

# GAY

50¢

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## District Attorney Slow To Act On Beatings

BY VICKI RICHMAN

New York, May 3. New York police have invaded a Harlem house of worship and shot at the worshippers on no more evidence than an unconfirmed phone call. They are capable of arresting and beating black and Latin defendants on only shreds of suspicion. But over two weeks after gay activists pleaded for the arrest of Michael Maye, after three city officials reported that they saw him brutally beat Morty Manford, who was defending gay rights at the New York Hilton, the police have continued to permit the prizefighting head of the Uniformed Firemen's Benevolent Association and a fellow civil servant to remain at large.

This was the picture of New York justice painted by attorneys for the Gay Activists Alliance who are attempting to effect the prosecution of Mr. Maye and other as-yet-unidentified attackers of seven gays at the annual dinner of the Inner Circle, a group of prominent political journalists.



Michael Maye

GAA is currently awaiting a judicial decision on a motion by William Kuntler, the noted civil rights attorney, requesting the court to direct New York District Attorney Frank Hogan to begin prosecution of Mr. Maye.

"Not only has no action been taken," Emily Goodman, another GAA lawyer, told the press, "not only have the complaints been ignored, but it appears now that the very victims are going to be made into defendants."

This latest development in the matter of Michael Maye occurred when Mr. Manford and other complainants visited the D.A.'s office to describe what happened to them. They were warned instead that anything they said could be used against them. "What the D.A. is saying is clear," Ms. Goodman said: "If you dare proceed and try to prosecute your attackers, your statement will be used in a fishing expedition to get information against you."

The D.A.'s office said that such warnings are customary and in no way indicated imminent prosecution of the gays. But Harold Weiner, the attorney well-familiar to followers of GAA activities, said this "Miranda warning" was an effort to reduce the gays to the level of crimi-

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New York welcomes back Lynne Carter at the Downstairs at the Upstairs (37 West 56th Street, Manhattan—Ju 2-1244). In the above photos, Lynne impersonates Bette, Mae and Marlene. Monday through Thursdays the food/drink minimum is \$7. Friday and Saturday, \$8. Lynne is also appearing at the Continental Bath and Health Club on May 20th (Saturday).

## Republicans Uneasy As Gays Plan Protest



California gays declare their inalienable rights.

San Diego, Calif. Plans for a massive gay rights demonstration here with both eyes on national TV coverage have been scuttled by the Republican Party's all-but-official decision to pull its convention away from this uneasy resort city.

Hundreds of West Coast gays had said they would join with the nationwide anti-establishment San Diego Coalition in a peaceful clamor around the downtown Sports Arena on the weekend of August 21-24.

Morris Kight of Los Angeles, gay coordinator to the liberal-pacifist coalition, said he and local sympathizers had secured police rights to make their presentations that weekend in full view of convention delegates, party officials and the news media.

"I am terribly disappointed," Kight said when coalition officials conceded that the San Diego convention location was scratched by a combination of logistic problems and local coolness toward the event.

He said he personally would undertake the alternate trip to a new convention site in Miami Beach, but that he doubted that more than a handful of partisans could afford the time and expense of going along.

The gays' protest in San Diego would have been directed specifically against the absence of a right-of-sexual-preference plank in the GOP's platform.

Even before the GOP abandoned the San Diego location, other persons close to the scene said they feared a mass protest here would be thwarted by local and federal police.

San Diego Mayor Pete Wilson confirmed rumors that his police department had been ordered to ascertain the group affiliations of all persons booked into this

area's hotels, motels and rooming houses during August. He did not disclose the order's origin.

Jay Murley, southern California chairman of the American Civil Liberties Union, told GAY that ACLU members had quietly set up a network of observers to monitor highway surveillance and arrests along routes between Los Angeles and San Diego during the convention period.

Murley said he anticipated that travelers in cars and on foot would be hassled by local officers during the days just before the convention. He added that the ACLU "probably doesn't have enough manpower in Orange and San Diego Counties to spring many of the kids who could be held in jail on unspecific charges during the weekend."

The GOP gave as its unofficial reason for abandoning San Diego hang-ups in readying the Sports Arena for the convention requirements and an apparent shortage of available housing.

Outsiders speculated that neither the party nor the area's traditionally conservative electorate welcomed even the possibility of a popular upheaval like that which greeted the Democrats in Chicago four years ago.

## Gay Newspaper Seized In L.A. Bars-Stores

Los Angeles, Calif. Several dozen copies of recent issues of GAY were seized by



Activists protest L.A. Police Chief Davis' activities.

Los Angeles vice raiders in a marathon sweep of Hollywood area bars and bookstores over the weekend of April 23.

GAY's Los Angeles reporter, Donald Warman, was later told by the Los Angeles Police Department that the copies might be used in evidence against bar and bookstore owners suspected of violating local anti-pornography ordinances.

Confiscation of gay-oriented literature apparently was a side issue to the crack-

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# Gay Lib Meets The Homophobes A Study In Escalating Violence

BY JOHN P. LeROY

It's been a grim two weeks. Ever since the middle of April when a thousand gays marched on Albany for the second time, gay activists have encountered a welter of wanton violence and gross injustice. Still, their determination remains undimmed. There is a growing feeling at the Firehouse and at all other points where activists meet that the months ahead will determine the fate of the homosexual movement in New York—for better or worse.

Too many gays have been coming out of the closets lately, and nothing less than the stupid display of force seems adequate to drive them back in. There is no longer any rationalization left for keeping gays in their place, and the only resort left to the homophobic community is "beat 'em up." The GAA has been functioning as if under siege. The Firehouse has been condemned by the New York Department of Buildings, so that GAA cannot obtain a certificate of occupancy without paying over \$80,000 in major renovations, thereby making legal eviction possible at any time, for failing to comply with the building code. The phones have been tapped with such gross ineptitude, so no useful information will be conveyed by telephone. The eavesdroppers stupidly mimicked the conversations, cutting into the line instead of quietly listening with tape recorder on hand. I suppose they couldn't contain themselves.

But it was the Hilton incident that most completely dramatizes the desperate situation the homophobic community is in. It all began the night of the Albany rally. Shortly after the buses returned from the state capital, and a weary load of cold hungry gays returned to the Firehouse, a \$100-a-plate dinner was in progress uptown at the Hilton Hotel at Sixth Avenue and 53rd Street. An association known as the Inner Circle, a wealthy clique of press agents, was holding a banquet in the Grand Ballroom. No journalist with any claim to distinction holds a high opinion of the Inner Circle. Talented sensitive writers, authors and reporters graced the affair with their absence, but editors, publishers and a variety of media moguls, together with their coterie of avaricious sycophants, helped themselves to an overpriced evening of substandard cuisine and witless entertainment. Various union leaders, city officials, local politicians, wealthy contractors—anyone who needed a favor from the mass media—was obliged to attend.

One of the political stunts that formed part of the entertainment depicted the hearings of Intro 475 complete with schoolteachers in drag. One of the gay conferees was present, telephoned his outrage to his friends at the Firehouse, and it was not long before a delegation of 25 or 30 gays who had long been planning to liberate the media to gain a fairer depiction of gays and gay life mobilized, armed with hastily mimeographed leaflets, and paid a visit to the Hilton's grand ballroom.

Arriving in denim street clothes, they formed a strange contrast with the tuxedo-clad gents and evening-gowned ladies. There was a bit of milling about, for they had arrived during intermission, bewildering the ushers (What! No invitations. That'll be \$100.00 each.) Nevertheless, several gays managed to get in, one of them went to the rostrum, seized the microphone, and began to make a speech



In Albany, Gay liberators on the state capitol steps. Change those silly laws!

when the MC cut him short. Other gays lost no time in handing out leaflets and rapping with the sated guests at their tables, who were in a partly drunk good-natured mood. Most of the gays were given a fairly warm attentive hearing. That's saying a lot considering that only a year or two ago, the Inner Circle first allowed the men and women to sit together at its public affairs. Before that, women had to sit in a balcony, like at orthodox Jewish Synagogues, except for elected officials (maybe that's why Bella Abzug wasn't there). Several V.I.P.s who had only been dimly aware of what gay liberation was all about were about to become a little bit more enlightened.

Then, like a pack of wolves waiting for the opportunity to strike, several men dressed in tuxedos attacked the gays. Jim Owsley, former GAA president, was punched in the teeth and thrown down the escalator, while Morty Manford was kicked in the stomach, punched and stomped on, both needing hospitalization. Several other GAA members suffered a similar fate.

The security guards and the police at the Hilton made a feeble attempt to escort the gays out of the building, but gave up once the attack began, standing by and looking on, probably with tacit relief. Councilwoman Carol Greitzer sought refuge in the powder room until it was safe to emerge. For a while, it seemed as if the gays were to be left there, beaten and bloody.



Congresswoman Bella Abzug knocks the N.Y. Daily News for its anti-gay editorial.

were told that "anything they said could be used against them," implying that the gays might get arrested for having gotten beaten up. Upon hearing of the incident, Representative Koch expressed outrage, and William Kunstler, the famous defender of the Chicago conspirators at the 1968 Democratic Convention and champion of the powerless, offered his service on a pro bono basis. GAA accepted.

The D.A.'s office has yet to decide who the defendants will be, or if there are going to be any defendants at all. It would probably like to drop the whole affair, but Kunstler is planning to file for a state supreme court order to force the D.A. to prosecute. With high city officials on their side, the gays might get some justice.

But not in Hauppauge, Long Island. Last December, some harassment had occurred at a gay bar in Suffolk County. Plainclothes detectives were making life difficult for the patrons, and when GAA of Long Island made an appointment with the Suffolk County District Attorney to deliver sworn affidavits attesting to the harassment, the D.A. was conveniently absent when the gays arrived.

About 25 gays, including several women, went into a small anteroom with a glass receptionist's window which separated the anteroom from the office. All they wanted was to deliver the affidavits, get receipts, and leave. A burly detective told the group he was Lt. Calley, took the affidavits, and said that no receipt was necessary. The gays wouldn't leave until a receipt was issued. Charlie Burch, one of the gays, had a copy of the New York Times with him which contained an article on police brutality in Suffolk County, and managed to slip the partially open window through the sliding glass partition for the lieutenant's edification. The window was slammed shut immediately afterwards. Moments later, out of the door that led to the office came about six heavy-set middle-aged men who seemed to be aides of the D.A.

Immediately, they attacked the gays, banging heads against chairs, stomping, kicking, punching and mauling. The anteroom was so small, with only one exit, that it was impossible to escape. Everyone got worked over. Wearing gunbelts with loaded revolvers under their ill-fitting suits, they handcuffed three of the gays, Charlie Burch, Cora Perrotta and Sylvia Rivera, a male transvestite.

Charlie, Cora and Sylvia were charged with disorderly conduct and harassment, both misdemeanors. The trial that took place the last week in April in Hauppauge in a courthouse close by the D.A.'s office where the incident occurred was a complete mockery of jurisprudence. Not being charged with a felony, only an arch-conservative law-and-order judge presided. He preferred the story of the assailants over the testimony of the gays.

The way the D.A. cops told it, reading from carefully prepared green index cards, Charlie Burch had shoved the newspaper through the partition and hit the officer with it, whose real name was Lt. Gallagher, not Lt. Calley. Gallagher told the court they couldn't remember his name, but not that he never gave it. One of the cops said that Cora (who is barely 5 feet tall, 110 lbs.) grabbed a revolver from one of their gunbelts while Sylvia held his arm. They then proceeded to frisk him when one of his partners came to the rescue and handcuffed them both.

The fantasy would have been difficult to believe under any circumstances, for neither Cora nor Sylvia was any match physically for the D.A. cop. He named



Californians protest police brutality and entrapment.

Charlie Burch as their spokesman even though Charlie said nothing the whole time except to refer them to a newspaper article. Richard Wandel, Arthur Evans and Del Hanson did practically all the talking, but they were not on trial.

Each cop said that Charlie was cursing and yelling obscenities at them, but none of them could agree on what the exact epithet was. One thought Charlie had called him a motherfuckin cocksucker, another was certain it was a motherfuckin cocksucker pig, while still a third swore under oath that he was called a dirty motherfuckin cocksucker pig. As each cop testified, the curse got bigger.

In spite of this inconsistency, the testimonies of the assailants were virtual carbon copies of each other. The gays, on the other hand, told the truth as best they could but, alas, because different people were each in different places at different times under rather confused and horrendous conditions, their stories differed in details and were not nearly so consistent as the carefully prepared lies of the cops. Nevertheless, the judge accepted the cops' testimony as true on the theory that if every witness tells the same story, then one of them is lying and it must therefore be true. He found the three guilty as charged and sentenced them to \$250 fines or fifteen days in jail.

Chances for appeal are slim because, in spite of what seems to be a blatant mistrial, it was the word of the gays against the word of the cops and, like any other good law-and-order judge, why not believe the cops, especially since the gays looked like outside troublemakers and, in

fact, all the defendants were from Manhattan. Sylvia Rivera was brought to the courtroom from Rikers Island prison where she was serving a term for illegal possession of dangerous drugs. There, she had been gang-raped several times by guards and other inmates. "That's what you like, isn't it!" one of the guards was said to have chortled to her. A plea to be quartered in the homosexual section for protection was denied.

Legally, it is possible to have the whole affair termed a mistrial on the grounds that, in the wake of considerable police brutality on Long Island, not only against gays, but against so-called Third World people or those with nonsuburban lifestyles, out-of-towners cannot get a fair trial.

Meanwhile up in Albany, the state legislature is doing its best to ignore the issue of gay rights this year and, since adjournment of this session is imminent, it may very well succeed. Since the defeat of the state gay civil rights bill last year, virtually a carbon copy of Intro 475, Assemblyman Passannante, representing Greenwich Village, has introduced sodomy repeal and fair employment bills into the assembly, but they have been collecting dust in committee.

None of the sympathetic legislators wants to go back to his constituents this year, campaign for reelection, and risk being called a fag by hysterical homophobes. With abortion repeal, no-fault auto insurance and money for New York City to decide upon, the legislators are in



Gore Vidal addresses a gay liberation rally protesting the non-arrest of fist-bappy Michael Maye.

no mood to take on gay rights now. Nevertheless, a caucus representing gay groups from all over New York State has been meeting in Albany regularly, lobbying as best they could, and helping draft legislation. Among the proposals being pushed for in addition to sodomy repeal and fair employment are: to bar discrimination against gays in lending, bonding, insurance and licensing, and the repeal of the loitering and solicitation laws. The last two items would make it a lot easier for gay bars to operate and for street cruising to go unhampered.

It was learned two months ago that even the Republicans would find sodomy repeal acceptable once it got out on the floor. This impressed senate majority leader Earl Brydges enough to include it as part of a crimes-without-victims package proposal, aimed at legalizing not only homosexuality, but gambling, and the use of nondangerous drugs.

The moment the assembly learned that the senate had a gay bill of its own, it clamped the lid on the Passannante bills, for it is too chickenshit to make the first move. And nothing could happen in the senate until Brydges gave the signal to move the proposals onto the senate floor.

Gay activists from all over the state grew more and more impatient as they were told by Neil Fabrikant, one of Brydges' aides, to be patient and they may hear something any day now. Their patience came to an end the last week in April when twenty-five gays representing activist groups from New York, Brooklyn, Queens, Syracuse, Buffalo, Utica and New Falls (to mention a few) stormed

into Brydges' office at the state capital singing, chanting and demanding some kind of firm commitment. Fabrikant met with them, but gave them no firm information. The group demanded to see Brydges, but were refused.

They tried to get through the glass partition that separated Brydges' office from the anteroom when the capital police were called and the gays were thrown out bodily. George Boyle of the Long Island GAA was badly beaten. He demanded and got an ambulance and was taken to the Albany Medical Center. There, he was intently grilled by two cops who tried to make him sign a waiver of his civil rights. Boyle refused. He was promptly arrested and charged with felonious assault.

He was forced to spend two days in jail and bail was set at \$600. As this is being written, he is awaiting to be heard by a grand jury. The assault charge is again ridiculous because none of the gays raised a hand to anyone.

The gays formed a circle, locked arms together in order to protect one another, according to Richard Wandel. Felonious assault carries a heavy fine and/or jail sentence. Meanwhile, the days slip by and no action is taken, as the legislature draws closer and closer to adjournment. The rash of unpunished brutality against gays has become desperate; as if the only way to keep gays in place is to beat them up. The homophobes are in control everywhere.

In this election year, only ballots can help now, and here is where the energies of the gay movement are to be directed and where the greatest hope lies.



A sign hangs near District Attorney Hogan's house.

# Cruising Off Broadway...

BY IAN AND DANIEL  
**VIOLA FARBER**

I hadn't seen Viola Farber's company before the other night. Their dancing seemed to be a sort of abstract patchwork of moves with no particular pattern in terms of the standard ensemble dancing most companies, small and large, seem to offer. There were all sorts of non-dance utterances which were funny enough, I suppose, in their own right and I'm glad it wasn't overdone.

Much like the Merce Cunningham group, it seemed they were dancing in spite of themselves, in and around and over one another happily without any particular regard for the music, which I'm sure was quite incidental.

The result was very open-ended dancing not going in any particular direction with regard to any sort of structured ending. One could have walked in anywhere without having missed anything in an organized sequence of events.

Far be it from me to make any comparisons between Ms. Farber's company and Merce Cunningham's group. At this point it would be unfair since I've not seen the latter for some while—but I would give the same sort of "well, I dunno" answer if queried as to whether or not I liked them. I didn't dislike them, but...

The point is, you have to shift gears a bit because their approach is different from what one is used to seeing. As good as the dancing was, it was very repetitious and quite frankly sporadic after a while. I know, as their last piece, "Survey," did me in on three different occasions.

While it seems to me that Ms. Farber's company has many of the elements which, in my view, make for an avant garde theatre (an abstract technique with regard to structure, heavy emphasis on individual and non-pattern movements), I don't feel the company has fully blossomed yet, if this is their aim.

Ms. Farber's solo dance, a piece called "Mildred," was the evening's highlight—a brilliant portrayal (as I saw it) of a young girl who is fast becoming an excellent dancer (and knows it) and is completely caught up in it, to the exclusion of all her friends and even her parents—all of whom keep softly calling to her (from off-stage). Really quite effective, and at the end, a trenchcoated young man comes just out of the wings, hands in pocket, collar pulled up about his neck and says (perhaps in hopelessness) "Mildred."

More so than what I remember of Merce Cunningham's group, Ms. Farber's pieces had no structured beginnings or endings. The curtain could have been raised and lowered at any time. I really think that this sort of unstructured dancing, which is to say the avant garde dance theatre, deserves more of a hearing (or rather seeing), and time permitting, I'll try to search out other companies who are into this sphere of dancing.



(Photo by Friedman/Anstey)

Parker McCormick, Estelle Gittleman and Lois DeBanze in Whitsney's "The Divorce of Judy and Jane."

or even crooked; the second was so full of contrivances that I half-way expected Sappho to pop out, *deus ex machina*, and tidy things up.

Instead of Sappho, we of the audience got Jill Johnston and her friends who popped in to tidy things up after the play. They protested that the play wasn't true to life, that they weren't like the characters and had never known anybody who was. Funny, I have. But I think their real complaint, under all the jargon, is the same one I have about *Boys in the Band*, *Some of My Best Friends Are*, and even *Nightride* to a degree: the audience is getting a very lopsided view of gay life. It's not that we don't know such characters, we'd just rather not know them.

Then too, the radical lesbians have a legitimate gripe in that the author of the all-woman, all-gay play is a man of undetermined sexual faith. What closet was he hiding in to get the inside info on these evil, cigar-smoking Lesbians he treats us to?

Ignoring all this if we can (and it gets harder to all the time), the play was full of bright, funny bitch lines, the characters were generally well-drawn and playable and there were quite a few satisfying moments, as there are in any melodrama if you side with the good guys. Roderick Cook's direction was naturalistic, i.e., unobtrusive. The set by Helen Pond and Herbert Senn was convincingly upper-Eastside pisselegant, except when it

MY FAIR LESBIAN

*The Divorce of Judy and Jane*, A play by Arthur Whitsney, directed by Roderick Cook. With Louise Troy, Delphi Lawrence, Parker McCormick, Lois de Banze, Constance Forslund, Estelle Gittleman and Ruth Manning. At the Bijou Theatre, 359 W. 48th St. Closed.

*The Divorce of Judy and Jane* is (or was) a well-made play in both the good and bad senses of the phrase. The first act was well-plotted with no seams showing

shook. Edith Lutyens Bel Geddes designed some pretty costumes.

Of the performances, Delphi Lawrence was cool and cruel in an admirable Dietrich imitation and Louise Troy was lovely and appropriately put-upon as her lover. Lois de Banze did a good job of making her character believable, considering how unbelievable the character was. My favorite was Parker McCormick, who added a sloppy, comfortable democracy to the generally elitist atmosphere. The cast was generally above average, and I'm sorry they're out of work, although I'm not sorry the play is closed.

IT'S A "COPE" OUT

Well, Saturday night found Daniel and I back at 359 W. 48th Street to review Micki Grant's musical entertainment *Don't Bother Me, I Can't Cope*.

On the whole, the show was enjoyable and it seemed to accurately present some of the trials and experiences of living in Harlem. There weren't any plot or characters portrayed. It was a musical revue, and though I've seen better, both Daniel and I have the nagging feeling that it all would have come off better if it had been a Channel 13 television special. That's how it struck us.

The personnel were competent enough. Among the dancers, Ben Harney was a stand-out although once or twice I thought he got a tad too theatrical. Hope

Clarke was also very good, not to mention very good-looking—nice, nice gams, short, short dress. She was bright, vivacious and (thank heaven) articulate. Bobby Hill, it seemed to me, was singing constantly at the tip-top of his range, which caused his voice to sound strained quite often.

Most of the musical material wasn't anything extraordinary, though they were serviceable enough. There were some foot-stomping, hand-clapping numbers like the opening one, "I Gotta Keep Movin'" and later, "Good Vibrations." There were only three numbers which really stood out in my mind—"Love Power," sung by Bobby Hill and Hope Clarke, "So Long Sammy" (best song in the show), all about O.D.ing on drugs—again sung by Bobby Hill and danced by Hope Clarke. And another foot-stompin', hand-clapper called "All I Need," very ably sung by Alberta Bradford, whose gospel singing and extensive musical background (the Bradford Singers and the music department of the Greater Abyssinian Baptist Church in Newark, N.J.) were used to great effect. At one other point in the show Ms. Bradford is supplicating the Almighty for patience, etc.—but the gist of the prayer is rather humorous. I really regret that she didn't have more numbers to sing.

The first act was good, but it ended on what was almost a clunker. Arnold Wilkerson sang "My Name is Man"—well, it had possibilities, but they were only partially realized. Aside from intonation problems (which I feel were caused by his not being able to really hear himself over the band), the words were sort of naive and just didn't hit the mark.

The second act should have been called "The Micki Grant Show." It sure started out that way, though I don't suppose nuffin's wrong with starring in your own show. But as I mentioned above, this only served to give the "Channel 13 TV Special" idea a stronger case. Most of the songs she sang were good except for the fact that they all sounded alike—even down to the orchestration. The most upsetting part of all to me was that Ms. Grant didn't really seem to fit into the show. Picture Dinah Shore trying to do *Purlie* and I think you'll see my point. I'm not specifically speaking in terms of blackness or whiteness, but rather of successfully catching the spirit of the show. I just don't think Ms. Grant quite brought it off.

Though the audience was partial, it was mixed (whatever the fuck that means) and everyone seemed to enjoy it. We enjoyed it also, but felt it could have been better in places. That notwithstanding, it would have been a smash on Channel 13.

(IAN)

S/M IN L.A.

*L.A. Plays Itself* has been pretty well covered already, but I'll add my opinion anyhow. Fred Halsted has a definite feel for movies (the press release said it was his first) and a definite feel for porno. I wish he'd kept his camera still a little more often—in the hot, smoky theatre I was literally getting sea-sick, and I wish in the second, pastoral part of the movie he'd shown more fucking and less flowers. If you're not into S/M, you're likely to find the first part either repulsive or silly. The *Sex Garage*, the short running with L.A., is actually a much better film, more to the point, arty and action-filled at the same time.

(DANIEL)

# Clay's Clearing House

THE SAN JUAN BLUES

As some of you, either on your way to or from Puerto Rico may know, two Old San Juan gayspots, The Lion's Den and The St. Marks Baths respectively, have been busted. Why? Well, the two New Yorkers who run the establishments were charged by the authorities with "operating houses of male prostitution." This wasn't enough of a charge for Lt. Angel D. Gonzalez, vice squad chief. Gonzalez insists that both places practiced a "phallic cult" (that used drugs and dirty movies) to involve minors with adults. Que pens...

Four things come to mind: (1) In order to force the average citizen from his usual (and reasonable-cum-apathetic) live-and-let-live attitude, the authorities must always claim that seduction of sweet, totally innocent youth is part of the game. (2) I am eternally fascinated by the straights' cockeyed fascination with gay life. For so many of them, it is akin to looking into the mouth of a poised cobra. It's synonymous with witchcraft. Black Sabbath Masses practiced only in dank Transylvanian cellars. Haitian voodoo and human sacrifice. Ergo, "phallic cults," etc.

(3) Gays undoubtedly pour a lot of gold into this tropical isle's coffers. We make up a great portion of the tourist trade and it is easier for us to get there for those frequent long weekends—for obvious reasons. I might suggest that Lt. Gonzalez and amigos make damn sure they have good cause in making raids. Surely they don't want to lose all that nice faggot cash? (4) However, in fairness, I must say that it always amazes me how Americans travel to foreign ports and automatically assume they can run amok and pull shit they wouldn't dream of at home. Let's all cool it, huh?

AMG LIVES!

I'm sure there are a hell of a lot of you out there who grew up (in gay life) with the Athletic Model Guild's *Physique Pictorial*. I always dug that little magazine as I had an aversion to the slick, buttery, overly muscular professional models featured in other rags. PP's models were more often than not literally picked up off the street. They were sexy, natural, and just like the straight kid down the block that you knew you'd never have. (Or did you finally grab it?) I used to buy PP at a weird little candy store in the ranchier section of my town, pore over it for hours, send off for little sample sheets and examine the details with an illuminated magnifying glass.

But that was... a long time ago. And people change. I had no idea Athletic Model Guild was still in business. But according to Gerald Strickland, in Pat Rocco's self-glorifying *Spree News Pictorial*, the Guild and its founder, Bob Mizer, are still going strong. He founded it back in 1945, has photographed some 5,000 models and has made at least 1,500 short movies. I remember Mizer as being heart-warmingly candid regarding his films, often saying one turned out lousy but he'd sell it if you wanted it enough. The films were never very good (and certainly not by today's standards) but those boys! Mizer turned fifty this year. He looks half that age. Might we assume this comes from clean living? And from surrounding oneself with, and successfully imitating, youth? Keep shooting, Bob. In more ways than one... (Athletic Model Guild—1834 West 11th St.—Los Angeles, Cal. 90006. One peso gets you the latest PP. Enjoy.)



MAYOR DOORLEY IS DOING POORLY

A few months ago, GAY's Thane Hampton did an "expose" of Columbus, Ohio's mayor, Jack Sensenbrenner. S.R. of Ohio used that article in reprint form in recent elections. Executive Director Tom Lewis claims that the article helped greatly in the defeat of Sensenbrenner, Homophobe Supreme. Well, shucks. Just as you flush one down, another surfaces. A "Concerned Gay" from Providence, Rhode Island wrote and sent us the first page of a local paper.

Seems Mayor Doorley is eagerly echoing Sensenbrenner, and going a step further. Not only are homosexuals not allowed in the town, Doorley will never allow any of them to be hired by the city hall as long as he warms the top toilet seat. He doesn't give a damn what Lind say intends to do in New York. Providence remains pure! Get busy, Hampton. There's more work to be done.

AND IN CONNECTION WITH THAT... the *Citizen News*, which proudly (and amusingly) labels itself "The Only Newspaper in the World Printed and Published in Hollywood, California" (where else, in the world, would I or even 20 Hollywood papers be published??) comments lavishly that Los Angeles is now actively fighting the increase of homosexuality in L.A. They quote all the usual viciously derogatory sources, and even twist a fragment of a casual statement by sympathetic Evelyn Hooker. I have never read so many fucking untruths in so few sentences in my life. Corruption of youth; gay life as a "proselytizing religion." (Oh, Lordy. Here we go again. See item no. 1 of this column.)

Article ends with this kooky bedtime story: "If it spreads, homosexuality must inevitably end in the extermination of the race that practices it. California should work resolutely toward a culture that is life-oriented, not death-oriented." This, in 1972! And in the most nut-saturated state in the bloody union! I might remind the rapidly decaying nonagenarians of Tinseltown that if it weren't for the thousands of gays who made the motion picture industry what it is, Hollywood and Vine would still be a dirt road—and Burbank would be... well, Burbank would be Burbank.

Memo to G.A.A.'s of L.A.A.—fight dirty with dirt. Get in there, grab 'em by

the tender eggs and squeezeeeeeee!

ALMS FOR THE DESERVING

Son of a gun! Always gives me a charge to read of the rapidly multiplying gay groups on America's campuses and in small towns. According to *The Southern Gay Liberator* (nice, informative little paper—P.O. Box 1054, Delray Beach, Florida 33444), even my stinky-funny little quaint alma mater has a GLF chapter now in residence. Hard for me to believe. Very. I was booted out of this insular redneck rookery once for leading the mildest of student protests (which had nothing to do with homosexuality, by the way). And now they have been forced to accept not just queers, but militant ones as well! Aye, it does me bruised old heart good to be hearin' about it.

Moral for self: sweet revenge always comes—with patience. For others of my general generation (I'm purposely being vague), if you're wondering, what's happenin' at your old school, and have blissfully kept yourself uninformed over the years, sources such as *The Southern Gay Liberator* can give you many delicious details.

And I have a suggestion: you never gave cash when those letters came to you headed, "Dear Alumnaus," did you? You didn't give a pee, did you? Well, now you have (or should have) something to care

about. Find the address of the university's gay lib organization and send a donation. Never thought of that, did you? They'll be grateful for anything, I'm sure. Just as you'd have been grateful to know there was a gay oasis in that hick town when you were studying there and struggling with the agony of self-realization. You were a freshman or sophomore, and away from home, and you thought to yourself: "Is that Grayhound bus station toilet all there is to gay life?" It was. It isn't now.

GETTIN' CHILLY DOWN IN CHILE

*Santiago de Chile*—Premier Salvador Allende's pretty poison purge of pansies in that long, thin country continues... and continues. Fidel pays a visit... and instructs. Soon, all artists and intellectuals (e.g. degenerates) are removed (with Carbons?). The usual. Even the palace janitor gets shafted. You have an argument with your next door neighbor over who owns the lawn mower? Denounce him to the Block Committee. He's married but he sucks wee boys when the moon is full. (See items no. 1 and no. 3.) Witch Hunt, Inc. races in with sirens full blast.

No, I don't lean to the other side, honey. I'm just cynical enough to realize that both Left and Right are magnificent barrels of bullshit. In particular, gays get it, any way you cut the deck. In one political climate, you're a Pinko-Fag; in another, you're an Imperialist-Marcon. Anarchy now!

But I'm getting awfully sick of hearing many of my young buddies say: "I like everything about what Castro's doing, you know? But his policy toward gays! ... I mean... you know... I want to help, but... like wow... you know?" Yeah, I know. And I also know that disillusionment never hurts. Helps build immunity to that dangerous fakey-tricky Idealism. Naivety is charming in the young, but a little goes a long way. I'm getting bored with both greasy sides of the coin. You know?

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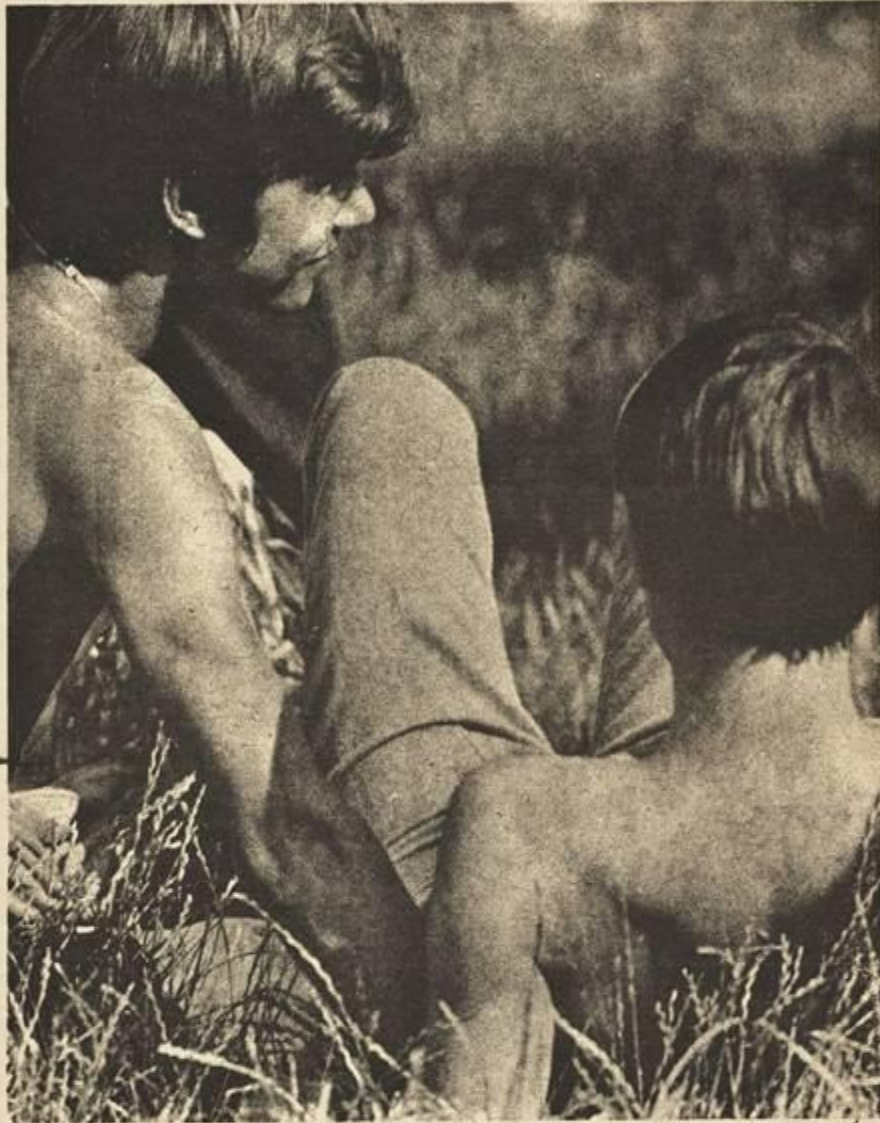
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# Notes From The Inside Jesus Takes A Shower



Braun has spent the weekend for about a year now. When she came over to the house for a visit in December, she may or may not have been insane. I don't know and neither does she. We talked, she left and shortly thereafter they took her away to the insane asylum. When we talked that day, I could follow her perfectly well. I knew what she was about at every step. I understood everything she said out of context. It was definitely not the workings of a normal mind. It was too much, too fast, too soon. It was far more intense than the usual mind, but I could keep up with it. Somehow I found a way at the time and found out it was wonderful. I found it, but heads seemed to bounce, in off of each other, a thoroughly exhilarating interactivity, like being in a mental super-collider, but it was exhausting. Each time I saw her, I felt as if I were being hit by a hammer. But you could follow it, somehow I managed to wrap my head around it. It was so strong, his thing, his trip, what ever it was, that it seemed the right thing with it. I'd see him and I'd feel something by it, it felt like it was in my way, it was in my way. It was so strong, but I was able to stay on top of it. The whole time, he'd be coming and going at the beach, making me feel like I was a little higher, hearing with each new assault to be overwhelmed. Finally, exhausted, I had to get out of his and the next I heard, she was in the bin. She wrote those pieces while she was in there along with Mrs. and with a very different kind of people. Beverly, or perhaps, to me, those of you prone to believe, to be sure, think you're in there, please, to be it.

Sarah David

Everybody's heard of Bellevue, but few people know how much real sanity and how many muted sensitivities are alive in the hallowed halls of this famous hospital. We are pleased to introduce Kathy Braun, who occasionally makes Bellevue her home away from home.

-The Editors

BY KATHY BRAUN

"As long as there is one man behind bars, we are all imprisoned." -George Bernard Shaw

Well folks, here I am again. In the bin, for the fourth time and this time it looks like I'm in for a long sentence. Got my guitar, my music and that collection of Brecht plays I've been meaning to read for so long. It was kinda nice going back to Bellevue, all the aides saying hello. Miss Williams: "Oh no Braun, you here again." Miss Johnson: "This gettin' to be your home, chile." Miss Brown with a big hello, she's a nurse now, come up from aide. The same old jokes: "What are you, crazy?" "You belong in Bellevue." "I may be crazy but I'm not stupid."

The same old routine—walking, walking up and down the hall—not halls, only one hall, every bad thing you've read about in the *Voice*. And yet that old camaraderie is still there, that feeling that we're the sane ones, we're right, that implicit knowledge that the world is so crazy that us nuts gotta know where it's at. I remember the last trip to Bellevue—Richard coming back from a pass, talking about the streets: "Wicked out there. People running, staring, fighting. Glad to be back."

I count four times at the funny farm. But actually I guess it's four and a half. The half is when I came back from England and my roommate had painted everything brown, including the \$75 scraped-to-the-wood floors; Mark, who was supposed to have stayed only for a few weeks while I was away, had dumped everything out of the closet room into the living room, installed herself in the closet and painted all the furniture that I had sweated to strip down, flat black. I went to Bellevue to get some peace and quiet.

They wouldn't take me at first. I told them that I had no place to go. They didn't give a damn. I kept insisting. They got a cleaning man to forcibly throw me out. He was the only one who showed me any kindness, he told me about the women's shelter. I went back the next day, saw a different doctor, told him I was hearing voices and I got in. Back up to PQ5, my old ward. "Home again!" I shouted as I walked in. Stayed a week and went out on pass, but they musta got my game because when I came back they wouldn't let me in.

Funny, how once again I discover that the kindness and caring on the part of the staff progresses downwards from the bottom up. Like the cleaning man who told me about the women's shelter, the most human caring people on the staff are invariably the men, usually Puerto Rican, who come around every day to mop the floors. They smile and say hello and treat you like a person, not a crazy person. Then the aides, mostly black, they treat you like you're crazy, but they joke with you and can be sweet and motherly. The nurses, again mostly black, are all business, careful to always mark their distinction above the aides. They're not interested in the patients, but they care a lot about their papers and reports.

There are exceptions of course. I remember Miss Pinkhard who I thought was Nina Simone when I was in my bag. I was crying to beat the band and she sat next to me and said: "What's the matter, do you like ladies? Don't worry, a lot of people do." That wasn't why I was crying. God alone knows why I was, but it was sweet.

And the social workers, all white, all Jewish, couldn't give a shit less. Money is tight and they're glad they got a job even though it has to be at that hellhole Bellevue. They're much too busy having coffee with their co-workers and talking to their friends on the phone to see anything around them.

The doctors, ah the doctors, we never see them, except to grab them in the hall where literally they make a daily ten minute appearance and beg them for our date

of release. On my second visit one doctor took 30 seconds to tell me to breathe through my mouth. I was still deluding myself so of course I avidly followed his suggestion, but when I came down I realized once again how nutty these doctors are.

And then the 3rd time—Dr. Green, my God. I mention his name in hopes of his suing me. While I was still deluding he would talk to me, asking me what I did in bed with Dorothy, wanting more and more detail. Slowly, as I came down, the light dawned. He called my neighbor subsequently looking for me, talking a couple of minutes before he announced that he was from Bellevue when June wouldn't lead him to me so fast. "I knew he was a creep," she said. New York lady, she always knows.

It's quite incredible and always always true that in any given situation a lesbian finds herself in where there are more than 5 men present, one of these men will get off on her lesbianism and let her know it. Be sure and let her know it.

The third time round—that was the gay one. Oh boy, was I gay. They took me to Payne-Whitney first but it was full and probably a good thing too because that blond sweet-smelling nurse who waited with me drove me crazy girls and I was already crazy. I lay there terrified that I would be unable to keep from attacking her, jumping all over her, kissing and hugging like a madwoman. Ah, the wonders of insanity—lying there afraid to kiss and hug, knowing that if I did, they'd call it mad.

Anyone remember the book, *Keep The River On Your Right*—written by Tobias Schneeman, a nice Jewish gay boy from New York who went down to the South American jungle? He went to visit a tribe of cannibals and when they saw him approach, they stopped and looked at him for a long terrifying minute and then they surrounded him, took off all his clothes and kissed and touched and licked and smelled him. The mad fools.

God. I remember the third time when I was here for two months, a long time, sitting in group therapy, all the patients

in their Bellevue blues bored out of their minds and the nurse, a busty cheerful type, trying to get something going. Extended silence. Feeling it was my turn, I reached into my pajamas with a big gesture and started to masturbate. Again the nurse could find nothing to say. But the next week she told me I was inappropriate. "That was inappropriate behavior Kathy," she said. "Oh," I said. "Right. I got it. Inappropriate."

The nut house is a lot like the rest of all this nonsense we find ourselves hanging around in—got its ups and downs. I ain't minimizing the downs, but let me tell you the ups can be fun. Imagine all the crazy people you've known: "Oh, that's crazy Jane." "Oh yeah, Bob, he's crazy."—imagine all them kids together. And in Bellevue it's *The Village Voice* dream—a wonderful ethnic mixture of New York types including a lot of Chinese—since Bellevue's mainly for the downtown folks. Imagine all of them, all finally in a place where they can just let go. At least half of craziness is extended baroque kidding around and what makes it even funnier is that the doctors never know you're kidding.

The second time round they had me up on violent (I always start off up there, so happy they can't keep me down) where I met Barbara and Hazel. Barbara was a tough Harlem butch and we used to run up and down the hall scating and carrying on stinking. Hazel was a 50-year-old lawyer from Paramus. We had it all figured out. I was Jesus and Hazel was God and Barbara was the Holy Ghost and we all looked after each other.

One morning the aides must have been coming to put me in isolation for not taking a shower and Hazel must have heard what they were saying. Quickly, she shouted down the hall to me: "Jesus this is God. Get your ass into the shower." I got.

BY MICKIE BURNS

In the past few years, Flo hadn't been keeping up the Old Image. She hadn't really realized it until tonight, but she had taken to dressing very dully, just some brown slacks and a grey sweater maybe, or in summer, a sleeveless orlon top. "But, tonight, Flo, old girl, you're gonna shine," she said out loud to herself as she was shining up her old oxfords. Her jacket wasn't old though, it was brand new. New! Something else she had just realized in the store where she bought it, breaking from her naturally modest habits that had grown increasingly frugal from twenty years of factory employment. Well, she was just going to have to start breaking out a little more often. Flo was proud, she found her new jacket quite nifty.

Flo was getting herself all slicked up to go to a Thursday night meeting at D.O.B. That abbreviation stands for Daughters of Bilitis, probably a curious organization in many places where no "normal person" would ever think there could be such a thing as a lesbian club. The very notion of such a thing would sound bizarre, breathe of scandal, but in New York, it's just another thing that we have here. To the dismay of curiosity seekers, D.O.B., in its original form, far from being modeled after a Louis Quatorze erotic secret society, had rather more closely resembled the operations of the Clarence, North Dakota P.T.A.

On Flo's thirty-third birthday, she had ordered herself a real man-tailored suit. On the day it had arrived, she had quit her spot behind the counter of her father's candy store in the Bronx, becoming, that same week, a butch lesbian often seen bopping and stomping around the West Village very late at night, a tourist terror. That was twenty years ago in 1950, when we are told there were lots of dark coffee houses filled with listless people in black leotards. It was what I think I wanted to mean when I was a kid and said I wanted to come to New York.

The thing about Flo now, though, is that Flo is fifty-five. In her heyday in the fifties there were a great many nightclubs in New York and a correspondingly large number of lesbian bars as compared with the two or three presently in existence. In those days, if you saw a woman in dungarees instead of black leotards, and if that woman were also smoking a cigarette, wearing tennis shoes and gamine cropped hair, then you knew, you just knew. What you knew was this: that that woman was one of them, and that she was the dilettante type. A concert lover, a gallery dabbler, a quoter of Jung, an abstract Chianti sort of person. Flo, of course, was not quite like that, being a Bronx refugee, but she hung out with such women whenever she could. Improving her mind, acquiring Greenwich Village affectations and occasionally adding "abstract" jewelry to her costume. Flo had not finished high school, but she started taking night courses at N.Y.U. in music and art. Flo also started going to a psychoanalyst and subscribing to I.F. Stone's liberal weekly. Unfortunately, job applications contained no room for these cultural refinements, never asking one's opinion of John Donne or the Oral Stage of Development. For Flo, it had been such a great step leaving her father's candy store that she had not thought very much about the next step and the next and what would ever become of her.

As I say, she was more proletarian, more bull-dagger Bronx in appearance than her gamine, menu-French, lesbian friends. She always wore a fresh flower tending bar, while her cigarette hung precariously on her lip, after the manner of a flashy baby-faced little gangster. Ah, in those days, to smoke on the street, even with a holder, either made you a whore, a lesbian or damned arty.

# The Night The Daughters Of Bilitis Joined Hands With Our Chicana Sisters And Oppressed Peoples Of The World.

The reason Flo was the way that she was was that she had a simple direct Jewish sensuality that enjoyed first, food and good things to eat; and second, large authoritative women's accommodating bodies and bosoms where she often smothered her small sturdy self—after she had eaten a noodle pudding first, though. Then too she had never been able to learn the art so natural to other women of sexily squirming before men, like a bug on a pin. Flo preferred dominant Jewish matrons, all hearts of shoe leather, gold and weekly visits to the beauty parlor; fancy starched waitresses and nurses and corsetiers, checking and slapping, and kibbutzing over her bad little boy gastronomics and recalcitrant ways.

But best of all, the reason Flo was the way she was was that Flo enjoyed amazing everybody by putting her familiar homey little Russian peasant body into a spectacularly masculine striped suit, all handkerchiefs and gold I.D. bracelets and becoming quite fearsome. Fear might be a bad thing to inspire in others but to Flo (after being her whole life just someone you pass the time of day with behind a candy stand in the vast forgotten warehouse that is the Bronx), fear meant respect. And then too, she had always looked a little obligatory in lipstick and stockings anyway.

The days of dazzling Village tourists had in recent years worn thin. Finally, one had to work at a regular job. One could not run here and there at all hours.

Flo always referred to herself as a "working person." She said so with an attempt at dignity, but the gruffness of her bull-dyke affectation slipped out of her voice whenever she was called upon to pronounce this phrase, into a whimper of defeat. For Flo, the butch Flo, and Flo the art aficionado, Flo had worked now for twenty years at the same Playtex brassiere factory, a ladies' brassiere factory. She had to remain another five years to

be able to collect her pension and she was getting very worried, with a worry in the back of her head that she never thought about. Her legs. Her legs were going bad. She couldn't stand on the line much longer. Oh yes, Flo the Butch was a woman after all, varicose veins after all, a woman's downfall after all, not a glandular case of lesbianism after all.

On her way to the D.O.B. meeting, Flo noticed a demonstration of some sort at Sheridan Square. She paused in approval. It was so wonderful nowadays, Flo considered, that people cared, really cared. The demonstrators were mostly N.Y.U. students ostensibly gathered for the purpose of freeing the Attica inmates but mostly assembled for the purpose of freaking out anybody who might happen to pass who looked anything at all like their parents, not realizing that their hair and manners had become a commonplace and had stopped shocking anyone at least five years back. But Flo felt a massive cowlike, "communal" the kids called it, sentimental warmth spread to her on the outskirts of Sheridan Square. Youth, courage and idealism, it was wonderful to her. She smiled tolerantly at the tolerant frenzied young men giving speeches and at the lovely young girls with the lovely straight, parted in the middle, long brown hair whose poetic eyes were cast upward like young martyr saints to the yelling and gesticulating young men. They all seemed to know and love each other. Flo adjusted her new jacket and walked on.

By the time Flo got to D.O.B. her spirits were high and light and a little nervously excited. Flo had been going to meetings every Thursday night for the past couple of months and these evenings were going timidly for her but well. Just last Thursday she had made a little joke with two of the women sitting adjacent and tonight she had steeled herself to remain for the coffee hour. She had even

figured out and memorized a little comment she could make to the president, and then a little congratulatory something she could go over and say to the guest speaker, and maybe by then she would find herself in a conversational group.

But something a little disturbing had been happening to the president. And at this meeting it became clear that the president was not going to conduct the meeting at all. She was sitting over in a corner and the women who were speaking when Flo arrived seemed to be accusing her of something. Flo remembered when the president had first been elected she had been dressed in the clothes of a crack New York businesswoman, assured, mature and experienced, the sort of person one imagined had been an advoman on Madison Avenue since the career girl movies of the 1940's. In ensuing weeks, after her election, her clothes had begun to change, taking on a sometimes ethnic, sometimes boutique quality; a Moroccan necklace, a sheepskin vest, her hair growing longer into a cautious shag. Just recently though her clothes seemed to have arrived at some kind of ultimate uniform of the young, wearing a bluejean jacket and jeans covered with patches and embroidery and funky objects. Her hair was long as well, but the horror of that wrinkled skin and grey hair—so long! The total effect was Rip Van Winkleish, as though someone from the cast of *Hair* were to wake up 50 years from now with an aged body but the same 18-year-old's costume. The president's pathetic efforts to identify with the youth cult were not getting her very much mileage at this particular meeting. The young women still were spitting words like "reactionary," "reformist" and "apologist" at her. Poor woman, aggravated into premature senility drooling in a corner in her patched jeans. A shot-down youth-cult groupie, like Jill Johnston.



Militant women march in a candlelight parade protesting the hold-up of New York's gay rights bill, intro 475.

The center of the room seemed to be filled with many young women who all looked very much alike. To Flo they all looked like the Long-Brown-Parted-In-The-Middles that she had just seen in Sheridan Square hanging on the words of their brilliant young men. Although they all looked very much alike and although they all used the very same catch phrases, they appeared to be broken up into various factions—the Radicalesbians, the Gay Women's Liberation Front, the Lavender Menace, the Radical Feminists—and were all attempting to have some kind of argument which was somewhat hampered by the fact that they all seemed to use precisely the same rhetoric, so that it was difficult for Flo to tell exactly what their points of disagreement were. Indeed, it was difficult for a novice to sort out just what such a homogenous Long-Brown-Parted-In-The-Middle bunch of clones could find upsetting in each other.

At any rate, one of the Radicalesbians rose to present her views on how to re-

structure D.O.B. and began reading of a lengthy manifesto followed by thirty-eight non-negotiable demands. Something about getting collectives to replace the committees and communal dinners to replace the potlucks, freeing all political prisoners, making everything non-hierarchical around the old place, uniting against oppressors and other such lofty words that the young Radicalesbian had apparently picked up from a long stretch of sleeping with and otherwise hanging around radical young men, when she used to appear at rallies and things under the hetero label. Her point seemed to be that even innocuous organizations like D.O.B. were best managed according to Marxist rather than Brownie Scout principles. The Radicalesbian was also very keen on the rights of steelworkers whom she figured to be somehow more oppressed than Playtex bra workers, and lastly, on the rights of our Chicana sisters. Although I do believe our city (as many ethnic groups as we may have) has yet to see a

Chicana. We do in fact contain a more visible community of hillbilly muslims. The Radicalesbian also sneered quite a bit on the subject of male-identified women, tossing her Long-Brown-Parted-In-The-Middle chick-identified hair, nearly dislodging her diaphragm at the thought.

Flo thought them all young, wonderful and courageous, identifying with them and their idealistic rebellion.

When the harangues had terminated, Flo went back to the washroom. Two of the young women stayed outside waiting their turn. The walls of the toilet were thinner than they had realized.

One of the young women said, "We'll never be able to get this joint together until we get rid of these middle-aged, over-thirty freaks."

"God," her companion replied, "it's like Hadassah."

"Yeah," the other said, "either that teased hair or that slicked back stuff—those old butches really give me the creeps."

Flo flushed the toilet a couple of times to make a lot of noise, begging in her mind to explain to them that she subscribed to I.F. Stone's liberal weekly and had always made a point of going to hear Amanu Braka whenever he spoke. She wanted to explain that she too had always been an enemy of bourgeois complacency. But she could not. They would not care.

She opened the washroom door noisily and abruptly with what she had once thought her most magnificent stompin' stride, wiping her hands up the sides of her D.A. haircut, her cigarette dangling dangerously, hoping the two lovely young women waiting outside would not notice the softening in her eyes.

Flo did not stay, she decided, for the coffee hour. She got her little new jacket from the rack and suddenly it did not look so flashily masculine and confident as it had to her when she bought it, but cheap and sort of old and dingy, like a Jewish grandmother's.

# The Last Estate

BY GREGORY BATTCOCK

"I'm As Corny as Kansas in August"

Just before leaving for Kansas I broke out in red splotches, from head to toe. Dr. Bendo was convinced it was an aftereffect of the Asian Flu. Dr. Ruitenbeek said it was psychosomatic. "Usually it means people have emotional problems when they break out like that and start scratching," he advised. "It's from drinking. You drink too much," explained Andy Warhol. I thought it was my heart.

Flew TWA from LaGuardia to Kansas City. They served, en route, a "cold plate" which consisted of a slice of pastrami, rolled up, a slice of stale, overcooked beef, rolled up, and a slice of "munster" cheese, also stale and rolled up. There was a tiny pickle, a black olive and a tomato slice. No wonder they tell you not to pick your airline on the basis of its menu. Nobody would ever fly TWA.

The drunk next to me asked: "Ever been to Casey before?" "No, I'm getting out at Kansas City," I said.

Our drunk, a determined conversationalist, informed me he was an airline pilot and that he hated flying commercial. "Oh, you're a pilot. Well, what kind of plane is this? I thought they flew only 707's on coast to coast flights," I observed. "Yeah. Well, this is a DC 707 stretch jet," he said.

I didn't care enough to tell him that 707's are Boeings and that "DC" refers to McDonnell-Douglas craft and that, at its rate, there is no such thing as a Boeing "stretch" jet.



Gregory examines a book on Art. (Photo by David Bourdon)

Anyway, 707's don't have three motors. On the other hand, 727's do.

At the Ramada Inn, in Manhattan (Kansas) they made me sign a loyalty oath, fill out an application and pay a quarter, before I could get into the bar. "Twenty-five cents for a drink is certainly reasonable," I said. "That's not for a drink. It's an application fee," they said.

Then I had to buy a "ticket" for \$5.00 and then they brought me my daiquiri.

The Activities Director of the University of Kansas Union went out of his way to introduce me to the president of the campus Gay Activist Club: the charming youth told me all about how the Chancellor of the University has banned the club.

The matter is being taken to court. "The whole gay community came to hear your lecture," he remarked kindly.

I also had to judge an 8mm Film Festival. It was, alas, ghastly and I told them so. On top of it they allowed the student filmmakers to sit there, during the judging. They stared at us judges. It was very embarrassing watching their stupid movies showing people running through fields and driving around in cars—one had to look interested. Even being bored was trying. In the East, all student films are about (1) drugs, (2) lesbians or (3) political protest. In Kansas not one of twenty

films touched on any of these themes. Oh yes, one film showed a garbage dump and another focused, briefly, upon a shopping center.

Back in town I met this kid called "Julio" down by the schoolyard on 96th Street. "I think of you every time I hear that song about Julio down by the schoolyard," I said. He had never heard of it.

\*\*\*\*\*

I'm going to demand a public apology from several people, including Bella Abzug, Hubert Humphrey and my landlord. It's their transparency that galls.

be nice if you could have a series of articles on homosexuality in rock music. Seems the groups are in a contest to see who can sound gay.

Jack and Lige, please answer two questions for me. I have a job at the Olympics in Munich this summer. Where can I go to find a lover over there? Do women cruise like the men do? What do I do to find someone? Thanks a million.

My second question is about how I'd like to get a Master's degree in psychiatry or counselling. (I'll graduate in a year with a BA in Liberal Arts.) I want to be some kind of a gay counsellor. I know you don't have a very high opinion of psychology departments, but I wonder if you could please recommend one or two fairly good ones that don't think gays are perverts. (My university, Penn State, is a bit behind the times—and too scientific-clinical minded.)

Thanks very much. I hope you stay happy. You are beautiful and a big inspiration.

Love,  
Cheryl W.  
Pennsylvania

[Ed. Note: Thanks too for your warm enthusiasm. There are two bars for women listed in Munich, Germany. One is called the Cozy Bar at 8 Klenzstrasse. The other is called Match, and it's at Klenestr. 43, phone 26 62 87. Dr. George Weinberg tells us that a lesbian friend of his has

failed well at Mills College in New York, but that it's not the department that counts so much as the instructors and their attitudes. These, of course, vary. Good luck, tho.]

Dear GAY:

I hope David Mack is preparing us a series of articles, in the manner of his "Adventures of a Theatre Buff." Perhaps your best creative writer to date, he bristles with wit, vigor, fun, sensitivity, and parades both his personality and learning charmingly. Anyone who can stumble into a theatre usher who knows "an existentialist question" when he hears one cannot be all bad. Mr. Mack is a gem, a kind of Art Buchwald gone-to-sex, and you should not let him from your sight.

Quite gratefully,  
Don P.

Dear GAY:

I am writing in regard to the little-known problem of transsexuality. Up until now Canada has had no organization devoted to this serious matter. The Association for Canadian Transsexuals (A.C.T.) has now been established to meet this need.

As this problem is of biological and psychological origin, we feel that it is a grave injustice that the Clarke Institute of Psychiatry and the Toronto General Hospital are the only places in Canada equipped and willing to assist such people.

Our organization is in the process of collecting and cataloguing data re: treatment facilities available both here and abroad. It has been our experience that the general public knows little or nothing of transsexuality. We sincerely hope that GAY will assist us in educating the society in this matter.

Inquiries should be directed to the following:

Association for Canadian Transsexuals  
201 Queen Street East  
Box 7  
Toronto, Ontario, Canada  
Attention: D.E. LaMonte

Yours truly,  
(Miss) Diana E. LaMonte

[Ed. Note: We've run several articles on transsexuality in GAY, including a long two-part interview with Christine Jorgensen in issues no. 28 and 29. Persons interested may contact you.]

PLEASE SEND ALL CORRESPONDENCE, INQUIRIES, SUGGESTIONS, COMPLAINTS, and PROPOSITIONS TO: LETTERS TO THE EDITOR, GAY, P.O. Box 431, DM Chelsea Sta., NYC, N.Y. 10011.

## Pen Points



Letters to the Editors

Dear GAY:

Thank you, thank you, thank you for putting out such a great paper. I am 19 and I knew I was gay but I was too scared to do anything about it until I read your paper. It really helped me get my head together. Thanks for making me proud to be gay, to be a lesbian.

You asked for reader's opinions and suggestions. I'd say, thanks for a woman's column. And keep Dick Leitch (and Marco Vassi). He's a lot of fun to read. Also, don't get bogged down in homophile news like the 2/3 boring Advocate. And could you have an article on Alice Cooper? Please don't groan—he's given a lot of us a lot of courage and I know two gay guys who swoon over him. And it'd

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# Mercury Has Its Head Up Its Asshole



BY SOREL DAVID

Things are bad. You know things are bad—I've even gone so far as to consult an astrologer. But now, at least and at last, I know the reason for misfortune and discontent on earth. It's to provide soothsayers and fortune tellers with something to do. For who bothers to consult oracles when the ship of life is running a smooth course? Things are bad now she tells me, the astrologer. This I already know. Mercury is in retrograde. Ah, yes. I see, I see. Mercury is in retrograde, she says with such authority that I don't dare admit I haven't the faintest idea of what she's talking about. Later a friend explains it to me, in loose translation, this means Mercury has its head up its asshole. Now you're talking my language. I mean anyone can see where this might definitely affect the view.

But do not despair, help is on the way. By April 22, long before this goes to print, something or other will have happened and everything will be good again, she assures me. Actually, the only reason I've never consulted an astrologer before is that I've never met one before. As anxious for a way out as the next one, I am enchanted by the whole thing and press her for more information. She immediately assumes I am a disbeliever and becomes defensive. Seeing this etched out before me so clearly now, I suddenly realize that this sort of misunderstanding has dominated much of my life and dealings with the world. I am just that sort of person who inspires doubt far more than

confidence. Ironically, this is probably due to the fact that I am basically such a believer. It can only be a profound and ridiculous faith which prompts me to question everything so seriously all the time. It's an absurd belief that there is an answer, if only we can get to the bottom of things.

April 20 will be a great day for love and public relations. Public relations! That certainly sounds a jarring note. I hardly wish to have included in an unfolding view of the cosmos, the planets and all, something so mundane and worldly-sounding as public relations. But never mind, always in the market for a bit of romance, I'll buy the love and skip the rest. How do you know that, I ask her with wonder and fascination dripping off my voice. She gets huffy. Oh, well, the position of the planets, I consult the charts. With a flourish, an angry wave of the hand and arm, she launches into a long discourse encompassing several planets, the principles of expansion and contraction, the Aquarian age and the new dawning of women's power on earth. And that tells you April 20 will be a great day for love? Well, not exactly, but obviously when the principles of contraction and expansion line up, clearly—Clearly? I don't understand a bit of this. Finally and somewhat forlornly, she admits that really she makes it all up. But that's wonderful. Now I am definitely convinced, for if there's anything at all in this world I trust and believe in implicitly, it's certainly the creative principle. Marvelous, I tell her, you should go professional, hang out a shingle or something. A talent like yours should not go unrewarded. Yeah, but

she's not into a money trip. I should have known.

Even if you don't buy all that, you know things is got to change after all. Spring is on the way. Fresh Spring breezes have begun to blow and with them come whispers, low rumblings of fresh starts, new beginnings. Rumor has it that DOB is getting a firehouse from the city, to be shared with the Women's Center and one other group whose name I forgot. It's the city's final settlement on demands growing out of the Fifth Street women's building affair. Meanwhile, all around town I hear people lamenting that political activity seems to be subsiding and most gay groups are becoming primarily social organizations. Most of this lamentation is less than honest, I think, most of it is just so much bowing to fashion. After all, politics, which has unfortunately come to mean the politics of gay rights exclusively, is "in" these days. People talk politics but secretly they want and need social functions, otherwise such functions wouldn't be happening.

One must never underestimate the value, the political value, of gay social functions. I was reminded of this recently, listening to a friend speak of being in London just when the women there were getting themselves together enough to have their first all-women's dance. Her story brought back to me all the feeling, the wonderful aura of pride and spirit surrounding the first gay women's dances in New York. In those early days we seemed to have a better understanding of how holding a dance, creating an alternative to oppressive, straight-run gathering places for gays, is in itself a political act. This is

the politics of gay pride.

Gay pride, gay liberation, the development of a strong gay identity and lifestyle as an alternative to the empty charade which passes for life in these United States has always seemed more important to me than gay rights. After a week or so of trying to make it on my own in the real world, the regular straight world in which I am invisible at best, I have a need, a desire to be among gay women. Along this line, I think, the lesbian Sunday afternoons at the GAA Firehouse are some of the best things that have happened to gay women in a long time. I certainly hope they don't bow to pressure from certain factions to become "more political" in the usual abrasively dogmatic and unimaginative sense. When I think of all the time I've wasted in my young life at one ridiculous political meeting or another listening to pompous self-serving individuals try to tell me where it's at, the pleasant, easy social atmosphere of the lesbian Sundays seems a blessing indeed. It's a question of spending time, of being someplace where I am just a person, one small gay woman among many gay women. This is, again, the politics of gay liberation and pride.

As for gay rights: granted a few rights here and there might help many come out of the closet and discover for the first time who and what they are. Still, I would not petition those pigs for anything. I don't want rights. I don't want a way in to that corrupt and empty travesty they call society. Anyone with a strong gay self-identity should realize that the straight establishment has very little that we need or want.

# The Masturbator's Activist Alliance

BY DICK LEITSC

The nice thing about masturbation," said Michael in *Boys In The Band*, "is that you don't have to look your best." Another advantage to fantasy sex partners is that they're always there and ready when you want them. They don't have to be cruised for, competed over, warmed up, satisfied, and all the rest of it. They never have headaches or beg off because they're too tired. They're never second-best, never too tall, too skinny, too pimply, or too dirty.

Best of all, they never talk back, so you never have to try to make conversation with a vacuous beauty, listen to the pseudo-butch grunting of a pseudo-butch number, hear about the funny things that happened at the beauty parlor, or be bored by some trick talking about the movement or telling you that you really should support Bella Abzug because she "really cares" about homosexuals though she's never actually gotten around to doing anything for us.

Small wonder that a large number of people are beginning to openly state they'd rather masturbate than have sex. One of my very best friends, a man with whom I once shared an apartment, is witty, clever and charming. He gets all sorts of sexual invitations—and declines most of them. He's the first person I ever knew who preferred masturbation to partner-sex, and I was shocked at first. Now the closet doors are opening and I suppose it won't be long until we hear of a Masturbator's Activist Alliance.

Society, in all kinds of subtle ways, teaches us that partner-sex is preferable. Masturbators are teased and derided by sexual people and shamed by puritans. The sexual-freedom advocates, libertines and pseudo-libertines, "liberal" churchmen and other romantics insist sex is a "sharing" and therefore, A Good Thing. Masturbation doesn't fit their theories and must therefore be A Bad Thing.

It's said that the Kinsey Group found that 98% of all American men masturbate and 2% lie. Maybe there is a bit of the sadist, the masochist, the homosexual and heterosexual, the fetishist, the libertine, in each of us. There's also the masturbator in each of us—and isn't it fun?

Some years ago Larry Hatterer asked me about gay sex practices and complaints. He mentioned that a growing number of his heterosexual patients were coming to him because they found that they, or their partners, seemed less interested in joint sexual experience than in self-gratification. Intercourse, he was being told, was becoming less a matter of sharing than a sort of masturbation with another person.

Other shrink friends have independently, or in answer to my questioning, confirmed this as a common complaint among both gay and straight people. People do use one another as sex objects. Men often complain that women they sleep with treat them like living dildos, and women complain that they are just holes into which men stick their cocks while fantasizing about someone or something else.

More romantic gay people make similar complaints about their partner, while wiser, more experienced, ones are more aware of the facts of life. After all, anyone who has ever been to an orgy bar, had sex in the bushes, or done (or been done by) numbers through glory holes, is aware that one is, in a sexual relationship, an organ or receptacle. The cock is a self-



ish entity with no scruples or sense of social responsibility or niceties, and nobody fucks a personality; one screws a hole.

The Sexual Revolution of the sixties was essentially a romantic movement, doing for sexuality what chivalry did for romantic love in the Middle Ages. The concept of Courtly Love was actually a lot of crap, but it sounded good. The same is true of the Ideal Orgasm concept which was to the Sexual Revolution as the Romance of the Rose was to chivalry.

As a knight should die for the purity of his Fair Lady, so, according to the legends of the sixties, should sex partners concern themselves more with their partners than with themselves. One should take the partner through the stages of orgasm and achieve together the sort of cli-

sex nine times a week, but D only wants it twice a week and accuses C of being too demanding.

And then there're the fetishists. A guy who hates circumcized cocks falls madly in love with a Jewish boy. A size queen loses his heart to, and can't live without, Princess Tiny Meat. A guy who is queer for smooth-bodied blue-eyed blondes can't live without the swarthy, hairy Italian—and has to close his eyes and pretend Angelo is Erik, the Norwegian. How love does make a mockery of our sexual hang-ups! It's enough to make anyone envy the masturbators, whose dream lovers always meet specifications!

The masturbators seem to accomplish so much more than the rest of us. That's not surprising, since they must waste less time than we do. They're out there achieving while you and I are cruising. They're writing, painting, sculpting, composing, making money, or whatever, while you and I make small talk with some trick, or try to talk our lovers into the mood for sex.

While we have family fights with lovers, or bathe, shave, choose clothes, dress, subway to the bar or whatever, and cruise, all the masturbators have to do is close their eyes, conjure up Jim Casidy, Casey Donovan, Jim Stryker, Burt Reynolds, or whoever, and start beating. If their imaginations aren't particularly active that day they can get out the skin books. There, before their very eyes, is every fantasy, every sex scene man can devise. One can partake of sado-masochism without all the paraphernalia and consumption of time, coprophilia without the stink and the mess, toilet sex without the stench and risk, ordinary sex without the obligations of cruising, social (as well as sexual) intercourse, and making breakfast for the trick before one goes to work tomorrow morning.

If I could be anything in the world but what I am (apart from being Christopher Isherwood, who is the person I'd most like to be other than me), I'd be a masturbator. Not a male one, but one of those pampered, upper-middle-class housewives women's lib feels so sorry for.

I'd have a rich husband who was away at work a lot, and a houseful of servants to take care of the labor. I'd take lovers now and again, always paying (one must maintain the employer-employee relationship; it's so tacky to have gigolos fall in love with one!).

I'd spend most of the time lying in a hammock under the trees with a pair of rio-no-tanas up my slit. I'd swing back and forth in the spring breezes, now and then sipping gin-and-tonic, while those little mercury-filled silver balls rolled around in my twat, bringing me to orgasm after orgasm.

Women, after all, are the fortunate sex, able to have orgasms all the day long. For us men, masturbation is only a few minutes of ecstasy, followed by an obligation to sponge up messes of sticky goo. The girls are right. God is a woman, a female chauvinist who gave them the ability to come and come again for days, while we can only come a few times and give up. That, I suppose, is so we can get out of bed and go off to work and support the dames.

But we fooled Her, didn't we, guys? Maybe we can only come a few times, but we can oblige many other men before we do come ourselves, and that's what baths, truck-stops, glory holes, meat racks and orgy bars are all about, at least for those of us who aren't content to sit home and have the same experience, without the bother and risks, in fantasy.

max that never existed outside the novels of D.H. Lawrence.

All of that is OK if you are Connie Chatterley and you and your game-keeper are maneuvered by a super-romantic novelist, but in real life things are different. Somebody ought to write a sequel to *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, telling what happens when Connie gets tired of pulling wilted flowers out of her vagina, or when she goes down on John Thomas, only to have Mellors complain, "For God's sake, Connie! Are you a nympho or something? I've had a shitty day on the moors and I'm just not in the damn mood! Buzz off!"

There are those letters all gay writers get from readers who are very much in love, but sexually unhappy. A wants to screw B's creamy buns, but B is a cock-sucker and will not be screwed. C wants



# District Attorney Slow To Act On Beatings

na. When Ms. Goodman was asked what the GAA members could be prosecuted for, she replied, "Conspiracy to leaflet—I can't think of anything else."

On April 15 about 25 activists had entered the Hilton to protest the treatment of homosexuals by some members of the Inner Circle. The gays were escorted out, but not before individuals identified as invited guests had severely beaten Mr. Manfred, Jim Owles, Bob Rome, John Vouriotis, Bruce Voeller and Allen Ross, as police watched. The officers then refused to permit the injured to re-enter the hotel to identify their assailants. When the gays were finally able to gain admittance two hours later—as police threatened to arrest them—the attackers had long since disappeared.

Michael Maye's part in the beatings was reported by Leonard Cohen, Deputy Borough President of Manhattan, David Grant, and John Scanlon, both of the Economic Development Association. They had been invited to the dinner, but deplored the brutality of some of their fellow celebrants.

Mr. Maye denied any wrong-doing in a short statement his office issued to the press, and accused the GAA members of interfering with a private affair.

Meanwhile a fourth city official has come forth with evidence to assist Neal Gantcher, the attorney attempting to recover damages from the Hilton, the Inner Circle, and Mr. Maye in civil actions. Ethan Geto, press secretary for the Bronx Borough President, reported seeing Mr. Manfred bleeding and moaning on the sidewalk as the police ignored him.

According to GAA one of the seven complainants was recently followed and attacked by two muggers who believed he had photographic evidence that could be used against some Inner Circle guests.

Ms. Goodman has just filed a motion requesting the New York Supreme Court to challenge grand jurors on the basis of sexual prejudices, because she believes indictments—either against Mr. Maye or against GAA members—may come before the grand jury at any time. Recent action by the state legislature has deprived defense attorneys from making such challenges themselves, and Ms. Goodman believes her motion may be the first such request before the court.

# Gay Newspaper Seized In L.A. Bars-Stores

down's main target. Vice squad spokesmen said the raids, in which about 30 business places were hit within twelve hours, were aimed at allegedly pornographic films shown or sold at these locations.

Fewer than a dozen movie houses in Los Angeles openly advertise hard-core action movies, and only three of these specialize in male-to-male films. But police apparently are convinced that "underground" bookstores do a thriving business in film sequences ranging in length

from 200 feet to two reels, from silent 8mm to post-recorded sound in color at 64mm.

Vice officers at both the police department's Rampart (west-central Los Angeles) and Hollywood Divisions told Warner that the raids had been ordered and carried out over their heads by the downtown Metro Squad, an elite corps of operatives theoretically charged with large-scale narcotics and organized crime investigations.

The Metro Squad, a semi-secret operation, reports its activities only to top police officials and to Mayor Sam Yorty. Police headquarters refused to discuss the raids with members of the press.

Lt. Howard Williams, acting head of vice operations at Rampart, was shown copies of recent issues of GAY by Warner, who asked him to single out passages of print or art displays which could be considered pornographic.

Williams glanced through the issues, returned them to the questioner, and said: "They don't bother me any. I think they're more funny than anything else, don't you?"

The new raids came in the wake of a legal dispute between Los Angeles authorities and distributors of alleged pornographic movies. The latter claim that the municipal courts refuse to return confiscated films to their owners in spite of a federal court ruling that such seizures violate the protections of the U.S. Constitution.

The current sweep-up, it was thought here, might be an attempt to set up a new legal challenge to the federal ruling.

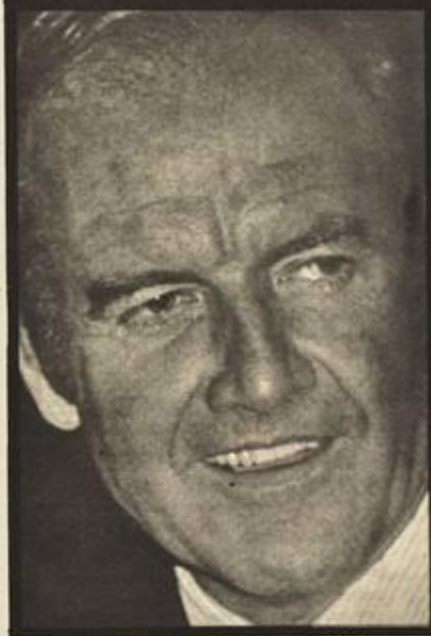
The Los Angeles Times learned that the usual problem of legal search and seizure—the item must be exactly identified as to its content, location and commercial intent—was skirted in the April raids when Municipal Judges William Dettmar and George Trammel sat in cars outside raided establishments. They wrote their warrants on the basis of walkie-talkie descriptions given by plainclothesmen inside the target businesses.

About New York  
cue  
COMMENTS

OUT-OF-THE-CITY thoughts might include an organization called The Islanders' Club, a membership group (\$3 a year) which in addition to its social activities and community improvement projects offers its members special travel bargains all year round—Old English Christmas, anyone? Not the least of the inducements is the summer chartered bus service weekends to eastern Long Island, specifically to the Hamptons, Bayshore, Sayville, and Patchogue. Scores of Fire Islanders and Hamptonites board these reservation-only buses on the East and West Sides every Fri. night or Sat. morning for the painless, practically non-stop ride, lulled with coffee or drinks (depending on time of day). For particulars about joining: write the club at 95 Christopher St. or phone OR 5-3116.

# McGovern

He's been right from the start.



SENATOR MCGOVERN PROPOSES:

1. Sexual orientation or preference should cease to be a criterion for employment by all public and governmental agencies, in work under federal contract, for service in the United States armed forces, and for licensing in government regulated occupations and professions.
2. Sexual orientation should cease to be a criterion for immigration to the United States.
3. Government and private investigatory agencies should cease to collect data on the sexual preferences of individuals.
4. Sexual orientation should cease to be a criterion for obtaining housing, insurance, or bonding.
5. Individuals previously given less-than-honorable military discharges solely for sexual relations between consenting adults or for allegations relating to sexual orientation should have the character of those discharges changed to honorable.
6. Increased federal support of unbiased research into the nature of all human sexuality.
7. Federal sponsorship of educational programs which will foster further understanding of both professional people and the general public on these issues.

The following statement in support of Intro 475 was read to the New York City Council on December 17, 1971, by Eleanor Clark French on behalf of Senator McGovern:

Senator McGovern recognizes that in American society today—no less than in other cultures and as throughout recorded history—a substantial minority of women and men of all ages are identified with a homosexual lifestyle. He further recognizes that certain assumptions of the majority concerning homosexuals have been used as a rationale for harassment and denial of elemental civil liberties for millions of individuals. As for other oppressed and stigmatized minorities, Senator McGovern pledges the full moral and legal authority of his presidency towards restoring and guaranteeing first-class citizen rights for homosexually-oriented individuals.

VOTE FOR SENATOR GEORGE MCGOVERN IN THE PRIMARY — JUNE 20, 1972

If you would like to assist in Senator McGovern's campaign, either by sending your contribution, or by canvassing or phoning, contact:  
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# ChitChat

... What would the Fourth of July be without fireworks??? Or would you have us march up the Avenue of the Americas wearing hair shirts, flogging ourselves????? ... Went to the GAY-IN at Sheridan Square to protest the beatings at the HILTON ... I was disappointed that more of my brothers and sisters from the bars were not there ... However, when I questioned them on it they all said that they didn't know a thing about it. I must admit that I didn't know about it until I went to the GAB dance the night before. And I blame GAA and the other organizations involved for not trying to get the bars and bar people involved. We are there. We are willing to help. We are not being brought into the movement. I've heard all of the arguments and I laugh at them. I've been interested in human rights in the bars since 1958. A lot of the militants who scream the loudest about how oppressive the bars are are the first ones to the Roadhouse, Eagle, etc., after the meetings (which is, I believe, a comment in itself). More people can be reached through the bars than most militants would ever conceive. Don't waste this valuable source of people power. Don't cut the bars out of the movement, cut us in on it ... Support G.I.V.E. and get the gay delegates to Florida for the Democratic Convention ... Took a tour of the Village with Roadhouse Ronda the other day and he had the balls to accuse me of cruising when his head was spinning at a 360 degree circle ... My beautiful baby, Greg, is now tending bar out at JOHNNY LYON'S SUPPER CLUB in Brooklyn. If you are in the neighborhood drop in and say hello ... Lou Briggs, formerly at the STUD, now at MAGNOLIA T's ... Bobby Conroy is one of the hardest guys to keep up with. He's left the GLORY HOLE for SAMMY'S FOLLY ... Wish they'd stay in one place long enough for one column to be completely up to date ... It isn't easy, hon ... Swung over to DANNY'S BROOKLYN HEIGHTS and was thoroughly entertained by the antics of Duke behind the bar ... didn't look as if the boy he was working with enjoyed them too much, though. Sorry, Bruce ... Very interesting crowd ... Hit Thom O'Malley at the Beau Geste for Sunday supper. Would you believe that I found a piece of bone in one of the SCALLOPS? The waiter, Kurt, was beautiful enough to make up for it, though ... Some more personnel changes ... Beautiful Joey, formerly at DANNY'S SHERIDAN SQUARE, now at the TAVERN IN THE TOWNHOUSE and Jerry, of BETTER DAYS, now at the aforementioned DANNY'S ... Marvin back from San Francisco with you know who in tow ... Larry left CARR'S for the coast without telling anyone ... Gino, over at MARIE'S CRISIS, setting a few hearts ablaze ... Steven and Roger have left the COVEN for suburban living in New Jersey. Best of luck, kids ... Speaking of the COVEN, we are now a restaurant again. We are featuring an international menu with complete dinners at \$2.50 ... Thanks to Michael Giammetta for this column's plug in his column ... Has anyone heard from Frankie Brill??? Oooops, almost forgot, Nancy Haskill made the move over to MARIE'S CRISIS ... MONA'S ROYAL ROOST is one of the coziest rooms in the city ... Chet London back from Florida ... Steve Ryan back from his extended stay in Europe ... And Bruce is back from Puerto Rico ... Tommy left the FINALE and is happily waiting tables at JACK DELANEY'S ... PERSONALITY PROFILE: Roy Triscell of the YUKON. He has been in the business a long time and you know that you are being taken care of by a pro. He has flung his bar from the

50's right into the 70's. He is a great friend and the father of my only godson. Say hello ...

BAR PROFILE: UNCLE CHARLIE'S SOUTH, 581 3rd Ave. ... It's been packed since opening night, and justly so ... Bob and Jerry spent a lot of time and energy, to say nothing of money to insure their customers' comfort ... Three rooms make it easy to be seen and to see ... Ron, Kevin, Ken, Ronnie and Frank make drinks as if they enjoy their work and all are easy to look at. THE MONTHLY BAR AWARDS took place at MAGNOLIA T'S. We were very happy to have the fabulous GYPSY back as M.C. This is absolutely one of the most talented people we've had the pleasure of knowing. The show was quite good. John Michel did a wild take-off of the threesome number with Gil and Sigg. I'm sure Joel Grey would have fell out. Ralph and Michael were joined by Gypsy in a take-off on the Lennon Sisters. Gene King was there to do a turn. As were the dynamic duo, Johnny Savoy and Judy Saxton (who proved that talent will out even over a lousy sound system) along with George Sardi. (George, who told you that 'it' was thin?) My favorite part of the show, however, was a surprise duo. Incredible, Gwen Saunders and equally incredible Sam Palmer as Archie and Edith Bunker respectively. It was A GAS!! (Ms. Saunders was seen leaving the festivities on the back of a cycle. Right on, girl.) Now, to the awards themselves. The most heartwarming event of the day was when a special award was accorded Eddy Rice. The entire assemblage got to its feet for a well deserved standing ovation. The man most surely must have felt the genuine love and affection that flowed from the audience up to him on the stage. No mean feat with that tough crowd. Maggie Jiggs also won an award (honorary). No one seemed to know the reason for it so I'll take a guess. For being one of the backward political minds present. Sexy, Lou Briggs received the best bartender award. Grandma Lee Schwartz won as best barmaid making her the first repeater. (She won most popular in January.) And, taught the Village that even if you vote in a bloc you can still lose. Finally, best waiter went to a man called "Chubby," who nobody knew and who, unfortunately, may be out of a job right now as they wouldn't tell where he worked. It made us wonder who Price-Waterhouse had counting ballots, Helen Keller? ... We believe that the whole award thing is getting out of hand and causing more factions than unity. We found out that not all of our brothers and sisters are as politically minded as we would hope, so we should keep politics out of the monthly meetings, and those of us who are into politics can start working together on another plane. Keep the meetings light, forget the awards, except special ones such as Mother Rice's (Give him one every month, he deserves it.) And then, perhaps, we might all start knowing each other and not splitting into groups. Be good and stay well. See you next month at the LIB. ... Je



Paul, Mr. X and John Michel (Marie's Crisis) with Anne Pelegino and Carol Christenson.



Jason (Westbeach), Johnny Vincent (Beaded Bag), Joey (Tavern in the Townhouse), Malvin (Better Days).



Lou Mazaverde (LIB), Gwen Saunders (Harry's Back East & The Alibi), Ralph (Painted Pony) and Mike (Magnolia T's).



Lou Briggs (Magnolia T's).



Eddy (Mother Rice) and Sam Palmer.



Lee (Grandma) Schwartz (Harry's Back East).

# HE

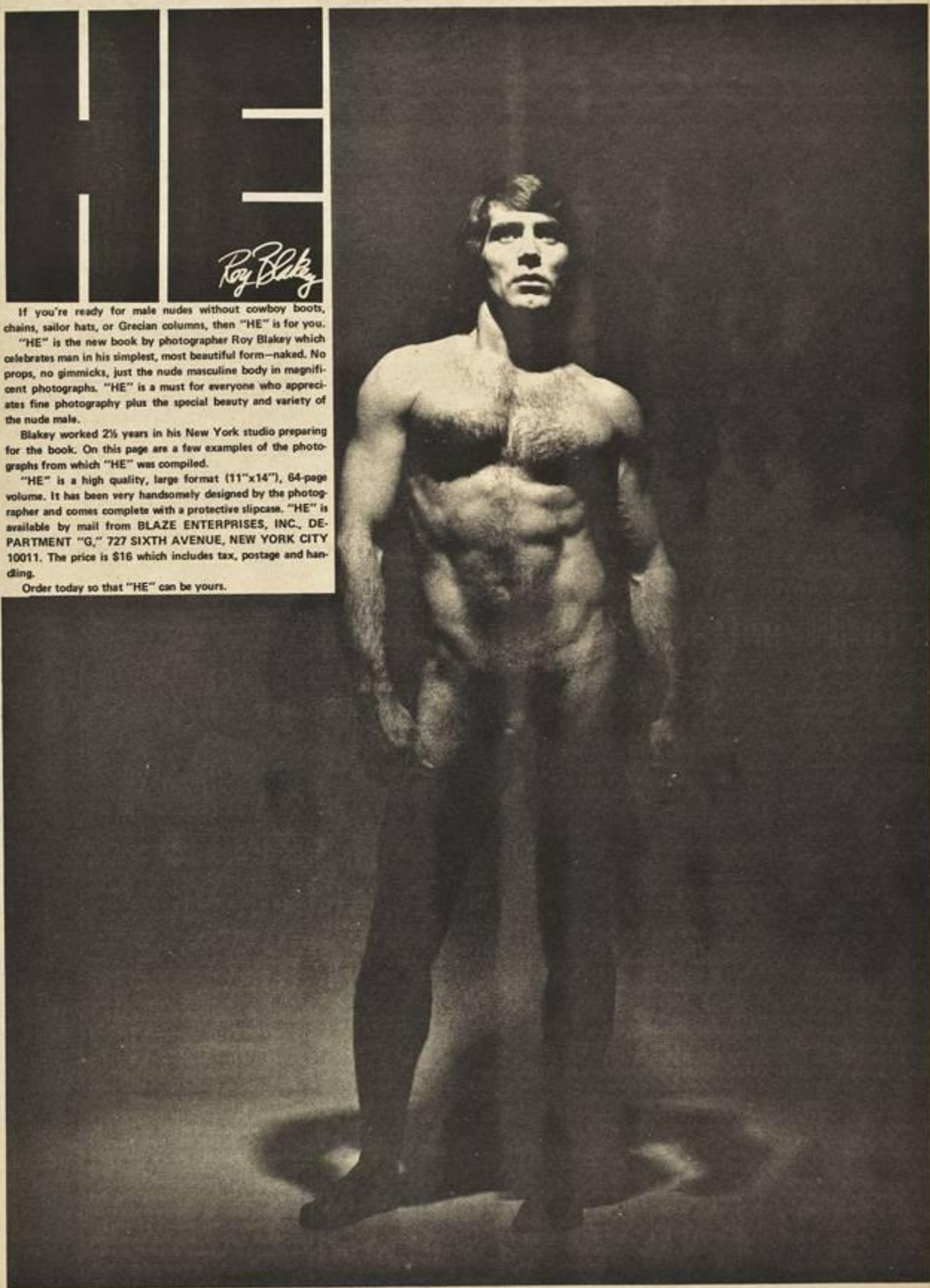
*Roy Blakely*

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3. All entries must be mailed or submitted in person to Man's Country, 53 Pierrepont Street, Brooklyn Heights, N.Y. 11201, no later than May 19, 1972. Each
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5. The decision of the judges will be final. Judging and announcement of prizes will be made at Man's Country on the evening of May 24, 1972. Winners will be notified, and all prizes will be awarded.



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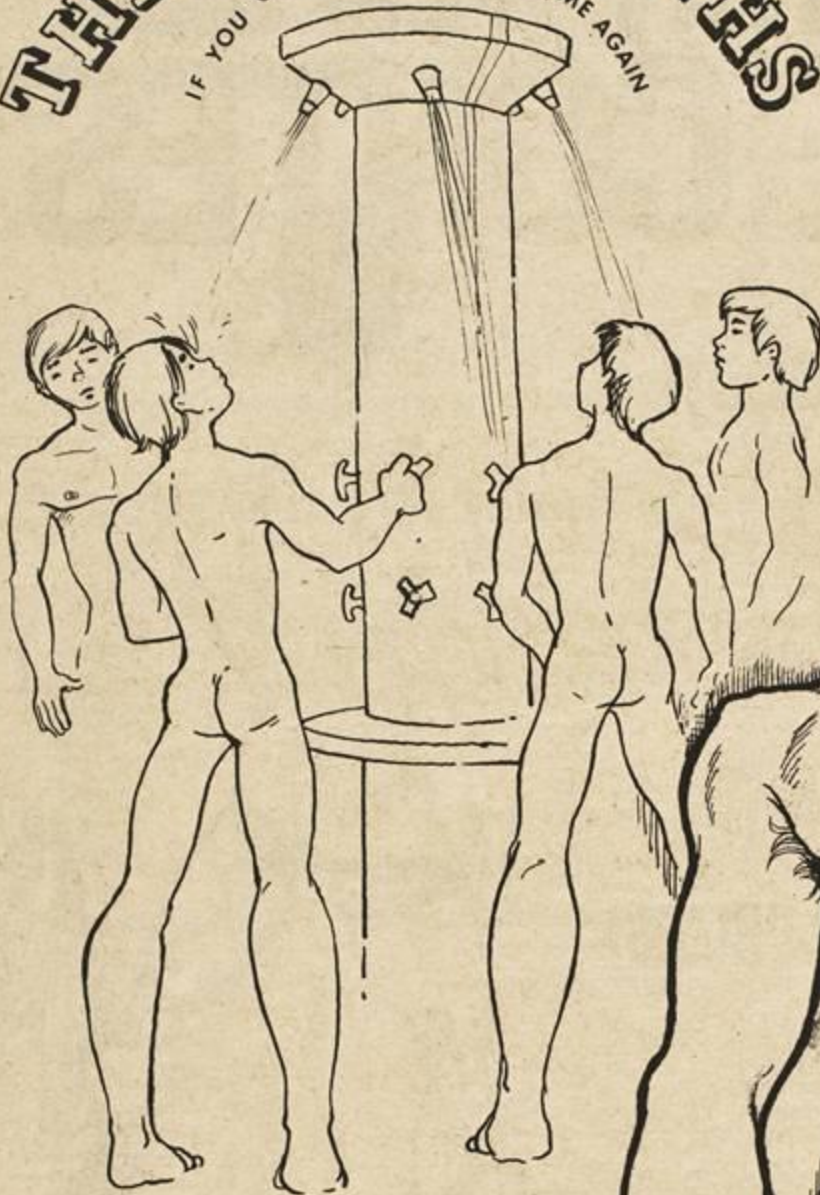
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