly. It's a diversion from the real business of life—of the evening, that is—and everyone pitches in, from moving chairs to welcoming the star, to make fast work of the interruption, while Steve Ostrow's silvered head, a threatening beacon balanced on a shaky stilt, glimmers nervously above the huddled, sweaty throng, as he waits to lead the dignity of his official presence to the half-serious lovers.

And this evening the moment has come once again for the agile entrepreneur, like Zeus returning to Olympus after raping a peasant wench, to make his mythmaking ascent to the stage, but a squat gargoyle, who probably had been there all the time if only we could have seen him, manages somehow, clad only in a flaming orange minitowel, to be in the spotlight first. Laboriously, in deadpan, as if the effort of moving at all made the additional effort of showing pain or pleasure impossible, the figure tries to undulate his way across the stage in impotent mockery of every go-go dancer we have ever seen. His paunch nearly obliterates his minitowel, which itself does not quite reach the tip of his penis; his large irregular head seems too much for even the solid support underneath and it slumps either to one side or the other. The owner and brightest star of every show is left motionless, seemingly poised in midair between stage and floor, not knowing whether to chase the intruder away, to pretend he isn't there, or to wait until he has finished his still-unexplained parody of a meat-for-sale go-go boy. The crowd titters, obligingly at first, then tensely, and finally compulsively, as they remember every sex symbol they've already been bored by in these pleasure-doting seventies.

Taylor Mead is the fag joke even fags laugh at.

The biggest joke was that not one in a hundred knew whom they were laughing at. "That's Taylor Mead," one of the cognoscenti whispered to his friend, and I had to stare in disbelief. My God, so it was! I'd never seen Taylor undressed, but I doubt that I'd have known him, even fully clothed. He's the most unrecognizable celebrity ever filmed. It's not that he's commonplace in appearance; it's that his appearance seems to have been conceived in totally random fashion. He has a habit of vanishing and popping up when you'd least expect it.

Like breaking up a show at the tubs after you thought he'd split the New York scene for good. But he's not unknown for approaching the footlights from the opposite direction either. He's been featured in eighty films. The pornography is "people's movies," and the ones from the underground are "art films."

"One of my first movies was *Too Young, Too Immoral*, twelve or thirteen years ago. It ran for four months. That set a record on Times Square." Taylor's television screen follows the path of another Willie Mays homer while we talk. Superstars are expected to set records. "The people of 42nd Street really believed in the film. I've always wanted to make other movies for the people, but instead I've been mostly in art and avant-garde films." He's in a slump, I guess.

He's also abandoned the least common denominator of 42nd Street for the prime numbers of Off-Broadway. He worked with the man who was known as LeRoi Jones, and in 1963 walked away with an Obie for his portrayal of General MacArthur in a Frank O'Hara play. Theatre buffs and superstar groupies are still trying to figure that one out. Taylor Mead is not supposed to get awards. He's supposed to make loud noises and obscene remarks and finally be kicked out of places where other people get awards.

"What disrupt?" Taylor tosses back at me, unable or unwilling to understand my question. Then, as he becomes accustomed to my presumption, "Of course, when I don't like something . . . But I don't do it arbitrarily." Annoying people is an art, not a hobby.

"Like when the Cockettes were in New York, I just couldn't help getting up and yelling, 'Where's Jackie Curtis?' Here's this $1,000,000 worth of hype that had been given to the Cockettes, and Jackie has ten times the talent of whoever organized them. But she's playing in little theatres that seat only 45, while the Cockettes come to town with all this publicity in a theatre seating several thousand. It could end the theatre altogether—people just wouldn't go. It wasn't I who wrecked the Cockettes—it was the director, or whoever it was who put the show together. My getting up and yelling relieved a lot of people. Otherwise the audience might have gotten really ugly." Still, they don't give Obies for disruption.

Taylor Mead is barely comfortable today as the last member of the beat generation. When *The Village Voice* stopped running his stuff, he wrote the editor, "I knew the art Mafia was after me, but this is getting ridiculous." The truth is that he'd probably do the art world a greater service as an exhibit in the Museum of the City of New York than as Union Square's least noticed resident.

So he strikes a blow for sexual freedom by shimmying around in a towel, while the naked men making out in front of him look the other way. He'd like to read poetry in a basement cafe, although his audience is popping pills outside on MacDougal Street with the transistorized latest in sex and revolution blared into their ears. He wants us to laugh at him in lipstick and curls when teenyboppers swoon over Mick Jagger and Alice Cooper.

He's the rebel that the rebels are rebelling against. In the early sixties he contributed some of the best poetry to Ed Sanders's *Fuck You: A Magazine of the Arts* (long before Al Goldstein even tried to find a typesetter willing to print that word), and now watches his former editor's book on Charles Manson climb the best-selling charts. Taylor's three volumes of poetry are out of print. He's performed in coffee houses when Bob Dylan was hoping he wouldn't be thrown out for sneaking a second espresso after having sung for nothing. Dennis Hopper portrayed a stand-in to Taylor's Tarzan in Warhol's film *Tarzan and Naomi*. ("It was the first time Dennis really relaxed. In his earlier films I thought he was very stiff.") Had Taylor managed, in addition, to worm his way into the Fourteenth Street loft that the Living Theatre called home before it became acclaimed as the international symbol of revolutionary drama?

"Well, I've *interrupted* performances," he recalls tentatively, not so much in apology, as in recognition that they don't in fact give Obies for distinguished heckling.

"You can't interrupt the Living Theatre," Judith Malina, the troupe's co-founder, says in almost genuine incredulity when I tell her. "Taylor can't lose this outdated concept of stage vs. audience. When we perform, the spectators are as much a part of the play as are the actors."

Their theatrical and actual disruptions of law and order through the sixties have made New York culture what it is today, but Taylor sees the Becks only through the nonheroic eyes of a house guest too blase to be impressed by the genuine Oldenburg in the middle of the room. "I've known Julian and Judith very well for many years and think they're personally fabulous, and most of their plays are marvelous, but when they get into messages, it gets a bit sticky."

Poor Taylor. All his old beatnik friends have been able to squirm past the careless hippies into the seventies, leaving him a rebel, not without a cause, but without a rebellion. Even gay liberation looks on him as a relic. "Every time I get on a picket line, I get so bored, I can go around only once. I get claustrophobia or treadmill-itis or something."

In an earlier decade, it probably was a tonic for closet queens to see Taylor on the screen cavorting around in dresses and making love to only half-embarrassed straight men. But *Taylor Mead Sings and Dances*, which Paul Morrissey made before his collaboration with Warhol, would probably be booed out of the Firehouse today. They accept Taylor as fondly as a Black Panther remembers Stepin Fetchit.

But saying that he exploited gays for his own image is like saying that Chaplin exploited the poor when he did the Little Tramp. You'd be absolutely right. But you'd miss the point—and the fun. That is, you'd overshoot the level he was trying to bring you to.

"How could women take it that *seriously*?" Taylor asks about Warhol's *Women in Revolt* with the mock exasperation of a college professor patronizing his bored pupils. "Life isn't that serious. Women's Lib is great on male chauvinism and things like that—but leave the drag queens alone! So far women's lib hasn't been clever enough to come up with smashingly funny plays on male chauvinists, like Andy can do with a few drag queens having a meeting. In the first place, just being a drag queen takes ten times more nerve than being a liberated woman. I mean, Jackie, Holly, and Candy are so much further out in left field, they should be allowed to do whatever they want."

As people complain about the token fag in the straight underground, you can remember only that it takes ten times more nerve to be Taylor Mead than to write an angry letter to your congressman. Vincent Canby wrote, "Every breath Taylor Mead takes is an insult to vested interests." And Taylor Mead was Taylor Mead when Merle Miller was still trying to keep the ACLU from defending homosexuals arrested in johns.

"Once they got me in Washington Square," Taylor recalls. "Someone I wasn't the least bit interested in put the make on me, and then he and another 200-pound detective threatened to kick the shit out of me unless I answered all their questions. I went through the whole thing, with their court-appointed lawyer telling me to plead guilty and all that shit." He stops abruptly, like a classroom instructor aware at last that the bell has already rung. "It's the story of our lives," he finally concludes the lecture, for himself really, as he watches the noisy, chattering students rush for the door.

The same thing happened in Morocco. After 21 days in the hospital, he was bailed out by the American consul, who, instead of being outraged, was delighted to be called in for a sex crime instead of drugs. Taylor has brightened hospitals and jails in the unlikeliest corners of the world. In fact it was his habit of wiring Warhol for money that caused his much-discussed break with the Factory.

"It's all true," he says indifferently as I repeat New York gossip to him about how he was fucked over. But, like anyone else who has dealt with Andy, he can't hide his love for the platinum-topped fantasy hustler. Taylor calls him the finest filmmaker around. He nostalgically talks about driving cross-country with Andy and Viva. "That really is part of your payment, because the group you're going with is too much for wherever you're going." Imagine joining the trio at a McDonald's in Iowa, and if you'd rather have money, you probably deserve the job you're devoting your life to.

But he blames Warhol for turning his back on the stars who helped make Andy who he is. "We worked for nothing when he was unknown. Now that he's made his millions, he turns around and hires Sylvia Miles for five or ten grand."

Listening to him, you wonder whether Taylor Mead has been heckling the world, or whether the world has been heckling him. But like the greatest clowns, who know only their craft, not starring vehicles, he doesn't want you to guess the truth. He cultivates the ambiguity as if his very integrity as a craftsman depended on it.

His greatest moment may well have come on the night a penniless Taylor Mead got his chance to unite both disruption and performance at the Metropolitan Opera. With fifty others, he was paid a few bucks to walk onstage in costume so that the chorus for *Aida* would seem larger. It wasn't long before he had wandered away to join the diva in a *pas de deux* that the City Ballet might borrow for *Peter and the Wolf*. He imparted meanings Verdi never imagined into the Ethiopian slave's scene-ending "Gods, have pity on my suffering." But he was able to escape into the orchestra, perhaps in critical response to one of the players' own version of that plea. Every time the conductor shook a fist at Taylor, the tenor missed a beat. The whole orchestra was powerless. But when the act was over, Taylor insists, he was "nearly attacked by oboes and cellos."

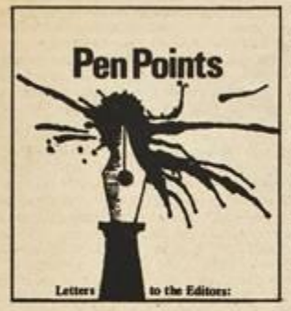
The Met has moved to Lincoln Center, where it's no longer worth even a novice's while to give it any trouble. The Living Theatre has taken to the streets. Although I try to get him to say something slanderous, he won't bother doing a number on John Wayne. "He can't be gay; he's so *dull*." So what can possibly be left for Taylor Mead in this decadent age? Making life miserable for Steve Ostrow?

"You go to the baths looking for a man," Taylor offers by way of critical evaluation, "and suddenly find you have to do the screwing."

It's the story of our lives, Taylor, honey.



Taylor Mead has appeared in more than 80 films. Here he stars in "Brand X."



Dear GAY,

I am upset! Rarely do I write letters to the editor of any paper; yet, in the past few weeks I have been prompted to write GAY twice. I had hoped some reader or one of the GAY staff would have come forth to set the facts straight in regards to the gay rights plank proposed at the Democratic National Convention but since no one has, I am forced to write.

Issue No. 83 printed a copy of a letter to Sen. George McGovern from a gay reader who was disenchanted due to Sen. McGovern's not supporting the Gay Rights plank. I have talked to many who feel the same way but on further inquiry I find they did not see nor hear the plank presented to the Convention. How liberated, politically-minded gay delegates allowed the plank to get past them and to the Convention floor in the condition it was in is a puzzlement. The wording of the plank was such that a great deal could be read into it that was certainly not intended. The searing, insulting speech of Kathleen Wilch, an Ohio McGovern delegate, showed up all its weaknesses. Granted, her speech was a low blow supported by the McGovern camp, but unfortunately with good reason. Any candidate serious about the presidency could not have supported it. This is not because of content but because of wording. The speech Ms. Wilch gave had been prepared by a lawyer for the Democratic National Committee and with his knowledge of how to find loopholes in wording pointed up all that possibly could have been read into the minority report. Had it been overlooked at that time and passed by the Convention, it would have presented the Nixon administration with a strong weapon against Sen. McGovern. Let me take a moment to show just one example. The report stated: "Urge repeal of all laws, federal and state, regarding voluntary sex acts involving consenting *persons* in private, laws regulating attire, and laws used as a shield for police harassment . . ." Why the word "persons" instead of "adults"? We are all sympathetic and aware of the problems of gay youth but you will not find a parent that would vote for a man who supports a proposal that could imply sexual acts with children. Certainly one of Nixon's advisors would have seen this handy little possibility. The phrase, "laws used as a shield for police harassment" is vague enough to imply a great number of things, least of all laws against prostitution. Again, the Nixon staffers would surely have seen this and used it. While a great many of us are in favor of legalized prostitution, there seems to be an even greater number against. Had George McGovern supported this plank as written and urged its adoption, it would have been suicide. Sen. McGovern has stated publicly, both before and after the Convention, his support of gay rights. It was a very badly written plank he could not support. He has not failed gay people. Those gay delegates who were there must carry some of the blame for the vast vagueness of the plank. Gay people were represented and for the first time in political history their voice was heard and for this the delegates should be congratulated. Delegates Jim Foster and Madeline Davis, who spoke in behalf of the gay rights plank, made the problems of gay people everywhere a real and important issue. It is a real sin that the minority plank was so filled with loopholes. I am sure it was inexperience that caused the mistakes.

Now it is up to gay people everywhere. The choice is clear. Re-elect Nixon and you spend another four years under a man totally opposed to any rights to gay people. Elect McGovern and you get a man who is sympathetic to the problems of gays everywhere and not afraid to state such. Holding a grudge against McGovern because of his lack of support of the gay rights plank will not help anyone. Shake the stars from your eyes. That plank as it was was a very weak one and would have made defeat almost certain. Nixon campaigners would have had citizens everywhere fearing prostitutes' filling the streets and looking at each and every gay person with the hate and fear that gay people wanted sex with their children. Gay liberation would have been set back forty years. The idea of a president sympathetic to gays and in favor of gay rights can be a reality. Only one thing can make what once was an impossible dream come true. That one thing is you.

Joe Conwell
New York City

Dear GAY,

Until recently I had never chanced reading GAY, but after reading numbers 76 and 77, I would like you to know you have a new reader.

I would like to add that your paper is a positive and appreciated alternative to other gay publications. Especially because it provides columns of interest for both men and women.

Myself, as a suggestion, would like to see a series done on homosexuality in the rock world. I know we have many brothers in the rock scene, though often closeted.

Also, another suggestion is some type of column or article on "alternate culture" gays. I myself come from one of those "hippy" communes and am having considerable problems relating to the gay scene (i.e., bars, cruising and baths). An article or column of this sort would be of great help.

In closing, you're a great inspiration in my keeping the closet door open. Continue to be progressive and never forget to smile . . . do it a whole bunch!

Love,
David Bruce
Cleveland, Ohio

Dear GAY,

Thane Hampten's article, "Cruise with Confidence," is not one to inspire confidence. The author quite rightly questions the efficacy of a "spray-on" VD repellant. However, his main argument, "how can gays be educated to use such a product regularly," seems to beg the issue.

There are some very good reasons for being suspicious of this new product (CERTA-FOME 606) and a reporter as thorough, questioning and individual as Thane Hampten should have thought of them. For example:

a) Possibility of harmful after-effects; both short and long range; irritation, inflamation, cancer?

b) Does product affect sexual performance? Does it interfere with friction? Does it contain "anesthetic" components?

c) What's in it? What are the ingredients? Surely Mr. Hampten wouldn't buy a container of yogurt without knowing what was in it! We have discovered that "VOTE" toothpaste causes gums to bleed; that entero-vio-form gives you cancer or something. Shouldn't we at least know what CERTA-FOME is made of? (And not just the color?)

d) Are there very real psychological questions, such as a surge of overconfidence that, similar to the "post-penicillan" relaxation, may actually increase incidences of the infection?

Current efforts by public health agencies to stem the rise of VD infections are old-fashioned, and hopeless. In effect, public officials are more interested in locking the door after the horse has escaped. Following are just a few practical (and obvious) steps that should be taken if VD is to be controlled and the people protected:

a) Compulsory blood tests regularly for all students (Junior High through Graduate School), public employees including teachers, cops, clerical and administrative functionaries, welfare recipients and old age pensioners. (There is ample precedent for such a measure; are not compulsory TB tests standard practice in most state and city agencies?)

b) Mobile VD clinics. (Convert some of those mobile TB units.)

c) Massive research on a VD vaccine.

d) Refresher clinics and educational programs for DOCTORS (family physicians, medical personnel and specialists including psychological and psychoanalytical professionals); i.e., like Red Cross First-Aid sessions. There are many doctors who would not recognize VD if they got it themselves!

e) Distribution of "do-it-yourself" testing kits (like pregnancy kits) so people can test themselves regularly without the hassle and expense of clinic and doctor visits.

f) A massive information campaign employing the colliguial and answering regular questions (instead of the hysteria approach).

The six steps listed above are ordinary and very realistic proposals that would result in a quick improvement of this heath crisis. One can only surmise that the reason none has been thought of, at this late stage, is that the medical establishment is simply not interested in solving real health problems. I have discussed these suggestions with doctors who seemed shocked that anybody would think of such things. I hasten to point out, however, that several young doctors have agreed wholeheartedly. None of these was a member of the AMA.

Cheers,
G.B.
NYC

Dear GAY,

My GAY is coming regularly again—I am happy to say. I guess they forgot to send me a renewal notice—I'm sure I didn't get one.

I am writing to disagree—for a change!—with the editorial comment accompanying the letter by Reinhart Kussat of the Student Homophile League of Rutgers. I don't know Reinhart, and I don't know his exact feelings, but I don't agree with you that his letter is an expression of self-righteous lunacy, as you say. Let me state MY case:

I worked HARD—harder than I ever have for anyone—for George McGovern. I worked through Amanda Smith in Washington—his women's coordinator—and directly with Dan Horgan, State coordinator in N.J., and I worked state-wide as a Lesbian. Jinny also worked hard—in a general capacity.

I wrote a letter—not to McGovern, but to Amanda Smith—in a similar vein to that of Reinhart. However, my objection is not to the defeat of the minority plank (it was inevitable, and politically necessary in our fucked up country), I wrote because of the WAY this plank was opposed by the McGovern camp, and in the knowledge of the McGovern workers. If the candidate himself was unaware of the tactics, that is almost the worst problem of all.

In today's mail I received a mailing from GAA, discussing the issue, including a letter of "apology" from Kathy Wilch—a short one, compared to the one she wrote me, because Amanda Smith had called her and told her about my letter. I don't know what kind of power I have—but when I first offered to help McGovern, Amanda called New Jersey Headquarters, to tell them to contact me immediately—that I was a terribly important person. She apparently still feels that way—she called Mrs. Wilch, and Mrs. Wilch wrote me a two-page cry-baby letter (I HATE cry-babies of every sex). I think the reaction to Mrs. Wilch's vicious speech by many straights is some indication of its seriousness, and I agree with Rich Wandel, that if McGovern didn't know about the speech, he SHOULD HAVE.

Frankly, I see l'affair McGovern this way: he needed us—the gays, the radicals, the "outs"—to win the primaries and the nomination, against the Humphreys and the Muskies of the center. NOW he doesn't need us any more—as a matter of fact, he is better off without us; so he is dropping us in favor of the "center"—all the good solid white straight burghers, the ones that are needed to win. This may be good political sense, but it's basically no better than we've had in the past. My reason for supporting George McGovern was that I thought (incorrectly) that he was DIFFERENT. Well, I think we all found that he isn't. Now I admit, probably you can't win an election in this country if you are honest, decent and committed to "unpopular" causes, but I repeat—then he's the same as everyone else, and not worth my time and support. He may be better than Nixon—but I'm done with "the lesser of two evils." I'm cutting out.

Hope all is well with you. I continue to enjoy GAY—and wouldn't be without it.

Love,
Julie Lee

Dear GAY,

I have experienced my subscription to GAY rewarding, because of the articles by Vicki Richman. The essay "To He or Not To He" (Aug. 21 issue) is superb! Vicki is indeed your most thoughtful columnist-reporter!!

Personally, I have confronted various bewildered persons with the dilemma of using he or she. I upset them no end by advising the flabbergasted to use it, convincing them by quoting "Granny" Webster's definition—neuter pronoun, an indefinite nominative—plus my own paraphrasing, which just compounds their astonishment no beginning.

My doctor had difficulty in his references to me as he or she while dictating to his nurse. I cautioned him to use "it." He was confused. He started to examine my chest with his pen instead of his stethoscope. I told him to calm down!

A psychiatrist was imposed on me by some inquisitive social-engineers. The shrink asked how he should refer to me—he or she? I told him to use it. This jarred him and he began his jive-talk, saying I considered myself a thing. I said no, you do. This went on for an hour and he showed signs of ruffled psychosis.

Praise to Vicki for the remarks on that professional homo, Buttons Wicker. It is about time something was detailed about these rummaging-squirrel businessmen on the lawns of the gay movement.

Perhaps Vicki Richman would do an in-depth, thoughtful, exhaustive interview with "auntie" Jill Johnston after she returns from her hegira to Lesbos. It would be sensational—if done by Vicki Richman.

Playful joy (whatever that is) for all.

Ishmael O'Brien
N.J.

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

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BY ALAN CLAY

Photo by Zachery



Tinder Box: Dancer Kenneth Henley models a zipper-front bikini.

OVER-ZEALOUS-GARDIANS-OF-MORALITY DEPT.

On Friday, August 18th, the Studio Book Stores were raided. (Both locations, in the Village and at 72nd & B'way. This "coincidence" alone intrigues me.) The police had a carefully prepared search warrant and were looking for one particular "obscene" film. They couldn't find it. So, in a Fit of Pique, they stamped their cloven hooves upon the earth, then began ripping everything from the shelves. According to an employee of the 72nd Street store, they left the place in a shambles. All the film was unwound and dumped in a pile; all books and magazines ended on the floor.

Even though I try very hard to make allowances for the bungled early toilet training of these officers, I cannot see why they would have to be so messy. Could it possibly just be nastiness for the sake of nastiness? No! Not New York's Finest. They arrested both employees on duty, by the way—even though they didn't find what they were looking for. One stayed in the clink for a good many hours.

In the last issue of GAY, I began with a *mild* defense of the 42nd Street porno shops. I find them . . . aesthetically depressing, and deplore the gay money that goes into straight pockets. ("Here's my $20, sir." "Okay, gimme . . . and git yer queer ass oudda here!") But these stores are not responsible for the crime and depreciation in that area. They should be the *last* "institutions" to be raided and/or closed; not the first.

And certainly the last of the last should be the Studio Book Stores. The one on 72nd has co-existed very nicely with the straight community for quite some time now. Their window display is a model of decorum, but leaves no doubt as to what merchandise is offered inside. No children or women would wander in by mistake (and suffer immediate corruption). Gays use this as a casual meeting place and are not discouraged from doing so. It makes the neighborhood a little more neighborly.

The management, in an explicitly worded notice attached to the display window, is begging gays (especially those who live in the area and patronize the store) to write a quick and angry letter of protest to Mayor John and Commissioner Murphy. It won't do a damn bit of good. Ten thousand letters wouldn't even give them a slight nervous tic. But it can't hurt either. They are still used to passivity in homosexuals. This is just one more of those occasional chances we get to prove that gays are angry at being so continually used as scapegoats. Whether you frequent these shops or not, it is your duty to drop a little stink-bomb on City Hall.

TINDER-BOX REVAMPS

Got a call from Scott Colton, co-owner of *Tinder-Box* (Columbus Ave. between 71st & 72nd). She remembered that I had mentioned them some months ago in this column—when I interviewed that entirely too handsome Leroy Polk. Wanted to know if I'd been in recently to see the changes. Sure I had. But I was ready for another visit and wanted to see what was current, for GAY's readers.

It really is a nice boutique. Relaxed and comfortable; the staff is friendly and they make you feel at home. (They already have a large regular clientele; you don't achieve this with Surly Behavior.) They've thrown out the water bed and have added an upper level to the store.

Western style clothing and leather duds occupy the lower level now. Large selection of Western shirts, from $5 to $14, including some unusual and attractive used ones. Yes, *used*. I asked Leroy about this and was told that they have a man who scouts the Southwest for these shirts as they're very original and not made any more.

There are also Western hats, beautiful belts, cycle caps, interesting briefs and bikinis, and tons of levis—including the coveted but hard-to-find button-fly type. All clothing sells well and they even started a mail order department last month. A catalog will soon be available.

Scott took me upstairs where the leather accoutrements and "novelty" items are displayed. The standard S&M stuff, including a few exclusives—such as the mean-looking ankle shackles made for them by a California *blacksmith*. (I didn't know there were any smithies left in the world!) There are the usual body lotions and jells, dildos, vibrators, party games, incense, inhalers, etc. In addition, such exotica as Kama Sutra "Oil of Love" (which grows warm on the body when blown upon), thumb handcuffs, and self-piercing earrings.

I first asked Scott if gay girls ever drop any money at the shop. The answer is yes. Not as often as the guys, but they do buy a lot of Western clothing—not to mention those ever-popular vibrating devices. Both gay and straight girls dig the lotions, the perfumes, and the "Ben-Wa" (Japanese masturbatory balls). And—she gives a sly smile and points to the wall where hangs . . . a metal-studded leather *brassiere*. Mamma mia!

Secondly, I ask what the biggest sellers are. I'm not surprised when both Scott and Leroy point out cock rings (several sizes, metal and rubber), inhalers (three types, one in "stereo"), leather-covered clothespins (for that exquisite tit agony), and the menacing supercocks (which would appear gargantuan even attached to the Jolly Green Giant).

The owners want it made Perfectly Clear that they do *not* hike prices on merchandise to take advantage of gay trade. And judging from my own exploration, they *are* moderate. Drop by sometime. There's plenty to strike your fancy. Hours are from 11 to 11, Monday through Saturday, and they're always crowded. In my opinion, this type of *classy* sex-oriented store does as much to liberate as anything in this town. And maybe a lot more. It's very open, aboveboard, and refreshing.

PRISON NOTES (CONTINUED)

I've mentioned *The Stonewall* (Seattle, Washington) any number of times in this column. (They are so active I could laud them in every issue.) Now it's come to my attention that, in addition to programs begun at Washington State Pen (at Walla Walla) and other institutions, the gay prisoners in the Raiford prison outside Gainesville, Florida are also demanding human and civil rights after long years of abuse and neglect.

One of the gay prisoners there, Reverend William Dorman, is serving a *thirty*-year term for that good ol' "crimes against nature" bust. (When will authorities realize that "crime against nature" is *industrial pollution*, and nothing more?) Rev. Dorman is fighting his sentence, but of course he needs a great deal more support than he's getting. Another prisoner, Floyd J. Morgan, is protesting (on behalf of 600 other gay prisoners) the fact that the prison officials refuse to permit any homosexually-oriented publications in the prison library. Why not? Because such literature is "a threat to internal security." Yeah!

If you'd like to help, lend moral support, or just know more about what's going on in one of our prisons (we civilians *are ignorant*, baby!) you can contact Floyd Morgan, no. 029687, P.O. Box 747, L-2-N-12, Starke, Florida 32091. You don't have the more remote idea of how much these men crave *any* contact with the outside world. Have a heart. The author of the press release, Joel Starkey (P.O. Box 1054, Delray Beach, Florida 33444),would also like to hear from anyone interested or specializing in prison reform.

COMMUNITY SERVICES

Gay Community Services of Minneapolis, in an effort to educate gays regarding mental health, is starting a monthly newsletter, *Gay People and Mental Health*. The publication, to begin in October, will be monthly; subscriptions will cost $6 a year. It is to act as a bulletin board, alerting people to new ideas and the establishment of new and innovative programs.

As a new and specialized entry into the field of Gay Liberation publications, it should be of interest to *all* people involved in mental health programs and plannings as well as those interested in the development of Gay consciousness. (And, I might add, *not* just residents of the Minnesota area.)

For further information, contact John Preston, *Gay People and Mental Health*, Room 508, 122 West Franklin Avenue, Minneapolis, Minn. 55404. I hope John sends me a copy, hot off the press, so I can tell you more about it.

ADONIS FAKES IT

Two issues ago, I mentioned the *Adonis '72* shindig to be held in Boston. Labeled "The Country's First Male Beauty Pageant," it was judged by four women (a housewife, a waitress, a fashion editor and a reporter). Was to have ended with "a spectacular finale of all contestants in a stunning nude living sculpture." I wondered if anyone still shows up in this day for such "cute sexist crap."

Got a letter from a Boston citizen who *did* show up, as did a great many other people. Mr. W. says that the entire thing was very amateurish and most of the audience left at intermission, despite the promise of a "nude living sculpture" finale. Let me quote the last paragraph of the letter. "Eventually the finale came. The curtains parted and there stood the contestants . . . in *swimsuits*. The whole thing was an exploitative rip-off. Who, besides the gullible or curious, wants to pay for what you can see more of at a straight beach? Yes, some people *do* show up for that 'cute sexist crap' but only once. As the old saw goes, 'Once burnt . . . ,' etc."

Sorry 'bout that. Thanks for the letter, program and clippings, Mr. W. Please keep us posted on the *better quality* attractions in the Boston area.

PAUL GOODMAN . . .

. . . is dead. I'm sure there will be sufficient coverage of this passing, but I would like to add my own thoughts. Besides being a writer of note, a therapist and social critic, Goodman was also a *humanist*. His interests were so varied that I feel he was as close to a Renaissance Man as likely to be found in this age of over-specialization.

Perhaps more important (at least to the vast and noble number of sexual non-conformists) the highly respected Goodman did a great deal to further The Cause by speaking and writing openly of his bisexuality (claiming to have had love affairs with men since he was twelve). I disagree with Goodman on many (minor) points. And I feel he *could* have done much more for gays, if he had been so inclined. But he had a rare and penetrating intelligence and should be long remembered, if only on the strength of *Growing Up Absurd*, which did so much to put young heads in the right place.

Goodman was only 60 when the third heart attack carried him off. Why do the beautiful iconoclasts go first and the unimaginative, parasitic clods last into eternity? Because the Goodmans are needed in that great Think Tank up yonder?

AND SPEAKING OF PARASITES . . .

. . . thank you, Vincent Canby, for such a great putdown of Dr. David Reuben in your August 7th *Times* review of Woody Allen's delightfully anarchistic slaughter of *Everything You've Always Wanted To Know About Sex* ad nauseam. Canby spends as much time slamming the quack as he does describing the movie.

I am particularly grateful to Canby, as so few straight critics ever bothered to knock Reuben's cheap, vulgar, and horrifyingly dishonest pulp. (I've watched this bantam smart-ass on TV talk shows and couldn't understand why someone, *anyone*, didn't slam a fist into him.) Here's the ending of the review: "The film also manages to expose Dr. Reuben's work for what it is: an *all-American hustle*." Italics mine and bless you, Vincent!

There's More to Me Than My Twat, Dammit



BY KATHY BRAUN

When I was in the nut house this last time I spoke to a woman I grew up with who's now a psychiatrist. Every time I land in the bin I call her up to reaffirm my humanity. I chat with her for a while and realize once again that she is Elise first and a psychiatrist second and therefore I must be me first and a patient second.

This time during our chat I said that I thought that 50% of the patients in the hospital had problems that stemmed from social situations rather than psychiatric ones. She agreed with me but for one thing—she thought the figure was more like 90%.

N. was over last night. She is a lesbian, a lawyer, and a mental patient. I told her my social not psychiatric theory. "It's all either delusions or depressions," I said. "Everyone's in for D or D. And the doctors don't know what's going on. They put up a good show but they have no idea what's happening. The delusion people like me, running around mad as hatters—the doctors have no idea what it's all about. And of course, since our society has no place for real spirituality or real magic, there's no proper avenue for them to start looking. And as for the depressives," I said, "it's all social. I mean, who in their right mind *wouldn't* be depressed in this world?"

"Oh well," N. said. "I don't know if that's true. I'm a depressive and I don't sit around thinking about the world situation. I get depressed from personal things. If I lose my glasses or something like that, I get into a terrible depression."

"Well," I said, knowing the big lie when I saw it, "that may be true. But you're a lawyer and you have to come into conflict constantly with this terrible world. Ya know," I said, "when I was in Hillside they told us not to take the line of thought that we were just sensitive souls done in by a cruel world but I think it makes a lot of sense. Modern life is just too unutterably gruesome and the more sensitive just can't deal with it."

"Well," says N. "I see your point. I used to cry when I read the papers. But I don't anymore."

"No," says I. "Now you just get depressed when you lose your glasses."

By the time this gets to print, Tom Eagleton will have stepped down from candidacy and the issue will be on its way out. But the whole thing amuses me so much that I must make mention of it. The question, I assume, is that if something happens to the President and the Vice-President takes office, will someone who has had "psychiatric problems" be able to fulfill the role of Commander-in-Chief of the armed forces, will he be able to control that famous button?

The thing is so absurd of course because of the total insanity of the whole armed forces/button situation anyway. What kind of psychotic fantasy is it that guns and missiles and tanks and bombs and bullets are pointed all over the planet—human beings against human beings, ready to kill, maim, destroy, cancel out what God hath wrought (life, that is)? And *who* among us, my dear friends, no less Tom Eagleton, is sane enough to have control over the kill button? Mr. Nixon? Mr. McGovern? Abraham Lincoln? Willie Mays? This planet at war with itself is like some great psychotic monster tearing itself to shreds. How dare people assume that there is any sanity involved in the Chief Killer role?

And while we're on the subject of roles, let's stick with it and get away from how horrid the world is because all that will only drive me mad. Roles however (seeded or plain) are another thing, so let me say this about that.

When I was first coming up about ten years ago (yes dears, Mother has hit the Big Three and is definitely not to be trusted) I heard all about butch and femme and knew immediately that I was neither of those things. I found it rather hard to believe as a matter of fact that I was one of Them, a Lezzzzzbian, much less butch or femme. I insisted I was just ME. Capital M, Capital E.

Concurrently of course like everyone else, I experienced that feeling of meeting someone and wanting them to know ME capital M capital E all at once and realizing that it wasn't possible, that actuality demanded that they meet me in my role, that is—New Person. Over the years I began to see that ME capital M capital E was trapped inside me, that ME was my soul and that the outside world could ONLY experience me through my roles. And of course, realizing this, I realized that roles weren't just pretense but were the actuality itself in terms of my relation to the outside world. They seemed like pretense because one is limited in terms of the outside world whereas of course the inner world, the soul, is free and unlimited.

But back to butch and femme. With all this, I still rejected the butch and femme concept. And then a couple of years ago, three of the ladies god bless 'em twisted my head around and I am a changed woman (or whatever). The first was Madam Lupie who, as we were sitting in her West 72nd Street Tomb, stoned, guarded against all sunlight, watching the soaps on her color TV, said, "Well it's all in the mind, ya know." "WHAT?" sez I. "All in the mind? Sex all in the mind? You're crazy. It's in the body, down here, up there, round there, over in there." "No my dear," she sez. "Listen to your mother. It's in the mind."

In the mind, I said to myself on the way home, in the mind, hmmmm, fascinating. I met the second lady at the inception of GLF (ah the good old days), an anthropology professor. She is a beautiful woman, very sensitive and fine, whose total persona reminds me of the Salinger short stories, that Salinger quality. Well, folks, she used to be a drag butch. That worked around in my little mind for a time, since I had always thought drag a symptom of ignorance.

And then, a while after that I met a lady who, after many years of mine gone a-whoring, was was the first lesbian I've ever known who owned a dildo. I say owned, not used, because she only brought it out of the drawer occasionally. She isn't a particularly butch woman but she is an imaginative one. When she first showed it to me I managed to be very sophisticated and all that but actually I was embarrassed to death. She told me how she and a lover had bought it in a sex shop in Germany and how embarrassed they had been and how cool the sales person was.

A dildo! My lord, the very word used to scare me and here it was looking like the penises the kids used to scratch on the elevators in the Bronx and reminding me very much, with its soft pink rubber surface, of a doll I had when I was a little girl.

And guess what, folks? But of course! While it was there, it was cowardly not to try it, right? Fucked, fucker, fuckee, and on it went. And guess what again—it was all in the mind and not disgusting as I had thought. And it was FUN. It was fun pretending to be a man. And fun pretending to be a woman. Because what I realized of course was that Madame Lupie is right—it is in the mind.

Getting fucked doesn't make me or anyone else a woman and fucking women doesn't make anyone a man. My physical body makes me a woman but ME capital M capital E, my soul, knows no sex so when I get fucked I (capital I) am in the *role* of woman as much as any queen.

Oh Lordy it's all so complicated, but let me quote Bebe J. Scarpi who in her *Village Voice* article (7/27) "I Think of Myself as a Feminist Transvestite" said "I refuse to let my particular genitals govern my existence. They are cute when I need them but is a person's whole personality between his/her legs?"

And that's it of course. The soul has no sex and though surely there is pleasure in experiencing life through one's body and defining oneself physically, it is our souls which define each of us most accurately.

And playing at man and woman, butch and femme, remains just that—playing—a wonderful game of roles that makes the world go round and sometimes even rock and role.

Activists Invade McGovern Hqtrs.

(continued from page 1)

ganizations a strong pro-homosexual position. After the convention, letters were received by Richard Wandel and Ernest Reaugh, GAA President and Tri-Cities GLF President, respectively, apparently from McGovern, stating that the Senator had not changed his position, and that the views of Ms. Wilch were not his. GAA members doubt that the letters are authentic. The letter to Reaugh was unsigned and not on McGovern's letterhead, and the letters dated August 7 and 10 to Wandel are on McGovern's letterhead, but the signatures are markedly different. That, coupled with a story in *The Advocate* which leads one to doubt the Senator's sincerity together with the fact that Sargent Shriver, McGovern's present running mate, has barred gays from the peace corps, had led the activists to demand that McGovern or one of his top aides make a strong public statement immediately in support of his original stand, and that they weren't leaving the office until he did. Then and only then would the activists believe that McGovern wasn't trying to sell out the gay population in order to broaden his support.

Ethan Geto tried to assure them that McGovern was still on their side. According to Geto, Dick Dougherty, a high McGovern official whom he knew personally, told him that he (Dougherty) personally saw McGovern approve the statement Wandel recieved on August 9 at an airport while on the campaign trail. As for the differing signatures, Geto pointed out that it is common practice for politicians to have their aides sign letters for them. Geto also released the following statement to the press:

"Senator George McGovern has repeatedly affirmed his commitment to civil rights and civil liberties for all Americans. He has specifically addressed himself to discrimination directed against men and women based on sexual orientation, and has pledged to alleviate such discrimination in the federal government and in other areas of public life.

"Senator McGovern believes that discrimination based on sexual orientation should be eliminated."

But the gays did not find the press release of Geto's assurances acceptable, and resolved to keep the office under siege. Geto tried to reach other national campaign headquarters, but would not comment on his instructions. He only told GAY that he was "doing everything possible to settle the situation in as amicable a manner as possible." No statement arrived. McGovern was in Pennsylvania, inspecting flood damage at the time.

The gays remained all afternoon. Around five o'clock, the office had to be closed for the day, and Geto finally had to call the police. The gays were given a choice: either leave the premises or be arrested for trespassing. After a quick vote, the gays said they weren't leaving, and the police promptly arrested six activists: Richard Wandel, Bruce Voeller, Claude Wynne, John Serra, Martin Clabby and Jimmy Green. The sit-in quickly broke up shortly thereafter, and the office returned to normal the following day with little or no damage.

Bar Ass'n Skirts Gay Resolution

(continued from page 1)

ing adults, saving only those portions necessary to protect minors and to protect the public decency."

Just prior to the vote, Thom noted before the assembly that one of the stated aims of the A.B.A. is "the administration of justice and uniformity of legislation." He cited U.S. Supreme Court Chief Justice Warren Burger's speech earlier in the week telling of a tremendous backlog of cases in the courts. Thom also pointed out that there have been more than two thousand gay arrests in San Francisco so far this year and concluded that there is "no evidence of increased immorality" in the five states that have granted consenting adults in private legislation.

E. Carrington Boggan, who assists GAA of New York with its legal work, told the assembly that "I can see no benefit that can be drawn" from the anti-sex laws still in effect in 45 states "in view of the extensive studies that have been made by people far more expert than us."

The criminal law section, to which the resolution is now destined, is made up primarily of police, prosecutors and defense attorneys. The proposal will then go before the section on Individual Rights and Responsibilities. If the House of Delegates, which will meet six months from now in Cleveland, approves the resolution, it will then become official policy of the 158,000-member national lawyers' group.

Prior to the assembly action, the Resolution Committee heard the previous day from San Francisco County Sheriff Richard Hongisto and Dr. Donald Lundy, associate professor of psychiatry at Stanford Medical School who urged approval of the resolution.

Hongisto, who has a master's degree in criminology at the University of California, Berkeley, pointed out that the San Francisco Police Department solved no more than 13 per cent of the serious crimes reported last year in the city. He noted that the vast majority of law enforcement time is spent on victimless crime. He quoted Herbert Packard's book, *The Limits of Criminal Sanction*, among other things.

The Sheriff, who was elected to office last year by a coalition of minority groups including gays and young people, said present laws "compound the vicious stereotypes of homosexuals and prostitutes" and are "loaded with gross distortions of reality." He added that there is "no form of sodomy, oral copulation and genital manipulation that heterosexuals don't also do with a great deal of regularity."

Dr. Lundy said that, "collectively the number of sex offenders in the U.S. number at least 95 per cent. This has a damaging effect in a psychological sense which is my main concern." He cited the case of a New Jersey mother who sought welfare. She was convicted of a sexual offense while still pregnant.

The psychiatrist also noted the correlation between the fact that "puberty is occurring five years earlier than 100 years ago" and that couples are marrying later. Dr. Lundy is working on a forthcoming book, *Fundamentals of Human Sexuality*. No one spoke in opposition to the resolution.

The committee was equally divided on approval or rejection of the resolution. It went before the assembly without a recommendation. Thom called the effort "very worthwhile." Of 14 resolutions before the committee, he noted that only one was approved. Two other proposals were sent to another committee while 10 resolutions were defeated. Several assembly delegates praised Thom for a "very well presented" effort on the floor and he thanked the Society for Individual Rights for a "first-rate job" in arranging the committee presentation.

"Sex Prohibitions Unconstitutional" Says Law Professor

(continued from page 1)

tee in the Spring of 1970. He spent the 1970-71 academic year under a Harlan Fiske Stone Fellowship at Columbia University in New York. His book, *Sexual Deviance and the U.S. Constitution*, is expected to be released in September.

Barnett said the "best chance that exists" in overturning the anti-sex laws rests on their invasion of privacy. He doubts that the U.S. Supreme Court will extend the right to privacy but is heartened by recent lower court rulings in regard to gays in federal employment.

Present sex laws are also vulnerable on religious grounds, Barnett asserted, in noting that they stem from the year 1533 during the reign of Henry VIII. The religious motive will not, per se, invalidate the laws, he warned however.

A legal argument that can be used in Kansas and New York is discriminatory enforcement. Barnett pointed out that the statutes in these states exempt married audits. He cited *Baird v. Eisenstadt* wherein a Connecticut anti-contraceptive law was eventually declared unconstitutional because, among other things, it excluded married adults from its application. Barnett speculated that this could be the "wedge to get all consenting adults exempted" from the anti-sex laws.

Also vulnerable is the "vagueness" of sodomy statutes said the professor in noting that they "do not specify what is against the law."

Barnett sees a "longshot chance" of having the sexual laws ruled unconstitutional based on the following arguments:

1. That they "leave no means of sexual fulfillment to the homosexual." This argument was added to his list in response to the "developing scientific knowledge of human sexuality" over the last twenty years.
2. That they constitute "cruel and unusual punishment" which he called a "devastating argument." The contention would be that the "criminal penalty is out of all proportion to the gravity of the act." (California, Montana and Vermont, for example, provide for up to life in prison.)
3. That a condition one cannot help cannot be criminalized. He cited *Robinson v. California* involving a narcotic addict. This rationale was also used in *Powell v. Texas* regarding an alcoholic.

Barnett said thirty states are in the process of revising their criminal code. "No state has ever enacted consenting adults legislation as a single bill," he explained. Barnett left the impression that he favors inter-twining such legislation with a general overhaul of state criminal laws so that it "does not stand out like a sore thumb."

Barnett also expressed concern over the twenty states where nothing is being done. The legal scholar said there is "no group likely to form a lobby" and there is "little possibility of reform" in these states. He recalled that his home state (New Mexico) enacted a criminal code revision without including consenting adults legislation.

Two professors of psychiatry at Stanford University have also criticized the sex laws that riddle the nation. Drs. Herant Katchadourian and Donald T. Lunde, writing in the current issue of *Stanford M.D.*, official journal of the Stanford Medical School, note that sodomy between a consenting husband and wife is an offense punishable by up to 14 years in prison in Indiana.

They cite the case of an Indiana man who served three years in prison after his spouse filed a sodomy complaint against him. The wife of ten years, who had been quarreling with him, did not accuse her husband of using force and attempted to withdraw the charge before it came to trial. But the state was determined to prosecute the man. He was sentenced to two-to-14 years and spent three years in prison before a higher court overturned the verdict on a technicality.

G.L.S.A. was formed four months ago. One member told the conference that he went through law school three years without knowing that some of his classmates are gay.

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The Last Estate

BY GREGORY BATTCOCK

I got one of those stupid "programmed" letters from American Express, complaining about a late payment. It was the kind in which they keep on inserting your name in the middle of sentences, to make you think it was typed out especially for you. It had that idiotic tone, like when you address a low-I.Q. four-year-old. It ended with the words "Thank You" followed by an exclamation mark. Here is my reply:

R. Graham
American Express Card Division
Phoenix, Arizona

Dear Sir or Madam:

I discovered your letter of August 25th almost by accident. You see I have been traveling almost constantly since early May, and am off tomorrow on another trip.

In your letter you point out that there is a previous balance on my American Express card account that is one month past due. You also point out, quite rightly, that this condition was recently called to my attention by a "special notice" as you put it.

Now, you seem to imply that I have deliberately ignored your "special notice." Of course you must be aware that I have been traveling a great deal lately. In fact you may have also noticed that all my American Express Card encumbrances since May first are from places far away, such as Greece, England, Israel, Italy, Cyprus and so on and so forth. That explains why the charges frequently appear in English Pounds, Italian Lire, Greek Drachma, etc. Therefore it seems reasonable, does it not, that when one is traveling one cannot receive each and every notice that comes in the mail; many people only use their credit cards when traveling; thus it is sometimes impossible to pay bills immediately upon presentation. I think you people are aware of that kind of thing. You have been in this business for some time and are, I am sure, intelligent, sensitive folk well cognizant of such practical dilemmas. American Express Company would not be what it is today if the situation were otherwise.

However, as it happens, I actually did get your "special notice" a month or so ago, when I returned to New York from a trip that included stops in Crete, Italy, Germany and France. There was quite a lot of mail waiting for me including a statement from your billing office that contained, among other things, an item that confused me; it was a reversal of a "temporary credit" to the tune of $150. Way back in December 1971—Christmas day it was—a domestic airline charged me for a ride on their Boeing 727 that I did not actually take. Several months later I accidentally discovered the overcharge. That began a series of letters to my Customer Service Representative, the ever patient D. Jenkins, at your sunny Phoenix, Arizona office.

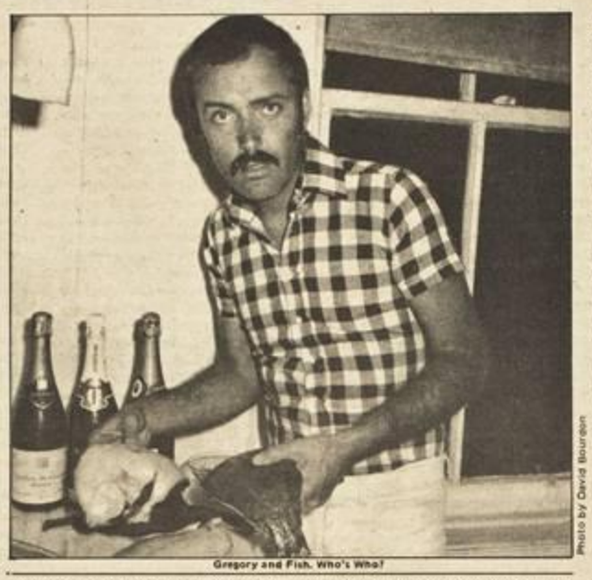
I am not an accountant. I am a writer and as such never cease to be amazed at the monetary manipulations that occur under the labels "debit" and "credit." In fact I never understand one iota of what it is all about and have come to rely upon the sympathetic (if not childish) explanations of your extraordinary billing practices that are prepared for me, at my request, by the benevolent D. Jenkins.

So you see, I did not, as you seem to imply, ignore your "special notice," R. Graham. In fact I replied to it immediately and requested an explanation of the confusing (to me) reversed credit. And that was, you may want to know, my eighth letter concerning the attempt by the domestic carrier to defraud me for services never discharged. Had I not, in my clumsy and plodding way, discovered the fraudulent overcharge, I would this day be out $150.00.

And that leads me to another point.

In the second paragraph of your letter, R. Graham, you do more than imply; you actually state that I have a serious "credit problem." You refer to my "account history" in a very grim tone and conclude with a threatening note: "the privileges of your card may be restricted."

Let's take each of these three points separately, shall we? Firstly, let's deal with my "credit problem." What exactly do you mean by "credit problem"? Actually I think I know what you mean, but it is only speculation on my part: I find it difficult to believe that the ladies and gentlemen of the American Express family would actually accuse a loyal, moderately wealthy customer of long standing of "not paying his bills." But that IS what you had in mind, now isn't it?



Gregory and Fish. Who's Who?

Photo by David Bourdon

May I ask how you know I do not pay my bills? Yes, it is true, in July I was several days late with the rent (payable in advance) because a 30% increase, of which I had not been informed and that was, it turned out, illegal, had been added to the regular rent. However the matter was cleared up and my $350 monthly kickback for a small, comfortable apartment in a rather shoddy building, located in a very slummy block, was paid in full. Another incident springs to mind. There was a squabble with Mrs. Sullivan at the telephone company, who insisted on billing me in advance for "suspended service" charges and then threatened to suspend the service if I didn't pay the suspended service charges BEFORE she suspended the service. Or something like that. Well, no doubt, even out there in the fine desert air of Phoenix, Arizona you have your problems with the phone company!

My employees also feel, or at least give the impression, they are pleased with both the pay scale I offer and my promptness in meeting payrolls. They fall into three categories that sometimes overlap: domestics, free-lance and trade. To a man they discharge their responsibilities in a friendly and efficient manner.

So you see, R. Graham, I think I pay my bills rather promptly, thus insuring the good will of business acquaintances and tradespeople; usually when delays in payment occur they are the result of an attempt by a supplier to cheat me, causing me to check and double check things in my stupid, slow way. Sometimes, when I am traveling I am late with a bill but, you know, the butcher, the greengrocer and the fish market all offer credit generously, and provide me with fresh products in pleasant surroundings.

Let us move on to item number two on our list: "account history." Did you know, R. Graham, I earn my living as an historian? However, the history I deal with has little to do with accounts payable. Therefore I must ask you to forgive my stupidity in not knowing what, exactly, is meant by "account history." Have you, perchance, been keeping records of all my accounts, including those maintained with agencies other than your own? What do these records tell us? What will they tell posterity? No doubt biographers decades from now will end up rummaging through your dusty archives in search of spicy goodies gleaned from my carefully compiled "account history." It is with this thought in mind that I advance a very serious and legal request. Would you kindly send me an itemized listing of all the data you possess in my "account history"? I think the laws of our land protect me in this area and require that you provide me with information as personal and private as that which an "account history" no doubt consists. You see there may be some items, including the apparent refusal to reply to your "special notice" that are erroneous. I would like the chance to straighten out the historical records before scholars start picking over them and before you start sending it around to one and all.

I have one more comment concerning your allusions to my "history." Please be advised that the Battcock family is of old and completely accountable English stock. Branches of the family settled, in the 18th century, in Nova Scotia and New England. Male offspring have always been attracted to the gentlemanly professions and there have been several distinguished clergymen in our family, as well as historians, educators, military officers and last, but no means least, a medical doctor or two.

Ah. It is not my geneology we should be discussing; nor must I take unfair advantage of your patience. I only point out the above because I sense a hint of suspicion in your tone; suspicion that I may not be of sufficient financial worth to merit possession of a credit card as distinguished as the one you offer. In this vein I think you should know that, while my possessions are modest enough, they include a fine European sports car that I rarely use because it's always getting repaired; I have several electric and manual typewriters, all of domestic manufacture and none of which is any good; I take five or six European vacations each year in addition to weekends in the Caribbean; I have published several books and royalty payments, including payments in advance upon new publications come to about $15,000 to $20,000 yearly. In addition, I am salaried by the State of New Jersey at $20,000 per annum. Lastly there is a certain income from lectures and articles that varies from year to year; last year it came to an additional $5,000 more or less.

On the other hand, my expenses are very considerable. Besides the answering service, there are payments due New York University where I am purchasing a doctoral degree in philosophy. I have proferred several "gifts" to deserving youngsters of limited financial means. Few will deny but that I entertain nicely. Champegne is not reserved for special occasions in our house. But you do not require all these details; lest this letter begin to wander, let me comment briefly upon your uncalled for threat to "restrict" the "privileges" of my credit card.

What privileges? Am I not paying you for the use of the card? Please remember, R. Graham, you are not benevolently dispensing privileges; rather, I am purchasing services. I think once we get that point cleared up we are not far from resolving this entire, tedious altercation. Once we understand that, are we far from realizing that the quality of those services must be maintained to my satisfaction? Or, you see, I may have to warn YOU that "the privileges of serving me may be restricted." In other words, if I continue receiving thoughtless, nasty hate letters from your office accusing me of being a poor credit risk, you may find yourselves less one customer and, I might add, that includes eight or ten thousand yearly in travel checks and another several thousand in travel agency bookings.

I am sorry you have forced me to clarify our relationship in such a blunt way. It was rather amusing, allowing your company to assume I was some kind of dependent, if not completely idiotic relation that would wither and die if not for the opportunity to purchase your indulgence. However, let's see things in a more realistic light in the future, shall we?

Sincerely yours,
Gregory Battcock



GAY's Editors, Lige Clarke and Jack Nichols, are on cross-country tours promoting their recently published book, I HAVE MORE FUN WITH YOU THAN ANYBODY. They are scheduled to appear in Detroit on September 3rd for the TV talk show, *The Lou Gordon Show* (8 p.m.). At the same time they will be aired on Los Angeles' KBSC-TV. On September 10th, from 10 p.m. until 11:30 p.m., Lige and Jack will appear in Cleveland (WKBF), San Francisco (KBHK), Boston (WKBG) and Philadelphia (WKBS). (Photo by Eric Stephen Jacobs)

BY SOREL DAVID

A great line I heard one time at a GAA Lesbian Sunday poetry reading—"Lesbians On The Road—Chapter One—When we're on the road, we're not Lesbians." Credit it to one Emily Rubin Weiner. With this little poignancy fresh in our minds, Billie, Penny and I set out for California. Split for the coast as we used to say back in the psychedelic era, mere history now. We set out in our 1968 Plymouth Sport-Fury, oy vey how do they think up those names, drive-away car. Inside the car, at least, it was nice and safe. Inside, we could go cruising along the highways and the byways of the straight world with our Lesbian identities relatively intact.

First thing over the G.W. Bridge we picked up a brave woman hitchhiker. A young hip type, heavy into the women's movement with all the right-on slogans and things, but all in all a nice kid basically. We were starting to feel good, good to be out of the city, good to have participated in this fine act of community. A group of women picking up a woman hitchhiker, it was so much solidarity, a sisterhood is powerful kind of thing, you know. Next we sailed into a New Jersey gas station owned and operated by three women. Three good, strong-looking, obviously gay women taking care of automotive business like they was born to it. The whole scene was very "after the revolution" and peaceful. A post-revolutionary pax terra, peace and harmony throughout the land, the sun was setting, the air fresh and clean, green things growing all around.

I couldn't believe it. It was like we had slipped into some kind of a time warp or something. Coming over the bridge and leaving the city behind, it was as if we had left the present for some future time. We left what is, exchanging it for a vision of what might be, a small pocket of some utopian dream just a few short yards off the Garden State Parkway. There was an instant unspoken communication, a communion perhaps, between us and the women of the station. In the eyes, it was, a moment of identification, a sweet moment unmarred by any revolutionary declarations or other radical self-consciousness. It was all so surprisingly natural, an unspoken but very real kind of identification, a mutual delight in finding each other here, two groups of strong, independent women, subtly underscored this very straightforward and normal business of buying and selling gas.

Leaning up against a coke machine and looking west, out across the station to where one of the women was explaining something to Billie and Penny, a feeling of warmth and well-being began to steal over me. The two of them poring over the hood with the garage woman, the glory of the setting sunlight streaming through their hair, one a honey blond, the other strawberry blond, my tribe, I thought, women of my tribe taking care of business, exchanging friendly information with women of another. "This is an omen—you see what kind of a great trip this is going to be?" Billie said of the garage episode. A strong pride in collectivism, on one level a kind of gut primitive feeling of kinship between women rose within me. New ways for women to relate. My nostrils began to flare with the idea, quickening to the scent of this brave new world waiting for us down the next turnpike, somewhere in California, lurking just beyond the horizon.

At the same time, whenever I think this way, whenever I begin to feel these things, some other dark disturbing thoughts begin to thrash around in the bottom of my stomach. I am not, I will not be at all suited to the new age. In fact, I am in some ways uniquely unsuited to it. A product of years of tradition, a left-wing Jewish intellectual, twentieth century American gay female incarnation, my world is steeped in ideas, somewhat scholarly and self-contemplative almost to the point of other-worldliness. Hardly a position, it would seem, from which to meet the demands of the new age, the new world of women striving to actualize themselves to their full human potential. In the end, it comes down to the age-old conflict between content and form, in this case, as it stretches across a conflict between specialization vs. collectivization.

In creating the new society, the old must be rejected; specialization, the old forms, the old types will be swept away. The new forms will be simple, new ways of relating more basic, and everyone will have about the same number and kinds of diverse skills, diverse roles to play. Meanwhile, I am here, at this point in time, saddled with an ancient heritage like an albatross around my neck, a line which descends from the tradition of dreamy, remote Talmudic scholars down through generations of contemplative, reflective Eastern European tea-drinking intellectuals and finally to America around the turn of the century. There is nothing in my background which would lead me to fix a car, to master the arts of self-defense, or perhaps grow my own food. The antithesis of the strong, self-sufficient new woman, I am helpless in the physical world. I leave all such things to the technicians, to the machines and the technicians. This is, after all, the technological age.

I am a thinker, an intellectual, a highly skilled and specialized existence. There's no place for me in the new world, the emerging new consciousness. I'm useless, superfluous, obsolete and perhaps a little ridiculous. I wake up every morning to drink coffee, dream, reflect and then I begin to write. For what? It's a question of form, an overdevelopment, a superelaboration of form and style almost to the exclusion of meaningful content. Who cares about anything I have to say, these subtle and slight forays into my emotional life? Who has the patience, desire, or indeed even the ability to follow the tortured twists and turns of my self-conscious, breast-baring explorations of psyche—my Love Story, my St. Adrian's fantasies or my homicidal daydreams? Judging from the feedback I get from my columns, the answer might indeed be nobody. Thank God I'm gay and so have, at least, some small claim to relevance.

A thinker on the threshold of a new age of action, a fish out of water. In some sense the position rivals the tragedy of European aristocracy facing the coming of democracy. All thought, all speculation and intellectualization on the current state of affairs leads to one conclusion. The technical age is crumbling, the world is dying. All thought leads only to a deepening understanding of my own obsolescence. How perfect, a self-contained, closed system of tragedy. Steaming down the Indiana Tollroad lost in this deliciously self-pitying and satisfying reverie, suddenly, as if following my very train of thought, the wheels of the machine ground to a halt. The Sport-Fury threw a rod and was no more a useful functioning thing. Forced out into the cold light of reality, we became Lesbians On The Road, hitchhikers to the promised land, California. Tune in next issue for Lesbians in San Francisco.

Don't Ask Me to Fix Your Car!



Jerry's Sphere

(continued from page 2)



Ms. Macho (Richard), the bride's lover.

made, that is, human law. Humanity has made many mistakes. The antiquated sex laws are just an example. I therefore maintain that I am truly human first, gay second. And as a human being, I must join forces with other human beings, straight and gay, to fight for law reforms within the system. So that one sweet day, I shall be able to live my life with HUMAN DIGNITY alongside my straight brothers and sisters. LEARN YOUR CANDIDATE'S VIEWS FROM THE SMALLEST OFFICE SEEKER ALL THE WAY UP TO PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES. REPEAL ANTIQUATED LAWS IN THE VOTING BOOTH. Make it completely unlawful for our sisters and brothers on the front lines to be subjected to the crap that some of them have gone through in the courts of justice(?).

MORE ON LAW REFORM: Last week Village residents marched on the methadone boat at the foot of Christopher St. to demand its removal. The boat has, according to the residents, brought addicts all the way from the Bronx and Queens for treatment. I have seen many of these unfortunates on Christopher St. and can sympathize with the residents. (I saw a boy stabbed in broad daylight by a girl. Both were from the boat.) Most of the people getting treatment go right up to Sheridan Square (which is hardly habitable these days) to sell their "meth" so that they can go and buy their fix. But the sad truth is that getting rid of that boat will in no way cure the problem, or, for that matter, help. The problem, as I see it, is the law. If narcotics were legalized there would be no profit in drug traffic. And if there were no profit we would have no pushers trying to hook a kid in junior high. Organized crime would have to look elsewhere to make its big money. I am a longtime believer in self-determination. If someone wants to fuck up his body and mind with drugs, let him. Make those drugs available. Open up store fronts. Take the kids by these store fronts and let them see what drugs do to the body. But take the high profit away from people who would sell their mothers for a buck so that they would not be put to get some poor unfortunate hooked to make a dime. FIGHT DRUG TRAFFIC, ABUSE, AND ORGANIZED CRIME IN THE VOTING BOOTHS . . .

CLEANLINESS IS NEXT TO . . . Had a very nice chat with Bill McNeely (hope that's spelled right) and Rex of the CLUB BATHS. Bill told me that the CLUB was so clean that when one left if he checked his feet he would notice that they were clean. I agreed, thinking to myself, "this cat is on some trip, that's impossible." Guess what? He was right. Go over and make the test yourself. (Of course, there are a few other reasons that I think you should try it out. Find one for younself.)

VIEWS 'N' PEOPLE: What three workers walked out of their west side establishment because the boss had the nerve to put a tape in the register? (Can't believe he was so naive that he's let them get away without it this long.) And then the bigger nerve to walk back and ask for their jobs back, and GOT THEM BACK!!! Good Lord, it's really getting crazy around here . . . My favorite Gypsy to do a show for my favorite Ms., Gwen Saunders, at OUT OF THIS WORLD, Sept. 9th. Don't miss it . . . Lou, from the SPIKE to do a leather column for DAVID, while cutie pie, June Von Hummil, to do a layout and her Barbara to do articles of special interest for our sisters (GF TYPE) . . . George back extolling the virtues of southern hospitality, courtesy of his trip to New Orleans. I'm surprised they let him get away . . . Speaking of the SPIKE, one of their barkeeps went out to the Island of Fire and hasn't been heard of since. Another non-pro making it difficult for the pros to prove a point. I don't care how "pretty" they are if they take a job, they take the responsibility that goes with it . . . First Anniversary Party at the ROADHOUSE a SMASH. Among the



Wedding at the Roadhouse: The Bride.

guests were Frank Elliot and Billy Kiernan of ONE POTATO, Gypsy of PAINTED PONY, John Francis Hunter of GAY INSIDER, U.S.A., humpy Doric Wilson, Bob La Courte, Nancy Haskill, Jack Hartman, Tommy Long (LIMELIGHT), Jiggs, looking ravishing in the latest copy of a copy of (GAS STATION). Robin played hostess and M.C. He had to do it without a mike but that didn't hinder him in the least. But after he had introduced the bride, someone gave him some rice to throw. He threw it before realizing that it was COOKED! Poor Ms. Kitty got it all over himself and the stunning dress . . . BEAU GESTE has a super beauty in Dan Reilly. Have a peek . . . Another talented beauty, NEW JIMMY'S Jerry Scott . . . A DON'T MISS: BETSY ROSS in Queens having an all-day outing September 10th. It promises to be a day to remember . . .



The Bride's Mom & Dad (Tom & J.L.).

I'd like to get my hands on the four queens who pulled the fire alarm at WHAT A DUMP, also in Queens. I thought that shit went out with the flood. Besides being a pain in the ass to the people at the bar it is a very dangerous thing to do in case there is a real fire while the trucks are out because some dizzy queen got pushed out of shape, probably because he couldn't make out. Grow up, schmucks . . . PIPERS LOUNGE, Mickey, birthdaying. Happy happy . . . That ol' luv, Stella (TURNOVER) got my room at Robert's and John's. Damn it . . . Bill McNeely of the CLUB, a me . . . An old friend, Don in at TIJUANA CAT . . . I asked Hank over at SINGLES if he'd do a centerfold but he turned me down. Pity, I really wanted to fold his center . . . What Village manager thinking early success meaning there won't be any problems? Get wise, brother, it isn't always roses . . . Dottie and Rod from HOWIE'S HIDEAWAY seen bouncing around town . . . LEO'S LION



Bridal Attendants (Alan, Dale and Bill).

added Randy . . . And a first anniversary. Congratulations . . . Billy Herna (COUSIN) and Bobby Marino (JIMMY'S) caught me. Thanks a lot guys . . . Had a very good time rapping with Hap (JULIUS') the other night. First time we've done that in a long time . . . Heard John Michel at MARIE'S CRISIS had quite a time at his junior prom! Almost flipped the cab driver out . . . FLASH: Just received work that I can't believe. The hotel in the Grove was previewing Wakefield Poole's new flick "BIJOU." A certain restaurateur in the Pines called the police to lodge an obscenity complaint. It seems that he was showing "Meet Me In St. Louis" the same night and, I suppose, feared the competition. The restaurateur is an old friend of mine and I find it very hard to believe this. With shit like this flying amongst our own it's small wonder an imbecile like Kathy Wilch could defeat us in Miami. NOW IS THE TIME FOR US TO STAND TOGETHER. IF MONEY IS THAT IMPORTANT TO SOME THAT WE WOULD STOOP TO THIS LEVEL OF RETAILIATION WE'RE REALLY IN BIG TROUBLE. I'm an old line capitalist and have been working since I was 10, but if I couldn't beat the competition fairly, I'd hang up my jock. INCREDIBLE!!! Interesting that Judy Sexton packs in the guys and Joey Cord doing the same with the gals. Is it reverse sexual identity?? Joey Miccoli (CHARLIES ALSO) going to challenge Raquel Welch to a race around the rink for old times sake?? Thanks to you there is talk of the syndication of this column throughout the country. Don't know if Aunt Nell is ready for it. I hope so . . . Also, because some of my blurbs are making some people in certain quarters a little edgy, I've taken out some "accident" insurance . . .

BAR PROFILE: The Cave, 131 Bank St. (242-9550). If you've ever wondered where the next generation of leather lovers is coming from, here it is. Hank and Kevin have a good-looking, comfortable bar. A tiled bar in front, with a pool table in the back. Sawdust covers the floor. And the clientele is young, humpy and friendly. (One advantage of being young is that he doesn't have any of the hangups we older folk were brought into the scene with.) The sex symbol here is Dave, a Floridian beauty. Stop by and say hello . . .
ehllo . . .

PERSONALITY PROFILE: Joey Cord isn't really a bar person in that he doesn't tend bar or work tables, but he surely works a room. He is currently at the SUNDOWNER. Joey comes on like a ball of fire. He doesn't wait to get you in the mood. He creates it as soon as he grabs the mike. He'll do a hot number and while you're catching your breath he'll go into something like "Maybe This Time" and rip out your insides. He has that rare quality of believability. You know that he's been there and returned. Some of my more militant brothers will probably object to his using the female pronouns in his love songs but with a giant talent such as Joey's I think that they will forgive him. Do yourselves a favor and go over and enjoy the dynamite song stylings of Joey Cord. Well, I guess that's all for this trip. See you next time.

Love and peace,
Je



Wedding Guests: John Francis Hunter, Jiggs, Ronda and Doric.



Maid of Honor (Ronda), Bride (Kitty), Groom (Buddy) and Best Man (Keller).

Photos by Eric Stephen Jacobs

Cruising off Broadway...

BY IAN AND DANIEL

ADO ABOUT SOMETHING

I must admit I had my doubts about whether the current production of *Much Ado About Nothing* at the Delacorte Theatre would really work. The major change has been a complete time shift. It's all been moved to Victorian England, shortly after the turn of the century I would guess, complete with a 6-piece genuine brass band—plunkin' and raggin' away with about ten tunes, before the actual show got underway.

It seems obvious to this reviewer that J. Papp and company has decided to try and do a repeat of their absolutely brilliant rendering of their last year's production of *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, a review of which appears below. That's a hard act to follow, especially since the latter was good enough to make the (once) ubiquitous Broadway scene. How do you match a Tony and N.Y. Drama Critics Awards for Best Musical of '71? It's probably unfair to review this production in light of last year's smashing success and so I will desist as much as possible.

The story concerns two sets of lovers-to-be, and how they are brought together through various and sundry drifts that Shakespeare could spin so very well.

Don Pedro, Chief of State, returns from what I gathered were diplomatic sojourns, accompanied by Benedick, his Captain, and Claudio, his Lieutenant, to lodge for a few days with his friend the governor, Leonato—who, it seems, has two eligible daughters—Hero, the younger one, pert, cute and very feminine—and Beatrice, who fashions herself as self-sufficient, self-made and full of disdain and scorn for the opposite sex—they being somewhat beneath her station, or so she would have us believe.

Claudio is the young lieutenant, a bit shy, naive, modest and something of a dupee, i.e., one who is easily duped by others. Benedick is the brass-spoken captain whose disdain for his opposite number is the equal of our lady Beatrice. He is content and foresworn to remain a bachelor, or so he would have us believe, etc. . . .

Of course, if one is the least bit familiar with the olde Bard, you can see what amorous connections he is about to fashion, with the help of cunning and simple drifts. Claudio and Hero, and Benedick and Beatrice—the latter seems impossible on the surface yet proves the less difficult in the end.

Don Pedro and his bastard brother Don John represent the good and bad guys of the plot—the latter undoing the good deeds of Don Pedro.

The plot thickens and takes shape as the drifts are executed. Don Pedro woos Hero in Claudio's stead (he really is a novice) unbeknownst to Hero and once she is won, he breaks (intercedes) with Leonato on Claudio's behalf and the match is consummated. All very nice and tidy except that Don John has other ideas (?) and proceeds to undo things with a counter-drift by having one of his henchmen, Borachio, woo Margaret (a friend of Hero's) at her bedroom window but calling Hero's name, all the while knowing that Claudio and Don Pedro are hidden nearby listening to every word. And hence, our Hero is undone.

Don Pedro has also arranged with Claudio and Leonato to invent all sorts of glowing words and thoughts of Benedick as coming from Beatrice. Of course, they make sure that Benedick is well within earshot and they pretend that they are unaware of his presence. It then becomes easy for olde Benny to believe all he has

Photos by Eric Stephen Jacobs



"Coming Out" re-opens September 7 at the Washington Sq. Methodist Church (Manhattan).

by weaving the plot even thicker and in the end the drifts right themselves and all ends well.

The casting, as usual, is excellent for the most part. I could find no fault with the major players—though one or two of the minor roles just didn't work for me. Bernard Hughes as Dogberry was quite excellent as the incompetent, word-jumbling, not-too-bright Chief of Police. Kathleen Widdoes and Sam Waterston are also outstanding as the disdainful yet inevitable lovers. Mark Hammer as Leonato and Douglass Watson as Don Pedro were also really fine throughout. The settings by Ming Cho Lee were again up to his consistently high standards. The Victorian England costumes were great, as were the dance seuqences by Don Saddler. Mr. Antoon's direction had a light touch which I appreciated. It could have been a disaster with less skill. There were two songs which didn't do anything for me; however, all of the backdrop music was rather tasteful. Quite honestly, I didn't know if it was original (in some cases) or just tunes before my time.

Well, as I said above, I really had my doubts about whether the "updating" would work. I'm glad to say that it does which only proves, of course, that like heard since Claudio and Leonato and Don Pedro are honorable men. Likewise, Beatrice is made to overhear her lady friends extol on her virtues etc. as they heard them from Benedick. And hence, the drift is set on its inevitable course—collision.

Shakespeare then really does his thing



A gay teacher is run out of town in "Coming Out," a splendid new play. Don't miss it.

Bach's music, the Bard's stuff is timeless. Too bad Bach and the Bard didn't know one another. I bet they would have turned out some really dynamite operas.

The show, though it succeeds, lacks the pizazz and pure brilliance of last year's production. In its own right, it can stand on its own. There are some really delicious sequences—one being where the ladies come together for a moment before dinner to secretly smoke a cigarette before their gentlemen friends arrive.

As I said, it works—it's pleasantly delightful without being cutesie-poo. It will be in residence at the Delacorte Theatre until September 3rd.

TWO CATS FROM VERONA

I had seen the original production when it opened at the Delacorte Theatre about this time last year. It went on to tour the city parks and to put frosting on the cake, it made Broadway. I decided that I wanted to see what had been done to the production to flesh it out a bit for the "big time."

The story concerns two gentlemen from Verona who are best friends. One (Valentine) is away to Milan in search of adventure—love—women, while his friend Proteus finds love in Verona but is spirited off to Milan by his father, to join his friend. Unfortunately, they fall in love with the same fair (ebony, really) young lady—Sylvia, and through a cunning drift (here we go again) Proteus devises a plan that will win him Julia but lose him his friend Valentine. All of this is complicated by the fact that Sylvia's father, the Duke of Milan, has already promised her to Thurio—a bit of a cry-baby and dipshit dummy. This is further complicated by the fact that Sylvia really loves Eglamour, a soldier that her papa didn't approve of and sent off to war to be killed. Are you still with me? It really gets a bit thick when Eglamour returns to discover Valentine and Proteus zeroing in on Sylvia. Ouch! Thurio is never really in the picture. As easily as he weaves the plot thicker and thicker, Shakespeare unravels it all and things work out for the best.

Virtually the entire cast is intact from thyoriginal park production, the one major change being the role of Julia played by Diana Davila. Her interpretation of the role put me off a bit—it being too broad and comic—lots of eye-rolling, a hesitant speech delivery, etc. She did it well but it seemed out of context with the show. With all due respect to Hattie Winston who done good by the role of Sylvia, the role really belongs to Jonelle Allen, who, I suspect, was on vacation or something.

The biggest improvement was the role of Valentine as played by Clifton Davis. I remember wincing at his performance in the original production last year. He just didn't have the timing and nuance that is necessary for doing Shakespeare. He was speaking a series of words without the proper understanding of their meaning. In the current production, he's 100 per cent better.

The show is as bright and exciting as before—though some of the vitality and festive atmosphere which seemed to stem from playing in the open Delacorte Theatre are missing. It's still a fantastic show and it richly deserves the awards and honors it won for the best Broadway musical of 1972. Git it on and go dig it.

The incredible success and acceptance of *Two Gentlemen of Verona* is due in a very large part to the deliberate casting of the play along ethnic lines, specifically, Puerto Rican, Black and Oriental. The play is brilliantly contemporized by the use of ethnic gestures, expressions, sequences and dialects. The New York audience which viewed it in the city parks enjoyed it immensely because it was New York, or any other large, urban metropolis in the U.S. with these particular ethnic groups in evidence. I think now that a large percentage of the audiences now viewing the play are non-New Yorkers or at least not part of the inner city and its unique qualities. They enjoyed the show to be sure, but I think they missed some of the more subtle goodies.

AND FURTHERMORE:

Coming Out by Jonathan Katz and directed by David Roggensack is coming back—this time at the Washington Square Methodist Church at 133 West 4th (just off Sixth Avenue). It is again being presented by the arts committee of the Gay Activists Alliance and it will open on 7 September. If you didn't see it during its "run" at the GAA Firehouse, get your ass in gear and drop by the W.S. Methodist Church. If you did see it, take a friend. Contribution is $2 and it's well worth it.

The Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre is about to become a permanent fixture of the City Center of Music and Drama, joining the New York City Ballet and the Joffrey Ballet—which means we'll be seeing more of them now that they have a permanent home. Welcome to "Fun City," Alvin.

Coming up next issue—reviews of the *Fantastiks* and possibly one of the plays now in residence at the Mercer Arts Center. Later, boys and girls!

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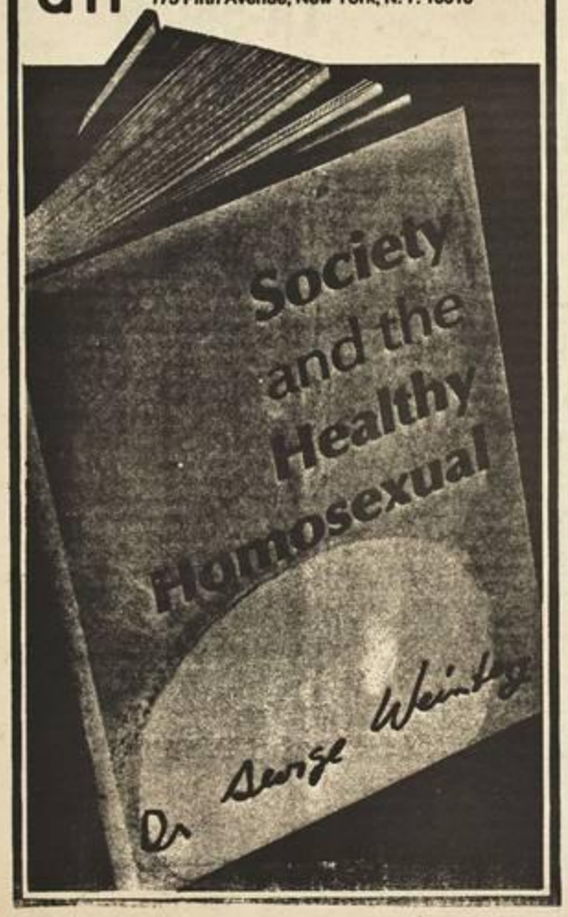

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PHILADELPHIA AREA W/M, 33, sincere, discreet. Seeks others (21-35) for friendship, etc. Send description, interests, phone to: PO Box 271, Hatboro, Pa. 19040.

SLAVE WANTED. Desire w/m under 25 to share home in Atlanta with w/m, 170 lbs., 5'11". No experience necessary. Vern Paxton, Box 7305, Long Beach, Calif. 90807.

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