

GAY

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THE TRUCKS: POLICE, OWNERS, ACTIVISTS SEEK SOLUTION

BY RANDY WICKER

Greenwich Village, N.Y.C., N.Y. "The trucks" are the latest wrinkle with the open-air sex set in West Village. Not that they're something new. For many years small numbers of gays congregated around the trucks parked near the water on West Street, using the shadowed areas between those parked Jimmy-Hoffa-Specials and the empty open vans for sexual liaisons. However, during the past couple of years the trucks scene has mushroomed and moved inland. Any evening several hundred gays cruise and copulate behind and in trailers parked at several different spots in the farthest reaches of West Village, especially along Washington Street.

During the early fall, complaints by the owners of the trucks, increasing robberies and assaults on gays frequenting the trucks, threatened action on the part of the Village's Sixth Precinct Police and angry responses by New York's GAA have brought things to a head.

As this is being written, weekly rap sessions between members of the New York Mattachine Society and patrolmen assigned to the Village area have commenced. Ways are being sought to solve some apparently insoluble problems. How to eliminate the all-night truck follies without massive raids and arrests of those involved?

Patrolman Hollywood, Sixth Precinct officer, said the police would have no alternative to raiding the trucks and arresting everyone if the owners continued complaining and no other way could be found to curb the activity.

On Veterans Day, October 23rd, Mattachine prexy Don Goodwin and Mattachine members Dick Smith, Arthur Warner and I spent an hour and a half talking

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Photo by Eric Stephen Jacobs

At the trucks near West and Bank Streets in Greenwich Village.

DID McGOVERN SIDE-STEP GAY QUESTION?

BY VICKI RICHMAN

New York, N.Y. "Michael Maye had the right idea," a McGovern supporter shouted before the election as Morty Manford, who had unsuccessfully prosecuted the head of the firefighters' union for assault five months earlier, was hustled out of a five-dollar-a-plate campaign breakfast sponsored by the Labor Committee for McGovern and Shriver.

Most of the thousand union leaders seemed to agree that the young student founder of Gay People at Columbia had received what he deserved when he was beaten at the hands of New York anti-gay political leaders. They booed vigorously

and shouted Mr. Manford down as he attempted to question then-candidate George S. McGovern about his alleged reluctance to speak on behalf of homosexuals during his hard-fought campaign for the Presidency.

As homosexuals around the country lament the defeat of the liberal South Dakotan, the ambivalent feelings toward him by gay political leaders are now becoming apparent. Many gay activists feel that the senator repeatedly reneged on his promise to speak on behalf of their civil rights, but they were reluctant to challenge him on his alleged betrayal so as not to appear to support his opponent.

However, isolated incidents between gays and the Democratic candidate occurred quietly but painfully and are now

being openly debated in the light of the result of the election. One was Mr. Manford's pre-election confrontation with Mr. McGovern on a street corner in Queens long after Michael Maye's acquittal on charges of having beaten the gay leader had received national publicity.

"When are you going to speak on gay civil rights?" the activist demanded in his familiar no-nonsense amiability.

"I already have," Mr. McGovern answered quietly, quickly moving on to greet other residents of Queens.

Mr. Manford's later appearance at the breakfast of labor leaders was in the Biltmore Hotel, but did lead to the bloodshed that occurred when he participated in a similar disruption at the New York

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MINNESOTA LEGISLATORS REPLY TO GAY QUESTIONNAIRE

Minneapolis, Minn. Gay voters in Minnesota circulated questionnaires to nearly all candidates for the State Legislature and got favorable replies from 10 Democratic-Farmer-Laborites and one Republican.

The replies were circulated in 1,000 Election Extra copies of the *Free Voice*, a gay newsletter.

"I was a professional dancer when young and I knew many gay people," replied State Rep. Helen McMillan of Austin, Minn. "I still correspond with a couple of them in New York."

Needless to say, hers was one of the positive responses. Only one was unsympathetic—from Barbara Sheets of Minneapolis. "God created man and woman different for a specific purpose, mating," Mrs. Sheets replied. "Man can choose to live any way he wants and it is none of my business as long as he doesn't flaunt it in my face . . . If you'd keep quiet about

your private life, I don't think you'd have any problem."

The questions dealt with human-rights legislation, repeal of sodomy laws and property tax equalization for renters.

Other favorable replies were received from State Senator Robert Tennesen, Randy Staten, Allan Spear and Ken Enkel, all of Minneapolis; Eloise Adams, St. Paul; Kati Sasseville, John Milton, Guy Stoddard and Michael Sieben, all in suburban districts; and Wanda Norman, Lake Crystal, and Jon Evert, Moorhead. The only Republican is Mrs. Sasseville, a Ripon Society member running against a Republican incumbent.

Mixed replies came from State Sen. William Kirchner, suburban Minneapolis, and John Harrigan, suburban St. Paul.

The questionnaires were mailed by the Committee for Equal Rights, a loose-knit Twin Cities group that did the same thing in Minneapolis and St. Paul city elections recently.



Photo by Eric Stephen Jacobs

October Song: Holly Woodlawn sings for towel-clad multitudes at Manhattan's Continental Bath and Health Club.

WHERE WILL YOU GO TONIGHT?

A DIRECTORY FOR DISCRIMINATING DISPOSITIONS

CODE
GM—General Males
GF—General 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. (QR 3-9304). Canoe bar, free buffet on Sundays. Elaine is behind the bar to make you feel at home. GF, W/GM/GM.

Carr's, 204 W. 10th St. (255-9742). Neighborhood bar and crowd. Alfie is the only one left behind the stick. GM.
Cass Laredo, 551 Hudson St. (989-8520). New management has ruined this place. (My opinion.) Chuck is still hanging in but I don't know how much longer he'll be able to. I guess some GM.

Cave, Bank & Washington Sts. Young leather crowd. Cruisy. GM.
Danny's, 139 Christopher St. (929-9321). A very TOGETHER bar. Good conversation, cruising and food. Howie's at the helm with Tom and Jerry on the bar. 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.
Denny's Sheridan Square, 170 7th Ave. So. Young heads and dancing. Buddy the Body is on duty. Marvin and Peter, nights. Joey 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.
Feena's, 239 W. 4th St. (CH 3-9691). 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 Jamie and Philip. GM/INT.
Five Oaks, 49 Grove St. (675-9669). Village favorite off Sheridan Square. INT.
Four Eleves, 411 Bleecker St. (CH 2-2117). An old-time favorite. INT.

Friday's, 530 Hudson St. (255-9741). My friend Ted has reopened as a restaurant. The menu is extensive and very reasonable. Bring your own wine and enjoy. GM/GF.
Gay Station, 70 Grove St. (242-1468). Disco dancing. Say hello to June and Maggi. GM.
Gay Switchboard (924-4036). Gays serving gays. New to town? Want to get laid?

Goldbug, 83 W. 3rd St. (677-9874). Dancing to great sound. Shows during the week. Younger crowd. GM.
Horn of Plenty, 353 Bleecker St. (242-9638). Delicious food and they have their liquor license. INT.
Julie Verne, W. 10th St. Jason's place and Jack is there. Fantastic time and food. INT.
Julius, 159 W. 10th St. Hamburgers are great. Drinks are good. Hap, Joey, et al will take care of your drinks. The crowd is pretty, but don't count on making out. They still stare off GM/Kellers.

Kellers, 284 West St. Granddaddy of the leather bars. Keeping up with the times. Pool and some humpy prospect. GM.
Kookie's, 149 W. 14th St. (242-9226). The bar is clean but they don't encourage G.M. Kookie looks like a poor man's ZsaZsa. GF.
LimeLight, 91 7th Ave. So. Another disco. Nice crowd. GM.

Madeline, 59 Christopher St. (691-1066). The new offices are fantastic. Stop in and get an education. Among other services (legal and social) it boasts apartment listings for gays.
Mama's Royal Roost, 28 Cornelia St. (CH 2-9557). Warm and friendly. Joe oversees with Billy at the bar. Incredible food comes out of John's kitchen. GM/GF.

Ninth Circle, 139 W. 10th St. Say hello to Ed. GM.
One Potato, 518 Hudson St. (691-6360). Frank has been made mgr. Beautiful Nancy Haskell during afternoons and my Bill and Peter will be there nights. GM/GF.
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 Peety, E. 15th St. near 5th Ave. (675-9840). Opulent piano bar. Leah is your host. GM.

Seahell, W. 10th, Spacious, clean, new on the waterfront. Dins, sexiest Joe, Carl and Don will tend to your needs. GM.
Ter, 21 Greenwich Ave. (255-1337). Snack shop, cruisy afternoons; find out what's happening all over the Village. GM/INT.

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

Wild assortment of people. INT.
West Side Discussion Group, W. 14th St. (across from the old Triangle). For over a decade, helping gays. Free VD tests. Just started a theatre group. interesting people. Try it. GM/GF.

EAST VILLAGE, WASHINGTON AND UNION SQUARES
Club Bath, 24 1st Ave. (673-3283). Mr. Clean must work here. Dynamic people in an open 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. (QR 7-1044). Home of the female impersonators. Tourists. McSorley's Ale House, 115 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 STUPID. 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. (473-9724). 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/Billy's Corner, 696 6th Ave. (929-9571). New at press time. I'll let you know.
Leo's Lion, 57 Lexington Ave. (686-9608). Nice, friendly atmosphere. Your host is David. Go and have a good time. GM.

Our Place, 381 3rd Ave. (686-9726). Norman has my "baby," Greg, on the bar along with those beauties, Arty and Bob. A good time. Try it. GM/GF.
Pal Joey, 550 3rd Ave. (689-9670). New eatery. A choice of entree along with all you can drink for \$9.95 from 6-10 p.m. Sexy Sam is barkeep. Uncle Charlie's South, 581 3rd Ave. (684-2170). By gays for gays. Always jammed. Truly more of a club than a bar. Bob and Jerry deserve all the success they are attaining. 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 manager 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—Get 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.
Spikes, 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. IRT to Broadway/Lafayette; 6th Ave. IRT to Prince; 7th 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—4 p.m.—8 p.m. GM.
Candy Store, 44 W. 56th St. (581-4664). No more dancing. And, jackets are once more required. GM.
Charlie's Aho, 1154 1st Ave. (355-8663). Brand new and, I feel, it's a corner. Pussy is at the helm with my favorite, Jéay, and astrologer Bobby Blake behind the bar.

Continental Sauna, 111 W. 56th St. Not as grand nor as expensive as the "Mother Church" on W. 74th St. Good for a businessman's lunch? GM.
Lib, 305 E. 45th St. (Le 2-0290). The ensemble dancers, Jerry, Ellis, Lois and Jim, along with Gretchen and Ken, will assure you of a good time. GM, GF.
Mayfair, 964 1st Ave. (EL 3-9259). Good food at a good price. They're leading out of their closets. 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.
Savva Baths, 300 W. 58th St. (PL 5-4880). 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 what your appetites. GM.

Singles, 951 1st Ave. (466-9832). Johnny Vincent is your host. Fine food and a lot of fun. Say hello to Phyllis and Bobby. GM/GF.
Siro's, 98 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-8059). New and opulent. Raigh is on during the day. GM.
Sundowners, 309 E. 60th St. (832-9094). Mike Murphy, along with Bill Irwin, and cutie-pie Kathy will make this place go. GM.

Troubadour, 1078 1st Ave. (793-1955). Host is Ken Winters. Cruisy and dancing. Hummy Tommy and beautiful Bobby tend bar. GM.
Walter's Apartment, 1068 2nd Ave. (371-3274). Wild illusion of a penthouse overlooking NYC. The best manager in town, Tom, has added Bobby Marino to the staff. A definite winner. 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, 716 W. 49th St. Disco dancing. GM.
Why. GM.
Big Spender, 315 W. 46th St. (246-9882). Lots of sycophants from the nearby shows. Some Beatles. 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. (255-9077). Advertised as "The home of the Midnight Cowboy." Some of them look as if they missed the last roundup. GM.
Haymarket Pub, 772 8th Ave. (586-9360). They asked J.F.P. not to list them in "The Gay Inside U.S.A." But they are. INT.
Jimmy Ray's, 729 8th Ave. (582-9507). They won't admit 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.

GAY CINEMA
David, 236 W. 55th St.
55th St. Playhouse, 55th St. between 6th & 7th Aves.
Jewell Theatre, 12th St. & 3rd Ave.
Park-Miller, 43rd St. betw. 6th Ave. & W'way (BR 9-3370)
Tomcat Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St.

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 Potpourri. It's dancing and a gas. GM, GF.
Cabaret, 1436 3rd Ave. (744-9873). Michal's cooking is unbelievable. Shows and dancing in the back room. GM/GF.

Country Cousin, 1313 3rd Ave. (679-6614). 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 cruisy. My man Sam with George and Johnny are there nights. Grandma Lee is on duty. Judy is your hostess. GM.
Jack & Blue, 311 Thera, 314 E. 72nd St. (734-9303). New management has brought humpy Dennis back to take care of the bar. Dinning in the rear, cruising in the front. GM, some GF.

New Jimmy's, 1376 3rd Ave. (860-4509). Carl's food, fine drink and service and the entertainment of Savoy-Sexton-Sardi-Dion make this place a sure bet. Joe and Don are the hosts. GM.
Painted Peary, 1485 3rd Ave. (744-9580). What more can you say when you say GYPSY? An incredible talent. The beauty behind the bar is Eddie. GM.
Napp's Lounge, 1201 Lexington Ave. (812-82nd, 734-9303). 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.

Playboy, 1608 2nd Ave. (744-9658). New at press time. I'll let you know.
Uncle Charlie's North, 1049 Lexington Ave. (861-6132). Cruisy help and cruisy patrons. Good crowds. GM.

UPPER WEST SIDE
Chigli's, Columbus Ave. bet. 66th & 67th Sts. Popular with Lincoln Center audience. INT.
Continental Baths, 230 W. 74th St., west of W'way. (789-2688). More than a bath-house, it's a totally gay environment even down to a weekend cabaret. Expensive, but worth it. Students 1/2-price with I.D. cards. GM.
Ficadilly Pub, 324 Amsterdam Ave. (874-8032). Good cruising and friendly. Try it. GM.
Westside, 2160 Broadway (874-8013). Popular bar with humpy help. Bryan Murphy and the Westsiders provide the entertainment. GM.

UPTOWN
Charade, 1800 2nd Ave. at 92nd. 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.
Pease's Interlude, 2267 7th Ave. at 135th St. A Harlem landmark since before most of us were born. INT.

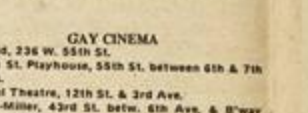
BROOKLYN
Danny's Brooklyn Heights, 108 Montague St. (625-8844). Two floors of fun and frolic provided over by Paul. Sal is your daytime host behind the bar with "dizzy" Duke and Bruce taking over at night. GM.
Man's Country, 53 Pierpont, Brooklyn Heights (624-2621). Masculine atmosphere for masculine G.Ms. 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
Walter Kent, I Love You: During (continued on page 16)

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.
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, Chel and Teddy. GM.

WASHINGTONVILLE, N.Y.
Mister G's Round Hill Resort, Rt. 208, Washingtonville (914 496-9845). 25 acres of good times. They will be open all year round. GM.

JERRY'S SPHERE



BY JERRY FITZPATRICK

REFLECTIONS ON AN ELECTION YEAR: The most alarming facet of this election was the apathy that I encountered among some of my brothers and sisters. So many that I consider intelligent and on the ball weren't even interested in the fact that an election was being held. "I'm not registered because I don't want to go on jury duty." (If those clowns ever need a jury, I hope that some of the jurors are people who respect responsibility.) "I'm not oppressed." "I'm not hassled." BULLSHIT! As long as there are laws on the books that say we are criminals you are hassled. I've been arguing this for years. (I guess Don Quixote and I will always joust with windmills.) But I recently heard the story of a man in Germany in the 1930s: "When they came after the trade unionists, I wasn't one of them so it didn't bother me; when they came after the Jews, I wasn't one of them so it didn't bother me. And on it went. When they came after me, there was no one left to turn to for help." So, to all of you smug brothers and sisters, after they've gotten the transvestites, the activists, etc., and they come for you, remember your APATHY!!!

PEACE IS AT HAND(?) Tricky Dick and Herr Doctor Kissinger, after lengthy secret talks, came out two weeks before election with a peace proposal that was acceptable to Hanoi four years ago. If any of you have families that were devastated over a fine young man's being killed in this senseless war, as mine was, during these last four years. Tell me that Nixon won't do anything for power and personal gain.

MANHATTAN'S FIRST GAY CHURCH MOVES
New York City, N.Y. On Sunday, October 29, shortly after 2:00 pm, the congregation of Church of the Beloved Disciple, New York's largest homophile church, moved in solemn procession escorting the Blessed Sacrament through the streets, from West Side to East Side in mid-town Manhattan, until all arrived at the new church home on Lexington Avenue at 30th Street.

Starting on Sunday, October 29th, Beloved Disciple will share the premises of First Moravian Church at 154 Lexington Avenue and 30th Street. The Moravian Brethren are descended from the oldest Protestant body in Europe. Pastor Henkelmann and Pastor Sawyer lead their congregation in Sunday morning worship at 11:00 am, followed by coffee hour in the basement parish hall. Then, at 2:00 pm, Father Robert Clement will lead his congregation in the Holy Liturgy, followed by coffee hour at 3:30 pm and social activity at 4:30 pm.

On July 18, 1970, Church of the Beloved Disciple held its first service with some 250 visitors at the Episcopal Church of the Holy Apostles. Since then, New York's first Gay Church has outgrown the Holy Apostles site, now with a regular membership of about 600, and about 1000 interested persons. The Liturgy, an English translation of the ancient Gallican Rite dating from 450 AD, draws many visitors to its simple, but noble dignity.

Raw voting returns were used. To determine the impact of the gay vote, the firm also examined the relative performance of other college board candidates in the same range as Stokes (39,000 to 55,000 votes), and also presidential candidates Nixon and McGovern. The intricate computer analysis took in such factors as "quantitative and qualitative" performances.

The survey found that Stokes' performance throughout the downtown area, moving into North Beach, was "quite mixed." His worst precincts fall heavily in the Sunset, Lake Merced and Monterey areas. Smaller areas of resistance include the Seacfill and Marina districts as well as scattered parts of Bernal Heights and the outer Mission. "The overall distribution reflects basic liberal-conservative residential patterns rather than any hypothetical sexual dimension. Comparison of the Stokes and McGovern maps showed only minor variation."

There were 46 precincts where Stokes drew more votes than any other analyzed College Board candidate. These constitute about six per cent of the city's precincts. Almost all of them fall in the Eureka Valley and Haight areas. Since they "seem to be experiencing sharp increases in their gay populations," the report goes on, "we suspect that the gay vote was a definite factor in these exceptional precincts."

Also included in Stokes' "best ten per cent" of the precincts when plotted on a map are tight clusters in the Sutro-West Portal and Western Addition areas with small outlying pockets of support in the Polk Gulch and Potrero areas. Secondary strength (the next best ten per cent of the precincts) is mostly contiguous to these communities.

"Interestingly, the Tenderloin showed

SAN FRANCISCO GAY VOTE MAJOR FACTOR
San Francisco, Calif. The "Gay vote" in this city has become a major factor and politicians would do well to watch it closely. Such is the finding of the Scientific Analysis Corporation here in a report and statistical analysis.

The gay community, like the San Francisco population in general, votes heavily Democratic with a significant conservative minority that will swing Democratic under certain circumstances, concluded the firm, which is a private, non-profit organization which does social research and surveys through advanced social science methodology.

Using as its basis the June 6 primary election in which Earl "Rick" Stokes, an open homosexual, ran for the Community College Board of Governors, the study found that the gay vote is geographically concentrated in certain key areas but has definite impact on the 18th Assembly district as a whole, mixed influence on the 20th and 23rd districts, and negligible effect on the 19th district.

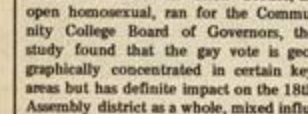
Stokes' homosexuality did not have a significant impact on voters as a whole, the study conducted by Lester B. Morgan, a research associate of the firm, also concluded. "Were it not for [this] one crucial point, it [the election] would have slipped unnoticed into history..."

"Indeed, the very fact that this issue was not raised is of interest," added the report. "One would think that in a race for an educational post all of the ill-founded but persistent fears about 'pervert child-molesters' would have come strongly to the fore. Stokes' opponents are to be commended for their restraint in not taking such cheap shots."

Stokes finished in ninth place among 34 candidates vying for seven seats on the Community College District Board. Had he emerged among the top seven vote-getters, Stokes would have been the first publicly declared gay to hold elected public office in San Francisco. He received 44,428 votes compared with 72,710 for the top vote-getter.

The report attempts to answer the following questions: To what extent did Stokes' candidacy mobilize the "Gay vote"? Did his homosexuality hurt or help his chances? How did his identification with heterosexual candidates affect their political fortunes and is there such a thing as the "Gay vote" at all, and if it does exist, what are its political characteristics?

MANHATTAN'S FIRST GAY CHURCH MOVES
Father Robert Clement and his lover John Noble officiate.



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"Interestingly, the Tenderloin showed

no particular strength despite widespread public belief that gay people permeate that area. In fact," states the study, "the predominant voting population seems to be composed of older persons living in low-income housing, balancing out the younger 'street people' who tend not to participate in the electoral process."

In attempting to locate gay Republicans, the firm selected 13 precincts where Stokes and Nixon received 25 per cent or more of the vote. "Interestingly, almost all of these precincts fall on the outskirts of the basic centers of strength already discussed," the report points out. Fully seven of the 13 form a ring around Polk Gulch. "The 'ring' precincts offer better housing and more fashionable addresses: one falls virtually [atop] Nob Hill. Two more precincts are at the eastern slope of Twin Peaks, possibly reinforcing the rather acid stereotypes of the 'Twin Peaks closet cases.' One is on the eastern slope of Mt. Sutro, one is on the southern face of Buena Vista Park, and the remaining two face the Presidio... We conclude that the presence of significant numbers of possibly otherwise conservative gays may have turned the tide in Stokes' favor. These precincts are examples of [a] 'swing' vote..."

In 44 precincts where Stokes ran extremely well, the firm found they "fall within otherwise secure Democratic strongholds, so Stokes' exceptional performance therein constituted merely an extension of inherent trends rather than an extraordinary fluke."

In regard to women who have taken to the women's movement and those that are primarily concerned with problems as Lesbians, the study states that "identification by gender conflicts with identification by sexual orientation. This undercurrent of tension naturally has repercussions in the voting booth."

In conclusion, the firm found that the vote for Stokes "is not a splinter phenomenon divorced from Democratic politics on the whole. On the contrary, [his] ability to pull over 44,000 votes could not have been based on any minor appeal. General measures of performance such as district means and standard deviations have revealed no unusual patterns. Through correlation analysis... Stokes' vote came from the same precincts as did the votes for other liberal Democrats. Factor analysis has revealed the presence of only a single major trend, that of the conservative-liberal dichotomy, running through the vote..."

"... Only the tip of the iceberg has so far emerged. We are sure that a strong trend is developing—politicians everywhere would do well to watch it."

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WHAT GOOD IS SITTING ALONE IN YOUR ROOM? COME TO THE CABARET!

BY JOHN FRANCIS HUNTER

When I was in the Show Biz we used to live in fear of being "read" as gay. We tried to hide it from those asshole agents who controlled our lives and upon whose whim we ate regularly or "dieted" on peanut butter.

When we walked into an audition we wondered which of the hostile Closet Captives behind the little table was going to slot us as "too obvious." Too much for TV. Ah, how they hated us if we reminded them of themselves, because they loved the straights enough—or the straights' money and power enough—not to dare confront them with "obvious fairsies" who could handle the part. One wonders why all the to-do over "cure" and "change" when he observes so many gays who are such slaves to heterosexuals, who admire their mannerisms so much, that surely if anybody could change it would be they first in line. It would be those casting people who never questioned a straight ideal. Who would only hire you, in case you were a little nelly—or even "too goodlooking"—if you could prove to them you could "butch it up." Good lord, I put up with that for ten years!

NO PLACE TO TURN

There was no place where you could learn your craft as a performer without doing straight material, singing love songs with the feminine pronoun as if you meant it, hiding, hiding. No wonder some of us became "too slick" or "too mannered." Being obliged to be phony, we became expert technicians. There are lots of them on the stage and screen today, poor dears, leading the expedient existence. Some of them crack under the strain and perform such theatrical tricks as cutting their wrists. Others just go on wearing their mattachine masks, fearing an expose and an end to their financially profitable but morally impoverished careers.

Only in Greenwich Village bistros "back when" did I feel sufficiently turned on by the audience so as to unbend a little. Because those audiences were gay—generally a little closety about it, but gay.

Not until I faced the beautiful people of Provincetown was I really comfortable as a performer. I'd grow and develop during the summer there—only to stiffen up again back in the so-called real world of opportunity come fall. I've heard all too many performers who learned and practiced their craft in P-town put it down as a training ground and say, "Well, the gay crowd will enjoy anything!" Boy, are they benighted. Gays enjoy what is *enter-taining*. They are severe and critical when they are not well entertained. JUST LIKE STRAIGHTS. In this one way we are unabashedly like straight. We discern, we select, we reject.

GAY AUDIENCES BETTER

It is true, however, that as a whole gay audiences tend to be more gentle, more encouraging, more compassionate. They know what it is like to be on display and to be unwanted, turned down. So many have felt as if they were going to their execution just to walk down a school corridor and have an aisle of brutes sibilantly calling their names with exaggerated inflection or whispering, "Hey, sissy!" or "Hey, sweet lips, wanna suck my cock,

it's clean!" NO! "Awww, dirty cocksucker, huh?" HAR DE HAR HAR. Oh, gays known about an act that doesn't quite make it and are extra polite.

The audiences at GAA/NY's alternate Friday night Cabarets are heaven to play to. Unless you're a sexist, or a chauvinist pig, or low camp, or prejudiced, or vicious. You can off your feed and nervous and a trembling tyro and get another chance—though they won't necessarily carry you out on their shoulders if you're not talented or a potentially good performer.

THANK VITO AND BROTHERS

Vito Russo and the Arts Committee of GAA created this wonderful opportunity for performers to try out and established it as a place for people to come to who don't like or can't afford the orthodox show bars (see last issue). Everybody can share in the thrill of live entertainment and not be bucking prices or people. Isn't it grand to have an end to competition and dissembling even in the Show Biz? I didn't really think it was going to happen, though, not even with the advent of the New Order that put gays in the streets in what is always a form of guerrilla theatre, thanks to politicians who couldn't see the value of a more formalized presentation, which I'll go into later on. I also misjudged my people, based on unpleasant experience.

After seeing the first Cabaret last June I went home and began an article called "Five Uneasy Pieces," which I never finished: a subsequent visit to the variety/talent show took away my motivation—and one of my original uneasy pieces. Upon my second visit all my fears about the Cabaret's being old hat were laid to rest.

DISTRESSED FIRST NIGHT

At the historic premiere of the Arts Committee's show biz one-of-a-kind, I was vastly distressed at hearing several male singers sing, with obvious discomfort, the feminine pronoun in pop love songs. Midway during the first half of the first show I wrote a protest note to Vito, that perennial hairshirt in behalf of GAA's oftentimes minimized social/cultural program. I wanted to speak, I wanted to cry, "What's going on here! Why are these people proclaiming their love for the opposite sex as if they were playing a club date in the Catskills! If this Cabaret is to be an alternative for performers and audiences, let's make it such—now—by liberating us from inter-sex lyrics."

Vito bade me be patient. He didn't want the gala occasion spoiled. He said, "Wait for the next show and see what happens." Arnie Kantowitz, former veep, who was at my table, argued calmly that the singer has a right to sing any pronoun he or she chooses and suggested that perhaps they were being true to the text of the original for aesthetic or ethical reasons. Rational and just Arnie is always hard to tilt with, and all I could reply was a feeble something about, "Well, then sing 'I love him' and call it parody!"

THINGS OPENED UP

The second show of the night was indeed an improvement over the first, including the level of the comedy, and I kept quiet, still resolving to write my story. A principle had not been established in the heads. It certainly has been since, and nobody needed a wall from an ex-actor, singer,



Nancy Jo Parker does her famed imitations from "The Wizard of Oz."



Enrique is a master of the Latin sound.

lyricist, director out of the Max Reinhardt tradition to point the way.

My emotional over-reaction during those first few songs was due to five memorable encounters of my own with having to masquerade as an entertainer or with hostility in the Movement toward specific theatrical undertakings I'd been involved with.

1) In the late Fifties I had gotten up at Joly's Restaurant in Los Angeles and sung "Prisoner of Love" (a la Billy Eckstine, which was my wont in those days) as follows: "He's in my dreams awake or sleeping, upon my knees to him I'm creeping..." Disregard the master-slave connotation. Point is, when I'd finished you could have heard a spangule go off in any stomach in crowded Joly's, the queens were so horrified. The pianist, who up until then had had sufficient hots for me to want "to help (you) with (your) career," went pale as Wanda Landowska at the keyboard.

"Don't ever do that again in public!" he raved afterward. "Don't ever get up and sing to another man that way, or you're through." I was mortified at my lack of "sophistication." I had only been singing it the way I felt it. Not done.

CURTAINS FOR ZEBEDY

He was right in his admonition. Look what happened to Zebedy Colt in 1969-70, when he made that album including "The Man I Love," singing famous show tunes traditionally performed by females and retaining the masculine

Photo by Eric Stephen Jacobs

Photo by Eric Stephen Jacobs



Photo by Eric Stephen Jacobs

Trish Brumbaugh: folk songs and blues are her specialty.



Tony Santalmo sings "Little Boy Lost."

anyone who would listen, mostly those who felt the same way and who had heard of *Lysistrata* in war-time Paris and the Berlin kabaret of the Thirties.

However, I remained for some time awed by the "founding fathers" of GAA and figured I just didn't know what this movement and liberation were all about.

OPPOSITION TO BREL

Then came the GAA benefit at Columbia planned and brought off by the then Fund-Raising Committee, of which I was chairman (not person, not yet). Our committee, with Vito and Steve Krotz at the fore, knocked itself out arranging for the Jacques Brel troupe to donate its time and talent. We sold ads for and designed and executed a profitable complimentary program. We pushed tickets—about a dozen of us, against great odds. The membership as a whole disapproved, because the Brel company was straight doing straight (albeit universal) material—about war, love and loneliness. The membership remained aloof, with only a few of its leadership coming round to help out with the physical labor—including Marty Robinson!

It looked as if those of us who were oriented toward the performing arts would never get our chance. Such a thing as the great documentary *Coming Out* was just an undefined dream in the back of some stage-struck head.

Being constantly challenged by the politicians, however, people like us began to look for liberating values in what we pro-

posed, and this was good. 4) I learned a painful lesson myself at the Festival of Gay Unity at Columbia which was put together by Morty Manford, Richard Flynn, Andy Palmo and me—and again with membership apathy if not opposition (because Troy Perry, a religionist, was to be the "star attraction"). Having asked Bette Midler, whom I'd never seen, to perform (she couldn't), and having accepted Liz Torres sight unseen, I caught hell for having engaged a straight sexist performer. I suffered hell during her act, when she came on with a pregnant bit and ethnic jokes—and sank lower and lower into my seat, fully anticipating the storm to come. After she'd done her turn, Eben Clark twice seized the mike in protest and finished off his routine by unzipping his pants and going through the motions of jerking off on Marty, the "ringmaster." Great pantomime. I deplored Eben's disruption (then), but dug his message: With an abundance of qualified gays in New York, why bring on a straight, no matter how talented or simpatico?

A SAN FRANCISCO SHOCK

From the two attempts at "bringing theatre to GAA," I discovered I was a little behind the Movement in some ways, ahead in others. Then came an incident in San Francisco last year.

5) I discovered I had "grown" the night I attended the rock opera *Tommy* in the company of some SIR old-timers and was appalled solitarily and without prompting at the character of the hero's

uncle, a child molester and the only gay in the script (assigned to a black dancer, yet). Worse, the program notes celebrated Tommy's having grown up sound, despite the potential "psychological damage" resulting from his uncle's assault.

"How can you sit by and let this audience, this bourgeois audience which thinks it is experiencing the ultimate in counter-culture expression, leave here comfortable that this is the way the world is?" I begged of one activist.

He was incredulous—having been enthralled by *Tommy* a total of six times. "All the boys in the company are gay," he demurred.

"And haven't they even given a thought to the false notion they're perpetuating about themselves?" That was far graver than the fact the straights were getting their false notions reinforced!

It was long after my tenure of office was over and I had transferred my activism entirely to gay journalism that what so many had hoped for came about—and it was principally Vito who had kept the faith against formidable odds.

MANY PULLED TOGETHER

Among the fellow faithful have been technical people, emcees, accompanists, waiter/esses, and audience members, as well as performers. Vito says there would have been no Cabaret without the know-how of original emcee Rusty Blitz, for instance, himself a seasoned pro (stand-up comic). Rusty screened talent in the beginning and actually got the show on the road week after week.

He was abetted by Dennis Kilpatrick, who at first took care of the "odd jobs," then after the third or fourth week with Steve McGuire took over the auditions, conducted each night before performance, programmed, and finally graduated to emcee, his present position.

Frank Abdale, who succeeded Vito as the all-male Arts Committee's "temporary" chairperson, has stayed on because he's so pleased with and competent in his post. He used to prepare intermission snacks.

Ron Lowry has worked every single Cabaret, usually serving the plentiful quantities of beer, which is free. (There's a two-buck donation encouraged at the door.)

Steve Krotz was original light man, having since trained Fred Goldhaber at that all-important capacity.

A COLORFUL SET

Broadway designers George James and John Dinsmore created the striking crimson and gold portable set, with its arches and shimmering panels and Lambdas logo, tiny marquee lights and globe foots. A vividly-painted drop separates the temporary show room from the front of the meeting hall.

Asked for his description of the set, Vito retorts, "It's a piece of the wall out of Molly Brown's drawing room in Denver—and I love it." It does set the stage for "magic time."

Accompanists Randy Barnett, Gar Taylor and Merrill—who is a great crowd-pleaser with her moving vocal solos reminiscent of Janis Joplin—contribute the all-essential backing for the singers. Everything is live at Cabaret.

Among show-after-show audience favorites besides Merrill are super-sweet Trish Brumbaugh, who has also emceed, and singer-guitarist Jim Whiting. Whiting is a radiant, angelic (offstage as well as

on, I'm told) stylist who does mostly Joni Mitchell tunes.

DIGS THAT LATIN

In addition to the above, I've been particularly excited by a stunning Argentinian folk singer in his forties who makes fools of age-ists and fans of chicken hawks. One humorist has stood out, too, the leering satirist who concocted an anti-child molester myth ditty called, appropriately, "The Friendly Child Molester."

Non-gays (and even straights, if they can bear the strain) are also welcome on the Firehouse bill, and many receive ovations upon their frequent return engagements. They just can't get away with sexist jibes or gay or racial put-downs, that's all. The audiences have grown very discerning and free of hetero conditioning. Just as blacks are now demanding to see black people on the screen, gays are clamoring for out-front gay entertainment.

Still, Nancy Jo Parker is one of the paramount attractions down in SoHo. An incandescent comedienne of rare delicate physical beauty, her *Wizard of Oz* is inevitably the *piece de resistance* of any night. She is a past mistress of vocal mimicry and a peerless comedy writer, at least for herself.

A GARLAND TRIBUTE

"One of our great moments was on the night of June 28," recalls Vito, "when Nancy announced, 'Tomorrow is Judy Garland's birthday,' and she sang her own original lyric to 'Over the Rainbow' in the style of Liza Minelli. As Dorothy Parker would have put it, 'There wasn't a dry seat in the house.'"

Rivalling Parker as a Cabaret Great to date is robust Gino Gallo, who gets away with cliches such as crooning directly to an audience member—a gay male, though Gallo isn't—because he has endeared himself by telling his story. Gallo's mother, a lesbian whom he adored, brought him up seeing the beauty of the gay lifestyle and he's not threatened. On the night I heard him do "My Way," he dedicated it to one of his mother's old friends, Jean DeVente of Riis Park ball team fame (and who was Grand Marshal of the CSLD '72 parade).

CABARET FOR ALL

Jean is always ring-side, with her companion Tracy, encouraging the quaking tyros. Cabaret is for them as much as for fledgling pros honing their act or testing new charts. Cabaret is also for talent scouts and entrepreneurs (who aren't uptight assholes), lyricists and composers and writers.

I needn't have feared, either, that Cabaret would be something less than a showcase and showplace for liberated gays, gays fed up with imitating, gays refusing to laugh at offensive, master-race fag humor, gays exploring the potential of a new culture. The millenium hasn't been reached down there in the Ultimate Island's "alternative," but a few hundred years of toadying and tolerating the joke on us have already been transcended in a few months.

In the next issue we will take another giant step forward, introducing *When We Win*, billed as "the world's first true gay night club," and opening in December if the rest of the bread is raised in time. I can hardly wait. I may even get out my tap shoes, linoleum tile and scan sheets of the big tear-jerking ballad I introduced back in '63, "Men Don't Cry."

PENPOINTS

Dear GAY:

The headline (in red) in the October 30, 1972 issue of your paper was, to say the least, eye-catching and sensational but extremely overplayed. It seems ironic that the alleged articles caused only incidents on the West Coast and not here where the *Asiatic* magazine is published.

The largest concentration of Jehovah's Witnesses is in Brooklyn Heights just a few blocks from my home and your article is the first notice I've seen of the so-called edict to "kill gays." Actually it appears that the edict is the fantasy opinion of Don Jackson, who knows nothing about the Witnesses. They (the Witnesses) have always been quite upright about gays and homosexuality because their domes are natural breeding grounds for homosexual activity. Through the years there have been articles condemning gay activity and clergy who condone such activity. When the article on the Heights clergy came out, the local clergy heavily took to their pulpits and requested the Witnesses to clean their own house first. You need only to ask any of the business people around the Heights and they will tell you that for the last two years, the majority of the new novices have been gay and draft dodgers.

We residents of the Heights learned a long time ago to ignore the Witnesses and to rebuff their attempts to proselytize us. A result has been a united community against any of their moves. The only people who like them are the businessmen who profit from their spending. Since it is quite likely that there are so many repressed gays in their midst, I suggest a good project for gay liberation might be to liberate their dormitories.

D.D. Griffo

[ED. NOTE: We agree that the connection made by gay liberationist Don Jackson between the Witnesses' magazine and attacks on gays by Jesus Freaks seem ten-

uous, to say the least. See Vicki Richman's article in this issue of GAY.]

To GAY:
Dear Sirs and/or (but doubtfully) Madams:

My intelligence and gay consciousness have never been so insulted as by reading the October 16, 1972 issue of GAY. Never before has your magazine stooped to such substandards as I thought only possible of sexist trash such as SCREW.

The first thing one sees in this issue is a 5" x 6" picture of some straight woman dolled up in the shackles of male chauvinism. I thought she was a very talented drag queen until I read the caption! No wonder Martha Shelley threw a shit-fit at the Rutgers Conference on Gay Liberation in May '71 (at the time I was treasurer and later chairman of the Rutgers Student Homophile League).

Does Randy Wicker have a ghost writer from the *National Enquirer*? His article "The Little Bank Robber and the Big Lie" deserved no more than the one picture and two columns the same news item was given in the *Advocate*. For that matter, I have found more objective news about New York in the *Advocate* than in your publication.

The Nixon articles were absolutely inexcusable. How could a magazine that is supposed to be so liberal and open-minded print such mud-slinging drivel geared to the sense of humor and mentality of an eight-year-old?

In returning this issue (the first of my subscription) I demand a full refund of my \$13 subscription rate and that my name be removed from any of your organization's mailing lists.

Robert H. Andrews

P.S. You may print this letter (in total only) if you dare!

[ED. NOTE: Is your fury about the straight female entertainer's photo occasioned by her garb or by your distaste for

straight women? Randy Wicker's bank robber write-up was the most complete anywhere. Randy is puzzled because you liked his New York reportage in the *Advocate* but disliked his more detailed reportage in GAY. And do you really like Nixon? You are a man of peculiar tastes.]

Dear GAY:

Stretching 100 miles from the borders of New York City to Montauk Point lie the counties of Nassau and Suffolk, which together form the heart of Long Island with a combined population of 2,539,600. Unlike the more urbane Kings and Queens counties which share the remaining 22 miles of the Island, Nassau and Suffolk tend to be relatively sheltered and staid. Community control of schools, libraries and recreational facilities has, in the more enlightened areas, brought much in the way of solid progress, but in many communities it has brought strong pressure from the John Birch Society, the Neo-Renaissance Party and the Maf-a. Voices of social and political activism are few on highly Republican Long Island where a handful of notoriously intolerant bosses dominate almost every aspect of county politics.

All in all, Long Island presents a challenging atmosphere for the survival of a radical movement. The Gay Activists Alliance of Long Island (GAALI) has been going it alone for two and one-half years without encouragement from civic, social or religious groups, with the notable exception of the New Democratic Coalition. While many of the factors contributing to a generally negative climate for gay political groups are obvious from the above mentioned sketch of existing conditions, others much less obvious are far more important. The two most serious problems facing gay groups and in particular GAALI are apathy or downright hostility on the part of the gays themselves, and a condescending attitude reeking of jealousy and self-hate on the part of many of the

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

Island's gay bars.

Long Island, unlike the City, does not have places like the Firehouse nor "gay ghettos" like Brooklyn Heights or the West Village from which we can form a firm base of support. Long Island is by its very nature quite disjuncted. Mass transit is an abomination. Villages, town and cities abound in profusion with the same monotonous contiguity as in Brooklyn or the Bronx but without the ethnic solidarity that serves to distinguish each locale. Anonymity here is easy, for heterosexuals. To be gay on Long Island where the suburban gossip and back-biting syndrome is a highly developed art requires a greater degree of self-confidence than to be similarly gay in the City. For this reason many gays prefer the shelter of their closets and the clandestine womb-like security of the bars. The bar owners, fully aware of the situation, serve as dozing aunts fighting bitterly to keep their progeny closeted.

Thus, due to a rapidly decreasing attendance at gay activities on our Island, all priorities of GAALI have had to yield to the pressing demands of membership and finance. All efforts are currently being made to make the New York metropolitan area aware of our existence and of our situation, and to increase our finances to the point where we can return to our other priorities such as a community center and an expanded legal/bail network. In spite of a great many obstacles, we find Long Island a beautiful place to live and our greatest wish is to enable all fellow Islanders to fully appreciate its potential.

Pete Mendes, Chairman
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of Long Island
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BY JOHN P. Le ROY

Ever since George Weinberg defined the homophobe as one who has an irrational fear of homosexuality, it occurred to me that there must also exist the *heterophobe*, one who has an irrational fear of heterosexuality. For months I felt certain that a clear-cut specimen of an honest-to-goodness heterophobe could be nothing more than a playful metaphor, a theoretical construct, perhaps, or some form of unplaceable label. It was only when I glanced through an old copy of the *Village Voice* for want of something better to read that the unexpected happened. A column signed by a Ms. Jill Johnston had some of the characteristics of a typical heterophobe. I collected more and more of her columns and, sure enough, week after week, scurrilous polemics against gay men, straight men, straight women and certain gay women followed, one after the other, written in overlong, practically unreadable sentences. Practically every and any established institution was bitterly attacked as being racist, sexist, fascist, chauvinist, all of these, some of these, but never none of these.

I had heard that Ms. Johnston had a wide and devoted following, but she was still an isolated specimen and therefore not enough to firmly establish the existence of the phenomenon. I would need more hard data. To my surprise, it was right there under my nose. Several months ago, when I wrote a review of an entertainment I had attended at the Continental Baths, I received a crank letter from L. Craig Schoonmaker, who thought it outrageous for the management of the Continental to allow a female singer to perform at a gay all-male bath house. Even though the soul sister was the exceedingly talented Linda Hopkins and even though her act was quite enjoyable, Mr. Schoonmaker thought the whole affair insulting. He expressed particular outrage at the Continental's policy of allowing women to enter the cabaret area fully clothed only for the duration of the show, after which they were promptly escorted out. The admission of women was to poor Craig a gross invasion of his last refuge.

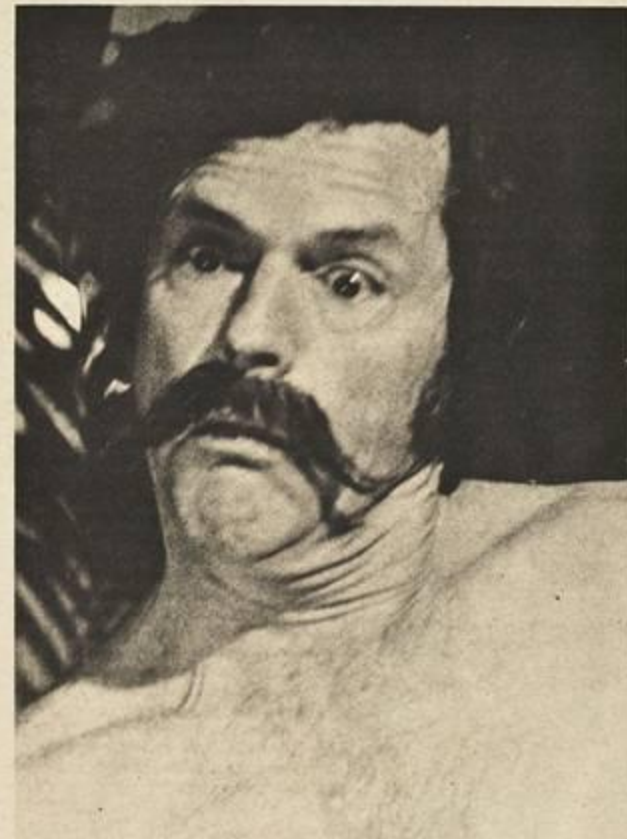
I learned later that Mr. Schoonmaker heads an organization known as *Homosexuals Intransigent!* (abbreviated *HI!*) and that the organization publishes a mimeographed newsletter. My illustrious roommate managed to secure a copy for me and its pages were filled with the same unmistakable heterophobic pattern that permeated Jill Johnston's column in the *Village Voice*. My original assumption that heterophobia could be nothing more than a rarity or, at best, one of those near-unmeasurable phenomena like anti-matter was quite mistaken. Evidently, heterophobia no longer exists in the darkest corners of the closet or the most radical fringes of the gay liberation movement. It has organized itself.

In general, whether male or female, the heterophobe has a profound unshakable conviction that all straights are intrinsically, innately and by their very nature so evil as to be far beyond any hope of redemption. Without exception, all true homosexuals (only heterophobes are true homosexuals in this context) are infinitely superior in every conceivable way, but because of having morosely and wretchedly suffered all forms of oppression, repression and suppression for centuries at the hands of straights, it is absolutely vital for the homosexual to expunge every last vestige of straight society and straight culture from his environment and from his psyche. Of cardinal importance is a thorough exclusion of the opposite sex, or of anyone who allows any member of the opposite sex to influence his or her life in any way, no matter how minute.

Only when all the corrupting effects of heterosexuality have been either elimi-

BEWARE OF THE HETEROPHOBES

My Gawd!
There's a woman in the sauna!



nated or extirpated, then and only then will it be possible for the glorious gays to remake the world into some kind of heavenly utopia of eternal ecstatic orgasmic bliss. Such bothersome problems as reproduction will be solved by the miracles of technology through sperm banks and automatic fertilization. Economic, political and social structures of so enchanted a realm would be based upon nothing but love, love and more love. All human problems, like taxation, inflation and education, would wither away, somehow or other, and only the true, the good and the beautiful (don't ask what they mean by true, good and beautiful!) will bring about the restoration of everything to its primal, innocent, uncorrupt state.

No amount of carefully documented, well-reasoned or totally unbiased factual presentations will dissuade them from their convictions, for they detest reality except where it supports them. No heterophobe will ever accept the fact that man is essentially a bisexual animal for, in their world, one must be either one hundred per cent homosexual or one hundred per cent heterosexual, with no room in between. To desire the opposite sex even a small part of the time is treason.

It follows that to trust a heterosexual to help get laws repealed or job discrimination ended is totally anathema. The last thing a heterophobe wants to see is gays and straights coexisting harmoniously. That would shatter his vision and wreck

his sense of identity as a practitioner of the one "true faith." The heterophobe will therefore seek to promote dissent and stir up rancor in any gay organization that does not exclude straights and bisexuals. He will interpret any disappointment and setback in the gays' struggle for equality as evidence of the implacability of the straight foe, and use this to divide the other gays against each other.

Culturally, he will promote gay art, gay music, gay fashion, gay literature, gay philosophy and an over-all gay lifestyle, but should you ask him to furnish in detail the elements of a gay symphony as compared with a straight symphony, or a gay painting as compared with a straight painting, he would be at a loss. He may point to Tchaikovsky or Andy Warhol, but should you find the *1812 Overture* banal, or an enlarged can of Campbell's Soup somewhat less than inspiring, be prepared for a tirade.

More than anything else, it is the element of fantasy that distinguishes the heterophobe from his homophobic counterpart. Until very recently, the homophobe could gain unquestioned public support for virtually any kind of tyranny or atrocity he might wish to perpetrate upon his homosexual victim, from unpunished murder to silent ostracism. The Democratic National Convention could not bring itself to adopt a gay rights plank in the party's platform because that would abridge the right of every upstanding red-blooded American to degrade a homosexual, which would have seemed Communistic to the majority of the electorate. When the Democrats can keep their otherwise decent and humane candidate, George McGovern, from discussing his progay stand in public except where desperate pressure from gay organizations is brought to bear, then no further proof is needed to demonstrate that homophobes do not need to fantasize, for their supremacy can still be gratified by reality with considerable impunity.

Recently, however, under the umbrella of the gay lib movement, heterophobes have been less content to keep their dreams to themselves. Organizations like *HI!* and *Radicalesbians* have emerged and the heterophobes have begun to proselytize, following separatist and exclusionary policies and ideologies. It was something that had to happen sooner or later and I'm glad their viewpoint is being brought out into the open at last, ridiculous as it is.

It is a very human reaction to a situation that for a long time has long seemed intolerable. Given the difficulty of modern life, who doesn't wish at one time or another to have all the beautiful bodies he could handle and all the ecstatic orgasm he wanted, coupled with complete comfort and security? It is only when I think of what life would be like beyond such heavenly circumstances that I begin to realize how bored and indolent I would eventually become after my wads were all shot and repetitions began to pall. If everything were too easy to get and the fight and struggle were removed, the zest and satisfaction on a very deep level would be gone. By excluding half the human species, much of the richness and variety of life would be lost.

Even if there were only gay landlords, gay bosses and gay politicians, there would still be rent to pay, a job to do and taxes to be collected. Gay or straight, the human situation remains the same. We have an unprecedented abundance of gay communities and homosexuality is finding its way deeper into the mainstream of American life than has ever before been the case. This has come about not by isolation, but by active participation. No matter how you slice it, gay and straight are still only different ends of the human continuum. When both the homophobes and heterophobes realize that fundamental similarities among people are more important than differences in erotic preferences, the beginning of true progress can take place.

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CLAY'S QUEERING HOUSE

BY ARLENE CLAY

THE BELL TOLLS ON

As I stated in this column a few issues back, I've always wanted to visit Spain but I am violently opposed to its stinking regime. Would I relent and vacation there? Up until I received the latest information, I was undecided. Now I'm pretty goddamn sure I won't.

At Huelva, a small town off the tourist routes, that mad little fart, Franco, has set up an institution called the "Center for Homosexuals." Oh, goodie! Sounds like a community center for meeting your friends, consciousness-raising, rapping and zapping, doesn't it?



McGovernites released a White Paper.

You couldn't be more wrong. It is an institution where, subject to the advice of the Spanish police, gay people are sent for periods between 4 months and 3 years, according to the severity of the patients' "illness." And, as *Gay International News* reports, "After this they are supposed to leave completely cured, and in a mood to throw themselves at the feet of the nearest 'Muchachos.'"

This center, mind you, is not for habit-



In Spain, gay life is getting a bit furtive.

ual sexual offenders or anything that extreme. No indeed. Anyone caught in a consensual act with another adult of the same sex is an immediate candidate for imprisonment. I could quote more of this garbage but I'm getting over a case of intestinal flu and have felt abominable enough already today.

Donne... Hemingway... Spain in the '30's. No man is an island... and that bell does toll—sooner or later, directly or indirectly—for thee, too, honey. There is precious little American gays can do to protest this outrage—except perhaps picket the Spanish Council and Tourist Boards here in town. Not a bad idea, even if it is a drop in the bucket. I would also like to beg those of you who have been contemplating a Spanish vacation to go elsewhere.

You might not be arrested for kissing your lover in a hotel room—but wouldn't

you find the atmosphere oppressive? Could you seriously be happy handing over your cash to a vicious little creep, for use in torturing your fellow gays? Think about it.

AND ON LOCAL SHORES

Things are somewhat better here on the North American continent. At least we have relative freedom and don't have to fear for our very lives. (Well, most of the time we don't...) McGovern has finally decided to back Gay Rights. (A cliff-hanger, folks?)

The McGovern-Shriver headquarters has released a White Paper headlined, "McGovern reaffirms anti-discrimination stand with regard to sexual orientation." It reads well and it's about all we need—at this point. And in the face of Nixon's reactionary puritanism, McGovern's state-

ment is positively lyrical.

The voting will be over when this issue of GAY hits the stands. I am morbidly aware of the outcome. I just want to go on record, in print, as saying I'm voting for McGovern. Not because of his stand on Gay Rights and not because I'm madly in love with George. (Will we ever have a genuine hero again? It's always sad to vote for the lesser of two evils and I seem to have been doing that for some years now, I'm sick of it.)

I'm voting for McGovern simply because I sense that he has retained some vestige of honesty, honor and sense of human decency. The greatest flaw in self-righteous Nixon is that he is totally incapable of empathy. This always makes a public official extremely dangerous.

THE P.M. LISTENS

Meanwhile, back up on the Canadian po- (continued on page 16)



Trudeau gets zapped.

BY VITO RUSSO

I took a trip back in time this week. I went to New Jersey. I've been thinking that Thane Hampten's article on *The Queens Vernacular* was more interesting than for its nostalgic humor and wit. I agree substantially with Thane that it's a little sad to see all those delicious phrases and words become public property or disappear, never to be used quite so knowingly again. It was fun, for a time, to toss epithets at friends, knowing that everyone in the room already knew the punchline but that they'd all laugh anyway because each new delivery would bring a renewed mixture of malevolence and hilarity. Those were indeed good times. The sadness derives more from the fact that those innocent jibes were used to characterize gay people as a people instead of being tossed off as lightly by others as they were by us. That, of course, is one of the reasons it all disappeared... Or did it really disappear?

When I was in college, living with my parents in New Jersey, I was also in the process of coming out. As I look back now on those years, I realize that the words and the phrases were very important indeed and that I was taught by masters. Those were the days when you went "riding around" at night with the other gays and propositioned truck drivers on the highway out of an open window at 60 mph: "Hey, wanna fuck an Italian actress?" The days when everybody was going to a bar called Fran Bell's in Nyack and carrying on all night about "the nerve of that Miss Twist in her high heels and sweater and skirt set at the Hot Shoppe on the highway." What about the night Jeanne DeSantis took all her clothes off at the bar and stuck her tit in a ninety-year-old man's mouth and gave him heart failure. Or, remember Arthur Cohen who didn't hear very well? A cop stopped him on the highway and said "Let me see your License and Registration" and Arthur turned to us in the car and screeched "Who's she calling a cocksucker?" Yeah, those were the days all right. Nobody stopped; day and night we ran. Oh, every once in a while there would be deep discussions on the nature of gay life and the older queens would counsel us with advice like "Honey, I'm from the old school; me and the queens from downtown Paterson came up the hard way. Anybody tries to mess with this bitch'll be teasing a bald head." On the night I thought my mother suspected I was gay, I ran to a friend who'd come up the hard way and he said, "Deny it, honey; deny it left and right; they can't prove a thing." The general opinion was that if your parents found out, the best thing to do was to move to New York. This way, you wouldn't disgrace your family.

I found out a lot about transvestites then too. I was twenty-two years old before I found out that the highest pinnacle of achievement in gay life was not the drag ball at the Robert Treat Hotel in Newark. Transvestites were drag queens then and very proud of that phrase, thank you very much. They were the toughest, take-no-shit from anybody group around. They still are. It was then that I learned what straight trade meant. It was quite a thing to have a straight "lover" because that was the highest compliment a queen could get. The straight guys would come up to Miss Twist's garden apartment and sit sullenly on the couch while the queens took turns gathering in the bedroom to faint over each other and plot to keep them there for the night. The language was born of the lifestyle and reflected the false values, dreams and fears of people who knew only that they were somehow marked different and had to be clever and tough to get by. It was always the same: "Oh, yeah Miss Thing, I ought to slap you right in your face." "Listen, bitch, how would you like to eat pasta for the rest

I'LL TAKE MANHATTAN A Trip Back IN TIME



Female impersonators at the Club 82.

of your life?"... "Don't fuck with my man, you tacky cunt, or I'll put your lights out."... "Mary, did you see that queen snatch that number right out from under my nose?" It all took place in seedy bars in bad neighborhoods, ramshackle diners like Brookies in Paterson and rest stops on the Garden State Parkway like the Brookdale Howard Johnsons. Nobody ever complained that the surroundings were dirty, the prices too high or the help sneering and derisive. Nobody complained that the straights would sometimes wait outside the bar to beat us up on our way home ("Miss Thing, I'm not going out there alone; come with me."). This was our place in society. If something was bothering you, you went to an older member of the group and poured your heart out. Not to the police when you were beaten or robbed, not to your family when you were scared, not to your congressman when your rights were violated and not to anyone in the whole world when you were lonely in a way that you couldn't explain.

Now, I didn't just move to New York and start talking differently, acting differently and living happily ever after. I was, however, a new way of gay life for me, I met people from all over the country. They had come, as Barbara Gittings put it, "to find their people." Their people were not in the claustrophobic small towns all over America from which they had come. Those towns had no concept of (or room for) even the gay people who looked and sounded like everyone else. With few exceptions, they were the places where gay people could live either invisibly, a fate worse than death, or openly regarded as a freak of nature. The friends I still have in New Jersey are a joy to see and a pleasure to be with but when they wake up in the morning, it's time to play that old game again. When I come home to New York and go to sleep, I wake up the same person who went to bed. I'm not proud of myself for that; I'm proud of my city and the people who live here.

It has helped a lot of us farther than we knew we could come. I love it so much here and yet I can't help thinking it's also a prison. It imprisons the freedoms and ideas that it gave us in the first place. We now live in a bubble of relative openness and freedom. Outside our bubble is a world populated by slaves in chains.

Last week, I went back to my "neighborhood" bar, Danny's in Palisades. They were still there. I heard those funny lines again for the thousandth time. They really aren't funny any more. I saw drinks that cost \$1.50 served in a 4 oz. glass with a false bottom and lots of ice. I saw people who had come to dance because in New Jersey, this is where they let you dance and get away with it. I saw customers, human beings, treated like shit and herded like cattle into a basement for dancing by their fellow gays acting as agents for the owners. In New York we have a slight alternative; if you get treated like shit in a bar, that bar is mysteriously empty very soon; if they decide not to let us dance somewhere, we force them to lock themselves inside their bars to protect themselves from our wrath (remember, Stonewall veterans?). I wouldn't trade my education and training in New Jersey for anything. It taught me that there's a better way to live. Like Johnathan Livingston Seagull, it taught me that there's more to flying than just scavenging on the beach for garbage and scraps of other people's food. It taught me that we can be anything we want any time we want and still not have to take any shit. It's ironic that one of the most effective gay liberation groups on the Eastern Seaboard, N.J. GAA, should live side by side with a festering, dying breed of people who still won't fight for their rights. Nobody is saying change the language and act like a "straight homosexual," or change the mannerisms or the lifestyle, but dammit, remember who started the Stonewall riots? That's right, cookie, it was the transvestites and the "Get you, Mary's." I think it's time to push out the

walls of our bubble a bit and help "our people" learn how to stand up on their own two feet and fight for the rights that they've forgotten they ever had. New York won't be unique when any town can be the town a gay person chooses to go to and "find his people."

On to the winners and losers in this week's passing parade... It's two down and one to go in the Billie Holiday renaissance. The only entry still in the wings is *The Billie Holiday Story* with Diana Sands as the Lady. The latest offering is *Lady Day: A Musical Tragedy* at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. I hope it's still running by the time you read this because it's worth seeing for a number of reasons. Unfortunately, it's not the show I was hoping it would be. It's beauty is partially marred by a "get whitey" outlook which does quite a bit of twisting and distorting to prove its point. The pity is that it really doesn't have to; anybody with eyes and a brain can see from the plain unvarnished facts that Billie Holiday was destroyed by white America. Putting the whole thing in a 1972 super-black framework overstates the issue. No matter, though, the play soars on more than one occasion and the music by Archie Shepp is so very good that the moments we have with Billie in the scenes out of her life are the distillation of her magic. Cecilia Norfleet is superb. She's an actress of power and dignity and she carries off songs like "I Know 'Bout The Life" with haunting beauty. Another good thing is the honesty of presenting her relationship with her transvestite friend who does the best Billie Holiday impersonation I've ever heard with the song "Lover Man." I wish they'd junked the whole amateur night contest framework of the show and simply presented Aishah Rahman's super scenes with music.

Pippin was my great hope for this year's smash. It almost made it. It's the best thing Bob Fosse's done so far and most of it is brilliant. It's about Charlemagne's son Pippin who is looking for something meaningful in life. He finds a lot of meaningful things but keeps getting convinced that they're all not enough. It's beautifully done and moves like a house afire. The major problem is John Rubenstein as Pippin. I love him, believe me, you have no idea how I love that guy (got it?). It's just that he's surrounded by a bunch of all-out show stoppers like Irene Ryan, Leland Palmer, Jill Clayburgh and especially Ben Vereen who steals the show. His nice gentility and affable manner are just not enough to carry the lead. Too bad.

Berlin To Broadway was a hell of a delight. I thought I'd especially like the Berlin stuff like *Threepenny Opera* and "Mahagonny." They were fine, but I loved the American stuff like *Lady In The Dark* and *One Touch of Venus*. Sure, they take liberties and raunch it up a little, but hell, I'm not a purist. Nothing stays the same and nothing should. I had a great time. Since it's right here on Christopher Street, you people who get nose-bleeds above 14th Street should get your asses over there and have some fun. A word about Judy Landers and Hal Walters; her "Surabaya Johnny" had me in a trance and his "Johnny's Song" from *Johnny Johnson* said a whole lot about what I read in the papers yesterday. You know, moments in theatre are very rare. Theatre should be that good all the time, but since it isn't, a few moments like those in a show are worth the trip.

(continued on page 16)

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DID McGOVERN SIDE-STEP GAY QUESTION?

(continued from page 1)

Hilton last spring. It was two and a half weeks before the election, and Mr. McGovern was making a desperate appeal for union support in his campaign when the ubiquitous gay activist interrupted.

"Both you and your campaign hierarchy have issued conflicting statements on gay civil rights," Mr. Manford began, striding to the center of the banquet hall as the conservative-appearing labor leaders stared in disbelief. "Before the press and this audience, I call upon you to clarify your position."

Victor Gotbaum, the chairman of the morning affair, assured the gay spokesman that his question would be answered after Mr. McGovern finished his address. However, Mr. Manford says that John Corcoran, a political liaison hired by the unions, aggressively warned the activist that his question would "be screened out." After about five other questions were heard, Mr. Manford again interrupted to inform the audience that he was being ignored. Mr. Gotbaum angrily retorted, "I'm the only labor leader who testified for gay rights." Then he denied he had ever recognized the gay questioner: "This is a labor conference and the issue you bring up has no place here. You will not be heard, sir."

The activist protested and was forcibly ejected by Mr. Corcoran and others to the apparent approval of the crowd. At least one union member called him a "fag."

After Mr. Manford was deposited on the street, the candidate told the audience, "I'm against any discrimination on the basis of sex. I believe that says it all. That's as far as I will go."

The confrontation was not a GAA project. It was personally conceived by Mr. Manford, who received his lawful ticket from an invited guest to preferred to have a gay activist attend in his place. Nevertheless, Ron Gold, the chairperson of the News and Media Committee of GAA, said that if Mr. Manford had not undertaken his zap, the New York group would definitely have done something officially. "The gay community doesn't know anything about the runaround McGovern had given us during the campaign," Mr. Gold insisted. "They just

(continued on page 12)

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DID McGOVERN SIDE-STEP GAY QUESTION?

know him as the only candidate who spoke out on gay rights."

The disenchantment among gay political leaders began when Frank Mankiewicz, a chief of the McGovern national campaign staff, issued a "white paper" on gay rights, apparently in the candidate's name. But Mr. McGovern, campaigning at that time across the continent in Oregon, explicitly disavowed any support for the gay movement, making a statement similar to what he would later say after Mr. Manford was ridiculed and roughed up before him. Mr. Mankiewicz insisted that the McGovern disavowal was a mistake, but made no attempt to publicize the paper outside of the gay press.

However, he assured the gay group that Mr. McGovern would answer questions on homosexuality during his appearance on Channel Five in New York fifteen days before the election. Several GAA members, including Mr. Gold, attempted to reach the candidate before the television audience by dialing the phone number advertised for that purpose. The operator was unable to contact any of them. Of course, she had no way of knowing who the callers were and Mr. Gold feels that the campaign staff should have made a special number available so that the gay leaders would not have to compete with the hundreds of thousands of other voters trying to question the candidate on television.

But Mr. Gold conceded that most GAA committee leaders felt that it was pointless to continue zapping the liberal Democrat. They regretted what they said was Mr. McGovern's unfortunate refusal to repeat his original pro-homosexual stand, but they decided that there was nothing to be gained by pressing the issue immediately before the election and risking confusion in the minds of gay voters. A few gay leaders supported Mr. McGovern's reticence as a necessary means to avoid alienating anti-gay voters.

"Perhaps now that the election is over," Mr. Gold summed up, "we might be able to make ourselves heard."

THE TRUCKS:

with six officers at the Sixth Precinct Station House on West 10th Street about gays in the Village, especially those who request the trucks.

The next day I interviewed Jim McGerk, owner of the Saratoga Transportation Company, 689 Washington Street, whose open parking lot and vehicles are frequented by hundreds of night visitors. Let me begin by relating a verbatim transcription of that interview with Mr. McGerk:

GAY: Hello, my name is Randy Wicker. I'm doing an article on various problems of West Village. [McGerk laughs.] I've talked to Patrolman Hollywood about some of your experiences and I want to get some details if I could.

McGerk: Ahhh, we've got the prettiest yard down here at night. The prettiest.

GAY: I understand you had some lights broken.

McGerk: I put fluorescent light. The Captain asked me that to do and the Sergeant over there. We put 'em up and when I got in in the morning, they were all swept up in one pile. They broke them.

GAY: How much was the value of that damage?

McGerk: Well, if I keep putting them up every week. You figure eight bulbs every

week, fluorescents. How long can you keep standing it? So I stopped putting them up.

GAY: Were there other problems? I understand you backed your trailer up to the platform and that tires were slashed and the cabs were broken into?

McGerk: A couple of windows was broken, about seven windows all the time. The tires they don't bother yet. Thank God for that. That might have been up at Rupp.

GAY: How long have you had this problem and what have you been trying to do to put an end to it?

McGerk: Four years.

GAY: I understand the police came down there on September 5th. There was some sort of commotion. They tried to get people to leave and people wouldn't leave. There were demonstrations down at the



A hand on the bird (at the trucks) is worth two in the bushes.

Sixth Precinct and everything.

McGerk: Oh, they have that regular down at the station house.

GAY: Have you ever come there in the evening and tried to, uh—

McGerk: Come here at night? I wouldn't be allowed to open. I come down here. Every weekend I ride by. At one o'clock in the morning, there's four or five hundred of them here. Four or five hundred. I'd be afraid of them here. I'd get killed.

GAY: Patrolman Hollywood said that if you filed an official complaint or something that then they would have to come in and make mass arrests for trespassing. Are you going to file a formal complaint?

McGerk: I spoke to Captain Kelley about it three or four weeks ago. He took all the information. He said, "Whenever we're ready. We're going to make a clean-up."

GAY: Did you sign papers at that time? Are you going to sign whatever you have to sign in the way of a formal complaint?

McGerk: Well, I have signs put up: "Private property. Keep out." But that don't mean nothing no more. According to Mayor Lindsay, everything is legal.

GAY: What other problems are you left with in the morning?

McGerk: The stink of the place. They urinate all over the place. All over it. They throw garbage, everything all over the yard. It's a disgrace. You have to sweep up every day.

GAY: Have you been complaining regularly for three or four years?

McGerk: The Police Department has a squad car over here every night but what good is one car? I'd be afraid to leave two cops in here alone. They chase them every night. I got no cause to holler with the police department. They are very cooperative. Every time I go over there, they send men over. They send a car around every hour. There's the same amount here every hour as there was when they first started.

GAY: Do the other trucking companies near you have the same problem?

McGerk: They all have the same problem. Every one has the same problem. It's increasing lately. More and more. When I come in in the morning, they're just leav-

ing. That's at half past six.

GAY: Do you ever talk to anyone who's there when you come?

McGerk: Yeah, sure. They tell me not to worry. They're going to have a fat mayor in another two years [laughs heartily]. That's what he told me—"Don't worry. You'll be joining us." [Again laughs heartily.] They're all happy as can make it. All shapes, makes, colors, everything. I think I turned in eight or nine emigration cards, passports, from Ireland, Poland, England, Canada. They drop them and I turn them in. I got about eight sets of keys here now. I'm waiting for somebody to call for them.

GAY: Do people come by and ask for things they've lost?

McGerk: Yeah. Once in a while they come in and ask me.

GAY: What do you do then?

McGerk: Oh, there are a lot of them. Because we find an awful lot of wallets here with complete identifications and everything. Money's gone. Oh, yeah, there's quite a few of that.

GAY: When you find wallets with identification, do you call the person?

McGerk: We call them up. Sometimes they come down and pick it up.

GAY: I would think they'd be very embarrassed.

McGerk: Uhhh, you'd be surprised. They're not. They walk in and you'd think they're a broker or a banker. Well dressed. Well spoken. I guess you could find doctors, lawyers, cheats and everybody down here. A couple of surgeons from Jersey. Big surgeons. That's right. Big men. The biggest going. It's a pitiful thing down here because the stink is unbearable. I got to get C in every morning and sprinkle it all over. It seems ridiculous to urinate where you're going to congregate. But some of them are pigs. Got all colors, you know. Chinese, colored, white, Portuguese. You got everything here. They all meet.

GAY: Have you ever had any serious incidents where somebody was stabbed or something?

McGerk: This is what I'm afraid of. One

McGerk: I hand them the keys. I might as well just say "hello" to them as have them against me [laughs lightly].

GAY: Are they apologetic?

McGerk: Yes. You get one or two now and then that is an arrogant one. He'll mumble something or the other under his breath to you. But you leave him alone. Because if you get them all against you, they'll do a lot of damage. I got the Holmes Protection here at night. I think they're here every night.

GAY: Do people get into the trucks themselves?

McGerk: I got locks on all the trucks



Outdoor camaraderie at the trucks: intimate and anonymous.

now. They haven't started breaking the locks yet.

GAY: Why doesn't the Holmes Protection keep everyone out?

McGerk: When they come, they all leave. As soon as they go away, they all come in again. It's just such a transient group. I got the beautiful name in the Village. They call this the Hotel Saratoga. Right in front. Going home one night I heard them talking, "I'll meet you tonight at Saratoga." I know he didn't mean the race track [laughs]. If you're ever in the neighborhood about two in the morning, you should pass by.

GAY: Someone suggested you should put up a fence.

McGerk: If I put up a fence, it would cost me \$3,500. One of them here just four or five weeks ago pulled a knife on a cop. The officer was Charlie Thompson. They put him in the psycho. They bugged him. They had to do it.

GAY: The police say that there have been a lot of robberies, that people who come in there for the festivities—

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BY VICKI RICHMAN

A request has recently been made that a publication of the Watchtower Society be "suppressed" by the government, and that members of the group be imprisoned for "draft evasion."

This is not very startling. Hundreds of thousands of members of the society have been imprisoned, tortured and killed under Hitler, Stalin and Franco. Siberian penitentiaries are still full of them. Watchtower groups are forbidden in most Catholic countries. At this very moment 23,000 are fleeing from their homes in the East African nation of Malawi to escape the soldiers who are raping, maiming and killing them, encouraged by a government that has forbidden their existence. And even in this country the request that they be imprisoned is already gratuitous; a substantial number of young men now in prison for not submitting to the draft are members of this curiously militant and reticent society.

What is startling is that the most recent contribution to this unsullied record of persecution is from a prominent gay liberationist on the West Coast. According to the lead article in issue number 88 of this paper, Don Jackson feels that the continued oppression of the group will advance the cause of homosexual liberation. We may presume on his behalf that he believes his manifesto will liberate homosexuals into something other than Fascism, Stalinism or papism.

Members of the Watchtower Society are known as Jehovah's Witnesses in this country and they believe that God's law is higher than human law. It is not certain whether God has commented, but the human beings who make the laws have declined to endorse this order of importance and have urged the Witnesses to revise it. The Witnesses, for example, will not salute the flag of any nation or make any other gesture of loyalty, in respect for the Biblical Commandment against idolatry. National leaders in such countries as Malawi more miss the obedience than welcome the piety; they have enough trouble with human competition without suddenly being required to vie with God for earthly allegiance and brutal repression has been their means of putting first things first. There is enough respect for personal liberty in this country to keep Witnesses out of jail for not saluting the flag, but in some communities school officials punish Watchtower children for not participating in the morning rites, thus giving them a valuable lesson about where their loyalty really belongs.

Another consequence of their disdain for temporal authority is their refusal to serve in the armed forces. Unlike Quakers, who also will not be soldiers, Jehovah's Witnesses are not pacifists. Quakers believe that all violence is necessarily wrong and will not learn to kill. Jehovah's Witnesses, while respecting the Commandment "Thou shalt not kill," refuse armed service primarily because participation in secular government conflicts with their allegiance to God.

Gay liberationist Don Jackson mistakenly believes that Jehovah's Witnesses are recognized as "conscientious objectors." The law grants no such designation to any group and the Witnesses never ask for it. Draft boards are expected to consider each individual on his own merit, not on the basis of what group he belongs to. Conversely, a pacifist whose religion accepts violence is not denied a pacifist exemption if he can show that his personal views override those of his religion. In this way some Catholics win exemptions, although their Church opposes conscientious objection.

Mr. Jackson is therefore petitioning the government to abandon a non-existent policy when he demands that Jehovah's Witnesses be charged with draft evasion. Evasion occurs not when a man asks for an exemption, even without merit, but

WHAT TO DO WHEN THE WATCHTOWER KNOCKS ON YOUR DOOR!

when he disobeys his draft board's order to report for service. The government is already quite efficient in indicting all men, including Witnesses, who ignore such orders, even more efficient than they are in prosecuting income-tax violators.

When an eighteen-year-old Witness registers for the draft, he rarely asks for an exemption as a conscientious objector. To do so would not be strictly according to the truth, since he is not a confirmed pacifist; he probably believes in self-

In other words, Jehovah's Witnesses have a model ivory-tower philosophy. Few people know of the worldwide history of persecution they have endured since their iconoclastic beginning in Pittsburgh a century ago; they don't choose to embarrass any government by publicly exploiting the injustices against them. They repeatedly refuse to tell antiwar groups how many Witnesses are currently in prison for refusing to be drafted. Antiwar groups are as godless to them as is the war itself—as is the North Vietnamese



Sell your local Watchtower Society post a copy of GAY!

defense and in occasional justifiable retaliation. Besides, conscientious objectors must serve the government for two years in a nonmilitary capacity (as in hospitals or in antipoverty programs). To a Jehovah's Witness compulsory service is hateful, whether as a soldier or as a civilian. In contrast, most Quakers welcome non-violent service as a means of contributing to the public welfare (although some feel that any work for the government, no matter how innocent, indirectly aids the war effort). The Witnesses prefer to do their work and let the government do its, unchallenged and unaided.

They are certainly not anarchists. They cooperate with the law if they feel it does not conflict with their duty to God. They pay taxes, although it can be shown that their money is even more necessary to the army than their physical service. Unlike revolutionaries they are content to watch both secular and religious governments pursue their evil ends, as long as the Witnesses are not made active instruments of the godlessness. They never raise their voices in protest. They reflect the traditional American picture of rugged individualism and an occasional judge, whose conservatism is classical instead of fashionable, will forgive them their crimes in the spirit of old-fashioned Americanism, while severely punishing hippies and militant revolutionaries for similar offenses.

Essentially, they believe that nonbelievers, whoever they are, deserve what fate they get and that a Witness's only duty is to abstain from sin.

Therefore they don't rebel against conscription. A young Jehovah's Witness usually tells his draft examiners that his allegiance is to God and requests an exemption as a member of the clergy. Officials prefer to grant such exemptions only to graduates of accredited seminaries and they order the would-be minister into the army. If his principle is strong and his resolve firm, the young Witness will ignore the order and his innocence or guilt will eventually be decided by judge or jury. He probably will be sentenced to prison. Terms average around a year, but this is only a guess since the Watchtower Society does not disclose statistics. Jehovah's Witnesses are nonanarchic enough to defend themselves in court. In fact, Muhammad Ali hired their most successful lawyer (a white man, by the way) to handle his own draft-violation case, which centered around his similar plea of ministry to God as a Muslim. (Many people mistakenly believe that Ali claimed to be a pacifist.)

The Watchtower Society is familiar all over the world because of its two semi-weeklies, which are published in over eighty languages. The faithful sell copies on street corners and at front doors, but usually make no more aggressive attempt

at proselytizing. In New York the going rate is five cents a copy. *The Watchtower* is a journal of pure theology, in which specific passages of the Bible are called to the reader's attention and suitable interpretations suggested. *Awake* is of far more general interest than its sister; it comments on current events from racial strife to drug use and offers such advice as household hints and how to raise children. *Awake* can be called a nonestablishment *Readers' Digest*. Both *The Watchtower* and *Awake* are in the sophisticated but nonabstruse prose of a professional small-town journalist. Their arguments are never hysterical, ill-considered or unreasonably self-assertive. Their facts are irrefutably documented and their tone is of aloof objectivity.

Published in the Watchtower Society's factory-like headquarters at the northern tip of Brooklyn, the two are perhaps the only evidence of militancy among the Witnesses. The editors promise to present what the Watchtower Society believes to be true, no matter what the prevailing opinion is. No one has yet accused them of failing that promise, least of all their severest critics. In the United States, where freedom of the press is thankfully a fact, not an ideal, there is no great accomplishment to what the Witnesses are doing. But the two journals appear in countries where printing presses are licensed by the government like automobiles; selling the papers in such places is an act of treason.

Mr. Jackson objects to several issues of *Awake* "since 1970," which he says were hostile toward homosexuals. He feels, as so many others do, that the policy of freedom of the press ought to be suspended for Jehovah's Witnesses. There is no doubt that *Awake* advises its readers not to have homosexual relations; it also advises them not to have any sexual relations outside of heterosexual marriage, not to enjoy excessive erotic pleasure within marriage, not to masturbate, not to have abortions and not to use birth-control devices. It also has published articles denouncing dancing and rock music. In short, the Witnesses live by a Puritan ethic, which accepts Jehovah's advice to Adam, "Be fruitful and multiply," as the First Sexual Commandment. People who cannot obey it are advised to be celibate.

Because they are indifferent to the affairs of nonreligionists, they make no effort to interfere with people who practice homosexuality, just as they don't bother to try to end the war in Vietnam. They are confident that all human beings will be condemned by God, except the 144,000 who will enjoy eternal paradise and they feel that hastening the damnation is no business of theirs.

However, Mr. Jackson told me that *The Watchtower* and *Awake* abandon their customary objective restraint when discussing homosexuality. He agrees that they don't actually call for violence, but he insists that they phrase their attacks in a way that semilliterate or hysterical people can construe as permitting violence against gay people. Mr. Jackson says that this is tantamount to genocide and that the freedoms of press and of religion should not be used as a shield for gross criminality. He blames *Awake* for the recent attacks on gays by Jesus freaks, although in dress, manner and rhetoric, the aggressive young religious militants have nothing in common with the conservative, shy, formally attired Jehovah's Witnesses.

Nationality or race appears to be no barrier to mobility within the Watchtower Society. It is a genuinely international group despite its WASPish founding by a Presbyterian. In New York its advocates are as likely to be black or Oriental as white. Women appear to have a lower status than men, although the publications are frequently sold by female members.

Jehovah's Witnesses survive today as

(continued on page 16)

THE TRUCKS

(continued from page 12)

of these mornings, there's going to be somebody dead. That's what I'm afraid of. That's the whole story of this thing. It's going to wind up like that.

GAY: Some time ago there was some sort of incident down on the waterfront where the police shot somebody getting in or out of a truck.

McGERK: That was a transit cop. Every time that comes up on trial there's four hundred down there to prosecute. Because the guy was well-to-do, they claim. He had a \$2,000-a-month pad. His father and mother was in Texas and they sent him a lot of money. That case is still going. That will go on for a couple of years yet. Since they broke my windows, I pull the trucks up. I just give them enough room in the back of the yard. I pull the trucks all the way up to the front and I give them, maybe, forty by sixty, dancing space. That way they can do whatever they want. They can have their parties. So far, all they do now is just to urinate. That's what kills me.

GAY: I have talked to people on all sides of this thing and it's a common myth among the people who go there that you don't object to their going there.

McGERK: What?

GAY: A lot of people who go there believe the owners of the trucks don't mind people congregating there because it reduces vandalism.

McGERK: [laughing heartily] No. That's not the case. Right up the block you've got Jack's Empire. He's got the same problems up there. Same avenue. Two blocks up. And I think Bookazine across the street had the same problem. You'll never eliminate that. It's just gotten much worse lately, it's bigger and bigger.

GAA AND THE TRUCKS

On September 7th, New York's GAA demonstrated outside the Sixth Precinct. The leaflet issued by GAA read as follows:

Stop running. Police have escalated their harassment at the trucks. On Tuesday, September 5th, the Police again pulled into the lot shining lights and verbally abusing gay men.

Sergeant Shield no. 1428 hollered, "Fucking cunt!" and "God Damn Cockfuckers." Also, Patrolman Shield no. 12314 screamed "Damn Fags."

Two gay brothers resisted when police started pushing people off the streets. One man was arrested for objecting to this abusive slander and manhandling. He was charged with disorderly conduct.

We have a right to be on the streets. We have a right not to be verbally abused by the police. Demand your rights. Gays have been running from oppression long enough. GAA is demanding a Police directive against derogatory slang directed at gays. If you want the directive issued, call Commissioner Patrick Murphy at 577-7462.

The only way to end oppression is to say "no." We will not leave when the police come. Members of GAA are leafletting the trucks to let our brothers know they no longer have to run. If police use abusive language, we will demand they stop even if it means arrest. We are not afraid. The time has come to stop running. Organize! Resist! Liberate!

In late September, Captain Kelley and Patrolman Hollywood from the Sixth Precinct invited Father Robert Clement of the Church of the Beloved Disciple, Mattachine's Don Goodwin and New York's GAA to meet to discuss the situation in West Village. Father Clement, Don Goodwin and another Mattachine Board member accepted Captain Kelley's invitation. GAA declined to participate because it is against GAA's official policy to have private meetings with police officials. GAA will only deal with civilian officials who are responsible for overseeing the police department.

During the late September meeting, Mattachine suggested that weekly rap ses-

sions be initiated between gays and small groups of police assigned to the Sixth Precinct. Similar programs had been initiated by Mattachine with the Suffolk County Police Department and the guards at Rikers Island.

"Eventually," Don Goodwin confides, "we hope to parlay these meetings into regular participation by Mattachine and other gay groups in the basic training courses given to new officers at the Police Academy itself."

The four of us arrived at the Sixth Precinct's new station house on West 10th Street at 7:00 p.m. Patrolman Hollywood and another officer greeted us in the lobby and ushered us into a large room on the right where a long narrow conference table was surrounded by a dozen chairs.

The six officers you are going to talk with have been chosen at random," Patrolman Hollywood explained. "Two of them regularly patrol the area over by the trailers. One works on a scooter and three others are in our crime prevention detail. This whole thing has been sort of 'sprung' on them tonight. We're going to leave you all in here alone for an hour or so. You can all talk freely. Then we'll come in and see how things are going."

With that, the officers were brought into the room, introductions were made and the conversations commenced. I had my notepad before me but since I was a participant and not identified as a reporter, extensive verbatim notations were impossible. Still, from my limited notes and memory, the gist of the conversation ran as follows.

All the officers were in their late twenties or early thirties. Two or three of the men did most of the talking. One in particular, a handsome mustachioed young man named Chris, did most of the talking.

"When I came here six years ago," he said, "I thought all fags were sickoes, weirdos. Now I figure if they leave me alone, I'll leave them alone. But some of them, these homosexuals, are very prone to get violent. I know. I was involved in the Stonewall riots several years ago. Things got very heavy."

"That's because a lot of innocent people were caught in that raid and were offended. They were there to drink and dance and all of a sudden you were raiding the place, ready to take them off to jail."

"There were drugs, knives, guns on the floor of that place when we searched it."

"But why do you always raid places at the peak hours on a weekend night?"

"Because these places that operate without a license, they usually have front men. The real owner only comes in on those nights when the money is very heavy. You have to raid on a Friday or Saturday night or else all you catch are the bartenders and some front men."

"Why everybody? Why not just the owner?"

"You got to hold everybody in there till you sort out who is who. The customers only get a summons."

"Well, that's not the way they feel about it. They're just there drinking after a hard week's work and you come barging in because you have a beef with the owner. They become the hostages. And they don't think of it as 'just a summons.' The average customer has the idea when that car pulls up that he's going to have his name and picture on the front page of the Daily News. You think it's just a summons, maybe one that will be thrown right out in court, but people react violently because they think they will be exposed to their employers, their friends, maybe even their wives and children."

On loitering on Christopher Street?

"We get a lot of complaints from senior citizens," Chris said, changing the subject, "about two, three, four people loitering in their doorways all night on Christopher Street. It has decreased quite a bit since they moved the methadone boat a few weeks ago."

On the trucks?

"We go by. Fifty of them come running out. By the time we get back there nothing is happening. I've opened doors though and found 30, 40 of them in there doing their thing. Why do people do that? I don't know what's going on back there when we pull up, you'd think it was a show or something. Not all of them leave either. I go back there with my flashlight and find people hiding on the tops of vans, under the wheels, everywhere."

"You tell people to move and they start screaming at you, that you are harassing them. You get them cleared out and you drive around the block and they all go running back."

"One night, this one guy gave me a big argument saying that 'You cops never do anything about catching muggers, criminals, etc.' Later that same night, he had somebody rip him off for his wallet. We caught the guy and got his wallet back for him. The next day in court, he apologized."

And you know groups of people down there get known for easy scores. These petty criminals and juvenile delinquents from Jersey, they come over and see all these people down there and say to themselves, 'Say, here are a bunch of fags. Easy marks.' Then they rob the people. They beat them up, too."

"But when you make arrests, half the time a guy who has been hit on the side of the head with a baseball bat or something doesn't even show up in court. Everything seems to revolve around property. If they had something stolen and they get it back, then most people seem to feel, 'Well, let's forget it.' They aren't willing to go and sit around the court for six hours to see the guy is convicted. So, the same guy goes right back there like a streak of shit to prey on the next one."

"We must have fifteen complaints a week on things like this. And I bet that isn't 5% of the number that there actually are. You always have people picking pockets and running out there."

On public affection?

"We have complaints all the time. These guys necking in doorways and next thing they are playing with each other. I think that two guys necking is worse than a man and a woman. I arrested two people who were having sex right over here in front of the church. There were drugs involved in that too, and the judge threw it right out of court. There is no loitering law any more since the Supreme Court made that decision some time ago."

On handling gays?

"The public has this idea that fags are all dainty, weak, easy-going types. That isn't so. I've had some real trouble with some of them. Really big guys, too. Some of them work out in gyms. They can give you as much trouble as anyone else."

On simple robbery?

"Sure. You get a lot of robbery complaints. Somebody goes home with someone they just picked up. Then when they're through with whatever they do, the guy suddenly turns on him and beats shit out of him and robs him. Or else they go to sleep and the next morning the guy wakes up and he's been cleaned out during the night."

We try to catch the people who do that. Frequently we don't know the circumstances until we do catch the person. Then he says, 'You know this guy is a fag. He picked me up and sexually molested me, etc.' That does put a slightly different light on cases sometimes. The complainant will sometimes admit it and say 'I didn't want to tell you all the details.' But the one who did the robbing, he's still arrested. He's locked up just the same as if he robbed anybody else."

"I guess it's more a problem with homosexuals than with heterosexuals. If I take a broad home and hump her and she started giving me a hard time, I just kick her ass. But with men, things are different. They're more equal in physical strength."

Techniques of arrest?

"No, we can't go in and just arrest the few people having sex at the trucks. If we have to go in, we'll have to arrest everybody. They are all trespassing. They will all be arrested for trespassing. Everybody's got to go. You can't just arrest one guy and let another guy go."

"We used to be able to make arrests at the trucks down by the waterfront because there's a Federal law, a union law I think, that said it is illegal to loiter within 500 feet of a bulkhead. But now we can't use that law because the trucks are not within 500 feet of the water anymore."

Don Goodwin and Arthur Warner were quick to point out to the officer early in his conversations that "fags" was not the proper terminology for homosexuals.

"The overwhelming majority of people at the trucks at any given time are spectators," I noted. "If you take in a whole group of people, you're going to catch a lot of people who really feel they're being victimized for doing nothing."

"Gays loiter in Christopher Street because they think of it as their street, whether that's technically, by deed, right or not. You can't sit in Washington Square Park or in Sheridan Square anymore because of the delinquents. Christopher Street is a refuge from the rest of the Village."

The officers couldn't understand why some gays were drawn to the cold, impersonal sexual atmosphere of the trucks. When asked what kind of crowd they thought would gather if men and women were screwing behind some trucks in the same neighborhood, one jocularly declared, "A big crowd. I'd be there every night myself."

The conversation extended for an extra half-hour. The obvious prejudices of each statement were pointed out as it was made. An explanation of each response would be too lengthy here.

Al Goldstein on BIJOU

All the gay guys who like their films sex surreal, and in bunches, will have to pack a lunch to stand in line to wait for a chance to buy a ticket to see the most ambitious and successful hard-core film to emerge from the depths of the porno underground. The gay masterpiece of Masterpieces is *Biyou*, a dynamic film by Wakefield Poole, the man behind "Boys in the Sand," a first-time effort that snaggled more than a few heads around in gay circles across the country. *Biyou* premiered in New York City in mid-October at the 55th St. Playhouse and has begun to settle in for what will undoubtedly be a long run.

WAKEFELD POOLE'S
BIJOU
FROM THE MAKERS OF "BOYS IN THE SAND"
ALL MALE CAST starring BILL HARRISON FOR MATURE ADULTS
Produced by MARVIN SHULMAN
55TH STREET PLAYHOUSE BETWEEN 6TH & 7TH AVES. N.Y.C. 10018
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CLAY

(continued from page 8)

litical front, the Canadian GAA successfully zapped Prime Minister Trudeau recently. By "successfully," I mean that the P.M. actually stopped, listened and accepted their Gay Rights Questionnaire. (Can you imagine Trickle Dickie doing that? "Guards! Guards! Seize the infidels and degenerate! Oh, the contamination! Run for your life, David!")

Activist Dick Ruess asked Trudeau "why he had recently passed anti-discrimination laws on employment that did not include the rights and protection to gays as well as non gays?" The Prime Minister replied that "gays could use the present laws that exist to protect themselves." Ruess retorted that "this was not true and that he could prove Trudeau was wrong." Trudeau seemed startled and was unable to answer and explain how gays would protect themselves.

But, and here's the point, at least Trudeau was receptive. That's more than I can say for 99% of American politicians. At this time, we don't know if the zap has had any positive result or not. But as I've said before, "little by little." And why not take your vacation in Canada next year? At least you won't be aware, as you would be in Spain, of the peculiar stench of roasting flesh.

OTHER HAPPILY PROGRESSIVE SIGNS

(1) I think this is great! At the State University of New York at Buffalo, the School of Law has formed the *Gay Law Students*. This has also been done in California schools and all have established liaison with each other. They will be trained specifically in legal problems confronting gays. Now we're getting somewhere. I doubt if a crusty old judge would be quite as likely to use tactics of intimidation upon a gay defendant, if the defendant's lawyer were openly and proudly gay.

(2) More in the way of coalitions: *Gay Students Council of Southern California* (P.O. Box 2971, Culver City, Calif. 90230—and they have a good newsletter, too). According to press release—"For the first time, gay students, faculty and staff have moved beyond local organizations on individual campuses to form a regional organization." There are now 13 member groups of the GSC and they're still growing. This is the sort of thing I've been wanting to see for some time now. I believe most firmly in individual expression, but if you're going to unify... unify!

THE TRAP CRAP

And apparently unification is necessary at this time in California, especially in Los Angeles. At the time of this writing, Entrapment & Other Fun Games continues. Isn't Election Time marvelous? Morality spurs like massive shots of adrenalin through the veins of local politicians.

They sit for four years on top of the pork barrel, making token (cynical) gestures; grafting and shafting. And then, at the last possible moment, with the huckster flair that comes so easily to all con artists, "Kill the queers and whores and then it's safe for Mom to walk the streets again!"

Some of my information on these current events comes to me via *Drummer*, house organ of Larry Townsend's H.E.L.P. Don't think I've mentioned *Drummer* before, but I think it's not bad, though a very local publication. Attractive, functional format, and I was interested to see that old *ONM* magazine writers don't fade away; they are alive and well on *Drummer's* staff.

THE MISSING PARTY

New York's GAA has been invited by the Association for the Advancement of Behavior Therapy and the American Psychiatric Association to make formal presentations of the Gay Side of the Story at the psychiatric organizations' next conventions.

Officers of these groups, according to GAA's News & Media Relations Committee, confessed that they had found a recent GAA "teach-in" demonstration to have had positive value in relation to their thinking. Well, 'bout time, baby.

At the recent Hilton bash, the debate centered on whether the behavior therapists have the right to "change" allegedly "voluntary" patients without first helping them to rid themselves of the fear and self-hatred caused by the oppression of a hostile society.

This game me an idea, and I'd like to see it put into practice at the next convention. For at least I don't think it's been done before. These conventions are usually dreadfully internal affairs. Shrinks trading data with other shrinks. Scientific incest.

A bit of new blood has recently been injected by the (usually unwanted) presence of gays and other dissenting radicals. But somebody's being left out of all this. Not surprisingly, it's the poor, unimportant I'll of patient.

Could we maybe have a three-way dialogue this next time? Bring in some of these "voluntary" patients and let our healthiest, most secure and free-wheeling Liberationists put a series of penetrating questions to them. I think this dialogue would produce some interesting results.

"Are you happy being gay?"
"Well... yes, but..."
"Do you honestly want to change?"
"I... I... I think it's best... if..."
"My patient and I have discussed this thoroughly!"
"Then he should be able to tell me in very few words..."
"My family... they're worried... and I have this important job and..."

IT'S NOT PICASSO, BUT...

Surrey House, Inc. (6316 Riverdale Street, San Diego, Calif. 92120) has sent us the first issue of their *Adam's His 69 Artist's Sketch-Book*. Sells for \$3.00. Drawings don't really excite me. I may never have the models I admire in photographic studies, but at least I know they really exist. (And I actually have managed to attack a few of them over the years. Ah, Raul, where are you now?)

Many do go into ecstasy over drawings though, and if that's your bag, the above publication is superior to most. At least the artist has a sense of proportion. And the drawings are coded, to accompany dirty books they also publish! What next, Hildegard?!

Incidentally, I had always assumed San Diego to be some sort of extremely dull, provincial, industrial town. (Don't ask me how I arrived at such specific conclusions.) I have since learned that it is a very attractive and swinging place—with a great deal to offer gays, especially those interested in the "exotic." (I could tell you more in private.) My apologies to San Diego. Ciao.

WATCHTOWER

(continued from page 13)

the unlikely colleagues of hippies, philosophical conservatives, Gandhian pacifists, and liberal and socialist religious sects. None seems to be related to any other, but all were spawned, from one direction or another, by 19th Century Transcendentalism. The totality of Emerson and Thoreau is not represented by any single group, but large portions of their thought live on through diverse incorporations in America. Jehovah's Wit-

nesses share with their literary forebears: a belief that human government—especially formal religions—deserve less obedience than a more natural authority does; a principled reluctance to enforce their view other than by persuasion and charm; and a refusal to understand the role of sex in human affairs. For all of Thoreau's defiance of tradition and law, he appears to have been prudishly celibate throughout his life, defending sexual values similar to those held by readers of *Auske*. He was tongue-tied in the presence of young women, and tended to form temporary and platonic relationships with men. His unexpected defense of Walt Whitman was despite, not because of, the poet's vivid portrayal of homoeroticism, which Thoreau insisted was metaphorical. Like Thoreau Jehovah's Witnesses are welcome as a great inspiration to liberated minds; like Thoreau Jehovah's Witnesses would never be welcome guests in the flesh at liberated households.

Quite apart from the issue of homosexuality, few readers of this paper could be comfortable with the Watchtower outlook. It is also true that few readers would enjoy what freedom they now have if irreverent groups like the Watchtower Society did not insist on publishing and living by their unwelcome point of view. Freedom does not exist as a list appended to the Constitution, or as a mechanical grammar-school exercise; it does not exist when we unite with our supporters and attack our enemies. It exists when it is practiced by people not afraid to offend those who are stronger than they, and not afraid to suffer the consequences. Watchtower children sit when the rest of their class pledges allegiance; their young men go to jail rather than serve in the army; they continue to publish what they want, when and where it suits them.

The life of every nonconforming person has been made more secure and less awesome because of Jehovah's Witnesses. An effort to suppress their publication is not less dangerous to an individual homosexual than a police raid on a gay bar he never attends anyway. Neither really seems to affect his life, but both rob him of a freedom he might have otherwise known, in a way that his slavishness will never permit him to understand.

MANHATTAN

(continued from page 9)

By the time this column appears, you should all know who won the election. I'll probably be reading this when it appears and be crying from either joy or unpeakable sadness. Whatever happens, George McGovern's speech on television on Wednesday night, October 25th, said things about the future of this country that we've all feared in our hearts since Nixon took office. He said things about freedom and justice that needed to be said out loud for a long time. If Nixon has won this election, we may be in store for the most oppressive period in human history; when I heard the phrase "abuse of power" in that speech on Wednesday night I remembered how it was used in the film *Z*. I realized then how scared I've been. No matter who has won, we've got a fight on our hands. With Nixon, however, I'm not so sure our fight won't be for access to the border instead of gay rights.

Still Shots: Roy Ward Baker's new film *Asylum* is pretty dull except for a zippy axe murder which should tickle your innards... The Christopher Street Liberation Day Committee is seeking designs for buttons for next year's parade. If you have suggestions please contact the GAA Arts Committee... The Lesbian Liberation Committee at GAA will be chowing *Mädchen In Uniform* and *The Shameless Old Lady* in coming weeks. Contact the

Firehouse... Funny things: The other night at Pippin I was sitting behind this fabulous blond guy who was sitting with an elderly woman. I could hardly take my eyes off him and kept thinking, "Great, he's with his mother—a real nice boy." Well, the lights came up and the woman turned around. My favorite witch, Margaret Hamilton, gave me a dirty look for cruising her escort... At the Museum of Modern Art party for John Huston's *Fat City*, everybody was whispering, "Past, it's Estelle Parsons." I didn't have to turn around since she was sitting in front of me. In the middle of all the whispering and staring at her, Gerald Rivera of Eye-witness News walked in and Estelle Parsons screamed, "Oh my God, it's Gerald Rivera!" Everything is relative... Now that she's gone I suppose it's OK to tell you—Miriam Hopkins insulted everybody in sight at the party for her film *The Story Of Temple Drake*. Andy Warhol was running around taking Polaroid snapshots of everybody. Sylvia Miles said, "Oh, look Miriam, Andy has taken a great picture of you—wouldn't you like a copy?" Miriam looked at her straight in the eye and said in that Southern drawl, "Don't you think we ought to terminate this conversation right now?" Good old Sylvia. Another hit. Have a nice day!

JERRY'S SPHERE

(continued from page 2)

the last two weeks of the campaign, Mickey (PIPER'S LOUNGE) and Johnny and Mike (SUNDOWNER) gave benefits for Bill Maloney's campaign. I invited every bar on the east side to participate. As usual, only Walter Kent came through. The man really CARES. God bless you, Walter.

MANHATTAN MONOLOGUES: '72 will have to be a banner year for Grandma Lee. First, Bonnie Rachel, then four trophies at the bar awards and, now, winning \$5000 in the lottery. Mamma mia... Wally (not the bartender) was something else Halloween. He won first prize Sunday at the PIPER'S, Monday at the ALI-BI and Tuesday at CABARET... Congrats to Frank Elliot as the new manager at the ONE POTATO... Flew down to Atlanta for brother DORIAN's opening at MY HOUSE. As I predicted, he took Atlanta as fast as Sherman. The brothers and sisters down Georgia way went into shock. He really works that man. A socco entertainer. (I don't think the room will be big enough for him.) My overnight host was Jerry Pyszka, bartender at the COVE. Jerry and I met when I was down for the MR. DAVID contest. He's SOME host. The COVE, by the way, is becoming the leather bar in Atlanta. Lots of humpy people. Oh, Travis, sorry that you couldn't make it over for Dorian's opening... Vandals ransacked UNCLE CHARLIE'S SOUTH, breaking liquor bottles and overturning registers, in the wee hours after closing. Support UNCLE CHARLIE'S SOUTH... Sorry I missed Troy Perry in Atlanta. I understand M.C.C. Atlanta is the fastest growing congregation in the country... The new SEASHELL is one of the cleanest bars it has been my pleasure to visit. Sure to be a winner with Dino, the sexiest Joe of them all, and little Carl. Good luck, guys... Humpy Sam, formerly at THREE, now at PAL JOEY'S... Ms. Gwen Saunders' Jeanette McDonald take-off hilarious. Also an uncanny early Stanwyk look-alike... Favorite Ms. Jan Wallman now at SPIKE'S STAKE HOUSE on MacDougal near Houston... Vito Russo and J.F.H. went to the Halloween bash at the ROADHOUSE in gender fuck drag. First time for both. It takes balls... Atlanta

(continued on page 19)

BY THANE HAMPTEN

Films and filmmaking. The subject has been very much on my mind lately. Personal reasons. New York Film Festival, and attending press screenings of such gay-oriented films as Wakefield Poole's *Bijou*. This is Wake's second film. The first, a most successful *Boys in the Sand*, which did a great deal to liberate gay movies, at least, stylistically. If memory serves, *Boys* was the first film of its type that did not leave me feeling "taken" or degraded in some way.

According to a recent press release, *Boys* continues to hold the record as the most successful and longest running motion picture of its genre. Such statistics are always open to question but Poole was enough of a trail-blazer to deserve holding some sort of admirable record, however temporary it may inevitably prove to be. When I interviewed the director that bitterly cold day last winter, he was already testing for a new film and brimming with enthusiasm. It would be another radical departure from the ordinary, pedestrian gay film. I gathered it was to be very original and daring—something worth waiting for.

Was it? Well... yes and no. It is original and (relatively speaking) quite innovative. Poole cares. He has integrity and doesn't want to throw hacked-out crap at his audience. He also knows that an artist who stands still and does not progress with each *oeuvre* is no artist at all.

His use of color is good and much enhanced by some stunning visual effects. It is probably a statement of the obvious to say that Poole was much influenced by Kubrick's *A Clockwork Orange*. I hope this influence doesn't extend to too many other filmmakers. I found *Orange* an alienating bore, except for the flamboyant visuals. And, as is always the case with the unique, such visuals become immediate cliché.

Poole's utilization of musical themes is satisfactory. However, the "Man" section of Gustav Holst's *The Planets* suite is entirely too strong and oppressive for the minor climax that follows. This is hardly the background accompaniment for a young woman tentatively struck down by a car. (Incidentally, the Holst suite is being used in every other gay movie these days. Come on, boys. Try some Vaughn-Williams.)

The acting is generally adequate. When it is less than that, as in the lengthy orgy sequence, I'm afraid I must place the blame squarely at Poole's feet. The performers often seem left to their own contrivances.

The star of the film is Bill Harrison (last seen by this columnist deep in conversation at *The Eagle's Nest*...). He isn't my type (how very arrogant of me!) but he is certainly turning on my friends. And I will concede, with excitingly vulgar bluntness, that he has just about the biggest and most beautiful sexual apparatus I've ever seen. ("Worth the price of admission," etc.)

There is another performer called "Cable." Much more my type. Blindingly handsome. One of the favored models in the Colt Studio's "stable." But my sources inform me he is straight, and aloof. Forget it, Hampton. Oh, wounded heart...

As to the plot. Well... the girl is struck by an auto. Her purse skids across the street, landing conveniently at Harrison's feet. He picks it up, puts it under his jacket and goes to his bleak little apartment. Empties purse of contents; tastes her lipstick several times.

Now a lot of this business bothers me. For one thing, why would a successfully employed construction worker impulsively steal this unfortunate girl's purse—unless handbags are his particular fetish? (He also has rather beautifully manicured

Bijou: SON OF BOYS IN THE SAND



Construction worker at work.



Construction worker: Bill Harrison



One of the more involved scenes in Wakefield Poole's "BIJOU."

nails for a construction worker.) It is this handsome stud for some reason unable to latch onto a real chick? I doubt it, but why the fixation with feminine personal effects?

It must be simply a means of getting him into the usual fantasy and (uncompleted) masturbation sequence that follows. Then, perhaps remembering the admonishments of his scout instructor, he moves lethargically to the bathroom and takes a long shower. The cock is photographed lovingly and longingly from all possible angles. (If there were an Academy Award for Best Performance by a Penis...)

After his six-hour shower, Harrison moves back to the bedroom and goes again through the purse's contents. Miffed at not finding any cash. Instead he finds an invitation to a pleasure palace called—yes—*Bijou*. Okay, why not go? He dresses and exits. Takes the local to what looks like the Soho warehouse section. Locates address and ascends long flight of stairs.

Old crone at ticket window. Estelle Winwood in double drag. She takes his invitation and directs him to the correct door. Bill enters and flashing signs instruct him to remove his clothes at periodic intervals. Wanders through hallways, examines self in mirror, sees reflection that is not his own.

Comes to great room and wonders about the huge Daliesque (Kubrick) figures. Shimmering spangled curtains, strange lights and electronic music. Moves

on until he comes to boy, spread-eagle on floor. With no reaction and little hesitation, Bill mounts and goes pneumatically to work. For an orgasm-break, he watches a screen filled with multiple-image projections. (Very cleverly done, by the way.)

The multiple images are all of attractive young men—stripping, jerking, rubbing, beckoning. Our Accident Girl in center screen subliminals. Aversion therapy in reverse? If so, why? We have already seen that Bill hardly needs introduction or education in the mechanics of homosexuality.

After the film-within-film, the same actors appear to him in the flesh (which is a hell of a lot more than my cheap Bell & Howell can manage, damn it). And now we have the mandatory orgy sequence. At the end, and after being presumably drained of vital juices, Bill dresses and exits.

Old ticket lady calls to him that he has forgotten to take back his invitation. I didn't know invitations were ever returned. So this is symbolic, right? Bill ignores her. He's had enough homoeroticism, at least for this season?

Once outside, Bill ponders a moment, then breaks into a wide grin. Freeze frame on grinning face. End titles; fade out. And we sit in the darkened theatre wondering if we missed the point.

The "Bijou" palace is obviously fashioned of Ray Bradbury dream-stuff. It conforms to each individual's hidden desires as he enters its portals. Yet if Bill is

latent, his activities within "Bijou" do not seem to have been particularly revelatory. He doesn't appear impressed. And the final grin indicates he felt the whole thing to be some sort of inconsequential knee-slapping joke.

There are also serious structural flaws. The earlier sequences in Bill's flat are much too lengthy for the meagre content. Most damaging of all though is the very protracted orgy. It goes... and goes... and goes.

And as I have stated, Poole must have put the camera on automatic and gone to lunch. The actors seem to want to say, "Do I stick it in here now? ... How can I get on top when his leg's in the way? ... I can't keep it hard just standing on the sidelines, man." Beautiful Mr. Untouchable wanders aimlessly about, toying with a whip, which he never uses. Action, please! If Poole is trying to tell us that orgies, in real life, are awkward and clumsy, he succeeds only too well. But this is supposed to be fantasy, wish-fulfillment—at least for the paying audience.

Tossing off the film critic terminology, I'd have to call much of this movie "lacking in tension" and "flabby." The editing is a major culprit. Not of logical order. (The most interesting material is placed in the middle. Intriguing but suicidal.)

Where and what is the focus? The film is really without any ultimate climax. This is often the flaw with gay films. They dwindle away, having said it all with the final ejaculation. Spent... sputter... splat.

Summary: Wakefield Poole is a talent. (I don't use that word lightly.) I have no doubt that he has a future. I'd rather watch *Bijou*, with its flaws, than all the other play-it-safe standard trash around town at this time. Poole is inventive and *Bijou* reflects this. I'm only sorry that he was not more disciplined and thorough in his exploration of the possibilities.

And have I been carping? Perhaps. But please remember that one doesn't bother to criticize the ordinary, except for one's own bitchy amusement.

Additional general notes: (1) I wish I could say that Poolemar Productions followed Fred Halsted's noble lead and are charging \$3 instead of that usual, inflated \$5. I was told in that original Poole interview that, based on the success of *Boys*, it would be possible to charge average theatre prices. Well? (See 3rd paragraph of this article.)

(2) Uh, look, I love sex. Honestly I do. Any time of day or night. On top of the Eiffel Tower or on the floor of the Hilton boiler room. I'm no different from anybody else. Got that? Okay, so don't call me anti-sex.

But I am becoming increasingly saddened to see that gay films are, in the final months of 1972, still totally preoccupied with S-E-X. Look at the ads in any issue of *GAY* or *The Advocate*. I refuse to believe that we would stop frequenting the theatres if explicit sex were reduced to more normal proportions and absorbing human encounter introduced.

Are we really that obsessed with semen, cocks and backslides? Isn't there any room for a hint of love, politics, humor or character delineation? All film stock costs the same per foot, no matter how it is used. I, for one, still care when straights laugh at us for our preoccupation with sex, especially when I know the alleged preoccupation is more false than true. We are allowing ourselves, as usual, to be conned.

There is admittedly a place for beaver flicks, but I'd like to show the other side that we have another side. I've had talks with several gay film scenarioists who are quite disgusted with the way Negroes have eagerly accepted these cheap black exploitation movies. To me, this is a case of the plot calling the kettle black—and the puns are quite intended.

Non-exploitative gay films? Yes, I'm now proceeding to take matters into my own hands.

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JERRY

(continued from page 16)

was a new dish sheet in THE GRAPEVINE. Lots of local gossip... Saw John Michel (MARIE'S CRISIS) at OUR PLACE seeking news from the clairvoyant. What's the story, John?? Bobby Blake (CHARLIE'S ALSO) told Bill Maloney he'd look up the stars and know before election day if he'd win or not... Went to see Lady Sings The Blues, I'm not a Diana Ross fan but the lady did some emoting. A sure bet for an Oscar nomination... After the flick, Mike and I enjoyed a fabulous brunch at the TROUBADOUR. They had "white mountain" rolls which this columnist fondly remembers from his first childhood. We'll be back, Ken... Spotted Rex from THE CLUB BATHS heartily enjoying the same brunch... Sexy Jimmy (PETER RABBIT) making the rounds... Congrats to Jack, Lige and J.F.H. for the fine, fine job they performed on P.B.S. VD Blues. They were articulate, convincing and honest. BRAVO... Ms. Nancy Haskill back



The Spike! Thunderbolts (Conn.) christen a bike.

at ONE POTATO days. Run over and say hello... Understand Bernard's new place is serving drinks so large that you need a crane to help lift the glass... Our own KITTY in from Dallas to visit. Sorry I didn't get a chance to see him but I understand he wrecked at the EAGLE... Speaking of the EAGLE, plaudits for

their McGovern campaign benefit. Go do it, Jack... Still more on the EAGLE, winner of the MR. EAGLE contest was none other than SPIKE barkeep Roy, a winner every time... My brother Doric Wilson presented me with his BROTHERS AND SISTERS collage for our apartment. He was the first manager there and I know what the collage meant to him. I shall cherish it always... Johnny Savoy (NEW JIMMY'S) all over town. Carl, Ronnie and Bobby Sousa came in to say hi also... Donald (SEASHELL) looking very serene these days... Anna Begonia, otherwise known as my aunt Sarah, wrecked traffic on 86th St. with Jimmy in his ape costume. Listen, Aunt Sarah, for an old actress, you're still looking mighty fine... Andy (PIPER'S LOUNGE) had a hell of a time as a judge at CABARET. He said some of the costumes were fantastic. Speaking of PIPER'S, our favorite back, Tony Black, is home from Europe with LOTS of stories. He went out to the party at the ATTIC in the Hamptons. My love to Mike and Anthony out there... WALTER'S APARTMENT becoming a celeb hangout. On a recent p.m. Judy Sexton, Johnny Savoy (NEW JIMMY'S), Dawn Hampton (TIJUANA CAT), Lee Schwartz (HARRY'S), Gypsy (PAINTED PONY), Johnny Vincent (SINGLES), Ms. Jan Wallman (SPIKE'S STEAK HOUSE) and Charlie De Forrest were there to applaud John Wallowitch on the piano. The following night saw Juanita Fleming and Jimmy Roselli ringsiding. It couldn't happen to a nicer guy.

PERSONALITY PROFILE: Shelly Goldstein (C.S.L.D. COMMITTEE) is one of those inner strength personalities. A member of Gay Activist Brooklyn, Shelly helped to organize Gay Activists Queens earlier this year. A go-getter and hard worker, she gets things done, and done right. She is a warm, personable woman who readily breaks out in a toothpaste ad smile. While there's business to be taken care of, it's strictly business with a capital B. A truly fantastic person and, I hope, in the near future, a good personal friend. Kindness to each other, Je. P.S. A very personal hello and thanks to Mike's best friends, Danny and Emilio. Hope to see you soon. Mike and Je

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