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GAY

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TOP MC GOVERN AIDE AFFIRMS GAY RIGHTS STAND

BY BRUCE VOELLER



Presidential Candidate McGovern

New York, N.Y. Representatives of the Gay Activists Alliance won their hard fought demand that George McGovern or his top national spokespersons *publicly* affirm the Democratic presidential candidate's support for gay rights. The McGovern staff called a meeting with four members of GAA at the Americana Hotel, where Senators McGovern and Edward Kennedy were holding a press conference on Thursday, September 14th. GAA President Richard Wandel, John Howard, Michael McPherson and Bruce Voeller met with McGovern's top national political advisor and aide, Frank Mankiewicz, and two New York staff members, Caroline Konheim and Michael Aronson. After more than an hour, the activists won promises that each of their demands would be satisfied.

First, Mankiewicz confirmed the authenticity of McGovern's several statements supporting gay rights. These had been challenged by such senior McGovern officials as Richard Wade, former head of the New York McGovern campaign, and by Richard Dougherty, the Senator's national press secretary. Thus, a bizarre history of confusing statements by McGovern officials began to see resolution . . . a history which had deeply undermined gays' trust in McGovern's integrity and support.

Second, Mankiewicz promised that within seven to ten days the New York headquarters would release findings and statements of the McGovern National Task Force on Civil Rights; included would be a section on gay rights formally enumerating McGovern's six-point legislative program on gay rights. The document and related press statements are scheduled for nationwide release to all news media and campaign offices. Moreover, the GAA representatives are to be given opportunity to review the gay rights statements prior to final printing and distribution.

Third, Mankiewicz agreed to GAA's demand that he personally, by telephone and in writing, communicate with the editors of the nation's two leading gay newspapers, GAY and *The Advocate*, confirming the authenticity of the earlier, contested McGovern Gay Rights statement and that he officially reaffirm

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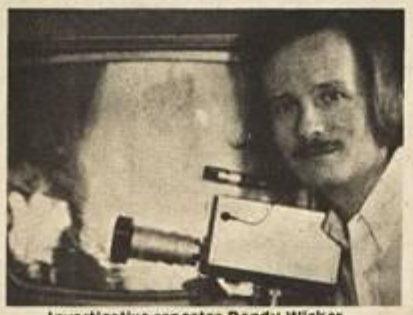
THE LITTLE BANK ROBBER AND THE BIG LIE

BY RANDY WICKER



Investigative reporter Randy Wicker

John Wojtowicz, known to members of New York's GAA and Brooklyn's GAB as "Littlejohn Basso," tried robbing the Chase Manhattan Bank at Avenue P and 3rd Street in Brooklyn Tuesday afternoon, August 24th at 2:30 p.m. But the robbery didn't go as planned. Police arrived and surrounded the bank with Littlejohn and his partner, Sal Natuarale, inside holding the lawmen at bay with nine hostages. Arthur (Arty) Westenberg, the alleged third member of the trio, carried two shotguns into the bank wrapped as a package and then fled in the getaway car when the police arrived.

The siege at the bank continued for fourteen hours. Littlejohn was immediately labeled the "gay bankrobber" by the media when he demanded that Ernest Aron, a transsexual male whom he had married in a full drag wedding the previous December, be brought to the scene from Kings County Hospital where he had voluntarily signed himself in for a few days' treatment after recurring bouts of depression had triggered a suicide attempt some forty-eight hours earlier.

Littlejohn also summoned Pat Coppola, a lover of sorts whom he had known for over a year and with whom he had been having an affair after Aron had rejected him during the few months preceding the robbery. Littlejohn kissed Coppola in the bank's doorway as the crowd cheered.

Littlejohn's mother, called Terry by family and friends, had also been called to the scene. Swallowing her fierce family pride, Terry called Carmen Wojtowicz, John's legal female heterosexual wife, and pleaded with her to come. They had not been on speaking terms for months although Littlejohn still visited his wife and children once or twice weekly. Carmen refused, using her two children, Dawn, 3½, and Sean, 2½, as an excuse. She said she had no babysitter. Later Carmen, a highly emotional woman prone to quick anger and excessive crying, said she refused to go to the bank because she feared becoming "too emotional and overinvolved."

The long night of terror ended fourteen hours after Sal and Littlejohn entered the bank. They had commandeered a limousine and had taken the seven remaining hostages (they had released two) to JFK Airport, where a small jet had been readied to fly them to points unknown. The papers said Denmark and quoted Littlejohn as declaring he was robbing the bank so Ernie could afford a sex-change operation.

An FBI agent driving the limousine

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Photo courtesy of DRAG magazine

John Wojtowicz and Ernest (Liz Eden) Aron

BATH RAIDED IN TAMPA, FLORIDA

Tampa, Florida— The front page of *The Tampa Times* (Sept. 6) carried the following news report headlined: *25 Arrested in Raid:*

Twenty-five persons were arrested by Tampa police Saturday on charges of homosexuality after an uncover [sic] vice squadsman went into a Tampa residence and discovered the activity.

Detective C.F. Spidel said he entered The Club Tampa, Inc., 215 N. 11th St., shortly after midnight and paid the assistant manager $7.25 and received a sheet and towel. Spidel said he walked through parts of the building and observed numerous suspects in various stages of undress and sexual relations.

Spidell [sic] opened the back door of the house and let other officers into the building who then made the arrests. The 25 persons were charged with lewd and lascivious acts and frequenting a house of ill fame.

The raid apparently took place on the premises of Club Tampa, one of two new baths in the nationwide Club Baths chain. Chain spokesmen were not available for comment as GAY went to press, but a former official of the Mattachine Society of Florida, Inc. (now defunct) stated: "Although things seem to be looking up in Miami, you must remember that Florida is to homosexuals what Mississippi is to blacks. Throughout most of the state, entrapment, enticement, and police pressure continues as it did during the days of the infamous Johns Committee, a state-supported group that fired hundreds of suspected gays from state employment in the early sixties."



New Talent on the Rise: Arlene Fontanna recently appeared before a wildly appreciative audience at *Man's Country*, Brooklyn Heights' atmospheric new bath house. Ms. Fontanna plays Betty in the Broadway production of *No, No, Nanette*, at the *46th Street Theatre*. GAY staff members described her as "warm, honest, and a fabulous entertainer."

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 Larado, 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 & Washington Sts. Young leather crowd. Cruisy. GM.

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

Danny's in the Hideaway Motel, 500 W. 14th St. (989-2649). Lefty and Kevin will see that you have a good time. Say hello to Woody. GM

Danny'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. (AL 5-7905). Good food. Joey and Martyn will take excellent care of you. Int.

Fedora's, 239 W. 4th St. (CH 2-9691). Jack and Larry on the floor to serve you. And Fedora herself making sure that you enjoy your meal. GM,some Int.

Finale, 48 Barrow St. (CH 3-7358). Seems despite some groovy help they are still losing business. Say hello to Jaimie and Philip. GM/Int.

Five Oaks, 49 Grove St. (675-9669). Village favorite off Sheridan Square. Int.

Four Eleven, 411 Bleecker St. (CH 2-2117). An old-time favorite. Int.

Gas Station, 70 Grove St. (242-1408). J.L. has taken over this disco. He's got Sy, June and Jigg thrown in on weekends. GM

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

Home of Pleaty, 353 Bleecker St. (242-0636). Great food but you'll have to bring your own wine until they get their liquor license. Int.

Inca, 399 W. 12th St. (242-9722). The food is great and they have sexy Joe. A mixture with a lot of GM.

Julius', 159 W. 10th St. Hamburgers are great. Drinks are good. Hap, Joey, et al will take care of your drinks. The crowd is pretty, but don't count on makine out. They still stare off GM

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

Kowkie'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

Limelight, 91 7th Ave. So. (255-9379). Newest disco entry. They did a nice job in the decor. Emmy, beautiful Joey, Bess and Jack are on hand. Looks like a winner. GM.

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). Joe is honcho here even if Mona doesn't think so. He makes the room, He's added Billy and John's superb food. GM.

Ninth Circle, 139 W. 10th St. Say hello to Ed. 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 Polly, 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

Pal Joey, 550 3rd Ave. bet. 36th & 37th Sts. (689-9670. Brand new. I haven't been there yet. GM.

Uncle Charlie's South, 581 3rd Ave. Three separate rooms allow you to keep making entrances. This beautifully deocrated 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

Gianni's, 53 W. 19th St. If the girls are anything like Holly, Dee and Maria—Go! GF.

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. (20th St.) Humpy studs come here to relax and groove. GM

SOHO

Gay Activists Alliance Firehouse, 99 Wooster St. Get there early for the Sat. dance. Marvel at the CABARET every other Fri. Lesbian dance last Fri. of the month. FANTASTIC!!! 7th Ave. IRT 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. GO AND HAVE A BALL AND YOU MIGHT FIND A FEW OTHER THINGS OUT.

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 lench(?). GM.

Lib, 305 E. 45th St. (Le 2-0290). The ensemble players, Jerry, Ellie, Lois and Jim, along with Gretchen and Ken, will assure you of a good time. GM, GF

Mayfair, 964 1st Ave. (EL 5-9259). Kind of closety but fun. Good food at a good price. Int.

Roundtable, 151 E. 50th St. One of the biggest discos in town, and the oldest. Still drawing them. Mario and Bobby at the bar. Shows during the week. GM.

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, along with Bill Irwin, and cutey-pie Kathy will make this place go. GM.

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

Walter's Apartment, 1068 2nd Ave. (56th St., 371-3374). Just opened and it promises to be a hit. The decor makes you feel as if you're in a penthouse overlooking Manhattan. Check it out. GM.

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, 316 W. 49th St. Disco dancing. GM, why. GM

Big Spender, 315 W. 48th St. (586-9582). Lots of gypsies from the nearby shows. Some beauties. Good time, Eric tends to the libations.

Brothers and Sisters, 355 W. 46th St. (247-8840). Most of the sisters have left but some of the brothers are worth checking out. GM/some GF.

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. (586-9368). They asked J.F.H. not to list them in "The Gay Insider U.S.A." But they are. Int.

Jimmy Ray's, 729 8th Ave. (582-9507). They won't admit to it either. But you might find what you're looking for here. Int.

Joe Allen, 326 W. 46th St. (581-6464). Gypsies, name-performers, etc. Gay is the word for the bar while the tables will be mixed. Int.

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

Tijuana Cat, 350 W. 46th St. If your taste buds run Latin you're sure to find a tasty morsel here. Dawn Hampton's vocalizing a winner every time. GM.

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 Potpurrie. It's dancing and a gas. GM, GF

Cabaret, 1436 3rd Ave. (744-9873). Artie's new place. Michael is doing the cooking. Ralph's the maitre d'. Small dining room makes it advisable to call for reservations. There will be shows in the larger back room. 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

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. (81st & 82nd, 734-9305). Yours truly can be found here standing in for Tony Black Mon.-Wed. Come in and say hello. We'll have some laughs. Dancing, cruisy. 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 Heights (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.



A VERY REGRETTABLE MISTAKE: Two columns ago there appeared a story concerning a waiter and his boss. I had contended that although the boy was in critical condition, the boss didn't offer to help. I had received this story from a handful of people. Being a very subjective and passionate man, I wrote the story as I had heard it. The bar people having been my primary interest up to this time, I was truly incensed. I did not follow the first rule of journalism: I did not confront the man in question, although I have known him for a long time. As it turned out, the boy was never in "critical" condition and his boss did indeed help out. I apologize to the man in question and to you, my readers. Please, excuse me. I shall endeavor to be a little more objective.

OBJECTIVELY SPEAKING: I came to write for GAY mainly because I believe that it has a lot to say. I thought that by writing a column about the bars I could get some of the bar people to read what the hell was going on in the world besides what went on inside of the four walls of their respective bars. It was my contention that the bars and the bar people could be the biggest political rallying force in the city. GAY's editors, Lige and Jack, have encouraged me, and my "sphere" has grown in many ways. Unfortunately, only one or two bartenders have opened their eyes to all that is going on around them. To be blunt, I'm tired of jousting with windmills (not always in my mind). There are too many important things out there to limit myself with trying to help people who do not and/or will not help themselves or others. Being that I am now at the PIPERS' LOUNGE during the week, I am obviously a "bar person"; I always have been (God knows) and, in all probability, always will be. But

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Morality Plays

BY JAMES A. WECHSLER,
Editorial Page Editor of the *New York Post*

Despite his extensive Presidential travels, Richard Nixon remains an unreconstructed "square" dedicated to simple American virtues and appalled by what he views as the ascendancy of vice and aberration. That portrait emerges in a series of intimate vignettes transmitted by White House aides to correspondent Nick Thimmesch and published in the current issue of *McCall's*.

Like all such exercises in the humanizing of a candidate, the report may dismay some even as it delights others. Consider, for example, this episode:

"One night, while dialing his TV to find the baseball game, the President came upon 'All in the Family,' which he had never seen before. In the program Nixon watched, Archie's son-in-law, Mike, brought home a friend who seemed to be a claiming that Archie's pal, a onetime football hero, was actually a homosexual. Archie found this ridiculous. But when Archie next sees him, the football player, to Archie's great horror, admits his homosexuality. Program's moral: Archie Bunker painfully learns tolerance. President Nixon's reaction: "That was awful. It made a fool out of a good man.' "

I assume that the "good man" whom the President felt had been cruelly mocked was Archie (not the football hero) but perhaps he was aggrieved on both points. In any case, one of those who saw the program must be forgiven for observing that it is Mr. Nixon who sounds slightly foolish in lamenting Archie's bruising moment of truth. The existence of homosexuality among athletes must be considered a fact of life now widely acknowledged in the sporting set; it is hard to believe that the news has escaped the President's attention. In contributing this chapter to the education of Archie Bunker, the program was indeed effectively caricaturing a primitive prejudice and the President's wrath has almost banal overtones.

Once upon a time, of course, the notion that a star quarterback might be sexually involved with his left tackle would have been an unthinkable thought; there was even an era when some correlation between athletic distinction and conventional bedroom prowess was part of popular mythology. But a large literature of disclosure and disenchantment has refuted that legend.

Nevertheless, Mr. Nixon, as presented by his associates to journalist Thimmesch, is "a product of an America that seems to have vanished and that he wants desperately to bring alive again." In that age Frank Merriwell personified the life-style of the heroic gladiator; there was apparently also a more general acceptance of the belief that censorship could save many souls. Thus Thimmesch reports:

"When the President's Commission on Obscenity and Pornography contended that obscene books, films and plays had no lasting effect on a man's character and that adults should be allowed to read or see any explicit sexual material they wanted to, Nixon denounced the report's 'moral bankrupt conclusions' and said that such permissiveness could 'increase the threat to our social order.' "

"White House staffer Patrick Buchanan said 'He was so angry he almost threw the report on the grass.' "

One must surmise that Buchanan was using the word "grass" in its old-fashioned sense.

It would be frivolous to suggest that these advertisements of Mr. Nixon's attachment for the old morality have lost all political relevance. While the Democratic convention made history by permitting free debate on the matter of the rights of homosexuals, its managers took pains to schedule the discussion at pre-dawn hours when most of the country slept. In New York a City Council committee once again failed yesterday—by a narrow margin—to report out a bill curbing discrimination against homosexuals. The beatings of Gay Activists at the annual Inner Circle rites stirred no major outcry among political leaders, and it is far from clear that anyone will ever be punished for the assaults. In fact the cover-up operation began almost instantly and rather shamelessly.

Yet an unmistakable generational rift will almost surely be aggravated by overemphasis on the President as a self-proclaimed "square" in the realm of virtue, and in such warnings —as quoted by John Mitchell—that the use of pot is reminiscent of the last days of Rome.

"I've known him [Nixon] 21 years and I sense high moral principles and high values," the Rev. Billy Graham told Thimmesch. But for many new young voters the central moral issue of their lives has been the American role in Vietnam, and the bombings that have now reached a thunderous peak. For many the values of the past that seem most urgently in need of affirmation are those of justice, equality and freedom.

Not all of the new politics has eluded the White House. "The President believes women possess powers that men will never have," Thimmesch reports, without elaboration.

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First University Recognizes Gay Lounge

New York, N.Y. The year and a half long struggle between gay students and the Columbia University administration over the question of a gay minority lounge has come to an end. On September 18th, Peter Pouncey, the newly appointed Dean of Columbia College, issued a statement reversing the administration's rigid non-recognition policy of the de facto facility.

The gay lounge is the first of its kind in the country. Since its inception, it has become a center for campus gay life, a pivot for social and cultural cohesion of Columbia gays. It has been the scene of numerous wine and cheese parties, meetings of gay people at Columbia-Barnard, and a place where gay students can go to meet each other or study. Despite the lounge's de facto existence, the university refused to acknowledge this existence and to provide for its maintenance.

In April, 1971, the Undergraduate Dormitory Council of Furnald Hall, a student body, allocated an unused storeroom for use by gay students. Carl Hovde, then Dean of the College, vetoed the students' action saying the university should not involve itself formally in matters pertaining to sexual orientation.

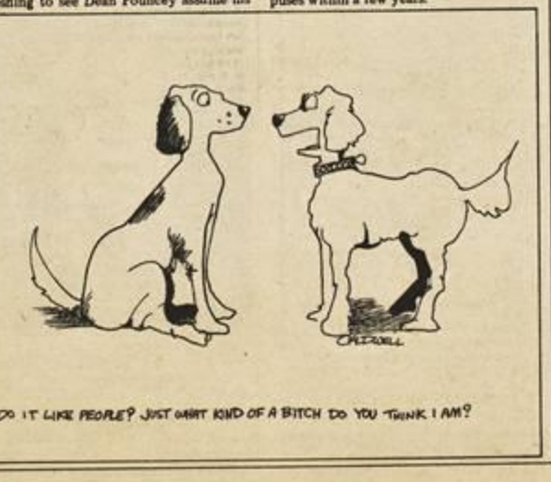
In light of the fact that the University okayed similar facilities to Asian and black students, the matter was brought before the Executive Committee of the Trustees last April. The trustees were asked to overturn Hovde's veto. Five months have passed since the appeal was made and there has been no response from the Trustees.

In effect, Dean Pouncey, who assumed the position of Dean in September, 1972, has alleviated the Trustees of the need to further belabor the issue.

Morty Manford, a leader of Gay People at Columbia-Barnard who has spearheaded the fight for the Lounge, stated: "This is an important step forward in the thinking of the administration. It's refreshing to see Dean Pouncey assume his responsible stance in light of the vacuum created by Frank Hogan's perfunctory performance as chairman of the Executive Committee of the Trustees.

"The gay lounge has been an important alternative to gay bars controlled by criminal syndicates. It has been an invaluable catalyst in the growth of the movement, and a sense of gay pride at Columbia. It shall continue to provide this service to the community."

In 1967 Columbia was the first school in the country to have a gay organization on campus. Of the gay lounge, Dean Pouncey remarked: "What happens at Columbia usually happens on other campuses within a few years."



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CLAY'S CLEARING HOUSE



Sweet Lips: Alan Bates

BY ALAN CLAY

HOW NOW, BLUE OCTOBER?

Summer is over. Doesn't seem any time since I spaded the chilly May earth to plant henbane, belladonna and cannabis in my modest little garden. Now it's harvesting time. Vacations are but an Instamatic memory, and there's nothing to look forward to except ordering your Christmas cards this Saturday.

As usual, nobody invited me to join them at Cherry Grove or The Pines this summer. Am I the only New York gentleman of homosexual persuasion who has never been to Fire Island? Am I missing anything? Some friends say no; others say yes. Frankly, I've never had that Truly Burning Desire to visit there. I'm sure it's a veritable land of macedoine enchantment, but I generally don't feel the necessity to compete with my fellow gays in quite such a strenuous way. And from all I've ever gathered, that's basically what the Grove/Pines scene is—a sort of One-Upmanship Olympics.

If that's your bag, don't let me stop you from entering the contests. And in all fairness I must admit that another reason I haven't gone is because I might enjoy it a great deal and would want to make repeated trips. But the problem with all narcotics is that they're expensive, and I ain't got that kind of bread. Legend has it that one does not approach the Island with $7 in cash and two books of food stamps.

Anyway, as I was saying, summer is kaput. What is commonly called "The Season" is upon us. Actually all this means in New York is that fourteen Broadway plays will open and close before November. At the time of this writing, *Butley* hasn't opened so I can't report on its treatment of *that* theme. But if Alan Bates is reading this column, I want him to know he has the most beautiful lips in the world. Thank you. You're welcome.

All right, I've been self-indulgent for entirely too many paragraphs. The announcements and news items of questionable interest are waiting in the wings. Lend an eyeball.

STILL MORE ABOUT PENAL REFORM

Two recent articles about prison reform in leading magazines. One in *Life* about the "radical experiment" at the Washington State Penitentiary at Walla Walla. (My trustworthy sources indicate it is a great deal less "radical" than "frustrating" and "superficial.") The other article in *New York Times* Sunday magazine supplement concerns The Patuxent Institution for Defective Delinquents at Jessup, Maryland (often called a "model rehabilitative prison").

Both articles go into great detail about the various kinds of criminal types in the institutions and what rehabilitative measures are currently being effected to help them. Now everybody knows that homosexuality is most prevalent in prison life. Yet neither article even fleetingly mentions homosexuality or homosexual prisoners.

I have been in touch with the inmates at the Washington Penitentiary and also those energetic people of *The Stonewall* in Seattle. There are a great many gay residents at Walla Walla and they have started some rather amazing programs of self-government and self-aid. Due to being gay, they have generally had a rougher time of it than straight prisoners. They are surviving. And they are proud of their accomplishments.

I think *Life* might have made some wee mention of this in an article supposedly concerned with *healthy progress* in penal reform. But then I forget that *Life* is a "family magazine," isn't it? Can't have more than one mention of homosexuality per year, and they've already freaked Aunt Sarah out with the Gay Lib stuff last December.

Phil Stanford, in the *Times* article, does state that Patuxent Institution currently has 29 prisoners convicted of "perverted practices" and one for "attempted perversion." I would like to know a great deal more about exactly what these "perverted practices" are. And I am *wildly* intrigued about the "attempted perversion." Did he attempt to pervert himself, or did he try leading someone else into the eternal purgatory of the Twilight World?

I would also like very much to know exactly what forms of therapy are being used on Patuxent's gay residents. An aversive therapy program using electroshock was started but, according to one of their officials, ". . . we caught so much flak we had to drop it before we could even get going." Wonder who it was used on? It's one thing to force extreme measures on a dangerous convicted murderer—and another to try and change one's sexual orientation.

I'm happy that our prisons are encouraging sensible reform and constructive aid instead of simply letting the prisoners rot for a set number of years. It took them entirely too many centuries to realize that incarceration alone is no deterrent to crime. I am also happy that the various gay organizations across the country are keeping a watchful eye on the watchful authorities. Gays have been ignored before. And we have also been used as guinea pigs before.



I STILL PREFER W.C. FIELDS

Comedian Sandy Baron has put out an album (A&M—SP 4355) called *God Save The Queens*. (Cringe!) A collection of what I would call "skits" about the various aspects of gay life. Comes complete with rave notices from Dick Gregory (who feels compelled to let us know in no uncertain terms that Baron is "an outsider to the homosexual community." Whew! Glad we set the record "straight" for history!) Also gushes from Bette Midler, Alan King, and even Morris Kight (the token gay reviewer?). Midler says the record "certainly should tear them up at The Tubs." Doesn't this woman have even *one* other subject she can yak about?

The record, bearing the ever so coy subtitle "a *different* comedy album," is faintly amusing. I laughed loudly at one section and grinned at two others. But for the most part I'd say it's pretty tired, sophomoric stuff. Much falls flat on its little lavender fanny and I wouldn't bore my friends with it.

Yes, it's "sympathetic" but so tentative it doesn't really help or hinder us. The usual television material with a slight twist. Incidentally, Baron's co-writer is the Rev. James R. McGraw, an ordained elder in the United Methodist Church who now seems to pass the time editing Dick Gregory's books and contributing to *Christianity & Crisis* and *The Realist*. This seems to make him an authority on gay humor. I'd say it's just bound to turn him into a theological schizophrenic.

McGraw hopes this comedy album "proves that 'gay' also means laughter and happiness." Well, the word "gay" does mean laughter and happiness. But it is most presumptuous of Baron and McGraw to feel that their minor effort is "proof" of this already established fact.

THE RAIDS CAME

More on those raids at The Studio Bookstore. They grabbed poor Dick Leitsch on the last one. As everybody knows, beside selling dirty pictures to innocent school children (kidding! kidding!) Dick also writes for GAY. I dropped by the shop to hear the latest jail gossip. He had any number of amusing stories to relate, but Dick is always full of amusing stories. Says he's going to give a detailed account of the raids in a forthcoming GAY article. I hope so, and I pray it puts Commissioner Murph in an absolute *tizzy*.

You say The Law doesn't read GAY? Well, I hope I'm not stealing any of Dick's material when I indicate from what he told me that the NYPD is keeping a much more watchful eye on all aspects of the freaking fag revolution than I would have ever expected. Well, as the old Hindu adage goes, "It's always easier to beat up a queer than to arrest a robber."



Columnist Vicki Richman

Photo by Eric Stephen Jacobs

AND SO?

Another GAY columnist, Vicki Richman, has an interview with Candy Darling in the October issue of *Changes*. According to Vicki, Ms. Darling is now against Gay Lib. It appears that it has nothing to offer *her*. Well, may I be so bold as to speak for Gay Lib and say the feeling is quite mutual?

Incidentally, Vicki and Arthur Bell will talk on Oct. 11 at the West Side Discussion Group on the topic of "New Gay Journalism." I didn't know there was an *Old* Gay Journalism—or am I putting the emphasis on the wrong word?

I HAVE MORE ETCETERA

Lige and Jack gave me some sort of press release concerning their book, so I guess they want me to plug it again. Okay, here goes: Please buy *I Have More Fun With You Than Anybody*—or I lose my job!

Levity aside, they've been on some cross-country promo tours and the book seems to be doing quite well, as it should. I'm sure all GAY's readers wish them much continued success. Personally, my jealousy knows no bounds and I hope they don't get a penny more than $75,000 for the paperback rights. (It's rumored that Jerry Lewis will start the filming soon in Mozambique, using a screenplay by Eric Ambler. Al Goldstein and Jim Buckley have been signed for the leads. Remember, you heard it here first.)

AND PLEASE NOTE

If you didn't know (and apparently quite a few didn't), the New York *Mattachine* moved. I liked having them close to me (on West End Avenue near 72nd) but must admit their new location at 59 Christopher St. (on Sheridan Square) is much better for all practical purposes. I haven't had a chance to drop by yet, but I understand it is a very nice large office and they are hoping to greatly expand services and activities. The phone is 691-1066 and the hours are still 6-9:30 PM, Monday-Friday, and 2-10 on Saturday.

The Lesbian Liberation Committee of Gay Activists Alliance has committee meetings every Monday evening at the Firehouse at 6:30 PM. They are currently scheduling a great many diverse events of special interest to gay women. I've heard good reports and I suggest you girls who've been wondering whether or not to get involved pick up the phone and dial Lesbian Switchboard: 924-4036.

SAD STORY OF TWO KINGS

Another thought about Men's Lib that I didn't have space for in the last issue. According to the *Times*, comedian Alan King's son, Robert, went through quite a horrendous bout with drug addiction. Robert says that one of the main reasons he went off the deep end was because he liked things such as "badminton and catching butterflies and bees." His father would say, "You like all the sissy things." He became frightened of being "different" and "peculiar." And *naturally* this led him to believing he might be homosexual.

So what did he do to rid himself of this fear? He began to hang out with the "school dropouts and bums," steal his father's liquor, trip out daily on acid, etc. He had to pull a lot of asinine tricks before he could begin crawling out of the mire.

Robert was finally aided by an organization called AREBA (Accelerated Reeducation of Emotions, Behavior and Attitudes), which describes itself as a "humanizing process which deals with acting out disorders." The total cost of this program averages about $15,000 for one year of "reeducation." That, my friends, is one hell of a lot of dough just to find out that the premiums America places on

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"If Only Checkers Could See Me Now!"

THE SECRET diary of RICHARD M. NIXON

BY THANE BUCHWALD HAMPTEN



JANUARY 22, 1969—Well, it's good to be home where I belong. I always did love this wonderful big house. Now it's mine. MINE! I can do any gosh darn thing I want with it. (I've got to stop using those rough words I picked up from David.) Think I'll spend all day tomorrow just going through the rooms. Maybe I'll do it on the roller skates Pat gave me for Christmas. That would make her feel better. I really am sorry I forgot to shake hands with her before going to bed last night. But she's got to understand I'm more than a loving husband and father now. I'm the President.

I am the *President*. I am *the* President. I *am* the President. *I* am the President. Golly, it sounds great, no matter how you say it! Where was I? Oh, yes—the homestead. First thing to do is get rid of as much of Ladybird's "beautification" as possible. Thank God there's not a trace of Jackie left.

I sure remember old Dwight poking around here. Mamie and her mother right at his heels, nagging the heck out of him. Guess I should have felt sorry for him, but I didn't. Always made me use the back door when I came over. Didn't mind that as much as having to keep his best pair of army boots shined. "Spit'n'polish, Dick . . . Spit'n'polish does it!" I got so sick of hearing that. Well, he won't have Dick Nixon to kick around any more.

Think we ought to get Rebozo's decorator to do the whole first floor in Early Quaker. Don't want my fellow Americans to forget my humble origins. Guess I'll have to get that wicker sewing basket back from Kissinger. Never could understand why he wanted it. Said something about keeping a "pot" in it for when he wanted to "trip out." Strange. A pot? Could he mean "pottie"? And maybe "trip out" means he needs a portable pottie when he travels. Strange. I hate to pry but I may ask him about that one.

Well, good night, diary. It's been a long day. (Wish "Checkers" had been here to see this.) I still have to tweeze my eyebrows so I don't look mean. Good tip from one of my make-up men. Probably a sexual invert and that means he's pinko, too. But he does wonders with my jowls. A touch of Max Factor and I only have to shave four times a day.) I just stand there in front of that mirror and say, "Every day, in every way, you're growing lovelier and lovelier." And that is a fact!

MAY 19, 1969—What a day! I knew it was going to be a stinker when Martha Mitchell called at 5:00 this morning. Kept me on the phone for exactly two hours and twenty-seven minutes! (I timed it to the second with my Franklin Pierce watch that Spiro gave me. Cute as heck.)

And then J. Edgar dropped over right in the middle of my poached eggs. Ate most of the buttermilk biscuits and got plum jelly all down his tie. Kept calling me "Mr. Vice-President" and insisted he had an appointment with President Eisenhower at 10:00 sharp! I'd better talk to Rogers about putting the old gent out to pasture.

Wish I knew why he never married. I remember asking him about it back in 1952. He just batted his eyes a little and said, "Ask me no questions and I'll tell you no lies." Awfully silly thing for a grown man to say.

And then at 11:15 John came over and said Martha had locked herself in the bathroom and wouldn't come out. Wondered if I'd said anything to offend her. I couldn't think of a thing but that woman is too dratted hypersensitive! I had to go all the way over there and coax her out. And people wonder why I don't get any work done!

Then, this afternoon we had to go through that embarrassing stuff from the commission on (I hate using the word, even in these private pages!) pornography. I'll get even somehow with Lyndon for leaving me that shameful mess! You wouldn't believe some of the things I saw and read in that report. A cesspool! Absolutely disgusting! They wouldn't even let me see the worst of it. But I saw quite enough to know smut is now as big a threat to our wonderful country as The Red Menace. Why, there was one picture of a man and woman in sexual congress, and *she* was on *top!* I made it perfectly clear to everyone in the room that if this is the result of that "Women's Liberation" I've been hearing about, it has to be nipped in the bud!

It is beyond my imagination that anyone could debase themselves by viewing such filth. The commission has even had the audacity to claim it's beneficial! Something about "getting rid of tensions and hostilities" that way. Ridiculous! That's what we have golf and wars for! We provide healthy outlets for the masses but it's not good enough for them. Oh, no—they have to be watched every minute or they head straight for the perversions!

Why can't everybody be like me? Right before I go to sleep I read a couple of engrossing legal briefs. Cleans the mind. I sleep like a baby. (Must admit a very disturbing thing happened a few nights ago. I had one of those nocturnal emissions. First time that's happened since I was a sophomore in college. Repulsive. I confessed it to the chaplain and he told me not to worry, but it preyed on my mind for weeks. I didn't want Pat to know about this one, so I washed the sheets out myself.)



"Martha's locked in the bathroom!"



"Connally argued with me."

Well, let's get back to a wholesome subject. We had Billy Graham over for dinner again tonight. What a charming man! So strong and sturdy. Good-looking, too. I can see why women are attracted to him. Strong and disciplined. I certainly like being around him. And he's one of the most thoughtful people in the world. Knew I'd been exposed to that pornographic hell this afternoon. So he left me eight free copies of his 25¢ pamphlet, *How Communists Weaken the Moral Fiber of America's Youth through Smut!* It even has a special forword by Pat Boone. I'll just read one legal brief this evening so I can have enough time to do justice to Billy's inspirational words.

SEPTEMBER 26, 1970—I've really got Henry on the go! I don't see how he keeps up that pace. Wonder if it has anything to do with the pottie he keeps in my wicker basket? (He never did give it back. Carries it everywhere with him.) Well, whatever he has in there really keeps him moving, and that's all his President can ask for! Yesterday he told me he wants to get started on those China plans.

Said they have some "really great grass" over there and he's itching to go "mow their lawn." Henry is a card! I don't understand him half the time. He loves to use that "hep cat" talk that the beatniks are using these days. Sounds funny with his accent. I really like Kiss, but I wish he'd stop sticking top secret papers in the centerfold of his *Playboy* magazine. Very unprofessional, and I cannot see why such an intelligent man would read gutter trash like that. I gave him subscriptions to *Readers Digest*, *Today's Health* and *Mutual Funds Illustrated* last Christmas but I've never seen him with a single copy. Doesn't he know how easily my feelings are hurt?

FEBRUARY 7, 1971—Had an argument with Rogers and Connelly this morning. I spent all of last week working on Phases 7 through 10. I wanted to give an outline of the whole thing to the new advisors. But they're afraid someone might leak it to Jack Anderson and he'd tell the world. Well, Mr. and Mrs. America know I inherited a sick economy from the penny-wise and pound-foolish Democrats. I'll get us back on our feet because it's my destiny to go down in history as The Greatest President. I must! Every day, in every way, I grow more and more loveable. And that is a fact!

MARCH 20, 1972—James Reston said ugly things about me again today. Doesn't he realize how easily my feelings are hurt? I don't know why the *Times* tries so hard to hate me. Borrowing a term from that Ali Mohammed fellow, "I am the greatest!" That reminds me, I must ask Pat if she's located a suitable Negro to balance Caesar Chavez and Chief Running Buffalo at tomorrow's dinner. Pat has great ideas. Of course she says the idea for this Dinner of Brotherhood came from the Leonard Bernsteins. They had Shirley Chisholm, Seiji Ozawa and three heroin addicts from Spanish Harlem.

I ran *Patton* again tonight. I think that's the eighteenth time. Wonderful film. I'm beginning to like it even more than *Fighting Seabees* and *Friendly Persuasion*. Never understood why Duke Wayne didn't play Patton. They're so much alike. Two swell Americans. Citizens like that know what the Red, White and Blue stands for. Not like these young hoodlums who parade around with Cong flags! Spiro is itching to tear into them again. Has a couple of good speaches he tried out on me. (Remind me to look up "abscission" and also find out what "solipsistic slaves of Sodom" could mean.)

Last week when I spoke at the New York Hilton, there was another bunch of those scruffy characters in front. They were carrying signs saying "Gay Power" and "Gay is Good" and "Proud to be Gay." I can't understand some people.

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TOP MC GOVERN AIDE AFFIRMS GAY RIGHTS STAND

(continued from page 1)

McGovern's continued backing of Gay Rights.

For months, GAA leaders had quietly but insistently pressed McGovern for a *public* denunciation of the outrageous homophobic statements of McGovern delegate, Ms. Kathy Wilch, nationally televised from the Democratic Convention last June. Her calumnies constituted the Party's opposition statement during official debate over the Gay Rights Plank presented to the Convention for inclusion in the Democratic Platform. Although McGovern privately responded to the demands for an apology (he sent letters to GAA President Richard Wandel and to Ernie Reaugh of Albany GLF, for example), he refused to state his thinking publically, or openly to reaffirm his commitment to support gay rights.

GAA members had found that several months of quiet effort were unsuccessful in moving McGovern, much as an earlier month-long effort to obtain a public Gay Rights statement and support for Intro 475 from New York Mayor John Lindsay had been unsuccessful until GAA caused total disruption of the Mayor's huge fund-raising gala at Radio City Music Hall last spring. Consequently GAA members conducted a zap at McGovern's New York headquarters on Fifth Avenue, occupying the executive offices and tying up all communications by padlocking themselves to the telephone switchboards servicing the entire headquarters (GAY, Sept. 18). These militant efforts led to the Sept. 14th meeting of Mankiewicz with the four GAA leaders, three of whom had been arrested and still face criminal trespass charges for their roles in the occupation of the McGovern headquarters. (Although the McGovern staff has moved to have the charges dropped, it is not known whether the District Attorney will permit this.)

Many gays have been reluctant to join the McGovern campaign because of the fear they shared with GAA that a candidate unwilling to support his privately stated convictions could not be relied upon to do so if eventually under the immense pressure for conservatism surrounding the Presidency. GAA spokespeople argued that a man basing his campaign on integrity and honesty in informing the American people of *all* his convictions was failing to keep that covenant with them . . . by failing to tell them his Gay Rights stand . . . , or he was misleading 20 million gay Americans about his plans for 1973. In either case, could such a man be trusted? GAA's leaders believed that public endorsement by McGovern of his private assurances was the American public's due and that of gay men and women. GAA was willing to press to the limit for those public assurances. When the McGovern press releases on civil rights including gay rights are published in a few days, a great many gays who had withheld their support from McGovern will reconsider backing him and working in his campaign.



Photo by Eric Stephen Jacobs

The exceptional feature of Michael Gibbens's melodrama, *I Have Always Believed in Ghosts*, is that it's about homosexuals, but not about homosexuality. Most of the characters are gay, but no special homosexual concern or problem motivates the plot. Even the three non-gays in the story take no particular notice of the homosexuals, other than as clients for their services.

A couple rents a house that, to their dismay, turns out to be haunted. Instead of a man and a wife, the two are male, very much in love, very much into gay entertainment. They have their gay friends—all stereotypes—over for partying. Otherwise it is a simple ghost story, in which the principals go from sarcastic disdain to out-and-out belief.

Craig Dudley, as the very blond actor-half of the couple, was the sex symbol of the melodrama. Dennis Edenfield, as his author-lover, was very cool, very businesslike, very much in charge—and very femme when it came to flirting in private. Robert Speller was beautifully officious portraying a super-professional ghost-chaser. Ronald Wentz, as a Mephistophelian boatman, and Carol Raymont, as a nervous medium, also stood out. The rest of the cast tried to live up to the gay stereotypes of the author.

Director Bob Bogdanoff did his best with the limited resources of this essentially non-professional production.

THE LITTLE BANK ROBBER AND THE BIG LIE

(continued from page 1)

pulled a concealed .38, spun around on a verbal signal from other agents—"Will there be food on board the plane?"—shoved Natuarale's shotgun barrel to the ceiling and shot him fatally in the chest. Littlejohn immediately dropped his gun and surrendered.

I read the story on page one of *The New York Times* the following morning but didn't realize John Wojtowicz was Littlejohn Basso, whose drag wedding to Ernie Aron I had videotaped some months before. My phone rang and it was John Bidonde, a good friend of both Littlejohn and Ernie, in whose room at 250 West 10th Street the bride's wedding party had readied themselves before proceeding to the What's-In-A-Name Cafe just down the street, where the ceremony and reception would be held.

I only knew Littlejohn casually. The morning after videotaping the wedding, Bidonde and I had bumped into Littlejohn and Ernie in the One Potato and had joined in a Sunday brunch—at Littlejohn's expense—with a table full of friends who had also attended the wedding. Wedding gifts had only amounted to $147 and a collection of dildos, and a planned honeymoon for the newlyweds to Puerto Rico had been cancelled. Instead they had to settle for brunch with friends at the One Potato.

The morning after the robbery, Bidonde still wasn't sure which of the two had been slain. He was a naive, 20-year-old kid who had just left an over-protective home when he moved into 250 West 10th Street and befriended Littlejohn and Ernie. He had been friend and confidant to both of them during their stormy affair, which had lasted only a few months after the wedding.

Unlike most of the gays who knew Littlejohn, Bidonde genuinely liked him. He had visited Littlejohn when he was incarcerated in St. Vincent's with a bout of hepatitis and Littlejohn was the one friend who had made the four-hour trip by subway and bus to visit him while he had been recovering from an operation a few months earlier in a hospital out on Long Island.

Bidonde thought of Littlejohn as a basically kind and good person, someone with a hot temper but who ordinarily wouldn't harm a fly. He had seen Littlejohn several times weekly right up to several hours before the robbery. For some months, Littlejohn had tried to recruit him, as well as an assortment of other acquaintances, for various planned bank robberies, none of which ever came off. He and others had seen the shotgun Littlejohn had been carrying around in the trunk of his rented car. But basically Bidonde was a good kid with good sense. When he saw that John had become involved with Natuarale, an 18-year-old with a record for truancy, burglary, drug abuse, etc., stretching back to his eleventh year, he became genuinely scared.

Two days before the robbery, when Littlejohn came by to see for one last time if he could persuade Bidonde to join his mad scheme, Bidonde stayed in his hotel room and told Littlejohn "no," then declined an invitation to join Littlejohn and his two friends waiting downstairs for a movie. He knew Littlejohn wouldn't hurt him but feared the two others might take him for a ride and do him in because he knew too much.

Bidonde had good reasons. Being naive, he had believed the wild stories Littlejohn delighted in telling even casual acquaintances about his imagined exploits in high-level crime.

When an underworld murder made the papers, Littlejohn would brag that he "had set that one up." At first Bidonde retained a healthy skepticism but had been finally convinced when Littlejohn had shown him $400 in brand-new $5 bills the Friday preceding the robbery, which Littlejohn said he had gotten "for doing a contract myself."

Bidonde still wanted to help Littlejohn, whom he thought had been mistreated by the press. The *New York Post*, having learned through channels that I had a videotape of John and Ernie's wedding, had already called and asked to see the tape. I had been writing for the *Advocate* in recent months and wanted to establish contacts with the major media in New York. So Bidonde and I decided to hold a press conference at a friend's luxurious apartment on Sheridan Square, where we would make the videotape available to all comers, and John would talk about Littlejohn as a person, refusing to answer any questions about the robbery or his self-proclaimed involvement with organized crime. We would say only the good things we could about Littlejohn and thereby try to "manage" and influence the news which was bound to be heavily weighed against him.

I called the American Civil Liberties Union and my own lawyer asking if we could get a legal adviser to sit in on the conference to make sure no damaging questions would be asked which would jeopardize Littlejohn's chances for a fair and impartial trial. They declined, saying that they only became involved in actions where general constitutional issues were raised.

It was my first press conference, and what a success! Four TV crews crowded into the apartment, Channels 2, 4, 7 and 11. I kept tight reins on Bidonde, interrupted the newsmen any time they asked a question like "Did Wojtowicz ever talk to you about the robbery?" and counseled Bidonde "Don't answer that." The results on the evening newscasts were mixed. Bidonde had only said good things about Littlejohn as planned. I had purposely kept in the background. That night, for the first time, Littlejohn's friends were speaking out in his defense. The always neglected personal side of a violent and highly publicized news story was being told.

Bidonde, besides believing Littlejohn's tales of underworld intrigue, had also been convinced by his exaggerated stories about his own health. Littlejohn had caught hepatitis in November 1971 and had recurring problems in the months that followed. His weight had dropped from 148 pounds to 118 pounds. He had been in and out of St. Vincent's Hospital several times, the last being for two weeks in June. After having an argument with Ernie, Littlejohn had gotten out of his hospital bed and walked out. A doctor had come into the room where Bidonde was still lingering and seeing Wojtowicz had gone, told Bidonde, "That boy is a very sick person. Give him my card as soon as you see him. He needs attention."

Later Littlejohn had told Bidonde that the doctors had told him that he had intestinal lumps which were cancerous, that they had wanted to do an operation immediately which would remove most of his intestines and leave him with only a pipe coming out of his side, that he had only a 40% chance of surviving the operation and without it he would "be dead before the first of the year."

Bidonde genuinely believed that Littlejohn thought he was dying and being a kind-hearted person, wanted to leave the five people he cared for most in life provided for—Ernie Aron, his one great love who had rejected him and who had only reluctantly starting seeing Littlejohn on a once-weekly basis during June and July; his wife Carmen and his two children, who had become dependent on welfare since John had ceased contributing to their support because of his hepatitis-induced unemployment; and his mother Terry, with whom he was very close and who was virtually indigent herself.

Little did I realize in those first few days that within a week I would become a friend and confidant of Wojtowicz's family, discover the true facts about Littlejohn's life, become totally involved in a full-time effort to set the record straight and help Littlejohn secure justice in a system which under the circumstances left him virtually no hope.

Life magazine's Tom Moore called the Saturday following the robbery. He and P.F. Kluge, another *Life* staffer, had been assigned to do the story on Littlejohn and the robbery. They wanted to see my wed-

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THE LITTLE BANK ROBBER AND THE BIG LIE

(continued from page 6)

ding videotape. We made an appointment for Sunday at noon.

Saturday evening I stopped in at the bi-weekly GAB dance held at Spencer Memorial Church in Brooklyn Heights. John Gillespie, a rotund politico, and other members of GAA of Brooklyn (GAAB), which had split from GAB some months previously, were voter-registering three drag queens on the Church Hall's second floor.

Gillespie, who weighs 330 pounds, was the very image of a rotund City Hall politician sitting there at the GAAB table. His group had actively lobbied with Brooklyn City Councilmen for Intro 475, getting at least two to change their votes from "no" to "yes" in that bill's second abortive go-round. Working with GAB, they had gotten Renee Caflero on the McGovern slate in the Brooklyn Heights area. Recently John and Henry, his chubby-loving mate for the past three years, had become familiar figures to Heights residents by manning voter-registration tables on Montague Street where they had enrolled nearly a thousand voters during the previous few weeks, most of whom were straight.

"A whole new image of gay power." I chided good-naturedly in John's ear. "What a picture. You here registering three drag queens."

"You know who this drag queen we're registering is?" he responded. "His name is Ernest Aron."

Ernie, whose drag name is "Liz Eden," was wearing a dark brown wig and full evening gown. I had only met him as a blonde-wigged bride and therefore hadn't recognized him.

Aron registered as a Republican because he "wanted to vote for Nixon. I always vote for the best-looking guy. Four years of Nixon hasn't hurt so far. Four more years won't hurt either." He confided he didn't like Agnew and would "pray that Nixon doesn't die in office." He remembered me from the wedding. We sat down for a long chat.

Aron expressed outrage at the news coverage of the bank robbery to date. The *New York Post* had run a long story speculating that Littlejohn had raised the $1800 for their wedding through a previous bank robbery. The truth was, he insisted, that Littlejohn had closed out his savings account for the first $500 (a cancelled bankbook later showed a withdrawal from the Brooklyn Savings Bank for $507.67), had borrowed several hundred more in $50 and $100 loans from a variety of sources, and charged whatever he could.

"Littlejohn had expected to get $1500 to $2000 in wedding gifts," Aron elaborated. "At the wedding itself were several people who were pressuring him for about $300 he owed them and we had only received $147 in gifts. Littlejohn was running around like crazy trying to get the money from friends at the reception to pay off his creditors. Some of them were professional loan sharks, not very nice people. Somehow, John got enough money to put them off till after the reception. If he had robbed a bank, he'd never have had to go through all of that, now would he?"

Aron was upset that newscasts pictured him as if he'd been a mental patient all his life when in fact, it had been his first few days in a mental hospital in his life. He'd signed himself in voluntarily the previous Sunday.

"The psychiatrist said that I could leave after I recovered from the overdose of sleeping pills I had taken, but he suggested I sign myself in for a few days so they could give me psychiatric help and counseling for my depression."



Photo courtesy of GRAG magazine

Wojtowicz and Aron: a Vietnam veteran and his transsexual bride.

Aron said that Littlejohn, learning of his suicide attempt late Sunday evening, had come to the hospital and stood by his bed, tears streaming down his face.

"Why? Why did you do it?" Littlejohn sobbed. "I thought things were going so well with us." John was with two friends, one blond and one dark-haired, who didn't come upstairs but waited in the lobby.

Less than two days later Aron was summoned by the police and taken to the bank where Littlejohn and Sal were still holding nine hostages. He hadn't shaved for several days and was taken wearing only a flimsy hospital gown.

When he arrived, Sal was holding a gun on the hostages and Littlejohn from inside the bank. Littlejohn was strutting up and down the sidewalk in front of the bank ordering the police lines to move back. They moved back and he could see that Littlejohn was agitated and under severe strain, so he initially declined to go to John in the bank fearing he would get caught in the crossfire should shooting commence.

"I was drugged. I was confused. I was frightened," Aron recalls. "I spoke with John on the phone from a barbershop the FBI had set up as a communications headquarters next door. He wanted to surrender but he said Sal wouldn't let him and if he left Sal would kill the hostages."

While in the barbershop, Ernie also talked with Arthur Bell who was on the scene covering the story for the *Village Voice*. A few days later he would be livid over what he terms "the distortions, the lies, the misquotes Bell put in that *Voice* article."

"I never told Bell I took the overdose because I knew about the robbery and was upset over it," Aron insists. "My suicide attempt didn't have anything to do with Littlejohn and the robbery."

"I never told Bell that Littlejohn was sexually sadistic with me. He never was. I wouldn't allow it. He might have been sexually sadistic with other people. If you could believe some of the wild stories he told you. But he never was that way with me. At the most, we'd have a little rough sex."

Littlejohn, always prone to tell the gullible a wild story, bragged of his sexual sadism and even wrote an article for the GAB Gay Pride Week newsletter declaring himself a sadist.

"As a Sadist," Littlejohn wrote, "I try to please my partner. I try to fulfill his needs and desires, and he tries to fulfill mine. No self-respecting Sadist or Masochist will ever force an individual to do anything against their will. In any relationship, there is a certain degree of sadism and masochism, but any relationship can work if each is willing to make the other happy. Try it, you'll like it."

Intimates of the couple relate how, on their wedding night, Littlejohn wanted to give his anal virginity to Aron and had him tie him down on a bed. But when intercourse commenced, Littlejohn struggled and screamed that "it hurt," Aron lost his erection, was turned off by the experiment, and restricted their relationship to conventional sex thereafter.

"Later, at the bank, I decided I wanted to go to John," Aron recounts. "But by that time, Sal had fired a shot through the bank's back door. The psychiatrist said he wouldn't take the responsibility for allowing me to go. And when I persisted, the police said they weren't going to let anyone enter that bank any more under any circumstances. I would have gone into the bank to John but I would never have gone to the airport with them."

Aron said that the whole family—Littlejohn's mother Terry, his brother Michael, his wife Carmen, his boyfriend Pat Coppola and himself—was going to see John two days later at the Federal Detention Center on West Street on the river just a few blocks north of Christopher Street. I arranged for the *Life* reporters to talk with both Bidonde and Aron at my apartment after viewing the videotape of the wedding on Sunday. On Monday, Aron, *Life*'s Tom Moore and I went to the Detention center to meet the other members of the family and to try to see Littlejohn.

I sat down next to Littlejohn's mother, Terry, who remembered me from the wedding, where I had interviewed her briefly during the videotaping.

I explained that *Life* writer Tom Moore, who was standing on the far side of the room, was researching a story on Littlejohn and would be willing to buy family photos and pictures from the wedding to run with his article, an opportunity for the family to raise funds sorely needed for Littlejohn's defense. I introduced Moore. The three of us chatted briefly while Terry waited to see her son and made an appointment to meet the next day at the family home on Flatbush Avenue in Brooklyn.

Littlejohn's wife Carmen arrived. She is a heavy-set woman who had just trimmed down from 250 pounds to 200 pounds by attending Weight Watchers. She described her husband in a way few of the gays who knew him would recognize.

They were both working in a bank when they met on a company-sponsored ski trip, March 6, 1966. They became engaged three months later, but held a farewell engagement party that September. John spent the next year in Vietnam, returned in October 1967 and they were married. While John finished his stay in the service, they lived together in Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and New Jersey. Two months after he was honorably discharged, he left her.

"John was a devoutly religious person," Carmen declared. "He went to con-

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THE LAST ESTATE

BY GREGORY BATTCOCK

In Rome I always hang out in the Piazza Navona where, yesterday afternoon, I met Giorgio.

He was with a bunch of sailors, managed to pry himself loose and, in the course of conversation, let it be known that he expected a 20,000 lire honorarium. I demurred, offered an exorbitant 5,000 and off we went to, of all places, a boat anchored in the river Tiber. Sort of a locker room (for a naval swimming club of which Giorgio is an energetic member), it proved a secluded, restful spot in the most conspicuous place in the middle of town.

I particularly recommend Giorgio—cute as a bug with a humpy little mustache to boot—to all Catholics passing through the Eternal City because he has such a small cock and after such grandiose monuments as St. Peter's and the Pantheon it's nice to find something small.

The Piazza Navona (or Circo Agonale to the classicist) contains the famous *Fontana dei Fiumi* (Fountain of the Rivers), considered by art lovers to be Bernini's masterpiece. The fountain consists of an obelisk and four figures representing four rivers—the Danube, Ganges, Nile and Plate—the four corners of the globe, as it were. Anyway that's what all pilgrims to the Holy City are told.

I have reason to believe that, in fact, the statue represents something altogether different and offer a contemporary interpretation. As anyone can see, the four figures and four streams of water stand for the four airlines—Pan Am, Air India, Swissair and Air Canada. The last is represented by a figure shielding his eyes and symbolizes Air Canada pretending not to notice that Sabena serves a whole meal (inedible) on its Montreal-Brussels flights, while Air Canada offers only a "light snack."

The figure representing Swissair is sort of looking at the ground, in embarrassment, because nothing it serves, in F or y class to transatlantic prisoners, is edible. The Air India representation is a figure perched on a ledge and gives you an idea of what it's like on that airline, sitting on the edge of your seat, pretending to be relaxed, as you watch out of the corner of your eye the pilot fumbling through flight maps in the first class lounge. His major difficulty, it appears, is trying to decide which is right side up.

The Pan Am figure is placed above a yellowish dribble of water that stands for the New York State cider they pawn off on unsuspecting victims as Champagne.



The Piazza Navona where Gregory met Giorgio.

Enough art history, except to point out that the entire fountain represents, obviously, IATA (International Air Transport Association). Note that the four streams all originate at the same position and all end up dripping into the same puddle. That's a metaphor for all the world's airlines. As IATA members they are essentially the same; like the world's rivers, no matter where they begin or where they end up, despite all the promises and classy advertising, everybody gets dumped into the same poluted lake.

* * *

Several weeks ago this columnist made the mistake of praising the food served on a Sabena ("The Airline with the Break-Away Spirit," and broken-down planes) flight from here to there. The Sabena people have put a newly acquired aircraft, affectionately dubbed "Sprit of St. Louis" by the crew, on one of their transatlantic routes. This hot-rod 707 has an honorable history all its own.

It was one of the original planes inaugurating all-jet transatlantic service under the Pan American flag. You could tell because to this day, despite numerous and extensive renovations, it still has the old circular ceiling recessions. When the overhead lights go out the ceiling recesses glow with a pattern of stars. Each of the several fixtures features the same pattern.

After years of relatively reliable operation it was retired (and refitted) as a freighter and saw military service ferrying jeeps and arms to such places as the Dominican Republic, Haiti, Formosa and, more recently, Indonesia. Finally its profitable career, on lease to the military, came to a close and the craft was acquired by a supplemental—Saturn Airlines. The world of commercial aviation was startled to find that Saturn had managed to get as many seats (by taking out all but two toilets) as they normally get in their much larger "Super" DC-8's and thus, even at this late stage, the old plane was making history in cheap charter service.

By this time however the decrepit engines developed a tendency to sputter and one of the wings got bent. Saturn decided to get rid of the plane and it was passed on to Sabena. Its extraordinarily economical interior arrangement was retained and the plane put on the Guatemala-Mexico-Montreal-Brussels run. There is no refrigeration on board and the Champagne is hot. Yet troops of Mexican boy scouts, traveling at reduced price, enliven the flights.

* * *

If we hadn't lost our new guidebook the day we arrived (Kate Simon's *Rome: Places and Pleasures*) god knows how things would have turned out. At least we still had the Michelin and, once again, allowed it to lead us along by the nose.

One lunch, at Da Bolognese on the Piazza del Populo, started off with a salad of shredded celery, gruyere and grated truffle sprinkled with oil and black pepper. The dish is a seasonal specialty and pops up all over the place. It was followed by what the restaurant calls "Carpaccio" in order to keep it a secret from the tourists. A "Carpaccio" turns out to be, simply and beautifully, slices of raw filet of beef. There is a pitcher of a sharp mustardy mayonnaise that you pour over the beef.

The Restaurant Vertecchi on the Via Fratina is always a nice place for lunch. One specialty is the fettucini; white and green noodles mixed up with cream, bacon and mushrooms. Then we had fish: Antonio the slice of Cernia *Livornese*, Mel Bochner an enormous grilled trout and I the sole in butter.

Ristorante Panzironi, near the monument to commercial aviation described previously, offers a "tonnarelli Panzironi," square spaghetti in cream, mushrooms and fresh peas. If one has never tasted fresh peas one will find the flavor slightly sharp, the texture firm and they are of bright green color. One simple delight at Panzironi is the brains baked in butter. Another, even simpler, dish is a chicken salad (Insalata de Pollo). Imagine chopped up Romain-type lettuce, large pieces of freshly boned chicken and, on top of it, a soup of freshly whipped mayonnaise. With something like this you can almost forget about *haute cuisine*.

All in Rome, the world's noisiest city, is not perfect. At one-star Trattoria alla Campana they used the same identical sauce for two different dishes. On the other hand one-star, super-elegant Ristorante "Passetto" turned up another of those celery, cheese and truffle salads (Insalata di sedano, gruviera e tartufi) which was a bit on the expensive side at 1800 lire ($3). They also produced the first "porcini" of the season—huge mushrooms roasted with a butter baste. They went for 220 lire the portion ($4). Yet the quails on a spit reminded one of the famous woodcocks produced at Lucas Carton in Paris. At "Passetto" the price was $2. In Paris the almost identical dish, more elaborately served, fetches $14. All of the above, along with two bottles of a fine, substantial Frescobaldi Chianti from the house of "Pomino" (1968) and cheese, came to a modest $20 for three persons.

Economists inform us that Italy is backward; that Italian workers are lazy; that absenteeism runs high; that the school sessions are too short; that workers have too many holidays. And why shouldn't pleasure take precedence over work? Civilization and progress, we are beginning to realize, are not synonymous.

Cheers,
Gregory

PEN POINTS

PLEASE SEND ALL CORRESPONDENCE to: LETTERS TO THE EDITOR, GAY, P.O. Box 432, Old Chelsea Sta., NYC, NY 10011.

Dear GAY:

In the September 4th edition of GAY I read with interest an article on the prince of male strips . . . Joel.

It's been my privilege to watch this gifted performer during his engagement at Tom Kat.

His act is well planned and thought out. Like all greats he leaves nothing to chance in his endeavor to please the customer out front.

Not mentioned is his talent for adding new dimensions of an overworked art to pantomiming to records. A sterling impression is done to the recording of Merman in *Gypsy*. Add to this a most clever satire of stripping reminding of Gypsy Rose Lee, As a study in contrast a strip to a Dorothy Provine 20's medley appearing as a party girl is camp of the highest order.

With performers such as Mr. Joel male burlesk should become a national pastime like baseball and ballet.

Huge success for your tabloid.

Yours truly,
Henry Lange
Jersey City, N.J.

Dear GAY:

For over a year I have been reading GAY . . . and a few months ago I entered my subscription. Congratulations to you for the excellent work you are doing for the gay community at large. This you are accomplishing by general news, education and information concerning entertainment.

I have only one complaint: this has to do with your (I feel) unnecessary use of vulgar language. I feel this hurts the image of the average homosexual. In fact the only reason I have not shown your newspaper to certain "straight" persons is that I would be embarrassed by the dirty language. I have no objection to the use of any kind of language if it is necessary to adequately put across a point or meaning.

I am not so naive as not to realize that there is a very fine line dividing the vulgar from non-vulgar, and opinions surely vary. But except in rare necessary occasions I think the word "shit" is filthy and need not be used. Even your best writers seem to have such a limited vocabulary that they are unable to find a cleaner substitute word.

Sincerely yours,
J.H.W.
Wilmington, Delaware

Ed. Note: A substitute word? Feces, perhaps? Or manure?

Dear GAY:

To: Lige and Jack (Editors); Gregory Battcock (The Last Estate); Joe Conwell, contributor to Pen Points:

Subject: GAY issue of September 18.

For the editorials, "The Bandits" and "The McGovern Zap," points well made and needing action by each in his own way;

For the letter to American Express. Everyone that has "credit record" problems would do well to hit right on the ole snox the same way, using this for a sample;

For pointing up the fact, I believe of the human quality in McGovern, and the need to stick by him right up to his inauguration day. We do need to rid the office of Richard M. Nixon, one of the "fatcats" that will eventually divide this nation if left with the opportunity.

From my closet, up here in staid old New England, the issues of GAY and SCREW are welcome lights in the night and day!

I count myself one of the several million unemployed; and for that reason, to keep my reason, need the light of my brethren. Keep up the "good fight," it is best done with words, the physical action is best used to advantage in loving our brethren.

Always with love,
as He intends,
Brother B.

P.S. My subscription is enclosed.

"THANK YOU AND SEE YOU IN FOUR YEARS!"

BY VICKI RICHMAN

A true journalist never shrinks from the truth. It is therefore with a heavy index finger that I approach my typewriter, for the onerous duty falls upon me now to reveal the truth about a brother columnist. Gregory Battcock's statement of his finances in a recent issue seems to have been made too soon. As it turns out, according to my unutterable sources, who have contacts everywhere, Mr. Battcock's publishers have absconded with his royalty checks for the past five years, his college has canned him for slovenliness and conduct unbecoming a gentleman, and his lecture fees have stopped entirely now that the Champagne Guzzlers of North America have moved their offices to Alaska.

Finding himself in dire straits, Mr. Battcock was forced to seek employment where he could, and is now working, though he wishes to conceal the fact from his readers and his relatives, as President Nixon's man friday. My contact in the dead-letter department of the Post Office recently handed me the following letter addressed to Henry A. Kissinger, and obviously written by Mr. Battcock on behalf of the President:

Henry A. Kissinger, Esq.
General Delivery
Dear Henry:

Well, I managed to slip away from the adoring crowds on Pennsylvania Avenue on my way to the intellectual repose of Constitution Avenue, when I chanced upon your letter on the Green Room desk where I had left it three months ago in the hope that one of those infernal souvenir-hunting sightseers would make off with it.

Henry, not even they want it.

It is of course quite beyond this coveted office to carp and criticize. That's what I've got Spiro for. It's crucial that I save my energies for my more pressing duties, like smiling, Presiding over the White House table, and extending outstretched arms to those who have proven themselves worthy of being gazed upon by their President. You will forgive me, then, for not being able to take the time to tell you what a lout and ill-mannered boor you are. I'll ask Spiro to do that if I bump into him at our Inauguration next year.

But I rather think it necessary to remind you who I am, I am your President. That's your President with a capital P, Henry. Do you know what your President is? I will tell you. He is not someone to write to for more money to carry on ill-advised escapades in the far corners of the world. Your President's vast fortune is tied up in affairs of state and cannot be squandered on dependent diplomats who find nothing better to do than to drop thousands an evening on the finest in food and sex symbols in the international capitals of glamor and romance. Do you see me doing that, Henry?

It was not my intention to put our relationship in such blunt terms. It is your President's desire to be gracious at all times. But what do you think your President is doing here while you're gone? Sitting around waiting for letters from you postmarked Bangkok and Teheran asking for more money? No, Henry, your President has more important things.

Like the little entertainment we had last week for Mamie and Billy and Norman Vincent and the bunch. Did you know that I actually shelled out ten bucks for a crate of seedless lemons, premier cru, placed in Rocky Mountain plywood and sealed with Chateau-forged nails? Just so we could have real lemonade, not those canned soft drinks you get in supermarkets. Your President, you know, has a small reputation as a host. There we were, Julie, Tricia, and the boys, out in the back squeezing those lemons for all they were worth, just so it would be done right. Pat was grilling the franks, not too crisp, not too greasy, the way they do it at Nathan's and all the better places.

Which reminds me that you again ignored our invitation. It grieves me to bring this up, Henry, but I haven't seen much of you lately. It is not at all beneath your President to offer advice where advice is due. You'd do well to drop by the White House occasionally. Don't you want to learn something of the elegant side of life?

You'd also meet folks it wouldn't hurt you to know. Your President comes from a long line of Quakers, trained in the art of nonviolence, and I, your President, am the end result. If a little of my milieu rubbed off on you, there might be fewer of those impossible blunders, like framing those nuns for trying to kidnap you.

Henry, I like to observe the usual courtesies and all that, but I'm going to let you have it straight from the shoulder. Blunders like that are what your President does not need much of at the moment. It is I who am President, after all, and you who are the dependent diplomat. If there's going to be a frame-up for kidnapping somebody in my administration, that somebody had better be me in the future. What was I elected for anyway? And if we're going to get a conviction for a change, we might as well let the kidnapping take place. Have them hold me in Paris or Athens or some such place for a few months. And they don't have to be nuns either, do they? You know what I like. You can swing it, can't you, Hank honey?

But I digress. Your President is burdened with the cares of the world. Your President doesn't chase the elusive fly of self-gratification in exotic spas. The question is, Henry: Why not? Until your President gets an answer, not another penny!

Cheers,
Milhaus

P.S. Will you please let me have a permanent address for you. It's embarrassing getting letters back stamped, "Moved. Left no address." Your President is not used to being snubbed, especially by underpaid postal clerks in Afghanistan.



P.P.S. You'll let me know about the next kidnapping frame-up, won't you, Hankie? I've got my bags packed, but they're hidden under the bed because we don't want to let Pat in on it yet. But if she finds out and gets obstinate, we can always let the nuns have her. We've got other plans, though, for me, haven't we? You can have the White House rent-free while I'm gone, if you pull the caper off right.

* * *

Pursuing this journalistic coup, I came across the headline-making information that Thane Hampten, GAY's columnist on affairs literary and intellectual, has secretly accepted a position as President Nixon's chief speechwriter. As an exclusive to this journal, here are excerpts from a major Presidential address, ghosted by Mr. Hampten, to be delivered on television in the near future:

Well, kiddies, it's your big oold Uncle Dick here again with a message of timely importance to touch the heart of one and all. Those letters and phone calls have been coming quite regular of late. Thought I'd take this opportunity to contact each and every one of you out there personally via the magic of television and Max Factor. Don't want you to feel I've been overlooking anyone now . . .

Non-Problem of the Month: The Spat in Vietnam. Heard tell that quite a few of my friends and neighbors have been writing in to their congressmen and senators about rumors or spurious allegations that a war, altercation, or form of conflict involving aggression, retaliation, and hostility, is going on or otherwise proceeding in a nation, state, or incorporated sovereignty allegedly identified or otherwise known as Vietnam. Wonder if anyone has taken the trouble to simply find out whether their congressmen and senators want to receive these letters. Seems to me they're busy folks and have got enough on their minds without troubling themselves about trifles any Tom, Thane, or Harry, however well-meaning, chooses to bring to their attention.

Don't doubt that good friends Bertrand Russell, Mohandas K. Gandhi, and Socrates would frown on it, but my position has always been to avoid the obvious when the less apparent can serve just as well. Perhaps it would help overcome the forces of clarification set loose in these days of immoral permissiveness if the concerned and nonapathetic among you would refrain from seeking answers to questions the silent majority has not asked. Let me give you an example.

Buzzed in office by secretary. General-type in military costume to see me. Show him in. Tall, sturdy chap in epaulettes and brass buttons. Type you can trust, so I didn't. Wanted to know when last soldier will be withdrawn from Vietnam.

"Where?" I ask.

"Here," he says, pointing to map on wall.

Hmm. Notices things. Up on geography. Sharp eyes and all that. Will go far if permitted. I think for a while. Pained by effort.

"Won't deny that some such region of the world may exist under name you mention." No point in beating around the bush. "But no evidence that any American soldier has ever been there. Anyway they're being withdrawn." My logic hits him between the eyes.

I continue, now that I've got him speechless. "But just to cement the forces that have struck the rent in the great fabric of our nation's unity, I hereby promote you to five stars and put you in charge of de-Vietnamification and withdrawal of troops that are yet to be assigned to Vietnam. On your way out, secretary will give you stars and souvenir postcard with Uncle Dick's likeness engraved in gold, along with your receipt for $12.50 to cover the cost of handling and of silent prayers now being uttered in cooperating churches and synagogues throughout this great land of ours. Go, my son, and may God be with you."

Guess that shows the folks who accuse me of not understanding the issues I skirt.

* * *

Finally, my sources within the women's movement inform me that in order to meet his obligations to the National Organization for Women, President Nixon asked our own Sorel Duvid to write a speech to be delivered before that body. Ms. David may disown it, but I am assured that she is responsible for the following paper that the President intends to to read at a meeting of NOW:

When I first ascended to the Presidency, I wasn't much impressed by the beauty of my position. Oh, the power, the carte blanche to rag everyone in sight, was there, but I still didn't feel the full elation of a person swelling with authority, which I had come to expect from the office.

There were the advisers around me. Let me say right off that I didn't like that Kissinger dude from the moment I laid eyes on him. Sort of a left-over from the whazisname in the White House before me. These fellows swaggering around get to be a pain at times, although I don't want to take advantage of my bias and call him a male chauvinist. My sisters in the women's movement, whom I regard with the affection of aloof benevolence, are doing that quite well, and I yield to them in the surge of solidarity and self-identification.

It was early, then, early, quite early in the morning, with the sun streaming in opposite the crackling fire that wasn't there, when I first sensed the full force of the love-hate syndrome my office typifies, realizing fully all the while that we women will find revitalization as the seventies replace the follies of our beatnik past. I say "we" of course because I find myself fantasizing of late in the gender of the group I'm addressing. And speaking of women (a scene

(continued on page 17)

YOUNG TALENT IN MANHATTAN

AS SEEN THROUGH ERIC'S EYE

Miguel Lopez/dancer is a native New Yorker. He is currently dancing with an opera ballet company in New York City.

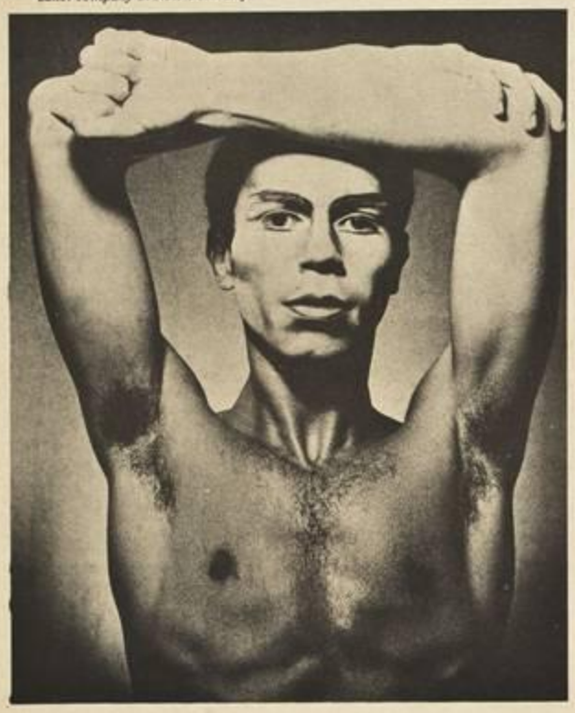




Photo by Roy Blakey

Photographer: Eric Stephen Jacobs

In September 1970 (GAY No. 32) one of New York's best-known photographers captured GAY's messenger, Eric, in a series of seven photographs and penned an article bearing tribute to this "slender, smiling, long-haired lad." At the time, Eric Stephen Jacobs was 19. Today, at 21, he is still working for the newspaper, albeit in a different capacity. Today he is GAY's Photographer-in-Residence, and is responsible for most of the finer photography that has recently appeared in these pages. Was it the tribute of the experienced photographer that encouraged Eric to seek a career in photography? Perhaps.

The photographs of talented young women and men that you see on these pages are Eric's own work. "Faces are my thing," he says, "I love to glamourize people without masking their personalities."

Look for Eric's work in past and future issues of GAY, and if you need a fine photograph of your face, call on him between the hours of 10 a.m. and 5 p.m. at (212) 989-1660.

Philip Owens/actor has done stock and repertory work in Kansas City. He now studies with Mary Tarcai in New York City and will be seen in "The Life of a Man," a new musical by Al Carmines opening Sept. 29 at Judson Poets Theatre.



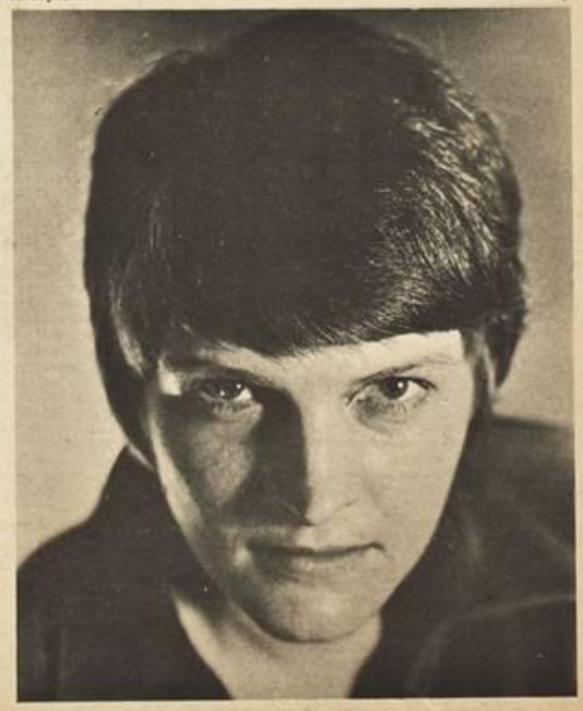
Suzanne Brucke/dancer had studied ballet three years with George Chaffee in New York City when she decided to temporarily interrupt her career to continue her studies in the social sciences.



Cliff Duer/writer is a former associate editor of SCREW magazine. Cliff recently completed his first screenplay entitled "The Paperboy," which was immediately rejected by a major film production company.



Lee Guilliat/actress-painter was most recently seen in the starring role of off-B'way's "JOAN" by Al Carmines. Her credits include "In Circles," "Wanted," a one-woman painting exhibit, and at least fourteen Judson productions in the past seven years.



Erik Weiss/graphic designer left Montreal to study here at the School of Visual Arts. He freelances his designs to private collectors as well as to wallpaper and textile design houses.



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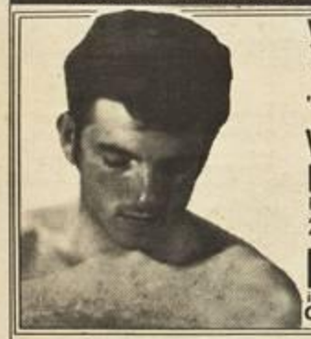

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THE LITTLE GAY BANK ROBBER AND THE BIG LIE

fession and communion every week we lived together. He isn't a homosexual. I should know. I'm his wife. He'd never have gone gay if he had found a woman to go to bed with. He said he liked gays because they understood him better."

Carmen said that since Littlejohn had commenced living "the gay life" a year and a half ago and joined GAA and other gay groups, they frequently fought.

"I'm not a homosexual. I'm gay," Carmen recalls Littlejohn declaring during one of their recent arguments. When she chided their 2½-year-old son for "being a fairy" after he picked up her purse one afternoon, Littlejohn exploded. "Don't you ever use that word!" he shouted, sulked a while, then threw on his coat and left.

Carmen shared the last paragraph of a letter John had written her a couple of days earlier: "I am sorry for what I have done, especially for hurting you. If I had it to do over again, I never would. Please forgive me and help me. You're the only reason I will stay alive and be able to go free some day. Without you, what's the use. Love, Johnny."

[to be continued]

NYU RESUMES COURSE

New York, N.Y.— "Homosexuality: A Contemporary View," the course originated two years ago by Rosyln Regelson, is being repeated this fall at New York University's evening session School of Liberal Studies.

This is the first course in a major university based on the assumption that homosexuality is a life style as valid as heterosexuality. the catalog description says, "Students analyze assumptions underlying the way homosexuality is discussed in such disciplines as psychology, sociology, theology, the law and the biological sciences. The class also examines the treatment of homosexuality in literature, drama, film and the visual arts by both homosexual and heterosexual artists." Guest speakers include specialists in the various fields.

Among individual topics to be discussed are "Homosexuals in Film: from Valentino to Warhol—the secret history of the movies," which includes the subject of gay movie pornography. The sessions on "Lesbians: a separate society" include a discussion of women's liberation and "political lesbianism."

The class meets at New York University's Washington Square campus Thursday evenings from 8:10 to 10:00 from Oct. 12 to Dec. 21. The fee is $40. For information call (212) 598-2373.



Professor Roz Regelson

clay

(continued from page 4)

strict conformity and super-masculinity are very shitty ones.

And I hope that Men's Lib (in the most generous sense of the term) can teach a great many of these mutually ignorant and hostile fathers and sons that badminton and catching butterflies are decent alternatives to football and blasting out rabbit guts with shiny new shotguns. And being a sissy is a perfectly marvelous alternative to dying of an overdose.

checkers

(continued from page 5)

They'll demonstrate for anything, just to get attention. What's the point of announcing you're gay in front of a hotel? Who told them they couldn't be, if that really is their problem? I think most Americans are happy, even if we haven't completely ended international friction and put the economy in order.

I'm holding another press conference tomorrow and I'll bring up this subject of America's inalienable right to happiness. I'd like that to be Friday's headline in every newspaper across the land. I can see it now: "PRESIDENT NIXON WANTS ALL OF AMERICA TO BE GAY!" That'll show everybody, including those odd protesters, that I have their interest at heart and really am one of them!

JULY 16, 1972—I've said it before and I'll say it again. That Kissinger is a card! Always good for a laugh. Here's his latest one. Got a big envelope from Paris, rushed here by diplomatic pouch. Marked "Urgent," "Top Priority," stuff like that. Scared me to death. I thought he'd settled things with the North Vietnamese, and I told him to wait until October 9th or later so it would all be fresh in the voters' minds. I rip open the envelope and find one sheet of pink stationary with "From the boudoir of Jill St. John" engraved at the top. And all Henry wrote on it was, "Wish you were here. Had dinner at *Grand Vefour* and grabbed off some fantastic good poon I'd hustled at the talks this a.m." As usual, I don't understand what he's saying but he always gives me a chuckle.

Convention coming up soon. I can't wait! Never felt better or more confident in my life. Don't understand why Pat is always nervous at these times. When she gets tense I give her some legal briefs to read. But she just paces back and forth, practicing her smile. And that makes those muscles in her neck stand out. She asked me the other day if she looked like Grace Kelly. Who is Grace Kelly?

AUGUST 23, 1972—I AM SO GREAT AND SO MAGNIFICENT I MAKE MYSELF SICK!

NOVEMBER 8, 1973—So the trunks stay right there in the back of the closet for another four years. I am still top dog and, oh—that sweet smell of success! I knew they'd reject an opportunist like McGovern. Even the 18-year-olds ran to me. Shows America's youth isn't bad after all.

I admit I was pretty uneasy when Henry didn't conclude the peace talks. First time he's let me down. Pushed too hard, I guess. (Remind me to get that basket back. Pat has some attractive plastic ferns she wants to put in it.) Oh, well. I'll run over to Peking again and shake a few more hands. In January I'll announce the trip and tell everyone we'll be down to three advisors and one jeep in Saigon by May. They've got to remember I *inherited* this tragic confrontation.

Tricia wants me to take up Yoga. I wonder . . .

OCTOBER 14, 1974—Critics! Everybody's criticizing me these days and none of them have been behind this desk! They don't know how hard it is to be President! I made it absolutely crystal clear why we had to invade Singapore. I outlined it point by point but they just don't listen! And they ignore the fact that Phase 20 is working perfectly here on the home front.

APRIL 6, 1975—If that's the way the Chinese want to act, to hell with them! I did everything I could to open the doors. They seemed to like Bob Hope well enough. And we literally *gave* them the Colonel Sanders' Southern Fried Chicken franchises, not to mention the diet Pepsi bottling plants and those half million Frisbees. So they get huffy over the slightest little thing and repay our kindness by going buddy-buddy with the Russians again! I should have listened to Spiro when he said a good Chink is a dead Chink.

DECEMBER 29, 1976—My fellow Americans just don't seem to realize that it was an agonizing decision but we could have never gotten Cuba back on our side anyway. And at least we are now in a position to start bargaining for our prisoners in Hanoi and Canton. Life is full of compromises. I just need a little more time and we'll clear it up. *I* didn't start all this!

JULY 4, 1976—I *had* to send a few troops back in. But when I say for two months *only*, I mean just that! The public is always ungrateful. Look at the good things this administration has done lately. Phase 32 is working beautifully. So is the U.S. Censorship Board. Why, in less than a year they've eliminated almost everything obscene and subversive in our media. Just goes to show how you can crack down when you give six mature citizens absolute power! Cuts right through the red tape. And the Attorney General informs me that homosexuals are no longer a national menace, thanks to the new Undesirable Minorities Act. What more do the people want?

SEPTEMBER 18, 1976—Kennedy & Nader! Kennedy & Nader! That's all I hear and I'm sick to death of it! They don't stand a ghost of a chance though. Not with the war positively wrapped up before November 1st. And my fellow Americans have enough sense to trust Reagan and Buckley to clear up all the little details and keep us moving into the golden future over the next eight years. This country has faith in the Republican Party—even if it did take us a little longer than we expected to put things in order.

NOVEMBER 11, 1976—I always said you can't trust the public. They'll turn on you in a second. It's all the fault of those 18-year-old anarchists! They have no loyalty and no patience! Well, let their little Teddy inherit them, and Hanoi. I did my best. I don't recall ever making any promises. I just said I'd *try*. And I did my best. Didn't I?

JANUARY 25, 1977—Well, one thing is certain. They won't have Dick Nixon to kick around anymore. I'll be glad to stay in San Clemente where I'm appreciated. I've got the very best location in town. The biggest lot, the lowest prices, and not a single car is more than three years old. In perfect running condition, too. David sees to that. I guess I'm glad it's all over.

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MANHATTAN'S club baths

Is fancy the right word? Or would *plush* be more appropriate? No, *fancy* is it. A plush club wouldn't put Roman busts on top of the candy machines. A plush club would take the infernal boob tube out of the main lounge. A plush club would have a convenient urinal on the same floor with the steam room and showers. But *The Club* is one of them "fancy houses," the fanciest, in fact, of all the "20 fabulous Club Baths" chain. Its toilet paper is the softest in all Manhattan. Its attendants, polite. The management/owners run a tight ship, and the rooms are clean and comfortably constructed. *The Club*'s clientele includes some of Manhattan's most quick-witted, relaxed and humpy men.

The Club's utilitarian opulence is not offensive. The soft carpeting may be colored Tad's Steak House red, but it *is* spotless. Though a bathroom may be needed in the basement, those on the first, second and third floors *are* ultra modern and immaculate. The paintings and drawings —upstairs and down—recall the once-famed *Physique Pictorial*, or, perhaps, the Club's own fleshy skindrawings on the ads in this newspaper, but they add a certain adolescent-brained charm, albeit fancy, rather than plush.

Enter *The Club* through an inconspicuous door on 1st Avenue between 1st and 2nd Streets (telephone: (212) 673-3283). It's open 24 hours/7 days, and even on weeknights there's a pleasing sufficiency of towel-clad cuties on both mental and physical levels. During the week don't count on getting a room after 10 p.m. without a wait. Weekends, of course, draw a full house and those who require rooms ($8.75) should check in quite early in the evening. The next best thing is a paneled walk-in locker ($6.75) or a gym locker ($4.75). Time limit: 15 hours.

Whether you're in *The Club*'s steam rooms (two temperatures, folks), its sauna, or simply congregating along with other soapsters in the carousel shower, you'll feel that your bread has been well-spent. A dip in the plunge and you'll be ready to dry off and make the rounds upstairs.

On the third floor is the dormitory. Hopefully we all know what a dormitory is. It is a place—humane in the extreme—where *anybody*, no matter how gross his exterior, can come into intimate contact with his fellow men.

Is *The Club* respectable? Silly question. Anyplace where men are brought into communion with men, where touching, feeling, exploring and lovemaking are prevalent, is *holy* ground. *The Club* is a benign influence on the whole of our civilization, and can be used, if we have a positive attitude, to improve our abilities, especially those involving physical contact.

A lush sensuality touches the atmosphere



Skinnydippers in the basement pool



Checking out: bushed but happy



An outdoor garden in cement Manhattan



Eat: A stopping-off place between rounds



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A cozy sort of comfort in the sauna



The Hallways: Physique Pictorial and the Real Thing.



A face: dark and light. Why not ALL light?



Drop the soap? Never! (On Sundays)



jERRY's SPHERE

(continued from page 2)

there is a hell of a lot more to me than that. And, so, to all of you, I say "get out of your bars and into the streets."

AN EASY WAY TO BEGIN! OR, HELP NEEDS HELP: On the evening of August 20th, HELP, Inc. (Homophile Effort for Legal Protection) L.A. held a fund raising party at the BLACK PIPE bar in L.A. Twenty-two people were busted in a police raid, including HELP's president Larry Townsend. (By the time all 22 were booked, all of the gay organizations had bondsmen and bail at the precinct. The BLACK PIPE 22 were greeted with applause and kisses by such gay activists as Rev. Troy Perry and Morris Kight.) HELP is going to court to fight the arrests and will need financial aid in doing so. THERE ARE A LOT OF YOU WHO REMEMBER WHAT IT WAS LIKE IN NEW YORK A FEW SHORT YEARS AGO. BECAUSE IT HAPPENED IN CALIFORNIA, DON'T THINK THAT IT COULDN'T HAPPEN HERE IN NEW YORK AGAIN. OR, FOR THAT MATTER, ANYWHERE ELSE IN THIS COUNTRY. WHAT CAN HAPPEN IN ONE BAR COULD HAPPEN IN YOURS. I URGE ALL OF YOU TO CONTRIBUTE TO THE DEFENSE FUND OF THE BLACK PIPE 22. LET'S SHOW THE L.A. POLICE, AND THE POLICE ACROSS THE NATION, THAT WE WILL NOT TOLERATE THIS BULLSHIT ANY MORE. PLEASE, HELP THEM AND, BY DOING SO, HELP YOURSELVES. A SHOW OF GAY UNITY IN THIS MATTER COULD OFFSET WHAT HAPPENED AT BOTH POLITICAL CONVENTIONS. MAKE A SHOW THAT THERE IS SUCH A THING AS GAY POWER AND GAY IS *ANGRY!!!* SEND CONTRIBUTIONS TO: HELP, 525 N. Laurel Ave., Los Angeles, Calif. 90048.

MORE ON POLITICS: Last Friday I went to a discussion billed "Should Gays Support George McGovern & the Democratic Party?" It should have been billed "Why Gays Should Support the Socialist Workers Party." What a fucking ripoff! Being that I endorsed McGovern in this column in March, I went eagerly to hear



Gypsy led a parade out of Danny's Palisades.

what the speakers had to say. The only thing that made it worthwhile was GAA/NY president Rich Wandel getting up and telling the SWP to fuck off (my paraphrasing his adroit speech). Apparently the SWP believes because gay activism is revolutionary we are all socialists, or should be. As I said before, I am a very subjective, passionate man. My hair went up, walking into the joint where I saw all of these leaflets and books praising Castro's Cuba. How dare the SWP invite gays to view such objectionable material, when we know gays in Cuba are carted off to concentration camps, etc. (Wandel made this point "perfectly clear," also.) I had to run out of the room before I started ripping it apart. For a few minutes afterwards I thought that the top of my head would fly off, I was so mad. As far as I'm concerned the SWP is a RIPOFFFF.

CALMING DOWN AT THE GAA FIREHOUSE, A CABARET AND LOVE: As furious as I was I surprised brother John Francis Hunter (whom I had dragged all the way up to 105th St.) by agreeing to go down to the Firehouse for their CABARET. Actually, I had wanted to get down earlier and hadn't made it. And tonight I also wanted to see Wandel and thank him for saying what he'd said. By the time we'd reached the Firehouse, I was still very tense. But, as we entered, I could feel, suddenly, this great rush of love. The place (actually, the ground floor, there are three other floors) was festively decorated with the stage centered by tables filled with beautiful, healthy men and women. Two men offered John and me seats at their table. Immediately, the waiter or waitress was upon us filling what became the bottomless glass of beer. (Jean, I hope you don't mind being called "waitress"; perhaps I should have said GF [?].) Anyone who knows me can attest to the fact that I can put away large quantities of beer, wine, booze, whatever. I swear, they kept that glass full at all times. I just sat there in amazement. A beautiful woman, Trish Brumbaugh, MC'd and sang in a voice that would rival Judy Collins. I could take the space for the rest of this column to talk about each of the talented, beautiful people who entertained. There were Martin Maislin, Pam Schreckengost, Marty Becker, Jim Whiting, Terry Stoller (her "Take Back Your Mink" rivaled Vivian Blaine—who), Ron Brawer, Gabe Michaels, Lynda Schaffer, Gar Taylor—and, I must single out a young Ms. named Meryl Sheppard, a most gifted pianist with a voice that would make Mama Cass retire tomorrow, GREAT!—and another young Ms., Nancy Parker. Ms. Parker is a beautiful petite blonde with a gargantuan talent. She took us all to Oz. Her impersonations of Garland, Hamilton, Burke, the munchkins, etc., literally had me laughing so hard I felt sick (and I was straight). When pressed for an encore she came back with, are you ready, Brenda Lee, Connie Francis and ALL of the Shirelles doing "Leader of the Pack"!!! I thought they'd have to take me out in a basket! This talented Ms. has got to be the BIGGEST comedy star of the future. Remember the name, Nancy Parker. As you can see, I was really impressed with the show, I haven't seen a show that good since you know where and when. But, what impressed me the most was the genuine feeling of LOVE that filled the room. Men and women, young and not so young, all feeling the vibes of love and togetherness. It was a trip. My only thought was that I wish my Michael had been with me to feel all of the love that filled that room. It was GENUINE. It wasn't a put-on. And, to my favorite entertainers, Ms. Sexton, Messers Savoy and Cord, if you thought that the audience at the LIB was a turn-on, try running down between sets some night and do a couple of numbers and wig out on the reception that you will receive at the GAA/NY FIREHOUSE. I urge you all to go and really enjoy yourselves.

THE FEELING OF LOVE: In my last column I wrote once more of my Michael and the dilemma we faced with my moving to Florida. Mike solved that dilemma for me. He felt that I was doing something important with my writing and didn't want me to give it up. HE MOVED TO NEW YORK!!! This beautiful man/child gave up family and friends to be with me. Hopefully, by the time you read this, we shall be ensconced in a small apartment somewhere—being together. The thought of my beautiful lover in all of those fucking winter clothes makes me very sad. I hope that he won't mind too much. I shall try like crazy to make all of his discomfort up to him with my love. I pray that I may be worthy of his love and that he will be as happy as I as long as we are together. Thank you and bless you my constant, Mike.

IN HETERO LIFE, couples start off with blessings from both families. As I once told Jack, our family is comprised not of blood but, if we are lucky, our gay brothers and sisters. Mike and I have been so blessed. Chuck and Jim are giving a welcoming reception for Mike the night he arrives. Thom is giving a small bash the following day. My brother, John Francis Hunter, has opened his heart and his door and is allowing us to stay with him until we find an apartment. Mike and I will not receive material things. We don't need them. With all of the love and good wishes of our friends and the love that we share, we shall find a way. Wow, am I happy!

RANDOM HARVEST (?)... Joe and John at MONA'S ROYAL ROOST have a winner going... Norman Farber opening OUR PLACE on Third Ave. Making that Ave. truly GAY Ave.... Walter Kent opened WALTER'S APARTMENT on Second Ave. The pre-opening party was a gas. Lige and Jack, along with this columnist, John Francis Hunter, Thane Hampten and MATTACHINE's Don Goodwin were all gaga over the new layout. A winner!!! DANNY'S CHRISTOPHER ST. is quickly becoming an activist bar due to the new manager, Howie. This man is not only interested in making it the bar that it was, he's interested in the community. He has a sign on the wall: "TURN IN PUSHERS." A truly remarkable guy. He deserves all of the success he attains... Appreciate all of the concern expressed over this columnist's safety. I'm no hero and I hate pain, but I've got to write it as I feel it... Also, appreciate the support given me while I waited for Mike. God bless you... Gypsy on vacation. He'll be back with "GYPSY AT THE MOVIES." A great talent and a great GAY... Speaking of "talent," catch Johnny Savoy and Bobby Valdez' version of "McArthur Park." It gives me goose bumps. They are at NEW JIMMY'S... Sam Palmer at HARRY'S turning on a bevy of beauties, including a very groovy guy named Mike. Do it, baby... Still waiting to win that fucking lottery. Guess that I have a better chance of flying to the moon... Had a very special dinner with a very special person in my life, Alan Jackson. Alan has been one of my biggest boosters since I was a teenage war bride. We had a very good meal at the MAYFAIR which is really coming out of its closet. RIGHT ON... Met a very beautiful young woman at SINGLES. Her name is Holly. She's at GIANNI'S. Stop in and say hello. (But don't get too close, right Phylis?)... BEAU GESTE'S Thom O'Malley off on a very well earned vacation to the coast and Florida where he'll bask in the sun with Uncle Dick and his Randy... John O'Neil, from DIRTY EDNA'S, I love you... Joey Miccoli, of CHARLIE'S ALSO, out with Johnny showing him what he missed since he's been away. Also hear that my favorite Joe has been caught making eyes at the new beauty from UNCLE CHARLIE'S SOUTH, Patrick. Like mother like daughter... Speaking of "mothers," I wanted to get up to see MOTHER RICE at COUNTRY COUSIN but since I did that centerfold I'm afraid what his reaction will be... If you're in the neighborhood, stop in to PIPERS' LOUNGE and say hello. I'll be there standing in for Tony Black Mon., Tues. and Wed.... Where have all the poppers gone??? Four of my favorites at LIMELIGHT, beautiful Joey, Jack Hartman, Bess and Emmy. What a coup... Caught George and Frankie there... By the way, the two bartenders that I talked about earlier are Frank (ONE POTATO) and Dennis, the hump at JACK AND BLUE AT THREE... And talking about humps, how about Al at the ALIBI?

RICH WANDEL, AT THE SWP, warned that party and "all political parties" that the gay movement would not be co-opted. As you all know, I was an early McGovern supporter. To say that I am a little disenchanted now would not say what I feel in my heart. Arthur Evans, in his article in the *Advocate* (94), denounced both presidential candidates as a product of the system. With the big corporations donating the monies and eventually buying the candidates themselves. He opts, as I did a few issues back, for going after the small office seekers. Let's find out what they are all about. Let's get the good, honest, pro gay, pro human (funny, that's the first time I've put "gay" ahead of "human") young, local politicos into office. After attending the Democratic Convention, I can attest to the fact that there were so many bright, honest, dedicated, young people there that I'm sure that some of them will be running for office. Let's find out who they are. Let's VOTE IN THE NEW AND VOTE OUT THE OLD CORRUPT POLITICIANS WHO WOULD PROMISE US ARPEGE AND SEND US STINK WEED. Brothers and sisters, we must unite now. Please, dear God, give us the strength to show the rest of the country what a beautiful place it could be if we were making love and not war. Gay means to love, not to kill. And think of all the corporations which would lose their big profits if we were all making love. That, my brothers and sisters, is why they don't want us out in the open. For all of you older, more conservative gays (I'm 31) I realize the fights that must be going on in your consciences. I went through it already. I am not preaching revolution. I am preaching revision. Show the country *in the voting booths* that GAY IS GOOD, GAY IS PROUD, GAY IS ANGRY, GAY IS HERE AND WE WILL NOT GO AWAY.

God, bless us all.

Je

P.S. A deep bow and a Texas curtsy to the bar people of New York. At the last bar awards, which I did not attend because I've been looking for an apartment for Mike and me, the bar people united. GYPSY told the crowd that this was '72, not '52, after a row with the owner of the participating bar over payment to gay brother Joey Cord, who had been hired to entertain. The owner told Gypsy to "get out of my club." Gypsy got out alright, and so did every man and woman there. Hosannah! They're beginning to see the light. Keep it up, kids, it's only the beginning. Love ya...

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THANK YOU

(continued from page 9)

we're all making now) I know that many sisters out there are wondering why I'm not one myself. Let me ask you, then, what would happen if I were? People would demand why I'm not ladylike instead of President, of course.

Well, le me make the record clear. I can be as ladylike as the next man.

But as the tide of new consciousness sweeps away the discarded poses of the past, it is essential to our gut identities that we not lose sight of one thing: I must not be swept away with the discarded poses. Who am I to say this? I am primarily a thinker, a Dostoyevsky in a world of Mickey Spillanes, caught in the ancient tradition of half-forgotten roles of beer-drinking plunder and hit-em-where-they-ain't competitiveness. This, then, is my contribution to the technological age.

What, on the other hand, is the technological age's contribution to me? Television, Pepsi in cans, helicopters, money, and voting machines. The last, I hasten to add, is also the technological age's contribution to you. Go forth then, women of the sun-streaming-through-the-curtains future, take up your contribution, and use it wisely and well. And always remember that it has been I, your President, your Dale Evans in a world of Triggers and Roy Rogerses, who have made it all possible.

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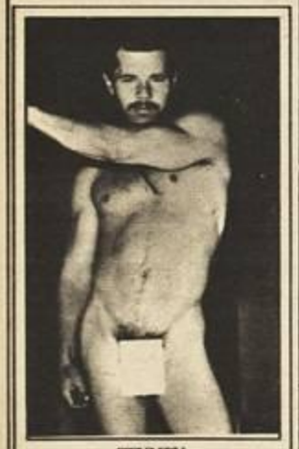

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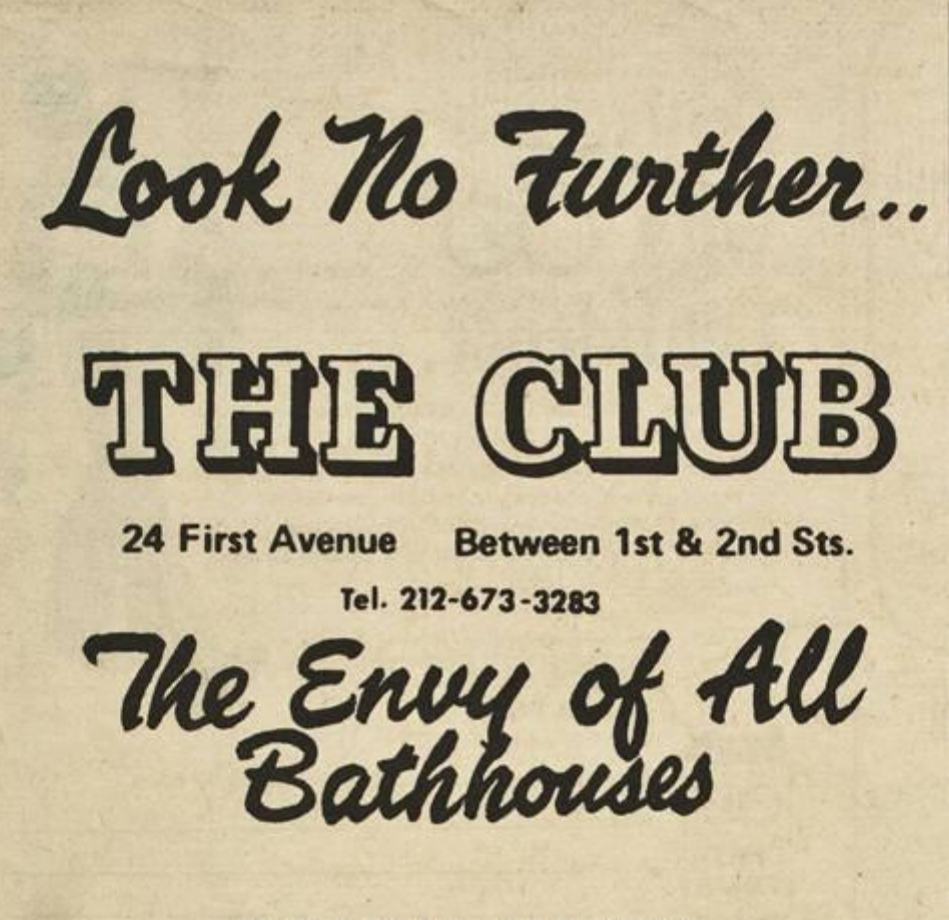

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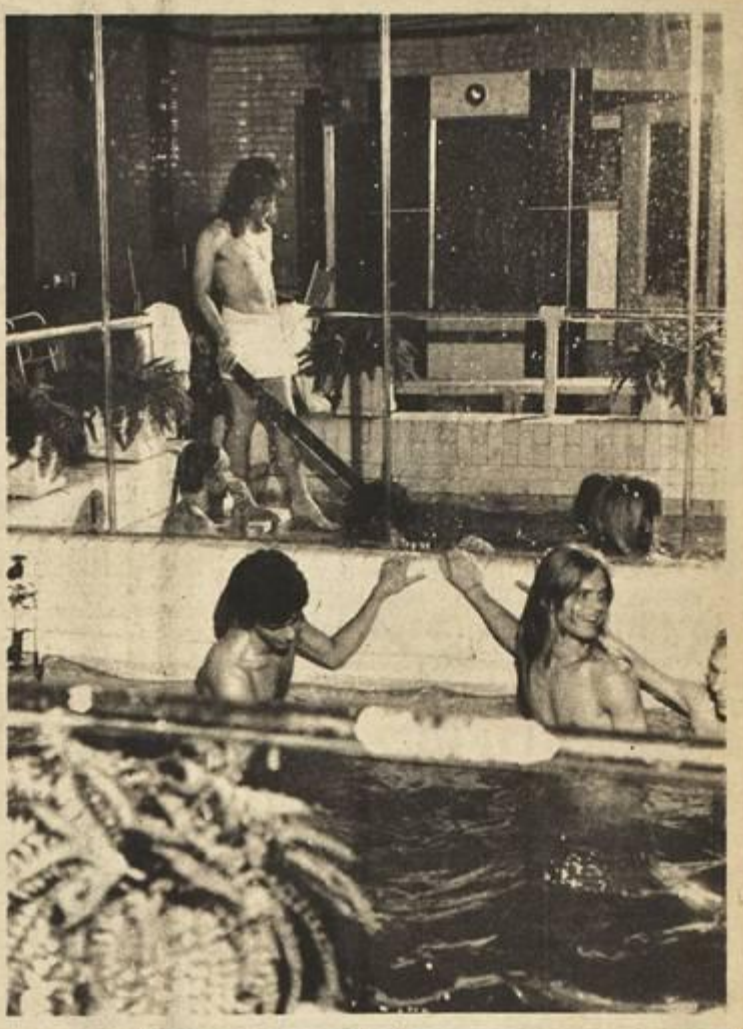

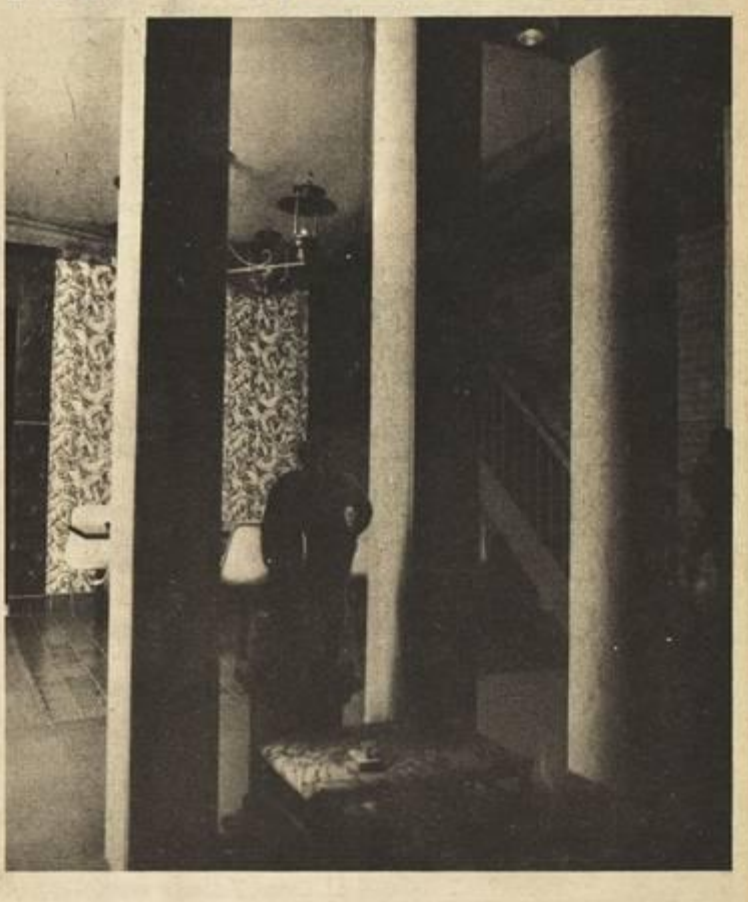



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