

GAY

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Parent Defends Gay Son's Right to Teach

Brick Town, N.J. The mother of a 22-year-old Penn State graduate, Joseph Acanfora, has written an open letter to the people of Pennsylvania asking that her son be granted the right to teach, as a homosexual, in the state of Pennsylvania.

On August 6, 1972 (Sunday), *The Philadelphia Inquirer*, the oldest daily newspaper in the United States, carried a front page story of Joseph's plight, including a photograph of the youthful graduate. The article was entitled *Should We Let Homosexuals Be Teachers?* and indicated that the decision as to whether Joseph Acanfora would be hired or not rests with Education Secretary John Pittenger. Three months ago, Acanfora wrote to Pittenger asking about the state's policies on the hiring of gay teachers. An aide to the Secretary replied that Pennsylvania has no firm policies.

Mrs. Leonore V. Acanfora circulated the following letter to the press, including GAY, and told Pennsylvanians of the decision now resting with their state's Secretary of Education. In the letter she explained that her son, a gay liberationist during the time he studied at Penn State, faced possible rejection by the State as a teacher. She said:

"The future of my son, Joseph, is presently in the hands of Secretary of Education, John



Mrs. Leonore V. Acanfora

Pittenger. Having graduated as Valedictorian of Brick Township High School (1968), earned a 3.34 grade point average at the Pennsylvania State University (PSU), received excellent evaluations as a student teacher from his supervisor and students, and graduated this June from PSU, Joseph may now be denied the right to teach Earth and Space Science in the state of Pennsylvania. Why? Because he has had the honesty and courage to admit that he is a homosexual—a member of an extremely oppressed, abused and misunderstood minority. I am writing the following statement to seek support for my son from the people of Pennsylvania and all others concerned.

"Twenty-two years ago, I gave birth to a wonderful son, Joseph. One year later I had a beautiful baby girl. It was a big job for both my husband and I, as it is for any parents who try to do what is best for their children. We now have at home an eight-year-old daughter and have one grandchild.

"Today, we are faced with my son being a homosexual. Joe was a very special child. He needed very little discipline and was filled with love and kindness. We were often complimented on what a fine person Joe was by the people



Mrs. Acanfora's son, Joseph.

who really knew him. I could see the interest he had in life and things about him. I taught Joe never to be prejudiced, for we all came from the same place. Most important, in this world, we have to stand up for what we believe to be right.

"One day, Joe came to us and told us he was a homosexual, how he felt about it and why. He knew we were confused and knew little on the subject. To enlighten us, he suggested we read newly published books on "homosexuality." We also spoke to our family doctor about Joe's revelation. We were very thankful that Joe came to us so that we could learn and understand what being a homosexual really is. I never before realized how ignorant I was and many people are on the subject and how wrong most of our ideas are about homosexual people. My son told me how some homosexuals cannot even go home because their families have disowned them.

"I have been visited by many of my son's homosexual friends. They were respectful, kind, clean and intelligent people. If there is any fear or doubt in anyone's mind about a healthy homosexual, put aside your prejudice, take a little time and find out the truth for

yourself. You owe it to your homosexual relatives and friends who are forced to hide from you because of your prejudices.

"God put the millions of homosexuals in our country on this earth just as he did the heterosexuals. Yet, most of these boys and girls and men and women have no one to turn to. My heart is sad for the homosexual who does not accept him- or herself. Someone must educate this world on homosexuality and end the heartless cruelty.

"I am proud Joe is my son and is strong enough to stand up for what he believes in. He is only trying to help educate and improve the world. All I can say now is How lucky can you get—when you have a son like Joe!

"Please support my son. We must all work together to make this a happier and more human world."

If Pittenger signs Acanfora's certification application, he will, according to the *Inquirer*, "set a precedent in Pennsylvania by defining homosexuality as a personal lifestyle rather than an antisocial sexual aberration."

Such a decision would not be unprecedented. In 1970 the American Federation of Teachers insisted that homosexuals be "judged on the basis of professional and not personal criteria." In June, however, the National Education Association rejected a similar resolution, presented by a caucus of gay teachers led by GAA-N.J. president John Gish.

Earlier this year (see GAY 79) the District of Columbia's school board announced that homosexuality is irrelevant to teaching performance and said that Washington, D.C. schoolteachers would not be quizzed about their sexual orientations.

27 Firms Admit Gay Employees

San Francisco, August 4. While Intro 475 has been twice defeated in New York City, San Francisco is moving ahead in seeking compliance with its anti-discrimination against homosexuals in employment ordinance.

The Human Rights Commission of San Francisco has secured "affirmative action agreements" from 27 firms that do business with the city. These firms are now bound not to discriminate on the basis of sexual orientation. Included are such nationally known financial institutions as *Bank of America*, *California Canadian Bank* and *Bank of Montreal*; large dairies such as *Foremost*, *Arden* and *Challenge*; and other huge corporations such as *Johnson and Johnson* and *Alhambra National Water Co.*

Two hundred of the thousands of city suppliers will be required to pledge agreement that they will attempt to hire minorities, including homosexuals, in proportion to the actual city population. The 200 firms were picked because they do a large volume of business with the city, according to Wayne C. Redus, co-ordinator of employment for H.R.C.

San Francisco became the second city in the nation to protect gays by amending its civil rights ordinance. East Lansing, Michigan amended its personnel rules March 7. The San Francisco action was

(continued on page 16)

Major Columnists Write on Gay Issues

The mushrooming recognition of the gay rights cause is underscored by three syndicated newspaper columns on the gay employment issue this summer.

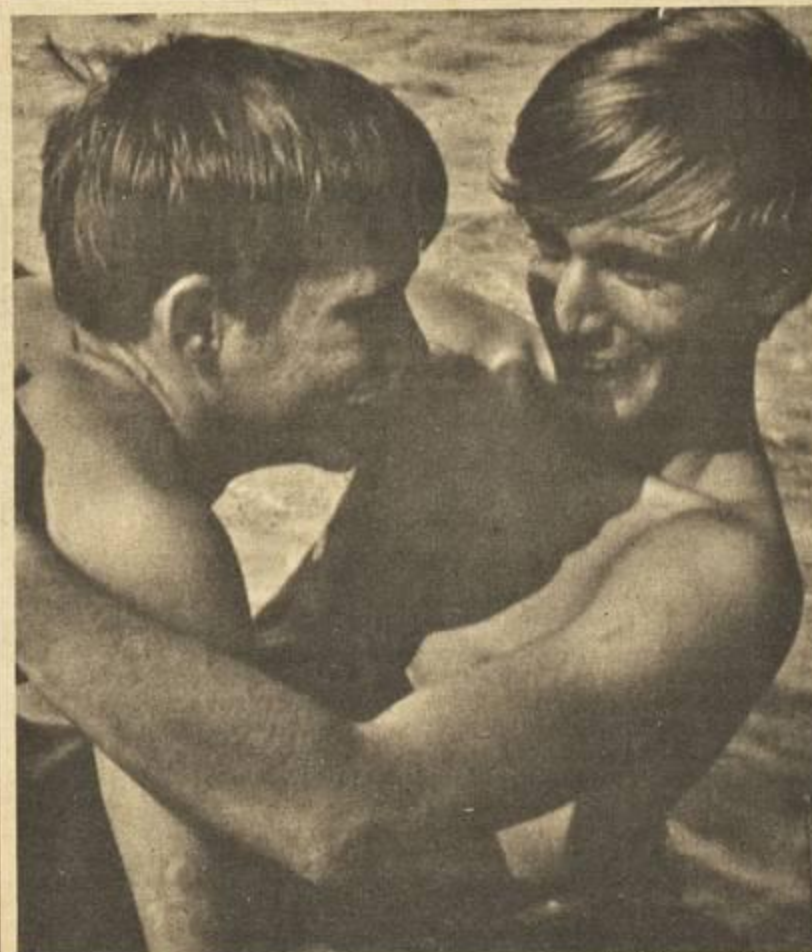
Nicholas Von Hoffman of the *Washington Post*, who writes for King Features Syndicate, interviewed John Gish, 35, of Paramus, N.H. and produced a full column on the Gay Teachers Caucus in the million-member National Education Association.

"Not many other teachers joined (Gish) in making a public avowal. That doesn't mean there weren't a significant number of gay teachers here," Von Hoffman wrote July 7.

He noted "some hostility" to Gish's cause at the NEA's convention, but also reported that the Washington, D.C. School Board adopted a gay job-rights policy in May and "recognizes that sexual orientation, in and of itself, does not relate to ability in job performance, to quote the board.

There's no evidence that gays are "poor teachers or that they're any more likely to seduce their students than straight teachers," Von Hoffman said—which won't stop a lot of parents from objecting if they knew.

(continued on page 16)



A Plus for the Democrats? Richard Model Exclusives of Florida has published the above photo in *Hung Up* (No. 2) and claims that the young man to the right is, in fact, a member of the Kennedy clan, John Shriver. Is this the son of the Vice-Presidential candidate? Or is Richard Models pulling our leg?

A Plant Grows in The Bronx



This Heavenly Machine
BY JOHN P. LeROY

You may or may not be into smoking grass, but nobody can deny that marijuana has become the most popular hallmark of the counterculture. At almost any social gathering or party, it has become virtually expected of a good host to offer his guests some smoke.

The fact that it remains illegal to possess, sell or distribute marijuana has only made it more expensive and more difficult to obtain than was once the case. Ed Rosenthal is an enterprising young man who is trying to change all that. After having made an intensive study of how best to grow and care for the cannabis plant from which marijuana is derived, he has developed a complete system where-

by anyone with a reasonable amount of closet space or whose windows receive a lot of sunlight can grow his or her own marijuana at home.

The unit consists of correct soil with organic fertilizers, specially designed pots, overhead fluorescent fixtures and bulbs, timers, a wooden frame and a mylar-vinyl reflective covering. The system comes with a complete set of instructions, and Ed's personalized guarantee, which includes first aid if needed. There are four basic systems. The smallest will provide two moderate smokers with enough grass to last a lifetime after only three months. The large deluxe model can take care of an entire commune. The investment is as low as \$85, but the larger units cost more. People who have tried Ed's grass have been quite enthusiastic, though they may have been stoned.

Ed firmly believes that his system is the best bargain around. Comparable pot, when available, goes for about \$30 an ounce. Ed's system has been refined to the point where the plant keeps producing and is never allowed to go to seed. Once the plant has matured, every day is harvest day.

To an occasional smoker like myself, marijuana has not had a terribly strong effect. I had found it a pleasant way to relax, ease tensions, or work up an appetite. Ed firmly believes that the world would be a better place if everyone had a readily-available supply of pot. Under its influence, people are more willing to communicate their true feelings, break down artificially nurtured role-playing and gain a larger sense of consciousness. The plants have become his best friends and he feels they will become the best

friends of anyone who raises them.

It will not be long before pot will be legalized, or at least decriminalized, Ed believes, and once that happens, the present system of smugglers and dealers is likely to break down. In its place, the distilleries and tobacco companies will try to capitalize on the market and another form of corporate exploitation will be upon us. Growing at home is the best way to keep that from happening.

There was a time, Ed remembers, when the dealer was your friend. He came around, made his deliveries, had a smoke with you, and shared in your life in some way. Scarcity and greed have changed all that. It was this state of affairs that first led Ed to apply himself to the scientific cultivation of the cannabis. He was born and raised in the Bronx, is in his mid-twenties, and lives in his original neighborhood on 205th Street. He majored in philosophy at the University of Youngstown. After college, he took a job on Wall Street as a compliance officer, one who tells his company if it is properly obeying S.E.C. regulations.

He quit that job to join the counterculture and supported himself as a part-time postal worker, and then as a manufacturer of candles. He became active in New York Provacateur, an organization for legalizing pot, joined a commune where he is a member of a "family," a group of extremely loyal close-knit comrades.

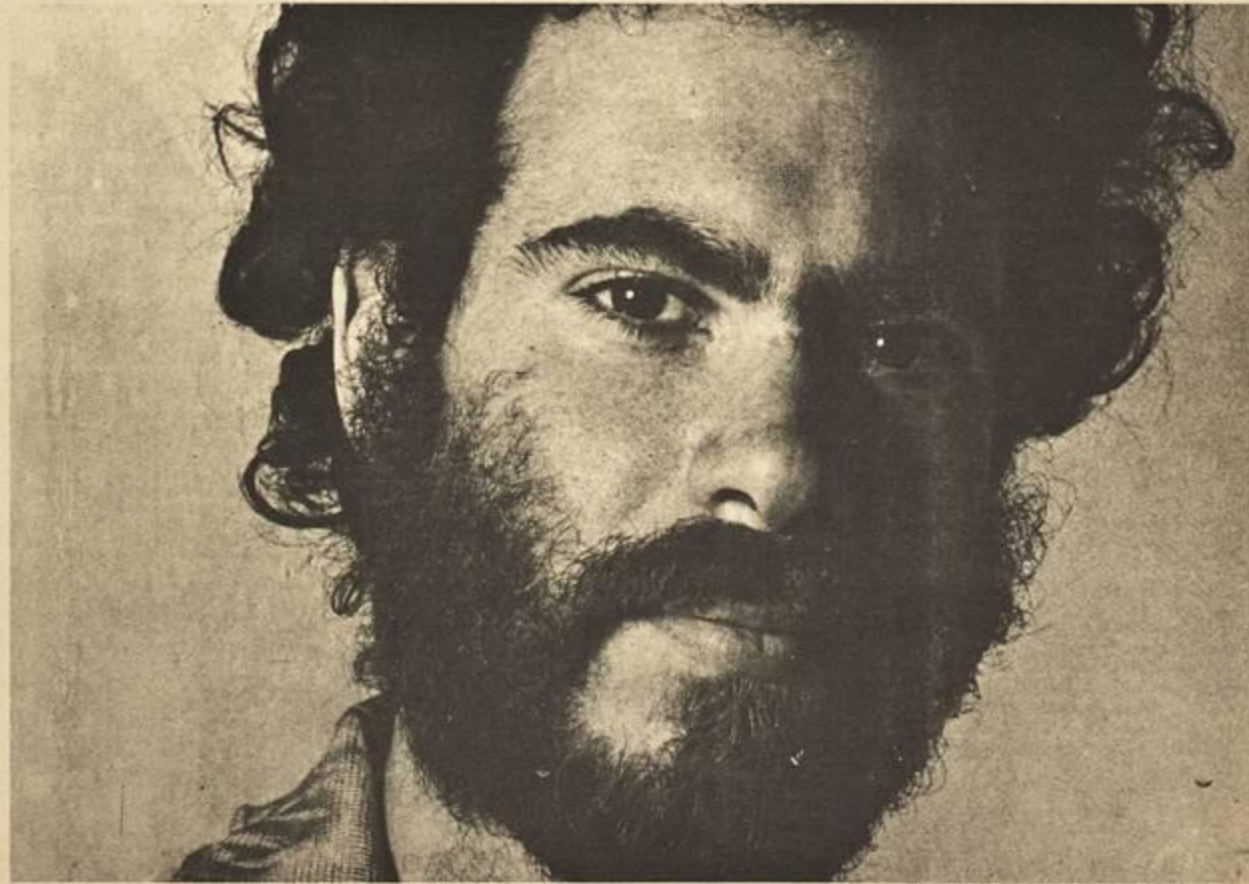
He grooves on Bach, the Rolling Stones (when I interviewed him, he was on his way to one of their concerts), and far-out music. It is his considered opinion that the effect of pot and psychedelic drugs has been to help gays and straights come together, view each other as people rather

than as preconceived stereotypes, and treat each other accordingly. The drug culture (hard drugs excluded) seems to have achieved what large amounts of education, propaganda and confrontation have not accomplished.

A live-and-let-live relationship has developed. So long as nobody hassles anyone else and everyone gets along, all is well. As a result, gays who are in the drug culture seem to get along better with straights in the same culture than they do with other gays or straights who are not. And while I cannot see the smoking of pot as a panacea for solving all the problems between gays and straights, it can indeed help put one in a frame of mind where better communication and understanding are possible and help people come to grips with their sense of sexual identity and their biases.

To the extent that it creates conditions where people can be led to put a greater stress on humane values than on materialistic values, the spread of pot smoking can be considered a good thing. Grass may or may not be able to cure migraine headaches, menstrual cramps or nervous tension, it may or may not be able to make a creative genius out of a dullard and it may or may not be able to change a person's values overnight, but under the right conditions, it can put one's body in a more alert, more relaxed state, and from it, one can learn to become a little more human.

Would you like to grow your own grass and share it with people you like? It can't hurt and it might help a lot. The address is Clearlite Company, P.O. Box 77, Jerome Avenue Station, Bronx, N.Y. 10468.



"Grass eases communication between straights and gays," says Ed, who installs grow-your-own systems.

Photo by Eric Stephen Jacobs

Mattachine Marches On!

The Mattachine Society, Inc. of New York has opened new offices at 59 Christopher Street in Manhattan. Already, although the new offices have been open for less than a month, they're crowded with well-wishers and those who need counseling in a great number of areas, including the legal, health, and travel fields. Why not stop in today and see what the Mattachine Society is up to? For over ten years, this venerable organization has assisted the homosexual community in times of trouble.

Photos by Eric Stephen Jacobs



Mattachine counselors are on hand to answer your questions.



The Mattachine Society is located directly across from Sheridan Square.



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An Open Note to Jill Johnston:

BY KATHY BRAUN

STACEY, TRACEY AND SCOTTY

Acid Note to Jill Johnston: Where do you come off, young woman, putting down Benjamin Spock for marching in the Christopher Street Parade? Dr. Spock was out doing and giving for the people's movement when you were roaming around London trying to get laid, and now you're a big star you have your nerve Mary putting him down. I find your belligerency to people (Spock for instance) and groups (men for instance) disgusting.

And while I'm at it, John P. LeRoy's sarcastic comment in the newspaper about the people who were willing to testify against Michael Maye that their willingness was because "after all, they had just eaten" was similarly disgusting. What is this attitude, folks? Is it that anyone not gay is bad, anyone not a woman is bad, anyone not poor, etc.? It sounds familiar—as in anything not white is bad, remember that one? Let's get with it, girls, and that means you, Ms. Johnston—hating is not a nice, a gay way to live. And when there are so many truly hatable people around (like my all-around most hated person—N. Rockefeller) why be stupid to hate people on our side?

Anyway, here's the story of George Lemming. Once upon a time there was a whole bunch of lemmings who went and killed themselves every year going down to the sea for God knows what reason. This had been going on as long as anyone could remember and for no discernable reason other than killing yourself every year was the done thing if you were a lemming.

Well one year this particular lemming—George Lemming as a matter of fact it was—a rather conservative fellow usually—started thinking to himself about all this march to the sea business and came to the conclusion that he didn't want to do it that year.

"Martha," he said to his wife. "Whaddya think about going to the mountains instead of the shore this year?"

"George Lemming," his wife said, "you've gone crazy."

"Perhaps, perhaps," he replied, with a little inward smile.

The time came for the march to the sea and all the lemmings met at the appointed place. Just as they were about to leave, George Lemming got up and addressed the crowd.

"Fellow lemmings," he said. "This is absurd. Have you ever stopped to think about what you were doing? Have you ever thought that every year we, or lemmings just like ourselves, march en masse to an ignoble and senseless death? Why, fellow lemmings, why? I ask you, in all good brotherhood, to stop this nonsense and celebrate the change of season the way other animals do, by mating or hibernating or some such." He paused for breath. "Whaddya say, fellas?"

"We say 'So long, Georgie boy!'" the rest of the lemmings said and headed out to sea.

George went along with them until they got to the shore and then stood and watched his life-long friends and his wife voluntarily walk to their death.

"So long, fellas," he said as the lemming disappeared beneath the raging foam. And then he walked along the beach looking for someone to talk to but of course there was nobody left who understood lemming language so he went to

In This World I'm Glad There Are Men



ideas. You never say anything. You bug me, Herbert."

In truth, Herbert rarely did have anything to say. When he was a little boy his teachers would tell Herbert's mother that although he worked and played well with others and in general seemed to be a very nice little boy, he rarely participated in class discussions. And so his mother brought home a book a day to stimulate Herbert's imagination and perhaps encourage him to participate in class discussions. But Herbert preferred sitting out in the garden.

"I like to look at the flowers," he said. The only book that ever interested him was called Ferdinand the Bull. It was about a bull who preferred flowers to bullfighting. Herbert's teacher said that Herbert identified with Ferdinand.

When Herbert grew older and was attending junior high school he came home one afternoon with a black eye.

"My friend Steven," he said, "punched me. I'm going to give him some crocus bulbs."

"I don't know, Emma," Herbert's father would say. "It isn't natural. The kid just isn't a real boy. You know what I mean, Emma? The kid just isn't a real boy."

The psychiatric social worker at Herbert's junior high school had a long talk with Herbert's parents and suggested that Herbert's father take more of an interest in him. So, for his 13th birthday, Herbert received a set of boxing gloves, a bowling ball and bowling shoes, a bat and first baseman's gloves and a set of weights. But Herbert preferred sitting out in the garden.

"I don't like to fight," he said. "I like to look at the flowers."

The sociologist said that Herbert was not athletically oriented.

When Herbert entered high school he joined the Garden Club and spent most of his afternoons there.

The guidance counselor at the high school spoke to Herbert's parents and said that Herbert seemed to have an aptitude for horticulture and that she would suggest that Herbert go to college and become a botanist. And so Herbert went to college for a while but he was not very interested in classes and was dropped after a year for poor grades.

After Herbert had been out of school for about six months he met Harriet. "You are like a flower," he would say to her. "A beautiful flower. But you're softer than a flower and warmer. I love you. Will you marry me?"

"No Herbert," Harriet said. "You are a fairy."

This disturbed Herbert a lot and soon he became a fairy and lived a very happy disturbed life with another fairy who ran a florist-gardener place that specialized in plants for people who live in city apartments.

Well, my dears, I actually have nothing more to say but Jack and Lige, your editors and mine, insist that these articles be of a certain length. I have tried to tell them that this kind of thinking belongs to the male mystique of length equals strength, but to no avail. So let me just add about all this that although as a lesbian there are some lengths to which I won't go, the measure of my gladness that there are men to share the earth with exceeds even the space J&L ask me to fill.

a liquor store and supplied himself with a lifetime supply of booze and eventually drank himself to death.

Moral: Even if you manage to save your own ass, what does it get you?

So now that that's said, what more can I say, dear reader? Susan is off the wagon, Miriam's back is still in bad shape, Mary Jane is gone to San Fran, and I'm still in New York City Blues. This newspaper process is ridiculous, science fictionish—what meaning do you all have, sitting there five weeks from now, to me sitting here now, all alone at my IBM? Very little I tell ya, very damn little. Oh Lordy I am so stoned girls and it is SO HOT that Mother is not bearing it very well today.

Lordy, lordy. Lessee, where are Mysty, Dusty, Stacey, Tracey, Lakey, Boots, Scotty, and all the great Dyke Names of Yesteryear now?

And by the way, when are all you beautiful gay men going to stop worrying so much about legislation and start emphasizing how it's all right and nice for men, all men—straight as well as gay—to be delicate, graceful, soft.

And now dear friends, for those parents among you, the question for this week's Parents Corner is: If you and your lover are both butch and women and your dog is femme, will the new kitten turn out to be Gay. Or, as another reader has written in, if you and the new kitten are men and your dog and your lover are gay will you all turn out to have a dominating mother? Tune in to these and other fascinating questions in next week's Parents Corner.

In closing, dear friends, I bring you the words of the great Lenny Bruce who said:

"Everyone makes faggot jokes and no one makes dyke jokes. Now why is that? Well it's because those dykes are TOUGH, that's why. Who wants to get punched in the mouth?"

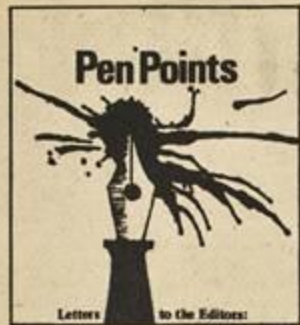
HERBERT

Maybe it's because I'm a lesbian that I can enjoy such nice relationships with men without all the conflicts that straight women these days are having with men. Some men are a drag of course, two cases in point—the angry ugly men on the street who whisper and shout sexualities at me, mistaking aggression and hatred for sex, and the uptight gay men who see me only as a woman, and that as bad, rather like a genteel Southern lady in the old days towards a black person. But men in general are sweetie pies. Offhand I can think of pussyface Neil and pussyface Rodney and Ned my cousin my love and Sorel's brother who looks like a chipmunk just like her and Joey who works in the deli around the corner and Louis and Miles and oh just dozens.

Mind you my dears, I wouldn't want to marry one and there are some who say they're beautiful but dumb but I for one think men are cute. In any case here's a little story about a man. Named Herbert.

Once upon a time there was a man named Herbert who never had an original idea. His girlfriend Harriet used to remind him of this a lot.

"Herbert," she would say. "You never have an original idea." And this would make Herbert very sad because he loved Harriet and wanted to please her. "Herbert," Harriet would say. "You never have an original idea. You never have any



Dear GAY: Now that I have read several issues of your paper, I have become rather disenchanted with your ultimate goals.

The homosexual urge can boast a certain historical significance; it has undoubtedly been the central inspiration of several great lives. But you do not seem to emphasize its ennobling side, and you are reluctant to exploit its distinctiveness. Instead, an underlying religion of hedonism vitiate the force of your appeal. One finds it in the language, in much of the photography and advertisements you publish, and in the sort of uncalculated gospel of nondifferentiation which you, mistakenly I think, identify with the future.

The exclusive overemphasis upon sexual acts per se that comes about through a desire to legalize a variation can become sinister. Plato and Michaelangelo would surely have agreed, affected as the one was by the supremacy of the Absolute of which human affairs were only the metaphors or shading, and as the other was by the terrible of genius as the suffering companion of Divine revelation and its history-shattering judgments.

Neither of these great spirits, nor any of the others historically identified with a homoerotic libido, would or could have sanctioned indifferent or heedless promiscuous sexual acts as even a tolerable ideal, much less as a public image into which youth should be indoctrinated. Such demeaning of Eros may be a situation into which a proud spirit slips, but not because he has made it the objective of his existence.

The weight, as Greek civilization knew, had always to be placed on the opposite scale—towards restraint, ordering, harmonization of the instincts, honor, loyalty, the worth and excellence of character and intellect, or ability, that deserved love and acquired emulation.

Not even the much misrepresented Epicurus thought that copulation in itself was worth much; he went so far as to say one is better off without it. Libertines were shallow spirits, and twenty-three hundred years have not shaken off the reality of that truth.

Ironically, the illustrious achievements of male love flowered from the rare excellences it cultivated and even from the sacrifices and struggle it entailed as a difference. If it takes up the banners of decadence, indifference and the lie of sexual sameness, it dishonors that lineage.

ED. NOTE: Why is it, sir, that those who use terms such as "the Absolute" or "Divine revelation" are also those who shrink from the joy of bodily contact? The Editors' philosophy is akin to that of Whitman who wrote in Leaves of Grass: "I make am I, inside and out, and I make holy whatever I touch or am touched from..."

Dear GAY: I am writing to applaud Thane Hampton's article ("Is There Life After Marriage?" Vol. 3, No. 82, August 7, 1972). It is refreshing to read an article so honest, humorous and wise.

determination (i.e. honesty and hard work) is essential in any human relationship. Similarly it may be argued that although passion dissipates quickly, passion alone never held together or made a good relationship (that I know of). Unrealistic expectations of never-ending passion, however, are the downfall of many.

The main trouble with marriage, it seems to me, is not that it is an "insidiously insidious ceremony," but rather that the ceremony promotes an illusion that most often cannot be fulfilled. One is asked to promise to love, honor, cherish, for better or for worse, etc. until death do one part; one is asked to say "I do" to this. How much more honest and appropriate it would be to say "I'll try."

It is incredibly pompous, but only too human, to ask for and to promise what cannot be promised—who knows what will be tomorrow? The failure to recognize this fact (limitations inherent in human relationships) often leads to the feeling that the marriage certificate is or defines the relationship. Hence, whatever happens, we'll always be married because the piece of paper says so.

As Mr. Hampton suggests, "We always think of marriage as a 'natural state' that... will rattle along of its own momentum." He quite correctly sees this point of view as preposterous. It is. Nothing requires more honest work than maintaining a relationship that is relatively free of destructive neurotic games.

Perhaps the honesty Mr. Hampton advocates is the best medicine for this state of affairs. Naturally it is essential during a relationship, but it is imperative before. The honesty to admit to the other, "Look at me as I really am; accept me as I really am." Only on the basis of such mutual personal acceptance before can a marriage hope to respect individual identities and freedoms.

This honesty would be my advice to all (gay and straight) before considering marriage. I admire the effort it has taken Thane Hampton to reach this point in his personal relationships. To quote (misquoting?) Wilde: "Laughter is a good way to begin a friendship, and the best way to end one."

Sincerely, Frederick Berenstein Psychotherapist

ED. NOTE: See Thane Hampton's column in this issue.

Dear GAY: A tureen of good turtle soup to John Francis Hunter for lauding Bette Midler for her talent while slapping her wrists for miming, spinning, cutesy-pooling, fag hagg and phonying. I was at Carnegie Hall that night and believe me, John hit it on the head. What Bette does is why good men start liberation movements.

And a ladle of mock turtle soup to Brian Stevens who sees the talent but is blind to the approach. "Far from denying the role gay people play in her career, she constantly jokes about it," he says. Bette Midler doesn't joke. She mocks.

Good you printed both viewpoints. I hope Miss M steps cautiously through Brian Stevens' applause, absorbs John's criticism, de-likes her privates, clears her head, expands her consciousness and gives a better concert next year.

Arthur Bell NYC

Dear GAY: John Francis Hunter's so-called review of Bette Midler at Carnegie Hall was an all-time low for anything ever printed in GAY. Certainly we do not all have the same tastes and this we learn to respect, but Mr. Hunter's review did not deal with the performance itself but his own per-

Continued on page 14

THE MAGAZINE THAT'LL KILL YOU!



MOBSTER TIMES.

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"I Don't Care If You're Gay. Can You Sing?"



BY VITO RUSSO

Back in the dark ages, when GAA was meeting in the Church on Ninth Avenue and something called GLF still existed, I had a constant feeling that someday those of us who were more interested in the cultural aspects of gay liberation would have to deal with more resistance than those of us interested primarily in buying and selling Legislation. The reason for this, I thought, was that political expediency is a cold, hard, universal game, played logically and with no respect for emotions of the players. Cultural lifestyles, however, are extremely personal things. If these are to be put into proper perspective and if people are to be freed to express themselves as they will, they are going to find that they will offend many within their own movement, as well as outsiders.

In past weeks, it has become apparent that we have now reached the point I was contemplating. On two issues we are feeling the beginnings of a counter-repression within our movement that disturbs me deeply. The first came to my attention when Jill Johnston, in *The Village Voice*, claimed that "stag films (depicting the rape of a woman) have been shown at the GAA Firehouse." First of all, this raises a number of related issues. If we are to believe Jill Johnston, we must accept that men are oppressive by virtue of their existence. Also, that there is no way to talk to a woman, being so rooted in our oppressive nature. Therefore, any dialogue with women is doomed and so, she says, is Gay Liberation. To support this, she lies in print and resorts to the cheapest form of yellow journalism. I defy Jill Johnston to name the film she refers to in her article. In over a year of programming films for the GAA Firehouse, I have never seen, much less shown, anything which could even remotely be described as a stag film. As for her contention that "Gay Liberation is a sexist plot to keep women and faggots in line," she should know that I am Gay Liberation and so are my brothers and sisters in the movement, and knowing what we're about, I can only say that Jill Johnston seems to be the sexist plot.

Speaking of films at the Firehouse in relation to the women, they got very upset over the screening of a film called *The Women* at the all-night film festival. It was called "a catalogue of every stereotypical woman ever presented." Indeed it was. The reason for showing it, however, was the quite valid view that it is a genuinely funny film and a classic of Hollywood in the Thirties. If the women would like to examine how they have been treated on the screen historically, there is no better place to start. Instead, the objecting women chose this place to finish. No dialogue with men, remember? Just condemnation and silence. It would be interesting, at this point, to have a forum on women in Hollywood Films at the Firehouse. Unfortunately, the women offended by these films say that it's not their job to explain their oppression to men because they are forced into a maternal role by such encounters. Therefore, we're left with being told what we can and cannot show; what we can and cannot watch and what we can and cannot like. I don't know about everyone else, but I'll be damned if I'll let myself be traded from straight domination to gay domination in one fell swoop.

This tendency is further evidenced in two recent viewpoints set forth by a former movement figure from GLF and a present movement figure, both in and out of print. In a recent conversation with Bob Kohler at the Club Baths after a weary night of playing, I was castigated for showing "Judy Garland Films" at the Firehouse. How dare I reinforce the stereotype? How dare I give credence to the myth of the Garland-faggot legend? Unlike some of my contemporaries, I like Bob Kohler and always enjoy what brief discussion we have. He is a concerned, moral man and very dedicated to his beliefs. To ask, though, that people give up something they genuinely enjoy because it reinforces a bad image seems to me to be the worst kind of counter-repression. It's like believing that black people who enjoy a piece of watermelon should stay away from it for the good of their image. Bob said that he believed that sometimes we have to give up some of the good things in order to achieve our goals. What goals? To become smaller instead of

bigger? To narrow our vision instead of widen it? To fit ourselves into prescribed molds, giving up things which do not fit the "revolutionary pattern"? What about the "liberating pattern"? This is interesting chiefly because Bob is apparently not alone. A large number of gays have expressed indignation lately over the screening of *Judy Garland and Barbra Streisand* at the Firehouse. What disturbs me is that they seem to be saying: "For God's sake, don't show that; people will think we're those old faggots." What they can't seem to argue with, however, is the deafening cheers from the audience with which such films are met. The Garland and Streisand films were the best received of a 13-hour festival. Perhaps we should look at the reasons for that. Bob Kohler very wisely suggests that it is exactly that kind of liberation which most gays are unwilling to face. It is a very painful experience to discuss why these women have had such an effect on so many gay lives. Most gays would rather opt for rejecting that they ever had such influence and pretend that when the movement began, such things flew out the window.

Is the answer to stop looking, stop listening, stop enjoying? I think not. I think that when we succumb to this sort of thinking, we submit to being told what to like and what not to like; which entertainers to listen to; which concerts to attend; which movies to see. Maybe the men offended by Judy Garland should stay afterwards and say why. Maybe the women offended by *The Women* should stay afterwards and ask why it was shown. The "every faggot loves Judy Garland" myth and the "every faggot loves Joan Crawford" myth was created by the people who want these things to intimidate our lifestyles and dominate our existence. When we can look at Judy Garland because we like her voice or Joan Crawford because she was genuinely funny in *The Women*, we've beat the game. We've stopped being afraid to like what we want to like because we're afraid someone will turn around and say, "Oh, yeah, you're a faggot Garland nut." What is frightening is that now the gay people are telling each other where to get off instead of the straights. The Jill Johnstons are making the rules and we're sup-

posed to follow. We're supposed to live the way we're told and accept it because gay people are doing the telling. Sorry, but when I vowed not to allow myself to be oppressed ever again, that went for everybody. That includes future conditioning as well as past guilt. Last week my friend John Paul Hudson called Bette Midler a fag hag and hater of gays. Here we go again. Fag hags are created by people who call them fag hags. Just as the Garland myth was created, a Midler myth can be created. So now I learn that I must condemn Bette Midler for being herself. Again, in this instance, we are told what to like but what we will be called if we choose to like it. If I listen to and like Bette Midler, I get a guilt trip laid on me because she doesn't constantly refer to her "gay audience." I happen to believe that Ms. Midler is a fine entertainer whose talent and perseverance have brought her as far as she is now. To make her a "gay entertainer" and something particular to gays and gays alone is to pave the way for the same cult jokes which plagued us concerning Judy Garland. Allow people to listen because they hear a fine voice, not because it is their role as gays. Then when we show one of her films at the Firehouse in 20 years, we won't hear the familiar cries of "It figures!" Bette Midler owes her audience one thing: a good show. She does not have to acknowledge *Gay Pride Week*; she does not have to thank gay people for their support; she does not have to be into the movement to be acceptable.

And so, I like to listen to Judy Garland. Also Mick Jagger and Roberta Flack. I will not give up one and not the others because they are "safe" things to like. I will not stop showing films at the Firehouse which oppress women until they agree to talk about them like human beings and maybe start allowing men into their films. But most of all, I will not be told what is safe for the "new gay person" to like or dislike. I will not be told what oppresses me when I know damn well that being told is what oppresses me. I will not bow to the new gay state which is beginning to decide for me what is liberated and what is not. On second thought, maybe I will show a stag film at the Firehouse.

Cruising off Broadway...

BY IAN & DANIEL

7 HUMPTY DUDES

J. Brian, whose last effort was *7 in a Barn*, is currently laying his latest trip on us in *First Time Around* which stars "seven J. Brian golden boys" (funny, I only counted six unless you're into black gold) and is "the sensitive story of seven young men whose lives reach out and touch each other." So much for the ad copy.

The story concerns seven humpy dudes who meet (meet) one another in a sort of round-robin-fuck—the surfer meets a young salesman, the salesman a handyman, the handyman a photographer (his lover), the photographer a model (played by the very humpy Joe Markham-hubba-hubba) and a cyclist, the cyclist a young sailor (introducing Tim Simon) and the young sailor our surfer friend.

In all honesty, I've seen better and worse. The ad copy makes it sound romantic but I suppose that's their job. For this reviewer—no way. The sexual situations they were in were not much more than a series of one-night stands and the one opportunity that J. Brian had to balance this fizzled miserably. The handyman and the photographer are lovers and in their scene together (which could have been some turned-on sex) the ball is inexplicably dropped. In these days of increasing sexual liberation I refuse to believe it might have had anything to do with one chap being black and the other white.

J. Brian partially redeems himself by dropping the usual insipid musical backdrop and letting those delicious and erotic sounds of sexual excitement come through and what follows, though short, is one of the best orgasm scenes currently on view. Our young salesman cuts loose with what seems like a cupful of cum and our nicely put together handyman takes all that lovely protein into his willing mouth till it dribbles down his chin.

On the whole, despite the general tone of this review, I did like it. It was imaginative with the use of some outdoor fucking and this contrasted nicely with the starkness of the photo studio sequence just before it. Nothing arty-smarty—just handled well. If the film could have gotten more into sensual and passionate encounters... But alas, this wasn't the case. At one point the film did attempt to reflect a bit on the young sailor and his inability (at first) to accept the fact that he's gay.

J. Brian's new film is an improvement over that *7 in a Barn* business, of which the less said the better. *First Time Around* is better than most of the gay male flicks currently on view, not by a helluva lot, but enough to warrant a trip to the 55th St. Playhouse where it is now playing. For all you West Coast types, it's due to open at the Paris Theatre in Los Angeles on August 25.

PARK MILLER PREVIEW

How does one handle being in love with a 16-year-old male nymphomaniac. Very carefully, I would suggest. Such is the storyline of an upcoming flick called *The Other Side of Joey* starring Erik Kahnier (Joey) and Gordon Harris (his lover, Jim) in the principal roles. There isn't much of a plot, though there is an honest attempt at affection and concern, at least on the part of the lover. Their problems are compounded by the insatiable sexual appetites of our 16-year-old nympho.

It's only a matter of time before Joey accuses Jim of not loving him because they don't fuck constantly—as nymphos

are wont to do. An argument ensues—they drive to the office in stony silence—and then Joey, in search of more fucking, ends up with a former lover, Roger, who seems to relish in putting it to Joey. It becomes obvious that Roger is out for revenge when he invites two of his leather-type friends to come over and sink their cocks into some nice, young, sweet and tender ass. Joey's unaware of this until the moment of truth and once the ordeal



"FIRST TIME AROUND" also features some second-time-around beefcake. cause he is Jackie Curtis. Harvey Tavel, the director, and his designer, Bob Olson, have evoked Klee, Stein, Escher and Lower East Side Hollywood (and one percent Egypt) with a conglomerate of steps and performances, platforms and personalities, poorly lit and madly costumed—by accident or design, creating an original style complimenting that of Curtis' script. This is, however, a play of performances, and performances there are!

AMERICA CLEOPATRA

The Theatre of the Lost Continent's latest production stars Jackie Curtis and was, I'm sorry to say, uneven, frenetic and a bit of a hodge-podge affair. The production struck me as a parody of Cleopatra, and a poor one at that. Despite the mishmash production, however, there were some excellent performances turned in. Alexis del Lago was delicious as Charmin Gale and Agosto Machado was absolutely hilarious as the rubber-titted lady in waiting, Iras. He is an incredibly skillful mugger and he had some of the few funny lines. Good ole Harvey Fierstein was brilliant as Cleo's Jewish mother and Stephen Stanwyck was marvelously bitchy as Valerie Nash. The less said about the other performances the better. Except for Jackie Curtis—who, after all is Jackie Curtis. His/her performance was a gum-chewing, crack-snapping one which only he/she could have brought off. I discovered that he/she has a pretty good singing voice.

If it seems like I'm being hard on the show, perhaps I am. In all honesty, Tavel and the Theatre of the Lost Continent have done much better. I saw the show with a good friend, Don Brooks, who has worked with the T. of the L.C. as a director and he had this to say: "Jackie Curtis is an actor in search of a Svengali—at least a von Sternberg. The exciting and magnetic Curtis survives a metamorphosis from Clara Bow to Carroll Baker, from Gish to Garbo to Gloria Grahame, and/or from Mae Murray to Marlene, to Monroe and Moreau, and at least he is transformed into a titless Harlowesque Cleopatra, changing attire as frequently as Jane Wyman, simultaneously tremendous and tacky (at one point wearing a 'Jackie Curtis Fan Club' t-shirt and shorts), chewing gum and scenery, he survives solely be-



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cause he is Jackie Curtis. Harvey Tavel, the director, and his designer, Bob Olson, have evoked Klee, Stein, Escher and Lower East Side Hollywood (and one percent Egypt) with a conglomerate of steps and performances, platforms and personalities, poorly lit and madly costumed—by accident or design, creating an original style complimenting that of Curtis' script. This is, however, a play of performances, and performances there are!

Harvey Fierstein as Cleopatra's female parent is a brilliant cartoon of motherdom. Agosto Machado with a four-foot banana is the funniest pervert in New York. Also on hand are a sweepingly glamorous Alexis del Lago, Jon Jon as a lampostesque tramp reporter, Alan Kleiman as a ghastly glittery eunuch, Christina Mann (a physiologically authentic female) as a simplistic simp and the entire supporting cast cheerily chew, singing, clowning, preening and dancing (a solo by Martial Roumain is astonishing) through the night.

However, a dreadfully inept performance by the actor playing Julius Caesar (Americica) mars and unhinges the better-little-as-it-is plot and damns the play.

Curtis is an intelligent and dedicated dramatist as well as a performer and deserves much more.

The plot is simple—Cleopatra wants to party, Americca (Caesar) wants to make war overseas. Cleopatra dies—end of play. Without a strong, clear thought throughout, the play could easily become obscured and it is. The play is soulless. "Alar—Americca, Cleopatra, von Sternberg and the star system have died"—Donald L. Brooks. And there you have it, sports fans.

DON'T PLAY US CHEAP

By Melvin Van Peebles, at the Ethel Barrymore Theatre, 47th St. west of Broadway. Call 246-0390 for reservations.

Don't Play Us Cheap is a bright, bouncy musical from Van Peebles, his first, I think. Basically the premise is the break-up of a good old down-home Saturday night party, by a couple of devils in the form of imps (a rat and a cockroach in human form). It seemed like a rather unusual theme to hinge a plot on—and perhaps that's why it all seemed so thin and tenuous in that area. In reality, the show rolls along on the strength of the music, which was good, foot-stomping stuff, and in a few instances dynamite. George "Ooppee" McCum did a number called "Quittin' Time" and it was the best thing in the show as far as this reviewer is concerned. There was something inexplicably cool and unruffled about McCum and perhaps that was because he wasn't

acting. Rhetta Hughes (Ernestine) sang a number called "Ain't Love Grand" and Robert Dunn followed this with "Book of Life." Mabel King was a groovy, cookin' momma and for such a huge woman, goddamn! she can move it.

Don't Play Us Cheap almost succeeds and this being Van Peebles' first pure musical (to the best of my knowledge), it isn't half bad. Despite the weak plot, the music and its delivery is high spirited and carries the show to some good, rollicking heights.

AND FURTHERMORE...

The Club Baths. This plush rendezvous continues to shine with the best in service, the cleanest facilities and some of the humpiest hornies east of the Hudson. It's located on 1st Avenue (near the corner of 2nd Street) directly in back of (get this!) the Cardinal Spellman Center. Phone (212) 673-3283 for information.

I, for one, happen to like carpeting, and the Club is beautifully carpeted from floor number two through number four. The first floor contains a fine cedar sauna, a cool plunge and two fine steam rooms. Around the carousel shower are usually congregated a host of handsome bobs who reflect in the many mirrors surrounding the pool.

The first floor contains the patio-sundeck where "delicious weenies" are served in the early evening (freeeee) roasted on a bar-b-que pit. And they are good weenies.

The Club Baths runs a tight ship and its attendants are among the most polite and thoughtful in Gotham. Oh—and don't miss the dorm on the top floor. It gets a bit crowded at times, but that means, simply, that there's someone for everyone.

Man's Country—here we go again. They made some very nice changes in the past few months and I dropped in on them last week to check it all out. The hallways and cruiseways have been nicely carpeted so you can pad around in your bare feeties and its being air-conditioned. The biggest news is the new (huge) swimming pool—would you believe some sixty feet long! Also, the new sundeck on the roof of the Pierpont Hotel has been opened and though I didn't get a chance to take it all in, I'm quite sure that the view is spectacular. It's open from 10am until 6 in the evening—though I've not found out the reason for the early close down. At any rate, if you're looking for a hot time in cool surroundings—check it out—it's right on. Call 624-1362 for information.

FELT FORUM—watch for the Felt Forum to get into a heavy rock trip in the coming months. Starting on September 15th it just might become the Fillmore 7th Avenue.

Male Burlesque A Long Time Comin'

Mr. Joel "The Prince of Male Burlesque" is a forerunner of sorts. For six months he starred at Manhattan's Tom-Kat Theatre, a 42nd Street dive where they take it all off and do some first-rate dancing besides.

Recently Mr. Joel has appeared at Mr. G's Showplace Bar in Rockland Lake, New York and at New York's gay resort (Mr. G's) in Washingtonville.

His style says one thing loud and clear: Move Over Ladies! You can no longer have the burlesque stage all to yourselves!



Here I got something for you!



It only takes a moment.



What a way to make a buck.



I'm a high school graduate.



Taking it easy.



I wonder what time it is?



Yep, it's still there.



Who said I don't bend over backwards for you?

27 Firms Admit Gay Employees

(continued from page 1)

more far-reaching. It includes all firms contracting with the city, not just city agencies. The code bans bias based on "the choice of adult human sexual partner according to gender." It was approved 10-to-1 with only Supervisor John Barbagelata opposed and was signed into law April 21. The only organized opposition to the measure came from Roman Catholic Archbishop Joseph T. McGucken who sent a letter to the Board of Supervisors stating his opposition. Barbagelata gave copies to the other board members.

In the ensuing months little was done to implement the law. It was not until this month that the Public Works Dept. and the City Purchasing Agent received printed contracts and purchasing orders containing the sexual orientation clause.

Pacific Telephone Co., meanwhile, will ignore the law. H.A. Garrish, vice president in charge of personnel, wrote gay activist Don Jackson that, "Our attorneys have studied Ordinance No. 96-72 and have discovered serious legal problems with the ordinance. Until these problems are resolved, we cannot assess what effect, if any, the ordinance will have on our employment practices." Speculation is that Ma Bell will plead that oral copulation, anal intercourse (and all other sex acts except the missionary position between a married man and woman) are illegal in California and the company should not be expected to hire "felons."

Biggest obstacle in implementing the law has been the lack of funds. The Board of Supervisors did not appropriate any additional money for more personnel to handle the broadened policy.

Peter Sorgen, an employment counselor at the Society for Individual Rights and one of a delegation of gays attending a recent H.R.C. conference, told Redus, "We have people come into our office every day—hungry, no place to stay, nothing but the clothes on their back. We are tired of delays." It is expected that the board will eventually be pressured to provide more funds.

S.I.R. President Bill Plath has offered the volunteer services of the organization's legal committee to work on legal problems while the funding matter is resolved. A spokesman for H.R.C. said the body is represented by the City Attorney. It would be up to him to accept or decline S.I.R.'s offer.

Gay organizations are presently undecided as to what constitutes a "fair representation" of gays in employment. Asked why the Kinsey study that one of every six men and one of every eight women is predominantly or exclusively homosexual should not be used, "That's arguing metaphysics," Sorgen responded. "I prefer 10 per cent. It's a nice, round, logical figure."

Suppliers not already mentioned who have signed affirmative action agreements are the following automotive services: Abbey Garage and Tow Service, A.B.C. Tow and Storage, Atlas Tow Service, Brickers Service, C. and L. Garage, Courtesy Tow Service, Elkins Civic Center Tow, G. and B. Garage, 333 Jones Street Garage, Powell Garage No. 1, Stadium Garage and Tow Car Association.

Smaller dairies on the list furnished by Redus are Christopher-Berkeley Farms, Green Glen, Spreckles and Sun Valley. Other firms are Hibernia Bank and Nationwide Papers. Sorgen said this list will be used to approach employers with job applicants.

Major Columnists Write on Gay Issues

(continued from page 1)

Whatever St. Paul wrote in the Bible, Dr. Shannon said, isn't "the total and final Christian message for persons who discover that they are not heterosexual."

He quoted Mr. Johnson's mother, in her plea to the church: "Ask yourselves, if William had not admitted his homosexuality, wouldn't you have ordained him already? I am proud of my son."

Added the columnist, "The phenomenon of homosexuality is real, is growing and cannot simply be ignored by the churches or turned over to (Dear) Abby and Ann (Landens) as though it were their responsibility."

The UCC, he said, is to be commended for its courage and its integrity" in ordaining Mr. Johnson. "It is my earnest prayer that his efforts to know Christ better and to share Christ's teaching" will meet success.

Tom Wicker, of the New York Times observed Gay Pride Week by devoting his June 28 column to the U.S. Civil Service—and the way it repeatedly ignores court decisions that forbid it to discriminate against gay people just because they're gay, regardless of whether a security clearance is involved.

Wicker, whose Washington Bureau is syndicated nationally to dozens of other newspapers, cited the Wentworth, Gayer, Ulrich and Norton cases. He mentioned city ordinances recently enacted in San Francisco and East Lansing, Mich. that outlaw job discrimination against gays.

"Here in Washington—where the vice squad once terrorized homosexuals—not only have the courts recently struck down the sodomy and solicitation laws, but the school board has ruled out discrimination against homosexuals in its hiring policies."

"That is more or less the trend, slow though it may be," Wicker wrote. "But the federal government is not giving in to it easily."

It is regularly appealing decisions and then refusing to extend judges' rulings to other, similar cases. "For Wentworth this is just one more delay. Since 1966, when he had already held a security clearance for seven years, the government has withheld it from him, although it has never accused him of any misconduct involving security," Wicker wrote.

A closeted gay might be subject to blackmail, he added, "but Wentworth makes no secret of his homosexuality."

He also quoted Judge David Bazelon in the 1969 Norton decision: "The Civil Service Commission has neither the expertise nor the requisite appointment to make or enforce absolute moral judgments."

Concluded Wicker, "The brass hats don't have to believe that 'gay is good,' but even in the security field they ought to restrict their inquisitions to the question of whether a person is capable of safeguarding classified material."

Von Hoffman questioned Gish's comparison of gays to blacks, "who are what they are not by choice but by birth. This is assuming that gays are gay by a voluntary act of the will, something nobody knows."

"Even so, in many places Communists aren't excluded and they are what they are by choice. So why should gays be excluded?"

"One is tempted to conclude it would have been better for John to have stayed in his closet; while he and his friends were

hiding, we weren't solving the problem but we were avoiding it.

"Now they're out in the open and it's trouble for everybody."

Another columnist, former Catholic Bishop James P. Shannon, took his hat off to the United Church of Christ for ordaining an openly gay minister, the Rev. William Reagan Johnson of San Francisco.

Mr. Johnson sought acceptance for two years before the April 30 vote, 62 to

34, in the Golden Gate Association of the UCC. He was ordained June 24—the first day of Gay Pride Week.

"Homosexuality, like communism, is a subject about which one need know very little in order to be confirmed in his personal rejection of it," wrote Dr. Shannon, a college vice president in Albuquerque, N. Mexico, who writes for the *Minneapolis Tribune*, published in the city where he was an auxiliary bishop until 1970 when he stepped down and married.

Suspend McGovern Support

(continued from page 3)

who denounced the gay rights plank on national TV networks, has issued statements to gay organizations apologizing for her anti-gay rights diatribe. Her statement, dated July 13, 1972, says:

On Tuesday night, I presented a speech to the Democratic National Convention opposing Minority Report No. 8, the Gay Liberation Plank. This speech was prepared for me by a lawyer on the staff of the Platform Committee, of which I am a member.

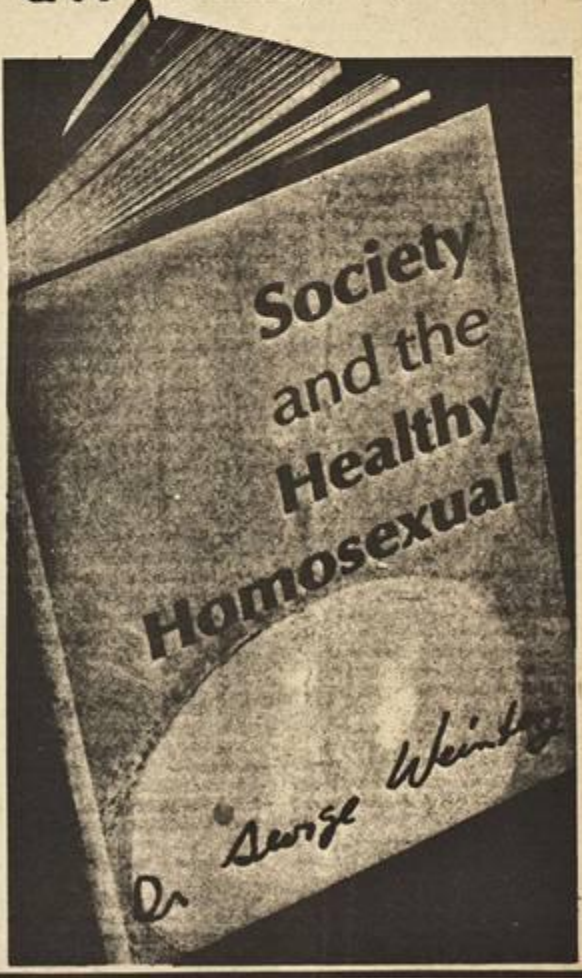
I opposed the plank for reasons of political expediency. The analogies I drew in the speech were aimed to show the possible ramifications of the plank as a political document. I was not

aware that the speech would imply that homosexuals are child molesters. CHILD MOLESTATION IS LARGELY A HETEROSEXUAL, NOT HOMOSEXUAL PROBLEM.

I heartily apologize to all members of the Gay Liberation Movement for any other implications which were derived from my speech. I wholeheartedly support the right of all individuals to privacy, and equality in all areas without regard to sexual orientation.

I will do all in my power to urge Senator McGovern to publicly repudiate the statement as prepared by the Platform Committee Staff and to publicly reaffirm his support for Gay civil rights.

Brilliant, Compassionate,
Infuriating, Convincing—
St. Martin's Press
175 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10010



BY SOREL DAVID

SAPPHO WAS A RIGHT-ON WOMAN, A Liberated View of Lesbianism, by Sidney Abbott and Barbara Love, Stein and Day, New York, 1972, 251 pp.

I seem to find myself a very sort of absolutist type person. When I don't like things, which happens more often than not, I generally find them detestable, contemptible, absurd and ridiculous. But on those rare occasions when something pleases me, I adore it. Would this, could this justify my calling myself a superlative individual? No matter, justified or not, I shall probably do it anyway, ere this day wanes. But on to the matter at hand. Finally, after a seemingly endless spate of mostly male-oriented gay lib books, there comes *Sappho Was a Right-On Woman, A Liberated View of Lesbianism*. Authors Sidney Abbott and Barbara Love have done a truly superlative job of it. Every one of the fine-sounding phrases decorating its flaps and back cover from "much needed," "history making" and important to honest, complete and well-written is well deserved and, all too much of a rarity in the publishing industry, an accurate description of the book.

A book about Lesbianism by Lesbians. How perfectly sensible and right. It seems incredible to me now that this should be a first of its kind. But such is the status and power, apparently, of an idea whose time has come. No sooner is it stated or expressed in some way than it comes to seem so immediately right, one is at a loss to explain why it wasn't thought of centuries earlier. Reading through *Sappho*, I was struck with this feeling again and again.

Divided into two parts, the first, "What It Was Like" deals essentially with the closet and is probably as moving and devastatingly accurate a portrayal of the hellish pre-liberation closet Lesbians have been forced to live in as has ever been written. There was for me an immediate sense of recognition, a fascination to see this, the story of my life, the limits and boundaries of my existence as a Lesbian in the straight world solidified and verified here in print. From the bars, work, parents, guilt to love, violence, alienation and isolation, *Sappho's* authors have managed to touch every part of the lesbian world. The power of this book lies not only in its always intelligent, comprehensive and detailed coverage of its subject matter, but also in its remarkable style. Abbott and Love have discovered a uniquely fine blend of the personal and general, the actual and theoretical which makes *Sappho* extremely readable and easily understood without ever seeming to oversimplify or talk down to the reader. In the end, I think, it is this blend, the authors' ability to place the many personal observations and insights sprinkled throughout in their larger social context that makes this book the moving document it is.

Part II opens with the words, "The reader has turned the page and arrived in the future." (p. 107) It begins with a chapter which is probably the first com-

Sappho Was a Right On Woman!



plete accounting of the struggle which forced certain feminist organizations such as NOW (National Organization for Women) to deal with the oppression of Lesbians as a key feminist issue. It is indeed wonderfully exciting and terribly important to read of these events which are so recent and fresh in the memory of any who has but the slightest connection or perception of the movement, presented here as the authentic pieces of history they truly are. "... It is the first book-length statement on the relationship of Lesbianism to Feminism..." says Kate Millet on the back cover. The work is greatly increased by this acute sense of history, an acute sense of the historical significance in all this. The Lesbian activist, the authors say, is one who lives the present as if it were the future. "To transcend her circumstances, she may defy the reality of the present and purposely live openly as though the present were the future. By envisioning and demonstrating a new reality for and with Lesbians, she also creates it." (p. 218)

In line with this, the most interesting part of the book, for me, was Chapter 8, "Curing Society." Here the authors attempt to understand the significance of the gay liberation movement and gay activism in general in the light of certain modern theories of social change. Using certain ideas of Jung, Marcuse, Reik and other members of the so-called Freudian left, a fascinating case is built that homosexuals and the gay revolution may be the prime movers in the fight to establish a happier, healthier kind of society. Once again, it is the authors' ability to both the immediate and the over view that makes their work so interesting and valid.

When I first set out to do this I thought of writing a review which was mostly quotes—better you should read the book itself than my second-hand comments. I rejected this approach for fear of seeming lazy (being, in fact, lazy, I must always guard against seeming so). Here then is one which particularly struck me, as it is a beautiful articulation of something I've felt and have been struggling to express since the very beginnings of my own personal struggle for liberation. Following this statement, "Gay activists know that the only cure is rebellion, that their grievances are deeply rooted in social, economic, and political systems rather than themselves." (p. 186), Abbott and Love write:

"Society, by some sleight of hand, has shifted the blame for its atrocities against homosexuals to homosexuals themselves. Hiding its own intolerance of difference, society, like a magician, makes those who try to live differently appear ridiculous, even insane. To create its own truth, society has built in misery, guilt, neurosis for homosexuals who attempt to exercise liberty outside certain authorized boundaries. Clearly it is a clever trick when victims are made to look guilty." (pp. 185-187)

After hungrily devouring the first chapter in a few minutes of intense reading, Billie looked up and said, "This book isn't for Lesbians, it should be read by all women." Bravo and thank you to Sidney Abbott and Barbara Love for *Sappho Was a Right-On Woman*.

Jerry's Sphere

(continued from page 2)



Christmas in July

agers." Funny, after the contest they were introduced as his "lovers." Another kid out of the chorus and he thinks that he's a star. TSK TSK, Ernie. By the way, an old friend once told me: "Stars come and go, but the supporting actors always work." All you fledgling starlets take note.

LA FLEURS IN CONCERT: The first time that I met John and Tom of La Fleurs it was at the ROUNDTABLE. My "Poppa," Morris had just hired them. They went out and did an almost embarrassing show, except for the closing Dolly number. I asked "Pop" if he were kidding. He answered: "They're green yet, give them a chance, I know that they'll be good." For a short time after "Pop's" death, I remained at the ROUNDTABLE. To my astonishment, as always, "Pop" was right: They improved with each show. Tom & John literally busted their asses to become the GREAT ACT that they are now. From two scared kids at the ROUNDTABLE to a thoroughly professional act at TOWN HALL (!!) is a long ladder to climb. Not only have they climbed it, they've passed it. I have not had the opportunity to rap with them and find out what their next step is, but I'm sure that it will be another step up. THE LA FLEURS ARE DYNAMITE. ROSES AND CONGRATULATIONS TO TWO OF THE NICEST AND MOST TALENTED AND I MUST USE THE WORD, STARS THAT IT HAS BEEN MY PRIVILEGE TO KNOW. ALL THE SUCCESS IN THE WORLD. YOU DESERVE IT.

MORE BEAUTIFUL TALENTS AND TALENTED BEAUTIES: I don't know if my trip opened (that was a plane trip, wise guy) my eyes to a lot of things around town or what it was, but I must comment on SINGLES. Johnny Vincent is not only tending one of the busiest bars in town, but he's also SINGING!!! I couldn't believe my ears. Sinatra isn't in any trouble, but John can surely handle a tune. Also, there is that gorgeous Phyllis taking a turn at the mike. A beautiful voice for a beautiful girl. Some of the re-



Photos by Eric Steinhilber

ulars get up and do a turn. A very enjoyable evening. And that man about town, Walter Kent, is all about town. A talent and a beauty, Walter, mon ami. Tripped

over to TIJUANA CAT for some more of the above. Louis is a good looking with a big voice. Jimi Stafforded is a very funny lad. (Ask him to do his version of "Baby Face.") A lot of beautiful people in the midst of some beautiful talent. (I think that I mentioned Bob last time but he is so beautiful that I'll mention him again.) Another BEAUTIFUL TALENT is my old paramour, Bob La Court. He's back in town after completing his first starring role in *The Great Parker Medicine Show*. Bob is a sexier, better looking Cal Culver type so you can imagine that he will be a BIG star. Can't close this portion without mentioning SEBASTIAN'S John Weston lookin' hooked on SUNDOWNERS' Kathy. I don't know about the talent but both are so beautiful they had to appear in this section. (P.S. Kathy, if John had to go for girls, he picked a winner. Luv ya.) OOOPPS, almost forgot, the FANTASTIC Joey Cord is at the SUNDOWNER Monday, Tuesday and Wednesdays. If you haven't caught this great entertainer, run, don't walk; if you've caught him, I'm sure that you'll be ring-siding with me. Hope that they can hold the crowds. One last talented beauty, Sam Palmer, will be at HARRY'S by the time you read this. Again, RUN and say hello.

SPECIAL MENTION TO A BIG NEW VOICE: If somebody doesn't grab George Smith and do a number with him, I'll eat my typewriter. Not only is the voice one of the BEST I've heard, the face is one of the most BEAUTIFUL I've seen. Remember that name, George Smith; it will soon be George STAR.

UNCLE CHARLIE'S NORTH held the monthly bar awards at the CONTINENTAL BATHS because Lou felt that the bar wasn't large enough to handle the crowd. I'm sorry to report that the CONTINENTAL certainly wasn't prepared for us. To begin with, there was no air conditioning. The pool was being fed hot water



Jerry Fitzpatrick & friends at the August bar awards.

so that even a dip really didn't cool one off. That great MC, GYPSY, tried valiantly to keep a loosely organized show together. But when the CONTINENTAL's disc jockey kept fucking up the records it was too much for a pro like Gypsy. Off came the wig, the falsies, etc. He brought the cast out for a bow and said, "This will teach us to stick to our own." The awards are getting to be for the host bar so if they continue with them, they should just nominate people who work at the hosting bar. This month my good friend Wally copped best bartender while his partner Roger received the nod as most popular bartender. That cutie pie, Kevin, got both best and most popular waiter. All from UNCLE CHARLIE'S NORTH. Best barmaid, for the fourth time, went to our favorite grandma, Lee Schwartz. She had better get a trophy case for all of her prizes. I can just see her trying to explain them to Bonnie Rachel in a few years. Best waitress went to sultry Rusty from the LIB. (Excuse me, in case you didn't know, Lee is at HARRY'S.) Braving the heat were such celebs as Johnny Vincent, from SINGLES. Tom Ross was with Ronda (we tried to outdo each other with our Johnny Weismuller imitations, or, would you believe, Esther Williams?) and Chuck from the ROADHOUSE. Lefty of DANNY'S IN THE HIDEAWAY MOTEL and J.L. and Sy of the GAS STATION were comparing notes with Alan Schumacher before they threw him into the pool fully clothed. George Sardi of NEW JIMMY'S was there taking notes as was Mark Rielly from DAVID. Also up from Florida was that gorgeous hunk of male, Rheims, of WAREHOUSE VIII. Thom O'Malley of BEAU GESTE decided the activities in and around the pool (the steamroom) were much more interesting and got himself a room. Haven't heard from him since. Joey Jenks from DELANEY'S, Bob and Jerry from UNCLE CHARLIE'S SOUTH (their Ron stopped the show with "The Man I Love"), Frank Elliot from ONE POTATO (he disappeared quite suddenly) and the sexiest Joe of them all, Knoff from the INCA, all had a few things to say. Pussy was there telling me that he's opening CHARLIE'S

ALSO on the 15th. Best of luck, Pussy. Joey Cord from the SUNDOWNERS was very excited about the SRO business he's doing there. I've said it before and I'll say it again, these afternoons should be for the bar people ONLY. NO OUTSIDERS should be able to attend and/or vote. Despite the heat and lack of booze, it was a pretty good afternoon. My favorite MS, Gwen Saunders, raced me several times in the pool.

THE ROADHOUSE celebrated its First Anniversary the 15th of August. They had a wedding (would you believe a Polish wedding?). Ms. Kitty was the bride (he arrived in a garbage truck) and Buddy was the groom. All of the help was in the wedding party and you had to be there to believe. (See accompanying pix.) Many happy returns to Tom and the entire crew at the ROADHOUSE for a job well done.

TIDY: June Von Hummil looking sensational as ever. Don't know what her secret is but I wish that she'd share it... Fire Island Pines is a place for pretty, plastic, parasitic people. Never met such pitiful excuses for humanity in my life... Stop by DANNY'S IN THE HIDEAWAY in the afternoons and say hello to Lucille, a beauty... Bobby Splain out on the Island (Grove) making like a guard. No one knew what was in the pool that he had to save but I can assure you, it wasn't yellow roses. (2 gross???)... Jimmy Grey and Gilbert of the LIB really know how to take care of a brother... \$2 for a Margarita at CASA LAREDO is RIDICULOUS... Howie at HOWIE'S HIDEAWAY is a very nice guy... PIPER'S LOUNGE really catching on, thanks to hard work by manager Mickey and our favorite "back," Tony Black... Georgie now at the BETSY ROSS in Queens... You really need more than a score card to keep up with all the changes around here.

Well, kids, thank you for all of your letters of encouragement. I really appreciate them very much. I shall sign off for now. Take care of each other and yourselves. God bless you all. Je

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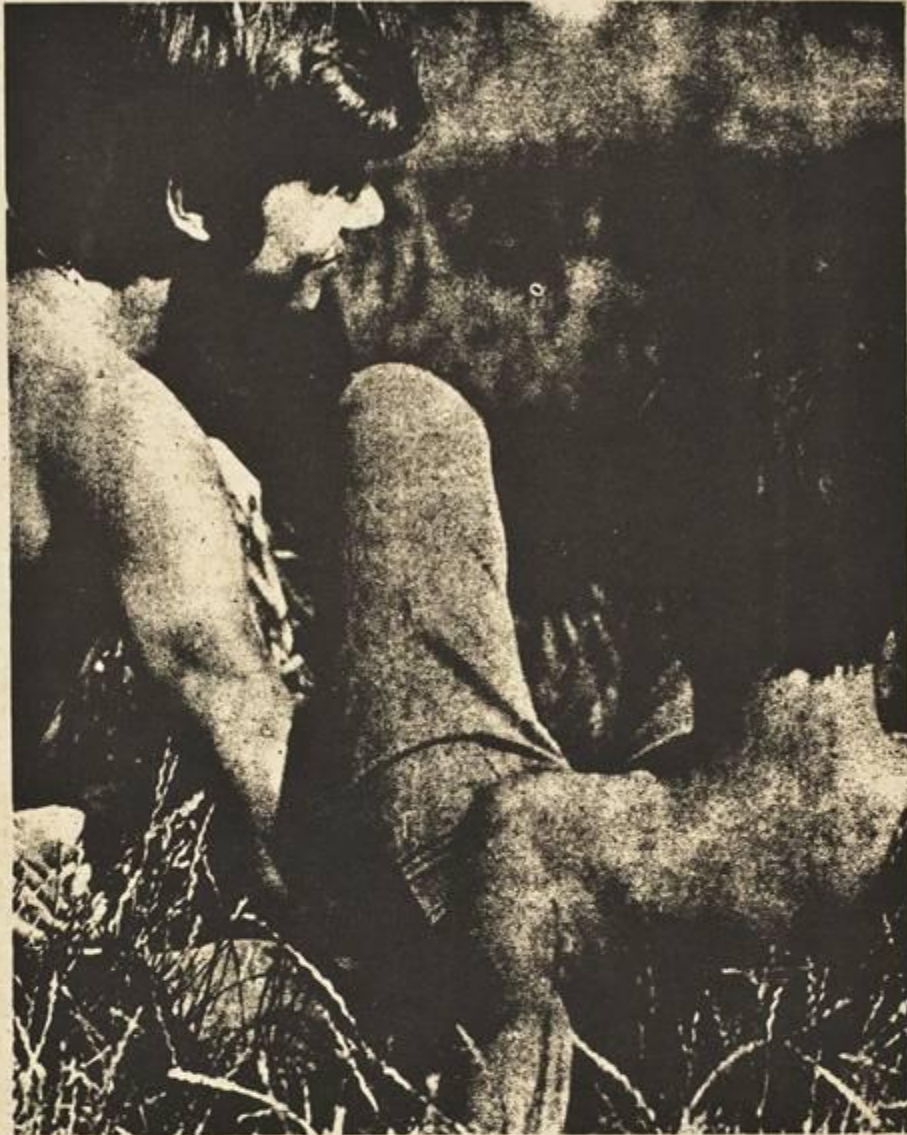
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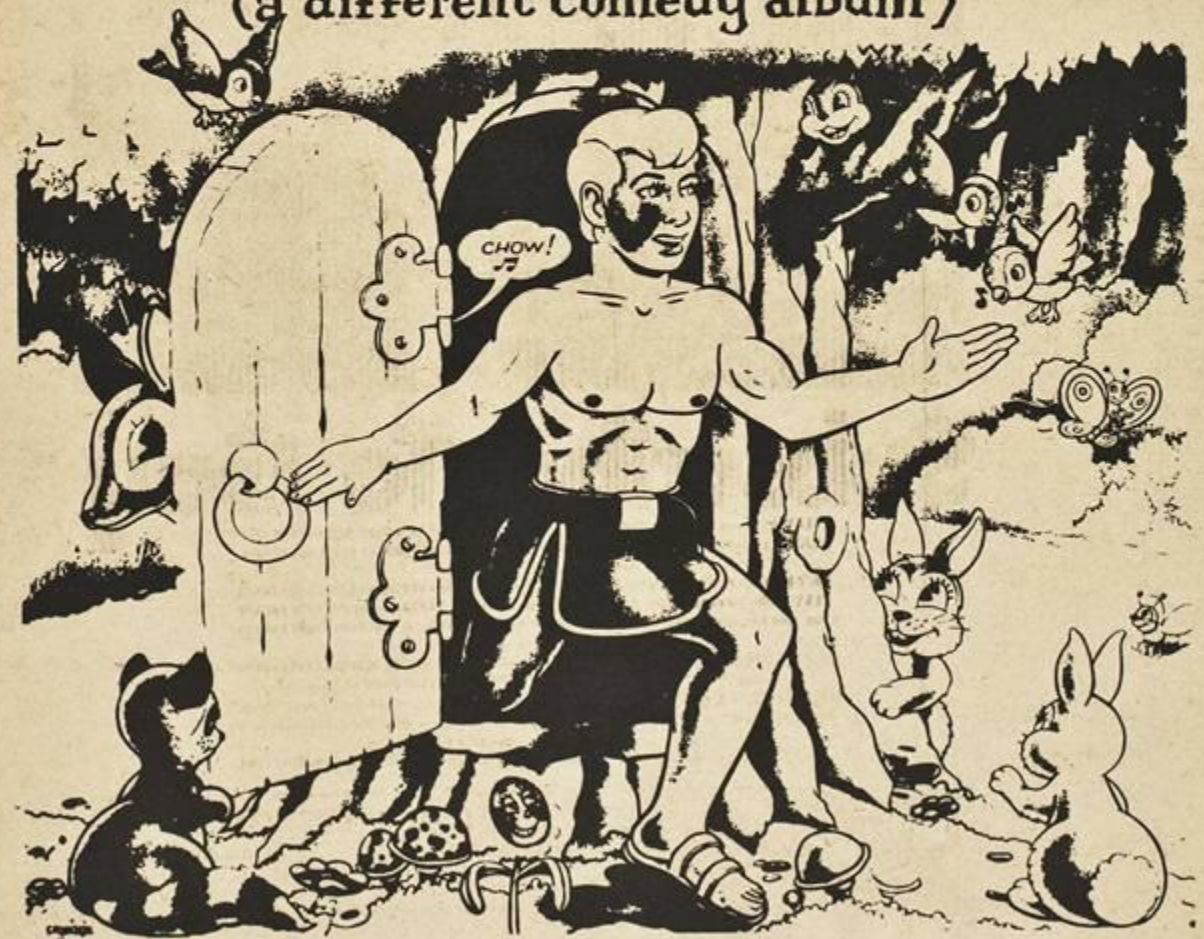
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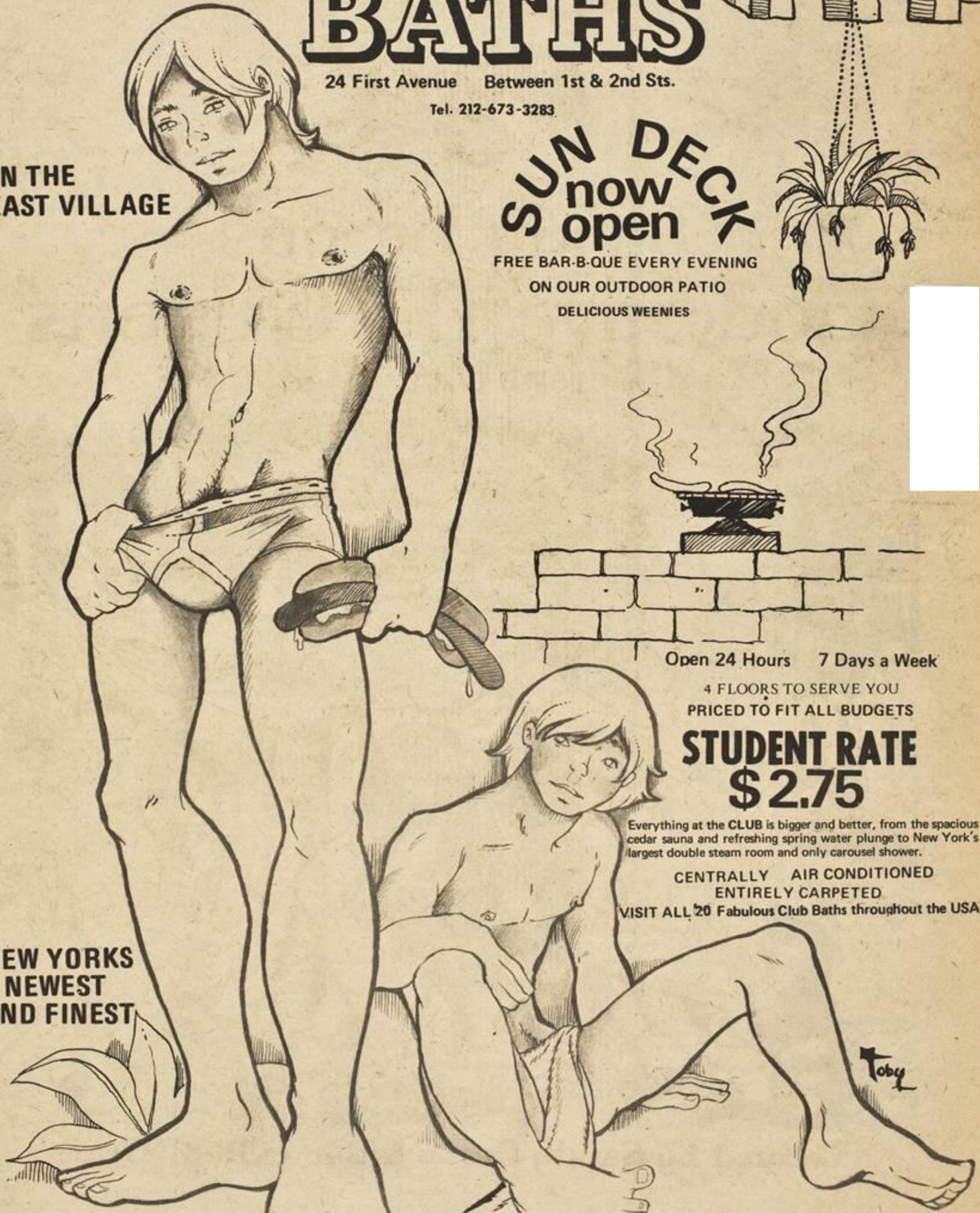
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