

Mayor Lindsay Speaks To The Gay Community

New York, N.Y.—Mayor John V. Lindsay, addressing New York's homosexual community through the Gay Activists Alliance, has delivered, to date, the most complete official statement of his views on gay rights.

In response to written questions posed by GAA's Professor Bruce Voeller, Chairperson of the Gay Activist's State and Federal Government Committee, Lindsay, in a three-page letter dated March 2, 1972, said:

Dear Professor Voeller:

I am pleased to have this opportunity to reply to your recent inquiry about my positions on issues of importance to the Gay Activists Alliance and other similar groups. First, may I say emphatically that the discriminatory and often cruel and abusive treatment of this minority is a serious problem which cries out for solution. Yet, American society and, in most cases, its political leaders have turned a deaf ear to this highly victimized group.

I am particularly pleased, therefore, that an effort was made this year to make New York City the first jurisdiction in the country to provide a legislative remedy for those who face bias in employment, housing and public accommodations because of their sexual orientation. As you know, I supported this legislation in the City Council, but the Council regrettably chose to reject it in committee. Such legislation must succeed in the near future. In the meantime, we have taken the step of issuing an administrative directive which will strengthen and make more explicit the City's policy of providing equal opportunity in public employment



Mayor Lindsay: "The discriminatory and often cruel and abusive treatment . . . is a serious problem."

regardless of sexual orientation. So far as I know, no other public official or jurisdiction in the entire country has ordered such protection for homosexuals.

I further support passage of Federal, state and local laws aimed at barring discrimination against homosexuals in employment, housing and public accommodations. I would add that repeal of laws and adjustment of military practices which regulate sexual practices between consenting adults in private is long overdue, and the City supported repeal in the last session of the legislature and will do

so again this year. Such laws are almost always used as a device to harass and abuse homosexuals, converting them without justification into criminals whose arrest and conviction records are then used as further excuses for the vicious cycle of discrimination and exclusion.

As I am sure you recognize, many of the other problems of interest to you have implications for many citizens who are not homosexuals, as they clearly do for you. For example, the income-tax status of single individuals and the prospect of increasing government surveillance and

collection of information on the private lives of American citizens are both in this category. My own records on these and other civil libertarian issues is a progressive one that is well known—consistent I am sure with your point of view—and I would be happy to make the relevant record available to you if you so wish.

Finally, may I say that I would seek as President to provide the leadership which is sorely needed to put an end once and for all to the unjust treatment to which millions of Americans are subjected solely for their private sexual practices by proposing or implementing the most appropriate and effective remedy in each area. In some cases executive orders will be required, while in others direct administrative action will be needed.

The Presidency ought to be more than a vehicle for cynical manipulation of power, as we unfortunately see it used today. It should be a source of inspiration and guidance to the American people, and especially on those issues where vigorous leadership alone can wrest changes in long held attitudes and can eliminate the fears that produce discrimination. Only when the tone of leadership in Washington has been changed dramatically in this direction will the grievances of homosexuals receive the attention and redress they have so long warranted.

With respect to your questionnaire, I am in accord with your views on all the issues you raise. I would be concerned, however, that First Amendment freedoms not be abused in responding to the concerns you raise in question no. 3.

Sincerely,
John V. Lindsay

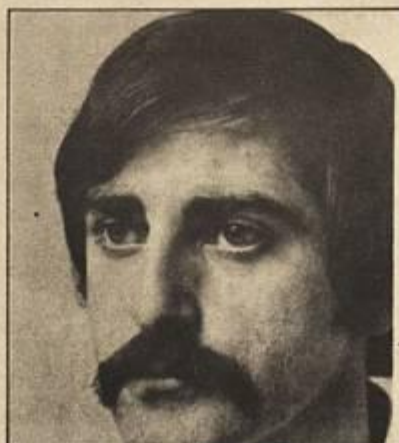
Penn State Students Sue University Administration

BY PERRIN SHAFFER

State College, Pa.—Homophiles of Penn State (HOPS) filed suit on February 11th against the Pennsylvania State University because Penn has denied the group recognition. An education major—who is a plaintiff—was dismissed from his student teaching position, but was reinstated following a court injunction.

HOPS's problems began 11 months ago, when the Undergraduate Student Government Supreme Court approved HOPS's application for a charter, necessary for recognition as an official student organization. Some privileges of a charter are access to university facilities and allocation of university funds.

Immediately following chartering, Penn rejected it, possibly the only time that it has overturned a USG Supreme Court ruling. According to the campus newspaper, *The Daily Collegian*, one reason for denial was that chartering would "create a substantial conflict with the counseling and psychiatric services the University provides to its students." Washington's Dr. Franklin Kameny feels that Penn would resolve the conflict by denying recognition to these bigoted services rather than to HOPS. Another reason for nonrecognition was doubt of



Joe Acanfora, removed from his teaching position

HOPS's legality. One of HOPS's lawyers in the suit, Lenny Sharon, asserted that HOPS had not broken any state laws nor advocated breaking any (including the sodomy laws), nor engaged in "illegal or destructive" acts against Penn, nor stated in its charter any intention to do so.

Since Penn has not denied recognition to other groups which have fulfilled these legality requirements, Sharon contends that it has violated the equal-protection clause of the 14th Amendment. He also claims violation of the First Amendment,

(continued on page 6)

Georgia Students Try For Gay Dance



Brave students on the campus of the University of Georgia (Athens, Ga.)

Athens, Georgia—A group of gay students calling themselves the Committee on Gay Education at the University of Georgia is experiencing difficulty in its plans to hold a gay dance as a university function. The original plans for holding the dance on March 10 at the university union were cancelled by the administration's Office of Student Affairs. The office stated that, in allowing the dance to take place, the university might be held liable under Georgia Statute 26801 for "condoning, aiding, and abetting illegal acts of sodomy." According to university officials, the CGE was permitted to exist under the "academic umbrella"; however, when gays began to move into the "social arena," they became threatening to the

security of the administration.

The CGE's stated purpose for holding the dance was to educate the public to the existence of the homosexual minority on campus.

On the day following the administration's cancellation of the dance, gay students and their supporters held a sit-in confrontation with Dean of Student Affairs O. Southern Sims. At this time the gays presented Sims with a list of demands, none of which was met.

Bureaucratic red tape has succeeded in withholding recognition of the CGE as a student organization since its inception some months ago. Intersect, a recognized student organization, agreed to sponsor

(continued from page 3)

WHERE WILL YOU GO TONIGHT?

A DIRECTORY FOR DISCRIMINATING DISPOSITIONS

BY JERRY AND STEVE

WEST VILLAGE

See Soir, 40 W. 8th St. (473-9859). One of the few groovy dance palaces left. Mostly Latin. Great Bunny working days. GMs and TVs.

Casa Laredo Restaurant, 551 Hudson St. (989-8520). Lunch, noon-3pm, brunch, Sat. & Sun., noon-4pm, dinner 5pm-1am, closed Monday. A mixed clientele, gay & straight, all ages. Typical intimate Village surroundings.

Danny's or Sheridan Square, 140 7th Ave. So. Dancing, clientele not unlike that of old Stone-wall. Opens at noon. Festive help, including Joe, Marvin, Kevin, Pete, Jerry, et al. GM.

Fedora Restaurant, 239 W. 4th St. (CH 2-9691). As usual, always good food and service, congenial waiters, Fedora herself keeping everyone happy. A little mix, mostly GM.

Finale Restaurant, 48 Barrow St. (CH 2-7358). It looks as if this once noted restaurant is having problems & business is stacking off. Int., but much GM.

Five Oaks Restaurant, 49 Grove St. (675-9649). A Village favorite just off Sheridan Square, Int. **Four Eleven Restaurant**, 41 Bleeker St. (CH 2-2117). Another well-liked oldtimer. Int.

Gold Bug, 83 W. 3rd St. (677-9874). Flashy decor. Fun bartenders. Dancing, more or less young set. GM.

Home of Plenty Restaurant, 353 Bleeker St. (242-0636). Lunch, Wed.-Sun., noon-3 pm; dinner, daily 5:30-11 pm, till midnight \$2. \$2 minimum, \$1 luncheon. Bring your own wine till they get liquor license. Int., much GM.

Julius, 159 W. 10th St. (929-9672). Hamburgers & sandwiches still can't be beat. Needless to say it still very popular, especially Sunday afternoons. Pretty people. GM.

Koobler's, 149 W. 14th St. (242-9226). Clean bar & Kookie, known as Zia Zsa. GF, males not encouraged.

Mona's Royal Root Bar & Restaurant, 28 Cornelia St. (CH 2-9557). Warm welcoming atmosphere, food 5pm-4am. Piano bar on weekends. Int., mostly GM.

Top 21 Greenwich Ave. (255-1337). Popular snack shop, information exchange center. Some mix, mostly GM.

CASBAH

[Hunter's designation for the area south of 14th St. & west of 8th Ave., towards The Trucks & Warehouse area, on and beyond colorful Hudson St. Exciting.]

Call Block, 372 W. 11th St. You wonder what all those hunky daytime customers think of the exotic collection of posters & toys, etc., covering the walls & suspended from the ceiling! At night it's leathery. GM.

Cover, 531 Hudson St. (242-6769). New Cellar. Something happening every night. Duplex with cruising on both floors. Pooltable on the bottom level. Warlocks abound, something for everybody. Say hello to Marty, Roger, Chuck & Jerry.

Danny's, 139 Christopher St. (929-9321). Picking up a lot of the Stud crowd. Pool table. Jeff & Randy taking care of the customers.

Danny's Warehouse, 500 W. 14th St. Scheduled for a March 1 opening, something to look forward to. To be reviewed.

Gay Dogs, 180 Christopher St. A 24-hr. gay hot dog stand & snackery. GM.

Inna Restaurant, 399 W. 12th St. (242-9722). Serving great food 6pm-1am. Alluring mixture of people, much GM.

Keller's, 384 West St. nr. Christopher (CH 3-1907). The first & always will be one of the best leather bars in N.Y. Together crowd. Always something going on. GM.

Maria's Club, 59 Grove St. (243-9323). New. Favorites Paul & John Michal holding forth.

Ninth Circle, 139 W. 10th St. Former straight bar, just came into the fold with a big opening. Will check it out & report. GM.

One Potato, 518 Hudson St. (691-6260). Steep into your choice: Fire Island or Provincetown. Lunch specialties are excellent, dinners always good. Friendly help, reasonable prices. The bar is a fun place to meet the crowd. Say hi to Frank on day shift, Bill & Pete at night. (Site of the March bar awards, see "The Gay Insider," coverage issue no. 71.) GM, non-gay couples welcome.

Paula's Greenwich Ave. & 7th Ave. So. Been here a long time. Paula's almost an institution. Mostly GF.

Peter Rabbit, 305 W. 10th St. (929-9279). Well laid-out bar, rather cruisy. George & Jim doing their thing behind the bar. GM.

Roadhouse, 570 Hudson St. (Sign says Restaurant Francis) (CH 3-4214). Sawdust on the floor, pool table, plus the greatest dinners. Lots of French cooking by Pierre. Cruisy. Meet Sy, Ronnie, Tom, Steve &, during the day, Rex. GM.

Silver Dastar Cafe, 163 Christopher St. Straight

by day, everything by night.

Stud, 733 Greenwich St., corner of Perry. Juice bar. Don't let that stop you—plenty of action in the back.

West Bank, Bank St. & Washington. New. Friendly people with friendly ways. Say hello to Hank & Lee.

EAST VILLAGE, WASHINGTON & UNION SQUARES

Branding Iron, 165 Avenue A (228-9984). Yet to be looked into.

Club Baths, 24 1st Ave. (673-3283). Lavish, with up-to-the-minute facilities, including that famous carousel shower. Open 24 hrs. Students half-price with IDs. Free, confidential VD tests every Thursday 9-9 pm. And where do you think the bartenders & waiters go when they get off duty? Come see. GM.

Eighty-Two Club, 82 E. 4th St. (GR 7-1046). Home of female impersonator reviews in N.Y.C. Tourists.

Hip-o-drome, 165 Ave. A (bet. 10th & 11th Sts.) (228-9984). Gay center of the East Village & haven for the young radical chic set. Free movies Thursday. GM.

McSorley's Old Ale House, 15 E. 7th St. (477-9363). They don't admit they're integrated, but don't let the pose fool you. Males will be males—even now that females are allowed in.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. So. (777-7870). Wild mixture of people & very stiff prices.

Phelix's Restaurant, 361 Bowery or 48 E. 4th St. (473-9008). Sardi's of the East Village & a real theatrical hot. Int.

St. Mark's Baths, 6 St. Mark's Place (473-7929). Low prices, active, though run-down, premises. Home of the long hairs. GM.

Short, 181 2nd Ave. Also to be looked into.

Spiffies, 232 Park Ave. So. (475-9759). New, big, saloon atmosphere. All the draft beer you can drink in the afternoon for \$2. GM.

Squire's Neek Restaurant, 18 E. 13th nr. 5th Ave. (255-4746). Noon-midnight service, solid meals, describes itself as having "a liberated atmosphere for passants with money." Int.

GRAMMERCY & MURRAY HILL

Beau Geste Restaurant, 239 3rd Ave. (475-9724). Shades of the Foreign Legion! Delicious continental food whipped up by Ireland's Jerry Fitzpatrick, served by pretty waiters. Libations served by Thom & Jack. GM.

Leo's Lion, 57 Lexington Ave. (686-9698). Neighborhood bar with friendly customers. Paul entertains behind the bar. Open 11am-late call. GM.

Uncle Charlie's South, 581 3rd Ave. N.Y.'s newest. Just opened with a smashing first-night party. Boasts three separate rooms. Frank & Ronnie on the bar. Hosts Bob & Jerry. GM.

CHELSEA

Eagle's Nest, 11th Ave & 21st St. Super-popular leather bar hard by The Trucks. Dress code enforced when they wish to keep someone out, and certainly GFs aren't welcome any more. This is a gathering place for a subculture within a subculture, so if your thing is not machismo, don't go. Needless to say, GM.

Evered Baths, 28 W. 28th St. (684-8935). Known as Our Lady of the Vapors, it is something of a miracle: with alternatives like the Club people still come here! There is a certain depraved allure about its callbock layout, the miles of corridors, the smell—and there is the steamroom. GM.

Firends Inn, 411 W. 24th St. To be visited.

Nine Pine Social Club, 149 W. 21st St. Very exclusive afterhours club, accessible only to leather loving members. If you don't belong, you will simply have to be sponsored. Remember the fraternity era and blackballing. We don't know who you have to ball to get into this one. GM.

Spira, 120 11th Ave. Same numbers as at the Eagle. Except here they can laugh and smile. More relaxed atmosphere. Keith, Lou & Larry behind the main bar, Bob's on the beer bar.

SOHO

Gay Activists Alliance Firehouse Saturday Night Dance, 99 Wooster St. Get here early or you'll not be able to wedge your way in. Four floors of fun. Excellent discotheque on one, rathskeller, lounge for rapping, three, videotapes of militant actions on four. You find here what J.F.H. calls a rock-throwing, free-climbing, snort-flying good time. Take the 7th Ave. IRT locale to Houston, 8th Ave. (IND (A/A/E) to Spring; 6th Ave. (IND (D/F/B) to Broadway/LA-Yerette; BMT (RR) to Prince) Lex. Ave. IRT to Spring. These are all local stops. GF, GM.

MIDTOWN & MIDDLE EAST SIDE

Bacon Baths, 227 E. 45th St. (667-0322). Take the elevator to the 11th floor & enjoy the many clean facilities & all the varied opportunities for a good time in what is known variously as the Heat to the U.N. & the Brooks Brothers of the Baths. Free, confidential VD tests every Wednesday from 4-6pm. The people here are more than willing to rap with you about the city if you've new to town and non-gay benefactor of gays Walter Kent is an institution in himself. GM.

Beaded Bag, 951 1st Ave. (466-9832). New Management obviously new to the gay scene. But the help is top notch. Bob, Mike are behind the bar.

Candy Store, 44 W. 56th St. (561-4664). Stalwart Frankie still lending bar at this out-of-towner's haven. It often looks like a wax museum, but they have started having live entertainment. A jacket-&tie place, but not obligatory. GM.

Continental Sauna, 111 W. 56th St. Not as grand (and also not as expensive) as the Mother Church on W. 74th St. Neat for a businessman's matinee. GM.

Lib, 305 E. 45th St. (LE 2-0290). This bar did for the girls' bars what the Continental did for the baths scene. Great dinners by Ernesto, drinks concocted by Jimmie & Ellie. On the floor, Ken & Gretchen. Hosts, Lou & Miss Bull. (Make that Ms.) GF.

Mayfair, 964 1st Ave. (EL 5-9259). Rather cruisy in the bygone East Side way, but splendid food & fun atmosphere. Int.

Roundtable, 151 E. 50th St. (758-0310). Still drawing crowds. No-call liquor at \$1.50 a throw makes it, well, you-name-it. The sound system is one of the best, however, as is the dance floor. Joey & Marco at the bar. GF, GM.

Sauna Baths, 300 W. 58th St. (PL 5-6880). A small place which closes at midnight, it's busiest between 4-30-11pm & on Sunday afternoons. GM.

Victor's Quarters, 984 2nd Ave. (355-9453). Pleasant neighborhood bar, with some Midnight Cowboy. Steve is on the bar. GM.

Yukon, 140 E. 53rd St. (421-8122). Almost scary flight back to the 50's, but flash! — no ties and jackets. Good place if you want to feel like an ingenu. Some of the best drinks in town. A camp, rather high. Dancing. Ask for Roy.

DANCE BELT & HELL'S KITCHEN

[The Dance Belt is roughly the area of the West Forties & early Fifties, encompassing the theatre district & environs; Hell's Kitchen starts where Chelsea leaves off & includes the Times Square section. Theatre gypsies in the former, Midnight Cowboys in the latter.]

Big Spender, 315 W. 48th St. (586-9882). Lots of performers from nearby shows, some of them beauties. Fun place. Eric is busy behind the bar. GM.

Brothers & Sisters, 355 W. 46th St. (247-8840). A mixed bag with everyone happily doing his own thing, including lots of rapping. Boys & girls together & enjoying it. But when Johnny & Billy work hard to insure everyone has a good time. GM.

Willie's West Side, 224 W. 82nd St., east of B'way (874-9833). Now a juice bar.

UPTOWN

Haymarket Pub, 772 8th Ave. (586-9360). They asked not to be listed in "The Gay Insider, U.S.A."—so we'll mention them here. They may not like it, but their clientele is mostly gay & theatre, which is redundant. Int. (7) Jimmy Ray's, 729 8th Ave. (582-9507). They don't admit it either, so you dare not hold hands. We're not free & equal yet. Int.

Joe Allen, 326 W. 43rd St. (581-6464). The bar is as gay as any in town, but there's the mix at the tables which puts it into the category of Int.

Loading Zone, 586 9th Ave. (563-8212). If you can't find 'em at Dirty Edna's, you'll find 'em here. Fun. George at the bar. GM.

Sanctuary, 407 W. 43rd St. (247-4210). It's still here, and if you haven't seen it, you must. Fruit juice discotheque, young crowd. Not the super-popular dance palace that ushered in the 70s, but a trip. Int., but mostly GM.

UPPER EAST SIDE

AiBil, 1546 2nd Ave. (249-7026). Gwen's new discoque. Formerly Hot Line. Fine sound system & dance floor. Big nostalgia night on Mondays complete with Conga line. GF, GM.

Country Cousin Restaurant, 1313 3rd Ave. (879-6614). Dining in a rustic atmosphere, 4pm-midnight, bar open till last call, of course. Sunday brunch at 1pm. Good food & drink. Ralph's your host & Mother Rice reigns during the day (see "The Gay Insider"). On the bar: Johnny, Billy & Eddie. GM.

Four Seasons, 99 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-4300). Ordered J.F.H. to remove them from his mailing list. OK, but that cocktail hour scene is gay whether they'll own up to it or not. Int.

Harry's Back East, 1422 3rd Ave. (249-6991). One of the crispest bars in the city. Everyone makes it here. Lovely Lee is the day barmaid (see "The Gay Insider"), with Judy, Jerry & George taking over at night. GM.

Mildred Pierce's Restaurant, 1229 1st Ave. We'll get there anon, watch for our review.

New Jimmy's, 1576 3rd Ave. (860-4509). Hosted by Tom and Joe. Dinners impeccably prepared by Carlotta, served by some of the best waiters in the city. Drinks that can't be beat tended by Kitty and Ed. And, now, the excitement of the dynamic duo, Johnny Savoy and Judy Sexton to entertain you. GF, GM.

GAY CINEMA

David, 236 W. 55th St.

55th St. Playhouse, 55th St. between 6th & 7th Aves.

Jewel Theatre, 12th St. & 3rd Ave.

Park-Midway, 43rd St. betw. 6th Ave. & B'way (BR 9-2970)

Tomcat Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St.

GAA MOVIES
99 Wooster St. (226-8572)

March 19th—King Kong and The Lost World
March 26th—Two classic films of the 1960's (call for hours and details)
April 2nd—Special Easter Sunday film (call for hours)
April 9th—All About Eve

The Editors Speak

PROMISES AT ELECTION TIME

1972 promises to be a good year for gay liberation. No matter what the more conservative elements in the gay community may think of the militants in their midst, one fact will stand out clearly: the militants will prove themselves effective in eliciting gay rights promises from major Democratic candidates for the presidency.

It is doubtful that they will wring any such statement from Richard Nixon, however, although it's to be hoped that they'll make a hearty attempt. There's little doubt but that Nixon is a homophobe (see Dr. George Weinberg's chapter on homophobia in *Society and the Healthy Homosexual*, recently published by St. Martin's Press).

Chasing down the candidates and making them take stands on as controversial an issue as homosexuality will be no easy job. Statements released by candidates to the gay community are too often seen only in the gay press, and it will be part of the movement's job to see that these statements are circulated in the establishment press as well.

Merle Miller told the press recently that he'd long since given up "expecting idealism in politics." It's important that the gay community realize a truth about politicians that Merle Miller emphasized: "They only give an inch if you hit them on the head."

If we find ourselves shocked by blatant harangues initiated by those gay militants who are approaching candidates to

wring statements and promises from them, we've only to reflect that unless these candidates are sufficiently rattled, they'll say nothing and do nothing for sexual civil liberties and social rights.

The letter to the Gay Activists Alliance from Mayor John V. Lindsay proves that the Mayor, far from being angered by GAA zappers at Radio City Music Hall, City Hall and at his campaign headquarters, is, in fact, anxious to stay on the good side of the gay community. Whether, in fact, his letter means that he'll work hard for gay rights before the termination of his career as Mayor, is another matter. We are looking for some indication from him that Intro 475 will be reintroduced and given adequate support by him for its passage. In the meantime, GAA President Richard Wandel has called a "truce" until militants can see if the Mayor will put muscle behind his words.

In the election of 1970, former U.S. Ambassador/Supreme Court Justice Arthur Goldberg refused to speak out on gay rights until the GAA had pressured him mercilessly. When he finally did so, it was too late in his campaign to mean much. Few in the homosexual community knew that he was talking such a stand. Pity.

Let's hope that the front-running Democrat, whoever he may be, will see the wisdom of an early pro-gay rights proclamation. When this happens, this newspaper will go to bat for him for the duration of the Presidential campaign.

D.C. Democrats Elect Gay Delegates

BY PERRIN SHAFER

Washington, D.C.—Two gay delegates and two gay alternates have been elected here to a Democratic Convention slate opposed to the state of D.C. Representative Walter Fauntroy. Another homosexually-inclined person is running for At-Large D.C. Democratic Central Committee, the governing body of D.C.'s Democratic Party.

The political activity steps from January meetings with the heads of the local political parties, John Pendleton and Walter Fauntroy. Pendleton dampened gay spirits by informing those at the meeting that Republican Convention delegates were selected by party leaders, unlike the recently-reformed Democratic Party, from whose ward meetings Democratic voters could elect delegates. Gays could go to Republican Party platform meetings to ask for gay rights from the audience only, since the platform committee has already been appointed.

According to D.C. gay leader Dr. Franklin Kameny, Fauntroy told gays during his meeting with them that homosexual civil-rights legislation was lower on his list of priorities than legislation to alleviate the suffering of Blacks and the poor. Kameny feels that the next statement made explains his list of priorities: Fauntroy was still undecided on the morality of abortion and homosexuality. Since Democratic ward meetings had been held already, there was no hope of gay politicians being nominated. Paul Kuntzler, campaign manager last year for the Kameny for Congress campaign and this year for the D.C. gay political effort, accused Fauntroy of saying "in effect, that we were disenfranchised. As D.C.'s only Congressman, he's supposed to represent all groups."

Those Democratic ward meetings that had already been held also distressed Kuntzler. Coincidentally, two days after the Fauntroy meeting, a group of Democrats also distressed with the conduct of those meetings contacted Kuntzler and Kameny. The group, which calls itself the D.C. Democratic Reform Committee, charged Fauntroy with advertising the meetings almost exclusively to his followers so that they could rubber-stamp his choices for political office, including a Favorite-Son Presidential candidacy and another Congressional term for himself.



The Reform Committee slate: Paul Kuntzler, Frank Kameny, Ina Rodman and Maurice Wimberly

The Reform Committee wanted financial and voter support from gays in forming an all-group slate to oppose Fauntroy in the May 2nd primary. The Committee made the contact because of the Kameny campaign last year. For starters, the Committee appointed Kuntzler and Kameny to the steering committee—which is the governing body—and Kameny to the platform committee, to write a meaningful gay plank (which must be approved by the platform committee).

Gay activist cooperation with the Reform Committee changed the National Gay Political Caucus, held in Chicago in mid-February. "About the most that the delegates there intended to do was to get favorable planks into the party platform," Kameny commented. "When the D.C. delegation finished, the Caucus was hungry for the election of gay delegates

and nomination of a symbolic Gay to the Presidency, as Blacks had once done with Julian Bond."

If the Reform Committee slate wins on May 2nd, the county may have its first gay activist convention delegates and central committee person. All five candidates are GAA members. Three are veterans of the Kameny campaign—delegate Joel Martin and alternate delegates Kuntzler and Kameny. The other two are barely old enough to vote. The only Black is delegate Maurice Wimberly. The only woman is Central Committee person Ina Rodman. Rodman was elected at a citywide meeting, while the others were elected at ward meetings. Over 10% of the Reform Committee slate is gay. The gays have not decided yet which candidate they will support for President.

Georgia Students Try For Gay Dance

(continued from page 1)

the CGE in holding the dance. The administration's stated reason for blocking the recognized group from holding the dance for the gay organization was that Intersect was "misusing its privileges as a recognized student organization" in sponsoring a dance for an unrecognized organization.

As a further result of pressure, the CGE's faculty advisor resigned, and the gays' university faculty meeting hall was cancelled.

CGE executive director Bill Green took immediate action by contacting the American Civil Liberties Union which

agreed to file suit against the university for the CGE. At present, the CGE is attempting to obtain an injunction against the university so that the dance may be held as scheduled. However, the gays have not been able to retain a lawyer who will take the case for a reasonable fee.

[Editor's Note: The gay students at the University of Georgia are without funds and are in need of money for legal purposes and for local publicity. They have explained to GAY that contributions would be greatly appreciated. Send checks or money orders to: Committee on Gay Education, P.O. Box 2467, Ga. Univ. Sta., Athens, Ga. 30601.]

GAY

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The Gay Insider

BY JOHN FRANCIS HUNTER

"Few homosexuals use their real names. They generally go by aliases, choosing first names with a sexual connotation. Harry, Dick, Peter are the most favored." David Reuben, Chapter 8, *Male Homosexuality*, Everything You Always Wanted to Know about Sex.

In the above quote Reuben is wrong, of course, as he is with most of his wild generalizations about homosexuals. A revisit to his odious chapter on us serves as a reminder not to lump people and challenges one to try to illustrate that, while group behavior patterns seem to justify gross assumptions, cause is as individual a matter as a fingerprint. Take this business of assumed names . . .

Anyone who cares to can find out just where I was at, what I was up to and fer and agin, also how old, by taking a look at the name I was answering to at any given time. My names and the duration of their usage are telltale as the rings on a tree trunk.

If I should one day, on some insane dynastic impulse, desire to spawn and rear children, I think I would call them each Darling, Darling One, Two, and heaven help me for even thinking of adding to the population overweight, Three. Why strap them with tags of my fancy, ego extensions or sentimental designations that they would feel obliged or pressured by society to carry with them past their acceptability, perhaps? I believe everyone ought to have the right to use whatever names he or she desires, eschewing or favoring them as one does styles of clothing and evolving philosophical, theological, social and political allegiances.

BORN JOHN HENRY

I was called John Henry Hudson at birth, Hudson being my father's surname, English. On my Oestereichisch maternal grandmother's side was a Johannes Heinrich, a name I came to love during the beginning of my Austrophile period, which has persisted. But no one would ever use the Deutsche version, not even my wonderful Tyrolean grandparents, so John Henry was never tolerable to me, especially not the Henry part, even though yodelling, horse-trading, English-muttling Gropspapa was also Henry, and I adored him. Him with his bushy mustache, suspenders and huge gentle farmer's hands always clasped behind his back and never lifted in violence against a living creature.

When I started to speak (in sentences) at age ten months, I translated John Henry to Non-Enny, and that was soon minimized by the family to Nonny. "Hey, Nonny, Nonny!" the neighbors would call after me—though they didn't know they were heralding me in Shakespeare. Most of the folk in Hunger Rock were so untutored and parochial that they thought my mother's people were from Austria, high German accents notwithstanding. The family's Roman Catholicism was considered a sinister aberration, and they were accepted in spite of it because they were charming, clever, responsible, honest and, eventually, prosperous, which was the overriding persuasion in their favor. If the locals had quite grasped that my grandparents were from the outlandish old Dual Monarchy of Austria-Hungary, my kin would never have been as beloved as they were, since the townspeople were so xenophobic they even looked down upon the boys returning from service in France during the Great War as immigrants.

PAUL HUDSON



Paul Hudson co-stars in *Showgirls* of 1960 (with Virginia O'Brien) at Bimbo's in San Francisco when he was Macy's Man there.

THEN CAME JACKIE

Nonny soon became a very private pet name, and John Henry was replaced with Jackie. I think Jack was substituted for John when I came home one day in tears because a new teacher at school had bade me "Put yer John Henry right hyar." I had done just that, and she had laughed unmercifully, thinking I was hopelessly literal if not a trifle dense.

I loathed "Jackie" which is still what they would call me back there if I gave them the chance, that is by going back into that awful primitive burg where they used to boast, "There's never been a nigger inside the city limits after sundown." I am permissive with my 90-year-old aunt and other hoary senior citizens, but consider Jackie the equivalent of "boy" or "sonny" when hung on me by any would-be familiar under fifty-five.

BECAME STRAIGHT JACK

An English teacher who was opposed to the "preciousness" of nicknames effected the transition to straight Jack among my peers in junior high school, and it was as Jack I entered and completed college. Since nobody knew who John Henry was, on campus, engraved on our formal cream vellum Commencement invitations was John Henry (Jack) Hudson, though the inclusion of the nickname was a break with protocol. Since I was class president and in charge of the printing, it was simple to manage. Its appearance raised eyebrows among the faculty (you could barely distinguish between their eyebrows and hairlines anyway), but hardly anyone else noticed: they were relieved that I'd spelled Averill Harriman's name right. (He was Commencement speaker, and Harry Truman received an honorary degree that year—or maybe it was the Liaquat Ali Khan of Pakistan, I'm not sure. Point is, I was upstaged, which was not an easy thing to pull off, since I had thrice been threatened with expulsion, as a student agitator, once for organizing the Student Liberty in Progress Movement—coining the scandalous acronym SLIP, achieving SLIP Movement, a no-no. Also, I had been vice-president of the student body, president of my social fraternity (which

ran the campus), editor of the annual, twice elected to Who's Who Among Students in American Colleges and Universities and voted Most Fascinating Man on Campus by the coeds, yet. (A real BMOC, if not, quite, a jock.)

Shortly after graduation I wrote a novel (my third) which was published. Because it was a mini-Peyton Place containing what was then considered "graphic" sex, I was forced to assume a pen-name or risk having my new teaching contract revoked, my principal having been a devout Southern Baptist. My favorite name had for some time been Paul, ever since my sister dated a handsome blond Campbellite preacher named Paul (and I had seen them necking in the porch swing, a turn-on). My favorite poet was then Shelley, so I decided on Paul Shelley. About a half-million people here, in Canada, Australasia and the United Kingdom read *Saturday's Harvest*, a Gold Medal original. By Paul Shelley.

A HOLLYWOOD DISCOVERY

We now leap to Hollywood, whence I soon fled to become a moviestar. Despite a college elopement, paternity and an



John Paul Hudson with Carl Stevens, the Alcoa Preview Preview (aka) Couple on ABC-TV (1965).

suallment, plus a series of intense love affairs with females married and unmarried, an engagement that ended in suicide, and a hard-won reputation as a cocksman, I successfully defined myself to myself as a homosexual and set about creating a "new me" in Glamorland. It was the era of trick names, many of them devised by agent Henry Wilson: Rock Hudson, Tab Hunter, Rory Calhoun, Piper Laurie. Not to be outdone (and also because I had a crush on a certain Roger Dollarhide), I weighed the following winners: Ty Tack, Duck Pond, Raoul Rhodes, Jam Jar and Tool Case. None was quite fitting, somehow (though Jam, which in the gay patois then meant "straight butch," came close after I had, thanks to the Madame Elektra, Countess Rozanska, lowered my voice an octave). So I combined my maternal grandfather's mother's family name—Sturm—with my paternal grandmother's maiden name—Van Netherlander—and came up with Storm Netherland. (A pseudonym I was one day to use as a by-line to my GAY column on astrology, does anybody remember?)

When a famous producer came into my life and suggested something a little more, well, credible for my screen debut, I readily abandoned Storm Netherland for John Hudson. But Screen Actors Guild already had a John Hudson, and performing union names are regarded as sacred trade marks, so I decided on a cross between Paul Shelley, which had brought me luck as an author, and the old solid original Hudson, emerging as Paul Hudson. (Once, when I was going to become a rock singer, a manager toyed with the idea of making that Paul.)

OFF AND ON PAUL

I am still registered thus in SAG, Actors Equity, AGVA and AFTRA, and I began my night club, acting and modeling career in N.Y. as Paul Hudson. At the Falmouth Playhouse on Cape Cod in 1962 I joined a non-Equity revue, which meant that I had to assume a non-Equity name. I chose John Paul Hudson and kept it through the ensuing fall season in the city in a new hit version of the summer revue called *The Best of Everything*—featuring also a remarkable comedienne who then billed herself as Buzzi.

When I teamed up with the dazzling soubrette Carl Stevens for a long series of cabaret, night club, club date, luxury liner, revue and TV appearances, I temporarily dropped the John, including it again in 1965 when a numerologist ad-

Nobody Knows

vised it would bring me luck. It did. For one thing, I eventually had the pleasure of performing one season in a two-person revue with Lily Tomlin, entitled *Two Much!!* For five seasons I enjoyed singing, directing, and producing shows at the Madeira Club, P-town, also writing material and seeing the continued blooming there of such talents as Edward Morris, Franklin Roosevelt Underwood, Jerry Clark, Barre Dennis, Betty Aberlin, Joanne Beretta, (Ruth) Buzzi and Lily. On Labor Day, 1967, I made my last legit bow, with Lily . . .

"This is my final farewell tonight, for up to my teeth I'm fed, I've memories stuck to my wall tonight—and some of them stuck to my bed . . ."

(It is great irony to me that the only appearance I've made in show business since then was this past summer as a smiling goon in Bob Downey's as-yet-unreleased *Greaser's Palace*, working once again as an actor, at the very time *Michael's Thing* referred to me as "a tired unemployed actor." He was at least right about the "tired," as it was a tough movie.)

AUTHOR AS ARTHUR

Back in 1967, after almost a decade of performing, not knowing quite what I wanted to do, I tried a term as director of drama at Hunter College High School for Girls—known there as John Hudson. Then I began to write again, turning out in the winter of 1968 at my friend Speed's in New Hampshire a long novel about a homosexual Presidential candidate and the post-college, semi-Hip youth who fell in love with him. It was flatly rejected everywhere it was seen—from *Greenleaf Classics* on the West Coast to Grove Press. *Greenleaf* damned it for its "queer point of view," two noted agents turned it down because they thought it "too pornographic" or "too gameful" for publication. (Now that fanciful novel, *The White Chalet*, seems as innocuous as an old high school annual and resides on a shelf in my store room as a reminder that I was once ahead of the times, especially in depicting gay love as valid love, with no apologies.) Had it been published, it would have appeared under the name of Arthur Los Angeles, the nom de plume of the young man supposedly narrating the story. I was, truly, not yet ready to put my name to what I believed in: the beauty of the gay life-style.

But now we are coming to the reason for this mini-autobiography: the clearing up of my present "dual identity." I had intended to do it in my next book which is to be a handbook on coming out, the working title being either *Well, Folks, I'm Gay or Love Me as I Am or There's Something I've Got to Tell You*. Also, I had hoped to go through the name-change progression in depth in a life story, *Autobiography of an Eccentric*, which, of course, I shall still do one day. However, a fellow journalist began to circulate the rumor that I had written the fine Off-Broadway drama *Nightride* (now closed) under the pen-name of Lee Barton, assuming that since I was so enthusiastic about the play, having raved about it in GAY and was helping to conduct weekly symposiums on the subject of "Nightride and the Homosexual Today," that naturally I must have had some vested interest in it. Some people—especially opportunists masquerading as idealists in the Movement—cannot fathom someone's devoting himself to the furtherance of an idea or prolongation of a work of art without thought of direct benefit, when that



John Paul Hudson with Lily Tomlin in "Two Much!!" Provincetown 1967. Ms. Tomlin will appear in concert at Carnegie Hall, March 31st.

cause is not the cynic's idea of a worthy one. Of course, all the rumor-monger had to do was pick up the phone to ask me whether Hudson/Hunter was also Barton—or write a note as writers are ordinarily capable of doing—but such a gesture would have stirred up no hornets. There are those who cannot thrive except in crisis nor operate once-removed from hysteria. (Place a major network TV camera outside the doors of the Firehouse and you'd draw away from the GAA business of government most of those who obstruct it, often just to get attention, or just to indulge a custodial arrogance that would be mitigated if they could command a bigger—and even more gullible—audience beyond the perimeter of long-suffering, elaborately-democratic GAA.)

I was forced to deny authorship of *Nightride* principally to protect the integrity of GAY—which would hardly have allowed me to review my own work or have participated in what would have been unthinkable deception.

HOW JOHN FRANCIS HUNTER

But there's more to my story than that revelation provoked by the silly *Nightride*

John Francis Hunter in the pages of GAY, August 1970



episode. As a public gay I must make it clear I am not hiding because I am homosexual, and I must explain how John Francis Hunter, gay writer, came into being . . .

In early 1969 I was smitten by the daring, audacity and vision represented by the publication called *SCREW* (then just a few months old). Since I carefully placed *SCREW* in a historical perspective vis a vis the Sexual Revolution in an essay in a collection called *Sexual Latitude: For and Against* just this past summer (a hardback put out by Hart, including works by James Leo Herlihy, Vance Packard, Albert Ellis, Mary Brested, Del Martin, Phyllis Lyon and all that crowd), I won't launch into praise of the renowned sex review now. But I knew in '69 that *SCREW* was going to help change the world, and I wanted to be part of that. Its "Homosexual Citizen" column, by Lige and Jack, was, alone, a major first: a feature on homosexuality and the gay life-style in a weekly straight (well, non-gay) publication? Heretofore unheard-of.

I wrote Jim Buckley a letter protesting a piece on homosexual role-playing that had been intended as satire and which I had taken seriously (Teutonic sense of humor taking charge). Casting about for a name—in case he should print the letter in those deliciously pornographic pages that were being suddenly devoured by everyone I knew, but who would think I'd gone round the bend if I "decended to smut," the hypocrites—I came up with my own John. Then Francis, which I'd always called my cock (sexual connotation, Dr. Reuben?) and which I liked because it sounded sissy, thus counter-jam and counter what I'd tried to be. Lastly Hunter, probably because it bears a similarity ethnically to Hudson, has the same number of letters, and belongs to the "other" well-known 1950's screen idol of gays (other than Rock, that is). Further-

more, I had in mind creating a column on Gotham's gay night life, specifically the bars, suggesting same to Buckley that very spring; Hunter seemed to be the perfect (suggestive) by-line for an ever-searching voluptuary of my ilk (then).

THE UNA SEX ERA

For a year I wrote the "Sex Advice for Failures" column, as *Una Sex*, now and then contributing pornographic pieces as JFH. It was my very own liberation as a writer to type out "fuck," "cunt," "piss," and even "shit," as well as "cock-sucker" as often as I damned well pleased, throwing off the tyranny of fear of four-letter words that my environment had imposed on me. It was an act of rebellion for me—and I was embarrassed, if not ashamed, for reveling in words for which I had so long sought euphemisms. I reformed my basic vocabulary. So you see, JFH came about as a "front" of a closet pornographer, not as a Closet Captive gay.

When GAY began publication in late 1969 I was first represented reviewing *And Puppy Dog Tails* as John Paul Hudson. But when I introduced "Barfly's Bae-decker" in early 1970, it was as John Francis Hunter. I calculated that I had lined up a few *SCREW* readers under that name who would carry over. Also, I was afraid of syndicate reprisal for being the first reporter to do a regular, out-in-the-open reportage of N.Y.'s gay bars. These were a very paranoid bunch of businessmen then, whose managements did not then conceive of advertising—not until the summer of '70 when Nickle DiMartino of the Haven tentatively placed an ad, after talking with me, for his "unisex" discotheque and Gwen Saunders, also after talking with me, boldly pitched four of her operations, in GAY. I did not, of course, sell the ads or receive commissions. As that would have been conflict of interest. One must not, under any name or under any circumstance, act as a critic of something or somebody to which or to whom he has a profit-motive connection.

It was a long time before other bars came along and began to trumpet proudly that they were gay—partially because the SLA is so capricious and can always find a "reason" for revoking a license no matter how much headway the 1966 Slip-Ins achieved on paper.

CAME OUT IN NUDE

After GAY went weekly I was further represented with a wide range of commentaries on gay life—from Reuben to incest to nudity. Pertaining to the last, I came out in the nude in GAY in the summer of '70, with JFH under my photos, no retouching. No disguise.

Involvement with GAA began in April of 1970. Later, on the night I was asked to accept the nomination for Fund-Raising Chairman, I felt it only right to announce my own name if I were going to be an upfront activist, and to use it in any official capacity. I never tried to hide from my fellow militants that I was also JFH, though, and now I feel I have more to contribute under that name because of having become recognizable to readers of the gay press, principally GAY and *The Advocate*. My Movement participation is as a gay writer—and I am not interested in using the gay press as a "stepping-stone" to an establishment forum. Any periodical that accepts my work will accept the work of someone who is dedicated to the gay press in perpetuity.

(continued on page 18)

Penn State Students Sue

(continued from page 1)
 student teaching at Penn, had informed the school board. Abram VanderMeer, deal of the College of Education, told *The Daily Collegian* that it was standard practice to notify school districts of anything which might influence how well the student teacher might fit into the local community, although the only notifications that he could recall were those regarding the Dean's List. An anonymous school district official told the *Pennsylvania Mirror* that Penn had exerted "considerable pressure" on the school district to request dismissal, due to the suit. Although officials on both sides disavowed any pressure, school district officials did state that any teacher who made public his homosexuality or affiliation with a homophile organization could expect dismissal. Robert Campbell, assistant superintendent for instruction at the school district explained to the *Mirror* that Acanfora's membership in HOPS could "contribute to ineffectiveness in his position" due to public displeasure, adding that homosexuality is "not commonly accepted."

The public displeasure that Campbell feared came anyway. Letters and phone calls to the media and all parties to the dispute voiced nearly overwhelming support for Acanfora and castigated school officials. Faculty advisor to HOPS, Ursula Mueller, resigned her position as a mathematics instructor in protest during a press conference called by Acanfora's supporters. At the conference, the father of one of Acanfora's seventh grade biology students said that his daughter had told him that "he was a very good teacher and did not try to force his personal views on any of his students."
 Support came from various campus student organizations, including the student council of the school where Acanfora taught, Park Forest Junior High. The council circulated petitions asking students if they agreed or disagreed with Acanfora's removal. 1,200 leaflets objecting to the dismissal were passed out at the three high schools in the school district. Sympathizers complained of intimidation. A teacher in the school district said that she and other teachers had been

warned not to get involved. An eighth grade student at Acanfora's school alleged that some students were afraid to sign the student council petitions due to scathing remarks that some teachers made before the petitions were distributed. Penn officials advised Acanfora not to seek further publicity because it would harm him, and they were concerned only with his best interests. Having considered the actions of school officials, a *Daily Collegian* editorial bitterly suggested that "perhaps they are the ones from whom our children should be protected," instead of from gays.
 On Kameny's advice, Acanfora sought an injunction. His request was based on the recent reinstatement, by the California Supreme Court, of a teacher fired because he was gay (Morrison case). A week after his dismissal, he was back at his school, by court order. He still plans to teach after receiving his degree in June.

GAA-N.Y. Wins Court Battle For Incorporation



GAA President Richard Wandel and his lover, Herman Figueroa, rejoice

New York, N.Y.—After rejection of its certificate of incorporation by the Secretary of State of New York, and the upholding of that decision by the Supreme Court Albany County, the Gay Activists Alliance, on a unanimous opinion of the Appellate Division Third Judicial Department, has won reversal of the ruling and the State has been ordered to accept the certificate for filing.
 In reversing the Appellate bench disagreed with both the Secretary of State and the decision rendered by Justice T. Paul Kane, at Special Term last year, that the name of the organization was not a fit name for a corporation and that it existed for an illegal purpose.
 "Admittedly, appellants are a homosexual civil rights organization... the word 'gay' is not a word proscribed by statute from use in the title of a proposed corporation. Neither is it obscene or vulgar, even though it is considered synonymous with homosexual... an examination of

the stated purposes reveals that they are not in and of themselves unlawful... It is well established that it is not unlawful for any individual or group of individuals to peaceably agitate for the repeal of any law."
 Harold M. Weiner briefed and argued the case for the Gay Activists Alliance. Eldon Van Cleef Greenburg submitted a brief on behalf of the New York Civil Liberties Union as amicus curiae urging reversal.
 When asked about the decision, Richard Wandel, President of Gay Activists Alliance, expressed great satisfaction with it and stated that it was a landmark decision for not only gay civil rights but the right of any group or person to incorporate for a legitimate purpose even though public officials did not like them.
 The State has 30 days to decide whether or not to appeal this ruling to the Court of Appeals, the highest court in the State of New York.

GAA-D.C. Opens Community Center

Washington, D.C.—On Feb. 22, the GAA here incorporated as Gay Activists Alliance of Washington, D.C., Inc. Plans were being laid to open GAA's community center soon after.
 GAA incorporated as a non-profit corporation chartered in D.C. It will apply to the Internal Revenue Service for tax-exempt status. GAA president Bob Johnson expects a lengthy court battle.
 Johnson said that the new GAA center will open sometime before the March 18th dance, which will be held at the center. The center—at 1219 13th St., N.W.—adjoins a parking lot, between M and N Streets, N.W. The first floor contains 4,500 square feet. GAA has an option to rent 7,500 more square feet, on the other two floors of the building. At night and on weekends, over 400 free parking places will be available in the parking lot which separates the center from 13th St.
 GAA is planning to paint the building lavender and to emblazon the world's largest lambda on it (three floors high)—if the Fine Arts Commission approves. A local architectural critic feels that disapproval should be suspected as anti-gay, in view of what the Commission has been approving lately. The intended decoration inspired one GAA member to suggest facetiously naming the center "The Dalai

Lambda."
 The center will contain GAA offices and meeting rooms. Dances will probably be held every Saturday after the March 18th dance, 9 p.m. to 3 a.m. Future center plans include educational lectures, consciousness-raising groups, and V.D. detection and education. GAA's Richard Glaven, who chaired the committee to locate the center, will head the day-to-day operation.
 Two big events have been tentatively scheduled for the near future at the center. At press time, a national planning strategy conference on 1972 federal elections was planned for March 5-7, with special emphasis on the Democratic Convention (GLF of San Diego) is planning the same for Richard Nixon. On April 20th, GAA plans to hold a First Anniversary party. Johnson stated that "Congressmen and all appropriate city officials have been invited to meet us on our grounds for a change."
 After space and time have been allocated for GAA, other groups will be scheduled. Johnson stated, "This is the first time in D.C. that a public-use facility has been open to all segments of the gay community." He then exulted, "At last, we have a home for America's fastest growing and most successful politically active gay group."



ADVERTISE IN GAY

A New Medium

"I received three calls the first evening the paper was on the newsstands... In all, I would say that I received in the neighborhood of 35 to 40 calls," writes one astounded advertiser.

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Minnesota Elects Gay Delegates

Minneapolis, Minn.—Minnesota hasn't had a presidential primary since 1956. In its place, the people's will is expressed at precinct caucuses—neighborhood meetings at each of the state's 3,800 voting precincts.
 Anybody over 18 can attend his caucus. He doesn't even have to be registered to vote.
 A situation ripe for gay involvement, no?
 For the first time a carefully organized effort to turn out gay voters was made. The result: 34 gay delegates and 22 gay alternates were elected to county or district conventions of the Republican or Democratic-Farmer-Labor parties at caucuses held February 22nd.
 Jack Baker, the gay activist-student body president at the University of Minnesota, is a delegate, of course. In fact, the biggest success was scored in his precinct in the Minneapolis 7th Ward gay ghetto, where DFL Party leaders caught wind of the organizing that began three weeks in advance.
 First the Hubert Humphrey organization, then the Eugene McCarthy group,

approached Baker and R. Michael Wetherbee, the gay coordinator for the precinct. Convinced of the prospect of a gay majority turnout, they agreed that Baker would preside at the caucus, and that six of the precinct's 11 delegates to the 36th District DFL convention would be gay.
 On caucus night, however, everyone was surprised by the huge turnout of voters, all across Minnesota—70,000 at DFL caucuses, 30,000 at Republican events. Students and other young people were out in large numbers, after intense campaigns by both parties to attract them.
 At Baker's caucus 21 gay people showed up, easily a majority in any other election year. This year, however, the crowd totaled over 70.
 The agreement was observed, however, and a whole roster of gay-rights resolutions was quickly adopted, demanding tax equality for singles, sodomy repeal, human-rights laws for gays, and legal same-sex marriages.
 The delegates were about to be elected, as planned, when one newcomer objected to "railroading." He was nominated for

delegate, too, and later identified himself as David Bender, active in the Gay Activists Alliance before he left New York City a year ago. The caucus then elected the Baker slate of six gay delegates—and Bender, too.
 All told, the attendance of at least 100 gay voters was confirmed at caucuses in 22 precincts in Minneapolis, St. Paul, two suburbs and—230 miles across the state—Moorhead, Minn. Most backed a peace coalition behind McCarthy, George McGovern, John Lindsay and Shirley Chisholm, but the number includes Republicans, conservatives and moderates, too.
 The easy, often unanimous adoption of gay-rights resolutions at 10 DFL caucuses, some far from the gay neighborhoods, also was a surprise.
 At one caucus in the suburb-like 11th Ward of Minneapolis, a teen-ager read with shaky voice a resolution that angrily denounced vicious oppression of homosexuals. He sat down to the lusty, right-on applause of his straight high-school classmates, and then saw his motion adopted without dissent.

A college student was the only gay man at his caucus in a 6th Ward precinct heavy with blue-collar and elderly voters. A startled hush enveloped the room when he introduced a gay-justice platform, and he sat down afterwards in dead silence. There was a pause.
 "Well, why not? You can't tell the boys from the girls any more anyway," one aged woman finally said, breaking the silence.
 Warm chuckles spread over the crowd, and paved the way for near-unanimous adoption by the 96 voters on hand. A few minutes later the caucus elected the homosexual a delegate.
 He and the other gay delegates are now in a position to help select candidates for the legislature, aldermen and other public offices, and to choose delegates for the parties' state conventions.
 The organizing effort was based on personal recruitment via friends and telephone calls, and included leafletting at Twin Cities gay bars, a coffee house and Gay House community center.

Everard Baths Burned



The Everard Baths

BY JOHN P. LeROY

New York, N.Y.—At 7:30 a.m., March 1, a two-alarm fire broke out in the southwest corner of the top floor of the Everard Baths at 28 West 28th Street. Within ten minutes, the blaze spread to all parts of the floor. The cause is still undetermined.
 Fortunately, everybody was safely evacuated. There were no injuries. Fire-

men arrived early and quickly put out the blaze, but only after the entire top floor was completely demolished. The remainder of the building went unharmed. Two patrons, whose rooms were close to the origin of the fire, found their clothes burned. Otherwise, everyone else had ample time to dress and check out, despite some commotion at the check-out counter.
 Before the fire occurred, extensive re-

modeling was being undertaken in order to make the Everard cleaner and more modern. Insurance adjusters have yet to give a final estimate of the worth of the damage, but Everard officials are nevertheless going ahead with plans to renovate. Reopening is scheduled in two or three weeks, and redecorating is expected to be completed by the beginning of April.

Hubert Humphrey For Gay Rights



Minneapolis, Minn.—Sen. Hubert H. Humphrey (D-Minn.) has issued a written—but not very specific—declaration of support for the rights of "homosexual Americans."
 In a letter dated February 23rd to Jack Baker of Minneapolis, Humphrey said, "I see no reason why homosexual Americans should be excluded from equal protection under the law."
 "I am against arbitrary discrimination against homosexuals, especially as it pertains to unfair occupational hiring practices."
 "Homosexuals are citizens; let us treat them as such," Humphrey said in a 58-word letter.
 However, the former Vice-President failed to answer a series of specific questions posed by Baker.
 Baker, student body president at the University of Minnesota, wrote Humphrey February 7th—at the invitation of a Humphrey aide—to "demand that our elected officials speak directly to our needs. We no longer will have patience with lip service."
 Baker asked whether Humphrey would, as president, issue executive orders to end anti-gay discrimination in federal employment, immigration and in the military, and whether Humphrey will support extension of federal civil-rights laws to gay people.
 Humphrey ignored each of the specific questions.
 "Thank you for your recent letter in which you inquired about my views on issues pertaining to homosexual Americans," Humphrey wrote. "I am and always have been committed to the civil rights and civil liberties of all Americans."

Cruising Off Broadway...

BY IAN J. TREE AND DANIEL HANKS

BARTON BENES

Barton Benes (pronounced Benesh) is an artist, gay and a Scorpio. Take that in any order you like. He is part of a showing called "Everybody's at Westbeth," at Westbeth Galleries on Bank Street near West, which continues through March 26. The show is loosely about bodies and Barton's part in it is loosely about gay ones. We visited his Westbeth loft for a preview.

The first impression is of leather: a huge canvas of a leatherman hangs over his bed and sports real chains and zippers; a crucified leatherman hangs in the bathroom; across from the bed is an altar, all black with blinking red lights, whose motorized tabernacle doors swing open to reveal a consecrated cock. Those are from a previous show, Barton says.

The new pieces are lighter, more satirical, more like cartoon panels. But the content is subtle. You can get the surface idea, say "of course," and turn away—then do a double-take and spend another fifteen minutes studying that "simple" drawing. He takes the minutiae of gay life, tiny things you might either ignore or despise (a popped popper, a zap placard), and works them into a statement of where the artist has been and where he's at. No celebration, no confession, just a statement. You add your own emotion.

Barton also hand-prints his own books on his very own printing press. He showed us some of the results while trying to decide which to include in the show. My favorite was "The Plagues of Egypt," using the Biblical text and modern illustrations. The plague of locusts, for example, was illustrated with what could have been children's book bulldozers. A laugh going out of your throat will meet a gasp coming in.

Try to see Barton's show at Westbeth. You might even try to see them as we did—stoned in his loft with the crucifixion scene from JC Superstar playing through our heads. Either way, you'll see something new.

NO EXIT, UNFORTUNATELY

After leaving Mr. Benes, we went to La Mama to see Sartre's *Huis Clos* in a new production conceived and directed by Renos Mandis. We appreciated the effort, but not the results. Instead of three misfits in a tight little room, Mandis gives us a bright, "modern" stage space with a leering devil figure and a troupe of lithe dancing tormentors going beh-beh-beh in chorus. Katrin Treloing did well enough by her character, Inez; Robin Nolan played Estelle for comedy as often as not (the relief was welcome); Sidney Armus, as Garcin, never connected with anybody. No matter. The characters and the point were lost in the brimstone somewhere near the beginning and only a few bright spots ever emerged above the fog.

CARMEN AND HER FRIENDS

The New York City Opera is in season again. Okay, so you don't like opera. You think it's stupid to watch a gelding bull bellow at a heifer in an overdecorated barn—and in Italian. However, the NYC Opera has taken some pains to make the art form popular again—that is, for the people—instead of an esoteric exercise for the rich or pretentious.

Roberto Devereux, for example, is exciting theatre, primarily because of Beverly Sills. When Sills makes her entrance,



The Netherlands Dance Theatre will be at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, from March 28 to April 9.

she is not only the "Queen of American Opera" (dubbed so by the infallible *Time* magazine), she is Elizabeth, Queen of England, and she wants a word or two with Robert Devereux who done her wrong. You watch her and you care about watching her. It's not just acting—other singers can act without commanding attention. And it's not just singing—even we could tell she hit a few clinkers; besides, you watch her when she's not singing. It's good old show biz star quality, the ability to put everything together so it comes out great.

Donizetti's opera is not great. With lesser talents it would have been dull. In fact, it uses dull in spots, especially in the early expository sections with the minor characters. But we're sure the audience would have attended to even these sections, if only to know what was going on, if they'd been in English. (Can you hear a True Opera Lover: "But my dear, it sounds so silly in English and so marvelous in Italian!") I'll bet that if it sounds silly in English, it sounds silly in Italian. And silly or not, in English the audience could follow the action instead of the program notes and opera would be a true dramatic form again instead of a stiff pantomime with sound effects. End of tirade.

Sills, you may have guessed, transcends the language barrier. She weaves such patterns of emotional color into her characterization that you know what she's saying without knowing what she's saying. ("You see, my dear? You don't need English or Italian.") But no one else in the cast communicated much more than sundry sounds. Enrico di Giuseppe had his moments as Essex, especially in his scene in the Tower cell; otherwise he was just The Tenor. Richard Fredericks and Susanne Marsee, as the Duke and Duchess of Nottingham, had one rousing fight scene in which they briefly become three-dimensional; otherwise they barely stood out from the chorus. Julius Rudel conducted, kept the pacing lively and drew some color from the orchestra.

The production was devised and directed by Tito Capobianco. David Hicks' stage direction helped make the chorus and some of the singers appear to be acting. Ming Cho Lee's sets were beautiful and surprisingly traditional. But Sills was the show and we recommend you see her to know what a real performer is. She'll be appearing in *Marie Stuarda*, also by Donizetti, on March 21st. You might see

us there in standing room.

Carmen didn't turn us on. The staging was very well done, always something for the eye, and it was doubly aided by Jose Varona's super sets and costumes (when you could see them under Hans Sondheimer's not-so-super lighting). Eileen Schauler looked good as Carmen and could act, although she stayed about a half-beat behind in most of her songs. Patricia Wells made a lovely debut as Micaela. Everyone was at least serviceable and most could act. Christopher Keene conducted the familiar Bizet score so that it sounded fresh. And the audience slept through a good part of it. Why? Because all that lovely staging and acting and love-making and joking and carrying-on was in French and Sills was in another opera.

Only Robert Hale as the tenor Rodolfo got past the old barrier, even though he too lagged behind the beat occasionally. Hale is sexy and has a sexy voice, which makes his role a snap. All he has to do is walk on proudly followed by admiring crowds and sing about how great it is to walk proudly followed by admiring crowds. He also gets to exit before he has a chance to be boring.

Schauler did get it together in the last act and shed a few sparks in her confrontation with Don Jose, the tenor she jilted for the sexy baritone. It was also the only time Michele Molese, the tenor, convinced us that he ever had something Carmen could dig. The death scene was electric. Still, we can recommend this *Carmen* only if you've never seen it and think you ought to. Otherwise, wait at the stage door for Robert Hale.

As to other operas at the NYC: Mozart's *Così fan Tutte* has its moments (in English) even though the sopranos we saw in it last season were visually absurd in the leads. Hoiby's *Summer and Smoke*, based on the Williams play, will be given Thursday March 23; and Britten's *Turn of the Screw* will appear at the Sunday matinee on April 2. Both look interesting.

THE JIFFY JOFFREY

Well it really must be Spring or damn near because the Joffrey Ballet folk are back in town (again) and a very good sign indeed. It seems that their seasons are getting closer and closer together and it can't be too far off when their season might be virtually continuous.

At any rate, if you're just getting into

dance or you're a full-time full-fledged balletomaniac (dance freak) the Joffrey is an absolute must—not because they're particularly "in" (although we suspect there's some of that going around) but simply because they are so good. I'm amazed how Joffrey and Arpino, the director and choreographer, manage to keep coming up with new and dramatic dance material which has never seemed derivative, but rather fresh, and on several occasions, quite eye opening (*Astaire*), and absolutely breathtaking (*The Clowns and Green Table*). The latter was first presented in the 30's and its comment on war and the politics of the conference table absolutely knocked people on their asses. P.S.—it still does.

We've followed the company since the mid-sixties and can't remember ever being really disappointed by their work—though there are one or two pieces we don't care for (staging and interpretation mostly).

Checking over their current program: they've dropped a few pieces done in the past, e.g. *Viva Vivaldi* which was always their season's opener and closer when it was in their repertoire. *Secret Place*—a really exquisite *pas de deux* using Mozart's famous piano concerto no. 21 (remember *Elvira Madigan*?) is missing this season.

Personnel-wise, the company has again managed to acquire some really fantastic dancers over the years—dancers who have carried the group to incredible heights. The Chilean chap, whose name escapes us, whose sheer physical presence and powerful dancing gave added punch to the company's multi-media piece, *Astaire*. Robert Blankshine was all of 19 when he joined them in '67 or '68 and he completely mesmerized audiences with his brilliant and devastating performance when the company first presented *The Clowns*. When we first saw it we were struck by the incredible dramatic force of the piece. It was like a rush when the paradox of the actual presentation and the subject matter hit us head on—*whew!* The whole idea of clowns is a paradox in itself—the eternal tragicomic figure, putting on the smiling face while going to pieces inside. Well, the Joffrey and Mr. Blankshine captured it absolutely—to the point that we were stoned when it was over and quite unable to applaud.

We'll make an effort to cover the new ballets—simply referred to as Ballet I, II, III, IV—this season. Everything in their repertoire is well worth seeing for the most part so you can go on any night and see first rate ballet as performed by a very first rate ballet company—the Joffrey Ballet. Dig it!

AND FURTHERMORE

At the Performing Garage at 33 Wooster St., Andre Gregory's far-out version of *Alice in Wonderland* opened March 1 and will play for 40 performances only. We saw this the first time around a couple of years ago and it's very trippy, whether you like th Alice books or not. It's certainly not a children's show in its present version. Donald Brooks (yay!) is doing a version of *The Trojan Women* at the Theatre of the Lost Continent at Jane and West Streets. It's an all-male cast, like the original, although we're sure the original never had an Ondine or a Jackie Curtis. At Juilliard on March 20, 8pm, Room 309 (got that?), Andy Thomas will premiere a music-drama in the Noh style based on the writings of Yukio Mishima, with a libretto by a totally unknown but worthy person named DANIEL HANKS.

A Premier For Lesbians? Patience and Sarah

BY SOREL DAVID

Watching Jill Johnston come out on national TV, and doing battle with the abominably smug and snide Dick Cavett, I was rooting for her. Dickey-boy, desperately clinging to his heterosexual superiority by the thinness of a sneer, stacked the cards against her and in that moment I wished I had said I loved her book, except that I didn't. I felt somewhat the same way about Isabel Miller's novel *Patience & Sarah*. Originally published in 1969 as *A Place For Us* by Ms. Miller's own Bleecker Street Press, the fact that a major publishing house such as McGraw-Hill has seen fit to pick up on it now, in 1972, is concrete evidence—well, cardboard and paper evidence anyway—of how far we've come these last three years. An open, straightforward, unsensationalized story of love between two women, minus the usual obligatory tragic ending to atone for the terrible sin of lesbianism, this is the sort of book I would like to give an unqualified good review, except that I can't. In fact, I didn't even like it much.

Still, whatever else I might have thought of *Patience & Sarah*, there was that definite and undeniable fascination in reading a book entirely about lesbians. A book entirely of, by and for lesbians is something to think about, anyway. I can remember the hours I've spent poring over books with homosexual references, most of them the most abject trash. I remember the compulsion I felt to read the gay parts again and again. It's all part of a need to know myself, to know who I am, a need to see an image of myself as a lesbian, as a gay person fitting in, existing somewhere in society. I found myself unable to put *Patience & Sarah* down. Well, that's not quite true. Actually, I threw the thing down in disgust several times, but each time I picked it right back up again, almost frantically eager to re-enter this world where lesbians exist simply and wholly as people.

Even though I finished it in one sitting, I came away from the book with a feeling of disappointment and of anger, almost. I felt cheated. Lesbians have a right to expect more of their novelists than this sort of simplistic, verging on "cutesy" little love story. Set in the early 1800's, in the Housatonic valley of Connecticut, it says on the flap, it's supposed to be a re-creation of the lives of American primitive painter Ann Mary Wilson and her lover, a Miss Brundidge. Actually, the book doesn't start out too badly. Miller makes good use of dialogue. A manner of speaking, a kind of country dialect, is what it amounts to. To define character, place and time. At first this seems to work quite nicely. The novel is divided into five parts, called books, each one alternately narrated by either Patience or Sarah, with the opening book belonging to Patience. Particularly good in this first section, for me the high point of the book, is Patience's account of her first meeting with Sarah. Sarah is delivering wood to Patience's family and responds to Patience's opening remark about putting the horses in the barn with a simple, "You're not the one I talked to before." (P. 10) Something about the plain, literal

honesty of those few words completely defined Sarah for me. She became for me one of those simple, strong, honest and forthright, silent type women. Her words gave life and substance to Patience's earlier description. I was immediately reminded of my friend Big Marlene, which is probably why I liked the Sarah character so much. I knew by the way she talked that she had to have freckles.

But it's all down hill from there, I'm afraid. After a while the country dialect begins to grow tedious. It becomes self-conscious, seeming to proceed from the outside too much of the time, an external means of labeling a character, rather than growing out of the nature of the character herself. The author seems to confuse the simplicity and lack of worldly sophistication of country folk with childlike naivete and downright stupidity. Trying to sound simple, her characters often come out sounding simple minded. There is a bit of a difference. She also has a problem of integrating the propaganda, the messages into the rest of the novel and isolated statements sound as if they

could have been culled from movement pamphlets. Throughout the book much is made of the fact that Sarah and Patience are breaking new ground, trying to find a way for two women in love to live together with no prior knowledge or models of such a thing. Yet this doesn't stop Patience from making a statement such as, "I knew... she was only trying to play a man... Time enough later to teach her that it's better to be a real woman than an imitation man, and that when a woman chooses a woman to go away with it's because a woman is what's preferred." And this on only page 19 too. Why, Radicals had this on their poster, rather than growing out of the nature of the character herself. The author seems to confuse the simplicity and lack of worldly sophistication of country folk with childlike naivete and downright stupidity. Trying to sound simple, her characters often come out sounding simple minded. There is a bit of a difference. She also has a problem of integrating the propaganda, the messages into the rest of the novel and isolated statements sound as if they

The love relationship between the two women seemed a bit on the sappy side, if you ask me, with lots of talk about 'melting' and 'going to heaven.' That's sex—the heaven bit and Sarah is forever worrying that Patience will stop wanting to do the thing and become just good friends. Also, between the two alternating narrations, I

got this disturbing sense that the two women scarcely knew each other. For example, at one point Patience and Sarah are staying at a rooming house in Green County while Sarah is looking for a farm they can buy. Sarah is flipping out in her little narrative because the two haven't had sex for a few weeks. Later on, when they're safely settled down on the farm, Patience reveals in her book that she stopped making love to Sarah because Sarah was making too much noise moaning and groaning. She was afraid the neighbors would find out they were lesbians. Ridiculous, I thought. I mean, they are supposed to be lovers. Why the hell didn't she just tell the poor girl in the first place and save her all those pages of worry.

I don't know, *Patience & Sarah* might work as a book for teenagers. Fourteen- or fifteen-year-olds maybe. But for adults it just doesn't make it. Meanwhile, all you budding authors out there in lesbian community land—keep to your typewriters—the liberated lesbian novel of the twentieth century has not yet been written!

The cover of *Patience and Sarah*



Isabel Miller, the author

The Search For Holly Woodlawn

BY VICKI RICHMAN

Can I use your phone?" she asks with averted eyes, almost curtsying in deference to the favor she was presuming to beg of her hostess, as if there were a chance I might say no.

I toss a limp wrist toward a corner of the room and shrug generously. After all, when Holly Woodlawn's your guest, what's one message unit more or less?

She hangs up slowly after a few mumbling words, and studies the floor before looking up. "I can't get Frank," she finally tells us, believing we deserve an explanation. "There's no one to go ice-skating with me tonight."

The poor long-suffering dear retires to the jane (let's keep men, those brutes, from taking *everything* over), not forgetting, of course, to ask permission. Another time I might have refused, but this is an emergency. Then, silence. I wonder whether I should rush in to see if the poor thing needs help, but finally I hear the welcome staccato hiss of an excited stream disturbing a helpless pool. So she really did go in there to... and not to get her mascara all runny and her eyes red and bleary with nasty tears. In Manhattan apartments there's no such thing as a private life.

I avoid glancing in to see whether the toilet seat is raised or lowered; this was not going to be one of those interviews.

"So maybe you'll go to the screening tonight after all, huh?" Liz Lisboa, press agent and Holly-sitter supreme, finds the courage to ask. Liz is there to make sure Holly doesn't forget to tell me about her new flick, *Scarecrow in a Garden of Cucumbers*, at least once a minute. Isn't it just like a press agent to take advantage of a girl's moment of absolute disaster?

"No, I guess I'll just go skating alone," the little sweetheart heaves back, head high, eyes motionless and glazed. Can I believe it? Superstar Holly Woodlawn ice-skating by herself! In wrinkled chinos (chinos?) and a senior citizen's V-neck pullover! When she could be shaking the dust off those furs and diamonds (hot pants and platform boots?) to make a skirt-sweeping appearance at a glamorous gathering of film moguls! Well, who does she think she is now? Greta Garbo? And I always thought Stan Laurel was the more apt comparison. Rita Tushingham, at best.

I first met Holly quite by accident in the elevator of a modern midtown glass-and-steel combustion chamber. She was alone. (Maybe the Garbo bit is genuine.) I had been searching for her over a month, with the Warhol Factory, Liz, and Arthur Bell all on my side. In his book, *Dancing the Gay Lib Blues*, Arthur describes the bill-collector's barrage of phone calls he had to make to find her, and I guess I needed a man of his Holly-wisdom.

"I've been in Colorado," she opened up without ceremony, as if she had been the only person ever to do it. What's that, my dear? Hollywood? Cannes? Peking? "Aspen, Colorado. And would you believe it? I just came back today. Here..." and she shoves some yellow clippings into my hand. From the *Aspen Times* and *Silver-Sandaled Mercury*. Just what I needed for my story!

"This is an interview with me. See my picture there? And here—you'll be interested in this—the marriage announcement

of two dear friends of mine in Aspen."

Holly, Holly! You're a Warhol superstar, *n'est-ce pas*? So what're you doing to me, honey? I'm just an innocent GAY reporter. I was at the point of screaming for both Liz and Arthur together. They're Holly people; they'd know what to do.

And there they were when the elevator stopped. I was becoming convinced I had been shanghaied into some W.C. Fields interpretation of reality. But they were of no help. When Holly Woodlawn throws a people tantrum, no one can restore her to superstardom.

"You have to be careful with Holly," Arthur had told me. "She doesn't put herself into categories. She's just herself. Holly. A person."

"She doesn't have a phone," said General Liz, giving me the day's Holly-taking strategy. "I'll have to call the guy whose studio she sometimes stays at, and, if she happened to have slept over, we'll see if he can wake her up." If only I had been doing this thirty years ago when Garbo had been leading the basic training!

So Frank, the bum, is just the other man in Holly's life. "Then there's this little boy I just met uptown," she corrects the tally with a blush and a teenager's hungry gleam in her eye. Well, maybe she is a Warhol chick after all, and I blush more than she does.

"I don't know what I consider myself," she begins, confirming Arthur's prediction. "An actress? I could never be an actress. I'm just a person. Oppressed, liberated, straight, gay, bi, male, female—why does there have to be a term? My friends love me the way I am. I'm not at all political, though. Women's lib, gay lib—the only thing they have to offer me is... is... friends..." And her voice drifts off.

"Friends" is a word she depends on. She has a respect for it bred of her birth in the shams of Puerto Rico, her childhood in the shams of New York and Miami, her fight to support herself at the age of fifteen as a topless dancer and a streetwalker. But her background has deprived the word of rational meaning for her as much as it has given her the need to use it again and again. She avoids defining it as she does her identity—as any of us avoids defining God—and not even her discovery by Andy Warhol and her rise to superstardom has been able to fill the void. The Factory may, in fact, have frustrated her attempts at filling it.

"I enjoyed doing *Trash*, my first Warhol film, because we all had respect for each other. But I didn't care for *Women in Recoll* at all. There were undercurrents—everyone was smiling on top and bitchy underneath. I was happy to get off the set. I guess you just have to work with people who have respect for each other..."

Again she breaks off, unable or unwilling to approach too closely the definition of humanity she is reaching for. Obviously her search has not ended at the Factory. Whatever respite her Warhol fling may have given her from the hungry turmoil of stripping and hustling, it was no more than a false start at something new. She's still trying.

Meanwhile Liz is getting restless. "Now, doing *Scarecrow in a Garden of Cucumbers*," Holly resumes, and Liz calms down for the moment, "was magnificent. It was my first professional film; that is, the first film where I had to learn a script and follow direction. It took me a

week, and I knew everyone else's lines as well as my own. They were all professionals, but they were so patient with me. We filmed it in six weeks. I even do a song. I was unbelievably frightened, but when the time came, I did it in one take. I just told myself that once I get in front of that camera..."

Her chattering begins to lose me. I don't know whether this is a fresh try for what the world has denied her, or merely a demonstration that she can memorize a publicist's news release as well as the film script she referred to. I glance at Liz sitting there like a mother hen, and am silent. We all, after all, have our jobs to do.

"I relate to anyone I like—men, women, gay, straight. Why do there have to be limitations?" Why, indeed? "Categories are so misleading." Yes, but a lack of definition can be a dead end. Being misdirected is at least more likely to get you somewhere than not being able to move at all. How, for example, can the world find Holly when it wants her?

"I never go to bars or discotheques. I prefer staying by myself." New York gossip had placed Holly in such night spots as Max's and the Paradox, the original macrobiotic restaurant. She smiles at the exaggeration. "Oh yes, I guess I was at the Paradox once. But I like hamburgers too." Find a definition for that.

For someone who so extrovertedly needs unrestrained friendship, she has a rather curious tendency toward Garbo-like withdrawals into herself. Her unwanted ghetto childhood apparently left her with a holy reverence for mutual trust and affection that her endless fight against a world trying to starve her would nevertheless desecrate with a sacrilegious "I want to be alone." It's as if, in demanding that the world search for her, she is really asking us to find something more than her physical self. She hopes that our search might somehow lead her to that definition of herself that she steadfastly denies the existence of. This refusal to categorize herself, you begin to understand, as you try—and fail—to get to know her is derived not so much from a Whitmanesque unity with all humanity, as from a fear of learning just what her relation to the world really is.

"It never happens any more," she says, denying a suggestion that an ugly truth may underlie that relation. "I'm accepted wherever I go, now that I'm Holly Woodlawn!" Her name itself is the closest she comes to pinning herself down. It separates her as she is from what she was. What is she? She's a Holly. What was she?

"You're right," she finally concedes to me in husky stammers, and I sigh at last over my success in overcoming her struggle against the cruelty of my insight. "I guess I was... sort of pushed around... discriminated against for... what I was. Especially by gay people. But"—and now her eyes resume their light-reflecting games, and her voice, its scale-running flirtations—"I'm not a drag queen any more. I'm Holly Woodlawn."

You begin to understand what she means when she says she's liberated to the point that liberation groups have nothing to offer her. It's not vanity; it's self-preservation.

Perhaps feverish now from the tension of approaching too close to something I want too much, I let my mind wander to half-fancied, half-real remembrances, even as I maintain the pretense of remaining in the conversation. Struggling against the sensuousness of it, I nevertheless fall victim to the vague memory of reaching for a candle to light a friend's cigarette at Sylvia Rivera's home. Sylvia, who shares with ten others an excellent collection of roaches that an absentee landlord could call a two-room apartment, is the unlikely founder of Street Transvestite Action Revolutionaries and an unschooled activist who's led and been arrested for New York's most militant zaps.

She's noted for throwing tantrums at GAA meetings, after everybody's tried so hard to understand her, and for fleeing back to the streets and alleys, which is where, we all agree, she belongs.

"I was born out of wedlock," Holly both shrieks and whispers with all the emotion and italic type that only a Hollywood scriptwriter of the thirties could have turned out. Incredulously I'm pushed back into the present, and Liz and I smile at each other. But our patronizing goes unnoticed by Holly. We're the representatives of white American hip, and our years of discotheques and swinging parties have made Holly's awe of her irregular beginnings a charming anachronism that not even her go-go gigs and superstardom have been able to erase.

"No, not that!" Sylvia confronted me that time, in much the same mixture of muted restraint and frenzy that I hear now in Holly, and I hover trance-like between the two worlds. "Don't take that," she repeated with less strength as she snatched the candle from my unoffending hand, leaving me gaping at my innocent friend's unlit cigarette. I thought of the temper she was so fond of displaying at public meetings. What was so special now about her slum attempt at interior decorating? That was what her candle was, wasn't it? I turned almost to challenge her, and saw for the first time—after having been at the place countless times—the



The star of "Scarecrow in a Garden of Cucumbers" and "Trash" is now in box office demand.

cardboard-and-plywood altar painstakingly assembled with masking tape and glue, the torn newspaper clippings—streetwalkers can't afford to shop in galleries, you know—of Mother and Child, and the candle restored to its rightful place illuminating a selected page in a mouldy Bible, smelling like the cat just peed on it. And though her back was turned, I swear I saw the tears in Sylvia's eyes. I had never known her to go near a church; streetwalkers, as we all know, aren't welcome in churches.

I wondered where Holly's candle was, as I self-consciously floated back down to the present. I was sure she must have one, but she guards it so well from categories... from people. From people who'd light a cigarette with it.

Holly was brought up as a boy; Sylvia, as a girl. But both knew when they weren't wanted. Holly becomes testy as I ask about that time. "Why does anyone do anything?" she snaps, if it were none of my business. "To feel comfortable, to feel creative, to be myself. You should be able to be whatever you want to be." Yes, but what do you want to be? "There's no definition for anything," she repeats, throwing to me the responsibility for defining it. "No one really cares, except yourself. As long as you're a person, a human being, it doesn't matter."

She's calmer now, and she can shrug. "Anyway, I don't wear drag any more."

But she does. She impersonates a man in a few scenes of *Scarecrow*, and she certainly had me fooled. In fact, everyone was shocked. Liz nervously asks me if the idea didn't work. Let Holly and her public decide that for themselves; it's my time to be bitchy.

She turns aside, perhaps to give her profession some thought, and I'm treated for a moment to the Bob Hope nose, the buck teeth, and the chinless jaw that make her look like a Walt Disney chipmunk. Her reddish hair is frizzed out, and her expression is of bewildered piety; she does look a bit like Stanley Laurel in drag. But she's back with me in a moment, and I can again luxuriate on her moist, soft-brown doe's eyes, which bring tears to your own. In a full-front view, her nose and teeth recede, and with hair straight from George Masters, with pen-and-ink eyes and eyebrows, with lips and fingernails of glazed red ceramic, and with diaphanous lingerie, no one could better bring back the fabulous fraud of elegance and perpetual motion with which Garbo and Dietrich bilked an audience trapped by the static drabness of a Great Depression.

I looked again: Laurel or Garbo? Warhol's camera concentrates on her profile; in *Scarecrow*, her first "professional" venture, Holly is wigged, and her face is captured full on the screen.

"I get letters from kids wanting advice

much of life looking through a Warhol camera or from the floor of the newest discotheque; perhaps Preston Sturges or D.W. Griffith or those hack scriptwriters of the thirties (like William Faulkner) brought you closer to the truth after all.

"Colorado was such fun! I drove one of those, uh, motorcycles—what do you call them?—on ice..." Snowmobiles, Holly? "Yeah, snowmobiles. I just zoomed over a hill like that"—she passes her hand through the air palm down—"the first time I tried. And those skating lessons! I'm on my way to Rockefeller Center to stay in practice."

Not Rockefeller Center, honey. Go to Wollman Memorial in Central Park. It's half the price, and the kids are young and groovy, and they aren't ashamed to fall on their asses. Rockefeller is strictly for the Jackie Onassis types and their Carolines. She listens indulgently, but doesn't ask where Wollman is. Well, if she'd rather skate with the tourists and pretend she's Sonja Henie in diamond-studded ice-skates...! Oh hell, don't pressure the little girl!

"I love living in New York. But I'm going to stay in Aspen too." Holly, you can't live in two places at once. By the way, are you going to make more films? "Yes, I love acting in films." Would you like to direct? "Oh, I'd love to!" What about working on the stage? "Yes, I love the theater." Would you like to do a book? "Yes, I'm writing my memoirs now." Is there anything you're not going to do? Not if you're a five-year-old girl seeing the world for the first time.

And off she goes, whether to Rockefeller or Wollman. I still don't know. And although she was delivered to me on a silver platter, I still don't know where Holly Woodlawn is. Perhaps if I try one more time...

"Do you talk?" I ask her at the door, hiding my near-euphoria with an off-hand goodbye. She stops dead; it was cruel, I know, but I'm a reporter, not a shrink. Her eyes have betrayed pity for me, as if I were in fact the type to check the toilet seat after she used it. No matter how she answered, we both know, she'd be forced to name the category she had been resisting so valiantly.

"Yes... yes, I do." She says it quietly, almost smiling; she concedes defeat well. When I have to. Methodically I prepare to find out when that is, but without warning the onslaught comes: "Don't you?" she finishes.

Aghast, suddenly without recourse to pen and pad, I manage to stammer back, "Uh, no... why, no!" Who's the little girl now? But I'm a writer, I try to reassure myself, not a professional, uh, something-or-other. "I... well, I guess I... I don't know how." Now, what the hell did she have to go and bring that up for? Perhaps the search for Holly Woodlawn—or for anyone—might best begin with a search for myself. I blush and look down at my crotch.

"Oh, honey, there's nothing to it," she gushes, her hands flying over her own body, as if to teach me. She's up close to me for the first time, showing me in her way how unnecessary definitions of relationships really are. I glance at my typewriter. How often had my interest in what constitutes friendship for others kept me from finding it for myself?

We hug and kiss, and she's gone. I'm alone again with the damned typewriter, but I sink back into a soft chair to study the ceiling instead. I'd wait a day at least before trying to write a word. Let me enjoy for now the rush of loneliness her departure got me off on.

The telephone breaks into my self-indulgence. It's Frank looking for Holly. "I think she may have gone ice-skating," I tease him, "but I'm not sure."

Let Frank, the bum, search for Holly Woodlawn himself. I've got a story to write.

Good Vibrations



BY BRIAN HILL

JONI MITCHELL AT CARNEGIE

Well, I'm beginning to feel like a first-rate groupie. Last issue I raved endlessly about Neil Young. This week I have to rant about Joni Mitchell. I saw her concert at Carnegie Hall last week, and it was a flawless performance. Her every gesture radiated charm, intelligence and incredible sensitivity. She sang a lot of songs from her most recent albums, *Blue* (Reprise MS 2038) and *Ladies of the Canyon* (Reprise RS 6376) and a couple of old favorites, "Circle Game" and "Clouds," as encores. (She said she "couldn't remember" many of the old favorites like "Chelsea Morning" that the vociferous audience called for.) And she also sang four or five splendid new songs. I think Joni Mitchell has been growing in stature with every year and the new songs were some of her best. The evening was being recorded, so hopefully we'll have a copy of these songs on record soon. She was in sparkling form; her rapport with the audience was incredible and she got the respect of the very young audience, which is a hard thing to do with an audience that has so much nervous energy. I'd expected that an older audience would be attracted to her relatively sophisticated music, but the crowd was primarily of high-school age. Perhaps it only means that some of the kids found out about the concert before it was advertised and the word spread in the high school network. In any case, the concert was sold out before almost any publicity had appeared. The ticket scalpers had a field day because Joni Mitchell hasn't been in New York in two years and rarely gives a concert.

She's changed her approach over the years, evolving from a greater concentration on more "poetic" songs to a more intimate examination and elucidation of her own experiences and her relationship to the world around her. In the process she has opened up her trials and tribulations to her listeners with stunning simplicity of emotional expression. One of her first songs was "Blue," a touching love song purportedly written to James Taylor. It was sung with such tenderness that I was slightly embarrassed. It was almost too private to be sung in a concert hall. But song after song reiterated this personal approach and after a while a great range of her feelings had been explored, and I began to feel I was spending an evening with an old friend who was pouring out her troubles, dreams and hopes. And beyond all this was my awareness of Joni Mitchell as a sensitive and loving human being. I wondered how someone who seemed to understand so much about the human spirit could have suffered so much, but I guess the two are related. By opening herself to others and continually trying for real and important relations with them, she left herself open for being hurt. In any case, with all the simplicity and personal directness, there was not a moment of superficiality or slickness in the whole evening. When the audience had stomped and applauded, pleading for a third encore and the lights had been turned up, people didn't want to leave. The evening had been so electrifying and the vibrations so friendly that most people just wanted to sit around and talk to everyone else about how wonderful it had been. The security guards finally had to force people out, and the album until the new songs come out. It is the best recorded and almost every song is a gem, though perhaps the album has a slightly more limited range of material than her earlier albums. But "All I Want" is one of the most insightful and honest love songs I've ever heard and "California," about her homesickness abroad, is dazzling. Her guitar and piano playing are strong and energetic and her bell-like voice floats along on the high level of energy her playing creates. Some people find it difficult to get used to her voice, but once you find the person behind the voice, I think it's impossible not to be moved. So, try her, you'll like her.

JACKSON BROWNE

On the same bill that evening was a young man I had never heard before, named Jackson

Browne. He was a good choice for the concert, for he too sang very personal songs and played the guitar. He has an off-beat voice, almost talky at times, but he's written some beautiful melodies and his lyrics twist and turn within each song from personal to more abstract observations. I found his recently released first album, called appropriately enough *Jackson Browne* (Asylum Records SD 5051). It contains many of his most intriguing songs, including "Jamaica Say You Will" which has begun to appear on FM radio. Although Browne seems to be still a bit nervous and unsure of himself, I think he has immense talent with words and will probably soon emerge as a familiar name.

AMERICA AT THE BITTER END

The next night I went to the Bitter End to see a trio of American kids living in England who call themselves *America*. They have a big hit with "A Horse With No Name" and on it the lead singer sounds a bit like Neil Young, and I'm always a sucker for that, so I had to see what they were like in person. Well, it was nice to be in the Bitter End where you can really sit "with" the performers instead of watching them from the other side of a moat. But I was disappointed with *America*. I don't know whether it was having seen Joni Mitchell the night before and therefore nothing could match that peak experience or whether I expected more music of the calibre of "A Horse." But whatever the case, I was disappointed. As you can hear on their debut album, *America* (Warner Brothers BS 2576), they have a fine singing guitar strum sound, reminiscent of Crosby, Sills and Nash, and gentle tight harmonies, reminiscent of C.S. & N. But the songs are just not very interesting.

NEW RELEASES

The good of new releases continues. I only have room to refer to a few of the recent goodies. Grateful Dead fans will be delighted with Jerry Garcia's solo effort, called *Garcia* (Warner Brothers BS 2582). The emphasis is on the "new" country sound of the Dead and is a lot like the feel of their beautiful *American Beauty Rose* album of last year, though there are a few more experimental efforts on side two. And Jim Capaldi, the versatile percussionist for Traffic, has a solo record of his own out, *Oh How We Danced* (Island Records SW 9314). He's assembled some great musicians, including some cuts various members of Traffic. He

sings well and has written some dynamic manic-depressive songs. And on one out, "Don't Be A Hero," Dave Mason lays down one of the best guitar solos you'll hear this year.

Finally, a couple of soul recommendations. Despite a few overworked numbers like "Bridge Over Troubled Waters," Gladys Knight and the Pips' new album, *Standing Ovation* (Soul 5736L) is excellent, with lots of slow and medium paced songs. For the dance crowd, if you haven't heard Donnie Elbert's remake of the old Four Tops single, "I Can't Help Myself (Sugar Pie Honey Bunch)," pick it up. I never thought anyone could do a Four Tops song better than they did it, but you have to hear Donnie's single to believe it.

Also, the Capitol Theater in Portchester has reopened and is going to feature a fine bill of Savoy Brown, Fleetwood Mac and John Baldry on March 31st. The same trio will appear later at the Ritz Theater in Staten Island and at the Academy of Music on 14th St. Savoy Brown has been a fairly good British Blues band but has undergone a lot of changes recently and it will be interesting to see what the new sound is like. Fleetwood Mac went through some of the same changes in the last year. They used to be a Blues band, then a hard rock band, but Peter Green dropped out and Jeremy Spencer disappeared during a tour in L.A. and was later found to have joined the Children of God, a local Jesus freak group. So the band had to find a whole new direction and their latest effort, *Future Games* (Reprise RS 4465) is a fantastic departure for them. There are lots of influences of California groups like the Buffalo Springfield, all overlaid with beautiful floating English voices, a bit like the Moody Blues. The result is, as it sounds, rather strange and eclectic, but very exciting; some of it is floating and sounds like Persian outer space music, other parts are driving and rhythmic. It will be interesting to see whether this is a stable direction for the group and also to see whether they can reproduce the ethereal sounds in person. I've been disappointed to see the Moody Blues incapable of recreating their special magic outside of the recording studio. I have Fleetwood Mac has more success.

[Many of you may be interested in catching John Sebastian at Philharmonic Hall on March 28th and 29th. Mr. Tie Die is still spreading the charm and goof humour of the "hums" of the Lovin' Spoonful. And the Canadian group, the Guess Who, who had big hits with "Laughin'" "Undan" and "American Woman," will appear with Grin at Carnegie Hall on March 29th and 30th.]

Its gimmick, dianetics, is the eradication of all childhood traumas with the aid of a confessor and a primitive lie detector until the subject is pronounced "clear." Its methods are akin to fascism as Vassil is deemed a "suppressive person" by the "ethics officer," the equivalent of gestapo. After a macabre session at which he discovers that a dossier has been kept on him all the while, he sees secret spies everywhere. The paranoia that ensues hastens his departure from New York to San Francisco.

The Stoned Apocalypse

BY JOHN P. LeROY

The Stoned Apocalypse by Marco Vassil. Trident Press. 250 pages, \$6.95.

What a trip this book is! Marco Vassil is a writer of exceptional acuity, gut honesty, deadly accuracy, and extraordinary courage who dares to experience life's potential and refuses to settle for its actuality. With an innate ability to see beyond the surface of things and go straight to the heart of a situation, Vassil takes us through the America of the mid-to-late sixties, stopping off at the Gurdjieff Foundation, Esalen Institute, Scientology, the hippie hobbland of Haight-Ashbury, the Experimental College at San Francisco State, various communes and crash pads, a gay bath house, an insane asylum, and the New York scene, among other things.

Vassil seems incapable of writing a dull sentence. Reading *The Stoned Apocalypse* is not only sharing his personal odyssey in search of his own sense of being, but feeling with him the exhilaration, the depression, the desperation, the madness, and the sheer energy of his journey. He embarks in hope of finding refuge from the "flat, tedious round of meaningless daily existence" his New York job as editor of a house organ had brought him. The palliatives and diversions New York offers provide no genuine relief. Feeling certain that there must be "more," Vassil reads Ouspensky, realizes his psychology courses are meaningless, and is led by a female coworker he wanted to go to bed with to read Gurdjieff and join a quasi-religious order. The guru, a Mrs. R., meets him, asks him to talk about himself and, after listening to a few minutes of Vassil's hypnotic spiel, pronounces him an utter fool with a few redeeming qualities. She puts him through various psychic exercises, treats him like a slave, humiliates him before other students, and strips down all his inner defenses. In anger, Vassil drops acid, drops out of Mrs. R.'s group, drops out of his job, and investigates Scientology.

There he is drawn to the Experimental College at San Francisco State, "a flea-market of the mind." He signs up to teach a course in "Relaxation, Awareness and Breathing." He draws over a hundred students. It's a big success. He achieves a beautiful sense of group communion and inner harmony, but the situation gets out of hand. Moving on to Haight-Ashbury, he lives in various communes, balls all sorts of women, has a few short-lived affairs, all the while smoking grass, dropping acid, and posing as a self-styled guru, part-time orgy-master, and superhedonistic yogi. Amid the religious vibrations, political confusion and cosmic insecurity, Vassil's impersonations mask an ever-deepening desperation.

He tries another part of the San Francisco scene, this time as "psychic host" for the week-end gatherings of a commercial swingers club, where the sexually incompetent reach out to be discovered. A desultory affair with four of the employees, together with growing rancor, soon lead to the destruction of the club, but the Esalen Institute makes its appearance and leaves its own brand of phoniness on Vassil's memory.

As a mixture of therapeutic effectiveness and shallow hucksterism, of sincere humanism and power mania, it finds no equal on the social scene... [Traditional] Therapy had sunk to a level of pom-



Marco Vassil, author of "The Stoned Apocalypse"

taboo of homosexuality was broken, and I realized how natural, how easy, how rapturous it is to give oneself up to the sweet closeness between people, to taste the richness of sex with them, and not once care whether it is cock or cunt which is giving pleasure, whether it is a man or a woman who is the vehicle of such great transports of joy."

His further adventures include a dope smuggling operation, a hippie commune in Tucson, Arizona, and back to San Francisco where he takes various odd jobs. One of them is as an attendant in a gay bath house. Here, he realizes "that there is no difference between homosexuals and heterosexuals. They have the same range of problems, from impotence to promiscuity, struggles with fidelity, guilt. They have the same joys, the same fears. And they completely share the same sexual sickness of the nation."

How much it would have meant if a simple statement like that, with all its implications, had been echoed throughout the country only five years ago. Of psychology, Vassil says, "Any psychologist attempting to deal with homosexuality who has not himself sucked a cock is a hypocritical liar, and ought to be arrested for malpractice." Though he found that gay life "was in many ways more gentle and humane than that offered by the straight world," Vassil decided against it because "to make a choice that sexually rules out half the human race seemed idiotic."

The last forty or fifty pages are the most fascinating and the most harrowing of all. Vassil becomes involved in an experimental project in a mental institution whose purpose was to determine whether or not doping up the patients on thiorazine was more effective treatment than not administering the drug, and just helping them out through various radical and humane techniques. I will not detail the experience except to say that it is probably the best account of what it must be like to come to the edge of insanity I have ever seen in print. It is so powerful and so devastating an indictment on our whole concept of mental health that one can easily be led to believe that the medieval dungeons and the acute torture chambers that were rampant during the height of the Inquisition must have somehow been more humane, more enlightened, and more civil than what Vassil recounts here.

After the near destruction of his mind, Vassil manages to come back to New York, has an abortive business experience as a partner in a videotape concern, and winds up as a pornographer, his psyche worn, but transfused. Vassil's experiences probably made him no better or worse than he was before, except for his realization that our meager existence is a trip of its own toward a destination none of us can comprehend. He searches no more.

He will no doubt go on being himself, but in a state of alertness few of us know much about. Most of us pass our days in a state of waking sleep, going about our humdrum routines, unaware of the myriad wondrous richness of life that can only be perceived by seeing, hearing, feeling, touching, smelling and tasting as intensely as we can. Vassil has given us a valuable glimpse of what the world is like when you view it wide awake, without cant, and without bullshit. Even if he never sent another word to paper, for this he would still deserve sainthood. By bringing us to the brink of madness, he has let us know how much we miss when we go through life without really living.

Manhattan's Barflies Unite

BY JOHN FRANCIS HUNTER



Upwards of a hundred and fifty bartenders, barmaids, waiters, managers, entertainers and owners representing a cross-section of Greater New York's gay bar world gathered for the second monthly employee awards get-together at the One Potato Restaurant, 518 Hudson St., on the first Monday of the month.

Jammed into the rustic little dining room at reserved tables with SRO at the bar, the hand-drinking, big-spending high-lifers cheered the camp antics of four impersonators and the presentation of best bartender, best barmaid and best waiter trophies for February, along with two special awards. Everyone in attendance, including regular patrons, press and drop-ins, was invited to vote.

MARVIN TOP MAN

t. bearded Marvin of New Danny's of

Sheridan Square, 140 7th Ave. South, a dance bar that opens at noon (see directory, page 2), was voted best bartender. June of Bonnie and Clyde's, 82 W. 3rd St., another well-known dance palace catering to both gay females and males, received the best barmaid salute. Best waiter was "Poily" of One Potato.

At winner Marvin's table were envoys from the four Danny's establishments in this area, two located in the Village, one in Brooklyn Heights, and another in Cliffside, New Jersey.

Other significantly represented bars were the Roadhouse, New Jimmy's, Uncle Charlie's North and South, Peter Rabbit, Brothers and Sisters, the Coven, the Alibi, Harry's Back East and the Country Cousin.

FEDORA MUCH LOVED

An emotional highlight of the afternoon came when Emcee Frank Elliot (most popular bartender of January, a category not repeated this round, the types of awards and their number not having been standardized) honored Fedora, owner of the landmark restaurant of the same name at 239 West 4th Street. Visibly moved by having been singled out for praise for her many kindnesses to gays over the decade of her operation and the quality of her service, blonde and beaming Fedoras declared she couldn't have been happier if she had been given an Oscar.

The crowd also voiced enthusiastic approval of a second special honoree, bartender Bunny

of the Bon Soir dance bar at 40 West 8th Street.

ROBIN SPARKS SHOW

Robin, a celebrated Garland impersonator who bears a striking resemblance to the late idol of gays—especially as she was at her peak of maturity—masterminded and emceed the short, sweet program. Featured were the ad lib comic artist Gypsy, January's best waiter, who doubles as resident diva at the Painted Post, 1485 3rd Avenue; Stella of the Roadhouse, who did a bizarre and highly imaginative takeoff on Lily Tomlin as Edith Ann ("and that's the truth"); the unexpected filip being a beard and mustache, creating out of one of America's favorite moppets a hilarious gender-fuck grotesque; and mysterious Don, journeyman mime, Gypsy's subtle "baller" in lingerie and later monologue built around a flowing russet wig delighted the crowd, as did the "in" quips about bar personalities present (and absent).

"All the bar money is right out there!" Gypsy declared to her laughing peers, noted for their substantial (and hard-earned) incomes as well as openhandedness in buying and tipping.

A whimsical touch was the alternate appearance of the four comics in the same black-sequined Garland-type "maternity" top and slim skirt.

BAR STARS ON HAND

Among the bar notables present were Gwen

Saunders of the Alibi and Harry's, Doric Wilson of Brothers and Sisters, Ted Kell of One Potato and the Coven, and Bob Slovic of Uncle Charlie's South. Also Lee from the West Bank, George, Joey and Lee (recently a grandmother) of Harry's; Ed and Carlotta of New Jimmy's; Jimmy from Peter Rabbit; and Mel and Jerry of the new Better Days.

Members of the Christopher Street Liberation Day '72 steering committee also were in attendance, sizing up the possibilities of involving the bars in planning and executing the third annual Gay Pride march.

"It's time Gay Lib and the bars got together in New York," observed one activist.

ODD COMPANY

One keen observer of the Village scene pointed to the ironic proximity of two "natural enemies" in the crush at the bar—a one-time afterhours private club operator, recently "banned" by the Strike Force on Organized Crime and a newspaper reporter who wrote a couple of tough articles on the move by Feds to indict him and twenty-seven others.

"Wonder if they have any idea who the other is?" mused the brother.

The next awards ceremony will be held April 3 at the Candy Store, 44 W. 56th St. Since this old established midtown club is relatively spacious, the public can attend on a first-come basis.

Last Estate

BY GREGORY BATTCOCK

On Saturday I gave a lovely dinner party for several art world luminaries. David Bourdon, Betsy Baker (editor, *Art News*) and *Art International* journalist Gerrit Henry chatted with one another and ignored our guests from abroad—Jean Miotte, a French artist, and Aracy Amaral, a Brazilian art critic.

Jose, engaged to serve dinner, got tied up on the phone. After one hour and fifteen minutes of whispered conversation, I demanded, rather rudely, that he get off the phone. There's work to be done. Who are you talking to?

"It's my mother, Sash," he said. Of course it wasn't his mother but somebody he made a date to meet later that evening. "When will they eat?" he urged, and for the rest of the evening he kept announcing with considerable impatience that dinner was served. In his efforts to speed up the diners so he could leave early, he piled course upon course and even forgot to put the grapes (imported from Chile and costing \$1.40 a lb.) in the *Macedonia de fruits*.

The first course, at that boring dinner party, was a fine Salami purchased a couple of weeks ago at Milan airport and smuggled in at Kennedy. It was served with a princely "nouveaux Beaujolais" that nobody even noticed. Then there was a beautiful beef roast, appropriately rare. The guests, busy ignoring one another

and listening only to their own voices, gobbled up the meat (served with a mayonnaise and *mustarde de meaux* sauce) without comment. For wine there was a magnum of fine Saint-Estephe—Cos d'Estournel, 1964.

We have a new GAY ACTIVIST ALLIANCE (or whatever it is) on the campus, and they invited me to be "faculty advisor," after it became clear that the original faculty advisor, Dr. Lee Park Sung in the Biology Department, hadn't the faintest idea what the "Gay Activist Alliance" was all about. (A club has to have a faculty advisor in order to get money from the student government. The advisor has to sign things.)

I agreed to serve under the condition that I not have to go to meetings. Of course, it turns out that I DO have to go to the meetings because that's when they want me to sign things. They also ask for suggestions, like whom to invite to the campus for "Gay Day" celebrations. I'm really not the one to ask. I end up recommending all those 1960's people and, of course the students—impressible, respectful, honest, etc.—end up accepting my suggestions and that makes me feel guilty. They wanted movies so I recommended shit like Kenneth Anger's *Fireworks* and *Scorpio Rising* and if that isn't dated, nothing is. And they wanted speakers and the only people I could think of were Jill Johnston, Dick Leitsch

and Jackie Curtis. Nice people but, if I suggest we invite my friend Tony from Puerto Rico—who is a sex maniac—and who could give a nice talk on sex and cruising and love and life and who could really do something about expanding the frontiers of man's awareness—well, it would not, I suspect, have been acceptable.

Strangely enough, the students seem determined to encourage those manifestations that present gay life, to their straight colleagues, in an attractive way. That, of course, is ridiculous because it implies that one is trying to "sell" gay attitudes to the straight culture. It implies that gay society wants to be accepted by the straight world. To my mind, the last thing one should care about is acceptance by the straight world. When the straight world liberates itself, it may become acceptable to the gay world.

Ah. What else is interesting, if not amusing? I presented a private screening of *Flesh* here on West 99th and nobody showed up. Oh yes, the people next door came, but that's all.

A couple of weeks ago the *Village Voice* printed a letter I wrote them critical of Catholic (parochial) school education. Several people wrote me letters, in response to that letter, and here is the text of one:

February, 1972
Gregory Battcock—

Will you tell me the purpose of that filthy letter you wrote for the *Village Voice*? And what did the editors hope to gain by printing your filth? Just how low will that paper go and when will they stop printing such filth and lies as yours?

If you don't believe in God, so be it—I don't believe in Communism but I don't write about it—my F.B.I. brother showed me your filthy junk. I don't buy the paper.

I know Sister Rose and she never did anything you said she did, you damn liar just to make her ridiculous. Yes, she did ban Paul Robeson's book which was her right—he was dismissed for being a Communist. Perhaps you should be too—so Cuba!

Father Keane never threatened you, you liar. When you masturbated—he advised you—no threats. You now must be an awful degenerate unfit to mix with human beings.

And, if you're a homosexual, so be it—why brag about your filthy habits? Be as rotten as you want to be but don't ridicule my Church for advising you.

You're trying to forget Mgr. Whatsisname you say—it doesn't seem like it—you enjoyed writing what he told you and you know his name, you faker! You didn't have the courage to say it. Have you no shame? You are an animal—a beast as your letter shows—you can't write such filth or do anything but raise the name of MY Church for objecting to your filth. Your grammar is bad too—torbade is the past of forbide.

(Signed)

(Mrs.) Margaret Loppier, M.A.

Cheers,

Gregory, M.A.

Yeah. Well.

Pen Points



Dr. Blanche Baker

THE BOY WHO PUT VASELINE IN THE SAND

Dear GAY:

Thanks to the editors of GAY, Aaron Bates, John Francis Hunter, and Dick Leitsch for the wonderful reception and attention you gave to me and Wakefield Poole's *Boys in the Sand*. We're proud of the film and feel that it offers the gay population an intelligent and tasteful escape through pornography and eroticism. Judging from our ten-week smash run in New York alone, it appears that GAY, along with the word of mouth, has been instrumental in keeping our film alive.

Since "it pays to advertise in GAY," I would like you to know that my new film, *The Back Row*, has just been completed and will be released in a few weeks. I hope you enjoy it as much as *Boys*, and—well—you heard about it first.

Peace,

Casey Donovan

YOUNG LOVE!

Dear GAY:

Your newspaper is really super! My gay brother reads it all the time and you know, he saves them for me. I am gay and proud myself. But I am nineteen and I know I can't subscribe. Tell me, what can I do?!

I would really love to subscribe. Maybe I can subscribe through an adult friend, if you know what I mean.

Oh, I almost forgot. Gregory Battcock, you are a hunk of man! Can you send an autographed picture of my favorite columnist?

So send me some information or a sneaky idea on how I can get my hand on GAY.

Love with Gay Pride,
J.P.M.,
Bridgeport, Conn.

[ED. NOTE: There's no stipulation on GAY's cover which says it's for "adults only." You should be able to pick it up at your local newsstand. If your local newsstand doesn't carry it, show 'em a copy and ask them to do so. Have them drop us a note and we'll send them as many copies of GAY on consignment as requested. Oh, yes, Gregory Battcock, we're sure, will appreciate your enthusiasm.]

THE FIRST "ONE"

Dear GAY:

Your March 6 issue of GAY is lively and interesting as are all your issues. ONE indeed held its 20th Annual business meeting during the last weekend in January, a first for any comparable organization in this country. However, I am not Jim Kepner, as your report suggests.

I first became an Associate Editor of ONE magazine in 1963. In 1965 I became

Editor, which post I have held ever since.

See enclosed copy, a ONE Institute Quarterly describing in words very like your own Editorial the standing ovation given psychiatrist Blanche M. Baker, instead of Dr. George Weinberg, and in January, 1955, rather than 10 years later. I am sure you know that Californians rather smugly contend that this is about what would be expected between the two Coasts. As an editor myself I am merely reporting, not necessarily agreeing!

Best wishes,
Dick Conger, Editor,
ONE magazine

[ED. NOTE: You are quite right that we mustn't forget Dr. Baker, a true fore-runner. It feels good to be nudged and reminded of times past by ONE, which for many years was the only gay magazine on the stands. Those who may wish to subscribe may write to ONE, Inc., 2256 Venice Blvd., Los Angeles, California 90006.]



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A New Medium

"I received three calls the first evening the paper was on the newsstands... In all, I would say that I received in the neighborhood of 35 to 40 calls," writes one satisfied advertiser.

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An Atmosphere Of Courage

BY DICK LEITSCH

Natalie Clifford Barney died February 3. If the Radicals paused in whatever it is Radicals do for a moment of silence, or if the gay church held a memorial service, I heard nothing of it. That's a pity because, for most of her 94 years, Miss Barney was a one-woman homosexual organization. With her died almost a century of gay history.

In her monumental history of lesbianism (probably the best book ever published on female homosexuality), Jeanette H. Foster notes that "Before 1900 only 'Michael Field' and Matilda Betham-Edwards... admitted inclinations toward their own sex" (in literature). The lovers, Natalie Barney and Renee Vivien, opened the twentieth century proclaiming their lesbianism "not only in writing but in their lives."

Those intrigued by the Gay Liberation Front's plan of a few years ago to take over Alpine County, California, and turn it into an all-gay community might ponder Miss Barney's even grander 1898 plan. With Miss Vivien, Barney bought a villa on the island of Mitylene (Lesbos), and encouraged other lesbians to do the same. They hoped to fill the island with gay writers, artists and musicians and "recapture the Golden Age of Sappho."

Barney (as so many of her friends called her) didn't succeed in doing for lesbians what Golda Meir has done for the Jews and her writing, most of which was autobiographical, is minor literature. Her greatest contribution to humanity is probably her work in rescuing gay men and women victimized by the cultural narrowness of Edwardian England, turn-of-the-century France and Teddy Roosevelt's America.

"Valerie Seymour" in *The Well of Loneliness* is a character based on the real-life Natalie Barney. Valerie, you may recall, is the woman to whom Stephen, "like so many before her," turns for help and advice. It is she who talks Stephen out of her closet, and some say it was Barney who encouraged Radcliffe Hall to write *The Well of Loneliness* in the first place.

Miss Hall summed up what Natalie/ "Valerie" meant to her and to all those gay people who flocked to Barney's house in the Rue Jacob:

And such people frequented Valerie Seymour's, men and women who must carry God's mark on their foreheads. For Valerie, placid and self-assured, created an atmosphere of courage; everyone felt normal and brave when they gathered together at Valerie Seymour's. There she was, this charming and cultured woman, a kind of lighthouse in a storm-swept ocean. The waves had lashed round her feet in rain; winds had howled, clouds had spiced forth their hail and their lightning, currents had deluged but had not destroyed her. The storm, gathering force, broke and drifted away, leaving behind them the shipwrecked, the drowning, but when they looked up, the poor spluttering victims, why what should they see but Valerie Seymour? Then a few would strike out boldly for the shore, at the sight of this indestructible creature.

Barney hardly resembled a beacon; she did have a strong face, but she was beautiful. Gabriel D'Annunzio listed her as one of the most beautiful women he'd ever seen. Yet, she was strong, resolute, "masculine" in outlook, and "butch" in bed.

Born in Dayton, Ohio, on Halloween, 1877, Barney was the daughter of well-to-do parents and was raised in Paris, New York, and Har Harbor. After having been



Natalie Clifford Barney was "Valerie Seymour" in "The Well of Loneliness."

twice married to men, the lady who liked to be called "the Amazon" fled to Paris and chose to be called "Miss Barney." By the late Nineties she was on close terms with the well, what is the lesbian-loving male equivalent of "fag-hag"—poet Pierre Louys.

She was also fast friends with Remy de Gourmont, who wrote two volumes about her, *Letters to the Amazon* and *Intimate Letters to the Amazon*. In them he discussed her character and temperament, judging her, as did others, "merciless in her intellectual judgments, wanting in tenderness, impatient of men, and scornful of all who abandon themselves to their emotions."

In the garden of her fashionable home in the Rue Jacob, Barney had built a Temple of Friendship where she held her salons. Men were welcome, so long as they recognized "this was an Amazon cult dedicated primarily to women."

Everybody flocked to the Temple of Friendship: Gertrude and Alice, Radcliffe and Lady Una, Ist Amy Lowell, bullish Edna St. Vincent Millay, Virginia Woolf, Romain Brooks, Colette (when she wasn't embroiled in her "inexpensive affairs" with Natalie's Renee), and the society lesbians: Liane dePougy, Madame Delarue-Mardus, the Duchess de Clermont-Tonnerre, and innumerable princesses.

writer Paul Valery. Miss Barney, it was agreed, had "made" M. Valery's literary reputation and had got him into the Academy. Now the gentleman was coming too sentimental for the lady's taste and word was out that she was going to undo him. The guests obliged and,

after a number of typically Gallic two-edged remarks had been tossed about, including a dominating reference to the absent one, Miss Barney spoke up. "Le pauvre!" she exclaimed and quickly added: "By the way, have you read So-and-So's latest?" I suspected then who had heard was true; and as a matter of fact Valery's reputation—in Paris—did take a sudden drop for a while.

Barney also anticipated the current controversy over gay writers writing about straight people. Marcel Proust gained notoriety for writing gay novels but changing the sexes of some characters to make the stories appear to be heterosexual oriented. In fact, his Albertine Albert inspired the proper literary term "the Albertine Ploy" for the tactic.

Miss Barney bawled Proust out sternly for this sort of closet-queening, a warned him of the dangers and difficulties of translating the experience of a sex into terms of another. Today that practice is deplored because of its "cliché" aspects, but Barney was right: the Albertine Ploy is wrong because women who behave like gay men are just not livable.

It would be interesting to know what the 94-year-old Miss Barney thought the Front Homosexuel d'Action Revolucionnaire, and gay lib in general. One member Gourmont's assessment of her "merciless in intellectual judgments, scornful of all who abandon themselves to their emotions."

One also recalls "Valerie Seymour reaction to the 'liberated' homosexual of *The Well of Loneliness*, those J. Babies of the hedonistic Twenties. 'This is life, love, defiance, emancipation,' Valerie replies, 'I think I prefer it when we were all martyrs!'"

Valerie saw the gay ghettos and a culture as no substitute for total acceptance, which always has to be earned. She admired the lesbians who drove ambulances during World War I, and the painters, writers and artists, and all "inver who contributed to society despite society's attitudes toward them. Thus these people, she felt, acceptance would come to all.

... meanwhile they should all cultivate in pride, should learn to be proud of their position. She found little excuse for poor fools and even less for drunkards...

As for those who were advanced to clear themselves, living low for the sake of peaceful existence, she utterly despised such them as had brains; they were traitors to themselves and their fellows... For the woman world came to realize that five brains very quietly went with invention, the women would have to withdraw its brain, and the way it would cause this persecution, Persecution always a hideous thing, breeding hideous thoughts and such thoughts were dangerous.

Barney lived for over seventy years the anarchistic, bitchy gay world, and such quarrelsome people as Gertrude Stein, and she was at the center of even more anarchistic, bitchy and quarrelsome literary world. Yet, the general feeling about her is summed up in Brocke's description in *The Well of Loneliness*: "She's very good fun and a perfect éling; I'm sure you'd like her, every does."

I think I'd have liked her very much indeed.

An Interview with Wakefield "Pocket" Poole Five Bucks Per Fantasy

BY THANE HAMPTEN

Almost an hour late. Typical of Hampden, the Cool. It was snoving and getting harder every minute. I had some misgivings about leaving the warm digs to traipse through that stinging powder, but fortunately I didn't have far to go. On came the heavy outer clothing, scarf, gloves and umbrella. Obscene cursing. Wrapped the tape recorder in Korvette shopping bag (chic!) and cut out. A cold block and a half later I'm announcing self at Wakefield Poole's building. Shivering and devoutly wishing this was Fire Island in the glorious summertime. That's where Poole shot much of his pornopic, *Boys In The Sand*. Fire Island. Yes.

The top button in the elevator reads WAKEFIELD POOLE (let there be no confusion!) and I push it. A minute later, I'm standing in his foyer, dripping shamelessly. Damn nice apartment and it cheers me. I shed the paraphernalia and we go into the back room. Stainless steel and gray carpeted multi-levels. I compliment Poole as lavishly as possible by calling it pure Barbara D'Arcy. Marvin Shulman, the producer, grins and nods. "Oh, yes, Miss Bloomingdale." I shake his hand and move to greet Bob Ganshaw, press agent for Poolemar Productions.

We sit. Poole asks me what I want in my coffee. "Beer." He brings me a beer. A few more curtsying amenities, clearing of throats, turning on of recorder. Result:

HAMPDEN: Is the film still doing good business? I saw it on a weekend which is always peak attendance.

SHULMAN: We've sort of leveled off... we're holding at a nice pace. Eleven-twelve thou a week. We have a large advertising budget and the theatre rent.

HAMPDEN: I understand you did better than *The Boy Friend* when you both opened around the same time?

POOLE: We did twenty-four something the first week.

HAMPDEN: But, you charged \$5 for admission.

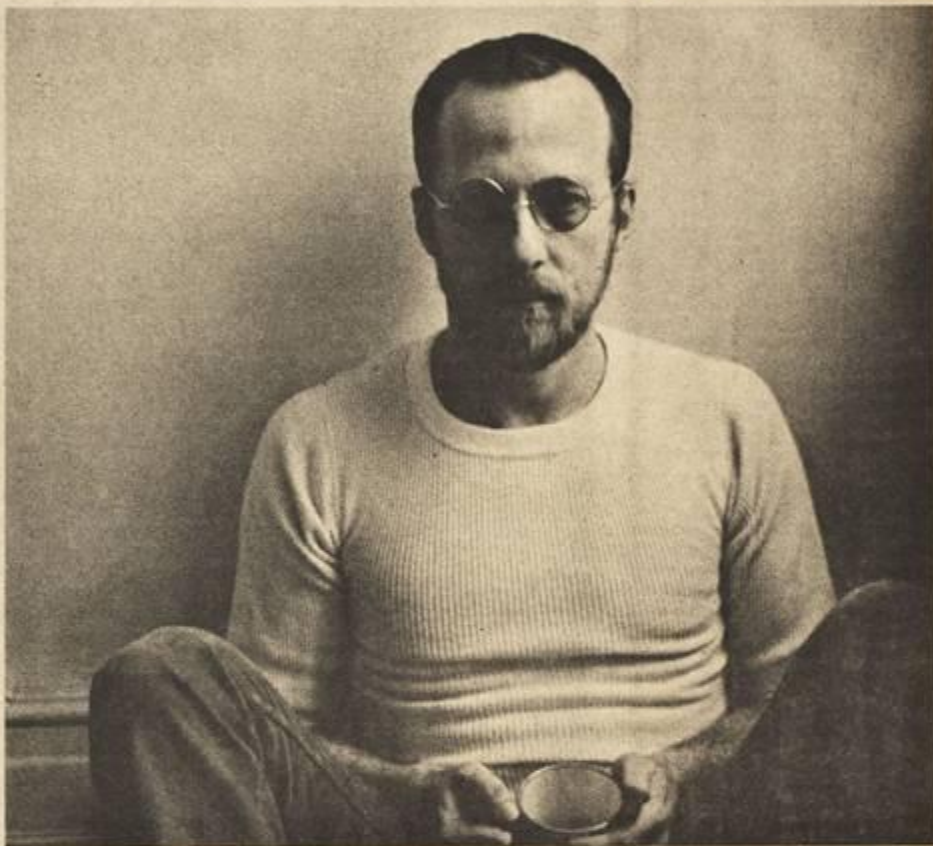
SHULMAN: *Boy Friend* would have charged \$6 if they could get it.

HAMPDEN: Hmm. I've always thought that these \$5 charges were done by straights who were out to screw gays for as much as they could get—but in this case, it's done by gays for gays. Would it have been impossible to lower that price? I've met with much resistance from my friends—not only regarding your film, but all the rest. They may dig the genre but they dislike being taken.

POOLE: It is too high! I don't like to pay that much myself. But I thought my product was better than the general run of the mill. I wanted to charge \$3 or \$3.50 but we talked it over and came to the conclusion that if we lowered that traditional \$5 admission, people would get the effect that the film wasn't as good as the other stuff around.

HAMPDEN: And, of course I realize that in your average straight commercial venture, you get good reviews from big name critics—Candy, Crist, Simon—and much free publicity. Whereas with "underground" films, it goes by word of mouth and the price you charge. And you're still dealing with a limited audience. You have to make up for that. However, you are just carrying on the same old pattern of exploitation. It has to break sometime.

POOLE: I believe in my film. We feel we must charge what the others do. But the next film will be even better and they won't mind paying \$5 because they'll



Wakefield Poole, creator of "Boys in the Sand"

know in advance they'll be getting their money's worth. Anyway, you can't ever please everyone. Some people only like the last section where you get down to the nitty-gritty without the art. This has been a very controversial picture. I was surprised. We thought we were pleasing everybody—with the whole spectrum.

HAMPDEN: I'd feel heartbroken if there weren't a few rotten tomatoes in my face.

POOLE: Absolutely!
SHULMAN: Getting back to the \$5, when places like the Park-Miller first opened, they had a lot of hassles, legal problems, the law... that admission was almost mandatory because of those extra costs. But getting to our movie, one critic called it "an elegant presentation." We believe in it and couldn't charge less than all these other shit-houses. It's not fair to us. People would say, "why is it cheaper if it's so much better?" I think we can do anything we want with the second movie. We could also charge \$6 for it.

HAMPDEN: And I assume you also feel you've the right to say, gays will go out on Saturday night, spend \$15 in bars, get bombed and go home alone in frustration—so why complain about a five smacker movie tariff and a satisfactory experience? But the point is that we are extremely sensitive and bitter about exploitation.

SHULMAN: All the cities we're released in are charging \$5.

HAMPDEN: Bob, couldn't you try a novel advertising approach—quote the best reviews and say, "we're lowering our price in order to encourage gays to take advantage of a better film?"

GANSHAW: You couldn't lower the price after the run had started. People would get very suspicious. But on the

next film...

SHULMAN: If someone writes a Jewish play, they don't make it cheaper so the Jews will come to see it.

HAMPDEN: No, but they don't hike the price up for ethnic considerations either.

SHULMAN: We didn't make it more expensive, just equal...

POOLE: Up to now, remember, \$5 was the code symbol that meant you knew you were going to see Fucking. And remember that we get ripped off by the theatre, too. And we have those advertising problems. We can't quote from a lot of sources because papers won't take it. You can't put, "Casey Donovan is hung like a horse..." You take big, plain ads.

SHULMAN: I'd like to re-issue the movie in the fall and run it for \$3... maybe \$2.50 in the afternoon.

HAMPDEN: You've opened on the West Coast now, haven't you?

POOLE: Yes, around the 9th of February... in L.A., and doing wonderful business. We open in San Francisco around the first of March.

HAMPDEN: How much country-wide saturation do you anticipate?

POOLE: All our advertising has been national—in all the top publications we can get in. We're trying to book all over the United States—and we do it all ourselves—rather than give it to any "organization." We'd like to keep 50-75 percent, instead of having to shell out to the wrong people.

SHULMAN: There are about 15 locations, some small and some large.
HAMPDEN: A friend of mine who lives in an average town in New Hampshire says that he can see hard-core stuff in an even smaller town nearby. Claims it's better there than in Boston.

SHULMAN: Hah! We'll have to investigate New Hampshire.

POOLE: Were you aware of what we tried to do when we opened... with the GAA? I have friends there. We were going to donate the first day's proceeds to them. We wanted nothing in return; we weren't going to say "sponsored by GAA" or anything. It was my idea to give back to gay people what we thought we were getting... and to the community, so to speak. We put feelers out. Friends talked to committees. They could have charged anything or nothing—or simply said "Contributions to the GAA." 25¢ if they'd wanted to! It would have helped them and, naturally the word of mouth would have helped us, we admit it. But there was no response from them. We weren't asking for an endorsement. We wanted to do it. As it was, we did \$5,400 our first day. We'd call and they'd say, "You have to come down to the meeting, raise your hand and be recognized." This, while we're trying to get a film out!

HAMPDEN: Did you allow them enough time?

SHULMAN: The first inquiry was made a week and a half before we opened. We were finally able to talk to three or four people, but nothing happened.

GANSHAW: Originally we were afraid they'd turn it down because they wouldn't want to recognize pornography, but they didn't indicate their feelings one way or the other.

POOLE: Maybe we didn't get through to the right channels. They are so segmented with those committees.

HAMPDEN: You really should have gotten an early start on that plan. And it is quite possible that this film, or this type of film, offended them. The editors of



Poole relaxes at home among his favorite people.

GAY, Lige Clarke and Jack Nichols, did not care at all for it.

POOLE: SCREW certainly hated it.

SHULMAN: They listed it under "perversions" which is ridiculous.

POOLE: Everybody's entitled to their opinion. That's the American way. I'm not upset. You can't make a film to please everyone. Bob and Marvin tried to protect me at first, but I'm not upset over bad reviews. Kubrick doesn't get upset over a bad review, as long as it's intelligently written... why did Jack and Lige hate it?

HAMPDEN: Lige indicated that he felt it was just another uptight sexual exploitation film. The clumsiness of the sex left them depressed. I gather it wasn't what they were expecting. It wasn't exactly what I was expecting either, but I'm just a dirty old voyeur at heart. I was reasonably content with your attractive imagery.

GANSHAW: GAY ran Hunter's fine piece, then the one by Bates... and the very fact that Thane is here shows how fair they've been.

POOLE: Another thing I've run up against, concerning criticism of pornography and fantasy—and with me, sex is fantasy—when people come to see a film like this, they gear it to their own personal likes and dislikes and often judge it on something they didn't see rather than saw. I made it for myself. My fantasies are never your fantasies, but if you can go see it and try to get into my fantasies and enjoy them, plus have something nice to look at, then my mission is accomplished.

HAMPDEN: Yes, there's nothing more personal or subjective than pornography—because the author puts his dreams into it. Von Sternberg's films with Dietrich

were very personal fantasies, and he admitted it.

POOLE: There is a reason for everything in my movie. No filler. I don't show all the reasons though. I've had a lot of complaints about all the walking in the movie. I, myself, being gay, know that I've spent three-fourths of my life walking, cruising streets, walking from bar to bar, pacing in baths. It's a major part of gay life. Walking, walking, walking.

SHULMAN: No wonder I'm not making out.

POOLE: And each segment in the film is, in reality, the progressions I went through as a homosexual. Total romanticism and fantasy for the first one. The second one—thinking that a lover, a relationship, is the most important thing for growth—and the third, what I call "sophistication," is totally sex on a pleasurable level—relating sexually—pure sex. That's why I used Debussy and Ravel for the first section.

HAMPDEN: And that bugged Bates. As you said, you can't please everyone. I thought the use of Indian ragas in the "telephone lineman" sequence was rather disconcerting.

POOLE: But to me, Indian music is the ultimate in sophistication. And I didn't want programmatic music there. Indian music is very rhythmic.

HAMPDEN: Whereas, for some reason, I would maybe have used the Mozart quintet for clarinet and strings. The juxtaposition might have been even more interesting... or more hilarious. I'd better say here that I felt cheated by the lack of dialogue or story line of any sort. Maybe this is because I was expecting a more traditional film.

POOLE: There's a good, practical reason for the lack of dialogue. I've seen so

many films with attractive people and the minute they talk, the illusion is gone. I saw one gay movie where this very masculine guy is hitching a ride. A car stops and the driver asks if he wants a lift. The butch character says, "Faaaaabulous!" I walked out right then. I don't care if his cock is 40 inches long and he's the best fuck in the world—the illusion is gone.

HAMPDEN: Speaking of illusions, one of my favorite scenes is where Donovan cocks the natural lubricant from Moore's cock.

POOLE: Good! That's one of my favorites, too.

HAMPDEN: It was quite an image, astonishingly graphic. How did this occur in filming? Was it spontaneous? I mean, you can't plan something like that. How much control can the director have when you're dealing with actual sex acts that obviously aren't phony?

POOLE: I don't want to sound dramatic, but it really is a trade secret.

HAMPDEN: Fine. Don't give it away.

POOLE: I will say this much: whether they realize it or not, the audience can never get a feeling that my actors are aware of the camera. It's the way I work with them. I don't really give directions. It's very difficult to do fuck scenes in a movie, even if the people are turned on to each other. I have found a way and I'll be even better in my second movie which is going to be called *Bijou*.

HAMPDEN: Do you have a lot of retakes?

POOLE: Very few. My ratio is 2-1 where generally it's 6-1. I had good rapport with everyone I worked with. In that scene you were speaking of, I had certain shots to get. One was downstairs with Tommy on the bed and Casey suddenly appearing to blow him. They stopped for a second and we saw that big droplet and started

the camera again. I focused on the lineman's belt, shot that, pulled back, got the cock and I knew it was going to be a dilly. Casey was on his knees and he just came right up and licked. Under the right circumstances, these things just happen. And don't forget that the actors can get very turned on by the director's excitement at what he is seeing.

HAMPDEN: Some of my own friends were turned off by the use of cock rings, poppers, etc. I found the rings visually exciting, but I did think the dildo/popper sequence a bit ludicrous.

POOLE: The guys in the film really dig using poppers. I didn't want them in the first two sections, or any kind of drugs. But it was right for the last section. Anybody into masturbation, or whatever, digs poppers. If that's part of Casey and his fantasy, I wanted it on film. I'm shooting his fantasy as well as mine. It was also a matter of necessity. He'd been fucking all day and I still had to get a shot of him hunched over that dildo and reaching orgasm. He was pretty tired...

HAMPDEN: An inevitable question: what kind of people agree to appear in fuck films? We always have a tendency to think of them as rather degenerate types who lack self-respect. Gay or straight, we feel they're compromising themselves. The matter of exhibitionism...

POOLE: Maybe that's why I feel this particular film has a good point about it. I didn't consider these four people to be degenerates, whores, hustlers. They were four human beings who dig sex, dig other men, dig bodies. They dig doing whatever they do. They weren't just on an exhibitionistic trip. Most fuck films do get people who just want money. Some of them figure that if people see them on a bar

will want them. Another thing: there is no role playing in my movie. There is no stud who just thinks, "I'm gonna fuck that ass." None of that. That's why I'm surprised at Lige and Jack. There are just four human beings enjoying each other.

HAMPDEN: The whole film's emphasis on sex might be considered role playing in the general gay sense.

POOLE: Also, there are no put-downs. There's nobody holding a knife to anyone's throat and saying, "Suck my cock or I'll kill you!"

HAMPDEN: And that sort of thing does still turn a lot of gays on.

POOLE: Fine. I'm not putting down that fetish either. If that's their bag, let them get off on it.

GANSHAW: Most of the films have that.

POOLE: They all have a put-down quality.

HAMPDEN: So you simply consider your actors "liberated" rather than exhibitionistic?

POOLE: Yes, but I'd rather say sophisticated. Anyone who is terribly open is sophisticated. Liberated is something else. Sophistication means you are totally your own man.

The phone rings in the other room. Shulman answers it and returns a moment later with the urgent announcement that Sylvia Miles is getting tired of waiting. Poole is directing her in a new play. Busy man. We make a hasty exit, waving good-byes. As I walk back through the squeaky snow, I conclude that whether or not his first film succeeded in the way he intended, Wakefield Poole is sincere about what he's doing. That's more than I can say for most of them. And he's sophisticated. Remember, sophistication means never having to say you're sorry—to your critics.

Gay Insider

(continued from page 5)

TWO NAMES ON BOOKS

The success of *The Gay Insider*, a Hunter's Guide to New York and Thesaurus of Phallic Lore, published as the kickoff title of Olympia Press' Other Traveller series last May, sealed my fate as JFH. For one thing, I am not about to confound a hundred thousand or more readers by changing standards now and, for instance, allowing *The Gay Insider U.S.A.* to come out in April under John Paul Hudson. I regret that I signed the latter to the Hart essay, which was bought shortly after the sale of the original Insider. I didn't know that one book would so far eclipse the other, and I was still hoping to repossess my old show business identity in order to simplify things.

Not any more. I prefer to be introduced as John Francis Hunter and am proud of my product and, what there is of it, notoriety. One day I may make it legal—though that is contrary to what I believe in when it comes to self-presentation and the right to change names as you shed skins and cast away outgrown ideas. Next month I may find myself tuned into something new that is so all-consuming, rejuvenating and renovating that I shall want a different name to match my metamorphosized self. If a vision appears, or a guru, a revelation takes place or an upheaval, I shan't hesitate to become Nestor or Pollux, Sandor, Zebediah, Malcolm Y, or, even, John Henry. I may even find it necessary to abandon readers.

MORE TO COME?

If I decide to go back on the stage, it will surely be under a romantic monicker. Like Jesse Fornicato, maybe. Or Earl Gene Van Rensselaer. Should I suddenly turn to transvestitism, I might select Hedy. Never Rochelle. (I never had a camp name, and I think I missed something.) If I should go leather, for God's sake let it be as Storm, again, without the Netherland. Or Buck.

Just please understand, all of you, that I am not hiding from myself or you, am not bent on hoodwinking or deceiving, cheating or misrepresenting. And don't hold me to yesterday's person or persona. For now, please allow me to be what I am most comfortably: John Francis Hunter, *The Gay Insider*, human being, male human being, homosexual male human being, homosexual male human being who writes, homosexual male human being who writes as militantly as he feels.

And when you talk of this tomorrow (March 21), please, be kind. It's my birthday. I'll be forty-three.



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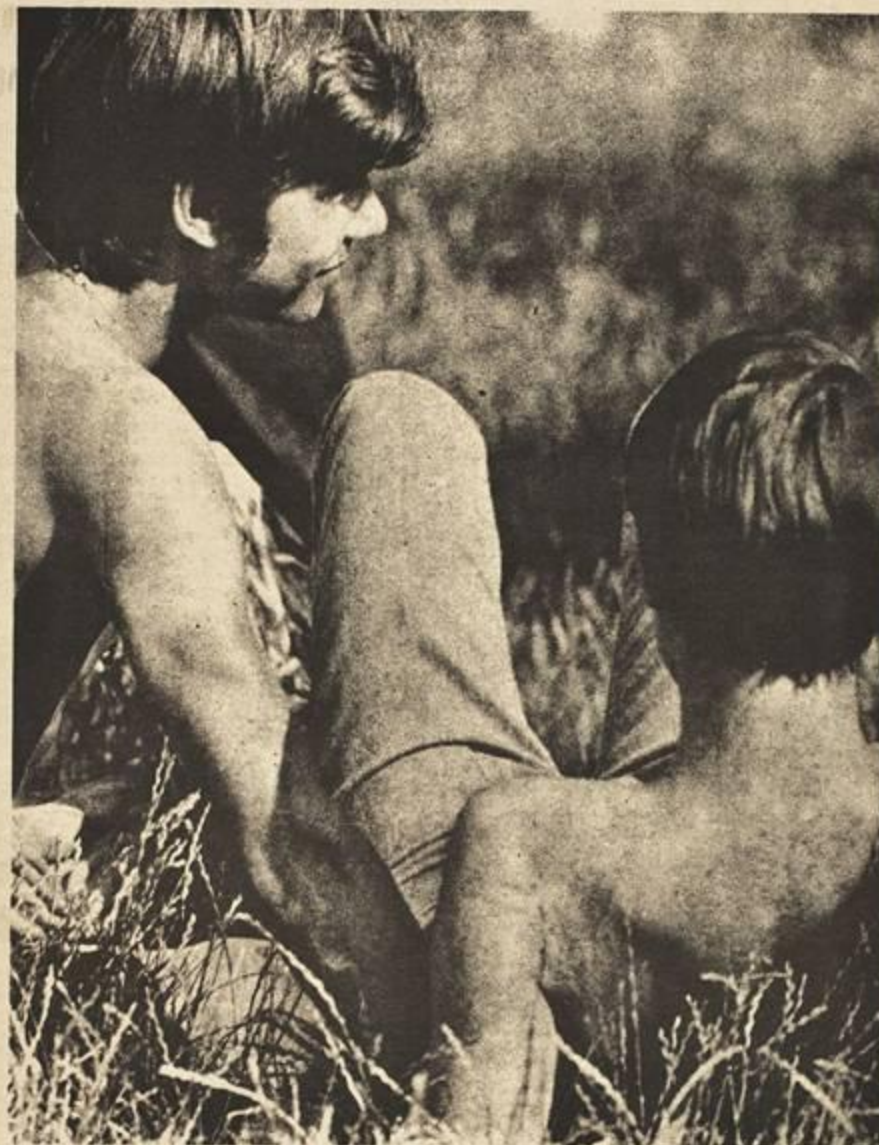
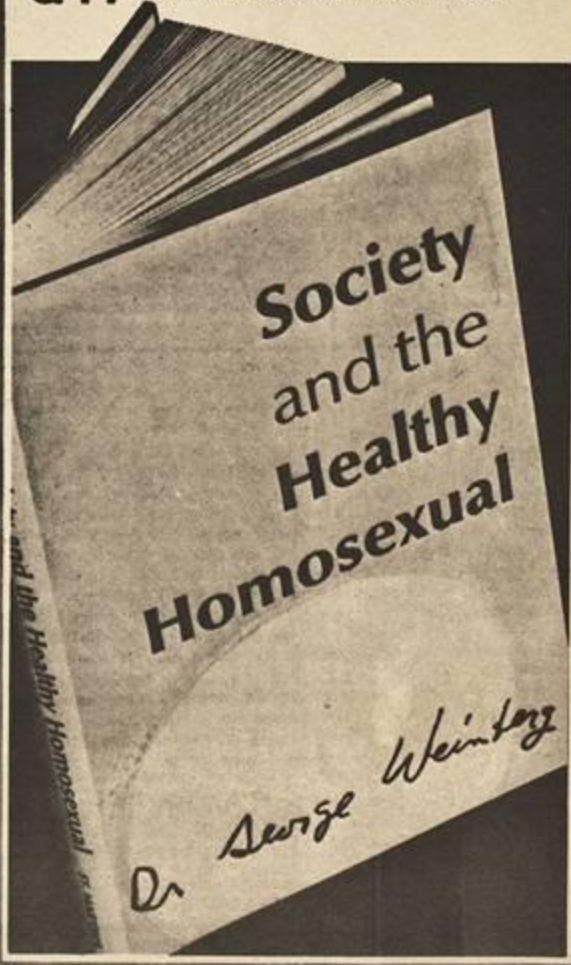
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YOUNG GAY COLLEGE STUDENT seeks similarly inclined young men in South Florida area. If you're under 25 & looking for fun, friendship & sex, write: Lewis, PO Box 8441, University Branch, Miami, Fla. 33124.

VERY MASCULINE MODEL, 23, blond, good-looking, great body, very well hung, personable, 5'0", 175 lbs., sincere, discreet. \$25 per session. Can travel. Send SASE: Occupant, PO Box 6229, Balto., Md. 21206.

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ATTRACTIVE, SLIM, 40, 5'9", affectionate, unselfish interests, like large bellies, those wearing or digging full dentures, boots, big feet. Anyone interested in old type high shoes, pince-nez, new instyle? Desires young novice for B/D training. Under 6', clean, photo. WHC, Dept. C-1, 152 W. 42 St., Suite 504, NYC 10036.

PH.D.-WRITER, 32, 5'11", slim, too busy to look but wants to meet the right, stable, masculine person 21-40 to be his houseguest & companion on Fire Island this summer. Send pix & letter to: Occupant, PO Box 2454, Grand Cent. Sta., NY 10017.

OLDER MAN, frequent traveler to Mexico by car, wants new friends. Personal meeting US/Mex. Frank letter, foto. T.J., Box 692, NY 10003.

GUY, 30, (white, 6', 170 lbs.), new to city, seeks affectionate, young, bright boy for warm "big-brother" friendship; experience unimportant; sincere; discreet. Give it a try; could be beautiful. Write (photo, phone): R.L., GPO Box 3008, NY, NY 10001.

YOUNG GUY, 21, slim, butch, seeks same type guys under 23 for fun & friendship. Send photo. PO Box 163, Parkchester Sta., Bronx, NY 10462.

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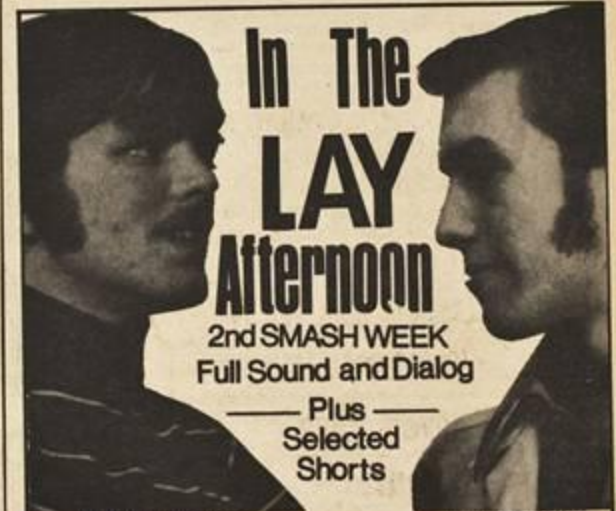
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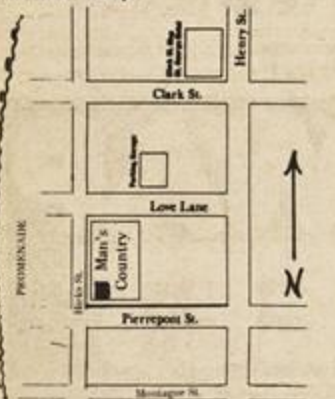
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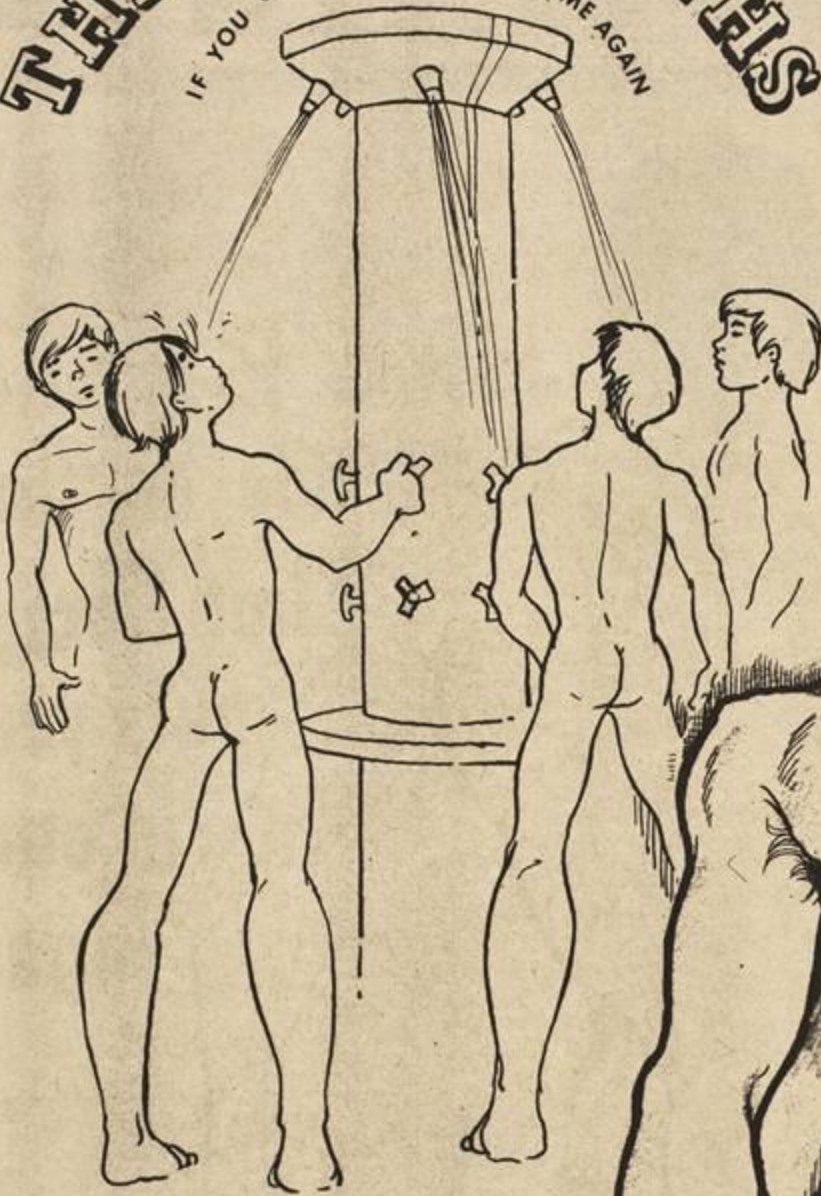
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