Gay

50¢

Volume 4 | May 7, 1973 | Number 101

PSYCHIATRIC ASS'N TO RECONSIDER SICKNESS THEORY

Washington, D.C. *Psychiatric News*, the official newspaper of the American Psychiatric Association, carried an article in the center of its front page (March 21, 1973) which says that a district branch of the APA is urging revised labeling for homosexuality. The article calls attention to The Northern New England Psychiatric Society by saying that this group, which represents 650 psychiatrists in Massachusetts and New Hampshire, has called for an end to legal and employment discrimination against homosexuals and of legal restrictions on sexual acts of consenting adults. The Northern New England Society has suggested that the term "sexual deviation" be replaced in the APA nomenclature by the term "sexual dysfunction." This position was taken by the Society at its February meeting.

In its statement the Society recommends that sexual dysfunction rather than sexual deviation be labeled an illness. "Present evidence," according to the statement, "indicates that many homosexuals are functioning in a way that cannot be considered an illness. Furthermore, the diagnosis results in job and other discrimination. The category 'sexual dysfunction' would be useful as it would include frigidity, impotence, and other 'non-deviate' dysfunctions as well as homosexuality if, in the opinion of the physician, this was a problem area for the patient."

In recommending an end to all legal discrimination against homosexuals, the Society says it believes there is a wide consensus within APA that "there is no proper medical basis to accord homosexuals less than full and equal protection under the laws."

Continuing, the Society says there is no evidence that homosexuals function less well in occupations than heterosexuals, and even if there were such evidence, it would be unfair "to base employment policy on class membership probabilities, overruling other factors without regard to the individual case .... A policy of judging job applicants on their individual merit would be most consistent with the furthering of each person's mental health."

Finally, regarding sexual acts of consenting adults, the Society feels present sexual behavior laws "even unenforced, create more problems than they solve."

The American Psychiatric Association

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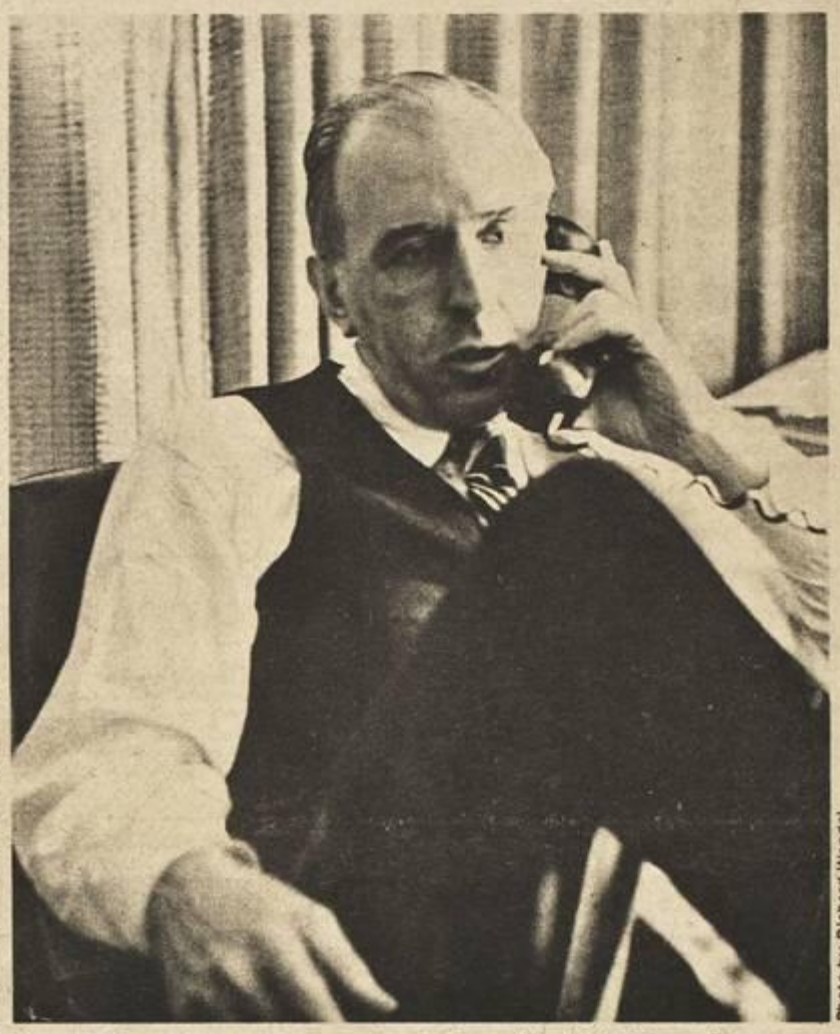
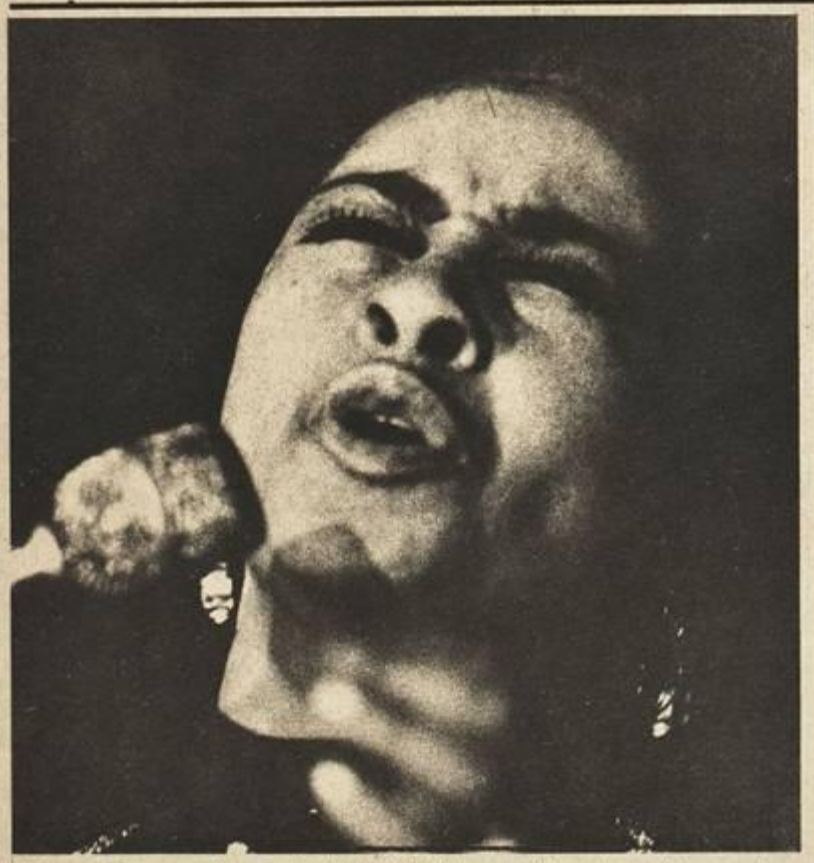


Photo by Richard Wandel

Dr. Franklin E. Kameny will represent nation's gays at Psychiatric Ass'n. meeting.



Thelma Carpenter, jazz star in the Billie Holliday tradition, pictured above at her recent appearance at the Continental Baths, can be seen at "The Three," 314 East 72nd Street, Tues.-Sun. eves through April 29th. (Photo by Eric Stephen Jacobs)

VILLAGE GAY POLITICAL LEADER ATTACKS N.Y. GAA TACTICS



Dan Tuite — V.I.D. Executive Committee member

New York, N.Y. Dan Tuite, who was recently elected to the Executive Committee of the Village Independent Democrats and who functions in that political club as an openly gay person, has issued a four-page statement calling GAA's political leaders "lavender shirts" who "shout down" those who disagree with them and trample on the civil rights of others while demanding their own.

Tuite reports that at his first VID Executive Committee meeting, a resolution was passed asking Councilwoman Carol Greitzer—another Executive Committee member—to appear on January 29th and explain why she had not signed a discharge petition for Intro 475, the homosexual civil rights bill languishing in the Council's General Welfare Committee.

"We also invited the Gay Activists Alliance to present their side," Tuite reports, "since they had obtained 21 councilmen's signatures and said that Carol had thrice refused although our club had long ago voted its support for the bill."

According to Tuite, Greitzer insisted she had never been approached to sign the discharge petition and had held off from requesting to see it after hearing of it in December "to see what kind of game GAA was trying to play with her."

Greitzer, according to Tuite's report, did not mention that Mike McPherson, another VID Executive Committee member and chairman of GAA's Municipal Committee, had planned during the last few months of 1972 to challenge Greitzer in the Democratic primary. However,

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WHERE WILL YOU GO TONIGHT?

A DIRECTORY FOR DISCRIMINATING DISPOSITIONS

Manhattan

WEST VILLAGE

Bonnie & Clyde's (GR 3-9304), 82 West 3rd St. Mostly women. Dancing. Free buffets on Sundays. Rock bands on weekends. A friendly spot. (Mostly women)
The Roadhouse (CH 3-4214), 570 Hudson St. Jammed any night of the week. The "in" bar in Greenwich Village. (Men)

EAST VILLAGE

Club Baths (673-3283), 24 1st Ave. (1st Ave. & 1st St.). Mr. Clean must work here! A humpy crowd in a lavish setting. One of the nation's finest baths. Reasonable room and locker rates. Half price for students. Don't miss it! Open 24 hours. (Men)

GRAMMERCY PARK & MURRAY HILL

Barn (473-9080), 232 Park Ave. South (19th St.). Lots of room in an atmospheric setting. (Men)
Beau Geste (475-9724), 239 3rd Ave. (20th St.). Top-notch food that's reasonably priced. Fresh salads. An exciting menu. A romantic atmosphere with a bar upstairs. One of gay Manhattan's finest eateries. (Men or Women)
Uncle Charlie's South. Always jammed with three large rooms in which to wander. Nice folks go here. (Men)

MIDTOWN & MIDDLE EAST SIDE

Beacon Baths (687-0322), 227 E. 45th St., 11th fl. A well-run establishment with clean rooms, polite attendants, a good steam room. Don't miss the weekday matinees usually attended by lunchtime nibblers. Two large floors of fun. Reasonable rates. Open 24 hours. (Men)
Continental Sauna, 111 West 56th St. Not as grand as the "Mother Church" on 74th St., but interesting nevertheless, and well-run. Afternoon and lunchtime get-togethers are common. Open 24 hours. (Men)
Walter's Apartment (371-3374), 1068 2nd Ave. Fine meals, entertainment and the wild illusion of being in a penthouse overlooking NYC. This restaurant/bar is a winner! (Mostly men)

DANCE BELT & HELL'S KITCHEN

Big Spender (586-9882), 315 W. 48th St. Lots of gypsies from the nearby shows. Some beauties. Good time. (Men)
Tijuana Cat, 350 W. 46th St. If you're wondering what it's like to spend a chic evening among Latins, go. Fine entertainment. Lots of hoopla! (Men or Women)

UPPER EAST SIDE

Harry's Back East (249-6991), 1422 3rd Ave. (81st St.). One of the Upper East Side's long-lived spas. (Men)
New Jimmy's (860-4509), 1576 3rd Ave. (87th St.). First-class New York supper club. Exciting food and drink and the best in entertainment. (Men and Women)

UPPER WEST SIDE

Bike Stop (874-9014), 230 W. 75th St. A fun spot. (Men)
Continental Baths (799-2688), 230 W. 74th St. The largest, swingingest bath/cabaret/gym/funhouse in the world! Hundreds of private rooms, lockers, mini-lockers. First-class entertainment on Saturdays. Swimming pool. Cavernous steam room. Open 24 hours. (Men)

EROTIC FILMS (Male)

55th Street Playhouse (JU 6-4590), on 55th St. between 6th & 7th Aves.
Jewel Theatre (260-1090), 3rd Ave. at 12th St.
Park-Miller (BR 9-3970), 43rd St. between 6th Ave. and Broadway.

METROPOLITAN COMMUNITY CHURCH

Metropolitan Community Church (212) 226-5137. Services on Sundays at 4 p.m. at 9th Ave. and 28th St. Rev. Roy Birchard, Pastor. The Manhattan congregation of a rapidly growing denomination which—nationwide—makes no secret of its appeal to the gay community.

GAY ORGANIZATIONS

GAA Firehouse (226-8572), 99 Wooster St. Get in early for Sat. Nite dances. Marvel at the Cabarets every other Fri. Lesbian dances last Fri. of each month. Sponsored by one of Manhattan's most active gay lib groups. (Women and Men)
Gay Switchboard (924-4036). Call this number if you're new to New York and they'll tell you where to go! (Women or Men)
Mattachine Society (691-1066), 59 Christopher St. This venerable gay lib organization has serviced the New York community for years! Stop in and visit the fine offices on Sheridan Square. Apartment listings, social services, travel assistance, legal advice and counseling. Evenings. Saturday afternoons.
West Side Discussion Group, 37 9th Ave. (at 14th St.). Since 1956, every Wednesday night at 8 p.m. over 100 non-political, non-activist men and women gather to socialize, rap and dance. Go and enjoy! (Women or Men)

Brooklyn

Danny's Brooklyn Heights (625-8844), 108 Montague St. Two floors of fun and frolic. (Men)
Man's Country Baths (624-1362), 53 Pierrepont St. Clean, well-run, top-notch bath. Olympic pool. Lockers, rooms reasonable rates. Dancing, gym, sauna, steam. Open 24 hours. (Men)

GAY ORGANIZATION

Gay Alliance of Brooklyn (256-0249). Dances every other Saturday night at 9 p.m. in the Hotel Bossert, 65 Remsen St. Brooklyn Heights. $3 admission. G.A.B. is Brooklyn's largest gay lib organization.

NEW YORK STATE RESORT

Mister G's Round Hill Resort (914) 496-9845). A large Tara-like Hostel that's popular with New Yorkers seeking a country rendezvous. Pool in summer. 25 acres of good times with hills and woods in which to wander. Meals. Rooms. Cabins. Reasonable rates. Open all year. (Men and Women)

Washington, D.C.

The Pier Nine (488-7969), 1824 Half St., S.W. You've heard of superstars? Well, this is a SUPERBAR! One of the largest, swingingest, most astonishing nightspots—gay or straight—in America. Bring your I.D. (Men and Women)
Lost & Found (488-1200), 56 L St., S.E. Another superbar! Restaurant, dancing, crowds galore! A classy, happy atmosphere. Bring your I.D. (Women or Men)
Georgetown Grill, 1329 Wisconsin Ave., N.W. In the heart of Old Georgetown and near "the block" where crowds take walks after 2 a.m.
Phase One (544-6831), 525 8th St., S.E. Washington's bar for women.
Club East II Baths (488-9731). Open daily 24 hours. $5 membership required. May be purchased at door with I.D. Clean, comfortable. (Men)

GAY ORGANIZATIONS

The Mattachine Society of Washington (362-3881), P.O. Box 1032, Washington, D.C. 20013.
Metropolitan Community Church (547-2773), 705 7th St., S.E. Services Sundays 2 p.m.

Philadelphia

Allegro (KI 5-9953), 1412 Spruce St. Open daily 4 p.m. til 2 a.m. Three floors. Philadelphia's oldest and most well-known nightspot. A real blast for everyone! (Men)
Penrose Club (546-2650), 1415 Locust St., 2nd fl. Considered an afterhours club. 11 p.m. till . . . Dancing, liquor, beer. A pool table. (Men)

Miami

Warehouse VIII (445-8713), 3600 S.W. 8th St., Coral Gables. 9 p.m. til 5 a.m. Dancing, liquor, beer, food. Three different bars upstairs and downstairs. Pool tables. Patios. (Men)

MIAMI BEACH

Ambassadors III (538-9967), 427 22nd St. Large club-like atmosphere. Dancing. Not unlike a Manhattan bar. (Men)
Bachelors II (446-9596), 2847 Coral Way. One of the best bets in the Miami area. (Men)
Club Miami Baths (448-2214), 2991 Coral Way. A member in good standing of the Club Baths chain. Pool. Steam. Sauna. (Men)

GAY CHURCH

Metropolitan Community Church (576-0708), 3901 N.W. 2nd. Services Sunday 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m.

Baltimore

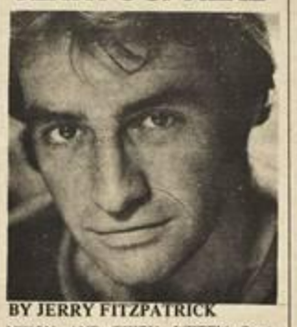
Club East Baths (727-9320), 1105 Cathedral St. Open 24 hrs. Membership required. Can be purchased at door with I.D. This bath is one of the finest in the famed Club Baths chain. (Men)
Eddie's, 102 Water St. Daily 6 p.m. to 2 a.m. The oldest gay bar in Baltimore. (Men)



Photo by Eric Stephen Jacobs

Jerry & Vito on C.S.L.D. Committee

JERRY'S SPHERE



BY JERRY FITZPATRICK

NIXON AND THIEU, WHEEW: President Nixon's San Clemente White House has played host to Vietnam's President Thieu. It was a mutual admiration society meeting. But nobody expected anything else. The two "great peace makers" went around telling each other how much he was admired by the other. Thieu being very grateful to the "great white father" for his aid in keeping his government in power. Nixon, I am sure, admires the way Thieu has squelched all apparent opposition to his regime, including the press. The Nixon Administration has tried its damndest to curtail media opposition to administration policy. With fighting hitting a new peak in Vietnam, these two peace makers should take off their rose-colored glasses and see what is really happening around them.

EXECUTIVE PRIVILEGE: The Watergate Scandal is taking on far greater proportions than even I had hoped. L. Patrick Gray, who was honest when he spoke before the senate committee, opened more doors to the mess, and insured himself the wrath of the White House. Needless to say, Mr. Gray's nomination to head the FBI was rescinded shortly after Mr. Gray's admission of White House cover-ups. Sen. Ervin won't accept the White House dictum that all White House personnel are protected by the Executive Privilege. I can only hope that the rest of the country will finally realize the devious tactics the Mr. X went to to get Mr. NiXon re-elected. One can only presume that there were a lot of offers made that couldn't be refused.

PRICES, UP, UP AND AWAY: "We should all march on the White House." "He doesn't care what is happening." "I can't feed the kids." "When is it going to stop?" These are just a sample of the quotes I've overheard at the local Grand Union. Without a doubt, the prices of foods, most of all meats, have spiralled uncontrollably. We single males have had a hell of a time at the food market. I shudder when I think what my straight brothers and sisters must be going through. We've backed the meat boycott 100 per cent and will continue to do so. The horrifying thing about it is that I'm afraid it won't help. It's obvious that the meat people are not bothered by the boycott. All they have done is lay off help. I can't help but wonder how Nixon and Thieu can eat meat during the boycott, totally ignoring the will, and—more important—the needs of the people. The absolute neglect of the people and their needs makes me feel confident that my prediction of Nixon's impeachment during his second term will come true. And I must wonder how much the meat people paid into that now notorious committee to re-elect the President. Obviously, the meat boycott must be the first of several boycotts by the people of the United States until the Congress gets back the spine that Mr. Nixon has steadily hacked away at so that they will take the initiative and go after the President and bring back the balance of power.

HITTING NEW YORK POLITICS: By now most of you have learned that Governor Rockefeller wants New York City to reclaim one of the biggest disasters in the city's history, Robert Wagner as mayor. Wagner's administration not only condoned but encouraged entrapment. I was working at the LE PONT on 59th Street when a cop came to one of my bosses and told him he was taking a patron outside and was going to arrest him. My boss, not going to knuckle, told him to do it, never dreaming he would. To make a long story short, the bar closed Feb. 11, 1964. Most of the bars followed. By April, when the World's Fair opened, unless a bar had TOP connections it was closed. At the time the late "fag" hater Walter Winchell wrote, and I quote, "The World's Fair should be called the World's Fairy Land." Where else did the gay community have to go? Wagner had closed the bars in the city. GOOD LUCK TO ROCKY AND WAGNER!!!

MORE MAYORAL CANDIDACY: This columnist has been approached by the Badillo campaign people to interview him for the gay press and to coordinate a bar tour for the candidate. ARE YOU READY???? Perhaps many in the community could not get that excited over the fact that Bill Maloney, a candidate for state senator, went to the bars to solicit votes. (Bill later admitted that his good showing was surely due to his acceptance and the votes of the gay community.) But even the biggest closet case will have to sit up and take notice of a mayoral candidate who feels that the gay community is large enough and strong enough to get him elected. It's taking time but I imagine the gay community will soon find out about its political POWER. Every other minority has found their's, I really feel that we are a majority minority in that we have in our ranks peoples of all nationalities, religions, colors and wealths. Which brings me to . . .

FIFTH AVENUE ISN'T FOR QUEERS: Almost every minority group in New York stages a parade up Fifth Avenue during the year. From the Irish to the Italians, from the Polish to the Greeks, etc. But the CHRISTOPHER STREET LIBERATION DAY PARADE gets 7th Avenue! I was told that an organization has to march for 20 years before it is given Fifth Avenue. I could name you several that have not been marching ten years, much less twenty. Or, could it be that the mighty Fifth Avenue Association will not take it on themselves to admit the wealth spent by homosexuals? I think that it's

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THE EDITORS SPEAK

STATE SENATOR OWEN H. JOHNSON

Now here's a man who needs love! In fact send him a love note right now! He's frightened. Probably lonely. And certainly he is—if he's anything—PARANOID! On what do we base this supposition? It seems that the New York Mattachine Society sent State Senator Johnson a copy of *The Mattachine Times,* a respectable publication. On March 19th, Senator Johnson, infuriated, returned the magazine to its senders with the attached letter:

Today I received a copy of your bi-monthly publication. I am returning it to you because I despise its presence in my office.

Please do not forward any of your literature or materials to me in the mails again. I resent the fact that you have sent a magazine like this to members of the State Senate.

Very truly yours,
Owen H. Johnson
State Senator

Now it's obvious, you see, that State Senator Johnson is a man with problems. We mustn't rush to condemn him. Perhaps there's hope. Perhaps he can overcome his neurosis. Homophobia is not a disease to laugh about. Just think of the poor man fuming in his office, staring dumbfounded at the Mattachine Society's publication, *despising* its very presence! A person in such a state of mind truly deserves our pity. If you write him (his address is The Senate—State of New York, Albany, N.Y. 12224) remember what Deborah Kerr said in *Tea and Sympathy*: "Be kind."

PSYCHIATRIC CONCLAVE

The shrinks are congregating in Honolulu next month for their annual powwow (see News columns). They'll be debating whether or not to keep homosexuality—now labeled a sexual deviation—on their list of sicknesses.

Their decision will depend on how the vote goes!

A few years ago, when GAY was first publishing, the Presbyterian Church did a "vote" number not unlike that of the American Psychiatric Association. The question for the petrified Presbyterians (as with Bamboozled Baptists and Mummified Methodists) was "should we continue to keep homosexuality on our list of 'sins'?" At that time, the Presbyterians voted to do so. Hopefully, at a later meeting, they'll change their minds.

Now, we pray, the shrinks at the American Psychiatric Association, who have an extremely orthodox system of almost theological proportions, will see fit to bypass the Presbyterian Church and vote out the "sickness" classification.

How, in Freud's name, did they ever classify homosexuality as a sickness in the first place? Any fool can plainly see that as a human condition, homosexuality has only one symptom: attraction to a person of the same sex.

The psychiatrists and so-called psychotherapists, more than any other organized group in America, have been the most persistent enemies of the homosexual community. Their names are legion: Bergler, Bieber, Ellis, Hatterer, Socarides, and Cappon. Some of these men have crusaded actively to make life for homosexually-inclined people as difficult as possible. Charles Socarides, for example, once recommended a "national treatment center" to which all homosexuals would be sent. He was frequently a witness for the U.S. Government in cases wherein the Government wished to fire a known homosexual employee. Socarides would drop in on the trial and testify that the "homosexual condition" is psychopathic. Such a dear sweet man. A healer. We note with interest that he will be among those arguing for the status quo at the APA meeting in Honolulu.

Among the witnesses for the defense in this absurd drama will be our comrade-in-arms, Dr. Franklin E. Kameny, who is "something of a folk hero" in the gay liberation movement, according to the *National Observer,* (April 14, 1973). Dr. Kameny, in close collaboration with GAY's co-editor, was the first gay liberationist to take the position that the Movement should state—emphatically—that homosexuality, per se, is not a sickness, neurosis, or other malfunction, but that it is a preference not different in kind from heterosexuality. At the time when Kameny and Nichols advanced this position (1965) over considerable conservative Movement opposition, gay liberationists, if they were asked whether or not homosexuality is a sickness, often said, "We don't know. Not enough research has been done." Times have changed.

Funds from the Washington, D.C. gay community have been gathered to help pay for Dr. Kameny's trip to Honolulu, but the full amount needed (approximately $500) has not yet been realized. GAY readers who wish to contribute to these expenses are urged to do so and they may rest assured that Dr. Kameny will make an effective representative for the gay community. Send checks or money orders (no matter how small the amount) to Dr. Franklin E. Kameny, 5020 Cathedral Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20016. Persons who wish to discuss the matter with Dr. Kameny at further length may call him at (202) 362-2211.

AL CARMINES' "THE FAGGOT"

Al Carmines has delivered an exquisite gift to America's gay communities in his latest creation, *The Faggot*—by far the most perceptive, stunning and liberating piece of theatre to emerge from the mystique of gay liberation. Run—do not walk—to see this production which, at this time, has been planned for only nine more performances. Carmines leaves no doubt that he is among the nation's most innovative, versatile and spirited artists, and his characters in *The Faggot* (who suffer in "a certain kind of society") are real in a way that relegates *The Boys in the Band* to Phonyland. Carmines is a gifted and compassionate teacher. His vision—exhilarating—and to some, disturbing—casts no shadows on homosexuality itself, but on the futile games played by the closeted. *The Faggot* is a colorful musical with strains profoundly American in the best sense of the word: rich, varied, exciting and humorous. Carmines' theatrical genius will soon be appreciated by big-time money and the masses, hopefully, but in the meantime, avant garde audiences may see *The Faggot* for $2 at Judson Poets Theatre, Judson Memorial Church, 55 Washington Square South (Manhattan), phone GR 7-0351. Take your most inhibited, uptight friends to see it! Friday through Mondays until May 7th, 8:30 p.m. curtain.

HOLD HANDS

On Sunday afternoon, May 6th at 3 p.m., why not join the gay liberation groups from New Jersey on the George Washington Bridge. A thousand, it is hoped, will hold hands across the bridge and the occasion will be a festive one (see news columns).

WELCOME TO THE NEW POLICE CHIEF

New York's Chief of Police, Patrick Murphy, has presented his resignation, effective in May. His successor will be Chief of Patrol Donald F. Cawley, 43, appointed by Mayor Lindsay.

GAY welcomes Donald Cawley to his new position, hoping, of course, that the rapport established—through the activities of the New York Mattachine Society, GAA-NY, and other organizations—will continue to grow, and that the enlightened policies of Commissioner Murphy under the Lindsay Administration will go forward under his firm hand.

GAY

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GAY is published BI-WEEKLY by Four Swords, Inc. Mailing address: P.O. Box 431, Old Chelsea Sta., NYC, NY 10011, with offices at 116 W. 14th St., NYC, NY. Telephone: (212) 989-1660.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES (First Class Mail): $8.50 for 13 issues; $15.50 for 26 issues; $30 for 52 issues. Application to mail at Second Class postage is pending at New York N.Y.

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The Wicker Report



Randy Wicker

BY RANDY WICKER

CAMPY TELEVISION SHOWS PROVOKE FUROR:

The *Daily News*, as always, was the first to complain about some of the gay programming on the public channels C & D on Manhattan's cable TV systems. Channels C & D are mandated by the NYC franchise to Sterling-Manhattan and Teleprompter cable TV systems. Time is made available to all community groups on a first-come, first-served basis.

New York's Gay Activists Alliance broadcast its program on both systems, sometimes using footage its video crew shot on its last zap or broadcasting segments of forums held every Sunday evening at the Firehouse.

Homosexuals Intransigent! (HI!), founded and largely dominated by its controversial "men only" advocate Craig Schoonmaker, also runs a weekly program on cable. Schoonmaker's program, *Homosexual Renaissance*, features Schoonmaker and closes with a couple of minutes of poetic Pat Rocco footage of two male youths running and tumbling together through sea, sand and football fields.

The *Daily News* said it was "oppressive" to have homosexual programs on cable TV in a TV review on February 14th. *Homosexual Renaissance* used to broadcast its program in the afternoon until several complaints from parents about the program being on during their children's viewing hours got HR's time slot shifted to the early evening hours.

However, it wasn't the gay programs per se that really caused the stir. Global Village produced an interview with some transsexuals, the highlight of which came when the transsexuals lifted their dresses to display their changed genitalia. Still, there was only a minor stir. The cable stations sought and got a ruling that they were "public carriers" and therefore not responsible for any program's content.

Artists started being artists on the seldom-watched public channels C & D—an estimated 1,000 viewers are tuned in for any one program. Some, like Anton Perich, became experimental.

Perich, using some of the Warhol personalities, did 60 minutes of gamey short features weekly which included transvestism, camping around, some groping, sexually explicit language and most renowned of all, sequences in which a painter painted with a paintbrush protruding from his ass.

The stir was not long in coming. The *Daily News* gave channels C & D an X-Rating, chided the City Council for "going gung ho on freedom of speech" and warned that "the road to hell is paved with good intentions."

Sterling-Manhattan, which is 51% owned by Time Incorporated and is reportedly near bankruptcy because of inadequate numbers of people willing to pay $8 monthly for cable service in their homes, got wind of the controversy and Time Inc.'s chairman took the time out to catch Anton Perich's show. He threw a fit and directed Sterling-Manhattan to pre-screen and censor programming. Since then, about 20 minutes of Perich's 60 minute show has been cut each week.

GAA's and HR's programs have not been effected to date, but the FCC has commenced investigating "obscenity on the airways," mainly focusing on sex-talk radio shows, but the invesitgation could include public channesl C & D.



Photo by Eric Stephen Jacobs

"Coming Out" re-opens at the Nighthouse, 249 W. 18th St. (212) 541-7600

"GAY REVOLTING PARTY" LIVES UP TO ITS NAME

When the Ohio State University administration threatened to revoke the Columbus Gay Activists Alliance's standing as a campus student group and cut off its University supplied funds, a group of dissidents calling themselves "the Gay Revolting Party" started publishing their own mimeographed newsletter called *OFF*, Ohio Flaming Faggot. The Columbus GAA group angered the Gay Revolting Party people by agreeing to submit their nesletter for approval by University authorities although they did maintain that their newsletter did not violate any state or local laws and that as gay people they should not be subjected to the opinions held by others as to what was and what was not "good taste." The whole controversy had erupted when the Columbus GAA group had included some articles on "Ass Fucking" in their newsletter. *OFF* has continued the "Ass Fucking" series, the last of which concentrated on "excretophobia"—"the fear of shit and piss." *OFF* maintained that "healthy people" had healthy shit and there was only a minimal risk in touching it with external parts of the body—"eyes, ears, nose excluded."

"This is not to suggest—in the least" *OFF* counseled, "that to be free sexually one ought to go out and hug a piece of shit—most people wouldn't derive any pleasure from doing so. Besides, cleaning up after is quite a chore. But we should *understand* that our *excessive* fear of shit is mostly a product of the negative cultural value assigned to assholes and genitals.

"Piss appears to be much safer than shit," *OFF* elaborated. "One should be wary of venereal disease, of course, and careful not to drink excessive quantities, as this is reported to cause heart-burn. Otherwise, piss is clean. Some American Indian tribes used piss to wash dishes in the dry season, and Boy Scouts are often advised to do the same in an emergency.

"If you think you aren't afraid of piss, try an experiment. Lie down face up on a linoleum floor naked and piss on your stomach (don't get it in your eyes in case you've got the clap!). Surprise. You can't. For a few minutes (if you're like me) nothing happens. Your brain sends a permanent command to your crotch which says, 'Don't get any of it on you.'

"Eventually," *OFF* concludes, "you *will* piss on yourself and you might get an erection from doing so. Like all irrational taboos, pissing on yourself feels good when you finally get around to doing it."

OFF calls itself "uncensored, unabridged, and underground." It lists four people as publishers but warns, "Actually, these people have nothing to do with *OFF*. As far as we know, they're not even queer. We just list their names in the hope of getting them in trouble with the Columbus Police Department, the FBI, the KKK and the Women's Temperance Union."

SLA CONTINUES HARASSMENT OF BUFFALO GAY BAR:

Big Daddy's Company Store, a Buffalo gay bar which turned gay in December and promptly found itself being harassed by the Buffalo Police Department and the State Liquor Authority, has managed to get two of three charges against it dismissed.

Albany Lobbyist John Howard has been investigating the affair and reports that at the February hearing the charges that the bar allowed two female patrons to get into a fight and served minors were dismissed but the third charge, the one most fundamental to gay rights in New York State, will be dealt with in a future hearing.

That charge of "allowing the licensed premises to become disorderly in violation of Section 106, subdivision 4, of the Alcoholic Beverage Control Law in that it permitted homosexuals, degenerates and/or undesirables to be and remain on the licensed premises and conduct themselves in an offensive and indecent manner contrary to good morals" still stands. The details of the alleged "misconduct" are still not known.

Meanwhile, the Niagra Frontier Gay Community opened a Gay Service Center and met with Buffalo's 6th Precinct's Captain Floyd Edwards who is in charge of officers patroling the area.

"I've helped put many gays in jail and this is the first time I've really sat down and talked to them," Captain Edwards told the group, referring to his ten years' experience on Buffalo's Vice Squad.

The meeting was reportedly cordial and ended with Captain Edwards directing the 60 men under his command not to harass the Gay Services Center in any way. He seemed outraged by reports from the gays of "obscene gestures" made by Buffalo patrolmen passing the center.

"To be perfectly honest," Edwards told the gays, "you have been the brunt of some jokes around here and I have been guilty of it too."

MACHO MEXICANS OUTLAW GAY LIBERATION:

"A Homosexual Liberation Front of Mexico has been formed but it must operate clandestinely," the March GPU News reports. "The country's government forbids the group from having a post office box, being a legal organization, publishing statements, or having meetings."

MALE NUDES PROVE THREATENING TO MANY MEN:

When some women issued a male nude calendar last year, they had a great deal of difficulty making it a financial success because they couldn't find many advertisers.

More recently, a two-year photographic study of "Men Through a Woman's Lens" by Barbara Pfeffer, which included some male nudes and other photos of men "in stereotypical situations" like pool halls and bars and was published by the June '72 issue of *Camera 35*, has also run into some revealing problems.

Voice columnist Howard Smith reports that Ms. Pfeffer told him that "all the guys over 30 worried about their pot bellies, others said 'women's bodies are beautiful, men's bodies aren't.' "

Some of the males wanted "a fuck for a photo" and one Columbia football player got so nervous over his agreement to pose that he broke out in hives.

"The men got all shook up looking at them," Ms. Pfeffer reportedly exclaimed. "It was always a comparison thing, or they were embarrassed by implications of homosexuality . . . . Magazines that publish female nudes wouldn't publish male nudes; galleries that handle female nudes would not handle male nudes; anything with genitalia in view was out of the question . . . ."

Ms. Pfeffer had a show at Benton and Bowles which included some nudes with genitalia showing. But her exhibit was taken down several days before the scheduled closing date because, according to her, "the place was in an uproar, clients were complaining . . . ridiculous."

DOES POT GROW BIT TITS?

Newsweek magazine reports that excessive and continued pot smoking by men may cause some individuals to develop fe-

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I Love You and You and You and You

BY RICH WANDEL

Monday morning dawns slowly on my mind after a typical weekend. The Music of Holst's Planets enlivens the room. For the past two days Jupiter, Bringer of Jollity, has ruled, but now is the time for Venus, Bringer of Peace.

A recipe: Takes six or seven movement people, plenty of whiskey, a smattering of grass, a large portion of sex with a sprinkling of politics. Mix well in a large Riverdale apartment overlooking the contact point of the Harlem and Hudson Rivers, and the result would be my most recent weekend. Add one more ingredient: a thought, a musing about love and lovers *with the will to experiment*, and the result is fighting off a Monday morning hangover while attempting to write a column: a one-sided dialogue with you, the reader.

My intentions are to rap about this weekend but as a starter we'll have to go to Albany about two years ago. Albany in late winter isn't exactly the vacation spot of the world but it did have one irresistible attraction. His name was Richard and I promptly fell in love with him. The only complication was that I was also in love with Hernan, my roommate and lover in New York. (In stories of this type it is always good to introduce the triangle early in the plot.) The affair with Richard didn't last for a variety of reasons but I came out of it with an idea. Why choose between two people? Why not simply love both, deeply and openly?

The scene changes as we leave Albany to admire its Mall and arrive in Brooklyn, a few months ago. I had finally managed to get to a meeting of Flatbush Gay Friends. Flatbush, of course, is the vacation spot of the world and has many fine attractions but on this particular night there was one attraction in particular. His name was Stephen, a beautiful young poet whose effect on me was such that I promptly fell in love. Since that night I've seen Stephen many times and have begun to laugh when my friends tell me that it simply is *not* possible to be in love with more than one person at a time.

This weekend began with a trip to the Bronx for a dance sponsored by Bronx United Gays. Bob Parker, leader of the group, arrived in a flowing pink gown, his beard sparkling with glitter as he proceeded to touch each person with his magic fairy wand made especially for the occasion. It was an auspicious beginning. Hernan quickly disappeared as he found a friend and Stephen and I danced until we could no longer stand. It was a good night for a head trip by my mind joined by body in rejoicing. Intoxication can be marvellous especially when you're not drinking or smoking. It was intoxicating simply to have come to a dance with the two people that I love most; intoxicating to be free to love without fear of letting one lover know abou the other, intoxicating to be joined in the wild rhythms—dancing. On the following day Stephen and I went over to Riverdale, to that strange island of freedom with a river view.

Apartment 3-E is a strange place on a weekend. People just continually drop in to rap, listen to music or play the piano. The host quickly gets the idea across that this is truly a place to feel at home, throw off your shoes and relax. A place to sleep if you want, or to fuck if you want, or to simply enjoy the company. Stephen and I did a little of each. The most vehement conversation of the weekend centered around "love." Stephen had already left to return to Brooklyn. Dac of GAB and myself joined Donald, a regular visitor at 3-E, for some supper. As we rapped Donald assured is that "love" meant only *one* person at a time. According to him we each have an ideal for whom we search. Until we find him or her we may take second best but we still continue to look. I suppose Donald is right about that at least to the extent that that is what most people do. But frankly I find it a bit absurd. I don't think Prince Charming exists and I have no intention of looking for him. Cynical? Not really. I just find it much more sane to relate to the people I meet rather than to constantly compare them to some non-existent ideal. In talking with Donald I decided to take a clue from an old master of debate and rather than make any profound points of logic or emotion I simply asked a question. What's the definition of "love"? Donald couldn't satisfactorily answer that one, no more than I could or I suppose any one else could, Webster notwithstanding. But I'm much better off than Donald; I know I can't define it while he still thinks he can.

Donald "knows" many things that I don't. (Forgive me, Donald, if I use you as a foil. I'm really criticizing mythology more than you.) For example, he knows that when you're in love suddenly bells ring and birds sing. He knows that love is basically the same experience no matter when it comes and with whom. There are degrees, quantitative measurements, but it's basically all the same. As a matter of fact Donald seems to be a veritable expert on love; what it is and what it feels like. He's been well-taught by so many films, stories, and TV programs. Doris Day is a good teacher. The only thing he can't understand, can't conceive of at all, is why I disagree with him.

If you go for the standard conception of love, you probably hold that it can in some sense be measured. Each person has sort of a bank account to draw upon. In the ideal situation he or she is so much in love that the entire account is spent There's none left over; you can only love one person at a time. Or if you are in the unfortunate situation of loving two people, you then have a triangle and must decide which of the two to spend your account on. I can't agree with the mythology. In reality, love is not so easily measured, nor is it consumed as in a savings account. If anything, it *grows* with use. Love is not the same in all cases, nor is it the same in any two cases. The popular myth says that when you're in love, you fulfill all the needs of the other person, and the other person fulfills all your needs. I find this mythology boring and destructive.



"Love is not so easily measured, nor is it consumed as in a savings account."

A few nights ago, in one of the many long conversations which has held Hernan and I together for over two years, Hernan told me that he was upset because he wasn't fulfilling all my intellectual needs. According to the mythology, this is a serious problem and because I love him I should have quickly reassured him that he was in fact fulfilling them. Unfortunately, such a reply would not have been true. My response was simple: *so what!!* I suspect that if the mythology were true most couples would move to a cabin in the woods somewhere and never see anyone but each other. In reality, we all retain outside friendships and interests. Men and women are far too complicated to be totally satisfied so easily. Walt Whitman, along with other poets, seems to have fallen in love with just about every person he ever slept with. I'm not going to be so presumptuous as to assume that he only loved superficially. My thesis is quite simple: *don't be afraid to fall in love no matter how many people that may involve.* If there is any limit to the number of people one can love, one person's limit is another's starting point.

Donald was also quick to point out all the practical difficulties involved in allowing yourself to love more than one person. There are many, but all of them are based not on the nature of humanity but on a carefully taught and morbidly enforced mythology. Let's go back again two years to Albany. When I met Richard, Hernan felt very much threatened; he believed the mythology and was afraid that when I finally did choose, it might be Richard rather than him. It took many late-night conversations to convince Hernan that I did in fact love him. Now with Stephen on the scene, a similar problem is there, although not as seriously because both Hernan and I have grown since Albany. Hernan doesn't believe in the mythology quite as strongly as he used to, and I've at least begun to learn that it's important for me to let Hernan know just how much I do love him. It is difficult at the moment. Hernan is threatened and avoids getting to know Stephen for fear that in liking Stephen he may decide to fade away and leave us alone. What he still doesn't understand is that it is quite possible to love two people at once and the last thing I would want is for him to "clear the way" for Stephen. I also know that in a relatively short while Hernan will understand what's happening. Anyone who could put up with me for over two years has got to be a rather special person with a large capacity for exploring new possibilities and areas of freedom.

Stephen, on the other hand, doesn't seem to have too strong a belief in the Doris Day syndrome. But still he fears that somehow he might break up my relationship with Hernan. He likes Hernan and wouldn't want to hurt him but, more importantly, he loves me. He knows that the relationship between Hernan and me is a deep one and very important to me. Because he loves me he wouldn't want that relationship to be interfered with. As far as I can see, that attitude is much more indicative of love than an attitude of "I want him all to myself" would be.

It's about time for my usual disclaimer and explanation of what I'm *not* saying. I'm not trying to set up a new mythology which determines the number of people you should be in love with. If you are relating basically to one person and are happy in that relationship, I have no complaint against you. What I do say is don't decide now that there will not be another; be open to whatever might develop. Above all, if someone you love also loves another, don't insist that he or she choose between the two of you. Men and women were not made to be placed in boxes.

The age of mythology is coming to an end. I hope to help bury it. It is time to be as open as we can to whatever might develop in our lives. A few weeks ago I met someone in Pittsburgh. In September he'll be coming to New York. I'm not really sure exactly how I feel toward him. In May another friend will be returning from California. I don't know exactly what I feel toward him. I do know that these two people are special to me; more than that I'm not going to worry about. I won't be foolish enough to decide now what kind of relationship we will have. I'm not going to say that I'm madly in love with one or both of them, but neither will I decide now that they will simply be casual friendships. I don't know what they will be and I don't care. I'm willing to simply see what happens, willing to allow it wahtever it might be. The destruction of mythology, the destruction of set and uniform systems of relating is what concerns me. Mythology is boring—and destructive.

Wicker Report

(continued from page 4)

male breasts. Two Boston surgeons came to that conclusion after treating two young men in their early 20's who sought treatment at Cambridge Hospital last fall.

Female breast development on men, called gynecomastia, can be caused by heredity, liver and thyroid disorders, some hormone secreting tumors, varied drugs and certain tranquilizers. However, tests on the two young men found that they were fully mature with normal secondary sexual characteristics and lacked any of the known possible causes of gynecomastia.

Their one common trait was that both smoked marijuana for several hours every day and had done so for a period of several years. Since the chemical composition of marijuana's active ingredient, THC, is remarkably similar to that of the female hormone estradiol, the surgeons reasoned that THC taken in high doses over a long period of time could conceivably exert a feminizing effect on males comparable to the effect of female hormones.

The surgeons hoped to test their theory by having the two youths give up marijuana smoking for a period of time, but both refused and opted to have their breasts, which in one case protruded 2½ inches from the chest wall, removed surgically.

Shortly thereafter, the doctors were sought out by three other young men suffering from the same condition. Once again, the patients lacked any symptoms except that they were habitual pot smokers. They agreed to give up marijuana for an indefinite period of time. However, after three weeks, their breasts had not become noticeably smaller.

"It's conceivable that there is a cause-and-effect relationship between marijuana smoking and breast enlargement," *Newsweek* quoted one New York endocrinologist as venturing. "but an awful lot of people are smoking marijuana these days —if it were a cause of gynecomastia, many more cases should have been reported by now."

OFFENSIVE TV TRIVIA PILES UP:

New York's GAA has launched a continuing campaign to have the major television networks establish guidelines in their programming prohibiting prejudiced remarks, belittling caricaturing and jokes that demean and offend gay viewers. Network codes provide such guidelines for racial and religious minorities.

In an effort to document their case, GAA has been collecting complaints about various programs and documenting instances in which homosexuality has been handled improperly.

One such complaint came from gay viewer Sammy Nojovitz about a cartoon show he watched on NBC one Wednesday evening called *Wait Till Your Father Gets Home.*

The story revolved around the father's need to hire a new driver for one of this business's trucks. When his family accuses him of anti-semitism (his last driver was Jewish), the man puts an ad in the paper advertising for a truck driver with the words "all minorities considered" included in his ad.

Then, as the plot unfolds, representatives from a variety of minority groups come and get a respectful hearing from the would-be employer. Included are representatives from Black, Indian and Chicano groups.

"Then," according to Nojovitz's report, "in walks the most caricatured 'fairy' with long, tight-fitting suit, long hair and exaggerated sunglasses who identified himself as being from such-and-such gay organization.

"Then the father got mad. He didn't listen or act the way he had with other groups. Instead, he declared, 'I want someone to drive my truck, not fly it!' and tossed the gay right out the door."

Nojovitz quickly called NBC and complained. He then had his roommate do likewise and the next day filed a detailed report with GAA's Ronald Gold.

Anyone catching other instances of blatantly prejudicial anti-gay material on any TV or radio show is encouraged by GAA to complain to the station concerned and to give them a detailed account with name of show, time of broadcast, etc., which they can use in their periodic conferences with the Standards and Practices chiefs of the various networks. Complaints should be sent to: TV Complaints, c/o GAA, 99 Wooster St., NYC, NY 10010.

HOMOSEXUAL INTRANSIGENT CELEBRATES 4th ANNIVERSARY:

Some 50 former members and friends attended the Fourth Anniversary party (men only) thrown by HI! founder Craig Schoonmaker April 1st.

Schoonmaker has been attempting to get a men's repertory theatre/variety project together, promising that "nobody has to sleep with the producer" (Schoonmaker) to participate in the (no pay, no fee) dramatizations. However, "anyone who is not himself at least predominantly homosexual should under no circumstances appear."

Schoonmaker explains his prohibitions against women as being based on his feeling that gay men and gay women are quite different from one another.

He objects to the news media's past tendency to send women reporters to cover gay news events because, he feels, women reporters "won't be tainted by doing so." Schoonmaker will not talk to women reporters and tells those interested in interviewing him to send only male reporters.

Likewise, he objects to large foundations like the Rockefeller Foundation who frequently have women secretaries and female officials write to him turning down his requests for funds for some of HI!'s projects.

In demanding that certain politicians talk to gay representatives, he specifies that they send male aides to any such meeting since, presumably, female aides can't relate to homosexual male concerns.

Schoonmaker was the only gay spokesman to testify against passing Intro 475 during hearings at City Hall last year. He based his opposition to the gay rights law on the basis, as I recall it, that all fair employment laws were unenforceable, ridiculous, meaningless and violated the employer's right to determine who he wanted to hire.

Such viewpoints don't make for widespread popularity in the gay movement. GAY tried pulling Schoonmaker's bluff by asking Vicki Richman, a heterosexually-oriented transvestite who writes for GAY and who is genitally male although apparently female ("I'm a male lesbian," says Vicki), to interview Schoonmaker.

Schoonmaker, after determining that Vicki was a transvestite and not predominantly homosexual, firmly told her: "I don't give interviews to transvestites."

None of the males at HI!'s party seemed the least bit concerned about Schoonmaker's attitudes. Some defended him on the basis that the "lesbians have a lot of 'women only' events so what's the rub with HI!'s having 'men only' events?" One guest, jokingly describing himself as a psychological sadist, suggested sending Schoonmaker to board for a year in an all-girl school.

NEW YORK MAGAZINE EXPLORES JUICE BAR CULTURE:

New York magazine writer Julie Baumgold did a report on "The King of the Juice Bars" which offered some interesting sidelights on the gays and straights involved in them.

Marvin, her Juice Bar promoter, explained: "Beautiful People attract more Beautiful People and Garbage. Garbage doesn't attract more garbage. Gay places attract more people like your Freaky Straights who like to see them dance. Then a place gets hot and pushes out your Better Gays and you get the Puerto Rican Gays. Puerto Ricans like to mix with other people—Italians, Jews and Gays. Italians don't like to mix with Puerto Ricans, that's why I hold on to my Italian girls—to have white faces."

"Most of the soda princes are short, Jewish, aging young men, some of whom are homosexuals, some of whom are 'connected,'" writer Baumgold observed.

"You know how to tell a Mafia place?" Marvin asks at one point. "There's always a head in the window looking out."

The article described a 21-year-old gay named Joel as one of the city's best gay promoters and noted that the juice bar owners are very competitive, sometimes even brutal.

"Some of them have bad fates," Ms. Baumgold notes, "like Wood from Salvation, who was shot to death in Queens, or the Sanctuary owner who was found shot in his Gramercy Park bathroom, or Francis, the best deejay in juice, who changed places and had his bones rearranged."

ITEMS:

* Gay groups have been waging a quiet campaign to get Dinah Robertson, the lesbian who was fired from her job as counselor at the Girls Club of New York after appearing on the Susskind gay couples' show, was reinstated. GAA's Lesbian Liberation Committee reportedly has set up a meeting with the Club's Board of Directors. Eleanor Holmes Norton of the City's Human Rights Commission and Village Councilman Carol Greitzer wrote letters to the Girls Club requesting that Ms. Robertson be reinstated.

* Swedish gay publication *Revolt* reports that a study of British working class youth found they objected to rock stars John Lennon and Mick Jagger as "too feminine."

* The dramatization of gay history in the United States, *Coming Out*, which was the smash hit of last year's Gay Pride Week and which has been playing sporadically at different locations around town, will run for several weeks starting in late April at the Nighthouse Theatre, 249 W. 18th St., phone 541-7600. The play has been updated to include some new material on gay blacks in U.S. history.

* Rock superstar and transvestite Alice Cooper, whose concerts are frequently attended by heterosexual male fans wearing mascara and glitter on their faces and bodies, has launched his own line of cosmetics. Whiplash Mascara is already on the market and fingernail decals are planned, promoted as useful to "scratch the one you love."

Cooper, like David Bowie, has made a career in rock partially by flaunting male -female styles of dress. However, like Bowie, there is some question as to whether he is in fact even bisexual. Various groupies claim to have gone to bed with Cooper and he complained in a *Rolling Stone* interview that some of his "sicker fans" sent him condoms filled with semen, which he found "disgusting."

* The Alley, a popular gay bar in Jackson Heights, has been reportedly harassed by police. Patrons say that crowds and lines of customers waiting to get in on weekends have stirred the ire of neighbors and police.

* One, Incorporated, the first gay movement magazine publishers in the United States, sponsored a gay tour of Europe last year which was filmed by Pat Rocco and which will be circulating nationally in the coming months. Now One is promoting a gay tour of the Orient this coming September for $1,385.

* West Side Discussion Group, a social group of gay men and women, which meets every Wednesday evening at their center at 37 Ninth Ave. at 14th St., has taken a cue from other gay groups and started a women's night twice each month which has been attracting nearly 100 women each session. WSDG is non-political and women who are not interested in activist activities but only in socializing have been coming in increasing numbers. Phone 675-0143 for details.

* WSDG's theatre group will present a gay version of *You Can't Take It With You* on the weekends of May 4, 5, 6, and 11, 12, and 13 at 8:30 p.m. The last presentation of WSDG's group, which always changes straight plays into gay ones by changing straight couples into gay ones, old actresses into retired female impersonators, etc., drew over 400 paid admissions, sometimes turning people away and playing to standing room only crowds. Donation: $2.50.

* Producers of the Jack Paar Show have refused to let GAA have or see the correspondence they received after representatives of that group appeared on the Paar show in early March. Paar's representatives said that allowing GAA to see their correspondence on that program "would violate the confidence" of the letter writers.



Alice Cooper: "Semen filled condoms sent to me are disgusting!"

Speech at the Conference on World Affairs

The Evangel Poem of Comrades and of Love

BY JACK NICHOLS

The following speech was given by Jack Nichols, GAY's co-editor, on March 16, 1973, at the Plenary Session of the 26th Annual Conference on World Affairs at the University of Colorado in Boulder.

I've been active in the gay liberation movement since I was in my early 20's. The intervening years have been exciting ones for me: the first gay picket line in front of the White House, TV and radio appearances, debates with old-fashioned psychiatrists and clergymen, confrontations with officials of the U.S. government, political campaigns, writing a book, editing a gay newspaper and, more exciting than any of these, sharing, for the last nine years, the companionship of an extraordinary man!

This morning, in fact, is a strange sort of culmination for me. It's my 35th birthday today, and here I am far from my home on the East Coast. This is the first time I've seen the Rockies. It's a great birthday present. I'm honored to be here.

After all this time, I'm expected to be an expert of sorts on homosexuality, and on homosexually-inclined people. My work has taught me more about homosexuality than most people's jobs, I suppose.

You'd be surprised at the great changes I've seen in attitudes toward gay people over the last decade. I can remember the days when people asked me—as a public homosexual—if I had the sex organs of both sexes. Folks never tired of asking me who's the husband and who's the wife in my relationship. But all of this sort of ignorance is starting to evaporate.

Now that I'm 35 I can afford to start relaxing a bit. There are thousands of younger gay liberationists and they're taking the reins where I left off, just as I took them up when those in an earlier generation left them for me.

By yesterday's standards, gay liberation is new to the American public. It's new to media. But it's really a very old movement: one that extends back to the middle of the 19th Century, or, if we were to peek into ancient times, we'd find plenty of famous homosexually-inclined poets and philosophers who let us know about their own integrity and who sang about the beauty of their homoerotic feelings.

I haven't left the gay liberation movement. I'm still interested in seeing the social reforms go full speed ahead. I think everyone will benefit—both straight and gay—when these reforms are further along the road to accomplishment. I'm still interested in civil liberties and social rights. But unless it is a special occasion, once or twice a year, I don't feel that it's necessary for me to do as much marching anymore. I'm dispensible.

Being an editor—particularly of a gay newspaper—makes me wonder if my job now isn't to introduce a sense of background and culture, of a developing community attitude—which has real roots in our history, bordering on the edge of something I might call—tenuously—gay culture. Other minority groups are seeking their roots—finding their cultural strains.

Since I've been learning to cultivate my own garden, I've unearthed cultural strains that certainly would not appeal to all homosexually-inclined people, but which *do* appeal to me, and which give me adequately, in fact, a satisfying perspective on my own sexual culture, and on that of others too. I've unearthed a giant—a cultural giant, and I'm intending to sound his name. He compliments my own vision as a homosexually-inclined man and compliments my own best sense of life.

No homosexual, no matter what his breadth of experience, can speak for all other homosexually-inclined people, just as no heterosexually-inclined person can speak for all folks with his preferences.

A friend of mine, a simplifier who likes categories, once told me that there were two types of homosexuals. He said there were Gideans—Protestant agonizers like Andre Gide—and there were Wildeans —after Oscar Wilde, the flamboyant. I told my friend that he'd left *me* out. I explained to him that I am a Whitmanite. I see the American poet, Walt Whitman, as a great precursor and fountainhead of prophecies, visions and attitudes, both toward society and the self, that I feel are at the very basis of the movement I've been working to advance.

Some of you may have picked up Whitman for a moment or two. Others of you may have found his erotic love poetry difficult to comprehend. The great-grandfather of British gay liberation was Edward Carpenter (who wrote *Love's Coming of Age*—the big sex revolution book of its day [1900]). Carpenter was an avowed disciple of Walt Whitman. He realized long ago, as I'm now rediscovering—that Walt was talking to anyone whose sense of curiosity and whose appreciation extended to those of the same sex.

What did Walt Whitman write poems about? What was he saying? The truth is that he was not asking to be interpreted except by each individual who reads him —on an *individual* basis. Let me quote him:

Stop this day and night with me and you shall possess the origin of all poems.
You shall not take things at second or third hand, nor look through the eyes of the dead, nor feed on the spectres in books.
You shall not look through my eyes either, nor take things from me.
You shall listen to all sides and filter them from yourself.

Walt Whitman said that with the love of comrades he would plant companionship to make the continent indissoluble. He said that with such comrades he could make divine magnetic lands. He asked those who read his book, *Leaves of Grass*, to draw closer to one another irrespective of gender.

Now, I'm not here to argue that Walt Whitman was homosexually-inclined. It isn't necessary for a self-regulating, self-dependent person to claim any list of cultural heroes. But I would like to remind you of Whitman, to ask you to pick up *Leaves of Grass* and feel the strong strains at its core of the love of man for man. Walt Whitman, as I read him, speaks more powerfully than any writer I know of about the beauty of love between those of the same sex.

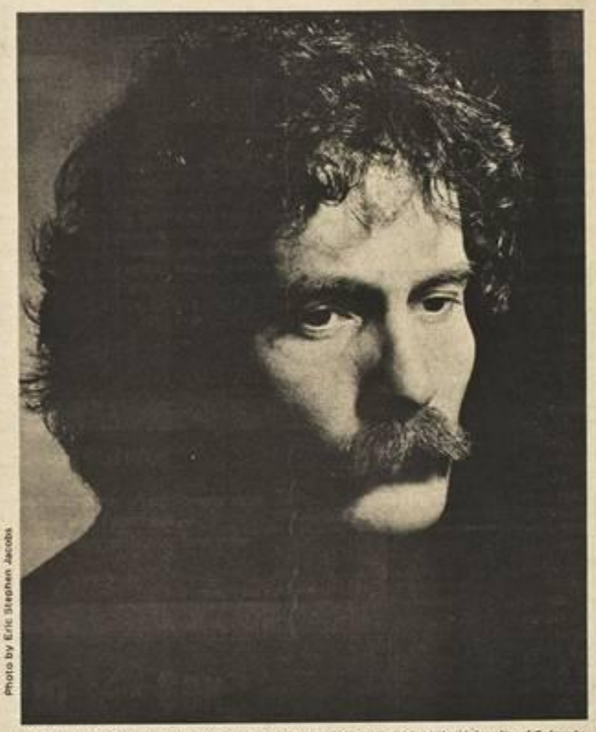

Photo by Eric Stephen Jacobs

Jack Nichols celebrated his birthday by speaking to hundreds of students at the University of Colorado.

Here, at the University of Colorado, it seems to me that a call for the re-examination of Walt Whitman's poems (in the light—not only of gay liberation—but of our whole changing sexual culture) is not at all out of place.

He was among the first women's liberationists. The opening lines of *Leaves of Grass* say this:

The Female equally with the Male I sing.

He was the first major writer in western literature who re-introduced a buoyant, healthy, positive celebration of sexuality in his poems. In another poem Whitman wrote:

And sexual organs and acts! Do you concentrate in me, for I am determined to tell you with courageous clear voice to prove you illustrious . . .

Through me forbidden voices, voices of sexes and lusts, voices veiled and I remove the veil, voices by me clarified and transfigured.

My enthusiasm for *Leaves of Grass* would have been no surprise to Whitman himself. Many times in his poems he anticipated that *Leaves* would be chanted by young men—loving comrades—and that centuries after his death he would still stir their hearts. He knew that men and women of the future would fall in love with him. He sings:

I will therefore let flame from me the burning fires that were threatening to consume me.
I will lift what has too long kept down those smouldering fires.
I will give them complete abandonment.
I will write the evangel poem of comrades and of love.
For who but I should understand love with all its sorrows and joy.
And who but I should be the poet of comrades?

Whitman's hope to be understood and appreciated by his countrymen was not so misplaced as some critics ask us to believe. That he hasn't been understood is less his fault than the fault of the cultural conditioning—our lot—which has made understanding him more difficult.

But I think there are signs today that we in America are ripe for a Whitman revival.

He was a robust poet. He was totally affirmative. He said *Yes* to life.

Many critics have found this throbbing enthusiasm of his hard to relate to. But literary critics are seldom what one might call *physical* people. Too often their minds seek fulfillment while their bodies do not. Whitman was the poet of the body.

His contemporaries were still enclosed in 19th Century puritanism. Emerson tried to talk Whitman out of incorporating his very frank sexual poems into *Leaves of Grass.* As perceptive a man as he was, Emerson lacked Whitman's *robustness* because he began from another

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Gore Vidal: Gay Liberation's Warren G. Harding

BY JOHN P. LeROY

It's a crucial time in the life of Gore Vidal. His father and maternal grandfather both suffered devastating illnesses when they were forty-seven, and Gore's forty-sixth birthday was last October. "Since my father had the same chest I have, I can't help but think I have the same heart. Who knows what clots and embolisms are now building up in the bloodstreams and arteries?" Vidal told a reporter. Not having access to his medical records, I can only speculate.

I suspect that he'll be around for quite some time to come, and continue to be the leading arbiter of immorality in America. Even though he spends most of his time in Rome, Vidal is one of the most thoroughly American writers living today. Like Hemingway, Henry James, or Nathaniel Hawthorne, he finds this country unfit to live in, but never stops writing or talking about it. His work is admired in Europe far more than here. On the Continent you're applauded for identifying with Richard II or other poet-monarchs, provided you do it with the required elan.

The scandal caused by his first big novel, *The City and the Pillar*, now seems as unimportant as yesterday's erroneous weather forecast. Rereading it today is like looking at your old baby photos that your mother still clings to. Do gay heroes really destroy themselves in the end chasing their illusory dreams? Was it necessary to write so flatly and self-consciously about homosexuality in 1948 in order to cause a literary sensation? Yes, indeed. The proceeds from the novel helped Vidal finance a beautiful Greek revival mansion on the Hudson at a bargain price. Only recently, when he decided to forsake the United States for good, did he sell it.

When in New York, Vidal resides in a wide brownstone within view of the Queensboro bridge. His large living room is decorated with cream green walls and antique mirrors. Overstuffed chairs and couches make the place comfortable, but the stands and tables are cluttered with *objets d'art*. The turquoise drapes hide part of the windowsill as well as years of dust and grime. Before long, he'll no doubt be getting rid of his apartment too, which he shares with his friend Howard Austen, whom he has known for two decades.

"You see," Vidal commented on the nature of art in America, "if you don't share any of the cultural values of a country, you're immediately embattled. I have a militant nature, and I don't mind that at all, but it gets very tiring to live in continual conflict. I don't read the same books they do, I don't know the same culture, I don't have the same admirations, and I certainly don't have the same moral code as any of my contemporary writers. To me, Norman Mailer is like the head of an American Legion post. His patriarchal attitudes towards sex are exactly the same, and his self-aggrandizing bullying is very much in the American tradition."

In addition to a nineteen-room penthouse apartment in Rome in an eighteenth century palazzo on the Largo Argentina located behind the Pantheon and with a terrace overlooking most of the city, Vidal also owns a seven-acre farm in County Cork, Ireland, near the Atlantic. After *City and the Pillar*, his next five novels were scarcely noticed, and brought him only five thousand dollars apiece. Where did the bulk of the money come from to pay for his idyllic lifestyle? He got it through the fifties writing television plays, and stopped writing novels. In the early sixties, when producers discovered that they could make a lot more money on doctor programs, inane situation comedies, and football games than on serious drama, Vidal's career as a TV dramatist came to a halt.

Fascinated by the Kennedys, he joined the ranks of the New Frontier, but left early because Bobby Kennedy hated his guts as ferociously as he despised Jimmy Hoffa's. The story goes that Bobby and Gore were both at a White House party. An article critical of Bobby's Justice Department was hot off the press, and Gore, its author, had had perhaps a bit too much to drink. In an affectionate gesture, he put his hand on Jackie, and Bobby flew into a rage at the sight.

"We don't do that sort of thing to the First Lady," Bobby was quoted as saying.

"For God's sake, she's my stepsister. We've known each other for years," was Vidal's alleged reply.

All hell was said to have broken loose at that point. Bobby told Gore he was nothing but a hack writer, and Gore turned white as a sheet, meekly rejoindered, "You should never say that to a writer," and was blackballed from the Kennedy clan ever since. Smarting from the expulsion, Vidal wrote a brilliant essay, "The Holy Family," which first appeared in *Esquire* in which he linked the American public with superstitious Irish peasants who need a holy family to satisfy their sense of superstition and clannishness. The murder of John F. Kennedy struck an atavistic chord where a young hero and TV star is sacrificed "to ensure with blood the harvest."

His plays, *Visit to a Small Planet*, *The Best Man*, and his scenario for *Ben-Hur* provided him with enough cash to live in Rome where he wrote his finest novel, *Julian*, a brilliant recreation of fourth-century Rome and a moving denunciation of Christian bigotry that still survives today. That was followed by *Washington, D.C.*, a less successful treatise on government corruption, and after that came *Myra Breckinridge*, in which his gift for satire is at its finest, expressing amusement and outrage at America's sexual hang-ups.

The many voices of Myra were Vidal in drag. The rights for the film version netted him $700,000, even though he had nothing to do with the script. It was so bad, he urged everyone not to see it. It was a huge flop in spite of Raquel Welch and Mae West. His encounters with William F. Buckley, in which he called Buckley a crypto-Nazi and Buckley called him a queer, resulted in a swapping of suits and countersuits that dragged on for three years. The court finally gave Buckley the decision and Vidal had to pay $75,000 in damages. It no doubt shook



Al Goldstein gives a SCREW T-Shirt to Vidal in Manhattan's SCREW/GAY offices.

Vidal up, and he's now more careful about what he says on television.

Among the things he admitted to a reporter that he ought to have said: "Homosexuality is better than heterosexuality. I *ought* to have, therefore I did say it. In fact, I never have, nor anything remotely that fatuous." The closest thing he ever came to actually saying that in print was in an essay on the Japanese novelist, Yukio Mishima. "Homosexual encounters," he wrote, "are in themselves quite as exciting as heterosexual encounters—more so, claim the great pederasts whose testimony echoes down the ages."

Is Vidal a great pederast? He'll never admit it in public. He keeps saying he's for bisexuality, and is one of the finest and most eloquent supporters of anti-homosexual law repeal, referring to himself as the Warren G. Harding of the gay lib movement. "If twenty-five of the most beautiful boys in the world walked in the door, I would just yawn," he told a reporter. "I have to have women as well."

According to Truman Capote, who knew him well when he was younger (they are both about the same age, and were on speaking terms 25 or 30 years ago), "I was not attracted to him [Vidal] and vice-versa. I will say that. Of course, he practically lived in various Turkish baths, and that might account for his beautiful complexion. His favorite was the Everard, as I recall. It's been around since the Civil War."

Talking about Capote, Vidal referred to him as "the best gossip I've known, even though he is not always reliable . . . I've known Truman for twenty-five years and he's never said anything witty in all that time."

Capote takes a similar view of Vidal: "His books wobble like a ball trying to find a hole in a pinball machine. He has style in his essays and in his person, but not as a writer of prose fiction."

When all is said and done, Vidal's greatest forte will indeed be his essays and his satire, expecially when it comes to dissecting political figures. Of Nelson Rockefeller, he wrote: "Ordinarily, Rockefeller's face is veal-white, as though no blood courses beneath that thick skin, but has been known to turn conch-pink when he says, 'Well, let's face it, there's some disagreement among the pollsters.' " And of Ronald Reagan: "Ronald Reagan is a well-preserved not young man . . . [his face] suggests the work of a skillful embalmer . . . particularly engaging is the crooked smile full of large porcelain-capped teeth. The eyes . . . glitter in the hot light, alert to every move, for this is enemy country—the liberal Eastern press are so notoriously immune to that warm and folksy appearance which Reagan quite deliberately projects over their heads to some legendary constituency at the far end of the tube where some good Lewis Stone forever lectures Andy Hardy on the virtues of thrift and the wisdom of the contract system at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer."

In the final analysis, Vidal has no real political philosophy of his own other than that of a Swedish Social Democrat, and a rather dull one at that. He's for social and sexual freedom, but against big business and pollution. He deigns to come to New York when there's a good cause to fight for, even though it might be hopeless. He worked for the People's Party along with Benjamin Spock, but it did little to push the Democrats to the left. He regards Teddy Kennedy as an amiable bartender, Edmund Muskie as a very standard politician with a rabid temper, George McGovern as noble, but futile, and Richard Nixon as a "marvelously empty ambulance chaser from Whittier."

What else is there for Gore Vidal to do but enjoy his success, to gack to Rome or Ireland, and write? He came close to marrying Joanne Woodward in 1954, who was then having a stormy affair with Paul Newman. Newman had another wife at the time and Vidal was—well—there! He and Vidal have been intimate friends, even though Woodward eventually married Paul. The three often spend Christmases at the Newman's home in Connecticut, where Gore plays godfather to their daughter.

If Vidal continues to write as he has in his essays and better plays and novels, he will be to late twentieth century America what George Bernard Shaw was to Victorian England, what Montaigne was to the French monarchy, and what Petronius was to Nero. I'm sure Nixon will not make Gore commit suicide as Nero did to Petronius (not publicly, at least), and if Vidal keeps his waistline in, he'll be as quotable and as enjoyable in the twenty-first century as he is in the twentieth.

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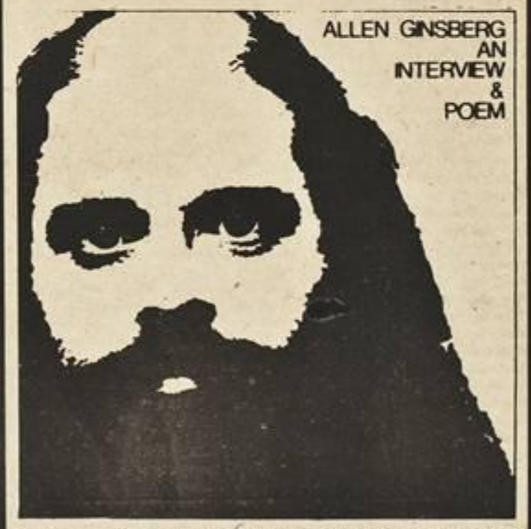

Ginsberg on: Kerouac & the Beats, Peter Orlovsky, sexuality, yoga, Walt Whitman, Burroughs, LSD, Cuba, Carl Solomon, Gay Liberation; and a previously unpublished S&M poem "Please Master." Articles on gay prisoners, ageism, radical gay cinema, campus gay studies, gays in military. Also short fiction, letters, news, poetry.
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PSYCHIATRIC ASS'N TO RECONSIDER SICKNESS THEORY

(continued from page 1)

meets in Honolulu, Hawaii between May 7th and 11th. The resolution brought forward by the Northern New England Psychiatric Society will require formal action at that meeting. A special half-day session (Wednesday, May 9, 9:00 a.m.) has been organized and will deal with the question: "Should Homosexuality be in the American Psychiatic Association's Nomenclature?"

Representing the homosexual community nationwide at that session will be Dr. Franklin E. Kameny, President of the Mattachine Society of Washington, and long-time gay liberation activist. Dr. Kameny introduced the anti-sickness position relative to homosexuality in collaboration with GAY's editor, Jack Nichols, to the gay lib movement in 1965. Dr. Kameny has been formally designated "Chief Discussant." "Originally," Dr. Kameny told GAY, "I was invited to be Co-Chairman of that Special Session, and accepted the invitation. An APA regulation, however, restricts such chairmanships to APA members and so I have been given my present designation."

Appeals to the gay community in Washington and elsewhere have raised most of the money needed for Dr. Kameny's expenses to, in, and from Honolulu, although some funding is still required. Other panel members will include anti-homosexual psychiatrists Irving Bieber and Charles Socarides, both of whom will be arguing for opposition to change. A saner approach will be taken by psychiatrists Richard Green (see GAY no. 100, page 4) and Judd Marmor. Also on the panel will be Ronald Gold, Press Agent for GAANY and Dr. Robert J. Stoller, a psychiatrist who is thought to be a moderate on the entire question.

VILLAGE GAY POLITICAL LEADER ATTACKS N.Y. GAA TACTICS

(continued from page 1)

Greitzer did complain that McPherson in his articles in the gay press "had attempted to destroy her political reputation by gossip and innuendo. She flatly denied ever being asked to sign the petition."

"Greg Dawson, chairman of GAA's newly consolidated Political Action Committee," Tuite continued, "and Alan Roskoff, who had been GAA's lobbyist last year at City Hall, both said she had been asked to sign on three occasions."

The VID Executive Committee heard both sides of the conflicting story, and deciding there was "no way to bridge the truth gap," voted to move on to two other items on the agenda.

"Bruce Voeller, the new President of GAA," Tuite reports, "then led a group of GAA members in a shouting match which disrupted the meeting for 10 or 15 minutes until persuaded to move out into the hall to continue the 'dialogue' with Carol, our Election District leaders, and other interested parties."

After the Committee disposed of its agenda, Tuite moved that the Committee instruct Greitzer to sign the discharge petition. The entire group came back inside and the motion was debated according to Robert's Rules of Order.

Finally, the VID Executive Committee voted, with only Tuite dissenting because he wanted a stronger motion, that they "hoped and trusted in view of the 'dialogue,' Councilwoman Carol Greitzer would sign the discharge petition to bring Intro 475 before the full City Council."

"I don't think shouting down your opposition convinces anyone," Tuite insists. "Trampling on the civil rights of a peaceful committee doesn't make them more sympathetic to the civil rights denied to the shouters. Had the GAA not disrupted the meeting, I am sure our simple motion instructing Carol to sign the petition would have carried."

Tuite says that the GAA contingent criticized him for being coopted by the establishment political clubs. He called one of the District leaders to urge her to urge Greitzer to sign the Intro 475 petition "to avoid further trashing by GAA" but was informed Greitzer wanted "some recognition in the press that there does seem to be some conspiracy against her among the gay would-be politicians."

Tuite maintains that while Voeller claims there are a million homosexuals in New York City, GAA's membership has "dwindled" to less than 150.

"Judged by its membership rolls," Tuite declares, "one has to admit that GAA has never been representative of the homosexuals in this city. Judged by the comparative success of gay groups in other cities and states in repealing anti-gay statutes or passage of gay civil rights bills, one has to admit that GAA has not been a political success and may well be a millstone around our necks."

Tuite says that he recognized several gay elected delegates from many Democratic clubs in Manhattan at the New Democratic Coalition meetings.

"Obviously, their homosexuality has not precluded them from rising to positions of influence within their clubs and the city's power structure," he continues. "Perhaps it has actually helped them since we have so much more free time, so much talent for anticipating problems, so much sympathy for others oppressed, so much money uncommitted to our children's development, and certainly, so much creative imagination."

Tuite's statement, widely distributed to the gay press, says that he thinks GAA's "mini-social-center" on Wooster Street is "fine," but suggests the 20 or so other gay groups in the city should try to "hand together in maintaining one communal social center where their more moderate opinions might have a countervailing effect on GAA."

"The unused two-story pier at the foot of Christopher Street would be a natural and ideal location for most of the city's gays and could accomodate dances, videotape studios, theatre groups, art exhibits, discussion groups, etc.," Tuite proposes. "I feel we should try to lease it from the City for $1 per year."

"I accuse the political leaders of GAA of working against the liberation of all gays—and all other minorities—when they deliberately try to destroy liberals who refuse to be their puppets," Tuite concludes. "Let's stop shouting gay power and start practicing love principles."

GAY LIB GROWS IN N.Y.C. HIGH SCHOOLS

New York, N.Y. Three New York City high schools have gay student organizations and several more are rumored to be in the process of forming. George Washington High School, DeWitt Clinton High School and the Bronx High School of Science currently have going chapters.

Phillip Hilton, a student at George Washington High School and head of the group there, reports his group was started by a student named Ellie who has since moved to Florida.

"Ellie went to Mr. Levy, a faculty member, and told him that she would like to have a group here," Hilton explains. "Levy agreed to serve as faculty advisor. Then with the help of Miss Carla Light, assistant principal of the school, the group was instituted and the first meeting was held in late December."

The group has some fifteen members, slightly over half of which are female. It includes sophomores, juniors and seniors but no freshmen in its membership.

The group, which meets every Tuesday afternoon in the school's tower, is "an official organization." When the students first asked to form the group, Miss Light, the assistant principal, went to Mr. Samuel Kostman, the principal, who said that "the students have a right to congregate, using the Board of Education ruling in the Student Handbook that gives all students the right to congregate."

Hilton says the group has been growing, that more students have been coming up each week. The school's student body numbers 3,000 and is very mixed ethnically—about 30 per cent hispanic, 40 per cent black, and the remaining 30 per cent divided, according to Hilton, among "Greeks, Irish and such."

The group printed posters and put them up throughout the building but either the custodian or other students tore them down.

"It's really a sticky situation between the straight students and the gay students," Hilton elaborates, "because in the school the Spanish have a machismo thing. However, the gay group, which is an international group, has a disproportionate number of Spanish-speaking people."

Hilton says that straight students don't come to the gay meetings just to see "who's queer." "It's not a show," he adds, "George Washington High School has had its problems. We've had a very sticky situation among racial groups as well. Right now, what I'm in the process of doing is trying to unite students in general, trying to have people become aware of what is happening within the gay movement, not only gay people but straight people also. I believe in some kind of unification, some kind of bond."

Hilton says that the group's membership of fifteen includes three or four straight students and others who consider themselves to be bisexual. He adds that some of the gay students wear gay buttons around school—lambda buttons and pocket patches.

"The gay-straight thing is touchy," he notes, "but nothing has erupted per se yet. We haven't had a great big struggle or conflict, but it's just that you're walking on a chalk line. You have to watch where you're going. It's a thin ice situation. Although nothing has erupted as yet, something might come up, but I rather doubt it."

Mr. Levy, the faculty advisor, has discouraged any sort of publicity for the gay student group expressing the feeling that George Washington High School has gotten so much bad notoriety because of power struggles and racial conflicts in the school, that it can ill afford new publicity about having an active gay student group.

Levy was upset when a Rockland newspaper carried a short article which publicized the existence of the GWHS group and noted that other schools in the New York City school system had recognized gay rights.

Hilton reports that his group has had only limited contact with the other student groups in the city, but that a spokesman from the DeWitt Clinton High School group had come to one of their meetings with speakers from GAA.

"He was explaining his situation to us," Hilton continued. "You see, DeWitt Clinton is an all-boys high school, so it's pretty rough in there for him. But he's still working on getting the group started."

"We call ourselves 'The Gay International Youth Society' and we're really a consciousness-raising group. We do not give any list of our membership to the school authorities. We are trying to get our problems in the open and trying to understand each other and to cope. Really, that's what we're trying to do."

Hilton says the student group is in the process of getting some other activities besides their weekly meetings started, probably a dance.

"We can get the space," he concluded. "It really wouldn't be dangerous because we meet up in the Tower of GWHS and that is pretty much secluded. We've had one party so far just among the members of the group and that went very well."

CLINGAN CAMPAIGN IN TROUBLE

New York, N.Y. Eldon Clingan's campaign for the Democratic nomination for Manhattan's Councilman-at-Large is reportedly in so much trouble that Clingan may have to pull out of the race.

"If he has to withdraw," Mike McPherson told GAA's general membership meeting on April 5th, "it's because he's faced by a man named Wagner."

"Wagner," McPherson explained, referring to Robert Wagner, Jr., son of former mayor Robert Wagner, "is attempting to raise two hundred thousand dollars and probably won't have any trouble because of his family connections. Eldon would like to stay in the race and raise twenty-five thousand.

"Clingan has no support from the establishment and Wagner thought he would be the easiest person to knock off in the primary. Some of us were impressed by Wagner's comments on gay rights here during our first candidates' night, but his literature, unlike Clingan's, doesn't even mention the oppression of gays.

"Wagner simply has a vague mention of 'sexual orientation' and proposes setting up a committee to determine if people of certain sexual orientations could work for the City or not."

McPherson said that ten or twenty volunteers would be needed to conduct a telephone poll during the next couple of weeks which would "be very essential to Clingan's campaign" and could determine if he would remain in the race.

Eldon Clingan was originally elected Manhattan's Councilman-at-Large as a member of the Liberal Party. He switched parties last year after becoming disillusioned with his efforts to reform the Liberal Party apparatus.

Clingan has been the major sponsor of Intro 475, the gay civil rights bill, and was the first City politician to come to gay groups in 1970 when other politicians unanimously ignored letters seeking their

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The Plans of a Legal Genius

Michael Miller

BY DICK LEITSCH

Michael Miller is a brilliant, still-young attorney who manages to carry off the almost impossible feat of being a radical without being a fool. I recently spent an afternoon in his office on top of an East Side skyscraper admiring his panoramic view of Central Park and Upper Manhattan and listening to a scheme of his which seemed to me the most revolutionary—and useful—idea to come out of the gay liberation movement since the early 1960's. The bearded legal genius of the gay movement has invented a gay "court" with gay "judges" who will arbitrate the quarrels, conflicts and problems of the gay community. The incredible thing about his project is that these gay "courts" will be every bit as "legitimate" as any held in those marble palaces clustered on Foley Square, and its decisions will be just as binding as any handed down by any city, county, state or federal judge.

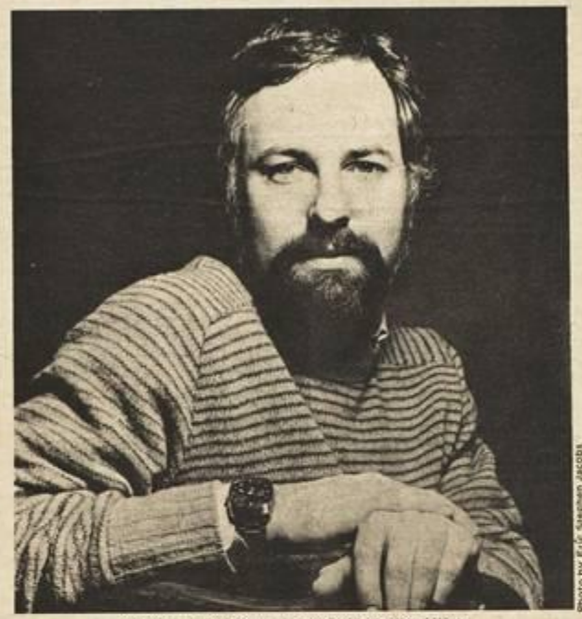

Photo by Eric Stephen Jacobs

Michael Miller: Geniuses are never content to do cliched things.

Geniuses are never content to do cliched things, and Mr. Miller, who is counsel to New York Mattachine and the National Committee for Homosexual Law Reform and a member of the Gay Legal Caucus, is a genius. He found most lawyers in the movement playing what he calls "me-too." Like the movement people, they followed the idea that "equal protection under the law means 'me-too; I have a right to do what straights do.' This doesn't seem right," Miller continued. "So much of what gays are saying 'me too' about is oppressive."

One of these oppressive things, he believes, is those gay "marriages" that ape the heterosexual marriages being abandoned by liberated straights. For those who want the protections matrimony gives, Miller has designated a "what I believe to be perfectly legally-binding agreement between lovers . . . stating that their relationship is in the form of a marriage." This agreement could work out all the legal details of the relationship and protect the rights of both in case of a split, and of the survivor in case of the death of the other partner.

"So many gay disputes and love affairs end up in bitter, violent quarrels," Miller continued. "Gay people have no place to turn where someone will listen to their problems, understand them, adjudicate according to the facts, and then give a binding decision. His solution is something he calls the Gay Arbitration Panel—GAP—which he believes will fill the gap between the courts and the near anarchy often found in the gay community.

We talked about how GAP will work and used the hypothetical case of Ralph and Tom, a pair of lovers who had split up. Tom moved out of their appartment with the color television set he bought at Bloomingdale's. Ralph claims the set is half his, as he put up half of the money to buy it. They've had scenes, and called one another names; each has called up his friends and told the story. The friends were sympathetic, but not very helpful. Ralph could go to court and sue for either the TV set or his share of the money, but courts don't recognize gay relationships, the judge probably wouldn't be very understanding, and the whole affair would probably be embarrassing for all involved.

Suppose Ralph had heard of GAP. He could go there and fill out a form called "Demand to Arbitrate." On it he would tell his side of the story. A copy would be served on Tom, who now has three options: he can ignore the paper and nothing will happen; he can go to court and fight it there, or he can decide to answer Ralph's challenge. In the latter case he would send in his answer to the "Demand to Arbitrate." Both parties would then be given an outline of the procedure so they would know what to expect; each would be told to bring checkbooks, sales slips and any other "evidence," and a date for arbitration would be set.

Each has the right to be represented by counsel, and the Gay Lawyers Caucus might serve as a sort of gay Legal Aid for those who don't have, or can't afford, lawyers. Miller would prefer for the parties to agree not to have lawyers, thus avoiding the ritualism of regular courtrooms. "The whole point of GAP," he said, "is not to make formal legal arguments, but to be as informal as possible. We are basically a court of equity; we dispense justice rather than law."

Each party and all witnesses would be put under oath; to lie there, as in a regular courtroom, opens one to a charge of perjury. The panel, which would probably consist of one lawyer, one member of a long-standing gay relationship, and one member of a gay organization, would listen to the testimony and give evidence. If they had enough information at that point, they would render an immediate verdict.

Suppose they didn't have enough information to render what they considered a fair decision. Maybe they want to see the sales slip from Bloomingdale's which Tom says has been lost. GAP could issue a subpoena ordering Bloomingdale's to send a representative with the sales book for that day. If the store jumped to the conclusion that GAP was just a bunch of silly queens playing at law and ignored the subpoena, it would be liable to a fine, just as if they had ignored a subpoena issued by the New York Supreme Court.

The proceedings would be entirely private unless the parties asked for an open hearing. Under the law an arbitration panel is not bound by the narrow rules of a court of law; hearsay and other evidence not admissible in regular courts can be heard. Arbitration is essentially a somewhat informal proceeding which aims at finding the truth and providing justice.

Once the panel has reached its verdict it hands down an "award" which the winner takes to the court and has docketed as a judgment. It then becomes a formal legal decision and nobody will know that it was rendered by an arbitration panel and not by a regular court of law. In our hypothetical case Tom might be ordered to pay Ralph half the current value of that television set. Should he fail to pay up, his assets may be attached, or Ralph may turn to the other remedies used against those who don't pay judgments ordered by the courts.

All of this is possible under the New York State Arbitration Law which provides that, should any two or more parties agree to be bound by arbitration, the decision of the arbtrators is as binding as a court decision. Our hypothetical Tom and Ralph agreed to arbitration after the fight started; other gay couples could agree early in their relationship that any disputes that ever arise between them will be arbitrated by GAP. That, I think, would certainly be wise if they were in business together, or planned to purchase a house, a co-op, or otherwise intertwine their finances. That way should one of them try to walk out the other could force him to arbitrate before GAP.

Miller also hopes that all gay organizations in our area will file certificates with his arbitration panel promising to work out any disputes among them, or between them and their members, with GAP. This would show that gay people can settle their own problems without running to the regular courts, and unpleasant details, such as missing treasuries and vicious charges against one another, would not have to be paraded before the public.

Not until Miller had already hatched his plan did he come across the current book, *So Sue Me!*, an account of the rabbinical courts which have long operated on the same principles employed by GAP. Those courts did not begin because Jews were excluded from courts of law in the way gay people are, but because Jews felt that no Gentile could give them justice in terms of their own community's values. He might give them what he considered to be justice according to the external standards of equity, but no Gentile judge lives and breathes as a Jew; there is no way he can hand down Jewish justice. Similarly, Miller says, heterosexuals "cannot know the rhythm to which our hearts beat"—they are not attuned to our special problems, and like the Jews, gay people need courts which reflect our own values.

A 100-page guidebook is nearly finished. It contains an introduction to the whole concept of a Gay Arbitration Panel, a copy of New York's Arbitration Law, a guide to the rules of evidence in arbitration, copies of all the forms used—including the oaths taken by the arbitrators and the participants, guides for arbitrators and users of the service, and other information. These books will be made available throughout the community for potential users of the service, and will also serve as guides for similar panels in other places. The New York arbitration law is based on a model arbitration law enacted by most states, so the legal basis for the panel is not limited to the Empire State.

The plan for the Gay Arbitration Panel has been developed by Miller under the auspices of the New York Mattachine Society, which has supplied funding, advice and other help. However, GAP will be an independent entity, separate from Mattachine and a service for everyone in the gay community. There will be, Miller promised, a formal kick-off for GAP with festivities, speeches, demonstrations of how the panel will work, and gay celebrities. In the meantime, arbitration services are already available, and you don't have to be a resident of New York to use them. Simply call Michael Miller at Mattachine—preferably on Monday nights—at (212) 691-1066.

Arbitrators are also being sought. They don't have to be lawyers, but they must be serious, responsible people, who will be expected to meet high standards. Mr. Miller insists that GAP is one project in the gay community which is going to be done properly; not as a publicity stunt, a political maneuver, or an ego trip, but as the foundation of what he hopes will become a permanent institution in our community. Those who would like to be arbitrators or otherwise participate in this program or just want more information about it, may also call Michael at Mattachine on Monday nights: (212) 691-1066.

"The gay community in general," Miller observed, "is often extremely irresponsible about itself. That bothers me. Some people bust their chops making advances for the community, but the people turn their backs, not so much on the people who did the work, but on the things done for the community. Most gay people seem more interested in cruising, or going to the baths, than in taking care of themselves. They wait until they get into trouble before they begin to worry."

Do you have a will, or are you going to

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PENPOINTS

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

Dear GAY:

I am inclined to leave to other opinions, and to the test of time, whether Randy Wicker's basic argument (April 9, page 4) is valid: that there is nothing really new and different about Gay Lib today in relation to its antecedents. Personally, I think there *is* in two ways:

1) Replacement of the previous line of demanding a better understanding and more tolerance by a new line demanding legal and social recognition as "an equally valid alternate lifestyle"; 2) The willingness of militant activists involved to use their own names while propagandizing in public (especially TV cameras). But if a backlash is the result, it will be as new and different as a cut throat.

As an activist with one leg on each side of this fence, Randy Wicker is in a good position to provide reminders of many important events in the early and middle 1960's, in which he played a part and has a solid basis for setting the record straight. However, when he chooses to go further back in the record, his own account needs some straightening out with regard to some facts and omissions. He would have been well served to be more familiar with such works as *Jonathan to Gide.* I would particularly recommend to him therein the biographies of Oscar Wilde, Edward Carpenter, Magnus Hirschfeld, John Addington Symonds—and possibly Sir Roger Casement—to avoid such errors and omissions as the following:

1) The Oscar Wilde trials did not occur "in the early 1900's" by which time Oscar was dead. He died in 1900. The trials were in 1895.

2) The trials (there were three) hardly "pricked the public conscience and made many heterosexuals aware of the barbarity of anti-homosexual laws." With all their slimy details, they set back in the English-speaking world an increasing atmosphere of freedom for homosexual activities that had been developing since the late 1880's. (A male whorehouse, closed down in 1889, included among its patrons the eldest son of Britain's next king—subsequently supposed to have become Jack the Ripper, but that's getting afield.) And incidentally, a two-year sentence for someone convicted of screwing six teenagers might not seem too "barbaric" to many jailed for decades on both sides of the Atlantic Ocean—and also both sides of the Marxoid Curtain!

3) Carpenter came *after* Wilde, when the air was starting to clear again, and most effectively in this century, not in the 19th Century. Aside from his literature anthology *Iolaus* (1902) and his Whitmanesque verse, especially *Who Shall Command the Heart* (1902), his main relevant work was *The Intermediate Sex* (1908, with some previous pamphlets). He lived on until 1929.

4) Since Randy does feel that literary activities are to be taken into account, it should be noted that some of the most influential and pioneering emanated from non-homosexuals. In fact, in the English-speaking world, aside from Carpenter and Xavier Mayne's obscure *The Intersexes* (1910), all the most influenctial until the 1950's were "hetero well-wishers," especially the following:

—Sir Richard Burton, with his "Sotadic Zone" essay (1888) in a Terminal Essay for his *Arabian Nights* translation.

—The Ralph Ginzburg/Barney Rosset of his day, named Leonard Smithers, who published and distributed thousands of copies of a pirated edition (1896/1900) of John Addington Symonds' masterwork *An Inquiry... Sexual Inversion* (suppressed by Symonds himself before his death in 1893 with only a handful of privately printed copies).

—Havelock Ellis, with his *Sexual Inversion* (London, 1897, suppressed; Philadelphia, 1901), with much material from Symonds.

—Alfred Kinsey et al., who in *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male* (Philadelphia, 1949), Chapter 21, revealed to an astounded Middle America that more than one out of every three American male adults had had homosexual relations, for which he could have been jailed, at least once.

5) If non-English-speaking countries are to be considered, as Randy does in a reference to Germany suggesting a start only in the 1920's, Germany was indeed the leader in the whole field in the West (which in this context means the world)—although authorities remained as free to arrest and prosecute as gay militants were free to propagandize—from the 1860's to the 1930's (even to a year after Hitler's advent when the homosexual leadership of thh Nazi Brown Shirts was liped out). Two major pioneers here were gay:

I. Karl Heinrich Ulrichs, who began Gay Lib in the 1860's, with a succession of 12 hard-hitting books (1864-1870) that covered the whole field—history, law, sociology, etiology, personal et al. He originated both the term "Uranian" (which may be headed for a comeback) and the concept of being "born with a female soul trapped in a male body." He has never been fully translated into English, but all his main points are in Symonds' book, which is in print again.

II. Dr. Magnus Hirschfeld, one of the Great Fathers of Sexology, now generally believed to have been homosexual. From 1899 to 1923 he edited a homosexual Yearbook of articles, poetry, fiction, etc. that combined *One, One Quarterly, Mattachine Review*—and perhaps even *The Advocate* and GAY in its variety over so many years. He was also the author of a number of homosexual major works which, unlike his many other works, have not been translated into English. These include, with translated titles, *The Uranian Person* (1903) and *Homosexuality in Men and Women* (1920), which, considering the source, should be the all-time most definitive work. At his Institute he assembled the largest collection ever of homosexual literature and art (removed or destroyed when the Nazis took over and he fled).

Another of the Great Fathers of Sexology, himself among the "hetero well-wishers," was Eugen Duehrer, more familiar under his pseudonym of Ivan Bloch, who in Chapter 19 of his masterwork, first publised in 1908 in English translation as *Sexual Life of Our Time*, provided more valuable lastingly solid conclusions about the nitty-gritty questions about homosexuality than is contained in all the writings of Freud and the Freud-oriented horseshit-artist headshrinkers who saturated the whole scene, especially in the United States, with their tendentious garbage, for the next two generations.

Germany also pioneered with more popular-level gay magazines, such as *Uranos, Freundschaft,* and *Die Insel* in the 1920's. (*Der Kreis,* mentioned by Randy, is a Swiss magazine dating as such only from 1943, not the 20's.) After World War II, the Germans again pioneered, with gay magazines that by 1950 had full frontal nudes and personal ads. (The Scandinavians were not far behind.) Meanwhile in France Andre Gide had been an influential spokesman since he published in his own name *Corydon* (1924).

So Randy Wicker's reminder to look back for the beginnings, at least, of Gay Lib to the middle 60's should be remembered as the middle *1860*'s!

Noel I. Garde
author of
The Homosexual in Literature *(1958)*
Jonathan to Gide: The Homosexual in History *(1964, 1969)*

BOOK REVIEW:

Blue Jeans are a Sexist Plot!

BY LEO SKIR

OUT OF THE CLOSETS: Voices of Gay Liberation, *edited by Karla Jay and Allen Young. Douglas Books, 404 pages. $3.95 paper, $7.95 cloth.*

Pinch me! Adam and Eve and Pinch Me were on a raft and Adam and Eve fell off. Who was left?
Pinch Me.
Ouch!



There were three male and female gay lib organizations in New York. Mattachine and Gay Activists Alliance and the Gay Liberation Front. Mattachine and Gay Activists Alliance are still alive and well. One organization drove its members wild and a-way with voices screeching hate-hate-hate.

Now you can hear their voices:

Pinch me. Pinch me. Pinch me.

The editors are Karla Jay and Allen Young. Karla and Allen are *radicals.* They are radicals since they tell us they are radicals. Again and again and again and again. And this is "a collection of the experiences and philosophies of *radical* lesbians and homosexuals." What is a radical? A radical is someone who says she/he/it is a radical. The true radical says she/he is a radical. And says it again and again and again. Or to use the language of the Jesus Freaks, whom they resemble (in being intolerant, self-possessed, mean-souled, vindictive, violent and dishonest), day-by-day, Jesus-Christ-the-same-yesterday-today-and-tomorrow.

The GLF was totally dedicated to making gays political. Karla Jay insists in her foreword "we do not have any political 'lines.'" (Sure baby, only enough ideology to make a strait-jacket for the human psyche.)

Like the Jesus Freaks, Karla and Allen talk love, spread hate. Here is Karla in the introduction: *"Our self-love and our love for our guy sisters and brothers are the core of our revolution."*

Who do the "radicals" (day-by-day) love (day-by-day)?

Not the average homosexual, living in outer America who has to shut up about being gay.

Not gay men who put on tight denims. No sir.

Here is Allen Young on blue jeans:

Sexual objectification has to do with seeing other human beings in terms of the superficial



No sexist jeans for this young radical!

alone—face, body, clothes. Phrases like these often heard among gay men, are sexist and sexually objectifying: "These blue jeans really turn me on."... Gay liberation is teaching me how this oppresses me and my brothers.

Christianity is putting Mother Hubbards on Hawaiian women and "gay liberation" a la "radical" Allen Young is getting looser crotches on gaymen's pants. Good luck Allen!

Allen and Karla love all gays: *love love love.* But they (as "gay liberationists") are against "gay marriages" which are "an imitation of a bad heterosexual institution." OK. No marriage. No tight pants.

Allen doesn't like gays to be Christian because it is a system with an elitist male on top (that's Jesus). Effeminate males like Castro are OK. Ball-bearing Jesus is not.

OK. We love all gays but the ones in blue jeans (tight), the ones who want to get married, the ones who are into Christianity (Troy Perry, the gay leader with the largest following in the U.S., is not in this anthology. Allen and Karla, filled with love, do not love him).

But they must love simple gays who just—y'know, like to fuck? No. "Sexual freedom is not some kind of groovy life style with lots of sex..."

If homosexuality isn't sexual what is it?

"I dance more, I laugh more," writes editor Young. "I am learning how to listen to others."

The others are his brothers and sisters. And his brothers and sisters (al la Christianity) are those in his bag: the Karla and Allen bag.

It *does* seem like a family. One voice sounds like another. And none of them quite sounds human. They have the tone of the Confessional. They were, almost all, great "sinners." Their chief sin was being in the "closet" and "denying their gayness" to themselves as well as to others. Before they came out they suffered and suffered and suffered (day-by-day) and then they saw the Light! and were Liberated! (washed-in-the-blood?) and all, all, all can enter the Kingdom where the

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I'LL TAKE MANHATTAN

State of Siege: Richard M. Nixon and the Arts

BY VITO RUSSO

President Nixon would like to give some money to the Arts. Now if you smell a strong odor in the air, it's the rat that goes along with the money. There is a bill pending in Congress which would give a Federal Grant to Cultural Institutions to be administered by the National Endowment on the Arts. There is also an anti-obscenity bill in Congress at the moment which contains a clause under Section 1851 which would make it a crime to "transfer, distribute, dispense, display, exhibit, broadcast or lend any material, either verbal or written, that represents an act of sexual intercourse, flagellation, torture or violence; shows any explicit closeup of a human genital organ; or makes any advertisement, notice, announcement, or other method by which information is given as to the manner in which any of the obscene materials may be produced." The only materials which will be allowed are those which are judged "reasonably necessary and appropriate to the integrity of the production as a whole to fulfill an artistic, scientific, or literary purpose and is not included primarily to stimulate prurient interest." You can guess who judges the works of art. The FBI and the Government.

George Stevens, the director of the American Film Institute, wants that grant money pretty badly. So badly that he's willing to ignore the implications of the Obscenity Bill and forge ahead by courting President Nixon. On March 30th he announced that the film *State of Siege* by Costa-Gavras (*Z*), due to open the first AFI series at the Kennedy Center in Washington, had been cancelled because it was "inappropriate." The film deals with the morality of political assassination and the role of the United States in Latin America. The issue, of course, is not the film, but whether or not a film festival is free to show what it wants free of political pressure.

The reaction of the film community was almost unanimous. By April 3rd two-thirds of the remaining films had been withdrawn by the other filmmakers in protest. Francois Truffaut, Roberto Rossellini, Lindsay Anderson, New Day Films, Radim Films, New Yorker Films, The Henry Street Settlement and Ed Emshwiller all withdrew their films. On the same day Andrew Sarris resigned from the Board of Directors.

The film was, of course, not shown and the festival hobbled to its conclusion with *Bambi* as the most important film to remain. The fact that so many artists came together so quickly to combat a clear case of censorship is very heartening. This seemingly small event is only the latest transgression of our freedom by our government. To quote from a press release sent out by the protesting filmmakers:

We all have an uneasy feeling of increasing repression of freedom of expression and the press. At a time:

When reporters are threatened with jail terms for refusing to reveal sources of information;

When an attempt is being made to fudge and limit sexual frankness on a Federal level;

When the White House Department of Telecommunications attempts to manipulate Network News through threats on local stations' licenses;

When the television program "Sticks and Bones" is cancelled with little explanation;

When the public's opportunity to see a festival of films made in Cuba is denied through Federal intervention;

When a TV program critical of the FBI is abruptly withdrawn from public television on the basis of government pressure;

At a time when these infringements on the public's right to know or judge for themselves can take place within one year, we can not allow George Stevens' action to go unchallenged. We must speak out. We must say no. We will not be a part of it.... We live in a country that cherishes freedom of expression as a basic principle, but this principle is being increasingly jeopardized. For us to allow our films to be shown in the program would be to endorse a process that threatens our ability to make effective artistic and political statements. And in the end threatens us all.

You can write to George Stevens, Jr. at The American Film Institute, John F. Kennedy Memorial Center for the Performing Arts, Washington, D.C. 20566. Tell him what you think of his backbone. While you're at it ask him what he intends to do about Section 1851 of the Obscenity Bill. Talk about "inappropriate."

*****

I can readily understand why *State of Siege* caused the trouble it did. After seeing it I'm more convinced than ever that it should've opened at the Kennedy Center. With President Nixon strapped to the front row. *State of Siege* is a political thriller which thrills by its quiet revelations rather than through any flashy melodramatic tricks. It's a political tract, slowly feeding the audience all the information necessary to convict the United States Government of political manipulation and murder. Yves Montand plays Philip Michael Santore, who is the head of A.I.D., the Agency for International Development, a division of our foreign aid program in Latin America. He is kidnapped by left-wing terrorists and in a series of interviews between him and the terrorist leader, we learn that his real position is head of a U.S.-financed agency composed of police who train Latin American police to torture and intimidate anti-government forces. This keeps the government in power and safeguards America's economy and way of life.



Jacques Weber is Hugo, a revolutionary, in the brilliant new film "State of Siege."

It becomes unbearably sad to watch how the long arm of the United States reaches into a country and robs its people of their basic freedoms in order to preserve its own standards. When the Latin American government refuses to release all political prisoners as the terrorists request, a moral decision is presented. If they kill Santore, they are cruel and inhuman and his seven children are paraded on television. If they spare him, the revolution is weakened and the government grows more powerful. The film does not rationalize assassination. It simply asks Costa-Gavras' question, "What is the alternative for slaves and the oppressed?"

The irony, of course, is that Santore is expendable, sacrificed by his own system in order to preserve the lie. As his body is carried onto the plane he is replaced by another American, arriving to work on "foreign aid" as a representative of the United States Government. See *State of Siege* immediately.

*****

The Devil in Miss Jones, a new porno film by Gerard Damiano at the Lincoln Art Theatre, is great fun. Technically it is the finest porno film I've ever seen. It's unusually well edited, well acted and features Georgina Spelvin doing things with a snake and a bowl of fruit that brought cheers from the audience; the kind of cheers usually reserved for high wire acts and Shelley Winters swimming scenes. It also has one of the best lesbian love scenes ever shot. Not a masterpiece but more proof that pornography is getting better all the time. I can't wait for *The Devil in Daniel Webster.*

*****

Scarecrow is Jerry Schatzberg's third film about losers. *Puzzle of a Downfall Child* was an unqualified disaster; *Panic in Needle Park* was a qualified disaster by virtue of the fact that I liked it and *Scarecrow* bored the hell out of me by virtue of the fact that I know how rotten the world is; I don't want to watch any more movies about it. Max (Gene Hackman) and Lion (Al Pacino) are true drifters who find true love on the road by discovering that they have a common bond of friendship in that they are unable to cope with the reality of the world in which they move. It is a friendship born out of tragic necessity.

Schatzberg is very big on misfits, bums and dropouts. He has an eye for them and their world and presents them very accurately. All of his women are either stupid or evil; there are no exceptions except that sometimes one of them has both qualities. The film is accurate and sometimes quite moving but I guess I'm just tired of watching *Midnight Cowboy* goes to *Fat City.* Basically, I guess I'm *really* tired of people picking their way across grimy America, *surviving* all over the place. I'm surviving too and I can do it without Al Pacino's Dustin Hoffman imitation.

*****

The difference between condescension and community dialogue is illustrated in the letter Ty's bar posted outside its window last week as opposed to that sign in the lobby of the Continental Baths. The letter is from an irate neighbor complaining of the disturbance in the neighborhood. Ty writes a note at the bottom saying that he's not so sure his customers are the ones responsible but he thinks they should be aware of what's happening. That is what's called sharing your problems with your customers as opposed to a sign which feeds the worst fears of the people reading it.

*****

The Christopher Street Liberation Day Committee is working its collective ass off and it looks as though we are going to have one hell of a Gay Pride March this year. John Paul Hudson has agreed to head the committee and through his charm, firmness and wit has managed to get together the most unlikely group of people ever assembled to shock the world on a sunny day in June. No one can say that the community isn't adequately represented. If it's not it's because there's a group that simply isn't interested. The meetings are open, it's on Monday nights at the Church of the Holy Apostle at 8 p.m. and they're talking about things like entertainment, celebrities, publicity, housing for visitors, hospitality, etc. The last meeting I attended was not only fiery but fun. Come and help. Or when the time comes to march and there's something you don't like—shut your hole.

*****

Still Shots: The benefit preview of Fred Halsted's *Truck It* for *Harbinger('s?)* Magazine, a new gay publication, went very well but they still need help to get it off the ground. Contact Ernie Cohen at 313 West 19th Street, New York, N.Y. 10011... DON'T MISS the next GAA Cabaret on April 27th. You haven't lived until you've heard Nancy Jo Parker's version of *The Wizard of Oz*... The dish on Broadway is that Lanie Kazan will do the bathtub scene in *The Women* topless. Earl Wilson should have a field day... The policy of the Continental Baths to allow straight people in on Saturday nights is backfiring. A lot of gay people resent being treated like freaks in a sideshow and are going elsewhere... An all-night film festival at the Firehouse during Gay Pride Week? That depends if GAA can find six films the women will approve for showing. If it was up to me I'd show *The Women* again... Have a nice day and don't take any shit...

CLINGAN CAMPAIGN IN TROUBLE

(continued from page 10)

support.

Dr. Henry Messer, a member of New York Mattachine's Board of Directors, has written a fund-raising letter to selected New York gays asking for substantial support for Clingan, who Dr. Messer says is "a true personal friend—as well as a friend of our community."

"The entire political community will be watching this primary race," Dr. Messer observes. "Since he has supported gay rights so strongly, if Mr. Clingan is defeated, it can appear that his stand did him no good politically and other politicians may well shy away from the issue. Furthermore, if the gay community does not support Eldon financially, other politicians will get the message. Legal reform of homosexual measures could become harder in the future."

Donations can be sent directly to Eldon Clingan, c/o City Hall, New York, N.Y., or to Dr. Henry Messer, c/o Mattachine Society, 59 Christopher St., New York, N.Y. 10014.

BAR WINS PERMIT OVER VILLAGE VOICE OBJECTIONS

Greenwich Village, N.Y.C. NYC's Board of Standards and Appeals has granted a zoning variance to the Ninth Circle bar on West 10th Street in the Village to allow it to have dancing.

Bob Krivit, owner of the Ninth Circle, told *Gay* that the variance was necessary for him to remain in business and compete with non-legitimate, syndicate owned competitors like the Limelight, and the Gas Station on Seventh Avenue South a few blocks away.

The Borough President's Local Planning Board had voted against recommending the variance after the residents of the block where the Ninth Circle is located almost unanimously opposed it.

The controversy was covered by the *Villager* earlier in the year and now that the variance has been granted, *Village Voice* columnist and editor Mary Perot Nichols, one of the most venemous gay-baiters in the Village has intimated in her column that corruption was involved in the granting of the variance because the law firm handling the Ninth Circle's application is headed by "Bunny" Lindenbaum, "a former City Planning Commissioner who was kicked out of office in a scandal during the Wagner administration."

The *Village Voice* editor charges the City's Board of Standards and Appeals has "finally gone too far" and joyfully reports that the Borough President's Local Planning Board plans to challenge the Board's decision in court on April 20th.

"Some of the testimony promises to be juicy," Ms. Nichols snickers, "including eye-witness accounts by block residents of sexual solicitation of their children by denizens of the Ninth Circle, as well as sexual solicitation of adults on the block, charges that patrons stumble out of the place drunk and drugged, and various unsavory activities in residents' hallways and on stoops."

Krivit told *Gay* in an earlier interview that since his bar had turned gay, he had greatly reduced his drug problems. He said that while the tavern had a largely heterosexual bohemian clientele, he had serious problems from time to time with heroin and hard drugs among his patrons. He also had frequents fights, which literally simply did not occur among his gay patrons. The *Voice* editor, so far as is known, never concerned herself with the Ninth Circle's straight clientele and their drug habits.

Mary Perot Nichols frequently attacks Village gays. She has recently called for "cleaning up the prostitution going on at the trucks." When the *Voice* featured an article by Stuart Byron entitled "Trick or Thief" which detailed the sexual adventures of gay writer Stuart Byron, Ms. Nichols wrote a letter to the *Voice* letters column to express her feeling that Byron's article was the "most disgusting thing" she had ever seen published in the *Voice*.

Byron said that his falling out with the *Voice* editor came after he had spent months researching the syndicate ownership of the gay bars in the Village and the impending raid on them by Federal agents which finally took place in the fall of 1971.

After the raids, which his article filed several weeks previously said was going to occur, did in fact occur, Byron says Ms. Nichols took his research and material, gave it to another writer and had someone else do the article. He went over her head and secured a research fee on the piece but after that found himself on bad terms with Mary Perot Nichols.

S&M'rs DEBATE BAR'S DRESS REGULATIONS

New York, N.Y. Immediately preceding a discussion entitled "My Favorite Fantasy" on April 7th, Eulenspiegel Society, an S&M Liberation Front group which meets weekly on Sundays at 6p.m. in the Community Hall of the Church of the Holy Apostles, 28th St. & 9th Ave., debated the leather and western dress requirements maintained by the Eagle's Nest bar.

Peter Wilson, one of the Eulenspiegel's gay members who is frequently heard on WBAI's Gay Pride program, said he had received reports that the Eagle's Nest discriminated not only against women but enforced their leather-or-western dress requirement arbitrarily. Wilson said he had sometimes gone to the Eagle's Nest in ordinary clothing and had not been barred but had seen other barred for being similarly attired in casual clothing and thought they were being discriminated against because of their age or physical appearance.

"Jack Modica, the owner, told me he had no objection to women coming to the Eagle's Nest just as long as they were in the S&M scene, " Marshall, another gay panelist, interjected. "I went in in suit and tie one night and he said, 'I'm not going to kick you out but the dress is one reason why people come in here. Please dress properly in the future." I've seen him turn people away but it was mainly because they were feminine, not in the S&M scene, or were just outside sightseers."

"Several bars have had policies of letting anyone come in who was supposed to be in leather," an elderly gay dressed in full black leather regalia and cap volunteered. "Most of the guys don't like girls in."

"Women," Pat Bond, a straight masochist and founder of Eulenspiegel, corrected after noting looks of objection on the faces of some of the women present.

"Girls, women, whatever," the older man continued, "the fluff go in the place is ruined. The clientele is not interested in that."

"You ruin the mystique of a place," another S&Mer added, "I wouldn't walk into some swank places in a leather outfit. By requiring leather in a bar, they're trying to create a mystique. Women going into McSorley's Bar ruined its mystique so now it is no longer McSorley's."

"Leather doesn't make the man or the woman," a young bisexual woman member disagreed. "I personally don't like wearing leather because it's sweaty."

"I am against discrimination for any reason," Jack, a straight black sadist, commenced. "But I support this type of requirement because it is important for we practitioners of S&M to have a place to go where we know we will be in the majority and not be considered freaks to be looked at.

"Eulenspiegel could be spoiled by tourists brought in by ads in the *New York Times*. It's right on a moral basis to keep an S&M mystique. There are only three S&M bars in all of New York City. If someone feels they have to go to one of these places, they have a hang-up. They have all other places to go. Every time I have gone to the Eagle's Nest there have been women there but they were all involved in S&M. They should keep out the nonbelievers and the tourists."

"There have been other bars that didn't enforce dress requirements," someone else volunteered, "and as a result they lost their clientele and were forced out of business. They have a right to require leather at the Eagle's Nest. It's a fundamental and necessary aspect to their continued business survivial."



Will he pass dress regulations?

BURDEN INTERVENES IN GAA-VOICE DISPUTE

New York, N.Y. GAA President Bruce Voeller reports that City Councilman Carter Burden, one of the sponsors of Intro 475, the gay civil rights bill, took the unprecented step of intervening in a GAA-*Voice* dispute over advertising.

Councilman Burden is a major stockholder in the *Voice* but does not involve himself in the paper's editorial and advertising policies.

The dispute with the *Voice* resulted from the paper's refusal to carry advertisements for GAA's Sunday Night forums when the topics to be discussed were either transvestism or sado-masochism. The paper even refused to include a mention of "leather" in an ad for the April 8th forum, forcing GAA's forum publicists to say "Sensitivity and Maturity" (emphasis ours) hoping that aware readers would get the message. They didn't and the forum went virtually unattended.

The *Voice* refuses to list over one or two gay events in its Bulletin Board column on the inside of its front page for reasons it calls "balance." However, its social activities column in the classified pages in the rear list numerous gay activities.

Voeller says that Burden gave him the names of key people at the *Voice* and told him to call them, giving his name, and asking that the *Voice* censorship policies regarding permittable GAA Forum topics to be advertised be ended.

R.C.A.'s RAINBOW ROOM INTEGRATED

BY RANDY WICKER

New York, N.Y. "Four homosexual men and four lesbians took to the dance floor at the Rainbow Grill last night, men dancing together, women dancing together, in the frank hope that the management would call police and have them ejected," Earl Wilson reported in his April 5th *New York Post* column.

"It all started when Earl Wilson ran a column in which he told of being at the Rainbow Room and seeing a couple approached because they were thought to be of the same sex," Ginny Vida, one of the four lesbians who took part in the dance-in explains.

"It turned out that the people were actually of opposite sexes and were not asked to leave. But we thought it would be a great idea to go back to the Rainbow Room and have some same-sex couples dance. So we contacted Earl Wilson and invited him to come along."

Ms. Vida said that after meeting in the lobby, the eight gays, four men and four women, proceeded to the Rainbow Room as male-female couples and were seated at ringside by the dancefloor.

"You can see what a sacrifice it was for us to go there," Ms. Vida joked, passing around a large 8x10 color photograph of the four couples smartly outfitted in coat-and-tie and dresses.

After the entertainment ended and a messenger came over to the table to inform them that Earl Wilson was seated at a rear table, the couples got up and commenced dancing as male-female couples and then switched to same-sex dancing pairs.

"The other dancers on the floor observed the switching but only smiled," Wilson reported. "Manager May at the back table wasn't smiling."

The action had been jointly sponsored by GAA's Political Action Committee and the Lesbian Liberation Committee. The group had come expecting to be thrown out and had armed themselves with a notice from the Department of Consumer Affairs which had omitted a regulation against homosexuals and les-

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R.C.A.'s RAINBOW ROOM INTEGRATED

(continued from page 14)

bians being permitted on the premises of catering establishments.

"This," Earl Wilson quoted Lew Todd, spokesman for the group, "established their right to dance together."

"Tell the waiters to do nothing," the Rainbow manager May told his crew. "I am not going to given them the satisfaction. I recognize their rights tonight. In the future I will do what is best for the establishment, keeping in mind the interests of the majority of the clientele."

"Why don't you go to gay bars?" May asked Ms. Vida.

"They're owned by the syndicate," Ms. Vida responded.

While the couples danced, the photographers who had accompanied Earl Wilson circled about the floor shooting roll after roll of film but no pictures appeared with the *Post* story.

Wilson reported that one lesbian had given away the zap by giggling during a song sung by Caroline Day, "I Don't Want Him, You Can Have Him." Ms. Vida explained that the lyrics of the song were "oppressive" and told of the joys the singer would get out of bringing slippers to her man and serving him.

Ms. Vida said that the manager had been cordial and after the dancing ended, invited the gays over to his table and bought them a drink. She complimented the manager on his handling of the affair.

Wilson, however, reported that the staff was "unable to conceal its lack of sympathy for the expedition. 'Just as long as none of them asks to dance with me!' snapped maitre d' Bigi."

"Goodnight," Ms. Vida reports the manager said as they were leaving. "Come back."

"We will!" the group responded.

"They were ready for us," Ms. Vida explains. "The manager had been called the day before and told that we were coming. I got the impression they were ready for us even before we got up and went out onto the dance floor because one of the entertainers remarked that 'there are a lot of men in the audience, must be from some organization.' "

"We do have this problem of people warning places we are going to zap and liberate," Ms. Vida noted. "But while we were dancing we looked over and at the other corner of the floor two other men were dancing together. We inspired somebody!"

1000 NEEDED TO HOLD HANDS ACROSS GW BRIDGE

Paramus, N.J. "The Hold Hands Project will need about 1,000 people to span the George Washington Bridge's north pedestrian walk on Sunday, May 6 at 3 p.m.," according to John Gish, the gay-teacher activist who is presently coordinating the metropolitan area Hold Hands Day Committee.

"This is just one way the gay minority can begin to show unity," explains Jerry Purpura, President of the 365-member Gay Activist Alliance of New Jersey and a founder of the project. "What could be more beautiful than showing the world our togetherness by holding hands across the bridge. What media impact!," Purpura adds.

The Hold Hands Project originated in the Fall of 1972 when a group of dedicated New Jersey gays decided that national gay unity was one of the major goals to which the movement should address itself.

"1976, a strategic election year in addition to being this country's Bi-Centennial, is not far off. If we can't have a viable national movement by then, we might as well take a back seat in the nation's minority movement," says Bill Bricker, President of GAA/DC. Bricker's involvement in the Hold Hands Project has led to the establishment of the National Gay Resources Institute, Inc. The NGRI is to be a national education, research and communications agency to be located in Washington and funded by grants. It is presently trying to recruit gay women and men to help with staffing.

"The Hold Hands Project in itself is merely a unifying idea," says Gish, "that can be used by any individuals or groups desiring to demonstrate gay unity. For example, the recent New England Gay Conference voted to call its Gay Pride march "Hold Hands". Also, GAA/NY has offered to provide some exciting event on May 6 after the Hold Hands demonstration on the bridge. People from Virginia to New Hampshire, especially women, seem to be interested in the Hold Hands philosophy. All we need now is some coordination."

Although loosely structured now, Gish, Purpura, and Bricker are trying to recruit gay women and men involved in its long range goal of "Gay Unity Before 1976".

"There are millions of gays between New York and Los Angeles who feel out of the movement picture. We've got to tap their abilities and dedication to gay civil liberties in order that the movement has true national import," Bricker adds.

"Gays interested in the project and perhaps even a regional conference on gay unity can write the Hold Hands Project, 32 Bridge Street, Hackensack, N.J. and share their ideas, "Purpura advises.

"If we don't get it together by 1976 then we must be prepared for the consequences of 1984," Gish warns. "Let's Hold Hands *NOW*!"

HOLD HANDS

On Sunday, May 6th at 3 p.m., "Hold Hands" will be transformed from a slogan to a reality on the George Washington Bridge.

Miller

(continued from page 11)

let your mother inherit your cock rings and pornography collection? Do you and your lover have an agreement insuring that the rights of both of you are protected in case one of you dies, or you split up? Whatever problems or questions you may have about legal matters can probably be answered by Mattachine's Legal Clinic, which is held every Monday night in the Society's offices on Sheridan Square. You are being very foolish if you don't use the Clinic to help you get your life in order.

Let me end this column on a personal note. I am generally disenchanted with the gay liberation movement, which seems to me to be mostly media-manipulation, political posing and ego tripping. I've been bitter towards Mattachine since 1971 when some persons I'd quarreled with in that organization took advantage of my absence from the country to mount an attack on me—a gratuitous, vicious, below-the-belt attack, I believe. My feelings toward the movement are therefore basically negative, so when I tell you that the Gay Arbitration Panel deserves your attention, and when I say that Mattachine's Legal Clinic is something you should support and use, I am not press-agenting for the movement. Those are two of the finest services ever offered the gay community, and any gay man or woman would be very foolish to ignore them and not investigate how they can work for you.

Love

(continued from page 7)

starting point. He saw the material world—our bodies—as a manifestation of spirituality. Whitman's emphasis arrived from the opposite direction. He realized that it is through the material world—through our bodies—that we experience spiritual awareness. It was Whitman's sexual awareness that separated him from any other writer of his day, including Emerson, and gave his poems an earthy quality that the others lacked. Most writers have not yet caught up with him.

20th Century poetry is full of intellectual complexity. It is concentrated, too much, I think, into cubicles of wit. It lacks physical joy. The New Puritanism, and that's where 20th Century poetry, through its current traditions, has been going—is too dry, too lifeless.

No wonder Americans can't relate well to poetry, Where is the song, the incantation, the magic, the passion? Instead, 20th Century traditions are harsh, obscure, full of intellectual pride and a wry sort of despair.

But the Whitman tradition is well-suited to our rapidly changing American civilization. It throbs with a sense of magic, of primitive passion. It is a great barbaric chant. It steps over the labels: such as male and female, young and old, national and international, human and nature, and it fuses them in a magnificent harmony of rhythm—free and jubilant. It reaches out and embraces existence with a more positive joy than any other tradition of which I know.

I'm not saying that it is a specific homosexual tradition. But it includes homosexual inclinations without fear and with great love. Whitman was much larger than his homosexuality and he simply used it as he used everything—to touch others and make them sing too! To make each person aware of his or her godlike nature.

His sexuality was blended with his whole feeling for life itself. He understood that what he felt inside himself was good—that his own body was a miracle. And in a very important sense, I think, he was a prophet of men's liberation too. Unlike many American men today, he was able to truly appreciate his own body and at the same time he could look without any fear on the bodies—and into the souls—of other men and appreciate their great beauty too.

Whitman suggests a self-awareness which many beautiful men nowadays are starting to develop. Too many men, of course, are still afraid of their innate ability to appreciate their own unique beauty, and to see that other men can be beautiful too: "If I can appreciate my own beauty," they fear, "then I can see that same beauty in other men too, and that might make me *queer*." Fear of being thought homosexual makes many men turn away from their own selves.

But Walt Whitman was not afraid of any such implications. He was the precursor of a kind of self-awareness that almost bordered on bio-feedback. When he wrote, "I celebrate myself and sing myself and what I assume you shall assume," he meant that the great feelings for himself that he entertained are the natural property of every man and woman. I'd like to close by reading you a passage from *Leaves of Grass* from its greatest mystical poem, "Song of Myself":

I believe in the flesh and the appetites,
Seeing, hearing, feeling, are miracles, and each part and tag of me is a miracle.

Divine am I inside and out, and I make holy whatever I touch or am touched from,
The scent of these armpits aroma finer than prayer.
This head more than churches, bibles, and all the creeds.

If I worship one thing more than another it shall be the spread of my own body, or any part of it.
Translucent mould of me it shall be you!
Shaded ledges and rests it shall be you!
Firm masculine colter it shall be you!
Whatever goes to the tilth of me it shall be you!
You my rich blood! your milky stream pale strippings of my life!
Breast that presses against other breasts it shall be you!
My brain it shall be your occult convolutions!
Root of washed sweet flag! timorous pond snipe! nest of guarded duplicate eggs! it shall be you!
Mixed tossled hay of head, beard, brawn, it shall be you!
Trickling sap of maple, fibre of manly wheat, it shall be you!
Sun so generous it shall be you!
Vapors lighting and shading my face it shall be you!
You sweaty brooks and dews it shall be you!
Winds whose soft tickling genitals rub against me it shall be you!
Broad muscular fields, branches of live oak, loving lounger in my winding paths, it shall be you!
Hands I have taken, faces I have kissed, mortal I have ever touched, it shall be you.

I dote on myself, there is that lot of me and all so luscious
Each moment and whatever happens thrills me with joy,
I cannot tell how my ankles bend, or whence the cause of my faintest wish,
Nor the cause of the friendship I emit, nor the cause of the friendship I take again.

That I walk up my stoop, I pause to consider if it really be,
A morning glory at my window satisfies me more than the metaphysics of books.



Walt Whitman

Jerry's Sphere

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worth a day in court, don't you?

CSDLP COMMITTEE: As I have written before, the committee adopted a resolution for a complete show of unity and solidarity. I have encountered a wide breadth of acceptance on this matter from most of the community. But, as in all societies, there are those who will have their way above the hopes and dreams of the majority. It comes back to the question: does a minority (even within a minority) have the right to disrupt, cajole, and otherwise make impossible demands simply because they want to be STARS? With the political gains made by the gay community in the past few years I personally feel that this year is THE MOST IMPORTANT ONE YET. With NiXon in the White House most political parties feel that the mood of the country is conservative. To a lot of political hacks, that means burn the faggots. Hit the weakest link for a show of POWER! They feel that the homosexual is the weakest link. Hit the queers. Show Mr. & Ms. America that we are really going to have law and order. Don't worry about the Mafia. Everybody knows that it doesn't exist. Forget the drug pushers, the crimes of violence. Hit the queers and clean up the city. No sex is better than homo sex . . . I feel that WE MUST STICK TOGETHER. If a certain minority wants to disrupt the parade, exclude them. The most important thing is a show of bodies. Please, let us reconcile our political and ideological differences for the one day. Please, let all of society know that we shall not be placed back in the closet ever again. Please, please, please, let us have unity.

NEW MAN IN TOWN: I recently met a man named Johnny Lions. He's running a pretty fabulous operation at the Hotel St. George in Brooklyn Heights. I've come across a lot of people in this bar business, but none more colorful than Johnny. He is truly a liberated gay in every sense of the word. I was overwhelmed by him the first day that I met him. The ensuing weeks have proven him one hell of an unforgettable character. His operation, including the hotel lounge and the "GOD-FATHER ROOM," the pool and the banquet rooms, promises to be quite a boon to the gay social life in New York City. If you get the chance, stop by and say hello to Johnny Lions and tell him Je sent you.

NEW ROOM IN TOWN: RONNIE'S SUPPER CLUB over on East 49th St. (bet. 1st & 2nd Aves.) is one of the nicest rooms to open in a long time. The room is one of quiet elegance but the dress is casual. Joey Cord did a stint to be followed by Bea Holland. The best in entertainment will be following thereafter. Look for some of the brightest young talent at RONNIE'S.

GABS 'N' GABS: What gay office seeker is turning a lot of people off with his lack of co-ordination and plain bad manners? Not even a thank you for contributions, etc. . . . Rolf getting very political with J.P.H. the other evening . . . Tawdry Audrey and Celeste on their way to the theatre the other afternoon were looking so show biz, autograph seekers asked for signatures from two dancers from IRENE. Heard Celeste went into a buck and wing . . . Lewis Baby hitting with luck all over town. . . . GAA CABARET the other p.m. a pure delight!!! If you haven't caught it yet, CATCH IT. Nancy Parker and Meryl Sheppherd pulled down the roof. Be looking for them at bistros about NYC. Looks like they might also be heading for Atlanta . . . I'm proud to say that JEnterprises is starting to hear from other cities concerning the talent bookings . . . Brandy Alexander is one of the most beautiful impersonators it has been my pleasure to see. She MC'd the show at the CLUB BATHS for their anniversary and MR. CLUB BATHS contest. Some beauties and visiting celebs, among them J.P.H., Vito Russo—who was gracious enough to pour—Lige Clarke, Jack Campbell all the way from CLUB MIAMI, Michael Giammetta (MICHAEL'S THING), candidates Jim Owles and Chuck Choset collecting backing and signatures. Sorry I had to leave to get to work. It was a good time. The CLUB, by the way, is totally backing the PARADE along with Walter Kent of the BEACON BATHS . . . Speaking of Walter, his APARTMENT is really a good spot for a great evening on the town . . . Richard and David doing a good job at the BIKE STOP . . . Jason and Jeff at the FINALE to have entertainment every weekend following the great reception given Judy and Johnny . . . HAPPY BIRTHDAY brother Carl, Judy Sexton, Gwen Saunders, Jerry (FRIZBY'S), Jack in Florida and to all the rest of you Arians . . . My favorite Taurus is adding another year on the second of May . . . Happy to meet Vito's cousin Chickie, a right-on woman with a fantastic sense of humor . . . Thanks to the woman who wrote the letter concerning the ENVOY EAST, a woman's bar with class. Thanks also to Jeremy out in Rapid City . . . As soon as I get a few minutes I shall attempt to answer the letters I've received . . . Thanks to all of you who have given me your support. I really need it. See you soon.

LOVE AND PEACE,
Je

Review

(continued from page 12)

last shall be first except . . .

Wait. Love to all except . . .

White liberals. GAA president Jim Owles, although gay, when he writes *The Times*, speaks with the tongue of "white liberals." And he's white. Pinch him?

And the two newspapers most read by the U.S. gays, the *Advocate* and GAY? One is not mentioned—the *Advocate*. The other is mentioned as being issued by SCREW which is "sexist" (this is the word of "John Murphy," an out-of-the-closet up-front GLF radical gay writing under a pseudonym).

All gays are loved in the kingdom of love (radical love) but no blue jeans, no rampant sexuality, no Christianity, no "sexist" publications like GAY.

Wait. Rita Mae Brown has a group she doesn't like: *"homosexual men . . . don't give a damn about the needs of women."*

They must be hard to love.

Also objectionable are gays who dig Judy Garland and being "fairylike." Says Gay Liberationist Craig Alfred Hanson, *"We should expose our Princess Floradora Femadonna so that our younger brothers will not fall into the lavender cesspool and be swept down the sewers of fantasyland."*

But this is the Love Revolution: We love all those who are for the revolution. So out with the right jeans, the white liberals, the male homosexuals—oops! That was a big group, wasn't it? Thank G-d we still have the female homosexuals. But wait.

"I don't care if you're poor or were raised in deprivation or if you've known Third World people all your life—you're still racist—because you're white."

So says "Ann" to "Marlene" in an article written by another of the brave "revolutionary" "radical" people who have one name (but not their last) out of the closet.

So it goes.

This is a book for True Believers. If you believe that white is bad and black is good, that "socialism" is good and "capitalism" is bad; that male is bad and female is good; that old is bad and young/new is good; that poor is good and middle-class is bad (and every Christian believes that—y'know Needle's Eye and Kingdom of Heaven)—this book is for you.

The "voices" here sing in chorus. Amerika (spell it with a K) is bad. Greenwich Village where the gays live is a "ghetto." So is beautiful San Francisco. As in the world of St. Paul the darkness is great, the world is evil, the brightness of the future, slightly glimpsed, is immense.

Reality is somewhere off, outside the Church doors. The elect hear only themselves, see only each other. The vision of the Other World which they will inherit (power-to-the-people tomorrow-belongs-to-us) shines through the stained glass windows.

The editors are both white and of bourgeois background. Karla Jay is a graduate of middle-class white-dominated Barnard. Allen Young has a B.A. from Columbia, an M.A. from Stanford and an M.S. from Columbia Graduate School of Journalism.

They believe.



'ENOUGH SEX FOR THE ENTIRE FRENCH FOREIGN LEGION!'

"IT HAPPENED IN HOLLYWOOD offers more sex per celluloid foot than any such feature. The overall effect is much like a pornographic version of 'Laugh-In.'" VARIETY

"IT HAPPENED IN HOLLYWOOD is ugly, dirty and distasteful!" BOB SALMAGGI N.Y. Column

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C.S.L.D. COMMITTEE ORGANIZES

New York, N.Y. The newly reorganized CSLD '73 Coordinating Committee, which has been meeting regularly for the past few weeks to plan and execute the June 24 celebration, seems destined to become known as the Committee of Firsts. It was originally set up last fall by the Metropolitan Gay Community Council to be the first such supra-organization local CSLD planning body to have some far advance impetus.

For their own first first they have changed the march route from that of the previous three years to one that leads down from Central Park, past the Stonewall, site of the Resistance of 1969, which is popularly thought of as the beginning of the Gay Liberation Movement in America, to Washington Square.

Assembly point will be Central Park West between 59th and 72nd Streets—from what the Parks Department called the Merchants' Gate to the Women's Gate; then the line of the march turns east along Central Park South to Seventh Avenue, down Seventh Avenue through the heart of Times Square to Sheridan Square, and east on gay Christopher Street into Waverly Place, which later becomes Washington Square North.

"There was strong sentiment to change, and when we found the Italian Heritage Association had gotten the Central Park Mall ahead of us, we voted unanimously to do so," explained Jean DeVente, Grand Marshall for the third consecutive year and Chairperson of the March Committee. With one group gathering at the shell on the Mall, the Parks Department would not allow another into the Sheep Meadow, where the first three marches terminated.

Another first is that eleven "semi-autonomous" committees are working feverishly to make this the biggest Gay Pride demonstration of its kind in history—which they feel will be especially significant in an election year here and a reminder to the gang in Washington that there is such a thing as solidarity and visibility in the gay community at large.

One of the most astonishing "first" developments in CSLD/New York history as that activists, bar people, religious organizations, publications and businesses are working in accord.

Last year four gay bars pioneered under their own banners. Those bars were the Roadhouse, One Potato, Keller's and Peter Rabbit, two of which are already involved this year.

Three of the eleven chairpersons are women, and more and more lesbians are coming along to work.

"We are a work group, not a parliament for the debate of ideologies," Chairperson John Paul Hudson has repeated over and over. "The entire gay community is welcome—and expected—to participate, and so far we haven't for any reason shunned a single volunteer. But we wish all individuals could show compassion and respect for each other in the spirit of gay love. We've got to come up to the Boston standard."

He was referring to a report by long-time activist Stuart Byron on the Hub's gay conference in March which appeared in the *Real Paper:* "There were as many women and men [at the conference at Emerson College], and the way they worked together was what most impressed Elaine Noble. 'Three years ago,' she told me, 'if a man let "girl" slip out the women were storming out of the room—or if a woman accused all the men of being chauvinist pigs the men would storm out. By now we know that such divisive tactics get us nowhere.'"

Hudson, an early GAA officer, now a Mattachine member, and author of male gay books, is known to most GAY readers as John Francis Hunter, the Gay Insider. He has been a contributor to this paper since 1969 and also writes for *David* and *The Advocate*.

Susan Day has assumed the tough job of bringing the gay women out and engaging their interest, as Chairperson of the first Women's Participation Committee.

Also for the first time there will be planned entertainment at the end of the march. Last year there was a show in Washington Square, but many who had trudged to the Sheep Meadow did not return downtown for it. This year "gay and sympathetic straight stars and gay unknowns will be waiting like a pot of gold at the end of the rainbow," according to Entertainment Chairperson Lon Lowry. They will be presented in a two-hour Gay Pride Gala.

GAY's film critic, Vito Russo, is heading up a special Celebrities Participation Committee that will "invite 'names' who are gay, 'names' who aren't, but who care about our oppression, and also officeholders and candidates." Responses from all such invitations will be published for the information of the gay community.

Fund-raising is firmly in the control of a long-time GAA pragmatist, bartender Rex Martin. Martin used to do a lot of the dirty work connected with the Saturday night dances at the Firehouse and is well-known throughout the bar world, where he has been successfully gathering funds. Donors will be recognized in GAY.

Planning other firsts such as lots of advance leafleting and a coordinated program of press releases, letters and TV and radio appearances is Chairperson Rudy Grillo of the Publicity Committee. He has already held two meetings that were well-attended by professional publicists, "mostly closet, but very involved," he says.

GAY's Jerry Fitzpatrick is Chairperson of the Bars and Businesses Committee, with Sy Cohen heading up National Liaison and Hospitality. Brenda Howard is Chairperson of Regional Liaison and Housing. Dennis Kilpatrick is in charge of Greater New York organization liaison, and John Gish, president of GAA/New Jersey, is Calendar and Handbills Chairperson.

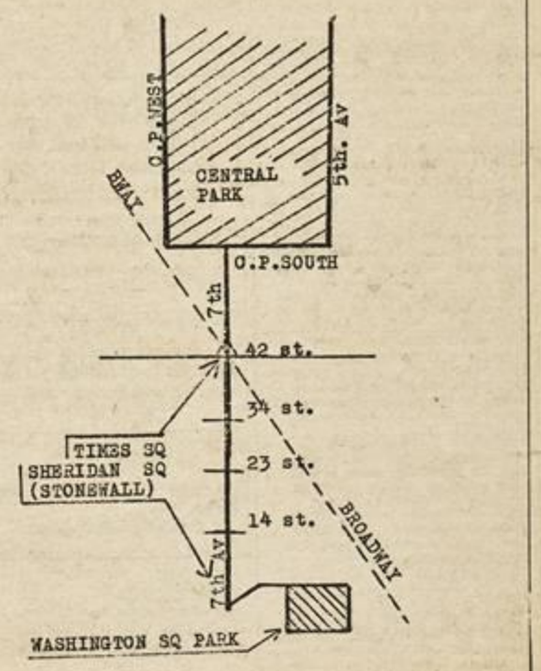
Bebe Scarpi is secretary of the Coordinating Committee, and Phil Eberle is treasurer. Scarpi, along with DeVente, Fitzpatrick and Howard, has been working with the group since its first meetings in the fall.

"Nobody wanted to work at first, but now we are really getting it on," Scarpi commented, reporting an attendance of 40 at the April 2 meeting at the West Side Discussion Group hall.

Regular Monday meetings of Coordinating Committee chairpersons, working members of their committees, lovers and other individually invited participants are held at the Church of the Holy Apostles, scene of early Gay Liberation Front, GAA, Beloved Disciple and other gay organization gatherings. The Metropolitan Community Church and Gay Alcoholics Anonymous are among those who still enjoy the hospitality of the Episcopal parish.

MARCH/GRAND MARSHAL: Jean DeVente, 726-9280
PUBLICITY and GAY and WOMEN'S PRESS, Closet Outreach and Straight Press: Rudy Grillo (contact by mail c/o Mattachine Society, 59 Christopher St., NYC 10014)
FUND-RAISING: Rex Martin, CH 3-4212
NATIONAL LIAISON and HOSPITALITY: Sy Cohen, 691-7494
REGIONAL LIAISON and HOUSING: ("Regional" means Outlying Counties, New Jersey, Connecticut, Upstate New York, and Megalopolis Area including Boston, Philadelphia, and Washington): Brenda Howard, 246-1479
GAY and WOMEN'S ORGANIZATIONS/GREATER NEW YORK ("Greater New York" meaning the five boroughs; "Organizations" meaning social, service, political, religious, gay and gay-oriented and sympathetic groups in which gays play an integral part): Dennis Kilpatrick, 929-4023
GAY BARS and BUSINESSES: Jerry Fitzpatrick, 673-8044
ENTERTAINMENT/WASHINGTON SQUARE —Lon Lowry, TR 4-4433
CALENDAR and HANDBILLS (Gay Pride Month, Gay Pride Week, CSLD events): John Gish, (201) 489-2458
WOMEN'S PARTICIPATION: Susan Day, 673-3539
General Mailing Addresses: CSLD '73 Coordinating Committee, c/o John Paul Hudson, Box 439 Ansonia Station, New York, N.Y. 10023; or c/o Mattachine Society, 59 Christopher St., New York, N.Y. 10014.
CHAIRPERSON: John Paul Hudson, CI 6-0048
SECRETARY: Bebe Scarpi
TREASURER: Phil Eberle, TR 4-4433

CSLD '73 MARCH ROUTE: *Marchers will assemble at 11 a.m. at 59th Street and Central Park West (at what is officially known as the Merchants' Gate) up to 72nd and CPW (the Women's Gate). We begin marching at noon sharp, as follows: East on Central Park South to Seventh Avenue; south on Seventh Avenue through Times Square, and on to Sheridan Square, where we pay homage, in passing, to the Stonewall Resistance of 1969. From Stonewall on Christopher we move right on, taking Waverly Place to Washington Square North and the Park where we will rally. The celebration will include a program of entertainment. Below is a map of the route:*



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Wanton Ads

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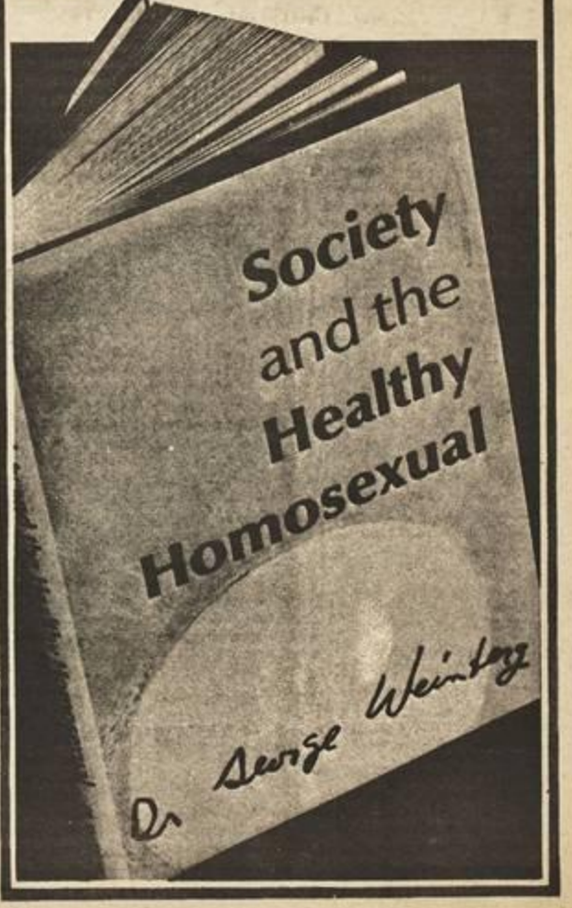

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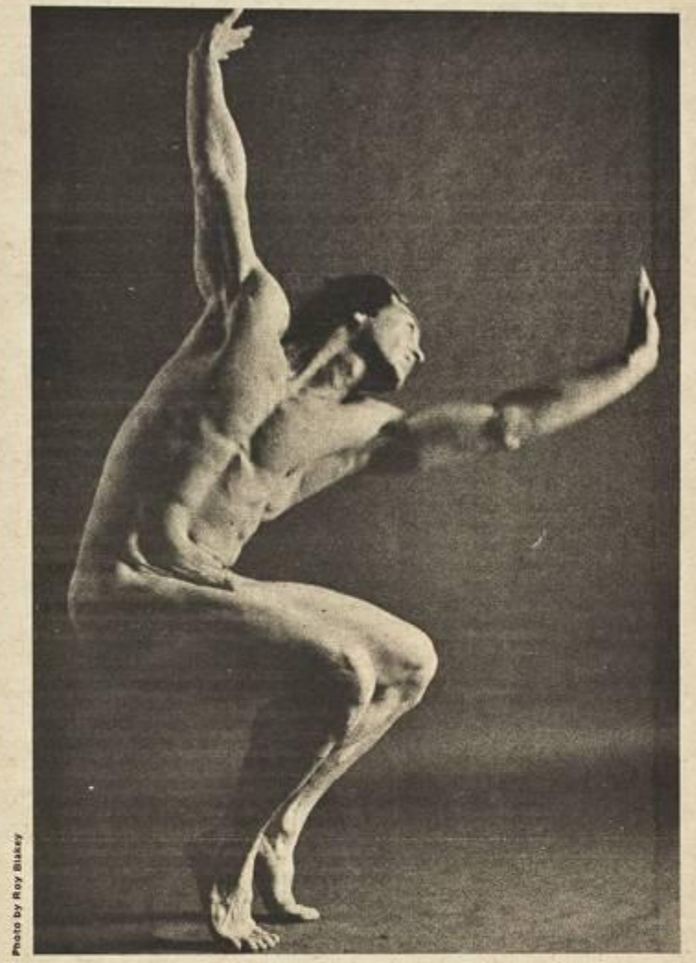

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