

# GAY

50¢

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Allen Roskoff is arrested in Councilman Clingan's office.

Photo by Betty Lane



The youthful NYC schoolteacher is led away by arresting officers.

## "Justice!" "Justice!" A Faint Plea at the Criminal Court Building

BY VICKI RICHMAN

Law never made men a whit more just; and, by means of their respect for it, even the well-disposed are daily made the agents of injustice.

How does it become a man to behave toward this American government today? I answer, that he cannot without disgrace be associated with it.

—Henry David Thoreau

The New York Criminal Court skyscraper and its neighbor, The Tombs, are one building at ground level, making twin trunks springing from a common root. They are joined at the seventh floor by a windowless tunnel cut through the column of air poised between them, like a manmade umbilical cord defying some natural tendency to keep them apart. But it is impossible to tell which is mother and which is child. Identical lean and hungry pillars striped with vertical bands of oblong windows carrying your gaze to the light above, they stand almost mischievously, as if to mock your impotence, between you and the eastern sky, throwing parallel shadows across the narrow alley called Centre Street, which make it the dreariest possible place to arrive at in the morning.

"A man is known by the company he keeps," Vito Russo shouts at no one in particular as Michael Maye sweeps in, fashionably late, with two gallants at his side and a practiced smile on his face, like a prima donna too haughty to be part of this party, but too insecure not to attend. Whether Mr. Russo is talking about Mr. Maye or the judge or this entire hive of lawyers, gunmen, bullies, and humanity, whose lot has so irretrievably been thrown in with the prison next to it, is not clear, and sudden silence signifies our bewilderment.

In a moment, however, the court officers charge forward, still not understanding, but aware at last that it is the remark



Maye victim: Morty Manfred

itself, and not its meaning, that has consummated the guilty intentions of the gay activist. Mr. Russo, a film historian with affairs, no doubt, to attend to, rises in virtue and victory before they even get to him, as if he had to leave anyway and this were the means most pleasing to him. The officers follow him out, not to be cheated out of the performance of their duties.

There are two ways to enter and leave the Criminal Court building. One is through the recessed, perpetually shadowed, stone-stepped entrance at 100 Centre Street, the architect's only concession to the forbidding classical style that has been the fashion in American courthouses. Vito Russo and Michael Maye came in here. They may have balked a little at the revolving door, but in the long run it's the fastest way, both in and out.

The other is through The Tombs, but if you use this route, months can elapse before you'd reach the court. And you'd never find your way yourself. You'd need guides scattered along with way with keys jingling from their belts, to push and jostle your way, along with those of a hundred others, through a labyrinth of close, winding tunnels, barred gates that open to electronic signals, elevator rides to unknown and unquestioned destinations, all of which numb your sense of an orderly universe until you are at a loss to understand your relation in space to the rest of the building or, indeed, to the world in general. It's a part of the courthouse that judges and prosecutors and lawyers and the rest of us never see; most of us don't even know it exists, hidden, as it is, by a

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## District Attorney's Belated Arrest Stirs Anger In N.Y. Gay Circles

New York, June 8— Opposite the City Council chambers are glass-paneled double doors stenciled "Minority Leader." They open on a cluttered cubicle supporting even smaller offices on either end. The one to the left is Eldon Clingan's. The one to the right belongs to his speech-writer. A receptionist guards the doors in the center, and there's not much room for many more people.

But newsmen and gay activists crowded into these offices this afternoon to

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## Michael Maye: Soap Opera In Court Continues

BY JOHN P. Le ROY

New York, N.Y.—The Michael Maye case is proving that it's all right to beat up gays, arrest them, and harass them, so long as it's done by the right authorities at the right time, and under the right circumstances. As of press time, June 16, Maye has come to court twice, and both times the case has been postponed.

On his first appearance, June 7, Maye had no intention of showing up. The first time the case was called, he was not in the court room, but at Pace College ceremoniously pinning medals. A friend of Maye's defense attorney, Mr. Edenbaum, was asked by Judge Shea why Maye wasn't there. He didn't know. Neither did D.A. Hayes, who said there was a possible

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Photo by Eric Stephen Jacobs

Lee Guillatt pictured here at a recent Town Hall concert is singing what Al Carmine calls the "first popular lesbian love song" from his oratorio "The Journey of Snow White." Ms. Guillatt can be seen in Mr. Carmine's new musical *Joan* currently playing at the Circle in the Square Theatre, 159 Bleecker Street, NYC.

# WHERE WILL YOU GO TONIGHT?

## A DIRECTORY FOR DISCRIMINATING DISPOSITIONS

**CODE**  
GM—General Males  
GF—General Females  
TV—Transvestites  
INT—Integrated, gay & straight  
BY JERRY FITZPATRICK

**WEST VILLAGE**  
A's Real Restaurant, 105 Macdougall St. (677-9850). New and Sparkling. Food is excellent and reasonable. Bring your own wine. Int. Bon Seir, 40 W. 8th St. (473-9859). Cha-cha palace, mostly Latin. Bunny is on the bar during the day. GM & TV  
Bonnie & Clyde's, 82 W. 3rd St. (GR 3-9304). Dancing, free buffet on Sundays. Elaine is behind the bar to make you feel at home. GF w/some GM  
Car's, 204 W. 10th St. (255-9742). Neighborhood bar and crowd. Alfie is the only one left behind the stick. GM

Casa Laredo, 551 Hudson St. (989-8520). If this has been one of your favorite places as it has been mine, get in fast to say goodbye. As of July 3 it will be changing hands. Int.  
Cave, Bank St. and Washington. Cruisy guys here. Say hello to sexy David, in the daytime and Randy and Jeff will take care of you at night. Beautiful Kevin is in charge. GM

Cave, Bank St. and Washington. New, savdiest on the floor. Jeff and Randy at the bar and Kevin to make sure that you have a good time. GM

Coven, 531 Hudson St. (255-9741). Full meals at \$2.50 until midnight when the kitchen changes for burgers and omelettes till 8 AM. Updates bar now has a piano. GM/GF

Danny's, 139 Christopher St. (929-9321). Has picked up considerably. I'm sure that the day crowd is due to Jerry behind the bar. GM

Danny's in the Hideaway, 500 W. 14th St. Brand new. Laffy's Place has Jack Hartman and Kevin behind the bar. Dancing, and if you're in the mood, there's a most upstairs. GM  
Danny's Sheridan Sq., 170 7th Ave. So. Young heads and dancing. Lost Joey but got Jack Hartman. Marvin and Joey will see to your needs. GM  
Detaney's, 72 Grove St. (A1 5-7905). Drinks by Joey J. and piano by Murray Grant. Fine food. Int.

Fedora's, 239 W. 4th St. (CH 2-9691). Jack and Larry on the floor to serve you. And Federa herself making sure that you enjoy your meal. GM/some Int.

Finale, 48 Barrow St. (CH 3-7358). Seems despite some groovy help they are still losing business. Say hello to Jamie and Philip. GM/Int.

Five Oaks, 49 Grove St. (675-9669). Village favorite off Sheridan Square. Int.  
Four Eleven, 411 Bleecker St. (CH 2-2117). An old-time favorite. Int.

Gas Station, 70 Grove St. (242-1408). Brand new and a lot of fun. Dancing in the rear, conversation in the front with Jan Wallman. Clyde doing incredible portraits for \$1. GM/INT.  
Glory Hole, 183 W. 10th St. Sexy Bill on the bar, Dottie on the floor. Manager doesn't seem to like his job. GM

Goldbug, 83 W. 3rd St. (677-9874). What a couple! Not only Bess, but also my favorite Joey (Miccio). Say hello.

Horn of Plenty, 353 Bleecker St. (242-0636). Great food but you'll have to bring your own wine until they get their liquor license. Int.  
Inea, 399 W. 12th St. (242-9722). The food is great and they have sexy Joe. A mixture with a lot of GM.

Julius', 159 W. 10th St. Hamburgers are great. Drinks are good. Hop, Joey, et al will take care of your drinks. The crowd is pretty, but don't count on making out. They still stare off GM Keller's, 284 West St., near Christopher. The grand-daddy of leather bars, recently celebrated its 13th anniversary. GM

Kookie's, 149 W. 14th St. (242-9226). The bar is clean but they don't encourage GMs. Kookie looks like a poor man's ZiaZia. GF

Magnolia T., 105 W. 13th St. My own Sam is doing the cooking, so you know it's good. Sexy Lou and beautiful June on the bar. Devon is on the floor. GM

Marie's Child, 59 Grove St. (243-9323). A lot of fun. J.L., John Michel, Micky, Libra and Jan Thomas on the piano. GM, GF

Mon's Royal Roost, 28 Cornelia St. (CH 2-9557). Cozy room with Joe and Eddy to see that you have a good time. Mostly GM

Ninth Circle, 139 W. 10th St. Hamburgers, etc. Garden dining, little dancing. Bill and Ed on the Stick. Young heads. GM

One Potato, 518 Hudson St. (691-6260). Lunch and one is mobbed. Frank, or Elizabeth the Last, noids court and you're sure of a few guest stars. Dinner is reasonable and good. See Billy for some of the best drinks you've imbibed. GM, GF, Int.

Paulie's, Greenwich Ave. and 7th Ave. So. The food is very good. Chris and Elaine tend bar while Paula supervises. GF, GM

Peter Rabbit, 305 W. 10th St. (929-9279). Wild mixture of folk, cruisy. Sexy Jimmy and George to tend your needs.  
Roadhouse, 570 Hudson St. (CH 3-4214). One of the cruisiest. Packed every night. Tom and Sy run a tight ship with aid from Rex, Ron, Tom and of course Stella by starlight. GM  
Sammy's Puffy, East 15th St. near 5th Ave. (675-6740). Nice big piano bar. Leah is your hostess and (hopefully, still) beautiful Bobby

Conroy is on the bar. GM.  
Ter, 21 Greenwich Ave. (255-1337). Snack shop, cruisy afternoons, find out what it's happening all over the Village. GM/Int.  
Westbase, Christopher St. (down near the pier). I thought that this was "straight." Imagine my surprise when a bunch of brothers waved me in last Sunday. It's a wild salon and Jason and George will make sure that you enjoy. GM/Int.

**EAST VILLAGE, WASHINGTON AND UNION SQUARES**

Club Bath, 24 1st Ave. (673-3283). Open 24 hours. Dynamic facilities and vumpy studs all over the place. Confidential V.D. tests every Thursday 5-9pm. GM

Eighty-Two Club, 82 E. 4th St. (GR 7-1046). Home of the female impersonators. Tourists: Macosney's, Aie Heaus, 15 E. 7th St. (477-9363). Was very cruisy when we were kids! I doubt if it's changed all that much even though Women's Lib got there too. Int.  
Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. So. (777-7870). A wild mixture of everything and baby, the prices are STIFF. Int.

St. Mark's Baths, 6 St. Marks Place (473-7929). Low prices because they wouldn't dare charge any higher. Run down. GM  
Spaefie's, 232 Park Ave. So. (475-9759). Will let you know more later on.

**GRAMMERCY & MURRAY HILL**

Beau Geste, 235 3rd Ave. (475-9724). You'll find yourself looking for Gary Cooper. Great decor. The food is quite good and the waiters are pretty. Thom and Jack tend bar. Piano upstairs. GM

Leo's Lion, 57 Lexington Ave. (686-9608). Nice, friendly atmosphere. Your host is David. Good and have a good time. GM

Tavern in the Townhouse, 108 E. 38th St. I'd prefer a cabin in the sky. Another disco, ala Tamburlaine. (Probably have the same troubles with the neighbors.) Same heads are here. Beautiful Joey is on the bar. I'd like to say you name it but I'll settle for Int.

Uncle Charlie's South, 581 3rd Ave. Three separate rooms allow you to keep making entrances. This beautifully decorated place is always jammed. Bob and Jerry are your hosts while Frank, Ron, Ken, Kevin and Ronnie will keep your glasses filled. GM

**CHELSEA**

Eagle's Nest, 11th Ave. & 21st St. If you're not into leather (black) and/or western, don't bother. You won't get in and why hassle the management or yourself. This is for leather people only. GM

Nine Plus Social Club, 149 W. 21st St. Exclusive after-hours club for the leather set. You must be sponsored by a member. Nice place.  
Spike, 120 11th Ave. Same numbers as at The Eagle. Sexy Roy Baker is on the bar. GM

**SOHO**

Gay Activists Alliance Firehouse, Saturday night dance at 99 Wooster St. Get there early and have a ball and a half. Take the 7th Ave. IRT local to Houston; 8th Ave. IND (AA/E) to Spring; 6th Ave. IND (D/F/T) to Broadway/Lafayette; BMT (RR) to Prince; Lex. Ave. IRT to Spring. Cabaret every other Friday with barrels of beer, soda and live entertainment. Movies on Sunday evenings. GM, GF

**MIDTOWN & MIDDLE EAST SIDE**

Beacon Baths, 227 E. 45th St. (687-0322). Take the elevator to the 11th floor and groove. Some incredible humpers. Great for a matinee with all those married execs trying to find happiness before going home to the 'fil woman. Free V.D. test Wednesdays from 4pm to 8pm. GM

Candy Store, 44 W. 56th St. (581-4664). Wax museum gone. New disco dancing. New image for a heretofore tired place. Ricky Klein keeps things jumping. GM

Continental Sauna, 111 W. 56th St. Not as grand nor as expensive as the "Mother Church" on W. 74th St. Good for a businessman's lunch(?) GM.

Lib, 305 E. 45th St. (Le 2-0290). The ensemble players, Jerry, Ellis, Lois and Jim, along with Gretchen and Ken, will assure you of a good time. GM, GF

Mayfair, 964 1st Ave. (EL 5-9259). Kind of classy but fun. Good food at a good price. Int. Roundtable, 151 E. 50th St. One of the biggest discos in town. I still object to no call liquor. At \$1.50 a throw, yet, Mario, Joey and Bobby will keep you entertained. GM

Sauna Baths, 300 W. 58th St. (PL 5-6880). A small place that closes at midnight. Busy during the late afternoons, tho. GM

Sebastian's, 1068 1st Ave. (335-8052). Zany and wild, Sebastian holds court. Bill is in the kitchen. Bobby Blake is on the stick, and you'll probably want to get on the floor with John Weston. GM.

Singles, 951 1st Ave. (486-9832). Johnny Vincent will make sure that you enjoy yourself and Buddy LaZotta will tend to your libations. GM

Sandowear, 309 E. 60th St. (832-9094). Brand new and a sure winner with Mike Murphy at the helm. Cathy's there for cocktails and Billy Irwin during the night. The outdoor garden is a delight and scene for complimentary Bar-B-Q during the weekends. GM.

Treubador, 1078 1st Ave. (755-1955). Friendly neighborhood bar. Dennis and Tom are on the

bar. GM  
Victor's Quarter, 974 2nd Ave. (355-9453). Neighborhood bar with some Midnight Cowboy.

Yukon, 140 E. 53rd St. (421-8122). Roy has started a new policy. No ties and jackets and, would you believe, dancing. A lot of fun people still hang in here. GM

**DANCE BELT & HELL'S KITCHEN**

Better Days, W. 48th St. New. Mei and Jerry are on the bar.

Big Sponder, 315 W. 48th St. (586-9882). Lots of gypsies from the nearby shows. Some beautiful. Good time, Eric tends to the libations.  
Brothers & Sisters, 355 W. 46th St. (247-8840). One of the better bars in N.Y. with guys and gals butting it all together. GF, GM

Dirty Edna's Scoreboard, 264 W. 46th St. (265-9077). Advertised as "The home of the Midnight Cowboys." Some of them look as if they missed the last roundup. GM

Haymarket Pub, 772 8th Ave. (586-9360). They asked J.F.H. not to list them in "The Gay Insider U.S.A." But they are. Int.  
Jimmy Ray's, 729 8th Ave. (582-9007). They won't admit to it either. But you might find what you're looking for here. Int.

Joe Allen, 326 W. 46th St. (581-6464). Gypsies, name-performers, etc. Gay is the word for the bar while the tables will be mixed. Int.  
Loading Zone, 586 9th Ave. (563-8212). Some of those "Cowboy" that missed the roundup are here. GM

Tianna Cat, 350 W. 46th St. The incredible Dawn Hampton is doing the vocals while Edward Morris ticks the ivories. GM/GF

**UPPER EAST SIDE**

Allie, 1546 2nd Ave. (249-7026). Gwen has turned Monday nights into nostalgia night. It's also Show Night with herself playing Nelson Eddy to Gene King's Jeanette MacDonald. Quite a treat. GF, GM

Country Cowin, 1213 3rd Ave. (879-6514). Dine in a rustic atmosphere. Bar-B-Que in their open hearth Mon. & Wed. Groovy people. Mother Rice reigning during the day while Ralph and Lou take over at night. Billy, Harry and Eddy on the bar.

Harry's Back East, 1422 3rd Ave. (249-6991). Always one of the cruisiest bars in town. "Grandma" Lee will take care of you during the day and Judy, Jerry, Gilda and George will do the honors at night. GM, some GF

New Jimmy's, 1576 3rd Ave. (860-4209). Two of the best hosts in town, Joe and Tom. Food prepared by Carlotta, served by the best waiters in town; drinks by Kelly and Ed; topped by the sensational entertainment of Johnny Savoy, Judy Sexton and George Sardi.

Painted Pony, 1482 3rd Ave. (744-9580). Piano bar under the direction of the incredible "Gypsy." Good drinks dispensed by Ralph. Cruisy and nice. GM

Piper's Lounge, 1201 Lexington Ave. (734-9305). Tony Black's back is back. Can you believe he has Pussy with him? Dancing. GM

Three, 314 E. 72nd St. (734-9303). Good food, excellent drinks with boys and girls mixing together. Ask for Patti. GF, GM

Uncle Charlie's North, 1049 Lexington Ave. Boasts one of the "humpiest" bartenders in town, Wally. Another good reason is Roger, Ricky is on the door. Cruisy as ever. GM

**UPPER WEST SIDE**

Chipp's, Columbus Ave. bet. 66th & 67th Sts. Popular with Lincoln Center audiences. Int.

Continental Baths, 230 W. 74th St., west of B'way. (799-2688). More than a bath-house, it's a totally gay environment even down to a weekend cabaret. Expensive, but worth it. Students Free V.D. test Wednesdays from 4pm to 8pm. GM

Neotradamus, 201 W. 79th St. (EN 2-7100). Newest entry into the disco derby. A lot of work will have to go into it but it's big and brassy. Michael is behind the bar with Nelly running the show. Int.

Piccadilly Pub, 324 Amsterdam Ave. (Bk. 74th & 75th, 874-8632). Good cruising and friendly people. Nathan and David, along with Jim, will see that you have a good time. GM.

Westside, 2160 Broadway at 76th St. (874-8013). Popular but very cliquish. Drag show in the back room. Brian and Frank dispensing the spirits. GM.

**UPTOWN**

Charade, 1800 2nd Ave. at 93rd. Where slick is beautiful, the age is young, the food and music are soul and the dancing terrific. GMM

Gold Rak, 2850 Broadway (MO 2-4704). Restaurant and bar popular with uptown gays and Columbia students. Int.

Mt. Morris Baths, 1944 Madison Ave. (534-9004). This has a black majority. GM

Pauline's Interlude, 2267 7th Ave. at 135th St. A Harlem landmark since before most of us were born. Int.

**BROOKLYN**

Danny's Brooklyn Heights, 108 Montague St. (625-8844). Two floors of fun and frolic presided over by Paul. Set is your daytime host behind the bar with "dizzy" Duke and Bruce taking over at night. GM.  
Johnny Lynn's Supper Club, 1201 Utica Ave. Freddy is your host.  
Man's Country, 53 Pierrepont St., Brooklyn Heights. Brand new and picking up rapidly. Monday night it's leather night w/ movies. It is

just across-the East River and easily accessible. Did I say that it's a bath? It is.

Piano Bar, 103 Montague St. Just found this one. Kitty Kelly is M.C. during the day and Mike takes over at night. GM.

**QUEENS**

Betsy Rest Room, 73-13 37th Road, Jackson Heights (429-8605). Pleasant, friendly people. Sean Sullivan, along with Ed and Jim, will see that you have sufficient liquid, nourishment. GM/some GF.

Trysting Place, 120-31 83rd Ave., Kew Gardens (846-8922). Cruisy dancebar with a balcony from which to play Romeo if you're so inclined. Say hello to Fran and Danny. GF, GM

What A Dump, 76-07 Roosevelt Ave. Cruisy people in a cruisy setting. Gay owned which is a big plus. Say hello to Don, Vinnie, Chet and Teddy. GM.

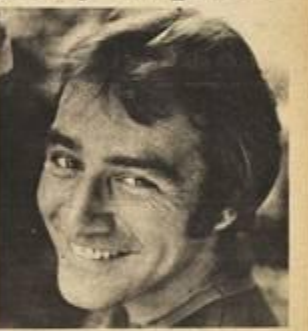
**WASHINGTONVILLE, N.Y.**

Master G's, Round Hill Resort, Rt. 208 Washingtonville, (914) 496-9845. Billed as an all-gay resort with 25 acres to frolic and swimming pool that gets its share of "mooing dipping." It sounds too good to be true. I'll let you know more. GM.

**GAY CINEMA**

David, 236 W. 55th St.  
55th St. Playhouse, 55th St. between 6th & 7th Ave.  
Jewel Theatre, 12th St. & 3rd Ave.  
Park-Miller, 43rd St. betw. 6th Ave. & B'way (BR 9-3970)  
Tomcat Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St.

## Jerry's Sphere



BY JERRY FITZPATRICK

**THE SHOW OF SHOWS:** The bars had the monthly show and awards for June at the L.I.B. Johnny Savoy and George Sardi co-produced the extravaganza on stage.

May I tell you that there aren't enough superlatives to describe this show? George also M.C.'d. He said that although he had performed many times before, he had never tackled the hosting job before.

Well, I'm sure that he will be in great demand in this capacity again. He was brilliant, fast, and kept the show moving in a most professional way. The show opened with Eddy Hicky, from the L.I.B. He has stage presence and a nice legit voice.

A very pleasant start. George took over next with an obscure Cole Porter song and rendered it in his own inimitable style. Next on the agenda was the dynamic Joey Cord. Dynamic is a mild adjective for this performer. He electrifies! After three numbers he had the crowd cheering for more.

At which time, he pulled a surprise and got Michael Giammetta of MI-CHAEL'S THING on stage for a 50's hits duet. The crowd loved it. Everyone was in a PARTY mood. Next on the bill was Ms. Juanita Fleming. REMEMBER that name—you will be hearing a lot more from this TALENT! The only way I can describe Ms. Fleming is to tell you that both Ms. Franklin and Ms. Flack had better move over. While she may remind you a little of both singers, she is entirely on her own. She was interrupted during "The First Time Ever" several times by outbursts of applause. She took that song and wrapped it up as her own. By the time the lady finished the entire room

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## The Editors Speak:

LET'S GO TO A PARTY!

New York has been hit by a new phenomenon: fund raising parties to benefit the Gay Activists Alliance Legal Defense Fund.

These parties are happening all over the city and are being used to raise much needed bail money and legal fees. The gay community's push for Intro 475, the costs of the Michael Mays court fiasco, money for the lawyers defending GAA members who have been arbitrarily arrested (members such as Janet Rivera, Martin Clabby, Brenda Howard and Allen Roskoff) can spell success if New York's gay community rallies and attends these parties.

The suggested contribution for each person attending any given party is \$5. Aittance.

So far the fund-raising parties have been a huge success. "Why not spread the idea to the Pines and the Grove?" said one enthusiastic patron (who says, incidentally, that neither he nor most of his friends are GAA members... but they care).

And what better reason for throwing a party? If you, or any of your friends would like to gather money for gay liberation in a similar fashion, write to GAY for information or simply send your donations to: GAA, P.O. Box 2, Village Station, N.Y.C., N.Y. 10014. Your gathering can be of any type. A dinner, a cocktail party, a card game, or anything else you devise to bring your guests together. You may even wish to start a chain, so that some of your guests will want to host parties too.

Why not start planning your gathering today! Surely you have a few friends who'd be willing to come—and to contribute.

## FULGONI SHOW AT GAA FIREHOUSE

Don't miss this fine collection of illustrations which is on exhibit at the GAA Firehouse (99 Wooster Street).

Louis Fulgoni's work has appeared on the Tonight Show, the Today Show, Movie Four and other TV programs. His collages and constructions—as well as line drawings of live models—have captured the attention of imaginative people everywhere. Many of his works are in private collections throughout the United States.

The Fulgoni Show will run between June 24 and June 30, from noon until 7 p.m. each day.

## BOB & DARYL & TED & ALEX

In an early issue of GAY we knocked skinflck theatres for charging high prices (\$5 admission) and for providing films of such poor quality.

Today, nearly three years later some skinflck houses are providing us with only slightly improved fare. But most of the films are still filled with clods who can't get it up, or, when they do, whose sexual clumsiness is appalling. Instead of inspiring us to new sensual awareness, the vast majority of these flicks, with only a few exceptions, hark back to the frantic groping and clutching of the 50's.

The Eros I Theatre (which has been running "straight" films for nearly two years after starting with gay skinflcks) announced in a full-page ad in this paper that it had discontinued its original policy because of the mediocre product available. Now, the Eros I tells us, it has returned to its original policy because, after a lengthy search, the theatre has finally found the "film worthy of its audience." The film, *Bob & Daryl & Ted & Alex* (a cutesy title, natch), is a tragedy. Each character is murdered by a jealous lover who stands, at the close of the film, with a bloody fire-poker in his hand.

Sexually, the film is a tragedy too. Stan Preston, who so proudly presents the film, has, if this film is any indication, grotesquely muted sensual faculties. The sexual adventures (if such they can be called) of the "actors" are full of a sneering, inept awkwardness that is embarrassing to say the least, and infuriating, particularly if one has paid \$5 admission.

GAY recommends boycotting such films as this and hopes skinflck makers will provide healthier, more instructive visuals. There's nothing wrong with a good fuckfilm. It's the poor ones we object to.

If the Eros I considers *Bob & Daryl & Ted & Alex* to be finally "worthy of its audience," the theatre has, in GAY's opinion, grossly insulted the sensibilities and sensitivities of New York's gay community.

## Angry Gay Libber Hurls Water At Shrink

Minneapolis, Minn.—What happens when a psychiatrist of the old "faggots are sick but I can cure 'em" school shows up at a modern medical school?

He gets a heated, question-filled evening from gay liberationists, or so a Denver psychiatrist discovered at the University of Minnesota May 23.

But the shrink, Dr. Warren Gadpaille, got cooled off before the evening was over when Jack Baker, the gay activist-student body president, dashed a paper cup of water in the doctor's face in a fit of pique.

Dr. Gadpaille told his audience of 50 med students and psychiatry professors that he's for equal justice for gay people, except apparently when it comes to his own private practice and extensive writings.

Homosexuality, he said, is an indication that something went "wrong" in the chemical, pre-natal of early psychological development of a person. Many long hours of intensive, expensive therapy can often help "change" things, he said.

Not only is heterosexuality the only normal way to go but, Dr. Gadpaille told a med-student questioner, that he would no more encourage a confused straight to act on his emerging gay inclination "than I would encourage him to act on tendencies that were suicidal."

The reaction to that comment ranged from amused chuckles from knowledgeable med students to derisive laughter from 20 young gays from Gay House community center.

It got Baker angry as hell, and he demanded that Dr. Gadpaille retract the comparison to

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BY SOREL DAVID

**A** Perfect Day for Bananafish, the story by J.D. Salinger starring Seymour Glass. Today this phrase, first seen by my eyes maybe ten years ago, sails in from the void, the left bank of the memory bank somewhere and lands directly in the center of my mind. A Perfect Day for Bananafish. I know exactly where it's at, exactly what it means now. Today marks a new step in the progress of my mother's disease, a new landmark crossed in the deterioration of her cancer-ridden body. A mild spring sun spreads benign rays of smiling beauty over the earth. There is nothing I see, nothing within my perceptual horizon to correspond to the turmoil I feel in my soul. Zero correspondence between my inner and outer realities. This is it, a complete schizophrenic split-off, a parting of the ways between myself and the world. These are precisely *bananafish* days.

But of course I won't take Seymour bananaboy's way out. That's an old fifties trip. No question of it now, the option isn't even open to me anymore. Suicide is no longer to be merely a remedy for schizophrenia, bananafish days, or anything else for that matter. Thanks to M.



Helen outside the family home (late 30's)

Alvarez, Sylvia Plath and the rest of the gang, it has become one more manifestation of the thing-in-itself. And schizophrenia. In the seventies schizophrenia is something to be endured, to be revealed in, perhaps, applauded even, though only for lack of anything better to applaud in these troubled times, you understand.

Meanwhile it becomes finally clear just what manner of whore the writer really is. We'll use anything, exploit any situation to produce some measure of feeling, an emotional response in you, dear reader. Anything, anything at all to make you think well of us. A poignant account, a tribute, a testimonial in words to a dying mother. Eulogies are dynamite, surefire, you know—who among you would dare not to be profoundly moved. Who could possibly criticize me now, after all I've gone through. And the honesty, oh the honesty of it. Kudos, kudos, I feel them everywhere, they invade the air around me as I imagine you reading this. Still, nevertheless and at the same time she remains dying. Nature conspires to bring us a gorgeous spring, each day rivaling the next in precious beauty as my mother leaves the earth. It's as if nature mocks us, showing her hand at once as tender as it is cruel.

Helen Sorel starts out in Brooklyn, ends up in the Freda Gumer memorial room at North Shore Hospital lying in a bed with no hair and minus one breast. Death-be-not-proud death-be-not-proud C death-be-not-proud death-be-not-proud. She starts out in Brooklyn, a slum child, one of six, the daughter of immigrants. Grows up in a Brooklyn tenement, marries, moves out to Long Island, moves

back to Queens, then back out to a hospital on Long Island. She dies on Long Island. Riding home from the hospital one day, while stopped for a traffic light, the sun is setting, people scurrying around, running, running home before the dark gets them. It's funny to watch these people crawling all over the earth, my brother says to me, it's funny to watch them and know they're all condemned to die.

For months it's been going on, this dying. We've all had months to deal with it one way or another. Cancer, the dread disease, the dread killer cancer, the dread disease. Relatives gather round, streams of them coming and going daily. This does not please her. She wants none but me. She doesn't feel well enough to entertain, she says. She feels the necessity to wear her wig which is uncomfortable when visitors come. Besides, I am more

# Our Last Days Together



Helen and Sorel (1945)

interesting. My aunts bore her, she tells me. It's not for nothing that she fought me all these years, the two of us struggling for my existence. It's not for nothing that she tried to make me, to keep me as some detached portion of her own ego. The burden is immense. I feel I should be there with her all the time, but obviously I can't; obviously I must have some life of my own away from this death. Still, every waking moment I spent out of her house is tinged with a shadow of guilt.

Then there is a dramatic change. Overnight she worsens. On Wednesday she is a sick but still whole woman, on Thursday lifts about half the weight from my shoulders. Ten million times my aunts and uncles assure us that the doctor promised to keep her comfortable till the end. Then the doctor himself promises, meanwhile she lies there trembling and moan-



Helen and Sorel—Growing up in the mid-30's

ing. Scared to death, Eddy and I sit by the bed to watch and weep. She barely recognizes us. They knock her out with various painkillers and for a week she remains in a semi-conscious state. Day after day Eddy and I continue to sit by the bed dabbing our eyes with tissues as we watch her sleep, each one hesitant, afraid of offending the other's sensibilities, afraid of intruding on the other's grief to give voice to the fact that this is an entirely absurd and ridiculous situation we find ourselves in. There are no rules, no codes of behavior to cover this sort of thing. "We sit and she sleeps," my brother says finally, hands falling to his sides with helpless irony.

Finally they find the magic formula, the right combination of drugs to keep her comfortable yet awake and she is her old self again, almost, but not quite. First she was sick and was going to die, but now she's dying. You can see the difference now. She wakes up a little crazy, her mind is beginning to go. The doctor says it's physical: the tumor in her brain affecting the thought processes. A physician, he would think it's physical, my brother the psychology student says. He, on the other hand, thinks it's psychological, the mind's defense for dealing with



Helen and Nate (early 40's)

its own death. Myself, the writer, it's only under conditions of extreme duress when she wakes up crippled with pain, helpless and trembling. She is nothing but a poor creature now. We get her back into the hospital. My brother Eddy drives up from school. His presence eases things for me, all other identities fail that I become the writer, myself, the writer and part-time metaphysician. I say it's dying.

Dying, a process, change of state, body and mind. The gears begin to unwind. It's letting go, a gradual retreat from the outer world to an inner reality. Me, the writer, I get into it, I mean under the circumstances, what else is there to do? Her new mind I find delightful, almost, at times very funny, at times the three of us, Eddy, Helen and myself are rendered helpless with laughter at the things she says. She becomes childish, not senile, but with a childlike wonder at the newness of the world, for after all, her declining world is as new to her as a child's wonder-filled ascent into the world. She has a child's candor now and a child's freshness of image in describing the world. At the same time all is pierced with a very adult irony, a total perception on her part of just what is this tragedy taking place. In the end she turns out to be a brave woman. How were we to know, we never saw her tested like this before? Trouble, she says to me one day, I needed this trouble? I would have closed my eyes if they wanted me to. I'd have closed my eyes and just died peacefully if they told me it was my time to go.

Nature conspires, nature plans to make these our last days together some of the best times we've had.

# Clay's Clearing House

BY ALAN CLAY

## HIGH SCHOOL GAYS?

Got a letter the other day from a New Yorker in his 40's who preferred mature men when he was a kid and is now looking for youngsters who are willing to give as passionately as he did as a lad. But he claims to have problems. Writes "... because of the circumstances of my life, the only kinds of boys I meet are hustlers and delivery boys." He knows there are Gay Lib groups on college campuses and wonders if they have the same in local high schools. If they are so organized, he'd like to meet some of them. Wants to know if I have any information concerning this. As he gave no return address, I'm forced to make my reply public.

Dear Dan:

Yes I do have some information and know where to get more, but I'm most reluctant to give it out, especially to someone whose motivation is purely sexual. I know nothing about you, your habits or personal philosophy. You sound to me like another of those people of self-imposed frustration and loneliness. As the old song goes, "Love It Where You Find It." Quit trying to score solely with ardent, 16-year-old, downy-cheeked kids. I like rots myself. But you should have realized by now, as I did a long time ago, that they are as much of a drag as a pleasure. Their emotional development is far from complete and it's very rare to find one who can give with total reciprocity. (I won't even mention the legal danger...) So you might as well stick to uncomplicated quickies with hustlers. And—may I ask—what are these very it-ange (to me) "circumstances" that dictate you can only meet hustlers and delivery boys? In New York City??

The only information I can (or will) give you at this time is for you to contact Gay Activists Alliance and tell your story to them. I doubt if you'll get any better a reception than I've given, but if you are so desperate, try it. One more word: use your head, man! Don't you know about GAA's Saturday night dances at the Firehouse? (I've seen men well over 40 enjoying themselves greatly.) I'd rather go there than to any dance bar in the city. It swings! They do a marvelous job of it. Two bucks, goes for hours and the beer flows like water. And I've seen them so young there I've wanted to throw them over my shoulder and burp them.

But in closing, I would rather suggest that you try concentrating on "elderly" 30-year-olds who think young. Believe me, you'll come out far ahead.

Regards, and sensible hunting,  
Alan Clay

## BACK HOME IN INDIANA

Another letter received. This one from Indianapolis. Firstly, Mr. A. puts me down for putting down Saugatuck, Michigan some weeks ago in this column. Yes, I can see where I was somewhat patronizing, but I honestly didn't have any idea that it is considered "a gay resort complete with gay hotel" and attracts gay visitors from several states in the Midwest. I understand this is common knowledge. Well, I can't know everything. I goofed and stand corrected.

Secondly, he has a complaint about Indianapolis that I've heard many times before about such cities. I had the same criticism of my hometown and that's why I rushed up here to live. Indianapolis, according to Mr. A., "is a paradox: It is so big, yet so small." There is a large gay population there; they have at least eight bars, a gay bath, restaurants and innumerable cruising places. Yet the gays are apathetic, doing little to improve their lot. There is absolutely no homosexual organization in a city that ranks eleventh in the nation (according to the 1970 census).

A GLF chapter there was born and died within a few short months. And yet

much smaller towns in Indiana have thriving gay groups. I wonder why this would be? Does anyone have an idea? If there is anyone in Indianapolis who is not apathetic and is willing to keep up with the times, would you care to answer our question and start things moving? In the meantime, Mr. A. has offered to occasionally furnish us with information about the Hoosier State. We'd appreciate that. Many thanks.

## HELP!

Elsewhere in this issue, Thane Hampten reviews Larry Townsend's *Leatherman's Handbook*. Not too many on the East Coast (into leather, fur, or just plain ol' cock for that matter) know that Mr. Townsend is also President of an organization entitled HELP, and editor of that group's newsletter. The basic functions of HELP, Inc., are three-fold: (1) to educate the general population toward a greater acceptance of the homosexual as a human being; (2) to render legal assistance to individual and business members in time of need; (3) to provide counseling and varied social services for the entire homosexual community.

Sounds OK to me. Costs \$15 a year to join. (P.O. Box 3007, Hollywood, Calif. 90028.) Hope they get lots of members. And it's nice to know that Townsend does something else in life besides boistering bottom men by their balls from his garage clearing.

Another interesting West Coast publication is *California Scene*—(\$5 a year from Sagittarius Publications, P.O. Box 26032, Los Angeles, Calif. 90026). I've heard that the publication schedule is a bit erratic though. Varied format, and it's my own personal opinion that *California Scene* is to the leather set what *After Dark* is to the New York closet queen. Understand?

## YOU'RE TOO MUCH, MAN!

There's a cat here in Fumble City by the name of Danny Johnson. I'd never heard of him until my darling editors forwarded a copy of his hilarious little magazine to me. Called *Gay & Proud!* and subtitled "The Magazine of Personal Liberation." (50¢ a copy—P.O. Box F, Mott Haven Sta., Bronx, N.Y. 10454.) You ought to peruse one copy. It's the funniest thing I've seen in years. Of course, I'm laughing as much at Johnson as with him.

His slim mimeographed product is one of the wildest orgies of self-glorification



HELP Board of Directors meets

I've ever run across. This goes beyond "personal liberation" and out into the stratosphere. He has some of the goofiest philosophy imaginable and appears to be exclusively hung-up over Puerto Ricans (can't say I really blame him there). He even puts a dictionary (not totally accurate) of dirty Spanish terms in the current issue.

Enclosed is a flyer which advertises the appearance of a dancer which will be the appearance of "Danny, El Yanqui-Boricua" (good heavens...) "y su Ballet Boricua" at Teatro San Juan (3950 Broadway at 165th St.) on July 25th. I have no idea exactly what he does, but I have a good imagination... and I might add that if you've never been to Teatro San Juan, it's a pretty wild experience in itself.

A press release also accompanied this issue of his mag. He claims that Richard Wandel and GAA have used Nazi tactics in banning even free distribution of his publication. Says they called *Gay & Proud!* sexist, racist, and "a piece of shit." Oh, dear—I'm afraid GAA is showing its lack of sense of humor again. I agree with about 1% of what Johnson throws into his mag, but he's got balls and I'm happy he is enjoying Doing His Thing... with a vengeance!

## AND SPEAKING OF PUERTO RICANS...

...they seem to be slowly but surely relinquishing their idiotic macho complex. I often go to our Central Park Bethesda Fountain area on weekends. The young Puerto Ricans have literally taken it over. I don't mind in the least. They're colorful and I enjoy the hell out of them. (But I wish all the kids who go there would be more careful about their goddam litter. At least half of this problem falls at the city's filthy feet though. I counted exactly three litter baskets for that entire, huge area. For crying out loud!)

I'm seeing more and more gay Puerto

Ricans there. *Openly gay, and masculine.* I've seen them dance together and even hold hands. Less fem/butch role-playing and the "Don't-touch-my-ass-or-I'll-kill-you!" syndrome seems to be disappearing. They've got a long way to go, but it's a good beginning. I've often wondered how long it was going to take their Super-Butches to discover that you can go down on a joint—and still be an hombre.

## BLACK COMEDY OF THE YEAR

The less said about the Mineola "sex club" the better. I wanted to vomit when I saw some of the details so lavishly and hysterically paraded on prime time TV news. (Surprising that Johnny Carson didn't open his monologue with a reference to it. Could it have been a bit to tasteless even for him?)

Anyway, don't you just love the way a lot of dedicated people can work their nuts off for several years, improving the "image" of the homosexual—only to have a handful of perverts (in the truest sense of the word) ruin it all in a few seconds? Well, perhaps it's not as bad as all that, but it's a rotten scene at best. Dear former club members: I personally wish you a Season in Hell...

## RIGHT ON, NATURALLY

This item makes me feel a little better. Chicago gay activist, Michael Bergeron, is campaigning for position of delegate-at-large to the 1972 Democratic National Convention. According to his press release, "... his campaign marks the first time in Illinois history and one of the few occasions in American politics that an unhidden, outspoken homosexual has sought political office." (The only other one I can think of, offhand, is Frank Kameny in D.C.)

Citing his youth and his homosexuality, Bergeron says that he could balance the Illinois delegation on the side of "both young people and minority groups" and could "more easily support and relate to the women's struggle against sexism." Among the points of his platform are fair employment practices, repeal of sodomy laws, end to tax inequities, improved prison conditions, reform of immigration and naturalization laws that exclude homosexuals, and a great deal more. Beautiful! And I'm sure he doesn't stand a ghost of a chance. But you never know... do you? Say a little prayer for him tonight.

## OF SHINING BEACONS

The Homosexual Community Counseling Center of New York (921 Madison Avenue, New York 10021, phone: (212) 834-1159) has just published their first annual report and the list of their first year's accomplishments is impressive indeed. Their Board of Trustees is a miniature Who's Who. Gregory Battecock, Barry Farber, Barbara Gittings, Dr. Martin Hoffman, Evelyn Hooker, Kate Millet, Ernest van den Haag, and many more. They have been commended by Walter C. Alvarez (Emeritus Consultant of Mayo Clinic), Dr. George Weinberg, Eleanor Holmes Norton, Isabel Miller (author of *Patience and Sarah*) and Congressman Edward Koch, among others.

As with so many organizations of this type, they are always in need of contributions. If you have any doubts about the value of the work they are doing, ask for a copy of their brochure or this report. You can be a member for as little as \$10 or as much as \$500 (for a sustaining

(Continued on page 16)

# I Have More Fun With You Than Anybody



Lige and Jack cross a street near home in Manhattan's East Village

I have been submitting occasional pieces to this newspaper since its beginning. I have never been censured here. For the first time, the Editors have hesitated and it was necessary to remind them of my right to publish what I see fit. The following is not a book review, but my own free association to the editors and their book.

Dr. George Weinberg

BY DR. GEORGE WEINBERG  
Author of *Society and the Healthy Homosexual*.

*I Have More Fun With You Than Anybody* is the first autobiography by gay lovers ever to appear. It is marvelously entertaining. It is the first of a genre. It provides a model of gay life which no one will want to copy precisely but which will inspire people toward new variations. Above all, it is unembarrassed and in this

sense pure. It is inspirational. It is a very important book, and it would be a godsend if read by people uncertain over whether gay life would allow them happiness. It is the best antidote to the psychological propaganda that homosexuals are wretched and cannot love one another. It will be around for a long time. The book already got a fine review from *Publishers Weekly* and will be getting real attention. I just finished it, and I am very excited by it.

As you may well know by now, the book is by Jack Nichols and Lige Clarke videotaping on paper their lives from the time they met. I think everyone should know Lige and Jack at least as well as I do, and I've been an intimate friend of theirs for years, traveling, tripping, swimming in the nude, pouring out my spirit in many states of consciousness and lis-

tening to theirs. It's been great being near them. One's pulse becomes more regular. They certainly do not share the traditional abhorrences.

*I Have More Fun With You Than Anybody* is a replay of their adventures, at home in the East Village and all over this continent.

Hamlet's line, "We shall teach you to drink deep ere you depart" comes to mind. Jack and Lige do more than a newspaperman's job. They are soulful and adventurous—as readers of this paper already know. They have been militants for gay rights for almost a decade. In 1965, as members of the Washington D.C. Mattachine group, they organized the first gay picket line outside the White House. I remember that in those days there were many homophile people who thought that marches and picket lines

were overbold, so that the opposition included allies as well as enemies.

And they have remained in the vanguard. This paper for instance. They conceived of it and materialized it. Its title, GAY, flashing from newsstands was a defiant decision. I imagine that many passersby balked a few times, then strode to the stand to buy it, and were relieved when the vendor was content rather than nauseated at having made his sale. By making the paper available, they afforded homosexuals the chance to inoculate themselves. Buying the paper must have seemed risky at first, but it became effortless after a while. Then, for many, buying it came to seem like a basic human right. Whether one chose to miss an issue or not, one's sentiments toward the word GAY became altered. To many, what seemed like a defiant act came to feel reasonable. The title took courage—in those days there was no solvent publication with the words "gay" or "homosexual" in its title. In short, I believe that this paper, and certain others with "gay" in their titles, produce health for many—regardless of how else one feels about these papers.

The book *I Have More Fun With You Than Anybody* has the same innoculating value, aside from its charm. The authors are not pleading a case but telling their adventures: as lovers, militants, sight-seers, models for art classes, salesmen, yoga instructors. And their sexual adventures too, along with their opinions on fucking, cocksucking and numerous variants. They give their opinions on all these subjects in an even tone. The book lopes along easily, showing that marshlands for some people may be meadows for others. Gay life, and for them, life together, have been a pleasure. Not perfect but successful.

Their ideas on the standard preoccupations, such as age, penis size, being homosexual, make life seem easier. In reading the book, one is taking adventures on the high seas with decent but fallible people, and when the book is over, once home, there seems to be less strain than there was before embarking.

How do two people write an autobiography? One finds no answer in those thick and self-consciously written and blue or green college textbooks on style. The author's voice had to be invented. As an expert on the authors, I would say they share the unusual willingness to try nearly anything once. They extend the notion of "Never say never" from the sphere of sexual seduction to that of life. Thus the title *I Have More Fun With You Than Anybody*. And thus the sound of a single voice even when two people are thinking and acting:

Beer mugs were lifted high. Smiles and frowns, the confident and the unsure: those who were handsome and those who were not so fortunate seemed during such poignant moments to be bound together in a brotherhood, which we knew extended beyond the confines of *The Hut* to gay bars throughout the length and breadth of America. Thousands of harmless little rendezvous, hardly the dens of iniquity envisioned by hysterical puritans.

Late on a summer night, we often walked by *The Hut*, tempted to go inside. The front door would be open, and we could hear the singing

(Continued on page 16)

# The Last Estate

BY GREGORY BATTCOCK



It's Kool Aid. Only Kool Aid.

"SABENA, LUTECE, LES PLEIADES AND CHAUMIERE"

**T**oday's story begins on first class Sabena (Athens-Montreal) and ends at Chaumiere Restaurant on West 4th.

At Athens airport they barely glanced at my things. At Brussels there was chaos and the Belgians bumbled through everything, using upside-down couches as search counters. They opened a box of Dior cologne to make sure, I suppose, that it really contained cologne. They not only opened but actually tested the portable typewriter (a totally useless, though remarkably cheap, toy from Smith Corona) and were, without doubt, the most attractive airport police I have ever seen. And for Belgium, that's something.

The big surprise was an edible meal on first class Sabena, without caviar of course. It was listed on the menu card for the Mexico-Guatemala portion of the flight. By then there would be no passengers and the staff could gobble it all by

themselves.

To start this remarkable repast, there was a Laurent Perrier champagne, non-vintage. It isn't a first quality champagne and I told them so. "Oh, don't you like it? I like it myself," remarked the steward patiently. Patience he had to burn which was just as well. My traveling companion was a nut. (The American customs agent was queried, "Are you for real?") He invited both stewards to dinner in Montreal. They smiled, dashed into the galley, returned moments later blushing and claimed they "... are busy with friends in Montreal," thus demonstrating more intelligence than you would have given them credit for.

Memories of a recent transatlantic Swissair flight, during which the first class kitchen could produce nothing whatsoever that was edible put me in an "expect the worst" mood.

There was a *premier cru* Chablis on the wine list—not a spectacular bottle but OK. The red wines included a Chateau Maucallou 1966 from the Haut Medoc which was potable if not ideal vintage and a good Burgundy from the House of Calvet.

(Incidentally, wines in first class are not generally much better than those served in economy. The difference is that in first class they pour from regular size bottles. Wine from those little tiny economy bottles tastes like shit.)

(As a rule I sip nothing but champagne on planes, from the moment I get on until they won't give me any more. Swissair serves, in first class and economy, a non-vintage Mumm's which is OK though nothing to write home about. Air India gives you an ordinary Veuve Cliquot Ponsardin; sometimes they dump canned pineapple in it. If you ask them what year it is they will say 1962 or something, however it is non-vintage. The best champagne served in the air is the 1962 (lately 1964) Moët Pan America does out to first class customers. If you take Pan Am to

somewhere like San Juan it's worth it to go first class because, if you hurry, you can drink up enough vintage Moët to make up the extra first class fare. If you don't know about the Moët they are quite capable of throwing a New York State cider at you. Pan American is ruthless when it comes to pawing off the shit on unsuspecting victims.)

Well, that Sabena meal started with a nice piece of cold poached salmon, a siver of foie gras (only one, no seconds; the crew must be fed) or a warm quiche Lorraine. Then they offered a "creme musard" soup, followed by a lovely Charolais cut of rare, purple beef with a blob of shallot butter. Or you could have the "navarin d'agneau" (a reference to the Vice-President) that turned out to be lamb stew. And they had a "pousain" (baby chicken) cooked in sauteuse.

The fine cheese tray with lots of runny Camembert and several *chevres* was quite remarkable. Strawberries with heavy Belgian cream or an extraordinary Belgian ice cream was the dessert.

And that's what Sabena managed to cook up in the air. On the ground, Lutece, New York's most famous and probably most expensive restaurant, was not quite able to match it.

We booked our table weeks ahead of time, and arrived on the dot. No table. "Please sit down. We will call you when your table is ready," they said, pointing to the bar. What a nuisance. We didn't call a week ahead of time to have to sit and wait for a table. (Oh well, once at the Cote Basque they simply said, "Oh, we're sorry. We're filled up," and sent us away despite a reservation.)

The table in a small upstairs room with one too many tables was overshadowed by an antique samovar, filled with decaying, shedding flowers.

The captain, who may or may not have been wearing a wig, tried perhaps too hard to please. He had a long conversation with the next table about stocks.

We declined a cocktail and ordered a glass of champagne. Instead of bringing already poured glasses, they brought a bottle and poured at table—a nice gesture. The glasses were large and the wine good—a non-vintage Charles Heidsieck. Try all you want, they don't like bringing seconds. They also don't like bringing rolls and butter because we had to ask three times and still didn't get any.

Things started out (amid falling blossoms and cries for "more coffee" from the people at the next table who were drinking Sanka throughout their meal) with marinate mushrooms and a foie gras en crouete. The foie and the crouete weren't on speaking terms and practically at opposite ends of the plate but it didn't matter. It was good.

Next, after the vain pleas for rolls, was a beef filet in a pastry shell. Unfortunately the beef, ordered and delivered very rare, was wrapped in a nice crust that wasn't at all cooked on the inside. Now, admittedly, it's a problem to serve beef very rare and still get the crust done both inside and outside. But that's their problem and they couldn't handle it.

A generous piece of turbot was followed, some minutes later, by a smooth, warm Hollandaise. A fine 1966 Burgundy from Chambertin went for the outrageous overprice of \$26.00.

For dessert Lutece's captain was pushing a frozen raspberry soufflé; an excellent idea but not an excellent soufflé because it was melting and on the soggy side. When you get down to it, it wasn't really a soufflé in the first place.

Now, let's take a look at a less pretentious and less expensive French restaurant—Les Pleiades over on East 76th Street.

According to Craig Claiborne (America's best food writer and certainly the funniest) who reviewed Les Pleiades in the March 15th issue of his journal, the menu has "... no sense of adventure and

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you've made me proud to say it.

Peace,  
Ron Richards

Dear GAY,

I am thoroughly disgusted with you and all other such publications. Why is it always the slim, young guys whose pictures you publish. What about us older, heavier sisters. We can be sex objects too!!! And we have more experience and a greater desire to please. Try us!

Donald F.  
Newark, N.J.

P.S.—There are distinct advantages to being able to take your teeth out!!!  
[ED. NOTE: You missed our "Chubby Chasers" article in Issue 10. How's this:



Dear GAY,

Your paper is like a welcome breath of fresh air. Not only does it present valid gay insights to a most receptive audience, but it does so in such a poignantly beautiful way. I have been reading your paper for 5 months now, and never has an issue disappointed me. On the contrary, each issue delights me even more that there are crusaders like yourself who are both willing and capable of making people like me happy.

You see, I'm 20 years old and have been gay three years. Until I first picked up your glorious newspaper I was the worst closet case on record. During those three years I had but one lover and I lost him within a short time, because I spent more time in my closet than with him. Losing him rattled my head even further because it only served to chain me tighter to an antiquated and sick social norm. You have set me free from all of the damnable complexes that shroud too many gay people. You, my friends, are Saint Peter of the Gates you've sprung me into a heaven where all gayists is loving and free. We're beautiful people too! And

ever left) to the days of Boss Tweed when the political machine was so powerful that it could easily overlook freedom and liberty and extend favors at will exempting selected individuals from the law?

The illegality of the heinous deed by Mr. Maye and his associates is clearly evident. Quite simply it was an incident of ill-bred, perverted behavior; legally it was a case of brutal assault. To be forced to plea for just and honorable treatment of this incident in 1972 America causes me once again to question our political mores and legal methods. How often have our courts been acting in reverence to a select, powerful minority at the expense of the masses? We are taught to cherish American justice. The Maye incident contradicts these beliefs.

All I am advocating is fair treatment by the Courts of this illegal incident. Set aside personal prejudices and view the case simply as it is: Michael Maye accused of violent assault upon others, ample witnesses testifying to such violence. Can Mr. Hogan attain this modest plateau of humanity? I dare say if the incident were precisely reversed, the outcome would have been decidedly different with a maximum rather than a minimum sentence imposed. Now that we are in an America at the brink of change and resulting betterment of our society with the impending election of George McGovern (I am consistently optimistic), let us have improvement on the local level simultaneously.

David Hume says of liberty and morality: "... that liberty, according to that

## Pen Points

In GAY (Issue 78) we requested that readers write to City Hall protesting the city administrators' mishandling of justice over the Michael Maye incident—the beating of gay activists at the New York Hilton. Among the letters sent was this one which also went to the Times, the Post and Congressman W.F. Ryan:

Dear Sir,

Am I still asked to continue whatever faith I had in the New York City Judicial System after such cowardly treatment by District Attorney Frank S. Hogan of the Gay Activists Alliance-Michael Maye atrocity? Is not the purpose of our courts to safeguard and protect our liberties, and to punish accordingly when they are violated or otherwise withheld? The case cited is very simply a superb example of: 1) illegal violence on the part of Mr. Maye aimed at a group of harmless, passive bystanders

2) the New York City Courts acting on the case in a very expedient manner overlooking completely the tenets of liberty and freedom upon which America was constructed. To accept the decision of the Court and Mr. Hogan as equitable would be the height of naivete. Examine what John Stuart Mill has said about liberty: he advocates a comprehension of complete individual liberty excepted only where violence is the outcome. The Court's action, obviously in favor of Mr. Maye, contradicts these very fundamental concepts of democracy. Are we returning (or have we

# "Don't You Dare Put My Hairdresser in Jail!"

BY DICK LEITSCHE

**P**olitical columns, I promised myself, would no longer appear under my by-line. This space would be used to celebrate people and life—and what is more anti-political than politics? Hence, this is not a political column; it's an anti-political column.

When you're as old as I ("Is anyone as old as I?") politicians tend to look and sound alike (except for Bill Ryan, who is not a politician but is an honorable gentleman serving in Congress). Presidents, governors and mayors come and go, making as little impression on our lives as, say, the fashion in tie widths.

Eisenhower was on the throne when I came of age. I sucked yards of cock, filled my diaries with accounts of marvelous, swinging times during those years. I was just getting over my "sissy" stage and gave up eyeshadow about then. I also found my first real lover. Recently someone told me the Eisenhower Era was one of oppression and repression. All I could say was, "Oh? I didn't notice."

Derek, then my lover, and I came to New York just as the Kennedys were riding out of Massachusetts. One couldn't help noticing them, though Mr. Kennedy's reign differed very little from that of his predecessor. The change of administrations did little to change my life. My sissy stage was all over and I had become *plus elegant*. I had a job at Tiffany's, Derek and I had a chic apartment, and we did all the smart, cosmopolitan things like opera, ballet, fancy dinner parties and the chic gay clubs.

Mr. Kennedy was not having so much fun. The public turned on him and his reputation was almost as bad as Mr. Eisenhower's. That's one hateful thing about politics: one must love a candidate until he's elected; praise him from the election until inauguration; then begin hating him the day after he's sworn in. One may only like a man when he's out of power. Mr. Kennedy never got really hated; he got shot, so it's OK to like him.

Mr. Johnson came along then. He seemed nice enough to me, but I do have a tendency to see the man, not the symbol. Everybody else (but Bill Buckley) seemed to like Mr. Johnson too, and he was going to save us from Mr. Goldwater. People got awfully mad when the Pentagon papers showed that Mr. Johnson was actually Mr. Goldwater in drag, but I still think it'd be fun to know Mr. Johnson and listen to his jokes over a glass of bourbon.

While the Johnsons were in Washington doing their thing, I discovered Fire Island, learned to like heterosexuals as people, and enjoyed the new freedom Mayor Lindsay and Mattachine gained for us New Yorkers. I hardly noticed when the Johnsons went back to Texas.

The world, I was told, was going to end badly if Mr. Nixon became President. We would not be able, they said, to survive four years of him. Well, he won, and I'm still here. Actually, I'm thriving



like never before. Never have I felt so free; I have the perfect lover; and I even have money in the bank!

The cataclysm is coming, they tell me, if Mr. Nixon is re-elected. The problem is, those who tell me that are people who want Mr. Nixon's job. Can they be trusted? Does it really matter who wins?

The Founding Fathers, after all, set up checks and balances so that the Congress, the Executive and the Supreme Court would each work to keep any part of government from becoming too powerful. That insures a built-in status quo because nobody is really able to do anything. If anyone tries to seize power and run there's the stronger, more reactionary part of government: the bureaucracy.

Every President in my memory has complained about being able to make no changes because the bureaucrats change orders, tangle and delay projects, and obstruct every reform. Presidents come and go, but bureaucrats stay on to retirement age. If they kill one of my favorite programs, the system is "bad." If they block something I don't like, they're doing God's will. Meanwhile, we're all protected from the whims of authority.

Alarmists tell me fascism is coming to America and when I laugh, they warn me homosexuals will be put in labor camps or "treatment centers." How?

terced for her hair dresser and his friends. Major corporations would claim exemptions for their design and accounting departments. Tiffany's, Bloomingdale's and other chic shops would claim hardship exemptions, pleading that they could not operate with their staffs so decimated.

Then political bosses, mayors, Senators, Congressmen, Cabinet members and the rest would plead for their friends and relatives and, for a price, for anybody. London, Amsterdam and other gay capitals would gain new residents.

The "treatment centers," if ever built, would house a handful of very young kids, a lot of bisexuals, and some token blacks and Puerto Ricans. Within hours there'd be a meat rack; by the end of the first week the guards would be enjoying sex with inmates, and within a month there'd be huge scandals and demands that the place be closed down. Bureaucracy and human nature always protect people.

Presidents have very little opportunity to oppress people, but the people oppress Presidents shamefully. I've never liked Mr. Nixon, but I do feel sorry for him. How can he stand those editorials in *The New York Times*, the obscene things said about him everywhere, and even Gloria Steinem (how does she know?) discussing his sex life. He hasn't turned the nation around; it's turned him around. From Commie-hunter to dinner with Chairperson and Ms. Mao in only four years!

I've never consciously been an oppressor in my life, so I really think I ought not vote this year. Mr. Nixon has been oppressed enough and I'm not going to help inflict four more years of harassment on him. Mr. McGovern seems a pleasant little man and a lot of people like him. Why elect him so we can all start hating him next January 21? Mr. Humphrey with his dyed hair and pancake make-up ought to spend the rest of his days diddling his grandchildren, not cringing from newspaper editorials. Mrs. Chisholm deserves something better than the Presidency. I'll bet Mr. Wallace is a charming man, fun to drink and swap dirty stories with. He ought not be up there getting shot at.

Since somebody has to run the government, how about the Mafia? There's a group which combines good management with an ability to sense and meet the needs of the people. The Mafia always makes money, which the government never manages to do. They do have a deplorable habit of shooting their friends, but that, I suppose, is better than bombing people one doesn't even know, which is the avocation of our present government.

With the Mafia running the country we'd get better government with much less corruption, more efficient public service, and a sound fiscal policy. I'd be willing to bet that within five years of Mafia takeover the government would be distributing dividends to the bosses instead of collecting taxes from us. And we all know that the Mafia is more honorable and less corrupt than our present politicians.

We've seen our government in operation. Should "treatment centers" ever be ordered, there'd be a two-year delay while everyone figured out how to get the maximum amount of graft out of the construction. Then the American Psychiatric Association and the American Psychological Association would begin lobbying against one another for total control. There'd be a long delay while Congressmen and bureaucrats wined and dined and collected gifts from the lobbyists.

Assuming construction ever got underway, there would be the inevitable delays that plague every government project (for example: Albany's South Mall project). There'd have to be a quarrel over minority representation in unions, then several strikes. Then things would collapse, as they invariably do, because contractors make extra profits by using sub-standard materials.

It takes at least a decade for the government to build anything, or to get any project through the bureaucracy. That is fortunate, as Presidents last eight years, so we know that any project that is ever finished is not just a silly fancy of one Chief Executive.

Should a President order "treatment centers" for homosexuals, we'd have at least ten years to get out of the country. Those who couldn't leave would be saved in other ways. The First would in-

# Arrest Stirs Anger In N.Y. Gay Circles

(Continued from page 1)

watch the arrest of Allen Roskoff for admittedly joining a demonstration in which he and at least six others were attacked and severely beaten. The chairperson of the Municipal Committee of the Gay Activists Alliance was charged with criminal trespass, apparently for entering the New York Hilton on April 15 to petition guests of the Inner Circle Dinner for homosexual rights.

Criminal trespass is a legally minor offense parallel to the charge of harassment leveled against Michael Maye, a prizefighter and the head of the fireman's union, who allegedly left the Dinner to beat one of Mr. Roskoff's co-demonstrators and to kick him in the groin.

Obviously frightened at the prospect of arrest, Mr. Roskoff sought refuge in Councilman Clingan's office to bring his case to the attention of the press. "When I am arrested," the youthful teacher in a New York public school said, "I want civil treatment. I don't want to be harassed or beaten."

In a statement of support for the activist, who was arrested almost two months after the offense he was accused of, Mr. Clingan and his fellow Councilmen Carter Burden and Charles Taylor said, "At this late date, the charge against Mr. Roskoff can only be interpreted as retaliation for the refusal of the Gay Activists to permit criminal acts committed at the Dinner to go unpunished." It was an apparent reference to the legal action GAA has undertaken to effect the prosecution of Mr. Maye. "We have the distinct feeling that the District Attorney felt compelled to balance the Maye charge with one against a member of the Gay Activists."

Although he is the Council's most prominent supporter of gay rights and of Intro 475 in particular, Mr. Clingan declined to endorse the GAA action at the Inner Circle Dinner. "If I had to do it myself, I probably would have done something different. But the Gay Activists didn't kick anybody. They didn't hit anybody. I don't think one can balance a violent action against a nonviolent action."

Mr. Roskoff first learned of the impending arrest a few days earlier when a grand jury handed down an information against him. He chose not to give himself up, but informed the D.A. through his lawyer, Emily Jane Goodman, that he would peacefully submit to arrest in Mr. Clingan's office. It was the same jury whose information had led to the arrest of Mr. Maye.

Morty Manfred, also a GAA member, who says he was beaten by the husky fireman, had testified before this jury, but cannot recall implicating Mr. Roskoff to an extent greater than any of the other demonstrators. Mr. Manfred is immune from arrest because of his testimony.

Mr. Roskoff said he was singled out from the others because he heads the committee that had lobbied for passage of Intro 475. Neither Mr. Clingan nor Ms. Goodman commented on this allegation.

"Mr. Roskoff came into my office this morning," the Councilman explained, "and indicated that he did not want to go to the District Attorney's office without anybody's knowing about the charge made against him. He did not want to cooperate in what he regarded as an unjust action against him. I think this action is unjust. He asked if he could be arrested in my office, and I indicated that it would be all right with me."

Mr. Clingan was careful to stress that "Mr. Roskoff wanted to surrender quietly and not to put up any resistance or anything like that."

As the activist and his lawyer waited for the police to arrive, the Minority Leader, a man as severe and undivided in his appearance as is the laden of ice he works in, engaged in informal discussions with the reporters and homosexuals, gradually moving, as poses became exhausted, from the street-corner style of an election-year politician to the introspective mumbbling of a man of principle seeking some better course, but never quite sure where to find it. One has to look hard to find expressions of personal taste in the pedestrian simplicity that surrounds this bass-voiced politician, who lets others carry the melody. But you can find them if you try. They lie as much in his ideals and their consequent burdens as in the ten or twelve pipes and selected tobacco that adorn a desk otherwise bearing only documents of state.

He was clearly not at ease with the presence in his office and with the embarrassment it would cause him before the other daily tenants of City Hall. He repeatedly asked that no additional activists or reporters be admitted. But he had welcomed Mr. Roskoff, who had sought principled protection. Mr. Clingan, in this moment of self-indulgence, had found himself struck by the delicate workmanship of one of the pipes on his rack, to resist taking hold of this opportunity to let his ideals find expression. He is not typical of politicians.

At one point he snapped at Mr. Manfred, "You have no right to be outraged in my office. There's a large park outside for you to show your outrage." Then as the smiling homosexual explained that he would not actually try to prevent Mr. Roskoff's impending arrest, Mr. Clingan tried to better set his position forth: "We have very little space. We can best support AI by not demonstrating or appearing to resist the arrest."

After the police had taken Mr. Roskoff away, Mr. Clingan, of the 1960 class of Columbia College, and Mr. Manfred, currently an undergraduate there, went to court together to wait for their friend's appearance and for his eventual parole until the trial two weeks later. The two chatted about Mr. Manfred's college courses and his future plans as they waited the two or three hours.

Thus the Inner Circle Dinner of April 15 has finally ended in two arrests: union leader and prizefighter Michael Maye for allegedly attacking a homosexual; and gay activist Allen Roskoff, for admittedly entering the Hilton to petition for homosexual rights. Both were charged with similar offenses.

"I find it very difficult to understand why," Councilman Clingan summed up, "with the seriousness of the charges made by reputable witnesses against Mr. Maye, there was prosecution on such a minor charge. What it really indicated, I'm afraid, was that you can get away with beating homosexuals, and that the law is going to be unequally applied in New York City. It's not just a sad day for homosexuals, but for the rest of us."

## Soap Opera

(Continued from page 1)

misunderstanding. Judge Shea, who convicted four gays two days before for trespassing on the premises of the *New York Daily News* on the basis of inconsistent testimony, letting them off with conditional sentences (if they get caught again, they'll be punished twice), evidently wanted to get the case over with and expedite it with a minimum of fuss. He therefore wasn't taking any nonsense. He gave the lawyer an hour either to find Maye or offer a valid explanation for his absence.

As the court went on with other cases, over seventy gays, many of them wearing bloody-looking T-shirts to dramatize the brutality of the Inner Circle affair,

chanted and demonstrated across the street from the courthouse as the local TV news cameras drank it in. About an hour and a half later, word was received that Maye was on his way. Members of the Press, including the *Post*, the *Times*, the *News*, NBC, CBS, ABC, packed the front room of Room 200, at 100 Centre Street. The rest of the courtroom was filled with dozens of angry GAA members and sympathizers, eager for justice and possibly revenge.

A hush came over the crowd as Maye walked in accompanied by a lawyer. The moment he entered a resounding his filled the air. Maye, wearing a sloppy brown sport shirt, open at the collar, and a pair of nondescript trousers, smirked broadly as if he were the star clown of a mock circus. He raised his hands like a golden gloves champion. That proved to be too much for the gays. Vito Russo got up and yelled, "A man is known by the company he keeps," and a roar went up in sympathy.

Suddenly, fifteen or twenty policemen and court guards yelled for order, pointing their clubs at the gays, and charged down the aisles at them when they refused to quiet down. "Why can't they behave themselves? Don't they know that they hurt their case when they don't conduct themselves in an exemplary fashion?" asked a man sitting next to me. I wondered if it would be worth all the trouble to try to explain to him and to others that for years the gays have done just that, and have gone away empty handed most of the time. I saw that it would do no good to try to tell him that the patience of the gay community had come to an end, that the only way they feel they can get themselves listened to, taken seriously, and have their grievances redressed is by being disorderly, for that now seems the only way to keep from being ignored or ridiculed.

I turned around and watched with disbelief as the guards tried to throw the gays out of the courtroom bodily, picking on the ones wearing the most far-out gear. A melee broke out outside the courtroom, two gays were arrested, and pandemonium broke loose in the corridors. By the time order was restored, Morty Manfred and Attorney Emily Goodman appeared with Maye and his lawyer. As they both went up to the judge's bench, the atmosphere grew tense. They spoke in whispers. When they left the bench, word got out that the case was postponed to June 15.

When I went out into the corridor to see what was going on, I learned of the arrests of two gays and followed the two prisoners, Cors Perotta (her name has been changed to Janet Rivera at the request of her parents who could not take the publicity of having a gay daughter who was willing to go to jail for her rights) and Martin Clabbe. Martin was arrested because one of the police officers broke his wristwatch while trying to remove him from the courtroom. Janet's account of her arrest is a true nightmare.

She had stood up in support of Vito's statement. She saw that Martin Clabbe was being arrested and tried to get him away from the arresting police officer in hopes of avoiding any further trouble. Suddenly, without warning, Janet was grabbed from behind, held around the neck so tightly it was hard to breathe, thereby being unable to yell for help. Janet tried to turn around and break the hold. As she did, she was kicked in the stomach, knocked to the ground, and before she knew what had happened, a whole bunch of city officials were on top of her. Four men carried her out, dragged her down the corridor, handcuffed her so far above her wrists her arms were swollen, and held her in a special room for offenders.

A couple of people from the legal aid society, and some aides of Emily Goodman's, managed to find Janet and tried to give her counsel, but the authorities re-

fused to let her talk to the lawyers because, in their words, she was not officially under arrest, but under restraint. In official jargon, to be under restraint is to be prohibited from talking with an attorney. It seems to have been designed to get around the Supreme Court ruling that an accused person must be given the right to talk with legal counsel.

Only after the lawyers were forced to leave was Janet officially placed under arrest. She and Martin were put in jail for twelve hours. A hundred dollars was hurriedly raised to provide money for bail. At the police station where Janet was being booked, a friend of Janet's, Brenda Howard, came to give Janet her denim jacket and her sandals, which were misplaced during the scuffle. In the jacket pocket were two razor blades and a small roach of marijuana. The authorities, upon having searched the jacket before returning it to Janet, discovered the roach and the razor blades, and immediately charged Brenda with possession of a dangerous drug.

Janet knew nothing of the roach, which must have found its way into the pocket during the scuffle. She bought the razor blades several days before in order to do some work on her apartment window. Finding the roach and the razor blades made the authorities suspicious enough to arrest Brenda whom they believed was trying to smuggle razor blades to Janet, which might have made Janet a dangerous prisoner.

Martin Clabbe and Janet Rivera were charged with obstructing government administration, disorderly conduct, harassment, resisting arrest, assault and criminal mischief. Brenda was charged with possession of dangerous drugs and obstructing governmental administration of justice. The latter charge makes no sense at all. The authorities never bothered to explain it in their report.

A week later Maye showed up for a second hearing. Again, the case was postponed, but this time the distinct possibility existed that Maye might be held accountable for the true brutality he perpetrated. The grand jury that handed down Maye's indictment charged him only with harassment, a charge that carries about the same weight as a parking ticket. Emily Goodman, Morty Manfred's lawyer, was unable at the time of the hearing before the grand jury to provide adequate evidence to convince the grand jury that a stronger charge was warranted.

As a result, Emily and Morty undertook a private investigation of their own. A photograph of a man turned up in the course of the inquiry which Morty Manfred was able to identify as his assailant, both before he was kicked down the escalator and after. It was Maye both times. Morty and Emily intend to petition the grand jury in hopes of obtaining a stronger indictment like felonious assault, which is what Maye should have been charged with in the first place.

If they succeed, the harassment charge would be superceded by the assault charge, and would make the case against Maye much stronger. Some semblance of justice might then be allowed to take place, but the odds are still remote. Recalling the grand jury which was virulently antigay and persuading it to change its mind is a very tall order indeed. Yet Emily Goodman is fiercely determined to do just that, and she just might succeed if she gets enough support from the gay community and from anyone else who is sufficiently outraged by the impudence and arrogance of Mr. Maye, who stood before the television cameras and tried to convince those who watch the 6 o'clock news that he didn't know what he was doing there, especially among so many queers and perverts, but suspected that they might want to kiss and make up, what with the photographs and all.

He seemed to be enjoying himself at the trial as much as he enjoyed beating up Morty Manfred.

# A Summer Reading List (As If Anybody Cares)

BY THANE HAMPTON

We're getting well into summer now—the time of year in which we allegedly have time to relax, play slightly less vicious games with ourselves and others, bask our bodies brown on the beach, then come home to a chilled *Quiche Lorraine* and bottle of Sangria. It's also a time of going to stupid movies just to escape the heat, of putting about tiny gardens and terraces (those among us who are fortunate enough to own such precious bits of personal turf) and maybe even reading. Books, I mean. Uh—remember books?

New Yorkers don't know how to relax, and as a consequence our summers hardly differ from the winters. New Yorkers don't read a great deal either. We glance superficially through the newspaper, avoiding the front pages at all cost. We subscribe to three or four periodicals and leave them, unopened, on the floor by the toilet. I know of far too many who buy GAY and read absolutely nothing but the Wanton Ads. (Poor deluded, ever-hopeful creatures.) This pisses me off as I spend hours slaving over this hot typewriter on my illuminating articles. I call them shallow bastards to their pinched little faces, and they just grin and shrug. That's what they're interested in, sweetie. And besides, who's got the time?

No time... no time. Even I have to confess falling victim to this excuse. Between the ages of fourteen and twenty, I had chomped my way through the public library twice. But now, I have to use Karate on myself before I'll sit quietly in a chair, sans companionship, sans radio, sans television, take the bloody phone off the hook, and open to that dread first page. Of course, once I'm into it I'm totally absorbed and tremendously enthusiastic about re-discovering the printed word. By the time I've finished page 840, "... and walked off into that vast wilderness, alone. THE END," I'm terribly proud of myself.

Sometimes I get rather carried away by the spirit of things bookwormish and try to read several volumes at once, depending on my mood of the moment. This can play havoc with your memory though. Recently I recommended, to a friend a book by Roger Peyrefitte in which Howard Hughes married a black militant transsexual named Germaine Altman. As I recalled it, they moved to Boise, Idaho, opened a male cat house and taught the boys how to Master the Art of French Cooking. After they died of psychotherapy, their son, Maurice, returned with a Message from Malaga and Buried Their Hearts at Wounded Knee.

I am positive that several of my friends have never opened a book in their lives. They've survived. But I know how much they've cheated themselves of, even if they don't. Some of the most interesting people I've ever met rest between the pages of forgotten Victorian novels.

If you need encouragement, look at it this way: I was once able to ball a beauty that none of my friends could get near. This sultry pot of honey (with delicately flaired nostrils and lashes of purest mink) slipped between the sheets with me because he discovered I dug Jane Austen as much as he did. (I personally thanked the good lady for her help, last summer when I visited Winchester Cathedral.)

I've been going through one of my avicious reading periods lately, and here are a few books that might appeal to the readers of GAY. I can't recommend any of them totally without reservation, but all have some degree of merit. Climb in the hammock, grab that Rum Collins, and happy summer reading!

### THE LEATHERMAN'S HANDBOOK

by Larry Townsend — Other Traveller, 1972 — \$2.95

As I've said before, my interest in S&M is there, but specific and limited. Due to my ignorance, I found the book engrossing and interesting. Any "novice" would find it informative. (I was also alternately excited, amused and appalled by some of the more extreme leather games. Such hard work for your pleasure!) But I couldn't, in all fairness, force my skimpy evaluation upon the reader. So I questioned various authorities around Gotham. And believe me, these authorities are authoritarian! (I have the welts to prove my disobedience...)

Townsend writes from a West Coast point of view, and it appears that the East and West Coast factions do not get along terribly well. (Much of this I feel is the usual case of arrogant isolation. As Desmond Morris says, "Man is a territorial animal.") The New York leathermen accuse the Californians of habitually putting down homosexuality in their games. ("Lick my boots, you scummy faggot cocksucker!") Rather like biting the hand that feeds itself. This approach is supposedly absent in Manhattan festivities. Personally, I doubt it.

My experts also tell me that Townsend's historical analysis is botched, that he omits a great many important facets of leatherlife (even I noted a couple of these absences), and that the volume is entirely too subjective for such a generalized title. (Did I hear the same complaint about Angelo's *Homosexual Handbook* which covered an even more all-encompassing field? Probably. Can't remember.)

Townsend writes well and has liberally sprinkled the book with highly erotic anecdotes. Stimulating as they are, I have a much greater tendency to view them as personal (and very commercially rewarding) fantasy than I did with the same type of *Sexy Interpolations* in Hunter's *The Gay Insider*. Townsend admits that fantasy (e.g. psychodrama) play an all-important role in S&M.

I bless the author though for a neat and stinging put-down of Dumb Dora Dr. David Reuben (page 13) and for condemning "... the wretched custom of circumcision." Ah! There is also an adequate appendix of international leather bars and shops, and a "Leather Fact Sheet" (questionnaire for prospective partners) which absolutely has to be read to be believed.

No doubt there is more bark than bite

to this rawhide scene, but to the average gay (and particularly to the "fluff" that leathermen so ardently despise), it is nonetheless frightening. Well, speaking for myself, I've always enjoyed flirting with danger...

### THE LIGHT FROM THE SECOND STORY WINDOW

by David L. Allen — Exposition Press 1972 — \$4.00



David L. Allen: Cute as a button!

The jacket calls this book "a fictionalized documentary of police brutality against the homosexual community in Los Angeles." The author, David L. Allen, is President of the Institute of Psychological Research and Education in Beverly Hills. (Fancy title, but...) He looks about sixteen and is cute as a button. I'd love to eat him up.

However, his credentials appear remarkably limited and he needs to learn a great deal about the craft of writing. (Have you ever heard anyone, especially a youthful drifter, use the words "discontinualness" and "insalubrious" in casual first person narrative?) Allen's ear for dialogue is almost as unintentionally mirth-provoking as that of the venerable Dean of Self-Published Novels, Jay Little. I'm sure Allen's story merits recounting, but the form he chose is awkward and the style is (to put it diplomatically?) gimpy. A sincere but misguided effort. Oh, well—we can't all have Max Perkins for an editor...

### OBSESSION

by George Hayim — Grove Press 1970 — \$5.95

Gore Vidal calls this novel "marvelously funny" and for once I disagree with Myra's daddy. I found it to be excruciatingly tedious and irritating (as I find most Grove Press releases). I am generally resistant and apathetic to tales of sexual obsession, especially when they concern aimless and silly older men who moon masochistically about their unrequited love for insensitive and callow young trade. Not my favorite people, son, and I have no patience. Scat!

Also, I do not care for a prose style that reads as a bad translation of a mediocre French author. ("I was in a state of collapse." "I wanted to devour him." "I hated and I loved him!") How's that last one for shattering originality? Skir's *Boychick* deals with basically the same material. At one time I thought that volume too slim for full exploration of its subject matter. Now I feel Leo knew the limits of our endurance and indulgence. At any rate, as an author Skir is far superior to George Hayim. I wish them both better luck and fresher material in the future.



What do Leathermen do? Read "The Leatherman's Handbook."

(Continued on page 17)

# Philadelphia's Gay Pride The City of Brotherly Love

BY LIGE AND JACK

**P**hiladelphia. The City of Brotherly Love. Sunday, June 11th. The blue sky flecked by only a few small clouds. A perfect day for an outdoor celebration—for a parade—for dancing, singing, and laughing in the streets. A gay day indeed!

It was just cool enough so that we wondered whether we should wear light jackets; cool enough to swing decisions in favor of marching from Philadelphia to Jersey Shore. As we stepped off the Metroliner at 30th Street Station we wondered, really, whether Jerry Curtis, one of the parade's organizers, could possibly have been correct when he projected an attending crowd of 1,500.

"The Philadelphia Bulletin gave us a beautiful spread of pre-march publicity," he'd told us on the phone when he'd invited us to attend. "And one of the papers in south Jersey did the same. Lots of people know that this Gay Pride March is going to take place."



Photo by Kay Tobin

We thought back to the days when we attended the first gay lib demonstration in front of Independence Hall. That was July 4, 1965. A mother pushing a multiple stroller containing five babies had freaked at the sight of 40 sign-toting picketers: the lesbians in high heels and skirts, the males in suits and ties. We all looked a little like Undertakers Against the War. If we are asking for the right to employment, went movement thinking in those days, we must look employable. And in 1965, looking employable meant short, neat haircuts, ties, and polished shoes. But it made no difference to the Mom with the multiple stroller. She shouted Shame, Shame and You all ought to be in prison and so lost her cool that one of her babies fell out of the stroller and would have smashed its head on the cement had not a "fag" come to the rescue, catching the little dear before he hit the ground.

Another woman, a blustering matron, had come undone too. She rushed forward, arms waving angrily, shouting at us that all we wanted was fucking! If we'd had spare time we might have explained to her that while her point was a good one, the '65 picket was taking place for other reasons too.

How would Philadelphians behave this year, seven years later, we wondered. "They'll be uptight," we prejudged,

"probably savage." Oh well.

The literature we'd received from the Philadelphia Gay Pride Committee promised street theatre, a live rock band, guest speakers, songfests, dancing, and the march itself. The crowds were to assemble in leafy Rittenhouse Square. We walked toward the square from the train station, marvelling at the clean streets in this city we'd once thought of as "staid" and "respectable." Well, perhaps staidness and respectability may add positively to the quality of inner city life. We could use a little around our stomping grounds in Manhattan's East Village.

A large stage had been erected in Rittenhouse Square and prior to the 2 p.m. rally there were curious onlookers and would-be marchers already milling about. Representatives from several TV and radio stations were talking with some—the kindest word is flamboyant—drag. There were representatives from the Socialist Workers Party passing out their Trotskyite campaign literature and of course, converts and clergy from the gay churches were hovering about too—inviting everybody to attend a meeting after the festivities at the Philadelphia YMCA. Priests not unlike New York's Father Robert (dressed in lavender and white) hobbled with "brothers" attired in heavy wooly robes. Too heavy—the robes—for such a lovely day. These priests could so easily be leading the way, we thought, if only they'd set a good example by going naked.

We sat on a stone wall and observed the proceedings at a slight distance. As the minutes flew the entire square filled with citizens. They were of every social class, of every race, and of every sexual persuasion. Two amazing young women climbed onto the stage, one with a guitar in her hand, the other with loud-albeit pleasant—vocal capabilities. They whipped the crowds into joyous outbursts of support. Whaaaaa! All these thousands, surely, are not gay. But they were with us. Yes, they were! The young women asked these masses to join in the singing and along with our neighbors we clutched our song sheets. To the tune of "The Caissons Go Rolling Along" we sang as loud as we possibly could:

*Coming out, coming out, there was never any doubt  
That the gay crowd would come out today  
Give a shout, give a shout, tell them what it's all about  
That we really prefer it this way*

*Oh it's Gay Pride Day in Philadelphia  
Shout out our message loud and clear  
That we will not bow, we'll get our freedom now  
As Gay Power goes marching along*

*Give a cheer, give a cheer, for the gays are really here  
And it's Gay Pride that's marching today  
Don't be shy—let's not hide, throw your masquerade aside  
Show the world that it's great to be gay*

The crowds were singing! The "straights" too! Nobody yelled "faggots" or anything. Everybody was smiling. We put our arms around each other's waists. Kay Tobin, author of *The Gay Crusaders* (Paperback Library), was standing on the



"Oh it's Gay Pride Day in Philadelphia!"

Photo by Kay Tobin

stage and she snapped our picture during a moment when we were totally engrossed in singing. Click. What do we look like? Mormon Choir Boys? A Barbershop Duo?

Barbara Gittings was on stage too. She would be one of the speakers. Wonderful Barbara. "She's so graceful," said Lige.

"Perhaps her speech will be too graceful for this crowd," observed Jack skeptically.

"One can never be too graceful for any crowd," replied Lige.



Barbara Gittings: "Would we stand for such treatment today?"

Photo by Kay Tobin

But Barbara's speech wasn't overly gentle after all. She rose to the occasion, telling of bar raids, of psychiatric numbo-jumbo, and other soon-to-be-corrected injustices. In each case she asked rhetorically, "Would we stand for such treatment today?" and the crowd roared No! No! Cheers! Whistles!

Jerry Curtis spoke next. His strong, handsome body twisted and turned as he poured out his thoughts into the mike, leaning close to his raptly attentive audience.

"This is not a day for heavy political raps," he said. "This is Philadelphia's Coming Out Party. Everybody is welcome. Welcome to join our march, to dance, to enjoy! This is a day of Celebration!"

After a few more chants and a few more songs, the parade began. We fell in with the crowds. A pile of picket signs lay on the ground and enthusiasts walked forward and picked them up. Hi Dad! It's Me! Come Out Come Out Whoever You Are! ... Straights for Gays. A young woman picked up a sign that read I Am Your Son. She shook her head and put it down again.

As we began to march the downtown streets, we realized that the march extended for many blocks ahead of us, and for as many behind. Exhilaration. We'd never expected so many to attend! Sidewalk crowds stood two and three deep on both sides of the parade route—all the way to Independence Hall, where the crowds would gather on the mall.

It would have been so easy for a skirmish to start. But we saw no hint of violence. Only smiling. And singing. The sidewalk crowds seemed as pleased to see us as Minnie Pearl might be. Oh, how good it was—the wavings, the greetings. It was as though we—the marchers—were a long brilliant stream. On the sidelines were lots of closet cases, timid this year



Ms. Gittings and KYW Westinghouse News

Photo by Kay Tobin

showed us some of the best of what America has to offer: a cheerful populace, eager to let others do their thing. It showed us that the pushing and the shoving we'd expected wouldn't necessarily come from the plain folks. We'd seen a beautiful afternoon pass, without any pushing or shoving. We'd experienced a historic moment, one that revitalized our faith in men and women everywhere. For all that's ugly about the United States of America, there's also a great deal that's very beautiful. Whatever it is it waits intrinsically in its people.

Another youngster handed us a leaflet. It said "Gay Coffee Hour, Fellowship, Free Refreshments, Fun. Gay Women Gay Men—Every Tuesday 8 p.m. to 11 p.m. Houston Hall (University of Penna.) 3417 Spruce. The leaflet was pink, and there were drawings from Tarot Cards on it and one of Walt Whitman's poems. The poem read:



The march extended many blocks ahead and as many behind.

Photo by Harry Edwin, G.A.A. Phila.

*I dream'd in a dream, I saw a city invincible to the attacks of the whole of the rest of the earth;  
I dream'd that was the new City of Friends;  
Nothing was greater there than the quality of robust love—it led the rest;  
It was seen every hour in the actions of the men of that city,  
And in all their looks and words . . .  
I believe the main purport of these States is to found a superb friendship, exalte, previously unknown,  
Because I perceive it waits, and has been always waiting, latent in all men . . .  
I will make the most splendid race the sun ever yet shone upon;  
I will make divine magnetic lands  
With the love of comrades,  
With the life-long love of comrades . . .  
I will make inseparable cities, with their arms about each other's necks;  
By the love of comrades.*



"Sticks and Stones!" The word "faggot" doesn't hurt anymore.

Photo by Kay Tobin



The crowds spill onto the mall in front of Independence Hall.

Photo by Harry Edwin, G.A.A. Phila.



A vast audience gathered in front of Independence Hall.

Photo by Harry Edwin, G.A.A. Phila.

perhaps, just putting their feet into the stream to see how the water felt. Next year they'd be a little braver perhaps. This year, hopefully, they marched, at least, in their hearts. Courage, sisters and brothers. It's really easy to be yourself. Join us! Our arms draped around each other's shoulders. Occasionally we kissed. Not for others. For ourselves. For joy. For Auld Lang Syne, and for the exhilaration of touching each other again in near-perfect weather.

As the crowd spilled onto the mall in front of Independence Hall, we stood back, amazed. Once again, as in 1970 when we first marched with the Christopher Street Liberation Day masses, our eyes filled with tears. Here, in front of a historic building where our country's Declaration of Independence had been signed were thousands upon thousands (*The Philadelphia Bulletin* said 10,000) of women and men from every social background. None hostile. None angry.

After several abortive beginnings, the rock band finally got rolling, and under the bright sun men danced with men, women with women, and men with women.

We walked about just gawking. Then, hunger hit us and we cut out for a few minutes to lunch at the Benjamin Franklin Hotel. The hostess guessed our sexual persuasion. "Was it a nice parade?" she asked us, happy to be able to talk to two homosexuals openly. "Oh, it was really inspirational," said Lige. It's been a beautiful day for everyone. "I think my hairdresser went," she ventured. "We hope so. We hope so," we said.

Back on the street we saw gay teenagers on their way home. They were carrying *Gay is Good* signs. Others waved to them, shouted merrily, and applauded their signs. "There's no stopping us now," we said, quoting the Supreme Court.

If Philadelphia showed us anything . . .

# Bella at The Baths

It's not every day that a member of the United States Congress goes vote-gathering in a gay bath. But Bella Abzug isn't just any Congresswoman. She was the first of her kind to make open appeals to the gay community. Now, over two years later, she's doing it again.

Here, she's being introduced by former GAA-N.Y. President Jim Owles at the Continental Bath and Health Club. Her audience—in towels—applauded warmly as she took the mike and brought the house down as she warmed up to her campaign oratory.

Where else did she go campaigning? Why, to Fire Island, of course. P.S. She lost.

Photos by Eric Stephan Jacobs



A bit shy, perhaps, Bella is applauded.



Former GAA President Jim Owles introduces Bella



Warming up even more, her whole body speaks with her voice.



Bella's passions reach a peak.



Jim Owles leads the applause as Bella leaves the podium.



Smiling, Bella exits through lines of applauding Bath patrons in towels.

# New Hope for Gay Writers

BY JOHN P. LeROY

Now that it's possible to publish a novel in which homosexual characters do not have to come to a bad end or go straight, but can be depicted as they indeed exist in real life, one would think that gay authors ought to be making a decent living practicing their craft. Well, they don't. The reason is not so much because publishers don't now recognize that gay fiction can appeal to a wide audience and be every bit as profitable as straight fiction.

The idea that gay authors like to get paid, that they like to have their books promoted and distributed with the same competence as straight books, and that they like to be treated with the same decency, honesty, and fairness that is due any competent artist who wishes to transact business in good faith seems somehow to have eluded the publishing world. Most firms will take gay fiction only if it makes the straight reader feel good, which means that gay life must be unrealistically disparaged, and sometimes not even then. A few will publish gay writers on a lark, and immediately prepare to write it off as a tax loss.

Recently, only two publishing houses have consistently given the homosexual community worthwhile fiction, Greenleaf in California and Olympia Press in New York. Greenleaf has been so exploitative that its best-selling author, Richard Amory, received only \$750 for *Song of the Loon*, which sold over three million copies. Other Greenleaf authors have been similarly treated. Impending bankruptcy has forced Olympia to discontinue its gay line.

Even in the case of non-fiction, George Weinberg's *Society and the Healthy Homosexual* is deriving most of its sales from the gay community because the straight press and straight professionals want to act as if it doesn't exist. Thus, it has scarcely been noticed, let alone reviewed since a straight psychologist telling other straights that gay is good and healthy is simply too much for the poor dears to take. Don Teal's *Gay Militants* has had similar troubles when salesmen from Stein and Day made their rounds to their distributors and booksellers. "What, a blatantly fag book in my store?" they seemed to say in essence. "Take the thing back. Don't want any fag-queer commies in here."

And so it goes. As a result, 20,000 copies of *The Gay Militants* were printed in hardcover and only 7,000 have been sold. Arthur Bell is reported to have received a whopping advance royalty from Simon and Schuster for *Dancing the Gay Lib Blues*, but when sales did not live up to expectations, they flatly rejected other gay writers on the grounds that they already did a book on that theme.

I could cite further examples, but the pattern is clear. The straight publishing world has no other use for gay writers other than to exploit them—more so than other writers. Until last week I sadly thought that nothing much would be done to remedy the situation. Because I don't much like to write without remuneration, I had kept on postponing several booklength projects of my own and given priority to other things.

Suddenly my phone rang, and my good friend and fellow GAY columnist, John Francis Hunter, was on the line tell-



Gay writers have long been laboring under rather primitive conditions.

ing me of his problems with *The Gay Insider*, Olympia Press, and the publishing situation in general. He invited me to his apartment to outline a plan for counteracting gay repression and exploitation in publishing. I think it's such a good plan I'm passing it along because, if it works, it might spell salvation.

When I arrived at John's apartment, I met a small, young woman with an elegant English accent and a concerned studious look about her. She is Frances Green, the one who has probably done the most to give gay authors a chance in New York. Frances had just lost her job as editor of the famous *Other Traveller Series* at Olympia Press because the company needed to "economize." She was responsible for the publication of *The Gay Insider* as well as the work of Larry Townsend, Dirk Vanden and Richard Colton. She got these and other writers fair contracts, and put out over sixteen titles, most of them of good to excellent quality.

John Francis Hunter and Frances Green told me that they wanted to start a publishing venture of their own run by and for gays. The writers would receive quarterly royalty statements (most publishing houses issue only annual statements, and sometimes not even that often), a share in the profits, and a say in company policy. To me, it sounded like an interesting fantasy. It takes quite a bit of cash to start out such an operation. A lot of beautiful people would have to go hungry for quite some time before a profit came through. And if the big pub-

lishers are cutting back or going under, waiting for conglomerates to rescue them by buying them out, what hope could a new venture like that possibly have?

I underestimated their courage and tenacity. A backer had already been found last fall, and the operation was beginning to get off the ground. With his enormous files of gay clubs, bars, stores, outlets, and personal contacts, John would be able to reach the gay market directly, and Frances would have no trouble at all getting manuscripts from her authors from Olympia. In fact, a book club could be set up making a wide variety of gay books available all over the country at big discounts. It could help supplement the publishing operation.

I listened on. The firm was named *Renaissance House*, and already I could see the possibility of something viable developing. If anyone was qualified to get something like that off the ground it was John and Frances, together with a handful of other people I knew less well. Frances ardently believes that she must have been a man in some previous life, for she identifies with homosexuality very strongly in her fantasy life, though she is actually straight. Yet, she has read or become familiar with virtually every piece of gay eroticism in the current literature, and yet is level-headed enough to know what gays want to read and what turns us off.

When John Francis Hunter approached her with *The Gay Insider* as the kick-off title for the *Other Traveller Series*, Fran-

ces had originally wanted to do the book in two volumes. The first one was to contain autobiographical sketches, personal anecdotes, reportage, notes and commentary on gay life. The second volume was to have been the directory of places to go, the yellow pages, as John called it. Maurice Girodias, Olympia's editor-in-chief and the man who first published Genet, Burroughs, Miller and Donleavy in Paris, long before Grove Press brought them out in this country, flatly rejected the idea. To him, the only thing gays wanted were cruising places. As a result, *The Gay Insider* was combined into one volume.



John Francis Hunter leans over Frances Green.

Sales were phenomenal. In the first six months, more than 23,000 books were sold, twelve percent more than any other title Olympia ever published, gay or straight, including D'Arcangelo's *Handbook*. Much of the praise came from out-of-towners who enjoyed the writing more than the directions. And New Yorkers kept buying the book even though many of the bars described are now defunct.

In spite of uncertain distribution, gross mismanagement, and ever-mounting costs, it still continues to sell. John has toured the country preparing a sequel, some excerpts from which have appeared in GAY. Yet the second edition, updated, enlarged, and expanded, is now without a publisher because Olympia hasn't been able to get the money needed to put it out. In addition, several puritanical distributors and dealers refused to carry the first edition because of its phallic cover.

When *Renaissance House* was about to start work putting out its first titles, the backer who was to put up the money had two other businesses go bankrupt on him, and couldn't deliver. It was decided at this point to start a book club by and for gays in hopes of raising enough capital to get the publishing venture going again.

There is much to be said for the idea. Selling by mail eliminates the cost and bother of distribution, uncertain promotion, and extra bookkeeping. All that is asked is a five-dollar lifetime membership. In return, big discounts will be made available on such items as *Society and the Healthy Homosexual*, *The Gay Militants*, *The Gay Mystique*, Lige and Jack's new dual-autobiography *I Have More Fun With You Than Anybody*, *The Gay Crusaders*, as well as a top quality line of the best in gay fiction.

You'll not only be able to enrich your library at the lowest possible price, but you'll be able to help put an end to gay repression in publishing while assuring that gay literature will have a good chance to flourish. And if you're the type who doesn't read too much, you can still help, for the *Renaissance House Book Club* also plans to carry a quality line of greeting cards and other novelty items. So watch for their ads here and in other publications. It's all up to us.



# Jerry's Sphere

Continued from page 2

was on its feet tearing the roof down. Ms. Fleming, you are INCREDIBLE! I wondered what would or could follow. Would you believe that bundle of talent, Ms. Gwen Saunders and her Saundrettes???? Gwen was carried out by her boys, Bobby Sousa, Gary and Johnny Savoy (NEW JIMMY'S) and Bobby Shea and Al (ALL-BI). Gwen looked SENSATIONAL in a 20's beaded dress singing in the 20's style and backed by the boys TAP DANCING!



Judy Sexton belts it out.

UNREAL! The crowd was once more on its feet. And it wasn't over yet. Next came a charming, funny lady by the name of Donnie Brooke Alderson. If you can imagine a cross between Lily Tomlin and Kim Novak, here she is! Ms. Alderson had some very funny lines ("I spent two hours having my face studded and they wouldn't let me into the EAGLE.") and a terrific delivery. We shall be hearing more from this young lady also. The final performers were Johnny Savoy and Judy Sexton. Now, I've written quite a lot about these two GIANT TALENTS and I don't want to be accused of pushing anybody. However, I can't dismiss Savoy's "He Ain't Heavy, HE'S MY LOVER," and Judy's "CAN'T LIVE." I'm sure that everyone's hands were as sore as mine. BUT IT WASN'T over yet. Are you ready? Judy Sexton, Juanita Fleming, Joey Cord, Johnny Savoy and Eddy Hicky ALL on stage doing "YOU GOT A FRIEND." I thought that the LIB would collapse from the applause. It was not to be believed! My sincerest congratulations to the LIB and Johnny and George for what has to be the finest show this columnist has had the pleasure of seeing. How are they going to top this one????

AMONG THE MADDING CROWD: MOTHER RICE, looking glorious, was having a ball with brother, Carl (NEW JIMMY'S). Lou Katz was there with Wally, Roger, Kevin et al from UNCLE CHARLIE'S NORTH. Sam Palmer MAGNOLIA T'S) with his Lou and Junie. George and Jason (WESTBEACH) having a few with Jim and George (PETER RABBIT). Sy and Tom (ROADHOUSE) caught holding hands. Happy to see LEE (HARRY'S) and Gene King (ALIBI, PAINTED PONY) together again. Fran and Ron (UNCLE CHARLIE'S SOUTH) looking good enough to eat. And, Ms. Saunders, where have you been hiding those glorious gams????



Juanita Fleming brings the house down.

LOOKING BACK: It may seem to many that I've given this month's awards undue space. The reason is NOT political. The reason, quite simply, is that I felt a closeness of all of us to one another. It has been my dream for many years that this should come to pass. I can feel inside my heart that we are close to realizing that we do need each other as we have great things in common and united we could be a very formidable organization for good and growth in the HUMAN community. For, before anything else, we are human beings. I hope and pray that nothing happens to alter this closeness that we are approaching. Keep that feeling that you had when you left the LIB all month and we'll rekindle it at DANNY'S SHERIDAN SQUARE next month, JULY 10th.

BELLA AT THE TUBS: Congressional candidate Bella Abzug, after a grueling day of conferences and a flight out to Fire Island where she was cheered at the Grove and the Pines (they can get it together too), came to the Continental Baths last Saturday night. Although obviously tired, she waved and smiled to the crowd who were all for Bella. (A couple of chaps lost their towels, they were applauding so wildly.) Bella gave a small speech in which she asked for the gay vote and pledged her continued support for HUMAN rights. Right on, BELLA!!!

Anyone who doubts that the gay vote is going to count heavily in this election year had better get his or her head out of the sand and wake up. With candidates in California actively seeking gay support and, now, in New York—can't we get it all together and become an important regional and national bloc? It can be done

and it must be done if we are to survive. Nobody else is going to do it for us. We must start helping ourselves, NOW!!!

RUMORS & GOSSIP: Is it true that two of the biggest discos in midtown to close??? Hop over to SEBASTIAN'S and take a gander at the newest town beauty, John Weston... Then, go next door to the TROUBADOR and grab a look at ZIGGY... Hope that new disco uptown gets cleaned up before I see it again... Bells Abzug to receive the HUMANITARIAN AWARD from TRYSTING PLACE, in Queens... OOPS, that beauty that I reported having seen at the BETSY ROSS is Lee, not Lou... Had a mad Sunday afternoon at DANNY'S BROOKLYN HEIGHTS with Sal and Duke, not to mention Paul, Terry, Roger, Richard and my heart, Philip... Who's that crazy Kitty Kelly, across the street at the PIANO BAR??? by MAN'S COUNTRY and believe me, it is... Went around the west side after Bella left the baths and



Gwen Saunders: Sing it, lover!

stopped by the WESTSIDER. The bartenders, Brian and Frank, are beautiful but I felt as if I'd come from outer space. Very cliquish bar... Went around the corner to PICADILLY PUB and had a ball with Nathan and David and friendly customers... Number one tune on Ms. Kelly's hit parade, "Danny Boy"??? Bill Hughes, formerly of NINTH CIRCLE, now at GLORY HOLE. Warren of the SPIKE now at LEO'S LION and Gino out of MARIE'S CRISIS into TIJUANA CAT... Hope Conroy is still at SAMMY'S FOLLY... ATTENTION: Whoever stole the number 7 from the LIB the day of the awards, PLEASE RETURN IT. (The only thing to mar a perfect day.) Ditto, Frank Elliot's feather boa that somebody mopped from the COVEN the day of the "Humpty" contest... Wally (UNCLE CHARLIE'S NORTH) and Judy Sexton to be the DAVID and VENUS covers, respectively, while yours truly will grace (!) the centerfold (watch out Burt)... George Sardi and Ronnie White-off to P.R. for well earned rest and recreation... Hear tell that two of my all-time favorite people (B.H. & B.C.) are finally realizing what we all knew anyway. They really DO LOVE ONE ANOTHER. Besides, who else could either of you get to put on such good fights with??? Good luck, kids... That beautiful Doric Wilson is now manager at the TIN'DER BOX. Stop by and say hello.

PERSONALITY PROFILE: Tommy "Bess" Long (GOLDBUG) is one of those people that you never tire of. There are a lot of campy, funny people around, but most of them use others as the butt of their humor. Bess never does that. He is as funny as they and surely as fast. But his wit is pure fun. You can be sure that nobody will be offended or hurt by his remarks. He is lovable and NICE. Go down to the GOLDBUG and have a good time with our own BESS.

BAR PROFILE: PICADILLY PUB, 324 Amsterdam Ave. (874-8632), is as

friendly a bar as I've been in in a long time. Jimmy greets you at the door with a smile and you find yourself smiling back. A good feeling as you meet new people. The patrons are mostly neighborhood people and VERY friendly. The two beauties behind the bar are David and Nathan. (Either one is a crowd pleaser.) The PUB is run by Nefty and I must commend him on the rest rooms. They are IMMACULATE. All in all, a very well run room with lots of friendly people. Go have a look-see, you'll dig it.

## Clay

Continued from page 6 membership). And don't wait until you need their services. I wish I had a nickel for every time one of my friends bitched poor ol' Mattachine, and then had to fly there for help. Hah!

### GAY GIRLS

No, I don't intentionally ignore the Lesbian Front. It's just that we honestly don't get as much general info on them. Detroit's Gay Liberator makes a nice effort at reporting on lesbian activities, and I was recently given a press release announcing that there is a new National Lesbian Information Service on the West Coast (Box 15368, San Francisco, Calif. 94115).

According to Sarah Lewis, coordinator, the service "provides educational materials and resources on lesbianism to concerned professionals, educators, parents and individuals." Their newsletter (monthly at \$12 per year) has a clear format and I like what they have to say. Sensible. Wonder if they have plans for a New York extension? If any of you gals have specific information of any kind you'd like mentioned here, just speak right up. (Or would you prefer I tend to my own male chauvinist pig business?)

For all the rest of you out there, don't forget my standing invitation to use me as your Clearing House. Always glad to get names, places, dates, opinions, advice, comments, criticisms. But please! Quit attaching your notes to large stones and heaving them through my living room window!

## I Have More Fun

(Continued from page 7) voices. Then, as closing time rolled around, Howard would play, "The party's over... It's time to call it a day," and the young man would filter out into the night, singly and in pairs, some still hoping, with a last glance over their shoulders, to meet the man of their dreams.

from page 7

And consider this warm and wonderful passage on the style of presentation to the federation of mothers that one is homosexual.

It may be hard for you to grasp at first. Some of you will want to hide the facts—the simple, marvelously human facts. You may hear rumblings of Lucifer or Beelzebub. You might catch glimpses of a family skeleton. Well, if you need to hide us, do. But it will make us mighty proud if some of you stand up for us when others matter curst.

You remember us, don't you? Those days when we were little tots? You remember our blonde tufts of hair, our wide smiles. You loved us then. Will you change your opinion of us now? Perhaps. But if you go on loving us, as we love you, you'll bring us a special kind of joy.

from page 27

This puts the matter as decently as anyone could. And as lucidly. And as gently. These are the qualities most outstanding in I Have More Fun With You Than Anybody.

## Reading List

Continued from page 11



I AM ELIJAH THRUSCH by James Purdy — Doubleday 1972 — \$4.95

Some years ago, I was invited to a dance recital given by Paul Swann. I was taken to the studio of this incredible apparition by one of his young, flaxen-haired ex-lovers. (They were usually his "accompanists.") Swann was then in his eighties, very deaf, and his mind was cloudy at times. But he continued to dance, his wit was cutting and his voice strong.

I had heard of him years before when he lived in a Carnegie Hall apartment. He was indeed a legend. Had he not made his debut on the steps of the Parthenon? And had he not known Duse, Shaw, Nijinsky, Diaghilev, and been an intimate friend of Isadora Duncan? (I sometimes felt he was Isadora. Perhaps the long scarf didn't do her in after all...)

He outlived his contemporaries and his era. This is never the best position in which to find yourself. Toward the end he was little more than an amusing and embarrassing relic of the important artistic past he had helped to create. His studio was in a quaint tenement that smelled of urine and vomit. You were met at the door by a number of wasted and doty elderly women (including one who wore frizzy copper mesh in lieu of hair) who protected him and warded off the loneliness of their own lives. Before the recital, they would discreetly inquire if you might like to purchase one of the master's famous watercolors. (He was sustained by... contributions.)

Suddenly he would appear, shrouded in decaying velvet, laved with pounds of jangling bracelets and beads; a very old child playing make-believe in mommy's dressing room. Smudged mascara and vermilion eye shadow making a mockery of what was once a magnificent face. He stumbled rather than danced across the stage; silent film gestures mimed to the half-forgotten tunes of Percy Grainger and Saint-Saens.

After the recital, newcomers would be introduced to the master. If he liked you, you were henceforth sent formal invitations to each concert. I often attended and am flattered that he took an interest in me. I also invited my own friends and I'm now sorry to say that we giggled helplessly more than once at his efforts. He died a few months ago and there were precious few to mourn him. I wish now I had bought one of his Famous Watercolors.

Perhaps someday I'll write more about him in this newspaper. A good novel could be written about him, with very little invention necessary. James Purdy hasn't done it, nor am I sure he intended to do so. (I suspect he might even prefer I hadn't guessed the true identity of his hero. Too bad, James. You gave too many clues.) He has taken a few of the basic and more outlandish facts and has spun one of his typically bizarre and

outré tales. Purdy has been a good writer, a hellishly original writer, ever since the day when he used to screw Edith Sitwell's peacocks.

I have always had a great affinity for him and have read all his gothic adventures more than once. He is a sorcerer and one day he'll make off with my soul. But he isn't for everyone. For want of a better description, think of him as a more literate Ray Bradbury, totally wiped out on a peak acid trip. His world certainly bears no relation to this one.

He is also a wonderfully funny man and his description in *Thrusch* of a "retired liberal-radical" who literally drinks the blood of young black men in order to be "worthy of the noble race" is devastating. If you are attuned to the strange music of Purdy, you'll enjoy this latest addition. But if you simply go to pieces over Harold Robbins, beware.

### CATULLUS

The Complete Poems for American Readers

by Reney Meyers & Robert J. Ormsby — Dutton 1970 — \$6.95

Sadly for the authors but goodly for us, this book is now remaindered at Marboro. I confess I didn't even know it existed until Dick Leitch told me about it. I came to know Catullus, as have so many in recent years, via the *Catullus carmina* section of Carl Orff's barbaric musical trilogy, *Trionfi*.

Catullus was probably born c. 84 B.C. in what is now known as Verona. No, he was not homosexual. He was, as were all healthy Romans of the period, totally eclectic in sexual response and appetite. If a woman were not handy, a fresh young lad would do just as well (and often much better, thank you), and if neither was available a goat could provide a rewarding if not deeply emotional experience (and if the smell were not too distracting).

The translators of the present volume have attempted to render Catullus into modern (colloquial) English. This makes for an enormous amount of fun, but it doesn't always work. For one thing, they have taken the liberty of rhyming the poems which somewhat reduces them to the level of bawdy Hallmark greeting cards. Secondly, contemporary slang (e.g. "chick", for girl) is soon dated and detracts seriously from the future value of the translation.

However, the volume sparkles and is a Marboro bargain. Buy it, put it on the coffee table and watch some unsuspecting soul pick it up and thumb through it. Most of the poet's works were heterosexually oriented but he ripped off plenty of gay ones after his affections switched from Clodia to an apple-cheeked young kid named Juventinus. Caesar used to giggle over these tidbits in his evening bubble-bath—until Catullus began poking fun at Big Julie himself. From then on, it was pretty much downhill for the muse. Here are three excerpts you might enjoy. Leitch keeps the last one taped to the wall of the bookstore where he holds court.

That pretty boy is with the auctioneer. Perhaps he wants to sell himself to queers?

Best thieves within the bathroom door, Vibennius and his fairy son; The quicker dad's hand it, the more His son's ass fucks everyone. Go look for some queer country where You wretches aren't known so well; Here all know dad's light-fingered flair, So somey's hairy ass won't sell.

Oh Cato, here's a funny thing To make you laugh till you're sick, And have you howl just like a hick, It's more absurd than anything; I caught this young shit in the grass Screwing his girl, and ran my prick.

Just like a spear, right up his ass.

## Last Estate

Continued from page 8

innovation." I, for one, am fed up with innovation and rather like the unimaginative fare they offer.

True, the smoked salmon looks as though it were machine sliced—even though a whole side of salmon is prominently displayed by the door. Oh, well, it was delicious, as were the escargots and the smoked trout served with a terrible sauce.

Les Pleiades is a spacious place, the tables are nice and big and the captain giggles. Our table wasn't ready; they set it with us sitting there. Without even a glance at the wine list we immediately ordered and got a bottle of their Rothschild champagne.

It was a spur-of-the-moment outing, initiated by my neighbor Jonathan of 3-C in honor of his sister's birthday or something; I was invited along, for laughs presumably. We decided, over an aperitif at my house (Bollinger 1962) to each order different dishes which was why Jonny had the excellent duck breast covered with fresh orange slices, his sister Penny had the juicy, crisp "pigeon" and I the plump chicken baked with herbs.

There was a rather ghastly mixed salad that had canned beets in it. The plain green salad was much better. (On my last visit things were reversed; the plain green salad was soggy and old, the mixed fresh and lovely without the stupid beets).

For red wine we drank a lovely 1966 Chambolle Musigny that went for \$13.00.

One nice thing about Les Pleiades is their attitude. We three, in dungarees, didn't raise an eyebrow from the staff though we were the diners threw a glance.

During dinner Penny told us all about her French boyfriend who walked out on her; he was impossible anyway and did nothing but complain, and her former boyfriend who decided he was gay and is now her "best friend" and her college roommate who, if I understand correctly, decided she was gay (reading too much Jill Johnston, no doubt). Penny also expressed her desire to drop out of Columbia since they are kicking her out anyway. Jonny thought she should take up karate if she wanted to.

The next day Dr. Ruitenbeek called. "Let's have dinner tonight. It's my turn to take you out. I reserved a table at Le Chaumiere on West 4th. You haven't been there. I want to know what you think of it. The table is for 11, so come to my place at 10:30 sharp. I have a nice Chablis in the icebox. We can have it for an appetif," he ordered.

He did indeed have a nice Chablis in the icebox—a 1969 "Les Clos" which is, of course, the finest of all Chablis. We discussed our reservations for the July 5th sailing of the Michelangelo from Cannes to Algiers. "Oh, it's for cabin class. I don't want cabin class," complained the good Doctor. "Well, that's all they have. We're waitlisted for first class. They'll let us know in Cannes," I said.

We decided to write L'Oasis in Naupool for a dinner reservation until, checking the Michelin, we discovered they were closed just that day. "Oh well, I'm sure there's someplace else we can eat," Ruitenbeek observed perceptively. "I have a lot of luggage," he added. "Yeah, I know. The last time we traveled you had 13 pieces."

At Chaumiere there was a display of vegetables by the door. There was also a lot of old, brown pine branches in flower boxes. The tables are small, the place was crowded and the waiters were charming and more interested in serving you than insulting you.

We started out with a quiche Provençal which was really, a hot vegetable tart and delicious despite a spear of canned asparagus. Other dishes were equally fine and they included a ham, cream and cheese

casserole that would have been better if they had used chunks of ham rather than thin slices. The tender pieces of lamb were indeed grilled in herbs from Provence. There was enough for an army.

The wine story at Chaumiere is, as they say, a loser. Not enough selection to begin with. And why restaurants can't find good, recognized wines, classifications and vintages at reasonable prices is always a mystery. You know, a decent Bordeaux—say a *crus bourgeois*—can be bought by you and me (if we do a little shopping) for less than \$2.00 the bottle. So the restaurant should peddle it at, say,

\$4.00.

Virtually all New York restaurants rob you when it comes to wines. Either that or they don't know how to select and buy. Anybody who reads the ads in the Times can teach most New York restaurateurs a lesson or two when it comes to wines. Unless, of course, they are out to rob us in the first place. Sometimes you wonder. All I know is that all too frequently the wine I buy at \$2.50 the bottle (case price) appears on a restaurant list at \$9.00 or \$24.00 and that should be grounds for criminal prosecution.

Cheers, Gregory

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## "Justice!" A Faint Plea

(Continued from page 1)

clever builder instructed to make the world believe that stone steps and massive foyns and ornate moldings and patriotic slogans carved into the walls are all there is to a court of law.

So this unseen part has ingeniously been absorbed into the rest of the building, and the only way to find out it exists is to get a job in the prison system or to be arrested and be too poor to put up bail.

"Docket number . . ." the clerk drones on mechanically, as if his life were devoted to this single utterance, unheard, unaware that he is, like a priest at mass, ritually reliving the Constitutional vision of an open trial. If only he spoke louder and made spectators more welcome, he'd make it more than a ritual.

Meanwhile, a door, our only hint of the existence of that other part of the building, opens as if by afterthought, and she emerges tentatively, only half-willing, like someone thrust into the sun after a month underground. The audience is full of members of the Gay Activists Alliance, but she could hardly care less as she jerkily makes the ten or twelve steps to face the judge, not because she wants to, but because she wants to be pushed even less.

"Nina . . ." the clerk mumbles away, never losing that sacred deadpan, "also known as Richard . . .," charged with . . ." She's small and willowy, and even in the tent-like demin with which the prison hastily replaced her street clothes, and without swishing, she's an obvious drag queen.

"My client has been in jail for twenty-five days," the defense counsel says on her behalf, but she's unimpressed. After a month in The Tombs, you can't tell a Legal Aid lawyer from the arresting officer, and in fact neither can some judges. They all begin to look alike. She's pleaded guilty to prostitution and not guilty to drug addiction, which carries a maximum sentence of three years.

"A thousand dollars," says his honor, William Shea, denying the defendant's request to be released without bail until sentencing on the one charge and a trial for the other. There is a brief discussion between her and the man whom the court records will identify as a spokesman in her interests.

"My client has reconsidered," the lawyer corrects, "and wishes to plead guilty to drug addiction." Judge Shea nods, as if this solution to the question of bail had needed only the formality of being spoken aloud; he expected no other response. "My client also wishes immediate sentencing." It is, after all, the wisest course. Any delay for trial, any postponement for sentencing could mean additional months in jail for a defendant unable to make bail, even if eventually acquitted. A quick plea, an immediate sentence, and it's over with.

"Three months," the judge says, but Michael Richman, the prosecutor, doesn't even look up. He has other cases to prepare for, even after so successfully arguing on behalf of us the people. The court calendar is always full, and the queen is hurried back through the door to those unseen, unventilated alleys burrowing back down into The Tombs, after these five minutes out in the sunshine and fresh air of the New York Criminal Court.

The GAA members don't notice. They're present to witness the injustice of prosecuting four demonstrators for protesting an editorial in the *Daily News* calling homosexuals "fags" and "lezzies." Two days later they will be present to witness the injustice of lack of meaningful prosecution of Michael Maye, accused of severely beating someone for being a homosexual. This third instance of injustice is a little too much for them, for the

third, like the fourth, like the thousandth, is indistinguishable from any other that occurs day after day, and so three is too high a number to reach when counting injustices.

Still, one wonders what would have happened to the queen if she hadn't been coal black and penniless and small and delicate, with large full-moon eyes that had been wearing false eyelashes, and a woolly head closely cropped to better accept some magnificent beehive hairdo.

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Michael Maye is not coal black. As president of the Uniformed Firefighters Association of New York, he is certainly not penniless. A successful boxer, he is not usually described as small and delicate. No one has yet had him in lashes and wigs (although a colleague of his—the chief of a Westchester fire department—was accused by a subordinate at a Christmas party of "wearing his wife's pantyhose").

So, unlike the queen, he came through the front door, where he was greeted by Vito Russo's hearty voice and hasty retreat. The biggest astonishment was that Mr. Maye came at all. Not even his lawyer, Sol Gelb, could make it that morning. A portly, white-haired gentleman came in his place and tried to hide his embarrassment at being the center of attention by feigning exasperation at the barrage of questions thrown at him and by averting his reddened face from any gaze.

He tells the judge that Mr. Maye is not expected this morning, but will descend to appear June 15. Beyond a hint that the District Attorney's office agreed to the fireman's personal postponement of the trial date, he insists that he knows nothing and begs to be excused.

The prosecutor, who may have the better reason to be embarrassed—they are not usually known to permit defendants to set their own trial dates—denies that he authorized Mr. Maye's absence, but obligingly agrees that "there may have been a misunderstanding" between him and Mr. Gelb.

The lawyer's shy lawyer can learn much from this assistant district attorney. Roger Hayes never has to hide his embarrassment; the feeling is beyond him. With eyes slit into a perpetual squint, as if simultaneously scrutinizing your most heartfelt secret and sneering at your consequent discomfort, with a baby's curly locks flowing back over his collar as he presses forward, with a frivolous Zapata moustache, Mr. Hayes is the very image, even in his grey business suit, of Errol Flynn fresh from a fencing match with ten of Richelleu's best swordsmen. He strides into a courtroom so much to seek victory as to accept the laurels for a victory already gained.

The problem today is that no one but Mr. Hayes knows what constitutes victory for him. He is there not because he has to be as a matter of daily duty, but because the Maye case thrives under no one's attention but his. It is the custom of the usual prosecutor to call the defendant's delinquencies to the attention of the judge, but he's been displaced: Mr. Hayes is intent on begging that the judge ignore them.

The judge gives the defense an hour to produce either Mr. Maye or an excuse, to the chagrin of both sides in the case. Neither expected to return that day. But you can't blame the judge for being more extreme than either. When the defense and the prosecution argue essentially alike, it's difficult to strike a compromise between them.

Already there are stirrings among the gay activists. They want to know why a warrant for Mr. Maye's arrest has not been issued. A few begin shouting, but leave before they can be taken into custody, and join the picket line outside, demanding, "Justice, justice!"

We all know that Mr. Maye will not appear, that apologetic allusions to affairs

of state will replace him, and that June 15 will be marked down on the calendar. Mr. Hayes has already served his witnesses with subpoenas for that date, according to Emily Jane Goodman, a GAA lawyer, making this whole court appearance an irrelevant formality. A journalist determined to interview Mr. Maye returns to his office, convinced that this is not the day.

But, as if the logic of the homosexuals' taunts cannot be denied even by their disruptive tactics, in comes the very man to mock our cynicism at the appointed hour, perhaps not minutes after the prosecutor himself knew it. Tall without teetering, immense without clumsiness, round-faced and bland like Clark Kent, with a careless lock of his greased pompadour across his forehead like Superman,

(Continued on following page)

## Turntable Trip

BY DAVID FRECHETTE



JO JO GUNNE (ASYLUM SD-5053)

One of the best new rock bands around is the legitimate stepchild of Spirit, an L.A. band specializing in strangely-titled tunes (with melodies to match) such as "Fresh Garbage" and "Mr. Skin." Jay Ferguson, Mark Andes and Randy California split from Spirit leaving only John Locke and drummer Ed Cassidy to carry on. Randy California has not yet been heard from but Jay Ferguson has taken over writing, lead vocals and keyboard chores for J&J and Mark Andes is providing his ever sturdy bass back-up for the group. Spirit's loss is definitely Jo Jo Gunne's gain. It's unusual when a group of musicians produce an album this polished with not a ragged edge anywhere within ear's distance. "Run, Run, Run" is a honky tonk homage to the piano artistry of Little Richard and Jerry Lee Lewis tempered with a touch of the present. "Academy Award" paints a funky forlorn portrait of the L.A. sub-culture as is Nathaniel West and Gavin Lambert. Jo Jo Gunne, like Spirit, is dominated by the voice and personality of Jay Ferguson, one of the most energetic in rock.

Jo Jo Gunne, at a recent Carnegie Hall gig, got the audience into the aisles before their third song was over. It may take a little longer to get into their album, but once you do you'll most likely be hooked.

MALO  
(WARNER BROTHERS BS-2584)

Is a Latin rock group from San Francisco led by Carlos Santana's little brother, Jorge. The group shows the obvious influences of the inner city's best Afro-Latin party bands such as The Palmieri Brothers, Ray Barreto and Orchestra Harlow. The horns, led by trumpeter Luis Gasca,

hiding his invulnerability under the charcoal-black tailored perfection of a Wall Street broker, this prizefighter-bouncer-freeman-union boss has more mixed personality traits showing than even the comic-book defender of truth, justice and the American way.

He does not acknowledge Vito Russo's greeting, and within seconds there are a score more for him to ignore. Some of the homosexuals charge forward to confront him, and are met by an equally disorganized flying squad of court officers, who clearly perform better in their daily duties as ushers and errand boys. The informal city policemen, present for the sundry other cases that morning, are only mildly outraged. They surprise me with keeping their seats. With professional

(Continued on following page)

are reminiscent of middle period Mongo Santamaria while Jorge Santana sounds alternately like his brother and Eric Clapton.

"Nona" boasts a particularly pleasant organ solo by Richard Kermodé and Gasca's "Just Say Goodbye" brings back memories of Joe Cuba.

If you are into Latin music with its tight rhythms, wailing guitars and demon-ridden drums, or if you like Santana, you'll love Malo, one of the best of Afro-Latin rock groups.

### BUDDAH'S NRBQ

Several hundred people gathered at The Village Gate recently for a Felliniesque four-hour munchathon presparty held by Buddah Records in honor of a hot new group called NRBQ (New Rhythm & Blues Quintet). Guests were wine and dined by the band's friends and family who supplied ziti, lasagna and other tasty Italian staples. Despite a late start getting set up and the near-deafening din of drunken revelers, the group played a terrific set of handclapping, foot stomping, hipswinging sounds. NRBQ, a good-time rock band into all kinds of music, opened their set with a campy 30-second version of the theme from "Highway Patrol" for the benefit of 50's TV freaks in the crowd. Certified nostalgia addicts, not to mention jazz buffs, waxed ecstatic as lead singer Frankie Gaddis launched into "Accentuate the Positive." Folk-rock enthusiasts were warmed by Joe Spaminato's John Sebastian-influenced "Boys in the City."

"Do You Feel It," "Get a Grip" and "Scraps" are bouncy get-up-and-dance numbers that get the audience on their feet and begging for more. NRBQ's third album (the other two were on Columbia), "Scraps" (Kama Sutra KSBS 2045), is a must for good-time rock connoisseurs.

## "Justice!"

(Continued from preceding page)

curiosity that changes to scorn, they watch their brothers' attempts to keep the peace. Years ago these policemen would have been the ones pressed into service, but Panther and Weatherperson warfare since then have led to this permanent staff of court officers to protect judges no longer willing to rely on the random presence of city policemen.

"They've got Janet Rivera's head between their hands and are bouncing it up and down like a basketball," reports GAA member Lew Todd, who somehow has been able to cross the lines back into the sealed-off courtroom. Lacey Fosburgh of *The New York Times* rushes off to see, but I remain where I am, perhaps valuing my front-row seat beyond its worth. She has more confidence in her press credentials than I have in mine. I recognize the leader of the forces of law and order as none other than Officer Reilly, who two days earlier had tried to have me held in contempt for continuing to take notes after he had ordered me not to. Apparently Ms. Fosburgh has not yet met Mr. Reilly.

Morty Manford lunges back in, a bit like a kamikaze pilot, and is set upon by three officers. "My lawyer—I came to speak to my lawyer," he gasps at them, and Ms. Goodman rushes over to identify him as the chief prosecution witness. Mr. Manford is the gay activist who says he was beaten to insensibility by Michael Maye, but who was not able to effect his arrest for six weeks, and then only on the charge of harassment.

The judge sits motionless and unmoved as his courtroom and the corridor beyond it become a minor battlefield, with the undisciplined and timid outrage of the homosexuals and the inexperienced, king-of-the-mountain bravado of the officers making the scene more tumultuous, more innocuous, and more easily circumvented than a war waged by the Marx Brothers. The loose, hanging flesh of the judge's cheeks seems to put facial expression beyond his power, and he maintains a monotonic, untroubled commentary that perfectly suits his beefy deadpan. His sparse hair, grey frosted with platinum, is greased straight back so as not to compete with the blandness of his jowls and silly-putty nose.

"He's one of the most conservative judges. No one can remember when he failed to issue a bench warrant against a defendant who didn't show up," says a lawyer who begs not to be identified. ("I've got future cases in front of him.") You find it difficult to believe of this man of almost spiritual tranquility. As the furor dies down, he listens to the defense say it is not prepared and to the prosecution say its witnesses are not present, and he postpones the trial to the very date for which Mr. Hayes had fortuitously issued his summonses.

Ms. Fosburgh rushes after Mr. Maye, and I go out to see what happened to the gay activists in the corridor. The officers try to push us all down the stairs, and chanted slogans and answering thuds are heard dotted around the austere, two-story lobby, proud of its newstand, lunch counter, and generous supply of phone booths, like a small-town Grand Central Station. "They only postponed the case," laughs one lawyer, who was there only out of curiosity. "Imagine what will happen when they find Maye not guilty." The reporter who wanted so desperately to talk to the city's most influential fireman returns only to hear Ms. Fosburgh say that he's already gone back to his daily affairs.

The judge is William Shea, the man who two days earlier thought that the tiny, black drag queen accused of trying to make a living on the street was too

dangerous to be released under bail of less than \$1000, and who locked her up for three months on a charge her poverty would not let her plead not guilty to.

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"Each of these defendants has shown a total disregard for court processes," the prosecutor says about the three homosexuals arrested earlier that afternoon.

Night court is the one place of human intercourse in which no human being feels welcome. The judge curses the bad luck that brought this assignment upon him. The assistant district attorney yearns for the day that he will have sufficiently risen through the ranks to have outgrown appearances in this court. "Private lawyers never show up for night court," says Ms. Goodman, commenting on the unorthodoxy of her own appearance. "It's a formality that Legal Aid usually handles."

As for the defendants, they're brought in only to satisfy the Constitutional requirement that a person appear in front of a judge before being held prisoner. In they come, three at a time, murderer handcuffed to drunken idler, to be peered at and sized up and put out of mind by the judge and the rest of us squirming in our seats, in this sudden and fleeting first step the exacting processes of justice demand before depriving a person of his liberty.

Most were arrested for public intoxication, and their punishment generally ends in this court. With purple and lavender cross-ribbed faces, with arms stiffly ending a foot in front of their stomachs, as if expecting an imminent fall, they're pushed tap-dancing before the judge as their eyes follow some more personal, more longed-for route. The policemen in the audience enjoy these defendants more than any of the others, and greet each with half-suppressed jeers and comments like, "I'm glad that one wasn't mine."

"Who you waitin' on?" whispers a freshly released Puerto Rican, and we describe the three homosexuals. "Oh yeah, I seen 'em. They're okay," and he continues to search for whomever he is carrying a message to from some prisoner still locked away in the room behind the judge.

The best game to play is Find the Cop. It's no fair spotting the big burly ones with neatly clipped crewcuts, making too much head and too little hair, and the tails of their solid sport shirts hanging over their cuffed slacks; they're too obvious. The ones who make the game interesting are the slinky little Latin guys with ratty moustaches, or the jiving black dudes in imported leather suits swaggering in as if they dealt two kilos a day, or the sunken-faced, nervous white boys who can't yet manage a beard, with tangled shoulder-length hair, patched dungarees, and the most outrageous body shirts shoplifting can appropriate. But, as in spotting drag queens at a ball, you can always tell who's real and who's not; something about them always gives them away. Only the bouncy chick with straight blond hair, both golden and ash, blending well with her brown roots, in arrogantly tight jeans and a fashionably flimsy halter, had me fooled. The police shield hanging from her belt told the truth.

"If you don't shut your mouth, the more obvious cop next to her tells the whispering gay activist behind him, "you'll get a mouthful of knuckles, and I'll arrest you too." His friend the policeman smiles, perhaps at the wit of his imagery.

The judge has no immediate chambers in this makeshift court, and must pass through the audience for one of his frequent recesses. One officer precedes him, another follows, and several others repeatedly exhort us to remain seated while his honor is among us. As he finally

makes it to the door held open for him, I hear the one thing I had not prepared myself for.

"Are you a Beethoven fan," I ask, really patronizing the Puerto Rican in suspenders and shirtsleeves. He is cool as only a muscled six-footer can be who has grown up among people noted for their slight builds. His shield identifies him as a detective.

"Right on," he assents. "I love Beethoven. Man, he's the greatest. Say, why don't you explain what the hell's going on here?" He joins me for a five-minute rap. "So GAA would like to have this guy Maye arrested for assault," he comes to his own conclusion. "I get it. Well, I wish them luck."

Shocked heads turn as the unmuted strains of the choral part of the world's most famous ninth symphony return to the detective's eccentric lips. A court recess is used only to a frightened murmur. "Alle Menschen werden Brüder" ("All men are brothers") are the words set by Beethoven in the melody that comes most easily to the detective's recollection.

The three homosexuals arrested subsequent to Mr. Maye's court appearance that morning reach the judge at 11:30 P.M. At least five charges are leveled against Martin Clabby and Janet Rivera (who was arrested under her true family name), including harassment, assault and the obstruction of government administration. Mr. Clabby says that his arrest followed Officer William Seabrook's dismay at a broken wristwatch. Brenda Howard is charged with possession of marijuana and a dangerous weapon. She was peacefully and unexpectedly arrested at the police station where the other two were held, when she brought Ms. Rivera's jacket to her.

"Each of these defendants has shown total disregard for court processes, your honor," lectures the drowsy prosecutor in his appeal for substantial bail.

Thank God someone has!

\*\*\*

"You're behaving like a yenta," Judge Shea reproves, using a Yidish that more suggests his experience as a New York lawyer than his ethnicity. Arthur Bell studies his fingernails with a wounded pride that stops short of foot-stomping. In his striped polo shirt and with a testimony distinguished by virtuoso spouting, he seems more like that yenta's spoiled ten-year-old boychick.

"I know many people in this town," Mr. Bell answers the prosecutor, with a nod underscoring the literalness of his reply that only Stanley Laurel could have better infuriated you with. His point is that he in fact does not know the woman in question, but he answers as befits New York's leading columnist-about-town.

"Move to strike as not responsive . . ." we hear again and again, as Mr. Bell testifies about what happened when he and three other gay activists were arrested at the *Daily News* office for refusing to leave when bidden. You begin to suspect that Mr. Bell's line of defense is that no one could ever have asked him, of all people, to leave. The trial is a curtain-raiser to Michael Maye's appearance later in the week.

"I went to the bathroom," Mr. Bell decides to answer, after patiently searching through his notes, more to show us that he has them than to refresh his memory. He is preciously responsible this time, as he lingers on that last word with Laurel's smile of precocious finickiness. Still, the prosecutor appeals to the bench.

"What did you do after you went to the bathroom?" asks the impassive Judge Shea, who manages to play the role of Hardy without exasperation.

Mr. Bell's problems began that morning when he discovered that defendants and journalists are even less celebrated on

Centre Street than Legal Aid lawyers. As both defendant and journalist, he felt his rawest nerve being plucked by the injustice of it all. "There's no J," he kept instructing whoever would listen after the clerk had identified him, hoping that his jilted dignity might find an honorable union in either the correction or the error. But his outrage was legally superfluous, and the judge made nothing of it. He was, after all, getting a middle initial at no extra charge.

"Tell her to step up again," Judge Shea whispers, and the clerk crooks his forefinger at me with the chivalry for which they're noted. "I notice you have put your notebook away." He had threatened to hold me in contempt if I didn't. "You may continue to keep it in front of you as long as you don't record word-for-word minutes."

"Thank you, your honor." I am able, however, to resist the temptation to curtsy in deference to this precedent-setting pronouncement, which every journalist since John Peter Zenger had taken for granted until Officer Reilly tried to make me stop writing in court.

So I'm able to report that Rebecca Klingler, Barbara Maggione, Phil Eberle, and Mr. Bell were found guilty of criminal trespass, and released after promising not to do it again for six months. But the most important news was that neither Mr. Bell nor I was held in contempt.

The door to those hidden passageways around which justice is built is thrown open for yet another brief moment as the gay defendants, happier perhaps at this chance to go free than they'd care to admit, are signing the documents that will put them into the court's obligation. Another prisoner comes out. The court has a long calendar and must be sidetracked by nothing.

"The arresting officer is not present!" Judge Shea wonders, suggesting, despite himself perhaps, the grounds for an immediate dismissal.

She comes into the light blinking, hoping she can make it without their help. They all seem to blink as they pass through that door. Her lightened yellow hair is tied into a frizzy ponytail that does nothing for loose strands. Her prison clothes are too big. Set loose in Bloomingdale's (which may be why she's in court now) instead of The Tombs, she might have emerged as the picture of an ad-agency receptionist in the newest midtown skyscraper, and her glasses with their rhinestone frames swept up into opposing points show where her head is at. She's another drag queen.

"And there's no one from Legal Aid either," Judge Shea snaps back in reaction to his momentary indecision. "Postponed to tomorrow." The lawyer for the gay activists, Harold Weiner, shakes his head impotently as, by chance, he happens to hear this one-man dialogue from the bench. The judge has to talk fast, of course, or someone might have popped up to get the defendant released for lack of prosecution.

No wonder the ones they drag in from The Tombs can't tell the Legal Aid lawyer from the arresting officer. If either doesn't show up, it means the same thing—one more night in jail. And perhaps another. And another . . .

Mr. Weiner's clients are busy with the papers they must sign and don't notice the queen, who has already turned her back and is slowly regaining the mysterious door leading to parts unknown to the rest of us. The GAA members and Mr. Weiner and I and my notebook will leave through the front door.

This is, after all, where we came in.

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YOUNG GUY, 21, butch, slim, seeks same type of guy under 23 for fun & friendship. Send photo. PO Box 215, Throggs Neck Sta., Bronx 10465.

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THIS IS NOT primarily a sex ad & I'm not interested in hearing from chronic ad-answerers, phonies, etc. Frankly, I'm looking for a lover—I'm 22, 5'11" & 150 lbs., brown hair & eyes, good-looking, have trim/good body (but am no David), am very lonely & bored, directionless, insecure, cynical, need to get & give love. I need someone stronger physically & emotionally than me, with good looks & body, up to 30, hip & fun, who knows who he is & where he's going (but not an invulnerable superman). Am partial to moustaches & body hair, but warmth, affection, believability, durability, dependability are the most important. In bed, I'm emotional & basically passive/Greek, but like other things too. I don't find bars, baths, etc. too satisfying, thus this ad. Re-read this ad & if you are what you say you are, you're needed. Please write: RL-T, 245 E. 24th St., Apt. 14 L, NYC 10010.

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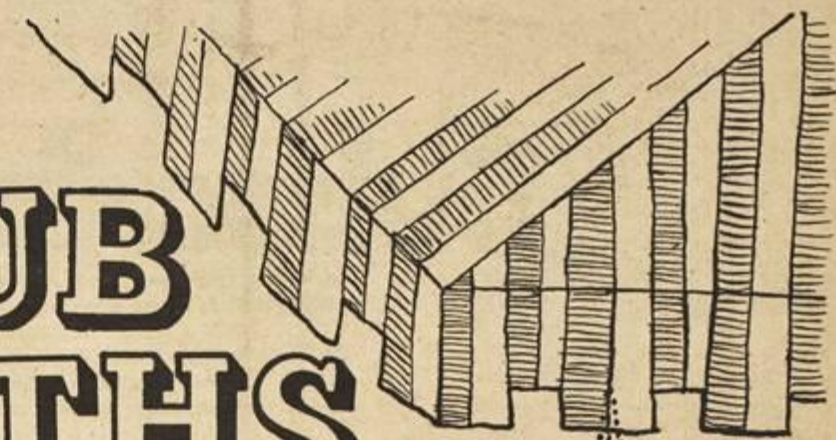
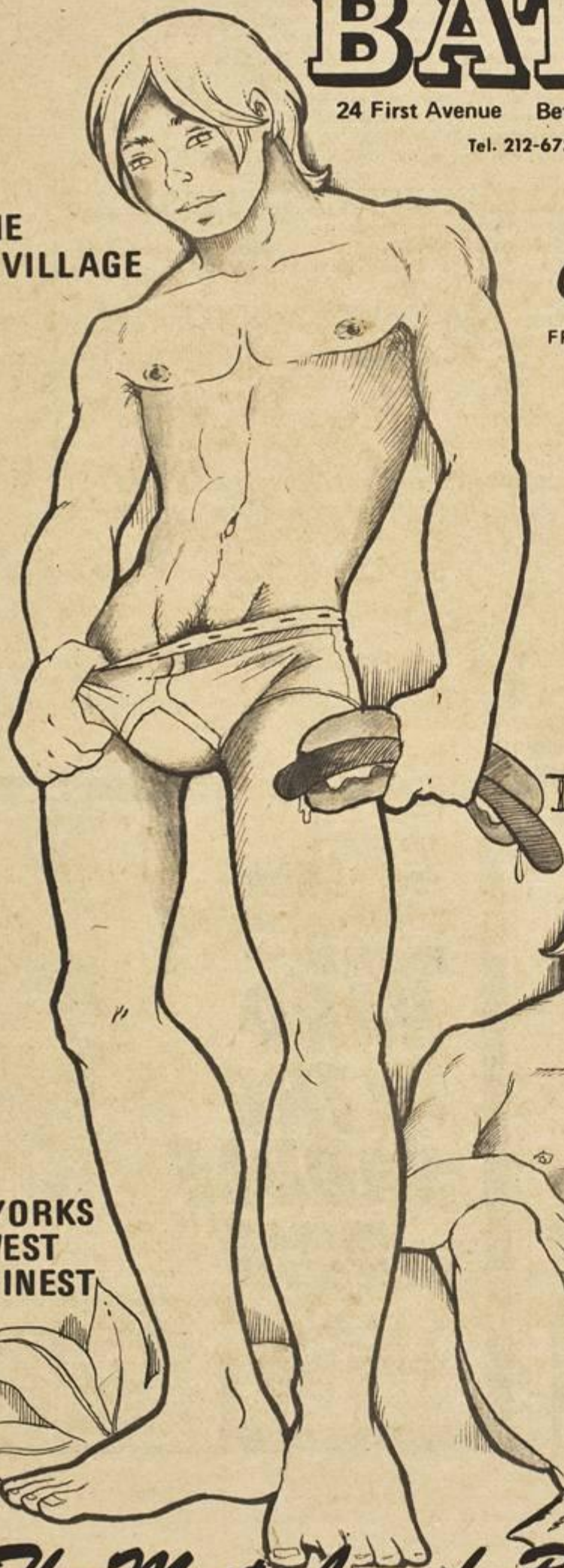
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