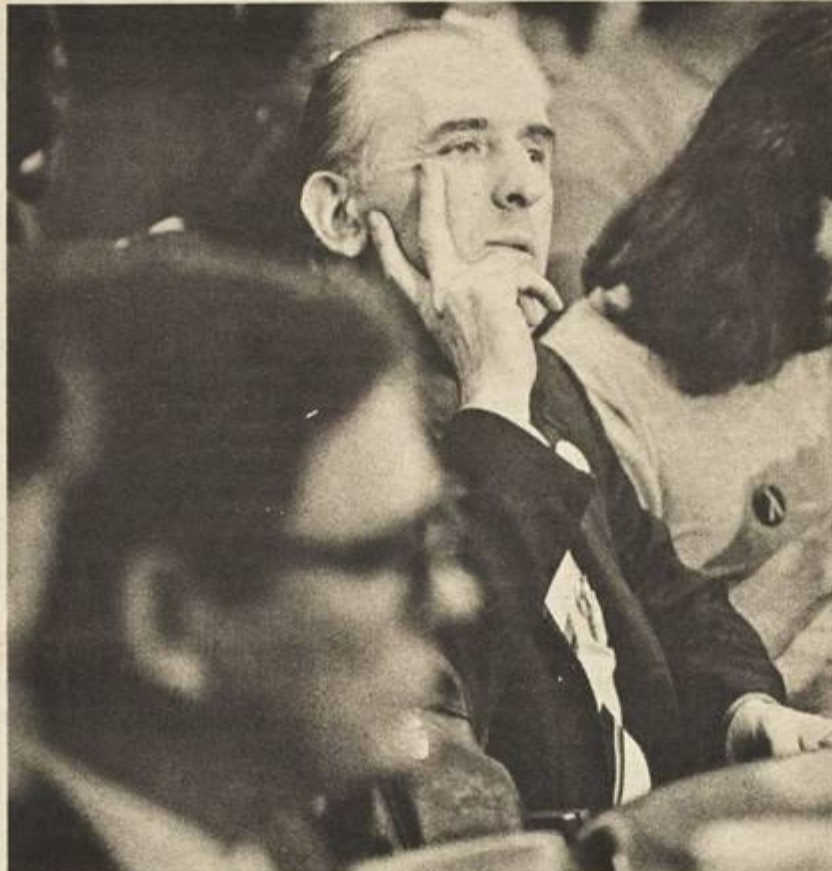


## Gay America Plans For '72 Elections

BY MORTY MANFORD

Chicago, Illinois—84 delegates from Gay Liberation groups all over the country met here February 11 to February 13 to plan an activist role in the 1972 elections. Day-long meetings facilitated extensive exchanges of information between organizations attending; the delegates listened to an address by Dr. Benjamin Spock, Presidential candidate of the People's Party; a point-by-point Gay rights platform for the United States in 1972 was drawn up; plans were made to take an activist role in the upcoming Democratic and Republican national conventions; and a resolution by a minority of the convention against United States imperialism was issued.

Hosting the convention were the Chicago Gay Alliance and the New York Gay Activists Alliance. John Abney, president of CGA, explained that the convention was called because "the 1972 elections have come at a time in the history of the Gay Movement when we can finally, by unified effort, make our voices felt." He went on to state: "The groups attending are those that are more or less involved in political activities." Looking beyond the convention and into the awaiting election campaigns, GAA president Richard Wandel asserted: "We expect and demand to get endorsement by every candidate, large or small, for the civil rights of Gay peo-



Dr. Franklin E. Kameny listens to reports on the political front.

ple." "Regarding the Democratic party," Wandel continued, "under their new rules, there's a new rule that each delegation must represent the various minorities. One possibility . . . is in states where this isn't done, or at least in selective states, take them to court over it."

NYGAA reported on the responses by Presidential hopefuls to questionnaires they sent out: McCarthy and Spock "responded immediately without pressure"; though Shirley Chisholm has not yet returned the questionnaire, she sometimes speaks favorably on Gay rights along her campaign trail; McCloskey "gave us a very satisfactory questionnaire with the exception of the question on the armed forces . . . he doesn't think we belong in the armed forces because of our gayness"; McGovern did issue a statement to the New York City Council in support of Intro 475, but his office has thus far delayed in returning a questionnaire completed by McGovern; "Humphrey totally refuses to answer any questionnaires." John Lindsay's inaction on Intro 475 was discussed. The directive he issued to city departments banning discrimination against Gays is, according to Richard Wandel, "so weakly worded, and so much of a non-entity that even Intro 475's biggest opponent says he supports the personal directive . . . What exactly the personnel directive amounts to is 'you won't

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## Hoods Crash Midwest Gay House

BY ERIK LARSSON

Minneapolis, Minn.—"I want to talk to a reporter," the young male voice said over the telephone, proud and eager.

"You're talking to one," the Minneapolis journalist said wearily. It was nearly 1 a.m.

"I got a story for you. You gotta put it in the paper. Me and my buddies just went over to Gay House and wrecked the place. We really tore it up good," the teen-ager said proudly.

Gay House is a gay-run community and social-service center at 216 Ridgewood Ave.

Like gay centers in New York, Los Angeles, San Francisco and other cities, Gay House offers young people telephone counseling, a variety of clubs and activities, or just a place to sip coffee, play Monopoly and share thoughts.

It opened in March 1971 with a \$2,000 grant from the Joint Urban Mission Project of the Minnesota branches of the United Methodist, United Church of Christ, United Presbyterian and Episcopalian churches.

On the telephone, the proud young man explained his midnight bravery.

"A few hours ago, I saw these two gay guys walking down the street, holding hands—right there on Lake Street. They accosted me—well, they approached me, and said why didn't we all go over to Gay House and have a gay time.

"Well, I'm not gay, see, so I got three of my friends and we went over there and



Cindy Hanson, Gay House Administrator

busted up the place.

"I figure I was justified, because I'm not gay.

"There they were, walking right down the street in public, holding hands, at Lake Street and Hennepin."

It was, he added later, "right in front of the Home Bar, and they said we should all go over to Gay House and have a gay time," the young man repeated.

He was, of course, lying.

The Home Bar is located a dozen blocks from Lake St. and Hennepin. And nobody, not even in Minneapolis, cruises by saying "Let's have a gay time."

Sex at Gay House is strictly forbidden by house rules, rules repeated often enough so even newcomers quickly learn they have to take new friends elsewhere.

"You should see what was going on in that place," the teen-age caller continued, his attempt at disgust mixed with what sounded like fascination. "They were

(continued on page 8)

## Clergyman Draws 40-Day Jail Term

Los Angeles, Calif.—Friends in a municipal courtroom gaped in horrified disbelief as a Unitarian minister convicted of trying to proposition a vice cop was handcuffed and led away to begin a 40-day jail term.

Sentence imposed on Richard Lee Nash, 37-year-old gay social welfare leader, was so severe as to raise questions by civil liberties lawyers and others as to its constitutionality.

Judge Mary E. Waters, a Roman Catholic spokeswoman whose disdain for Nash was undisguised throughout his trial, sentenced him to the 40 days in lieu of \$180 fine he had said he could not pay.

In addition, Nash was put on three years' summary probation with provisions that he keep out of public parks and the streets and sidewalks around them, avoid places where "known homosexuals" congregate, and subject himself to police search and interrogation "at any time of day or night."

The conditions were evidently designed to prohibit Nash from taking part in gay church services or in resuming his volunteer work as a counselor for the Gay Community Services Center, a county-supported agency aimed at helping young homosexuals ill or destitute on Los Angeles streets.

Nash was convicted January 28 after his second trial for "solicitation to prostitution," a misdemeanor morals charge customarily applied to whores. A vice squad plainclothesman said Nash accosted him last summer in downtown Pershing

Square and offered him a few dollars "if you will fuck me."

Nash, a popular and respected figure in both Protestant and gay circles, envisioned his defense as a "show trial" which would prove that the Los Angeles Police Department systematically preys on homosexuals even to the point of fabricating unlikely charges against them.

An earlier trial in December resulted in a hung jury.

His claim in his own defense was that he was approached outside a Pershing Square toilet only minutes after he had returned to Los Angeles from a Unitarian welfare seminar in Berkeley. He said the plainclothesman, a young Negro, had indicated interest in "going some place for a drink" with him, but that Nash declined because he was burdened with luggage from his bus trip and was due to visit a friend immediately.

Nash said that when he broke off the encounter, the Negro and another man chased him to the sidewalk, where both identified themselves as policemen and arrested him. Nash said he was told that he was charged with "either lewd conduct or prostitution, either way you like."

Friends of Nash, aware of both his principles and his sexual proclivities (Issue No. 71), summoned up a rare display of gay unanimity in his defense. Contributions nearly paid the \$750 required for his first defense by young movement lawyers Earle Tochman and Carson Taylor.

Attempts to subpoena police officials

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# Women In Revolt



Candy Darling



Holly Woodlawn

BY VICKI RICHMAN

**W**omen in Revolt is dedicated to the proposition that men can do anything better than women—even be better women than women.

It would be quite easy to avoid the transvestite theme in this Andy Warhol flick; at least it would be the hip thing to do. Holly Woodlawn and Jackie Curtis have long been accepted by the sophisticated public as clever female entertainers who just happen to have been born male. Talking about it is as much in bad taste as unnecessarily referring to someone's race or religion. Giving them feminine pronouns is a limitation of our language and values, and not a forced response to a drag act. As a matter of fact, Holly and Jackie are never in drag; they wore clothes, more often severe than frilly, to suit the ways in which they relate to the world.

And *Women in Revolt* is a film of such craftsmanlike humor that one has enough to admire in it without needing to be sidetracked by the drag angle. Still, I think a naive, and perhaps oppressive, refusal to avoid it would best serve the interests of honesty.

One reason is that Warhol himself calculatedly dwells on the fact that his stars are—you should pardon the expression—men disguised as women. From the very beginning he has been getting rich on the titillation of digging female impersonators and androgynous indefinables, and if Jackie and Holly have been able to transcend the superficial drag label, it has been on the strength of their rainbow individualities shining through the black and white lens of Andy Warhol sensationalism.

This new release is a tribute to his exploitative genius, which, as an art form itself, rivals that of P.T. Barnum. He casts three transvestites as women's liberationists, frustrated by men and unable to free themselves.

You laugh merely at the idea of it, before even going near the movie theatre. And the knowledge that the Politically Involved Girls (PIGS) are men between

their legs makes every joke, when you see the film, funnier—in fact, makes almost every joke, period! There's Jackie ruthlessly dominating a consciousness-raising group with a militant attack on the insensitive brutes (male) who have wreaked havoc with her clitoris. There's Holly undergoing a slow change from a man-worshipping pussy cat to a shoulder-shrugging, chin-thrusting bull dyke, and you laugh a little at anyone so helplessly feminine trying to be so grossly macho, and a little more when you remember what's hiding in her crotch. There are Jackie and Holly trying to make it as Lesbians ("Not Lesbians," Jackie proudly corrects, "just a schoolteacher and a model!"), and you think if one of them weren't female, how perfect they'd be! Does the fact that neither of them is female make them doubly perfect?

The possibilities are endless, and Warhol, a humorless deadpan who has survived by finding humor in the rest of the world, tries to go after them all. His camera fights against Jackie's and Holly's satirical and dramatic efforts; it will constantly expose them, intent on the central theme of the film, as drag queens, no matter how well they deny it. Relentlessly the lens searches for the schoolboy-bully expression in Jackie's squinting eyes and jutting jaw, and for Holly's waistless, hipless muscles mocking the lost-little-girl whine of her buck teeth and press-me nose. The dignity of a creative, self-made woman, to which the stars so naturally lay claim, is itself made the grandest joke of all by the scientifically neutral fact of male genes, to which the world is blissfully blind, but to which Warhol's grinding reels become a biologist's microscope.

That's why the real star of the film is Candy Darling, who happens to be the only female impersonator in the film. Her entire role is pure parody of Hollywood-ania—Bette Davis, Joan Crawford, Marilyn Monroe, Kim Novak—and she is at the top of a grand theatrical tradition. Unlike her co-stars she never attempts to develop a personality. Every gesture, pose, and tone is borrowed from already caricatured women. Virtually every female impersonator has been male—the exceptions

are Streisand as Fanny Brice and Mae West as Mae West—and so Candy is the most easily clocked of the three, despite the fact that nature has endowed her with the most magnificently feminine body of them all. The camera never has to sneak up on her to expose her; we know already. The irony of a man becoming an impotent woman just to be fucked over by other men lies entirely in her illusory quality, and never needs the tension of camera vs. artist.

Jackie struggled to come up with her own vehicle. The Warhol method is to give the actors the premise and the desired effect, to let them work details and schticks out for themselves, and to record, for better or worse, the half-improvised, half-choreographed results. Genuine wit goes side by side with missed cues and mumbled inanities; at times you wonder if the film is ever going to leave some ego-tripping maniac's head, and at other moments you're overcome by the inventiveness of a turn in the plot. Jackie obviously wanted the freedom to develop her own satire of a Bronx bagel baby somehow permitted to grow up; indeed she can be as good as Lenny Bruce or Jean Shepherd. She delivers an enema to a tantrum-throwing, hard-hatted flag-waver; she is converted by a muscle queen from Lesbianism to the straight life of unwanted babies and missing husbands; she's a gem. But her talent is otherwise destroyed in her bouts with the camera and with Holly.

Holly fares the worst. She's basically an actress—that is, she's meant to respond to direction, not to initiate movement herself. Although the same technique was used in *Trash*, she was obviously guided in her every action; here, she is left alone most of the time, and she can't compete with Candy's painfully real parody or with Jackie's literate satire. Holly and Jackie could easily become the closest thing to Laurel and Hardy the world will ever see again; Holly would have to be told what to do, however, and Jackie would have to remember to play straight occasionally.

*Women in Revolt* doesn't ridicule Lesbianism and women's liberation for what

it is, which no one but a humorless female obscurist could object to, but for what it hopes to be, which is pulling the ladder out from underneath women and gay people struggling to keep their balance. It is built on the premise that the movement can be attractive only to frustrated old maids wanting to get laid, to self-destructive glamour girls, and to maladjusted winos. I myself have never objected to Shylock or to Conrad's *Nigger of the Narcissus* or even to Amos 'n' Andy; I enjoy the joke and ignore the social implications.

But at least I recognize that, in using transvestites, Warhol is saying that no woman would touch the role, but, never mind, he's got something even more ridiculous than women—drag queens! Transvestites, who have rivaled homosexuals in developing an alternative sexual identity, have never been permitted to regard themselves as better than clowns. While homosexuals, no matter what the rest of the world is saying, have had enough respect to produce masterpieces of art and literature, drag queens have dressed like Christmas trees and behaved like escaped lunatics. To avoid this stigma, professional female impersonators used to insist they indulged only on-stage and were perfectly "normal" at other times.

Then along came Jackie Curtis and Holly Woodlawn. They dressed like people, behaved creatively, and just happened to have lifestyles off-stage that could be associated with women. People began to realize that transvestites could be wits or anti-establishment personalities, or anything else for that matter. Many closet drags came out because Jackie and Holly gave them images they could identify with.

*Women in Revolt* destroys the pioneer work they have done for transvestite liberation. It will raise the old cry that drag queens are men who want to make fools of women. Perhaps Jackie and Holly have realized by now how important their work has been to an oppressed minority—and to themselves—and will in the future refuse to allow themselves to be exploited in a way that denies everything they have accomplished in the past.

# Who Is Lola Pashalinski?



Lola Pashalinski

BY SOREL DAVID

*"I may say that only three times in my life have I met a genius and each time a bell within me rang and I was not mistaken and I may say in each case it was before there was any general recognition of the quality of genius in them." (from The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas - Gertrude Stein)*

Lola Pashalinski, actress and member of The Ridiculous Theatrical Company, the company that brought you *Bluebeard*, among others, is the sort of person I am immediately taken with. There is a certain calm, a stillness about her. She has that kind of quiet but strong and definite presence which is immediately impressive. When I hit *Black-Eyed Susan*, another member of the company, with the inevitable "what is she really like," her answer was, "Oh say she's a diva, a great diva, say we're both divas and we won't go on without each other." Adding after a brief silence, "It's true, you know." Lola merely smiled, quietly amused and would neither deny nor confirm this. Silence is a defining quality. There is a kind of genteel reticence about her, the gracious modesty of real grandeur. She isn't the sort of person who is given much to talking about herself. Her bearing and incredible face, a broad, serene but powerful visage surrounded with a corona of blond frizz, is that of a great lady. One thinks of the great distant reserve and beauty of a Marlene Dietrich. It's high fashion forced by circumstance to make it in the non-discriminatory, democratic milieu of the East Village. Nothing to do with the fashion of *Vogue* or *Women's Wear Daily*. This is high fashion and style of the future, the underground, the avant garde, choice mediated by necessity. Lola Pashalinski comes to us live dripping fine veils and wrapped in real doing.

I first thought of doing this article because Miss Pashalinski interested me tremendously. An interview, I thought, was a perfect excuse to ask her a million or so questions. After I found out all about her, I figured the two of us could sit down and making up a bunch of questions, concoct an interview. It turns out that she wasn't going to let me be so lazy and so I was forced to plunge in cold, way over my head.

**SOREL:** First some background. Where do you come from? Where did you go to school, etc.?

**LOLA:** I come from Brooklyn. Then we moved to Jamaica. I went to Jamaica High School and that's where I first fell in love with one of my teachers. It was awful, I followed the poor woman around, she was very nice considering the great problem I was to get rid of. Oh well, I guess the reminiscing of a 36-year-old woman isn't very interesting.

**SOREL:** Oh no, go on.

**LOLA:** Well, that's all there is really.

**SOREL:** What about college?

**LOLA:** No, I never even finished high school. I was what you would call an under achiever way before there was such a thing. I had to sit around being unhappy for years until the emergence of some kind of a sub-culture I could identify with and then I suppose I became what is known as a drop-out.

**SOREL:** Oh, then how did you get to be so cultured?

**LOLA:** Cultured? Oh, I should hope not.

**SOREL:** Well then, how did you get into the theatre?

**LOLA:** Well, I sort of fell into it. I was friends with Ronnie and Harvey Tavel of the original ridiculous company. They were doing this play one time and they

asked me to come help out, be a script girl or something. Then one time when somebody was missing at rehearsal I stood in and then a little later Ronnie asked me to do the role.

**SOREL:** That was it—a star is born—think of all those hundreds of kids hanging around waiting for that one big break!

**LOLA:** Yes, it was lucky, I discovered that this was what I always wanted to do, also that I have a talent for it.

**SOREL:** How did you meet the Tavel's?

**LOLA:** I met Harvey standing on a line outside the Metropolitan Opera, actually.

**SOREL:** See, I told you they were cultured.

**LOLA:** (laughs) Oh well, I guess it just happened, I grew into it hanging around over the years.

**SOREL:** You mean if I just hang around and live long enough I'll get cultured too?

**LOLA:** Oh, I'd avoid it. I'd skirt it if I possibly could.

**SOREL:** So tell me about the ridiculous theatre companies.

**LOLA:** Yes, there are so many ridiculous around now it's just, well, it's ridiculous is what it is. I guess you could say it started out with the Tavel's. Ronnie would write the plays usually and John Vaccaro was directing them.

**SOREL:** What did Harvey (Tavel) do?

**LOLA:** Oh, I don't know. Directed sometimes. I sat around collecting welfare checks the rest of the time.

**SOREL:** Sort of the government being forced into supporting the arts.

**LOLA:** That's right. I don't know of any artist in New York who hasn't been on welfare at some time in his life. It's the only way to survive as an artist. I think before long everyone in New York (City) will have the same lifestyle. No one will work, that is. Some because they're very rich and the rest will be on welfare. Of course the rich will all live in nice places, clean neighborhoods, while the rest of us live in the slums with the garbage. But essentially the lifestyles will be the same. No one will work in New York.

**SOREL:** You mean New York will become the first leisure city, pointing out the way, as usual, to the rest of the country?

**LOLA:** I think so. Something like that.

**SOREL:** Very interesting. Miss Pashalinski. Very interesting. But back to the theatre.

**LOLA:** Well, now I'm with Charles Ludlam and *The Ridiculous Theatrical Company* is what we're officially called. We split off from the original company. At one point Charles was having trouble getting along with John (Vaccaro) and so he left. Most of the company went with Charles and we've been together five years now.

This line of questioning seemed to be going nowhere, largely due to Miss Pashalinski's acute modesty, I think. I tried a new tack, more successful as it produced a bit of controversy.

**SOREL:** Are you at all involved with the gay liberation movement?

**LOLA:** Oh, not really. Just socially, I would say.

**SOREL:** What do you think of the movement?

**LOLA:** Oh, I think it's good, it's just that I'm more involved with the company.

**SOREL:** Do you see any relation or connection between the ridiculous theatre and the gay movement?

**LOLA:** Well, the theatre of the ridiculous is certainly liberating if nothing else. In the beginning we worked from a position of contempt for the audience, a position of wanting to smash all existing values of

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# Cruising Off Broadway...

BY IAN AND DANIEL

*Grease*, a musical by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey; directed by Tom Moore; music and dance staging by Patricia Birch; with Adrienne Barbeau, Don Sillert, Walter Bobbie, Mim Borelli, Barry Bostwick, James Canning, Carole Demas, Katie Hanley, Tom Harris, Inna Krikan, Dorothy Leon, Timothy Meyers, Kathi Moss, Alan Paul, Marya Small and Gern Stephens. At the Eden Theatre, 2nd Ave. and 12th St. Reservations: 260-5200.

Y'see, there's this girl named Sandy Dumbrowski and she's OK-looking, y'know, but about as swingin' as a flat coke, y'know? And she falls for this guy named Danny Zuko, see, and he's cool, right? And he sorta digs her, sure, but he likes pussy, y'know, and she ain't puttin' out. So they wrote this musical about it called *Grease*.

What's really great about *Grease* is that it takes the old record-hop-beach-party-movie crap and tells you what really happened. The girl doesn't worry about getting his ring—she worries about his rubber breaking, which seems a lot nearer the truth. Then too, the production crew has taken pains to include all the painful little details of dress and environment that made being a teen-ager in the fifties such a treat.

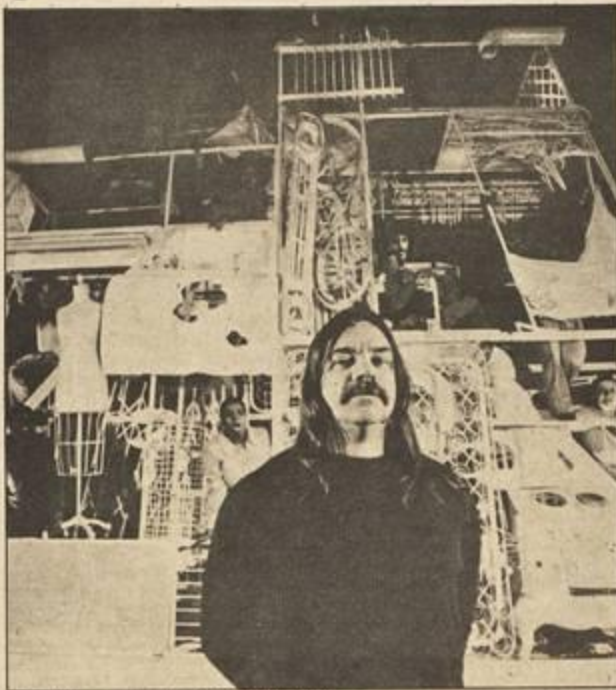
Authors Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey have captured the era very well in their songs, maybe a little too well. Most of the songs are so much like the originals they parody that when one tries to remember "Freddie, My Love," which Katie Hanley sang so well in the show, all one can recall is "Eddie, My Love" from the fifties. Seems they settled for a surface giggle from a spoof when they could have written "in the style" and created songs that could stand on their own.

The cast is a blast from the past. Each one manages to capture a type while creating an original character. Carole Demas is my favorite as Sandy, the good girl. It's not easy to play Sandra Dee and be likeable, but Ms. Demas does it. My only complaint is that the plot keeps pushing her off into corners while the raunchier characters do their turns. At least she gets one of the best songs—"It's Raining on Prom Night"—and when she's allowed to, she walks off with the show.

Barry Bostwick is the epitome of the long tall stud with the greasy pompadour. He's at his best singing "Alone at a Drive-In Movie" (Sandy wouldn't give him any) and dancing in the single most exciting number in the show, "Born to Hand Jive." Patricia Birch's dance staging goes all out on this number, and if it had gone on much longer, the audience would have joined in and we'd all have forgotten the show. Mr. Bostwick is featured in some wildly athletic rocking, along with Kathi Moss (your typical doggy blind date) and Dorothy Leon (your typical spinster English teacher).

Everybody gets a good bit. Adrienne Barbeau is a knocked-up Connie Francis type, tough but achin' inside, y'know? She has the one serious song in the show and is the only performer to venture beyond parody. She makes you care for her. Alan Paul shows off a good voice in "Beauty School Dropout," but Marya Small, as the dropout, dominates the number without singing a note.

Carrie F. Robbins has created costumes that are disgustingly faithful to the era, right down to the net prom dresses with the white ankle socks. Her masterpiece is a pink felt crinoline skirt with a pink poodle applique. Douglas W. Schmidt's sets are similarly reminiscent. He even recreates those ugly "rumpus rooms" with the pine panelling, cork ceil-



Tom O'Horgan conceived and directed INNER CITY

ings, lineoleum floors and the tiny horizontal windows so right up against the ceiling. The dear dead days—thank God they're gone.

*Grease* is a gas. Just hope it doesn't trigger a fifties revival.

Riiiiight On! (Repeat 9 or 10 more times with vocal inflections on that first syllable—and if none of what I've said makes any sense, see the show!)

*Inner City*—A Street Cantata—with music by Helen Miller, lyrics by Eve Merriam and conceived (mmmm) and directed by Tom O'Horgan (again). With Linda Hopkins, Joy Garrett, Carl Hall, Delores Hall, Fluffer Hirsch, Paulette Ellen Jones, Larry Marshall, Allan Nicholas and Greta Cummings. Call 246-0390 for reservations.

Has anyone been wondering whatever happened to David Merrick? Why not! Yes, I agree. He was the only man I ever "knew" who had great difficulty executing a simple smile. It always came out a sneer. Yes—well, I suspect he has died, gone to that part of purgatory reserved for Broadway producers—repented for his smile/sneer and has returned triumphantly (he might say) to earth as Tom O'Horgan. No! you say. I'm tempted to give considerable credence to all of the above when you realize that D.M. was the only producer (in recent memory) who had multiple hits running concurrently on Broadway—ditto Tom O'Horgan. Not only that, but I think he (Tom) has gone the old hat trick (if there is such a thing for Broadway) one better. Three of his current hits (*Lenny*, *Hair* and *Inner City*) are playing at theatres all on the same street (47th) within a literal stone's throw of one another. Now put that in your smoke and pipe it. His other smash hit, *J.C. Superstar*, has managed to get stranded up on 51st Street somehow—but let's wait and see.

At any rate—this time our tickets said—*Ethel Barrymore Theatre—Inner City—A Street Cantata*. It's based on Eve Merriam's dynamite book *The Inner City Mother Goose* which I first saw about a year ago (thanks to E.B.). The show is as good as you've heard and it's even better than that if you happen to be a native of

this mass insanity we live in called New York, as well as various other things behind closed doors. With absolute bullseye zing (riiiight on!, riiight on!, riiight on!, right on!, right on!, right on!), the cast proceeds to tear through all of the things which make "Fun City" vicious, beautiful, cold and unfeeling, exciting, savage, impossible, alive and frustrating (a number called *Statistics* deals in part with that monopoly we all know fondly as "Ma Bell," with words like—"I'm Sorry, this operator is temporarily out of service; or—this universe has been temporarily disconnected"). The words are funny, but not really ha-ha funny when you think about it.

There are so many kudos to hand out—the show is about 95% singing and dancing and the cast is well up to it, though Greta Cummings, who was singing the role normally done by Florence Tarlow, was having a bit of trouble with some of the dance numbers now and then. Only some of us have rhythm ya know! Miss Cummings had one of the funniest bits in the whole show as a middle-aged strap-hanger named Urban Mary, reading some of that really marvelous N.Y.C. subway graffiti like—"George Washington High School sucks!—and I'm black with 12 inches—followed by I'm green with envy."

The show chorally is really a cantata and it finally dawned on us that the shorter numbers were in fact recitatives leading into major numbers. There were quite a few which stood out among them:

"Hushabye Baby/My Mother Said" and "Wino Man/Man in the Doorway," all sung by Paulette Ellen Jones; "Half Alive," "Law and Order" and "Starlight, Starbright" sung by Delores Hall, who came on like gangbusters. Linda Hopkins absolutely stopped the show with "It Is My Belief." But as soul-satisfying as it was, we were really knocked out when she sang "One Man/Deep in the Night." Some of the cast numbers like "Shadow of the Sun," "There Was a Little Man," and "Who Killed Nobody" were fantastic.

Larry Marshall's number called "Numbers" was good and Carl Hall brought the house down with his "Street Sermon" especially when he took on an audience heckler (we're convinced it wasn't a plant) and on three separate occasions proceeded to demolish him completely—the perfect squelch. "Lawd his moicy—dey is ugly when dey sittin' out dere in da dark"—unbelievably brilliant.

The show is an absolute must for anyone who has spent any time at all in New York. The show is well conceived, well paced, and goes like a bullet. The music/lyrics and the performers bring it all off very convincingly with all the excitement and verve you could ask for. And as if to add some frosting to the cake, the top price during the week (Mon.-Thurs.) is only \$5.50 and on Fridays and Saturdays, it's \$7.50. I'm not certain how or why they're charging such reasonable prices, but with three other shows going, perhaps O'Horgan and his backers didn't feel that the regular rip-off prices were in order, especially if they are getting a piece of the action from the other three shows. Seems fair! The house was about 75% filled which would indicate that tickets are available during the week.

So git it on, kiddies and hie yo' asses on over to the Ethel Barrymore to see a first-rate production of this mass insanity we live in called "Fun City." It has always bothered me—fun for whom? Certainly not the people who live here—but that's another story.

## MAN'S COUNTRY REVISITED

A few issues back we did a report on Brooklyn's new bath house, Man's Country. Well, the other day we got a call from their new and (as we were to find out) good-looking manager, Gene Chandler, to fill us in on their new expansion and activities program. By the time you read this several of the new programs will have become realities.

On Valentine's Day, appropriately enough, a new "two-fer" night was inaugurated. The idea is to bring a buddy and get special "two-fer" rates on private rooms (\$12 for two rooms; \$6 for two gym lockers; and \$5 for two mini-lockers). The rates are good from midnight Sunday until midnight Tuesday. From Wednesday through Friday is the "businessman's special" from 8 a.m. until 4 p.m., private rooms are only \$5.

Other activities being inaugurated during a new weekly schedule are: Monday night is "leather night"—with leather-type movies. Tuesday night will feature all-male hard-core skinflicks. And starting sometime this month, Thursday night will be set aside for body builders who will come in to pose for photographers and sketch artists—or whatever. On Friday and Saturday nights there are now go-go boys dancing featuring the winners (2) of a new go-go boy dance contest held every Sunday night. The winners are put on the payroll for the following weekend and they get to dance their thing for some bread. A really neat idea.

Also on the agenda will be a Health Club membership which will entitle its user to the use of a gym locker, sauna, pool (when it's opened later in the spring), steam room (when completed) and the gym. There will also be a Penthouse membership plan which will include the use of all facilities except the gym.

Gene brings with him a solid background in management with stints at the Jewel Box, 82 Club and the ever popular (continued on page 18)

# The New Nude



These photographs are the work of Roy Blakey, one of New York's most successful and imaginative photographers. Roy is currently assembling a book of nudes—black and white photographs of the male nude in an infinite variety of moods and positions. The book will be called HE and is being published June 1st by Blaze Enterprises, Inc., 727 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10010. Order by mail today. \$15.00 per copy. HE contains a new and exciting approach to the male torso.



# California Democrats Urge Gay Rights

Los Angeles, Calif.—A "grass roots task force" of 500 California Democrats February 19 urged a national party platform which would forbid discrimination against homosexuals in government jobs and in the armed forces.

The 500 are all potential delegates to the party's national convention, where California's voice, strengthened by a heavy registration of new young voters, is expected to be powerful.

Recommendations of the newly created California Commission on Platform and Policy were termed merely "input" to the national platform committee, not binding on the party or even on the delegation finally selected to represent it. They were put forward as an expression of political demands by an estimated 15,000,000 Americans who are openly or secretly gay.

Decisions of the unprecedented gathering in the Convention Center here were heavily slanted toward liberal and progressive social aims. Among platform planks urged by participants were abolition of laws against abortion, against availability of contraceptives, and those laws permitting wiretapping and "repression" of women and homosexuals.

Jim Foster, political chairman of San Francisco's Society for Individual Rights, persuaded participants in a screening panel regarding "Individual Opportunity" to approve this proposal, which originated in the campaign platform of Sen. George McGovern:

"Sexual orientation or preference should cease to be a criterion for employment by all public and governmental agencies, in work under federal contract, for services in the United States armed forces, and for licensing in government-regulated occupations and professions.

"Sexual orientation should cease to be a criterion for immigration into the United States.

"Federal and other investigatory agencies should cease to collect data on the sexual preferences of individuals.

"Individuals previously given less-than-honorable military discharges solely for sexual relations between consenting adults or for allegations relating to sexual orientation should have the character of those discharges changed to honorable."

Signatories to the accepted petition were gay activist leaders, some of them college students, from both male and female groups throughout southern California.

A proposal to abandon prosecution of "victimless" crimes—including acts between adult homosexuals—was received for consideration by another committee panel weighing the national Democratic stance on "Public Safety and Law Enforcement."

That group's decision was put off until a further public hearing in San Diego March 7, when homosexual activists were expected to make an imperative demand for inclusion of gay civil rights in the Democratic Party platform.

Jim Kepner, representing himself and virtually every established gay group in this area, warned Democratic candidates and potential convention delegates that the party has yet to recognize gays as among the minorities whose rights they traditionally support.

Nevertheless, he found a ray of hope in the simple fact that he was allowed to address a statewide group of people who ultimately might affect the Democratic position and, thus, federal law.

"As recently as two months ago," Kepner told the law enforcement conference, "we thought we might make a presentation to the Democratic Party in 1980, and to the Republicans about 60 years later. But, by a miracle, we have

your ears now. You will hear a great deal more from us in the coming campaign."

Kepner's "gay position paper" was distributed among those attending the general gathering as a matter of information. It carried no more—or less—endorsement than did the campaign literature of

McGovern, John Lindsay, Henry Jackson, Sam Yorty, Shirley Chisholm and others who hope to affect the decisions of the state's national delegation.

The "miracle" to which Kepner referred may not have been one of tolerance for himself and his 15,000,000

brothers. It may actually have occurred hours later when the conference cheered its large women's caucus on its strong position for the "rights of women and gay people."

Women are powerful in the Democratic Party.

# Hoods Crash Midwest Gay House

(continued from page 1)  
making out all over."

Making out—you mean necking?  
"Yeah, that and a lot more. They have one room upstairs, they were making out right in the room."

Making out?  
"They were having intercourse right there," he said.

"You know, like they talk about all the time on WLOL Radio, how Gay House wants \$1,000 from Model Cities for a recreation program. You know what their recreation is. It's free."

So that's where he got the idea.  
WLOL runs a "phone-in-your-bigotry" talk show 24 hours a day. Its evening hours have boasted some of the Twin Cities' less restrained racists for several years, egged on by a right-wing host.

The Model Cities grant—to finance coordination of ski weekends, social outings, a softball team and other jaunts to provide gay teen-agers with an alternative to bar life—were a provocative topic for WLOL listeners during an alderman's brief attempt to stop the money in January.

The brave, fag-hating teen-ager identified himself with a phony name he couldn't spell, and a non-existent address. He said he was 22.

The reporter cheerfully suggested that the young fellow find himself a good psychiatrist so he can get rid of his problem.

"Oh, you're gay too," he said.  
"Sure, sure, all the time," was the reply.

"Well, I'm probably biased, but you gotta put it in the paper, cuz it's the news."

It was, alas, long past deadline for the last edition, and he hung up.

A phone call to Gay House confirmed that there had indeed been a trashing, "but a fairly crude job, if you're going to trash," volunteer Gary Johnson said.

The TV set had been smashed, some coffee cups and glass broken, furniture overturned and a little toothpaste dribbled on a wall. Total damage: \$89.

A dozen young gay people were in the house when the brave foursome entered around midnight. They stuck close together for 30 minutes, exchanging nervous glances and whispers that raised immediate suspicions. They refused to join the rapping, and when they headed for the second-floor office, the whole gay retinue followed.

After 20 minutes or so, the gays confronted them.

"We all hate queers, you know," one of the visitors replied.  
"That's what we figured. The house will have to ask you to leave," Johnson said.

The four stayed. Johnson phoned the police to eject them.

Five minutes later, still no police. Gays and fag-haters both were getting nervous. Johnson heard the sound of crashing glass in the TV room, some thumping and clatter, finally a fist through the window in the front door as they left.

Five gay guys followed in hot pursuit. The four trashers split up. So did the pursuers. Within 10 minutes one was cornered, hustled into an apartment lobby—



Gay House, Minneapolis (Photo by John Hustad)

"I'll stand quiet. Don't touch me, don't touch me"—and held for the police.

It all happened in the wee morning hours of Saturday, February 12th. Later in the day, Administrator Cindy Hanson issued an angry statement denouncing "the hate-mongering reactionary stances advocated" over WLOL Radio that "have indirectly led four young men to violent acts . . . (They) deserve the gay community's sympathy."

The rest of the weekend left no time to moan over the damage. Hanson was trying to track down a rumor that the ambitious city comptroller, wavy-haired bachelor Earl Arneson, was having lawyers go over the Model Cities contract with a fine tooth comb, looking for a flaw. It was Monday before she could confirm that Arneson had sent the contract to federal officials in Chicago asking if the locally-approved grant is "appropriate."

She also learned that the Saturday night gay Alcoholics Anonymous group at Gay House had had a particularly productive meeting. She did some preparation for the gay women's meeting the following Thursday night.

The weekend also required last-minute arrangements for the Gay House benefit following Friday of the talented, radi-

cal Alive and Trucking Theatre Company's successful satire, "Pig in a Blanket."

At least that would produce some money—always a hassle, with \$500 in monthly expenses just to keep Gay House open, and no regular source of income.

Drop-ins at the house—about 150 a month, usually—included a normal weekend's allotment of the stranded or visiting, looking for a place to crash.

Gay House's corps of 20 volunteers put in their assigned stints at the telephone, taking calls inspired by underground newspaper "help lists," word-of-mouth and free "ads" over KQRS Radio, the local acid-rock outlet.

Calls like, "I think I'm gay. What do I do?"

Or, "I've got VD. Where do I go?"  
Or, "Almighty God will deliver a terrible vengeance upon you filthy, perverted, communistic queers."

Or . . . just silence and breathing, with no way to tell whether it's another hate call or a closet case who's too frightened to speak.

The volunteers' training—five hours from Youth Emergency Service, Suicide Prevention Center and other professional counselor bureaus—helped.

Gay House was founded a year ago by sometime seminary student John Preston, 26, who rooted out the original church grant and got other monies from The Enablers, a circle of well-to-do, cause-oriented suburbanites. Like Hanson, Preston found finances a repeated challenge and last fall left Gay House to devote his time to counseling on a more intensive basis.

It was December before the house committee persuaded Hanson, 25, a former social-welfare major in college, to take the full-time, unsalaried job of administrator.

David Christian, 34, is her assistant, and will run the Model Cities program—when the money finally arrives—for \$125 a month. Volunteers like Johnson and J. Michael McConnell, who is setting up a speaker's bureau to raise money, do much of the work, too.

It was a long weekend. On Monday Hanson talked with Municipal Court probation officers, whom she knows well from a long experience in counseling their referrals to Gay House.

The trasher caught Saturday identified himself as Jim Beveridge, 18, who has a reputation as a trouble-maker in high school but hasn't been in serious trouble before. He was the short stocky fellow who hadn't said much, or even done much of the trashing.

He refused to identify his companions, apparently classmates.

"He's very uptight about the gay thing, too. He won't discuss it at all," Hanson said.

On Tuesday, Beveridge was given a 90-day suspended sentence, ordered to pay one-fourth of the damages, and placed on probation for a year.

In her statement, Hanson asked that he be "given professional counseling so that he may overcome his problem."

"The whole community suffers when hatred overrules tolerance and understanding," she said.

# Life Is A Cabaret Old Chum!



Even the "girls" are beautiful.



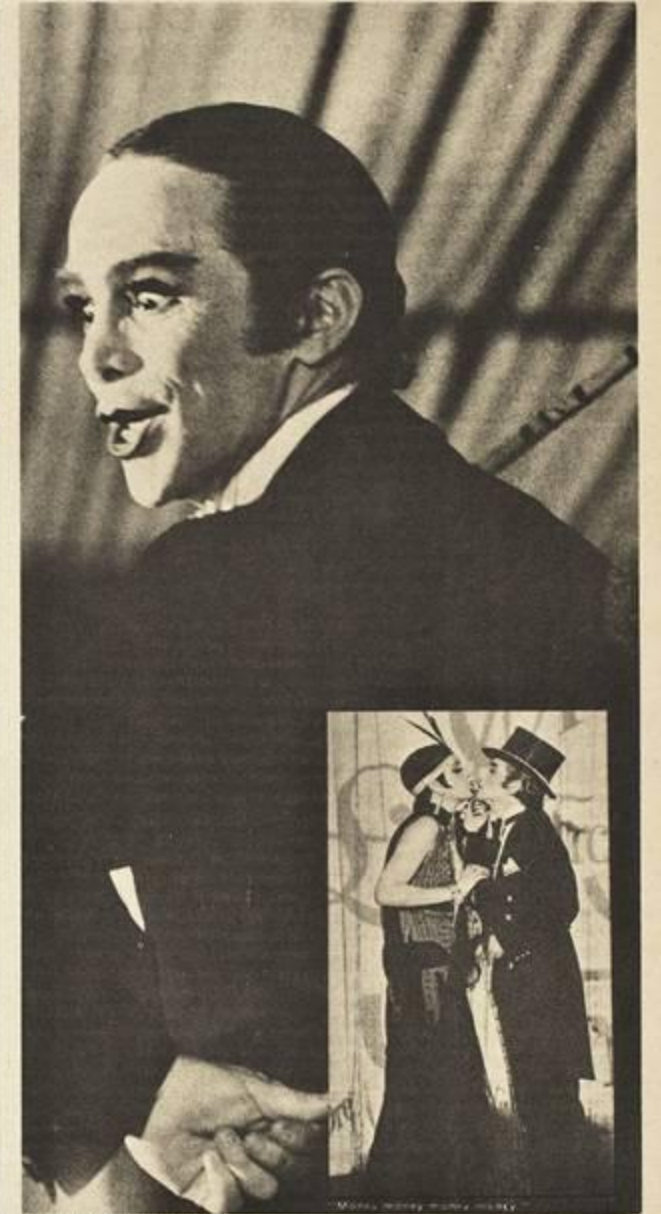
"So I do what I do, inch by inch . . . men by men."

BY EVAN STEPHENS

*Cabaret*, now playing at Manhattan's Ziegfeld Theatre, had caused more anticipation and excitement than any other movie musical in recent years—and there's reason.

I rushed to the ticket line on the opening day and crowds were outrageous. I overheard: "My dear, half of Seventh Avenue is here!" It was true. Nevertheless, the chorus line in the men's room, as enticing as it was, could nowhere compare to the show on the screen.

Not since movie musicals began over forty years ago has there been one so clearly defined in its purpose. Director Bob Fosse has masterfully reproduced the Berlin of the thirties, splashing the foreground with the song, dance and glitter of a decaying society and mixing frightening glimpses of oncoming Nazism.



"Where are your troubles now?"

orating social conditions no healthy relationships could grow or survive. As the story progresses it is Brian alone who exits complete with promise of any kind for his future.

Joel Grey recreates his stage role as the gloriously painted MC. Decadence personified, he is "simply marvelous" as he comments and guides us through the action.

Still, it's Liza Minnelli's movie. Her performance is a vital one. She sings broadly, with an incredible intensity and energy I couldn't get enough of. Inescapably, the similarities to her legendary mother jumped to my mind. The exaggerated gestures, the building anticipation, that smile, and even the sound itself, were all there. However, to compare would be unfair to both, since they flourish in totally different contexts.

Fosse also manages fine characterizations from the otherwise pedestrian subplot. Marisa Berenson, an incredible

beauty, plays the wealthy Jewish girl and Fritz Wepper is the gigolo.

This multi-level musical is a visual feast. I was impressed with the quick cutting from the cabaret raunch to the Nazi brutality, possibly a bit obvious, but well executed.

A great breakthrough is made in this film in that every musical moment is logically justified. Unlike many of its predecessors, no orchestra ever comes out of the wall. Those songs deleted from the show are cleverly retained as background music as Sally plays her victrola. All other numbers are confined to the cabaret stage itself.

*Cabaret* sequels are so well realized graphically that you're forced to become involved. Just like Sally Bowles, I too unconsciously became entrapped by the glamorous appeal of decadence. I hated to see it end as I made my way back to the men's room.

# Screening The Sexes

BY THANE HAMPTEN

SCREENING THE SEXES—Homosexuality in the Movies, by Parker Tyler, Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 358 p., illustrated, \$10.00.

Odd. Concurrently, I've reviewed two very disparate new books for GAY that both insist gay is good; homosexuality is healthy. In the last issue (no. 71), I basked in the strong and shimmering sun-rays of Dr. George Weinberg's *Society and the Healthy Homosexual*. And now, it's Parker Tyler's quite specific volume of film criticism. (See above in fiction.)

Why should a treatise by a psychotherapist share this common bond with a film critic? In the past, two such authorities would neither have thought to waste their time nor expose a personal advocacy of such an unpopular matter. I assume (from what I've recently heard) that other prestigious authors have "affirmative" tracts in the works.

Do I sense a trend? And if so, why? Is it because they have become excited by the quasi-liberal (and definitely revolutionary) temper of the times? Or could it be that they are just jumping into the handwagon in order to cash in on the fun? (Yes, I know, I'm just a nasty ol' cynic.) Well, only time, and the quality of the literature (sincerity and validity vs. unmitigated and blatant opportunism) will tell.

I have no doubts about Weinberg and Tyler. Good guys. On the right side. (And their thinking is amazingly similar.) I was hardly surprised that Tyler would finally get around to a definitive survey of homosexuality in the movies. When I started to read, I simply expected a thorough and objective analysis—and that's all. I was certainly not prepared for the positive and aggressively free championing of gay rights that permeates the pages of this book. Please study carefully the succinct and succulent paragraphs given in their entirety below:

*It is time to answer the question, not what does determine the "natural" condition of heterosexuality, but what does not—and what does not is exactly what the anthropological school of thought presupposes as the groundwork of anything goes...*



A thermometer 4/100

*its contranatural criticism of homosexuality. What could this be? It's fantastically simple. It's the function of the penis and the vagina as reproduction organs rather than pleasure organs. The very nature of the proposition, as viewed empirically (that is, how it works), compels such reasoning to discount the pleasurable in favor of the reproductive. Psychologically, ideologically, ethically, it is plausible to maintain that if the sexual organs in their reproductive capacity should be supreme icons if, and only if, the exclusive heterosexual heterosexuality is socially established as a "supreme" will only through a statistical majority of opinion and not through any "natural law" residing in the male and female organs. It is the strategy of proheterosexual psychiatry to shift the focus of homosexuality, therefore, onto mental sickness and even "uncleanliness."*

*Conceiving homosexuality to be a social phenomenon and a social problem, the hardest thing about it is to persuade the man in the street to realize how varied is the range of homosexuals (male and female) from masculine to feminine types, and in turn, the range being so great, to grasp that sex, far from being simply one of nature's things, is a phenomenon of human metaphysics. In other words, a homosexual has the identical problems, the same exaltations, every other sex has. There's no reason to think the mere word "metaphysics" a snag to the common sense of understanding this point. The tendency of our age is more and more to recognize the validity of the stark-naked fact as superior to the "invalidity" of suppositions, fancies and speculations. The current emphasis, I grant, is legalistic, scientific, ethical, well and good. It is no speculation or fancy that millions of men sleep with other men, millions of women with other women, nor is it the result of some absurd, unhealthy, or impractical illusion that makes them so sleep. Abundant! Anything in the world can be made to seem absurd! Reliable statistics can disprove that, in the mass, the homosexuals are either unhealthy or impractical.*

Right on, Parker! I've never heard it said more eloquently. I only wish I could have concentrated more on the analysis of the films (and their incredible reflection of the society they represent). But the passages I marked to remember were primarily such as this:

*In a political climate which, for all its ambiguous wars is democratically live-and-let-live, homosexuals, long viewed as a minority, are in fact letting the world know what a major human capacity they have always represented. Homosexuals tend to represent the free libido. And the free libido—make no mistake—is a human majority, not a human minority!*

No, I must stop this lengthy quoting. I underlined half of the book and the publishers might frown upon the total reprinting of their copyrighted property in this newspaper. (After the Hughes-Irving snafu, everyone is nervous...) I will risk one more quote in order to give the author's reason for the book. Thusly, it is that:

*... film, being so recent an art form, had to educate itself and its public anew into the behavior patterns of sex. The movies had to fight all over again the old civilized fight of elite in-*



Who is riding whom?

*telligence against official taboo—the taboo of the bourgeois establishment with its hypocritical moral codes. Official, formal censorship of the movies has been simply the cover for unofficial, informal censorship: the instrument of society's paranoid fear of the true nature of the libido, whose genders are so variable.*

As Tyler sees it, the movies are "a vulgar orgy of the emotions" and that "what today we rather facetiously call the Sexual Revolution can be located centrally in the movies." Therefore, what better place to study the many patterns of homosexuality, especially as seen through the eyes of bourgeois society, than on film? For purposes (perhaps of continuity, Tyler has invented for us a rather neat and sexy god of homosexuality, Homeros. We observe this sty fellow as he dons his various masks to fit and flit in each social era.

Of the many films discussed by the author, he uses—as recurrent focal points—Myra Breckinridge, The Christine Jorgensen Story, Fellini-Satyricon and The Boys in the Band. The first two are given, along with a host of lesser films, as examples of the great preoccupation (on the part of straight audiences) with drag/transvestitism. Until recent years, this was the main form of homosexuality in movies. Drag has always been acceptable, you know. As have been trained seals, and chimpanzees who ride tricycles.

In connection with this, is Tyler's questioning of transsexualism. I was vastly amused by his attitude toward Christine's alleged (pre-operational) purity. About that line of dialogue, he says: "Goodness me, if I were a woman trapped in a man's body, I'd be the proverbial caged lion till I got out of there, and then—but Christine is as patient

throughout as Job, and, after and before, as pure as Deanna Durbin surrounded by those hundred men."

He seems to actually prefer Myra to Christine as Myra was at least human in emotional response. (You knew damn well Myron sucked before the switch-over.) And—oh, yes—there are marvelous insights into the Mae West—"Mother Superior of the Faggots" and archetypal drag queen. (Her appearance before 1971 cameras is, to Tyler, "... a bit ghoulish.")

Satyricon illustrates absolute freedom of homoerotic inventiveness (and, I might add, to give Tyler a chance to suggest that Fellini, and certain other directors, may

personally at least have "fantasy-homosexuality" tendencies). As to Boys, which in many respects is a model commercial film and play, Tyler's reservations do not keep him from announcing that it "... joins the realm of enduring Human Comedy."

You might also be interested to know that due to the total absence of female involvement or motivation in *The Great Escape*, it is a homosexual film. As part of the deduction, he thinks one might "... consider the tunnels as excretory passages and the escape itself as an anal climax." Tyler's detective work in this chapter (*Four Homosexual Mystery Stories*) is clever and a gas.

There are discussions of *Midnight Cowboy* (which he despises as viciously dishonest), *Death in Venice* (which he appears to have liked more than most), and *The Killing of Sister George*. Of the latter film, the author says: "I hope I'm not betraying any male chauvinism in saying that lesbian antics tend to sound notes sour and gritty rather than gay and fluent." Is he a chauvy, girl? Huh?

He thought *Staircase* (mainly due to the miscast superdupers) to be a dud, and unnecessary. *Boom!* was not to be believed—and I think that Tyler and I are surely in agreement that it could have been a fine play if poor Tennessee had originally made the protagonists the gays they were meant to be.

As Tyler and Charles Henri Ford are friends of very long standing (see the author's *The Divine Comedy of Pavel Tchelitchev* or my review of same in GAY issue no. 61) I was surprised by Tyler's harsh evaluation of Ford's *Johnny Moustache*. Perhaps Tyler's most interesting (continued on page 18)

# Wanted

BY AARON BATES

An Al Carmine musical is always bound to be an experience. *Wanted*, now playing at the Cherry Lane Theatre at 38 Commerce Street, is no exception. When theatre-goers lament the staleness of today's musicals, they need only turn to Mr. Carmine for reassurance that better days are coming.

*Wanted*'s book is by David Epstein and it mildly satirizes the American past, the present and that middle-ground where the myths of the past and the present are the same. Since America cherishes its outlaws and gun-slingers, the audience is handed a motherly Ma Barker, a lovable Billy the Kid, a pacifistic Jesse James, and a boyishly tender John Dillinger. Well, why not? They're regarded as heroes of a sort in spite of their actual bloody rampages through the pages of history.

The villain of the piece is a man named Jacob Hooper (who bears more of a resemblance to George Wallace with a Nixon nose than to J. Edgar). Instead of communists, the country's number one threat to Jacob are the Indians and the Indian sympathizers (who, coincidentally, happen to be the outlaws). The final confrontation is planned at the Biograph Theatre "where the Indians hold their balls" and the outlaws are gathered together for a fund-raising benefit to help their anti-Hooper friends. In the end we discover that Hooper, like the bandits, is only trying to do the best he can, and on that note of moral anarchy (which I thoroughly approve of), I'll let the matter rest.

The satire is as harmless as a gentle pat on the buttocks, which is not to say that it's bad. It's merely light-hearted and entertaining. Carmine's music fits perfectly, from the melodious ballads to the country and western foot-stomping songs. The musical abounds with burlesque-type skits and one-line gags which joyously cover up the show's darker and more serious implications. Even death becomes subject to humor. When an outlaw's girlfriend lies dying in his arms from an arrow inflicted by Hooper, he tells her, "Try not to sing," but it is too late. When the outlaw escapes and Hooper finds that he has killed the wrong person, he looks at the girl's body and rationalizes thusly: "Well, she probably wasn't a very nice person anyway."

Oddly enough, the show-stopping number comes from an incidental character named Susannah Figgitt. In a song entitled "Outlaw Man," she belts out her love for men who live by the gun and her references to firearms are a bit phallic, to say the least. When she starts bumping and grinding to "I'm Miss Susannah Figgitt—dig it—the horny golden goddess of the West," the house comes down.

*Wanted* also abounds with love stories. Poetry-reading Ma Barker fawns over her idiot boys. John Dillinger loves his gun as well as a poor-little-rich-girl, college dropout revolutionary named Shorty (who sings a marvelous number called "I Want to Blow Up the World"). Billy the Kid loves "fuckin' and suckin'" with his tomboyish girlfriend Starr Faithful Brown, while Jesse James seems to have a yen for



America cherishes its outlaws and gun-slingers. Yes?



Jerry Clark and Mervin Goldsmith: Charlie McCarthy was never like this! (Photos by Friedman-Abel)

Indian maiden Sister Powhatan Lace. Even Jacob Hooper manages to find love with his male assistant Babycakes, even

though he still dreams of finding the perfect woman. He finds her in Ma Barker, although Ma doesn't at first understand.

She thinks that he is merely making fun of her moustache. Besides, it's difficult for Ma to change her opinion of Jacob Hooper, especially after she has warned her offspring: "There's nothing more dangerous in the world than a power-hungry fruit."

Like all the shows that Carmine's name has been linked with, *Wanted* is an experiment, and like all experiments, it doesn't always work. Occasionally, characters begin sprouting speeches instead of dialogue and although the moments of "seriousness" are often knocked down by a comic line, the action of the play has been temporarily and unnecessarily halted. The character of Jesse James seems to be burdened with most of the unsatisfactory lines, which is a pity since actor Peter Lombard seems like a very apt leading man type. Luckily, the musical's non-profound "profoundities" are few and far between. In contrast, Jacob Hooper's exaggerations of middle-American platitudes are in context and work beautifully.

*Wanted* is deliciously absurd in many ways, other than chronologically. It is best to view it with a feeling of acceptance and passivity and thus be thoroughly entertained. The "meaning-seekers" amongst us who adhere to strict laws of logic had best keep away. When author Epstein allows himself the freedom to be frivolous, he is most entertaining. True, he has borrowed comic routines from Shakespeare to Ma and Pa Kettle, but he has skillfully incorporated them into the whole.

Director Lawrence Kornfeld also deserves credit for getting the most out of his actors, and an extremely talented group of people they are! I adored Gretchen Van Aken as the sensual Miss Susannah Figgitt who has the ability and stage presence to capture an audience, no matter who else is on stage. She can also belt out a song with the best of them.

Aside from being a very gifted comedian, Merwin Goldsmith makes the villainous Hooper quite lovable. His rich tenor voice is a definite asset. Baritone Peter Lombard as Jesse is also powerful in the voice department. Come to think about it, everyone in the show is more than adequate in putting a song across. There are no "talkers" here.

Reathel Bean (Billy the Kid) and Andra Akers (Starr Faithful) are extremely attractive as young lovers. Frank Coppola (John Dillinger) is charming as he sings his little ditty, "Guns Are Fun," and works well with June Gable as Shorty.

Ever since I saw *In Circles*, I've admired the work of Lee Guilliant. Now as Ma Barker, she is given the chance to prove her comic abilities. Her timing is impeccable and every line hits home.

As Hooper's love interest, Babycakes, Jerry Clark is most endearing when he sits on Hooper's knee and the two of them sing a romantic duet, "Whispering To You."

In other words, Al Carmine has done it again and provided me with a very entertaining evening in the theatre. I totally forgive him for *Promenade* which left me cold and wholeheartedly recommend this, his latest venture. Besides, it makes one feel good to see a little adrenalin pumped into the arm of the American musical theatre.



# Pen Points



LICK LINDSAY

Dear GAY:  
 Congratulations upon your strong editorial concerning John Lindsay, Intro 475, the Gay Activists Alliance, and Dick Leitsch. Your editorial stance is one in which you should take great pride, because at heart it is about the most essential spirit of gay liberation: self-respect, the prerequisite of freedom.  
 At a time when Lindsay and several of the City Councilmen are attempting to make political capital by smearing GAA and the rest of the gay community, you do well to expose their tactics for what they are. Thanks for calling a spade a spade and a crumb a crumb—none of us should be satisfied with the crumbs tossed our way from City Hall, whether they are called a "personnel directive" or an "executive order." Gay men and women are entitled to the full protection of their full civil rights. Only the passage of Intro 475—not amended to exclude any segments of the gay community or any types of employment, but as is—will represent a meaningful step in this direction.  
 We're glad that you point out the key reason why Lindsay must not be allowed to coast out of his responsibilities to his gay constituents, who tipped the election his way. When Lindsay leaves office not personnel directive or executive order issued by him will be binding on his successor. Only the clearcut fact of a city law can provide New York gays with the protection they need. We heard talk of "detention centers" for gays and "pervert purges" from some of his opponents in the last election; these are the men we may have to deal with when John Lindsay leaves City Hall.  
 Reliable sources inside the Council, including some present opponents of the bill, indicate that Lindsay can effect its passage if he is willing to cash in a few of the political debts owed to him by members of the Council and come out strongly in favor of the bill himself. His aides claim that he can "work miracles" in the Council—why should he not do so for the gay people of this city?  
 We all know why. The Mayor's presidential ambitions mean more to him than the welfare or rights of the people of New York City—especially the homosexual people. Lindsay is busy polishing up his national image and shows few scruples in the tactics he is willing to use in doing so. He has blamed the defeat of 475 on GAA, conveniently forgetting that the bill would never have been introduced without months of lobbying, research, and planning by GAA members with Councilmen Clingan and Burden; it would never have come to hearings without the pressure applied by GAA, other gay organizations, and individual members of the gay community; the vast amount of

testimony in support of the bill at the three days of hearings would never have materialized had devoted gay women and men all over the city not worked for countless hours to contact speakers, coordinate testimony, and organize all the details that went into making those hearings one of the proudest moments that gays in this country have had to date.

Lindsay's cynicism and hypocrisy are shocking. His attempted manipulation of the press is more than simply misleading, it is just plain dishonest. To accuse the gays at the hearings, members and non-members of GAA, of disruption and of "damaging their own cause" merely adds insult to injury. It was a moment of pride when gays at the hearings refused to be called "homos," "fairies," and the like by the representatives whose salaries they pay in taxes. It was a moment of pride when gays refused to sit quietly and look the other way while transvestites were being barred and roughed up by the City Hall police.

We had our civil rights before we walked into the Council chambers; the Constitution of this country guarantees them to us. What we sought was much-needed and long-overdue protection of those rights under law. We left City Hall without that protection. We received insults rather than respect at the hands of city government. But we left City Hall and all it represents with our self-respect and basic human dignity intact. There are no compromises to be made where our rights as gay men and women of all types are concerned. Thank you for the commitment to self-respect and the dedication to our full equality which stand forth in your editorial.

Sincerely,  
 Marc Rubin  
 Pete Fisher  
 NYC

## LOVE LINDSAY

Dear GAY:  
 Although Mr. Leitsch and I may have serious organizational differences, I nevertheless consider him to be an expert and knowledgeable in the field. While it is unfortunate that his attitude is that the movement is his personal property, he knows whereof he speaks. Mr. Leitsch is entirely correct, and the editors of GAY are wrong to put down Mayor Lindsay! Sure, Mayor Lindsay could have done more. Who couldn't? But who in a similar position has done more? If one goes out to destroy the Mayor's presidential campaign, who does he hope to elect? I believe that it is time for both GAY and Richard Wandel to consider the alternatives. While it is true that several announced and unannounced Democratic candidates for president have had a kind word for the principle of Gay Liberation, what have any of them actually done? What will they do?

Though I doubt that any one incident changed the minds of the committee members voting on Intro 475, what was actually accomplished by zapping City Hall? What was gained by parading in the Council Chambers in drag? Did these activities get votes for the bill? Might some have been lost? Will uncivil treatment of the Mayor make him feel more kindly toward gays? May he become hostile?

Sincerely yours,  
 Henry Messer  
 The Mattachine Society  
 of New York

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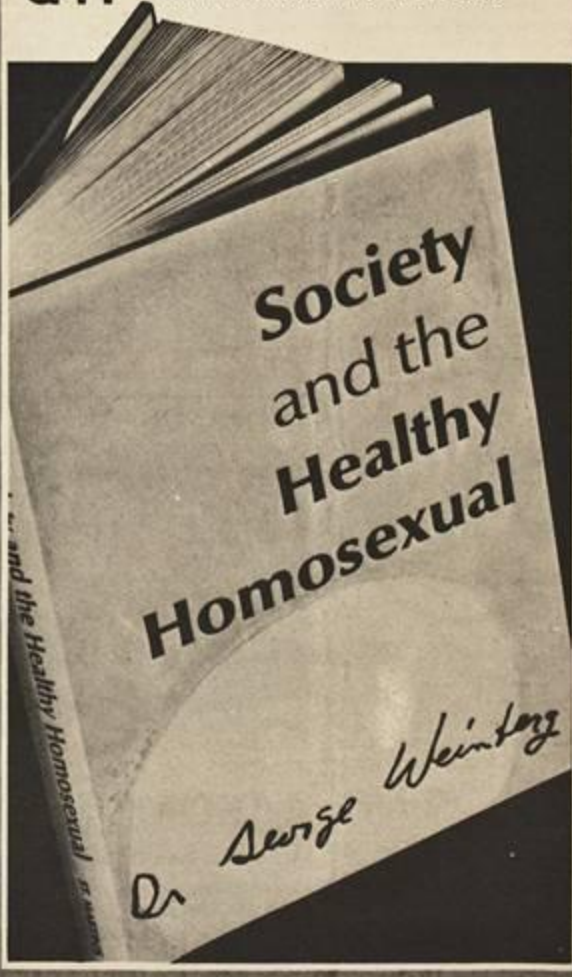
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# Judgement Day



Dr. George Weinberg is an outstanding New York psychotherapist and author of "Society and the Healthy Homosexual," published (February 1972) by St. Martin's Press, 175 5th Avenue, NYC, \$5.95.

BY DR. GEORGE WEINBERG

It's Judgement Day, clear and brisk. The stern recorder has put down his scroll and is scratching his chin. From above, the noise of the trumpets has stopped. Drifting across the sky are the cherubim, darlings, fleshy but lighter than air, greeting each other and waiting for further instructions.

Down here, on the ruddy sands of time, the great horde of us—pirates and Roman Centurions and slaves and Chinese matrons, and all the rest of us—wait to be judged; and it is only natural that as persons of every historical period, varying in height and color and age, we jostle waiting for our verdicts.

Christ, handsome Christ, his muscular arm raised and bent in fury, has just revealed his verdict to a middle-aged man in a brown suit. While listening to Christ, the man nodded and mumbled and often patted his face with a handkerchief he was too nervous to unfold. I think he was a city councilman. They were over across the hot sands and hundreds between us, or I would have rushed to him to ask what Christ said. He slumped when Christ stopped, and he stepped down slowly, so I guess it was bad. But to my mind, this was a good omen, since I believe we are destined for opposite fates.

There are hideous fiends with horns among us. (I have already seen three or four of them, and one in a zany, red, one-piece outfit, like pajamas.) But so far I have not seen any dragging out persons sentenced to stand in flames forever.

I very much admire the madonna's purple gown and shawl. She sits watching Christ as he judges each candidate, the madonna fully clothed and apathetic, Christ half-naked and full of wrath. I would like to move closer to see exactly how the diamond-shaped design was stitched into her shawl. But I am afraid she will single me out and tip the balance against me with Christ, leaning forward in her director's chair and whispering to Him, as she just did when the woman in the hot pink miniskirt was talking. The truth is that I never hit it off too well with madonnas. They dislike me on sight—even before they find out my name is Weinberg. And frankly, I feel frightened, at the edge of collapse. But don't push or I'll knock you down. Now that the recorder has stopped taking his notes, I can do that, you know; and there'll be no one to hold it against me. I don't care if you are a genital female. Give me room. By the way, do you know the rules on sex



The publishers of SCREW have their own peculiar vision of Judgment Day.

pretending that he wasn't homosexual and was wealthy, and wearing college sweaters to look younger. Good luck Bob. O my goodness, he's crying. What did Christ tell him? What did he do so awful? I'll call him Bob! Bob! He's sobbing uncontrollably, and now he's disappearing in the crowd. I can't reach him without losing my choice position. I wish I could make sense out of all this.

I'm next! The message has wafted to me magically causing my temples to throb. Get out of my way, you punk in that army uniform, I've got to get to Christ to hear my outcome. This happens only once in a lifetime. It's my turn. Dammit. Wouldn't you know it. Just like the supermarket, whenever you're in a hurry and trying to get past people, there's always some aged person and you've got to go slow and be kind. "I'm sorry mister. Christ called my name, you see, so that if you please move forward a little bit and I could get past you. All right, Thank you."

Now I can sprint—right to the steps. Should I compliment the madonna on her outfit? I'd better not. She might take it wrong.

"All right. Here I am. Thank you for calling me before most of these people, Sir. I have done my best in life and I stand before you, awaiting your mercy."

"What is it that you want?" His eyes are soft and yet aflame, like emeralds. Quite beautiful. I looked like that for a while, when I was about twenty-two.

"Sir. I just wanted to know about my future. I guess you can understand that."

"Step up, my son. You must hear your verdict alone. I will whisper it to you."

"Yesir."

"There is no Judgement Day. That is a myth."

"What?"

"That is why some cry and some are happy when they leave me. Those who enjoy their lives have gambled on this, they have gambled on the value of life, and they walk away happy. The others have renounced, have brought themselves needless pain in fear of Judgment Day—all for naught, and they are wretched."

I was free to go home, to finish my life, to seek pleasure and beauty wherever I wanted, and with half a lifetime left.

But I did not go immediately. Suddenly Christ looked mortal to me, even unfortunate in having to spend all His time with this motley crowd, conveying the same fact to one person after another. In a burst of sympathy, I extended my hand and when he took it, I grasped his. "You mean you, a young fellow, have to put in all this time standing here in front of the madonna and talking to individuals, telling them this?"

"Don't pity me," he said. "This is my pleasure. You, who say you respect people's right to pleasure in many forms, must understand this form of pleasure too."

"I see," I responded. I was beaming as I went down the steps and through the crowd. Then I thought of Miss Phelps, the so-called spinster English teacher. She too had been delighted. In fact, the same prejudice in high school condemning her for being different was the one that brutalized nonconformists of all kinds. By doing what she wanted to do, in spite of it, she had risen above it. Our smile was similar, and then, though I was too far away to tell, I imagined I saw Christ smiling too.







"I see myself. I am a star."

**Lola** (continued from page 5) straight society, for ourselves, for our own needs as much as anything else. Doing the plays was a kind of catharsis, we turned the world upside down, men playing women, women as men, we flaunted the sex roles. In the beginning, when I went on stage I would reach these great ecstatic heights, all of us did, a kind of religious, almost, ritualistic, beatific release. Now it's changed somewhat.

**SOREL:** Do you see any reason for certain factions of the movement to object to some of the things you do in the theatre?

**LOLA:** Well, Martha Shelley came to see us once and she liked us very much.

**SOREL:** Well, that's certainly something.

**LOLA:** Yes, but then right after that she had a fight with Charles in the Paradox about welfare.

**SOREL:** Welfare? What about?

**LOLA:** Well, Charles said that welfare recipients should eat better food and transcend but Martha said he had no right to ask a starving Puerto Rican woman and her children to transcend.

**SOREL:** Transcend, ah ha, the very word I've been looking for. Do you think that where you're at, the consciousness level of the ridiculous theatre say, turning the world upside down and flaunting the sex roles, transcends that of the gay libbers who are still hung up on gay is good and distinctions between straight and gay, men and women?

At this point Flavia, who can best be introduced to this article as one of Miss Pashalinski's more prominent passions, was unable to remain silent any longer and burst into the discussion.

**FLAVIA:** I think you're making an artificial distinction between two groups where there really isn't any. The theatre and the movement are really part of the same thing and you lose something by not emphasizing the gayness of the ridiculous companies. You talk about contempt for audience, most of the people in the audience were, in fact, gay and we knew it was contempt for a straight audience, for straight society. We shared in that contempt and that was a big part of it all.

**LOLA:** Our main obsession has always been our homosexuality, well no, sexuality, I would say. Our main obsession has always been with sexuality.

**SOREL:** Don't you think that some parts of the liberation movement, the women particularly, would object to your presentation of sexuality? I'm thinking chiefly about the idea of drag queens putting down women here.

**LOLA:** I don't know, they say that the queens trash women and all, but I've always been a sucker for drag queens. Something about them, it's much more than just dressing as a woman, I think. It's a whole personality they get into, that kind of wonderful bitchiness, a terrific wit unlike anything else. And the defiance, I admire their great defiance, an absolute refusal to submit to what society expects of them. They will be whatever they want to be and to hell with everything. I think they're wonderful.

**SOREL:** I guess you're a sucker for drag queens alright. *Turds In Hell* was one of your productions, wasn't it?

**LOLA:** Oh yes, I really liked that one.

**SOREL:** I remember reading the ad for it in *The Voice* and I used to think turds? I don't want to go to the theatre to see turds. If I want to see turds, I'll look in the toilet.

**LOLA:** Oh, but not like our turds. You should have seen our turds, they were the most beautiful, radiant, glowing turds imaginable.

**SOREL:** What about this obsession with sex. Doesn't it get boring after a while?

**LOLA:** Boring? No. What do you mean?

**SOREL:** It seems to me that after you flaunt the sex roles a few times, after you turn everything upside down, there's no point in continuing to present it upside down.

**LOLA:** Oh no. People will always be interested in sex, people have been interested in sex since the first amoeba dot, dot, dot. But we have changed somewhat since the beginning. We've moved beyond our original sort of free contemptuous of everything style. The plays are more structured now. Farce is an important element. Working close together for about five years now, we've evolved into a modern day Commedia Dell'Arte, or maybe Commedaise Francaise kind of thing. *Bluebeard* was like that.

**SOREL:** What's the new play about?

**LOLA:** *Eunuchs of the Forbidden City*. It's about sex, I guess, sex and power. It relies less on farce than *Bluebeard* I think. Wit, fine wit is the thing with this play.

**SOREL:** Since it doesn't look like Lola is going to, I guess it's up to me to tell you all to be sure to see it—*Eunuchs of the Forbidden City* opening sometime in March, watch for it! One more question, Miss Pashalinski, how do you see yourself? As an actress? When you look in the mirror, what do you see? Do you see a star?

**LOLA:** I see myself—I am a star.

**SOREL:** What's the new play about?

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**LOLA:** I see myself—I am a star.

## Screening

(continued from page 10)

chapter is the one on beaver films. There have been many keen analyses of standard commercial ventures, but when he has a critic of the author's standing taken on the porno? Never I daresay. (And perhaps never again...) He is, as one might expect, as curious about the audiences as the films themselves. Warhol's funky cine-matics fare best and our critic has scant praise for such as *Song of the Loon*.

("... the Muse of Penisology [has been] cheated by this hifalutin prick flick...") But he loved the original Amory Loon trilogy and quotes that author's comments on porn-producers in the GAY interview.

There are comments on Garbo's sadly missed chances to play lesbians. There is the symbolism of military uniforms and sexual fetishes. There is kinky sex: Mick Jagger, Jean Genet, Kenneth Anger, von Stroheim and even Eisenstein; *Rope*, *Compulsion*, *Psycho*, *In Cold Blood* (and a strong slap on the wrists to Capote).

There are the comedians who have made much professional employment of effeminity. In addition to Franklin Pangborn,

Grady Sutton, Edward Everett Horton and Taylor Mead, Tyler doesn't hesitate to include Bob Hope, Jack Benny, Jerry Lewis, Red Skelton and Crazy Kat. (You slipped, Parker. Or didn't you ever carefully observe Bugs Bunny?) As for the other side, there's always Bea Lillie and Margaret Rutherford...

I just realized this is a stinkin' lousy review of a fine book. I have not been able to speak of even a third of the material Tyler has utilized, nor the reason why. Perhaps I have at least tantalized you enough to give you the impetus to read *Screening The Sexes*. I guarantee it would be worth your while, for the author's liberated and liberating statements alone. As I've said, I was surprised and pleased, and I'd like to end with words from the book's final chapter, *All the Sexes: Their Power and Its Possibilities*.

*The extent and implications of this book's inquiry have prompted me to assume that, in the truly realistic sense, there are as many sexes as there are individuals; that sex, empirically, is an infinitely variable spectrum; that the seeming neat correspondence between male and female organs is not the end, but the beginning of sexuality.*

## Cruising

(continued from page 6)

**Continental Baths.** He and his staff (which he said were groovy and really great kids—and they are too) have developed a nice easy rapport with one another, which makes for a smoother operation because people are really trying to communicate with one another, and that is what it's all about, isn't it?

At any rate, Gene is bursting with enthusiasm and ideas about making Man's Country second to none—and with the pool and penthouse/sundeck scheduled for a summer opening, as well as breathing some decor and style into the private rooms and preparing some very private rooms complete with double beds and private baths, not to mention taking over the bar in the Pierrepont for Man's Country and turning it into a casual *Bon Soir*-type affair, the new generation baths will be getting it on in style thanks to Gene and his able staff (Herman, Jerry, Leo—just to name a few).

We'll keep you abreast of all the doin's goin' down at Man's Country. We'd like to thank Gene for his really super hospitality. It's nice to walk on a "red carpet" once or twice in one's life.

**AND FURTHERMORE...**

Pick up on "Conversations with Playwrights" at the 92nd Street YM-YWHA for five Sunday evenings beginning March 5th with Tennessee Williams; April 16th with John Guare; April 30th with Neil Simon; May 7th with Edward Albee; and May 21st with the redoubtable Arthur Miller.

A young man whom we reviewed in these pages an issue or so ago named Dave Bromberg has just had his first album released. Based on what we heard at *Folk City*, get his album before it sells out—like today, baby!

**Westbeth Show:** We got a call the other day from Barton Benes, one of the participating artists in what sounds like an interesting series of eleven one-man shows dealing with various aspects of gay oppression, life and liberation. The show is collectively called "Everybody's at Westbeth" and it opens March 4th through the 26th, Fri.-Suns. from 2-6 pm at Westbeth Galleries, 155 Bank St. in the Village. We'll check it out for the next issue.

New seasons: Both the Joffrey Ballet and the New York City Opera begin their new seasons on February 23rd and run through April. They will be at the City Center (55th St. betw. 6th and 7th Aves.,

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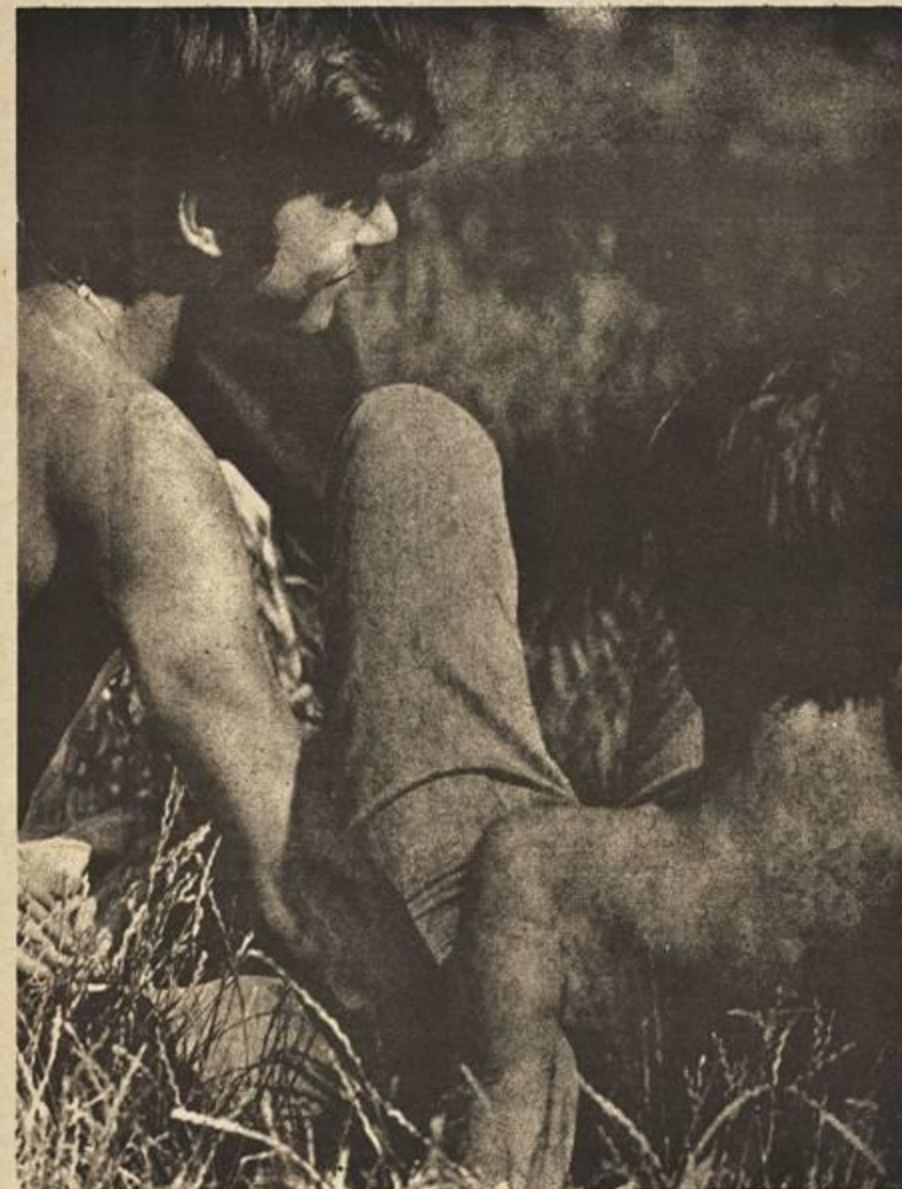


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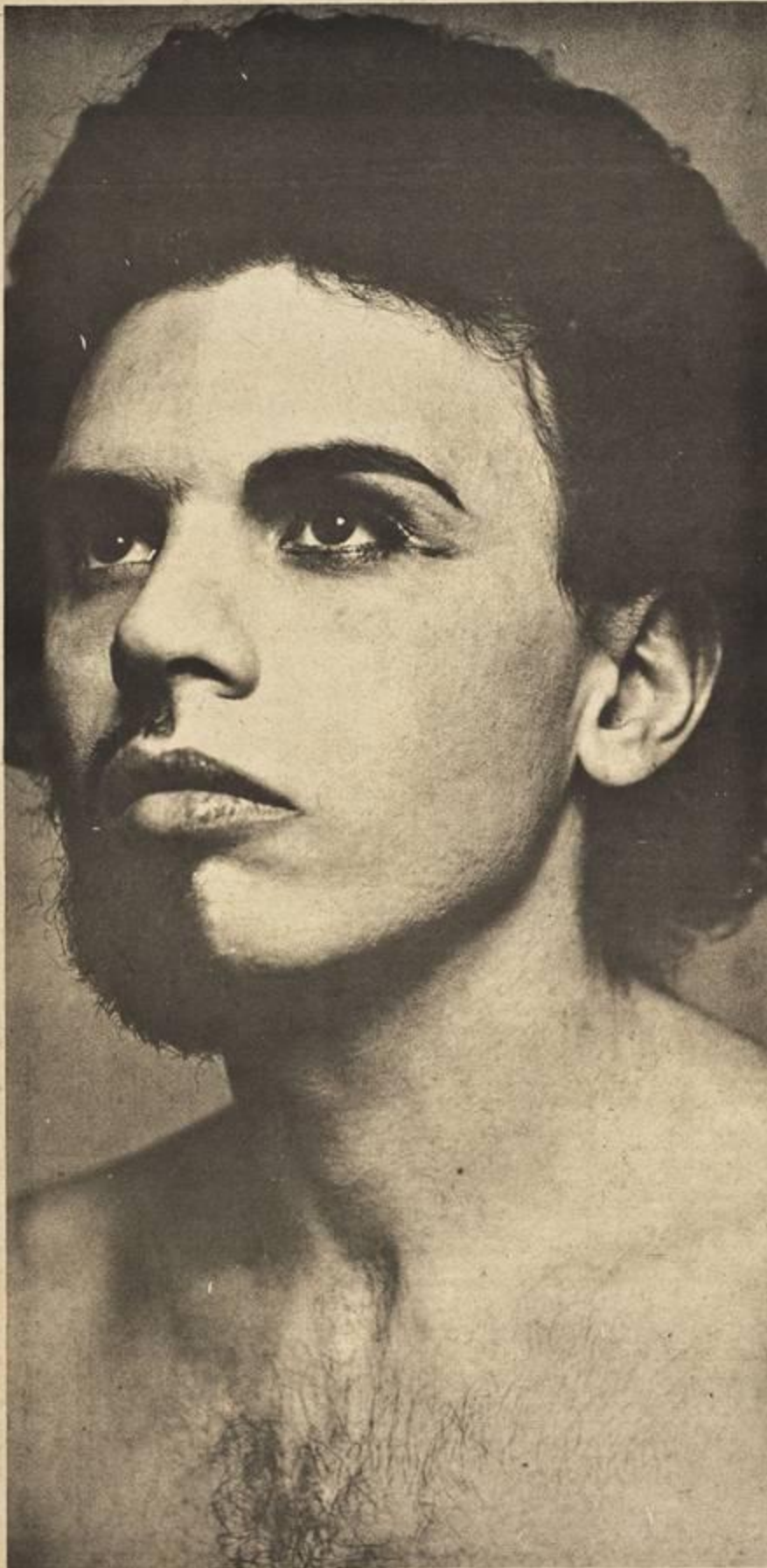
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BY MARCO VASSI

If you would know  
read gently into these lines  
follow me slowly  
down expressionist hallways  
past urinals winking white and wet  
where old men stand in their wrinkles  
fingering dusty testicles with withered smiles

If you would understand  
ease marjually into these words  
drift solemnly  
into small heavy rooms  
where headless bodies are buried shallow  
exposing knee buckling flesh crannies  
where thigh and hair and buttock curve  
force vacuums of lungs in licking consciousness  
sending rippled salutations to penetration

If you would take the trip  
lean yearningly into these descriptions  
sigh stumbling  
into closet lockers  
and sink before the bristling thighs  
the dangling cock with pulsing intelligence  
put the soft insolence into your mouth  
to start a conversation without distance  
where touch and touch and simply touch  
contains all language to talk about the stars

If you would strike the pose  
suck with silent passion  
find nobility  
in lax jawed slobbering  
send distinctions scampering  
give until your heart bursts with giving  
heap pleasure upon the upright man  
abandoning all asking for return  
until the shower of his gasps bathes your ears  
his hands cup your hair in resonance  
the silver sperm glides into your throat  
and all the images of life dance for your awareness  
as you feel cold concrete hard beneath your knees

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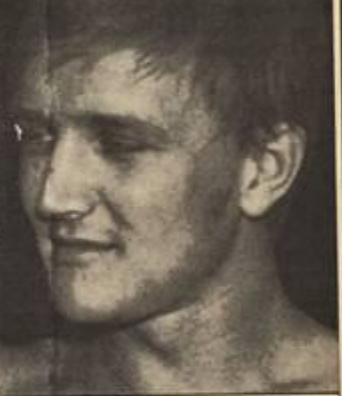
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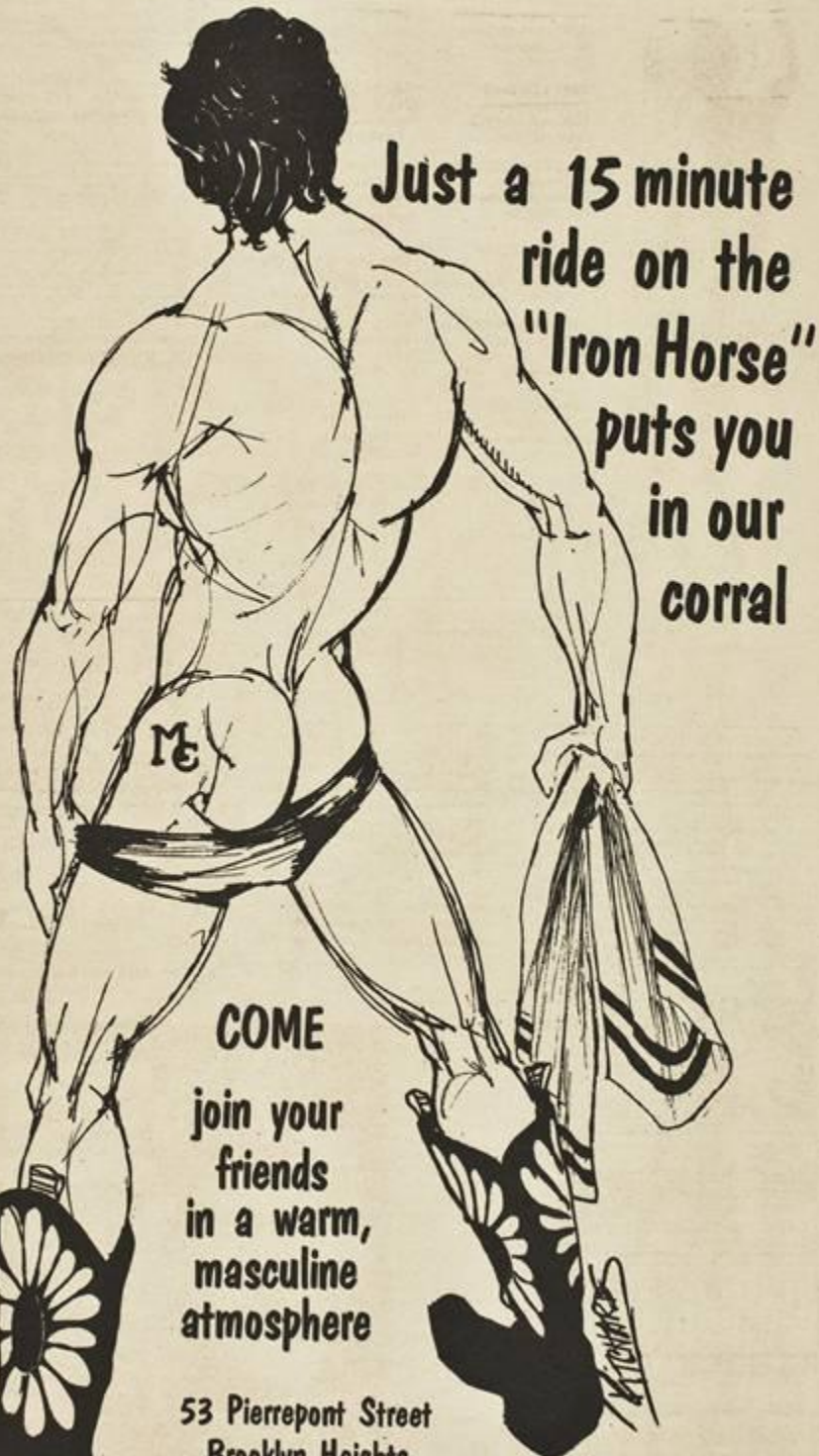
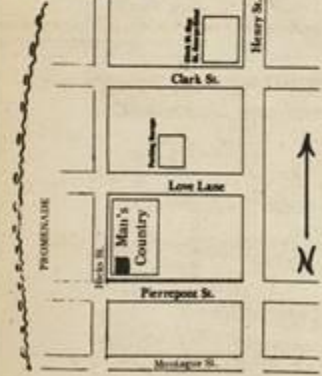
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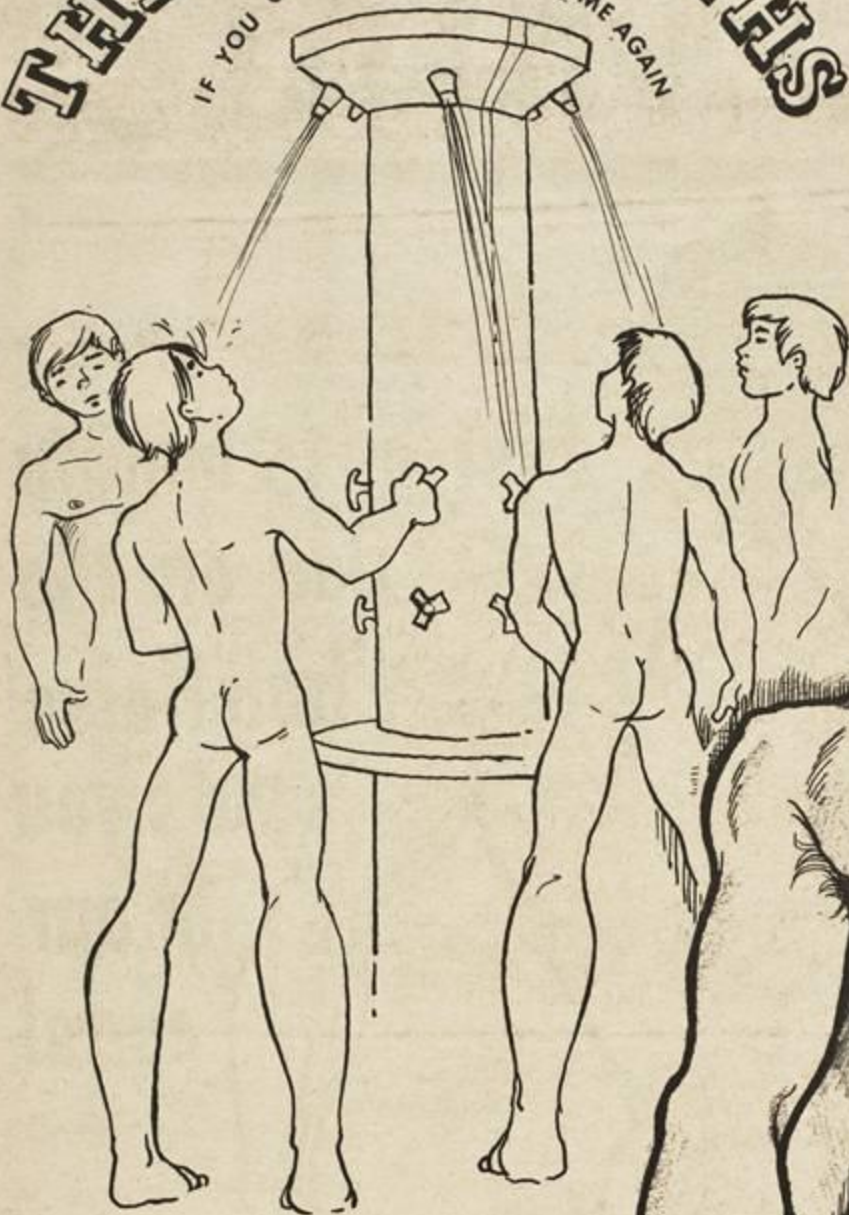
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