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Virginia's activists: Mark Farrah, Joe Farrah, Irish, Gary Clark and Steve Brock.

Virginia's Gay Communities Organize

BY BILL BRICKER
President, GAA-D.C.

Norfolk, Va. (Aug. 14) A Monday night in Norfolk, as in most cities, is generally quiet. But not this particular one, at least not in the gay community. With defiant shouts of "end the bigotry," "stop the police" and "Gay Power," angry gays from every cross-section of the community and of every lifestyle left their homes, the bars, the beaches and their closets to show city officials that "Gays Are Angry"! They came in groups and alone, from Norfolk, Virginia Beach, Portsmouth, Hampton and Newport News. By 7:30 that evening the Assembly Hall of the Unitarian Church was SRO. Over 300 had turned out for the first-called meeting of the gay community in the history of the Tidewater area. No longer were they going to tolerate the indifference of the "establishment" to their complaints. They were determined to let the Mayor, the police, the state of Virginia and the citizens know that this was a showdown. No more vice squad officers

in the bars soliciting gays to arrest them and close bars. And end to police scare tactics of warning gays they'd be arrested for dancing or holding hands, or even touching in the bars, when in fact this is not against the law. An end to police entrapment methods on the boardwalk of Virginia Beach where young, hip-dressed plainclothes officers solicit gays to make arrests. And most especially, the end of the State ABC Board policy which revokes the license of any bar in Virginia knowingly serving alcoholic beverages to homosexuals.

These angry gays would have marched down Granby Street to City Hall that night, but that was not the purpose of the meeting, not yet at least. They were there for the first organizational meeting of the newly formed Gay Freedom Movement of Tidewater. GFM was conceived in late July and early August by Gary Clark and Joe Farrah who are chairing meetings until the first elections. They had personally witnessed police moving against gays in Norfolk's leading gay bar, "The Cue Club," and after having been hassled by the police themselves, decided "it was damn time to end this crap from the police." With further help from charter members Irish, Mark Farrah, Steve Brock, Tony Pritchard (owner of The Cue Club), the ACLU and others, the word went out. Calls went to Mattachine and GAA in

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Gay Journalist-Activist Slain

BY DON JACKSON

Los Angeles, Calif.— The body of Ralph Schaffer, 45, was found in the Gaywill Funky Shop in Hollywood August 20. Schaffer was the volunteer manager of the non-profit Gay charitable institution.

Morris Kight and Gay Community Services Center Director Don Kilhefner went to the shop to investigate when Schaffer did not answer the phone. There they found Schaffer's body lying in a pool of blood, two bullet wounds in his body.

There are no clues as to the motives or identities of the murderer or murderers.

Schaffer, one of the co-founders of the Los Angeles Gay Liberation Front, was closely associated with Morris Kight for many years, and for some time lived in the downstairs apartment in Kight's home.

Schaffer wrote the Southern California Gay News for the Liberation News Service, and was a regular writer for *Gay Sunshine*, a San Francisco-based newspaper. Occasionally he wrote for many other publications, including the *Los Angeles Free Press*, *The East Village Other*, *Sexual Freedom* magazine and *GAY*.

His death is believed to mark the first death of a Gay activist in the course of movement activities. He died in the service of the cause he loved.

Schaffer was one of the few activists who devoted his full time to the Gay movement. In addition to writing, Schaffer was instrumental in organizing the Gay Liberation Front, the Christopher Street West parades, the Gay Community Service Center and numerous demonstrations.

He carried on the Gay welfare rights struggle almost single-handedly, and last year won a landmark victory in an action against the Los Angeles Department of Social Services in which it was ruled that, in California, a person cannot be denied welfare on account of being an admitted homosexual.

Memorial services were held August 31 at the Metropolitan Community Church. The Rev. Troy Perry officiated. The eulogy was delivered by Morris Kight.

Kight related the history of Gay Liberation in Los Angeles. After each account of an important meeting or demonstration, Kight added,

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Canadians Celebrate Gay Pride

BY RICHARD VANDEL
President, GAA-NY

Toronto, Canada— Driving into Toronto at 8 a.m. the first things I noticed were crowds of handsome men hurrying on their way to work. I had come to relax a bit and to participate in Canada's Gay Pride Week from August 19 to 26, sponsored by three Toronto organizations: *Community Homophile Association of Toronto*, *Toronto Gay Action*, and *Body Politic*. I was looking forward to a week of relaxation, free from the constant controversies and decisions of New York. I almost found it.

After stopping briefly at the CHAT Center at 58 Cecil Street, I began to make the rounds of the city. Not far from the CHAT Center is the Portuguese Market, several blocks of stores and stands selling everything from souvenirs to live pigeons waiting patiently to be plucked and roasted. Customers were in abundance despite the fact that it was only 9 a.m. The

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Canada's activists are on the march.

Haight-Ashbury Becomes A Gay Ghetto

BY GERALD HANSEN

San Francisco— The summers of love in 1967-68 have been replaced by a summer of work in the old Haight-Ashbury district. Gays are playing a major role in seeking a comeback for the devastated area.

Amid the feverish excitement and rebuilding, an increasing number of gays have discovered the Haight as a place to live. One bartender in the area says there are now as many gays living here as in the Eureka Valley, which has been the "in" place for more politically aware gays to reside.

The Haight today is a far cry from the late 1960's when thousands of flower children swarmed into the district, hanging out in doorways, proclaiming the neighborhood a haven for love and freedom. The area had already been populat-

ed by liberals, some of them professors from San Francisco State University who live in homes perched on the hills around Buena Vista Park.

But soon heavy crime and drug traffic gained a foothold. Tired of gawking stares from tourist buses, hostile remarks from conservative Midwestern tourists and warning from geologists and in astrology of a major impending earthquake, most hippies began an exodus, often to rural areas. The area rapidly declined. Businesses folded. Perhaps the darkest year was 1969 when many persons died from overdoses.

As hippies left, the many multi-bedroom flats brought in other freaks who were attracted by cheap rent. The Haight Switchboard, in a printed "survival kit,"

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A typical Haight-Ashbury residential street.

Selections From Leaves of Grass by Walt Whitman I Sing the Body Electric

Roy Blakey's superb collection of male nude photographs, "HE," may be obtained by writing to Blake Enterprises, 727 7th Avenue, Dept. G, NYC, NY, \$16 per copy.

*The expression of a well-made man appears not only in his face,
It is in his limbs and joints also, it is curiously in the joints of his hips and wrists.
It is in his walk, the carriage of his neck, the flex of his waist and knees, dress does not hide him,
The strong sweet quality he has strikes through the cotton and broadcloth,
To see him pass conveys as much as the best poem, perhaps more,
You linger to see his back, and the back of his neck and shoulder-side.*



If anything is sacred the human body is sacred . . .

*To-day I go consort with Nature's darlings, to-night too,
I am for those who believe in loose delights, I share the mid-night orgies of young men.*



Photo by Roy Blakey

*As Adam early in the morning,
Walking forth from the bower refresh'd with sleep,
Behold me where I pass, hear my voice, approach,
Touch me, touch the palm of your hand to my body as I pass,
Be not afraid of my body.*

*I have perceiv'd that to be with those I like is enough,
To stop in company with the rest at evening is enough,
To be surrounded by beautiful, curious, breathing, laughing
flesh is enough.*

Photo by Curt Studios



Photo by Roy Blakey

*I am he that aches with amorous love;
Does the earth gravitate; does not all matter, aching, attract
all matter?
So the body of me to all I meet or know.*

*Mine is no callous shell,
I have instant conductors all over me whether I pass or stop,
They seize every object and lead it harmlessly through me,
I merely stir, press, feel with my fingers, and am happy,
To touch my person to someone else's is about as much as
I can stand.*

*In the best poems re-appears the body, man's or woman's,
well-shaped, natural, gay,
Every part able, active, receptive, without shame or the need
of shame.*

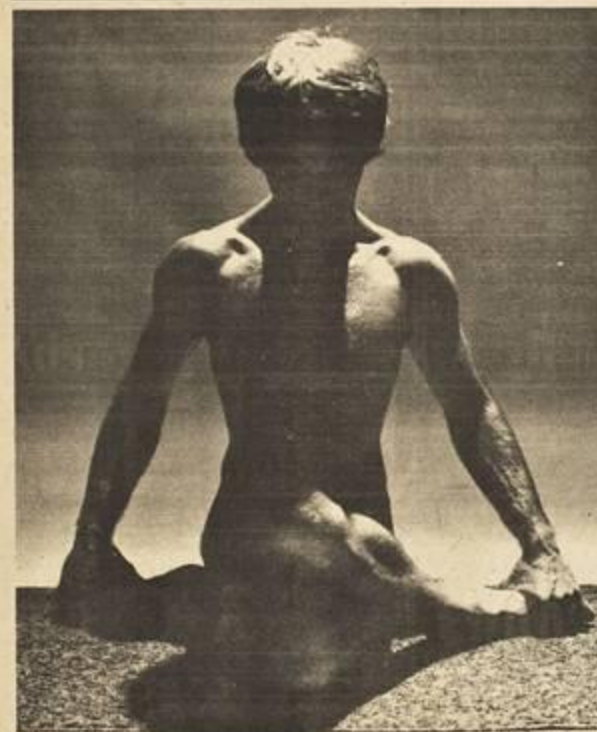


Photo by Roy Blakey

*Through me forbidden voices,
Voices of sexes and lusts, voices veil'd and I remove the veil
Voices indecent by me clarified and transfigur'd
I do not press my fingers across my mouth,
I keep as delicate around the bowels as around the head and
heart,
Copulation is no more rank to me than death is.
I believe in the flesh and the appetites,
Seeing, hearing, feeling, are miracles, and each part and tag
of me is a miracle.
Divine am I inside and out, and I make holy whatever I touch
or am touched from,
The scent of these arm-pits aroma finer than prayer,
This head more than churches, bibles, and all the creeds.
If I worship one thing more than another it shall be the spread
of my own body, or any part of it.*



Photo by Roy Blakey

*He traveling with me needs the best blood, thews, endurance,
None may come to the trial till he or she bring courage and
health,
Come not here if you have already spent the best of yourself,
Only those may come who come in sweet and determined bodies . . .
I am mine do not convince by arguments, similes, rhymes,
We convince by our presence.*

Clay's Clearing House

BY ALAN CLAY

STRAIGHTMALELIB

A hell of a lot is being said and done about Women's Lib, Gay Lib, Black Lib, Jewish Lib and—well, the list is endless. But there's one form of liberation that has had amazingly little attention. This is Men's Lib, and the reasons for it having been so far virtually ignored are obvious. Speaking for myself, I remember my first reaction when told that such a movement existed. "Good God, why? Straight men are the oppressors of women and gays. We're the slaves; they're the masters. They're sitting on top and always have. What the shit do they need liberating for?"

When I thought about it a bit more, I assumed it was either a joke or a reactionary job to counterbalance Women's Lib. I guessed that the Friday night Poker Club spent a few minutes spewing out their bitterness toward "them fuckin' dykes that's puttin' goofy ideas in our broads' heads." And planning all sorts of malicious retaliation.

I've since come to find that I was quite wrong in my assumptions. Oh, I'm sure there are plenty of Archie Bunker types around who fit the description of the insensitive, oppressing boor-bull. But there is a growing number of gentlemen who are learning to be so secure with their masculinity that they can afford to relinquish its use as a weapon.

At first I couldn't understand when I heard Women's Libbers yelling: "We were forced to start our movement, but it's the men who need the liberating!" Now, with the growing publicity about Men's Lib, I most certainly do understand. And I am convinced, beyond any shadow of a doubt, that women and gays will never achieve the complete freedom we desire until heterosexual males are liberated—and only they can do this for themselves.

And they must do it as I am equally convinced that we are all headed for psychological if not actual physical disaster if things continue as they have for so many centuries. Time, the most precious and most senselessly wasted of commodities, is indeed running out. The human race is in desperate need of rejuvenation. And all attention must be focused on that most overbearing of symbols: *The Straight Cock*.

Men's Lib is of course still in the tentative and formative stages. It has very few passionately committed advocates as yet. Not much is known about it and even with my great interest I've not been able to gather much information. But not long ago I read an exciting article by Lisa Hammel in *The New York Times*.

Ms. Hammel (any relation to Pete?) reports on the progress of this group which she says is still "fragmented and almost underground." (But growing... growing!) One of their most valuable tools, a tool that is absolutely indispensable to any form of liberation, is consciousness-raising.

These men are meeting in small groups all over the country—in homes, offices, lodges, on campuses. They are learning to relate to each other, many for the first time in their lives. For most of them, relations with other men have always meant but one thing: *competition*, on every level. And now, after realizing that they have been as duped by society as women, they are slowly learning to share warmth and love with other men.

As one fellow aptly puts it: "One of the most important things is rediscovering the joy of being together as men; being comfortable with each other without playing golf, or discussing business, or killing people in a war." And I might



For the gay consumer: window display in a bath house.

amend that by stating it even more simply: by abandoning role-playing. Period. Here are some of the important subjects being discussed during these consciousness-raising sessions:

Why do boys have to be good at sports? Why do men have to be sexual swingers (at least for the benefit of locker room reports)? Why shouldn't little boys be able to show their feelings? Why shouldn't grown men cry? Why can't men touch one another and express feelings of affection, without being thought homosexual? And for that matter, why can't there be bisexual experience, if that is what is wanted?

These questions, if you have any understanding of history, society (particularly American society) and culture are mind-blowing. They are the essence of revolution in themselves. The mere idea that such taboo concepts are even openly discussed is a great step in the right direction. And if an adequate resolution to any one topic can be achieved, we will finally be on the road to a healthy society.

And if all of the above hurdles (plus a few others that concern their opposites) can be successfully and permanently surmounted, I think it's safe to predict that the end of oppressive life for men and women and gays is assured. One final word. Very few of these men, even the most liberal and liberated, realize it but they need the help of homosexuals—and they need it badly.

They have a great deal to learn from us. They would probably refuse our aid, at first. But they must be made to realize that accepting homosexuals is one of their most important tasks. They won't come to us, and whether we want to go to them or not (most of us do not) we must. Don't rush. Just keep abreast of their important struggles with themselves, and their current activities. And when the opportunity presents itself, hold out your hand.

THE GAY CONSUMER?

Amusing and somewhat revealing article in the August 28th issue of *Advertising Age*. Pretty lengthy analysis of the pros and cons of advertising in connection with a specifically gay-oriented market. (One of the ways I found this article revealing is the fact that it was written at all. If you don't think we've come a long way, baby, consider how unthinkable it would have been to entertain such ideas even five years ago.)

The reporter, Lorraine Baltera, begins by criticizing advertisers for "setting up a caste system between homosexuals (the Untouchables) and the straight community." But she seems to think that if gays, particularly gay activists, have any ill feelings about lack of representation in advertising, we are keeping it to ourselves.

Well, she is quite right that we are trying to place things in proper order—and advertising, as a priority, would come well below fighting for legal rights on our list. I personally haven't given it much thought, but of course I'm damned apa-

thetic about advertising in general. It's all exploitation as far as I'm concerned. I'm aware, as Ms. Baltera states, that gays have always had much more influence on advertising than advertising has had on gays.

There are various reasons why we have been ignored by ad agencies and their clients. Foremost is probably ignorance. They haven't the foggiest idea of what our interests are and how to treat us. Second, the old closet problem. Blacks cannot hide their color but we can and do hide our sexual nature. (Pardon the generalization but most of us are still corseted and closeted...) We do not provide an open market. Statistics and all that vital jazz.

Third, do we really consume in a different manner from straights? I think not. At least not in any ways that could be considered important enough to encourage the creation of a special market. You don't create a special market just for Zeb-dody Colt records, Gay European Tours, Inc., and K-Y.

Fourth, most clients, sponsors, publications, etc., are entirely too uptight to aim at any gay market or audience. You know the attitude. "How dare you think we would cheapen our holy product by associating it with *perversion!*" Immediate veto by stockholders.

Fifth, do gays really want any advertising aimed directly at us? Again, I think not. Besides its being exploitive, I would be very concerned and aware of any advertising directed specifically to a minority group as it is by nature *patronizing*.



Bell: "We'd rather go unnoticed."

Arthur Bell, who seems to be becoming more and more a leading spokesman for the gay community(?), responded to Ms. Baltera's questioning with what I feel is a decent statement. "I don't see why you have to relate a product to sex at all. Look what advertising has done to women. We'd rather go unnoticed than be caricatured." Amen!

MRS. GRUNDY REINCARNATED

When asked by the reporter for *Advertising Age* if they would accept specifically gay-oriented ads, *Esquire* and *New York* magazines registered emphatic negative answers (surprise!) but *Playboy* indicated they might accept them, but "that the choice of *Playboy* for reaching a homosexual audience is not a good one."

Well, dat's dere opinion, but not necessarily mine. And I know a great many gays who read *Playboy* regularly. For one

thing, it's always good to know what the opposition is up to. Right? Right. It's... broadening. For another, I enjoy looking at *Pretty Damsels* even if I don't particularly want to drive my Proud Hot Shaft into each and every one of them. And bisexuals (especially pseudo-bisexuals) and closet queens must get almost as many latent thrills out of *Playboy* as they do from *After Dark*.

Those of you who do peruse the Bunny Bible with any regularity are probably aware of the many subscribers, straight and gay, who've written letters describing their battles with one Charles H. Keating, Jr., head of an organization known as "Citizens for Decent Literature, Inc." I had (gratefully) almost forgotten about him as I've never been personally assaulted by the klutz. Knock wood. But a friend in Liberty, Maine, was less fortunate. George has forwarded to me some of Keating's poisonous propaganda.

Keating is similar in tactics to dishonest evangelists. (Are there any honest evangelists?) He preys on ignorance, fear, prejudice and mass hysteria. He also distorts the truth when he doesn't resort to outright lies (which is most of the time). You see, Mr. Keating is one of these self-appointed crusaders against (arrrrugh!) pornography!

As those of you who read this column regularly (yes, I'm being most presumptuous...) know, I can take porno or leave it. But I defend any and every one's right to read it. I think it has quite a bit of cathartic value and I am depressed only by its usual artlessness.

My objection to Keating and his ilk is obvious. I object to anyone under any circumstances trying to dictate what I may and may not read. But the evil and the danger is far greater than that of simple sexual censorship. Parasites such as Keating always have, and this is putting it mildly, *messianic delusions*. If, in the event they were able to control and then stamp out the more blatant forms of "smut," they would then go on to... refinements. This would end with the bowdlerizing of *Mother Goose*, *The Bible*, *Roman numerals* and the alphabet.

And you don't think Keating and fellow creeps would stop there, do you? No, sir. These types are never content until they have absolute control of your entire mind. Keating's latest move, for example, is to include two post cards with his latest junk mailing. One is to be sent to McGovern and the other to Nixon. Both beg the candidates to "declare war on pornography by making it a major campaign issue."

It is my Maine friend's suggestion, and mine also, that the readers of *GAY* write their own little postals to the candidates opposing all forms of restrictive legislation in this area. Remember that the issues are far more serious than phy (which is only that first c

Keatings of this world would let tators not only through support of the ignorant and frightened masses but because of the *indifference* of those who do know what he is up to and are too lazy to do anything about it. It's up to you to protect yourself, even if you don't give a gosh-darn about your fellow man.

You might also enjoy directing a bit of vituperation specifically to Keating and his KKKonservative "Citizens for Decent Literature, Inc." They are located at 1 East 4th Street, Cincinnati, Ohio 45202. It is their claim that they have converted over 21,000,000 Americans in their fight to "save our youth which is being corrupted by the evil influence of pornography." You might write and announce proudly that you are not and never will be one of their converts, and that they are the corruptors—of the American Constitution.



BY BIANCA GUTTAG

Richard Nixon, by Helen D. Olds. Illustrated by Frank Aloise. New York: G.P. Putnam's Sons, 1970. A See and Read Beginning to Read Biography.

The other night my car was broken into and everything taken but a book on the front seat, *Richard Nixon*, by Helen D. Olds. I can't understand why it was left, when it is the most natural and spontaneous material published in recent years for a Lenny Bruce night club show on children's literature, the American mythological convention of how to succeed, and Richard Nixon.

We grow up tolerant enough (or complacent if you will) of such heavily ritualized portraits of Americans as George Washington's infallibility, as Abraham Lincoln's struggles upward. What is palatable in children's biographies of people in the distant past, becomes ludicrous in contemporaries we can scrutinize closely in the media every day. We don't need books advertised in *The New York Times Book Review* to tell us in x number of steps how "American myths have come home to roost." All we have to do is to read this biography of Nixon (and I'm sure Putnam thought publishing it was doing a favor to The Man's next voting generation).

What special American qualities did Nixon learn at home? "All the Nixons worked in the (family grocery) store. They waited on people and kept the store neat and clean."

What kind of warm-hearted family was Nixon's?

"Indians and Mexicans and Negroes worked on the Nixons' farm... Every noon the Nixons and the workers had a big meal together."

What kind of scene did Nixon come home to every day?

"His mother stood at the stove stirring soup. His grandmother sat in a rocking chair. She held a pad and a pencil. Probably she was writing a poem."

How is the father's character portrayed? On hearing that "Dick" is going to be in a debate in school the next day ("...like an argument in front of the class") ("I'll help you with it tonight," he told Dick. "Your side must win.")

How did Nixon feel at his first debate? "He felt a little glow inside. He had good reasons!"

How did Dick feel about his father? "His father was his hero."

When Dick got into a fight how did he stop his opponent? "... Dick had to holler, 'Nuff!'"

How is another culture introduced? "Thee will need to be a good debater if thee becomes a lawyer," said his grandmother. "Thee said thee wanted to be a lawyer. His grandmother was a Quaker and said Thee."

A Child's Primer on the Presidential Prick



Lick Dick in '72!



What were Dick's hardships in law school?

"... he and three other young men rented a room. It was in a white farmhouse about a mile from the campus. The room was large, but there was no coat closet. For three years Dick kept his clothes in his trunk."

Was Dick a typical student? "He studied hard... Often at night his classmates went out to parties. But Dick did not go with them. Instead, he went back to the library and studied."

Did his grandmother go to his graduation from law school?

"I said wild horses couldn't keep me away!... Even if I am eighty-nine years old."

How did 'Dick' know that he was heterosexual?

"He joined the Little Theater Club. One night there was a new girl in the club. She was a teacher at the high school. She had fluffy hair and smiling eyes. Richard liked her at once. She was named Pat Ryan."

Why was she called Pat?

"My father always called me Pat," she explained. "Because I was born the night before St. Patrick's Day."

What was their response to that?

"They laughed about that."

What was their first date like?

"Richard asked Pat to go out with him for something to eat. As they ate, they told each other about themselves. Pat said her mother had died when she was twelve. She had cooked and kept house for her father and brother. 'My father was a miner in Nevada,' she said. Richard told her he was born in Yorba Linda, a small town in California. 'I was born in a house my father built himself,' he said with pride. 'When I was nine, we moved to Whittier.'"

What else did Dick and Pat have in common?

"Pat and Richard found that they had both worked their way through college."

Dick must have been very horny:

"That same evening Richard Nixon asked Pat Ryan to marry him."

Pat might not have been so very horny:

"She said she needed time to think about it. 'I'm not ready to marry,' she said."

Did Pat resolve her latent sexual impulses?

"But after several months, she said yes."

What happens to our country's children when they read this kind of Horatio Alger dream and grow up instead to discover Sammy Glick? Could our contemporary disillusionment and resultant activism have their roots in comparable material we only vaguely remember?

What was 'Dick's' life-long purpose in going to Washington?

"When there was very small and had just learned to read. One day they read in the newspaper about the wicked goings-on in Washington, D.C. There said 'I know what I want to be when I grow up. An honest lawyer who doesn't cheat people but helps them.'"

How did 'Dick's' grandmother feel about his becoming a lawyer?

"It takes a long time to be a lawyer. I shall come to see thee graduate from law school, Richard. No matter how far it is... Wild horses could not keep me away."

How did Dick work? "... hard every day in his father's store."

What was Dick's first big job in his father's store? "I am going to put you in charge of our vegetable counter."

How did Dick work? "Dick worked hard. He had to get up before the sun to drive to the market. There he talked with men who grew vegetables. Then he would hurry back to fix

his displays. After that, he left for school... He spent much time with his vegetables."

What was his mother's advice to him? "You must try to be good in every thing," she often told him."

What did his classmate say to him when he was elected class president?

"The way you win elections, Dick, makes me sure of one thing... I'm sure you'll end up President of the United States."

What was Dick's response? "Dick smiled. He thought, 'Being the President is a big job.'"

How did 'Dick' learn how to get along with others?

"Dick learned to get along with others by being in his father's store. It, too, was rather like a club. Men would gather around the stove and talk. Dick liked to listen to their arguments. Mostly the men talked politics. That means the government and how it is run."

What was Dick's attitude toward college? "College is like politics," he told himself. "The students vote for you if they want you to be their leader."

A Very Queer Bank Robbery

BY THANE HAMPTEN

27-YEAR-OLD HETEROSEXUAL
ROBS BANK, TAKING 7 HOSTAGES
IN 14-HOUR ORDEAL

Did you read that correctly? Chances are you didn't. Go back and read it again. See? Your brain automatically substituted "homosexual" for "heterosexual." Before starting this article, I tested my theory on several gay friends. I typed the above headline on a sheet of paper, handed it to them and said, "What did you think about this mess?" Invariably they'd read it, toss the paper aside angrily and say something such as: "I'd like to kill the bastard for giving all us gays a bad name."

What does this prove? Well, of course it proves that we're damn sensitive to any criticism (with good reason). It also proves (a) that we've read so much about this particular crime and the media's emphasis on the antagonist's sexual disposition that we would misread an obviously faked headline. And (b) the very idea of mentioning a straight bank robber's sexual orientation is so ludicrous we reject the thought immediately.

Oh, the background. For those few who missed all the fun: John Wojtowicz, 27-year-old honorably discharged Vietnam vet robbed a Brooklyn branch of Chase Manhattan Bank on Wednesday, August 23rd. He and his accomplice, Salvatore Naturale, an 18-year-old drifter-loser, held seven bank employees as hostages in an often bungled ordeal that lasted 14 hours.

After robbing the bank, Wojtowicz demanded to be taken via limousine to JFK airport where a small Hansa jet was waiting to spirit the robbers and hostages away to Denmark. At the airport, and upon signal of a code word (which I originally assumed was "faggot" but turned out to be an ordinary "yes") FBI agents mortally wounded Naturale and disarmed Wojtowicz.

And that, dear readers, is basically the whole bloomin' thing. Moderately exciting and pretty fair middle-of-the-week copy for the masses who waited with combined lethargy and eagerness for Labor Day antics to commence. But what, pray tell, was the reason for the following?

(1) I'm listening to a radio station that never interrupts Maestro Mantovani and his Saccharine Strings for any reason other than Presidential assassination. Except this time when the urgency to tell the world of a HOMOSEXUAL bank robber! was too great to resist. (2) Minutes later, a friend who had heard a similar report, called hysterically to announce that we'll all be deported because of this. I soothe him by saying there'll be a bit of predictable backlash but not to worry, luv.

(3) Thursday's *New York Times* (I couldn't bear to peek at the other papers) devotes an almost unprecedented full page to this story. (The only things left out of their normally and frighteningly thorough research were the history of banking and criminal assault from the time of Constantine the Great [306-337 A.D.], and the usual analyses by orthodox psychiatrists of Wojtowicz' disturbed personality. But that will of course be in a forthcoming Sunday magazine supplement.) (4) I go to a gay bar that evening and there is but one subject of conversation: Wojtowicz & Co.

Why? I've heard of many bank robberies more exciting and/or bloodier than this one. And by now we're entirely too used to skyjackers taking 184 hostages to Algiers to be more than fleetingly entertained by this pedestrian job. Why then the clamor?



Because Wojtowicz was quite vocal about the \$3,000 needed to finance a Danish sex change operation for his "wife," Ernest Aron. Zip A Dee Doo Dah! This is the stuff of which a reporter's dreams are made; spun of the purest raw silk sensationalism. You can understand why they pounced on it.

We haven't had a good Sick Degenerate story in ages. Certainly that Michael Mayo/Inner Circle crap wasn't exciting enough. These Gay Militants are giving good old-fashioned perversion a bad name. All that dull political activism. Whatever happened to those deliciously deranged Scout Masters who used to diddle the whole pack around twilight marshmallow campfires?

As to Wojtowicz' accomplices, Naturale claimed repeatedly (and indignantly) that he was not homosexual, while the third partner, Robert Westenberg (who chickened out early in the game), kept mum and was described by the *Times* only as being a "frail-looking young man." (The face in the *Times* photo is familiar and I may have been to bed with him. But all frail young men look alike to me.) The sinister disclosure is that the robbery plot was supposedly hatched by these three stooges at Denny's *Sheridan Square*. (I doubt this. One cannot and does not talk at any dance bar, except perhaps through sign language—which is a little too basic to accommodate the intricacies of criminal attack.)

If true, this means that Naturale and Westenberg are guilty of homosexuality by association. And it also means that there will be swift vigilante action to close all gay bars in the city as it is now obvious (Thank God!) that the sole purpose of these establishments is acting as host and liaison for deviate underworld conspirators.

Before I go further, let me say that I can't really blame the press for collectively salivating over this tawdry affair. ("Tawdry Affair" always sounds to me like a good name for a stripper.) According to the lavish reported details of Wojtowicz' love life (most details provided by eagerly "helpful" friends; mercy me, how queens do adore gossip!) he had previously been married and had two children. But somewhere along the line he fell for Ernie and they were married in a large restaurant and bar in the Village.

John spent "thousands of dollars" on

the wedding (slight exaggeration by the dewy-eyed friend?) including gowns for the bride and bridesmaids—100% plush drag. John Rechy as rewritten by James Purdy. Wojtowicz even had a movie made of the event. (Note: the above is one more additional isolated reason to insist that gay marriage ceremonies are an unnecessary embarrassment and are attractive primarily to the very insecure. And note that the current publicity of this event reassures straights that we fall exclusively and radically within butch-fem categories.)

But the marriage was not exactly a stable one. All that taffeta and The Good Lord couldn't save it. There were splits and reconciliations that took place in several states. As one friend solemnly instructed the *Times* reporter, "Relationships among gay people are different from heterosexuals." (I could gleefully write the little fucker's neck for that statement. When will we stop believing and publicizing straight propaganda?)

The marriage ended with Ernie in the psychiatric ward of Kings County Hospital, a wreck from being in "mortal fear" of Wojtowicz. Apparently John is not one to take no for an answer and when he informed Ernie (who was by then well protected by hospital staff) that W. was getting \$3,000 for the transsexual operation, Ernie was frightened enough to gulp 30 sleeping pills and 15 Darvon. (He also refused to go to John at the scene of the crime.)

So what we have here is Human Interest plus Sexual Deviation and that equals Bonanza for the media. And, as I said, you can't blame them for not passing up a chance like that. Not ABC-TV's giggling family of Happy News Analysts; not even the staid *Times*, and certainly not the blue-collar-filth-pandering *Daily News*.

What you and I object to is the fanatical fixation with Wojtowicz' alleged homosexuality. I use the word "alleged" because with what (admittedly little) information I have to go on, Mr. W.'s past and his recent marital affiliations indicate a severely disturbed and misguided heterosexual rather than a suddenly berserk homosexual. (Or putting it another way, the evidence indicates a troubled individual; not a representative of any particular sexual attitude.)

Homosexuality, per se, no longer captures the public attention or interest. (Ex-

cept that they still find it mind-boggling that any homosexual would shamelessly admit in public that he is gay—and herein may lie some of the extraordinary fascination with this caper.) The thousands of gays now quietly working toward better public relations with the straight community spell rock-bottom boredom to the average citizen (who continues devoutly wishing we would vaporize into some nebulous middle-earthian limbo).

But combine Queers with Crime and you satisfy not only the great American penchant for Sex-and-Violence but also give one more chance for them to shout into the vast and eternal echo chamber of the Panglossian universe: "I TOLD YOU SO!"

Off with our heads. A pack of playing cards... all jokers.

If Wojtowicz had made an open and legitimate request of the Chase Manhattan Loan Department for his wife's sex change operation, he would have been booted out on his probably virginal rump. That's worth three lines of tittering newspaper filler. But let that same fellow try to illegally get the same funds from the same institution and you get that full page spread in *The Times*. Even Bobby Fisher takes a back seat.

Instant cause célèbre. All newspaper accounts, with droning repetitiveness, used the words "weird," "bizarre," "sur-realist," "grotesque," "eccentric" and very heavy on the currently fashionable "freaky" man. True, it was all of these. But not because of the \$3,000, or the hostages, or the residents' all-night vigil, or Johnny's audacity, or Danish surgery, or the quite possibly unnecessary FBI slaying of Naturale.

But simply because Wojtowicz was gay. And at the risk of seeming rampantly paranoid, I must insist that this confirms to the straights what they have always suspected. No, not necessarily that we are all potential bank robbers. But we do have criminal tendencies. (After all, we pervasively continue to suck when it's against the law and one thing leads to another.) In addition to non-procreation, child molestation, spreading venereal disease and turning sweet little Dorothy Gale into a drunken fag hag, those of us who openly admit our homosexuality will now be frisked every Friday when we go in to cash our paychecks.

Excerpts from GAA press release of August 26th:

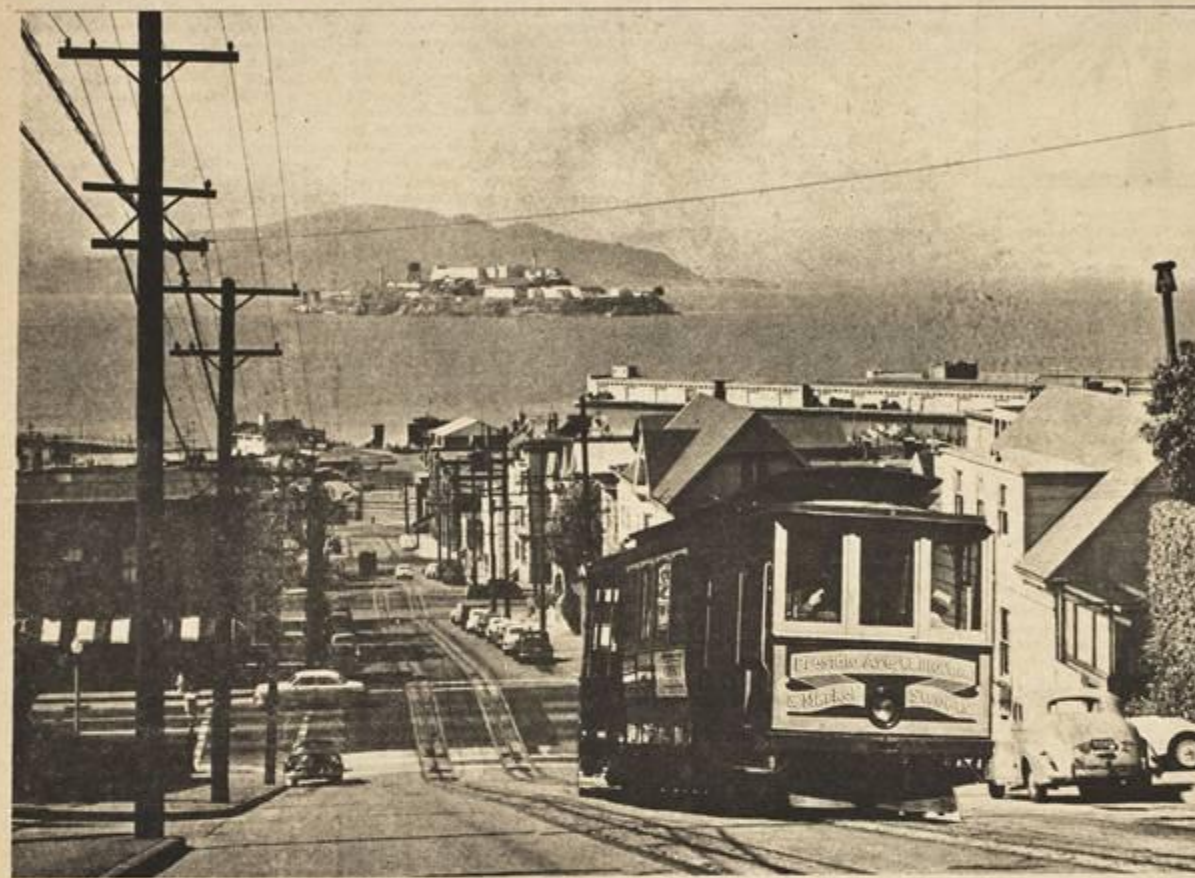
GAA in no way takes any position toward the commission of the crime itself. We are concerned whether a jury of peers will be chosen (with the proper percentage of open gays participating as jurors); we are concerned whether the judge will be gay or not (in fact or politically so); we are very concerned since we believe that a prejudicial atmosphere nurtured and fostered by the press does in fact already exist.

Good statement. Astute analysis. And, as always, touchingly indicates GAA's ever-hopeful search for the utopian. I would certainly like to know where they are going to find that "proper percentage of open gays" and that rarest of mythological birds, the politically-gay-committed judge. Hang up and call back in 1995.

I'm very aggrieved by Wojtowicz' in-temperate behavior, just as I am profoundly depressed by Arthur Brenner, Sirhan Sirhan, James Earl Ray and the late Lee Oswald. But the difference between Wojtowicz and the others—as if I need point it out—is that blame for the impetus in these acts of political assassins was never connected with their sexual disposition. They conformed, sexually. And so the reason for their aberrant behavior had to be frantically sought elsewhere. But with a homosexual, homosexuality is reason enough. Hoist by his own petard.

(continued on page 16)

I Left My Dyke in San Francisco



BY SOREL DAVID

SAN FRANCISCO,
INSANE CITY OF HILLS!

San Francisco's a funny kind of a place, unreal, like a playland, perhaps. Coming over the border from Nevada we met our first Californian, a little hippy dipper dude who gave us a lift into Berkeley. The city is full of homosexuals, he told us, apropos of nothing, and by way of showing us something or other, though just what I'm not really sure. His voice carried, of course, that slight mocking tone reserved and designed to preserve that precious bit of distance between the us and the them. The city is, apparently, full of homosexuals. Beautiful homosexuals, San Francisco is a gay city one woman proudly told me a scant hour or so after our arrival in town. One-fourth of the population is gay.

Sitting in a bar the next night, nursing a drink and watching women dance, you know, the philosophical pose, when suddenly I got this strange feeling, this sensation that we were all somehow in this place, trapped in this gay bar, to escape a heavy rain storm. So strong was the image I could almost feel, sense the smell of dampness in the air; that hot steamy closeness of damp clothes and sweaty bodies seemed to fill the room. Waiting out a storm, strangers in the night, a group of gay women drawn together by the cold chill of a rainy night outside, a common foe. There was a kind of coziness about the place, Kelly's Saloon. The lights seemed to cast off a warm glow and we were all in there together, dancing and drinking to pass the time. It was like an

interlude, an interim scene between moments of action, like a bar scene in a Rhonda Fleming South Sea Island jungle film, perhaps. All was safe and maybe friendly, yet somehow innocuous, not vital, not quite for real somehow.

San Francisco is for amateurs one woman told me. Sometimes I get depressed because I think San Francisco is for amateurs is what she said. It's almost too nice. It's really great here, nobody even haunts you on the street or anything, one proselytizing type, obviously a displaced New Yorker, assured me. Little wonder though in a city full of homosexuals. San Francisco is a freak city; there are very few straight people of any kind left living in the inner city. Of the remaining odd assortment, a veritable *Village Voice* writer's paradise of fags and dykes, Blacks, Mexicans, hippies and drug freaks, some white trash and a moderately well-pickled alcoholic or two, no one group really has too much of that precious all-American commodity—respectability—to hassle anyone else.

Or maybe it's just that it is so nice here. Life as a member of an oppressed minority borders on the pleasant in this town. The sheer physical beauty of this place does much to ensure this. Poverty amid palm trees hasn't quite the sting, the wretchedness it has in New York. Everything flourishes here, plants, people, even lesbians. San Francisco has some of the finest looking dykes, some of the most beautiful, far-out looking gay women I've seen anywhere. There seems to be a thriving lesbian community complete with six, can you believe it, six different gay women's bars. The neighborhood we're staying in, reminiscent of the Lower East Side many years ago when it was still an exciting jumble of ethnic types, by one know-

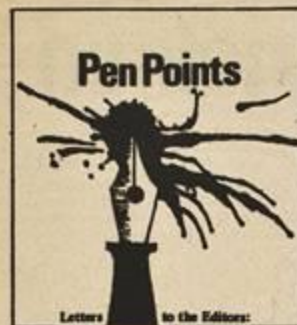
edgeable account, seems to be the main center for movement types. Collectivization is the big thing here. Small pockets of gay women, three or four, sometimes up to five and six, living together in varying degrees of collectivization, dot the area. The large, spacious and airy San Francisco flats are especially suited to this type of living.

Lesbian-Feminism is where it's at, from what I can see, the women I've met; it's mostly Lesbian-Feminism out here. In this respect, you might almost say that San Francisco is ahead of New York where the absolute unity of these two issues doesn't always go without saying. I can see the emergence of a new phenomenon—there seem to be about as many women here who have come out through the women's movement as your regular old other type of lesbian. There's a difference, I think, a difference in the quality, the kind of lesbianism which results. These women, women's movement lesbians I'll call them, have a slightly different set of concerns than lesbians who came to any kind of feminist consciousness through their lesbianism. A difference in style perhaps, these women's movement lesbians seem to have an easier time experimenting with new forms of sexual and romantic attachments, new ways of relating and like that. Their history of involvement with the women's movement makes it easier for them to understand and ultimately reject the old romantic notions of one-to-one relationships, love-me-true-forever-till-death-do-us-part, and this is good. At the same time, I can't help but feel, somehow, that their commitment to lesbianism is less strong, that it is somehow the result of a conscious intellectual decision rather than, as with myself, a powerful gut feel-

ing and sexual desire for women. I get the feeling that it's all somewhat of a game, they've decided to be lesbians and now they're running around, hopping in and out of bed with various women, playing at being gay. Myself, I would feel loathe to become involved with one of these women, for fear that she might trifle with my tender heart.

Still, an awful lot goes on here, more than in New York, to one way of looking at things. There's DOB, consciousness raising, theater groups, a number of thriving food co-ops and, of course, the six women's bars. But it's more than just number, it's a question of atmosphere: people here seem to be trying to live out the things we are always talking about in New York. Collective living for one thing, and San Francisco seems to be leading the nation as far as women moving into strictly male types of employment goes. There are women mail-people, women motorcycling, process servers and what not. Lesbian motherhood is a major concern here and a group called the Lesbian Mothers Union is one of the most together in town, I'm told. Even the scene in the bars seems to have less of the ugliness, the self-destructive elements one finds in New York.

At the same time there is something missing, a lack of tension. I miss the excitement of good old New York. There is something second rate about this town; this is not the kind of place where ideas are born. San Francisco is a great place for actualization, the working out of theories and plans. It's nice, life is sweet, it's easy to get things done here. But with me, as always, it's the thought that counts. San Francisco's an alright practice ring. Me, I got to be in New York.



Dear GAY: I am both surprised and disturbed by the photograph appearing on the front page of GAY no. 84.

Whether or not the young man pictured is John Shriver as is purported by Richard Model Enterprises is irrelevant. First of all, even if John Shriver is gay, whose business is it but his own? The Preamble to the Constitution of the Gay Activists Alliance of New York refers to "THE RIGHT TO BE PERSONS."

This whole thing reeks of the Randy Agnew affair. Very frankly, who cares? I have long admired you and your publication. During my tenure as Managing Editor of Gay Activist I hope that it will become equal in stature to GAY in our community. Both publications serve different but equally important functions.

I implore you to editorially denounce this tactic for what it is. Richard Model Enterprises is just as guilty as the straight who yells "Faggot" or "Queer."

Dear GAY: On behalf of myself and the entire Board of Directors, I wish to express my thanks for your fine Editorial comments appearing in your Aug. 21st issue, and the

Republicans Avoid Gay Issue

Congressman Pete McCloskey opened: "Now, what is the issue you want to talk about?" Response: "Gay civil rights." McCloskey: "Oh, shit." He then said he knew nothing about our issue and would read our literature. He then walked away. New York Senator Jacob Javits' response was much the same: "I am aware of your issue," he said, and walked away. The subcommittee on Human Rights and Responsibilities was the committee charged with considering testimony on gay rights for possible inclusion in the Party's platform. The chairman of that committee candidly confessed Gay Liberation was too "sensitive" an issue for the committee to touch. Before Gay Liberationist Frank Kameny of Washington, D.C. ever presented his testimony on behalf of the NCGO, the decision was made; Gay Liberation will not be an issue at the Republican Convention. Nonetheless, Kameny proceeded. "Let us not leave doubt in anyone's mind that we didn't exhaust the regular channels," Kameny said. Clearly, consistently and irrefutably, Dr. Kameny laid bare the obligations of our government to take positive actions to insure the civil rights of all American citizens, of homosexual American citizens. Even members of the

tall page picture story appearing in your Sept. 4th issue. Mattachine very seldom makes headlines, even though we work long and hard behind the scenes. Your comments and attention will help show the Gay community that Mattachine is indeed alive and well and living "in the most central location possible for New York's gay community." The quotes are yours.

Best wishes, Don Goodwin President New York Mattachine

The following letter appeared on a printed postcard and was sent to GAY and to many newspapers, magazines, politicians, and officials. It is the work of Fred Cherry, an anti-homosexual fanatic who lives in Brooklyn and has nothing better to do with his time. Fred Cherry's post office address appears on each post card, but he has been careful not to print his home address, being fearful, no doubt, of reprisals by angry gay activists who would tell him to account for his campaign of innuendos and lies.

Mr. Cherry has been sending postcards of a similar nature for nearly a decade. This particular postcard was titled: McGovern's Homosexual Sellout.

ARE YOU AWARE that presidential candidate George McGovern has sold out to the organized homosexual movement of America and is aiding and abetting homosexuals to commit sodomy on children?

There is, at present, a bill before the New York City Council known as Intro 475, which, if enacted into law, would force the schools of New York City to hire homosexual child-molesters as teachers. On December 17, 1971, McGovern sent his representative, Eleanor Clark French, to the Council to read a statement in support of this bill. As a result of this and other pro-homosexual efforts, McGovern has received the acclaim of homosexuals everywhere. For example, GAY, the nation's largest-selling and most influential homosexual publication, has, on several occasions, published, free of charge, pro-McGovern political ads.

Spokesmen for various homosexual organizations, including the New York City Gay Activists Alliance, have claimed that homosexuals are not child-molesters. That's the story they tell the general public. But when homosexual leaders speak to other homosexuals, they tell an entirely different story. For example, Gregory Battcock writing in the May 10th, 1971

impotent Platform Committee later revealed privately how thoroughly moved they were by Dr. Kameny's presentation.

Alack and alas! All has not been lost. The gay community had not the power to move the Republicans, but it has its anger and its pride: Stage II, grass-roots response.

On Friday, August 18, a spontaneous demonstration was organized in response to a vicious characterization of homosexuals on the front cover of First Monday, the publication of the Republican National Party. The cover portrayal sought to discredit Senator McGovern for his tangential affiliations with a number of "sensitive" issues. 35 angry gays marched up to the Fountainbleu Hotel where the Republican Party was based, demanding a public apology from Robert Dole, Party Chairman. Police immediately forced the demonstrators down the stairs and back to the sidewalk. In the 95° weather the gays symbolically burned dozens of copies of First Monday and formed a loud, angry picketline. No official response ever came from the Party. However, one unnamed Republican administrator stood by the sidelines of the demonstration shouting: "Why don't you get a job? Why don't you get a job?"

During the weekend of August 19, the gay campsite area in Flamingo Park swelled in ranks. Scores of out-of-town gays made the site their temporary home. Many located residences with Miami gays spending their days and evenings at Flamingo Park socializing, rapping and planning for the events to come. In all, several hundred gay women and men spent time

issue of GAY, the nation's largest-selling and most influential homosexual publication, states: "I'd always thought that one of the reasons one bothered to be homosexual in the first place was that you could be promiscuous and a child-molester, without anyone so much as raising an eyebrow. After all, both were perfectly acceptable conventions—otherwise, why be homosexual? Certainly not to ape straight behavior and accept the strangulations and repressions contained therein!" Second, Martin Robinson, a leader of the New York Gay Activists Alliance and the New York Mattachine Society, stated that homosexuals were working for the right to make it easier to turn children into homosexuals. Third, the New York Gay Activists Alliance has publicly demanded the total repeal of all New York State sodomy laws, including those laws which prohibit sodomy between adults and children. Fourth, Pete Wilson of Radio Station WBAI-FM has, on one of its programs, broadcast a demand that parents permit homosexuals to have access to their children in order to teach those children about homosexuality. Wilson didn't limit this demand to the mere teaching of theory. Fifth, Franklin Kameny, Ph.D., the recent homosexual candidate for Congress, has authorized his name to appear on advertisements endorsing homosexual child-molesters. Sixth, the homosexual newspaper, GAY, in its edition of March 20, 1972, reports on a convention of homosexual organizations from all over the country. This convention was co-hosted by the New York Gay Activists Alliance. This convention drew up a political platform which includes planks demanding: "Repeal of all laws prohibiting private sexual acts involving consenting persons. Repeal of all laws governing the age of sexual consent." In other words, a convention of homosexuals from all over the country demands the right to persuade your children to commit sodomy with them. All of the foregoing facts should put to rest the claim that homosexuals, in general, are not child-molesters. If homosexuals, in general, were really not child-molesters, then why would they demand the right to commit sodomy on your children?

The reason McGovern sold out to the organized homosexual movement of America is to get the editorial support of The New York Times. The Times has a blatant, pro-homosexual, editorial bias. For example, on July 3 and July 10 of 1966, The Times published advertisements for the book: GREEK LOVE. This

living, communicating and otherwise relating to the life of the Gay People's home at the campsite.

On Sunday night, August 20, 200 homosexuals marched with candles from the Park to the North Demonstration Area at the Republican Convention site. Non-gay radicals saluted the marches with clenched fists, the sign for power, but refused to partake in the march. The purpose of the candlelight march was to emphasize gay pride and determination to become free. Chants of gay love and power echoed the streets of Miami Beach. Once at the demonstration area hundreds of candles were set on the lawn forming lambdas and interlocking female signs and male signs. The demonstrators sat on the lawn for a couple of hours singing and chanting and then marched back to Flamingo Park.

To focus attention on specific abridgements of the civil liberties of gays in this country—to emphasize an important issue to which the Republicans were not addressing themselves, a demonstration was held for fair employment practices. The full Republican Convention began Monday, August 21. On Tuesday, August 22, 50 gays assembled in front of the Dade County School Board handing out leaflets and chanting: "Gay is angry! Gay is proud! Fair employment now!"

The overall emphasis on non-delegate issues centered exclusively on the anti-war effort. Issues such as abortion and gay rights which Nixon religiously avoids went undocumented by the straight press.

On Wednesday night, August 23, re-

book exhorts and encourages homosexual child-molesters to commit sodomy on young boys and instructs them on how to get away with it. The advertisement itself specifically recommends sex between men and young boys and is thus an incitement to lawbreaking. Furthermore, the Long Island Press, in its edition of May 23, 1972, reports the arrest of members of an international club devoted to sodomy between men and young boys. That club even went so far as to publish a newsletter. The contents of that newsletter were apparently derived, in part, from the book: GREEK LOVE. Therefore, not only as The Times published an advertisement inciting to crime, but crime has apparently been committed, incited by an advertisement published by The Times. On the other hand, The Times refuses to print any ad criticizing homosexuality, because the homosexuals who control The Times consider such an ad to be "offensive to good taste."

However The Times is more than willing to publish ads attacking other groups. For example, on February 16, 1972, The Times published a vicious racist advertisement, advocating that Blacks should be held down in a position of inferiority. On June 6, 1972, The Times published another racist advertisement—this one a full-page diatribe against Jews, stating, in part, that the Jews of the United States form "a potent Fifth Column". But The Times will not publish an ad attacking homosexuals, because the homosexuals who control The Times believe that homosexuals are superior to everyone else.

McGovern is, if nothing else, a shrewd politician. He knows he needs the editorial support of The New York Times to win the presidential election. He knows that he has to pander to the homosexuals who control The Times in order to get their support. That is why McGovern has chosen to sell out to the organized homosexual movement of America and use his influence to help homosexual child-molesters to commit sodomy on children.

This postcard has been written, published, and mailed by: Fred Cherry Post Office Box 1017 Brooklyn, N.Y. 11202

PLEASE SEND ALL CORRESPONDENCE, INQUIRIES, SUGGESTIONS, COMPLAINTS, AND PROPOSITIONS TO: LETTERS TO THE EDITOR, GAY, P.O. Box 431, 68 Chelsea St., NYC, N.Y. 10011.

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BY KATHY BRAUN

Well, here I am, away from the roaches, away from the sidewalks, away from any Mind City Nightmare City sitting here in New Brunswick, surrounded by pine trees, towering cliffs, the Bay of Fundy and dozens of wholesome American families gone camping (with tents, that is) with all their multitudinous children. And who should we run into somewhere on the side of a lake one evening but Ann and Marlene, two New York dykes.

"I still feel like I'm sitting in a room," Ann said as we were sitting around the fire. "I have to look up at the stars to know I'm not." It was her fourth night out of the city. But after a while it seeps in and you know you're not in a room and people sit silently or talk as the spirit moves them, because even if the spirit doesn't move them, it surrounds them in the breeze, the earth, the stars, the trees.

In that cement town, in those little boxes of evening, people feel the tension to constantly make conversation, make something happen, because the city has been so stripped of nature, of life, of the spirit, stripped of everything but people, that if the people don't make something happen—NOTHING happens, that dead city emptiness.

But here in the country one feels the spirit. It's always there, the fullness, like the city's emptiness, so that when one stops what one is doing and becomes still for a moment, it is there, waiting.

Last night it was windy and the tent was flapping fit to come down but it didn't and I slept and I dreamt I was flying. I was with my two cousins and they said "C'mon we're going to fly!" I was afraid but I held on to Fred's hand and we stepped off a building and we flew. My God it was glorious. When I woke up it took me a minute to realize that it was a dream, that I couldn't really fly. My disappointment disappeared as I went about the business of getting up but now suddenly in the middle of the day I remember the dream and how absolutely beautiful it was, how free I felt and I'm overwhelmed with sadness.

Anyway, we were sitting around the fire and Ann was telling us about (what with one thing and another I forgot to ask Ann the name of this woman again, and now they've left for New York. Will ask what I get back and duly report.) a 15th century Spanish poet from Spain's Golden Age who is relatively unknown, presumably because she was a woman. Ann was saying how lots of works by women are being discovered these days and on like that. It put me into my same old thinking bag that I've been trying to get into words for at least a year now.

See, see, I think finding all these women writers and artists etc. is fine and all that but somehow it misses the point. I mean after all, if one is to be perfectly objective, to look at the history of humankind from the mind's eye and not from the hole in one's genitals, one must see that most of the accomplishments in the realm of what we would call the outside world have been achieved by men. Most books have been written by men, most paintings created, most music composed, most inventions thought of, most

The Meek Have Not Been Blessed



sciences pursued and so on. One can argue that men have done what they have done and women what they have done for such and such reason but whatever the reason one postulates, the fact remains the same. The women's movement and the few unusual women throughout history notwithstanding, it is simply true that men have done what they have done as a sex, as opposed to women, and it has been pretty fantastic. And for women not to boast of this tremendous achievement, not to be proud of it as members of the same race (human) is ungracious, ignoble, and yes, un-sisterly. But of course the point for peoples involved with the concerns of the women's movement is not what men have done, to

being in the home is seen in general by the women's movement as being a degrading thing. In this their viewpoint is similar to most Americans who consider the outside world—the world outside the home—the world of accomplishment as superior to and more important than the home—the world of love.

America is a very butch country, in love with accomplishment and with power so that even people who consider themselves part of the counterculture rather than being truly counter to the prevailing thought are right in line with it. Blacks don't object to power, on the contrary they want it for themselves. The gays want gay power and the women's movement too wants power, neglecting the real message this movement of women is telling us.

For throughout history, women have been the powerless ones. This is seen as undesirable only if one is in love with power, with butchness, with Yang-ness.

Power has never been the issue for women. Little girls have never felt the need to confront one another with tests of strength. Competition, and competitive feeling, which mythically these days is ascribed to women (in competition for men) actually is a function of butchness, of Yang-ness, since it derives from the love for power. Women have never rushed around forming armies and flexing their muscles right and left. On the contrary, they have stood by weeping, begging their men not to go to war. They have been in the position of the meek (as in blessed be the)—half the human race down on its knees saying STOP THE WAR, STAY HOME, STAY WITH ME, YOU WERE MEANT TO DIE IN BED AFTER A NIGHT OF LOVE.

But it has been a man's world, a butch world and the meek have not been blessed, they have been held in contempt. Man, men think, was not made to die in bed but on the constricted lines of the chessboard trying to capture yet one more square.

America, in its need for power, has aggraved its way around the world, cemented and fouled up its beautiful land. Things are well and truly fucked up and a lingering sadness hangs over the land. We are a people sadly in need of a little mothering, a little gentleness, but here in our butch country the concept of mother and mothering is held very much in disregard. It is power that counts, not care.

I quite agree with the women's movement objection to a woman's place being in the home but I object because it implies exclusivity—why should the home just be the woman's place?

To go back to where all this started—about all the different women writers and artists and such being discovered these days, please don't assume that I think this is anything but a good thing. I think it's a marvelous thing. Anything which frees and opens people's minds to a fuller way of living has got to be good and the world of accomplishment, the man's world, is indeed wonderful and ought to be shared by women and men.

But what I'm saying, folks, is that the women's world, the gentle world, the world of the PERSONAL—I repeat that, everybody, the world of the PERSONAL—must be valued and cherished and boasted of too because it gives us our humanity.



Matti (the original Miss Fire Island) lent her august presence to the festivities.



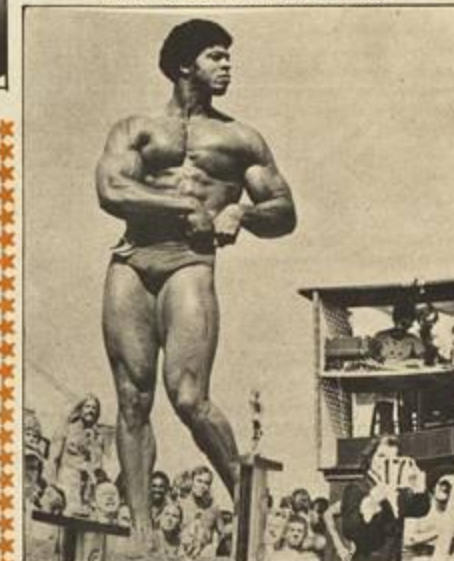
At the Judges' table.



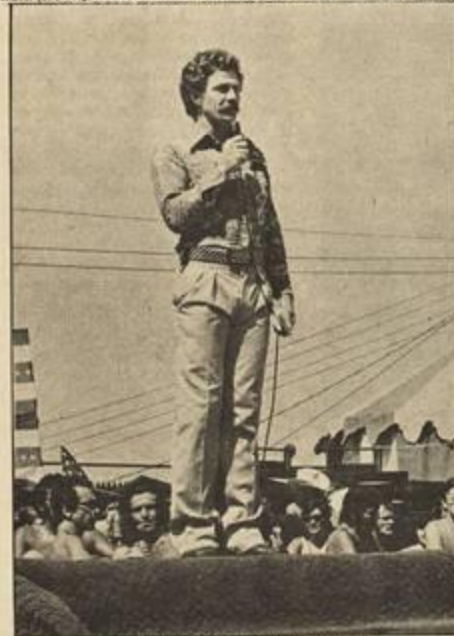
Judges included a host of N.Y.-Fire Island celebs.



Mr. America, Steve Mahalik, wiggles his bulge.



The winner: Bill Grant, Mr. Fire Island 1972.



Moderator Mike Fesco was his usual dashing self.

Mr. Fire Island 1972

On Sunday, August 27th, Cherry Grove's Beach Hotel became—for the third year in a row—the site of the annual Mr. Fire Island Contest.

The contest attracted a standing-room-only crowd, and each award was presented, as it has been at each of the annual contests, by wonderfully costumed drags, all of whom swarmed around the muscled giants and drew warm laughter from the crowds.

Once again, George DeSantis, Editor and Publisher of *QQ Magazine*,

was present as a judge, and Wakefield Poole, director and producer of the famed Fire Island skinflick, *Boys In The Sand*, sat with him.

Mike Fesco, suave, dashing manager of the *Beach Hotel* and the *Sea Shack* in Cherry Grove, was moderator of the contest. Yetta Cohen and John Marino were hostess and host, and Matti, the original Miss Fire Island, was present to lend flair to the festivities.

Other judges included Dalliance Hubris of the *Fire Island News*,

Kurt Bieber, actor and Colt Studio model, Lenny Russell of the Sheridan Square Health Club, and Dr. Julian Lerrine of R&J Health Studios.

The winners were judged mostly on "symmetry and posing" according to Judge Kurt Bieber.

This year's winner was Bill Grant (Mr. Fire Island 1972), who is 25 and hails from New Jersey. He received \$250 and a trophy. In second place was John Meldonado, who won \$100 and a trophy. Third

place was secured by last year's Mr. Fire Island, Gordon Bass.

Celebrities from other contests were honored guests. Steven Mahalik, Mr. America, was present, as was John Camper, Fire Island's Groovy Guy (1972) and Louis Love (Groovy Guy 1971).

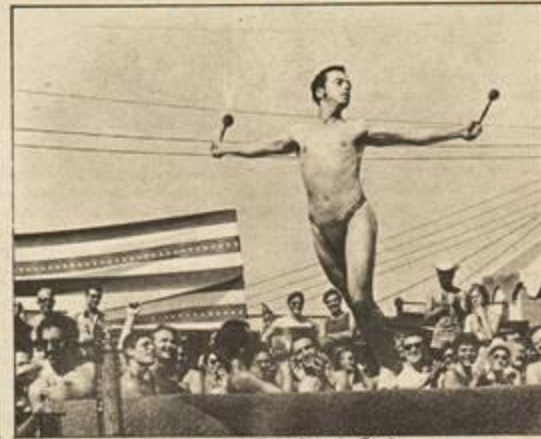
The Contest began with the lighting of a flame by a runner who carried an Olympian torch.

Once again the Mr. Fire Island Contest was a soaring success, and those who took part will long remember its happy spirit.

Who is the Fairest of Them All ?



The contest begins with Fire!



Running with the Olympian Torch.



Mr. Groovy Guy of F.I. John Camper (far right)



Third Place: Gordon Bass



Second Place: John Meldonado

Ralph S. Schaffer, the author of the following article, was brutally murdered last week while pursuing gay liberation activities in Los Angeles (see News). GAY's editors do not doubt that they speak for New York's gay community when they express the horror and shock they feel about the senseless killing of this loving human being.

This piece which Ralph Schaffer wrote for GAY was originally published in issue no. 53 and bears its original title, "Paradise Now!" Our introduction to the first printing said: "The following article is a true story. It is a description of a hip gathering in the woods on the West Coast where homosexuals and heterosexuals camped together in a spiritual paradise, Sky River, and shared an experience which, we believe, is a portent of things to come. GAY is pleased to print this article in the hope that such experiences will be re-enacted many times this summer and in other parts of the world!" Ralph Schaffer's warm, sensual spirit lives in his own words:

BY RALPH S. SCHAFFER

Johnny, Carol and I stood at the top of the hill, burdenously carrying our camping equipment, and looked over the Sky River grounds. There before us was a gigantic yellow-arched field with more people than we could believe—beautiful people. At one end of the field was a big stage bedagled with all sorts of electrical paraphernalia. A rock band was playing as though to save its soul.

We descended into the community and made our way into the fringe of pine woods surrounding the field. We found a nice place to camp.

After a while, I took a tour of the "Avenue." This was a row of improvised shacks selling sloppy joe's, corn on the cob, hot dogs, marijuana, acid, coffee and electric cool-aid. Harkers ran to and fro peddling their merchandise. "Purple microdot, here." "Lids, seven dollars." Most lids of marijuana were nearly double the size of lids sold on the outside. Everyone I passed offered me a drag on their joint. By the time I'd reached the end of the street, I was stoned.

The weather was very warm and sunny. Being a devout nudist, I removed my clothes. A number of people were doing the same, casually sauntering around, unconcerned, comfortable.

After my tour I returned to camp to join Johnny and Carol for supper. After some delicious smoked joints we had sardines, and peanut butter sandwiches.

After supper the events at Sky River were a kaleidoscope of unbelievable experiences which I'll never be able to sort into chronological order. You could not refuse the thousands of hits on joints that people were continually passing around. Not being normally a heavy smoker, I was continuously high.

At one point I decided to investigate the river. Reaching its bank was a trip I'll never forget. The trail wound its way down what was virtually the side of a cliff. I had to let myself down by a rope at one point. But when I arrived it was well worth the effort. Hundreds of people were swimming, lolling and splashing in the shallow, rapid, rocky Washoogal River. All were nude. Local residents, poorly concealed in the trees, peered at us from across the river. For the first time in my life I really appreciated the beauty of the female form—even the not-so-well-stacked ones. The men were handsome beyond description. I toured around the narrow shore of the river, after bathing and washing my hair, and came upon several couples balling quite openly here and there. As a consequence, I found myself chomping through the

Paradise Now



woods, bare-assed naked with an almost continual raging hardon. I felt so free at Sky River that I was not the least bit self-conscious about having an erection. The people I met smiled graciously and said hello with complete nonchalance as though plowing through thorny vines with a hardon was an every day occurrence. I passed a beautiful young fellow with bright blond hair, clear blue eyes and a beard of a slightly different color. He gave me a Leo smile which rivaled the hot sun. He stopped and said, "You have a beautiful cock."

"Thank you."
"May I suck it?"
"Please do."

He knelt down right there and blew me. People passed to and fro smiling and waving. A few said, "Right on."
After I came I was so weak from the intense orgasm that I had to wait a few minutes before I could return his favor.

I returned to the river and bathed again with tears in my eyes. Tears to celebrate the joy of freedom. Never had I felt so much a part of nature.

I made several trips to the river during my stay at Sky River. One was at night. Making one's way up and down the cliff at night was an unbelievable chore. I

was very high on marijuana. At one place I stopped to rest and allowed myself to hallucinate. A small shrub transformed itself into the god of the trees. I said, "God of the trees, what can you tell me?"

"The trees," he said, "remember everything that ever happened. All trees are one. They are rooted in the earth. The experience of the earth is the experience of the trees."

My hallucination faded and I continued on my way. I met a black man sitting at the edge of the river. He said he was waiting for the sunrise.

One day Johnny, Carol and I went in to Portland to join the People's Army Jamboree. I joined the Gay Liberation group. We shouted our slogans. "Ho ho homosexual," and "Suck cock and beat the draft." It was exciting. The Legionnaires who observed our demonstration appeared to be frightened by us.

Carol left us at that point to return to her home town in Indiana. Shortly afterwards we met a friend from Berkeley who owns a camper. He invited us to join him to return to Sky River. We happily did so, and remained there another week. By this time the Portland Gay Liberation

had a tent way up on top of the hill with a gigantic banner hanging in the trees with the magic letters G L F. Bob, our host, decided to arrange an orgy to be held in one of the tents of the GLF encampment. He posted signs at various strategic locations in the Sky River community announcing its time and place.

The orgy turned out to be a failure. The Portland and Seattle Gaylib people didn't appear to be very liberated. It ended up with myself and some stranger, who just popped in, balling by ourselves.

One evening, Johnny, myself and a girl he had found, were returning to our encampment. I felt a little out of things with Johnny having a girl and myself having no one. As we climbed the hill I saw a beautiful young man stumbling along, apparently very high on something. Without hesitating I went up to him and put my arm around his waist. (I am usually a timid cruiser.)

"Can I help you?" I said.
"I'm looking for a sister."
"I'm a sister."
"I'm trying to find my camp. I'm lost."

"Why don't you crash in my camp until morning."
"Yeah? Okay!"

We stumbled along to my place under the big shrub. The fire was just dying out. Johnny and his girl were already balling. My friend and I sat next to them and I kissed him—a long, ardent kiss. He was digging it a lot. Then he put his hand up to my face. He started and drew back.

"You're a guy!" he said with astonishment.

"Sure I'm a guy."
"But I'm heterosexual."
"So am I," I said drily

Then I kissed him again and opened his fly. He was hard. I slipped off my pants which were getting too cramped for my erection. He laid back and I started to make love to him. Suddenly he sat up and said, "Cheez, my head is in a thorny bush."

"Let's get into my sleeping bag."

He got up, pants half mast, and started to climb over Johnny and his girl. I got up, naked from the waist down and tried to help him. We fell right into a thorny bramble patch. We both laughed with utter delight. We kissed, in spite of the thorns. Finally we made our way to my sleeping bag and snuggled in. We rubbed and bumped and writhed with joy and pleasure. Suddenly he sat up and looked at me with a strange expression on his face. He looked very serious. Then he went down on me.

After resting in the after-glow, he got up, put on his clothes and said, "Thanks for turning me on to something new." Then careened off unsteadily through the bramble patch.

About five minutes later he came stumbling by with a girl, her arm around his waist. "I'm trying to find my camp," he said, "I'm lost." The girl said, "Why don't you crash in my camp until morning?"

I laughed myself to sleep. Johnny and his girl laughed a little too and snuggled down to sleep.

At Sky River I learned how terribly oppressed we really are in our society. Freedom is beautiful beyond the power of words to describe.

BY VICKI RICHMAN

When men go out to sea," a boatswain's non-navigable wife explained, "they're animals. They live like animals."

She was one of several seamen's wives quoted in a New York Times article on the women protesting a United States Navy directive authorizing female recruits—for the first time in the history of patriarchal society—to serve on warships at sea. Apparently she wanted the Navy to suffer the bestial instincts of the male sex, untempered by the civilizing influence of wife and home, to flourish only in the presence of men.

It's difficult for me to understand what this woman has against animals. I mean, animals spend uncomplaining lives taking care of their babies, satisfying their base animal desires when the season and the mood are right (unlike people, who do it all the time), and generally not annoying any other animal or any plant they don't consider to be food. They don't sail off to blockade harbors in North Vietnam. They don't join international conspiracies involving billions of dollars hustled from scattered millions of people, who'd rather remain hidden than object, just to kill other people and burn villages. As a matter of fact, animals, even when they fight, avoid killing members of their own species. Still, we insist on ascribing the worst of human behavior to our innocent non-human co-habitants on this planet, although we are never so typically human as we are when we kill, lie and hoard.

But the wives were not objecting to their husbands' usual duties on behalf of Aunt Sam. Perish the thought! They were objecting only to the possibility that women might share the duties with the men. It is tempting to blame all sexual oppression on men, as if there exists a well-defined gender consciousness that causes the leaders of society to enact laws on behalf of all of their genital brothers, instead of only for the good of themselves, their families, and their class. But if these wives, outraged over an opportunity for women to become as murderous as men, are any indication, women have been at least as stout-heartedly on the side of a sexist division of labor and emotion as men have been.

The proscription against a female presence among sailors seems to have been pretty universal, and these wives would rather let the boys continue to do whatever boys do when no girls are around than let the tide of modern liberation turn the ships into "floating whorehouses." I can't help agreeing. I think women should be barred from warships. I also think men should be barred from them. In fact, I think warships should be barred. They can be replaced with canoes and rafts. The few men and women who are lucky enough not to have anything better to do can spend their time deciding among themselves who will float on which raft. No one else will care.

Curiously, these civilizing influences behind the beasts from the sea sound very much like the feminists who also find men hopelessly brutal and who would have the abused sisters spared masculine company forever (or until "sufficient consciousness-raising" brings it at least above groin level). Traditional women say men are "animal-like" and women are "pure"; liberated women call men "oppressors" and women "the op-

Men, Women & Other Ups and Downs



pressed." Has only the vocabulary changed?

No one can deny that men have devoted their lives to oppressing the rest of us animals. The results of human infestation of this planet and the bald-faced fact that the instigators have been male will convict that gender in any unbiased mind. But women, who have always been sensitive to male brutality, have accepted male aggression as a necessary and even desirable part of their lives. Feminist reformers ought to find ways to replace male domination with non-aggressive values. But instead of looking for new lifestyles, they seem intent only on wresting the power from the men. Why anyone should want to assume a male role I can't imagine, but modern women, who are so critical of patriarchy, can find no better road to liberation than behaving like the boys—with the boys excluded.

Feminists would be the last to say that sex roles are anything but socially conditioned, but I get the feeling that many believe that men are born brutal and that only the inherent goodness of women can save us. I'm half convinced they're right. The argument for inborn masculine and feminine social roles is supported by common sense and modern science.

Every society distinguishes between proper male and female activities, but blaming society for robbing us of our freedom is like blaming a dog for shitting on the sidewalk instead of blaming the peculiar species that put the sidewalk under the dog in the first place. Dogs have to shit, after all; the objection to it is human, not canine, just as the objection to sidewalks is canine, not human. Social practices were not imposed on us against our wills by Martians, elephants or little demons with horns and pitchforks; human society is a condition of being human. It is tempting to say, "Society made us that way," every time we are displeased, but who made society? Because it is the untamperable result of thousands of years of evolution, no one person or clique feels he has had a hand in shaping society, and consequently everyone feels oppressed by it at one time or another.

But common human needs, which seem alien to us now after thousands of years of development, are the real culprit.

Biologists have altered the sexual attitudes of laboratory animals by adjusting the supply of male hormones at critical times in the development of the fetus. Unusual amounts of testosterone in utero created sexually active and hostile females and sexually indifferent and passive males after birth. These experiments uphold Jill Johnston's belief that female is the basic form of life. The male gender seems to have evolved as an afterthought through the action of testosterone on the basic female unit. Male chauvinism says that a woman is an incomplete man in need of special attention; it seems, however, that men are really women redesigned—or mutilated—by testosterone.

On the other hand, my own life is evidence of a monolithic social force in the creation of sex roles. I was considered a boy when I grew up, of course, and in nursery school I was subjected to daily beatings by a girl who had a clear head start in this liberation business. I didn't retaliate. It is impossible for me to be physically aggressive with either sex, but whether from passivity or exalted morality, I will peacefully and piously leave for my critics to decide. I did the next worst thing and tattled to the teacher, who proceeded to upbraid me for asking for help in a quarrel with a girl and warned me to seek my own solution or suffer a coward's fate. Needless to say, the teacher was a woman. Even at that age, I well knew that if a little girl had complained about a boy who had molested her, he would have been reported to nine different social agencies and fingerprinted as a future sex pervert. Not that I wanted my attacker to be sent up the river; I just wanted to play in a room where she couldn't lay her liberated little fists on me.

About the same time I asked my mother if I could wear a pretty dress like all the other girls, since I was beginning to feel out of place in pants. She laughed and told me, for the first time, that boys never wear dresses. I was a precocious fel-

low, actually, and had already deduced that shocking truth from my own empirical evidence, but it was not until my mother put it into words that the oppressive inequity made its mark on me, for I was still hoping that my deductions in the sexuality of clothes would prove as false as they were ridiculous. My mother and all the women I observed seemed to enjoy wearing their clothes. I couldn't believe that she, who was loving and solicitous of my needs in all other matters, would deny me the same pleasure.

Statistics show that little girls are more successful pupils in the early grades, but that boys far outdo their sisters as they get older. One female anthropologist believes this is a result of the biological difference between the sexes. Boys are naturally more inquisitive and independent, and cannot sit quietly for long periods and obey the teacher, as girls like to do. Since teachers of elementary classes are women, they reward the girls for lack of activity and punish the boys for being disruptive, not understanding that the male sex has an instinctive urge to wander around the room and ignore orders. In high school and college the teachers are men, who recognize and reward masculine originality and who regard the agreeable and dependent girls as slow thinkers.

This anthropologist sounds a bit like the Navy wives. Men are simultaneously destructive and creative—anarchists and reformers. Women are civilized and peaceful and maintain moral values against the barbarism of men. Fathers encourage their children to be adventurous and to make something of themselves; mothers teach them to conform to custom and to be "mature."

I was always the best student in elementary school and I recall that I must have been our anthropologist's ideal little girl, even if I didn't wear dresses. I never left my seat, I never shouted or fought, I never challenged the teacher's wisdom. However, ever since I can remember, my mother had warned me, by word and example, not to assert myself to the embarrassment of my superiors. Was it hormones or my mother's civilizing influence that made me a girl?

I continued to be a successful scholar, but by the time I had reached my senior year in an all-male high school, I had liberated myself and was as good as male impersonation as any bull dyke. I developed hare-brained theories on literature and politics and even followed some of them into jail cells. My mother, of course, was aghast and warned me I would ruin my life if I didn't learn my place and do as I was told. But she was talking to her daughter. The rest of the world was convinced I was a boy and gave me high grades and published my assorted theories because it's a boy's privilege to make a nuisance of himself. Mothers never realize that young revolutionaries enhance—not destroy—their chances. Nothing ruins your opportunities for the future more than being one of the crowd.

I also studied math, shot pool, drove a motorcycle and learned the one thing girls are good for; I was almost comfortable being a man. At the same time I could no longer be close to my mother and she blamed the crowd I had taken up with, not realizing I hoped to hide my femininity by rejecting her. My development is similar to that of many girls, who also at the age of sixteen liberate themselves into bluejeans and politics to the chagrin of their mothers.

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Jerry's Sphere

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feats of athletic prowess. I have to admire their guts and patience. Imagine giving all that time to develop a physical near perfection in training. (The two U.S. sprinters who failed to make their qualifying heat must be Ready for Freddy.) When some of my brothers and sisters put somebody down because they have good bodies, it makes my blood boil. I work out occasionally and it is hard work. If a guy or gal wants to give the time to perfect the body given by God, who the hell has the right to put them down? Everybody seems to be putting everybody else down who doesn't conform with their way of thinking. To all of you beautiful-bodied people, a deep bow. You have converted me, and after watching Spitz and the great body show, I've decided to increase my effort. I'm not getting older, I'm getting better. (To paraphrase Claird and to give the anti-agists something to smoke about.)

A FABULOUS WEEKEND IN MIAMI:

My constant, Mike, got tired of waiting for me and sent for me over the Labor Day weekend. It was a BIGGIE. Jack had moved into his own home and had worked like crazy to get it ready for his brother Chuck's bash. (I had stayed with Jack during the democratic convention.) Chuck and I arrived at 5:30 p.m. and the party started there and then. When those Miami kids have a big weekend, they don't kid around. That southern hospitality doesn't quit. Saturday we went over for some volleyball and swimming after several sessions of "welcome back" from Mike. I was a little tired but managed to hit the ball a few times. We had to get back to get ready for Chuck's party. The guests arrived on time. (None of your New York 1/2-hour late arrival shit for these guys.) Since Chuck was the guest of honor, I relieved him on the bar. Being in a "condition," I'm afraid that I didn't do too well and the line was filling the room. Jack's roommate, Ric, offered to relieve me (so they could get drinks) and got himself relieved in about two minutes. I decided to try and walk. I made it. Chuck and I decided to make like roving reporters. But if we reported any of what we found out we'd never get back to Miami. (I think it's a game called "I can make out better than my lover, who's in the next room saying the same thing.") The bodies were incredible, as were the faces. At one point, after a little amyl, it felt as if we were going to have the biggest and best orgy on record. Everyone was in the same condition and grooving on everyone else. But, of course, the natural urges had to be curbed (why?) or the Dade County divorce court would have been in extra session. It was a case of "I want to also, but I'm here with a lover who wants to do it too but, because we're lovers, we're not supposed to." I'm sure that you've all had similar experiences. I have to mention D*O*N, even if he thinks my column is "terrible," because he gave me the amyl. Did I spell the name right, Don? Eric was there looking humpy. As were Bill and John. Another Bill from Chicago with a new beard. My ex, Ron, with an old mustache and his present lover, Bob. One gentleman was caught in the yard going down on three beautiful Cuban boys. Kurt was down from New York. And, one of the greatest laughers of all time, Emilio. (When I smoke and laugh I can't stop. He starts and can't even smoke any more. A beautiful contagious laugh.) Chuck and I found a little hot air in the room but on the main it was some shindig. After a few more "welcome backs" from Mike, it was over to the volleyball court again. But, this time all of the pros were there. Ric and I opted to be cheerleaders and sat in the pool all day. (I'm honest. I stink at volleyball. When they're taking the game so seriously, why take chances of breaking up a good

friendship in the name of a volley?) Sunday night dinner at the PUB was unreal. Both Chuck and I were in rare form. Ever get a hunger rush and a laugh rush at the same time? It isn't easy trying to down chicken liver between yakking it up. Over to the house for after-dinner drinks and more jovial banter. (My stomach was in knots by this time.) Then over to Mike's for more "welcome back." Chuck, Jack, Ric and Emilio were invited out sailing on the ex's sailboat. I guess Ron knew that Mike wanted to welcome me back some more, so we weren't invited. We welcomed each other back this time. And, as all good things must do, the weekend came to a melancholy end. Due to a fuck-up, Chuck and I had to fly home on separate planes. Mike had gotten me in a condition and I was afraid I'd come down with a case of the giggles all the way home. Then, my seatmates arrived. Two broads (sorry to my sisters, but these two were definitely broads) sat down chewing gum and proceeded to remove nail polish, rolling their hair, etc. I crunched down in the seat trying to ignore the smell of the remover. Was I doomed to a flight of uncontrollable discomfort? No! Luckily, I noticed a third broad across the aisle. I offered to change seats, crossing my nuts at this point. She agreed and I spent the remainder of the flight in meditation.

MEDITATING:

As you have probably gathered, I'm pretty hung up on my Mike. He wants me to move to Miami. I would like to but I can't see myself finding a job down there. Some of the stories of people going down and not finding work are frightening. And, being almost 10 years Mike's senior, I can't see him supporting me while I finish the great American novel. So, at present, we are at a check position. (Thanks, Bobby Fisher.) After reading Thane Hampeen's brilliant article, "Is There Life After Marriage?" and seeing what went on at the party, it's scary. After all, one affair of putting every fibre of your body and soul into making one person happy and having it thrown in your face isn't an experience easily forgotten. Of course, I was wrong in many matters in that relationship also. Which you realize with maturity. Mike is only 22. He believes that we can make it work. (If he keeps up at the pace he set over the weekend, I'd be too tired to look at anyone else.) He is passionately involved, as I am. Passion doesn't make a relationship work on its own. I don't know if Mike is mature enough to realize that. Am I ready to handle the responsibility of a relationship? All of these things whirled through my mind at a speed faster than the plane was moving. I have promised Mike that we'd be together in two weeks. (About the time that you will be reading this.) I can only hope and pray that I make the right decision for both of us. I love him too much to hurt him, now or ever. Wish me luck.

MY FIRST AND FINAL thoughts on Ms. Jill Johnston:

I began reading the Voice several years ago. Once in a while, I ran across Johnston's column. They seemed to me the height of egotism. The last one that I read was the one my editors, Jack and Lige, took her to task on. I had meant to do a number on it also. After reading Gregory Batcock's last column, I did some of my famous armchair psychiatry. How Ms. Johnston has the balls (and she does have balls) to accuse male homosexuals in general of being oppressive is beyond my reach of reason. She dismisses a 14-year-old son as if he doesn't exist. Allowing him to plod through life without direction. (One can only hope that he doesn't find it through the kind heart of a pusher in these perilous times of drug abuse.) But, even more sadly, she actually seems envious of her daughter's affection for her ex-husband. Which, ladies and gentlemen, leads me to my prognosis. Ms. Johnston is not a lesbian. She was/is so hung up on her ex-husband and was rejected by him. So, she in turn rejects the

male sex. She is too much into herself to relate to anything or anyone else. I feel great pity for this unhappy person. And I hope that she will find someone to whom she can relate and find a little peace. With much love, Je

Bank Robbery

(continued from page 8)

The automatic condemnation begins, the trial proceeds and is over in the twinkling of a reactionary eye.

GAA is very concerned about securing a fair trial for Wojtowicz. I'm sure they'll be in close attendance. Okay. But it won't make a damn bit of difference. There are no moot points in this case. Wojtowicz committed a serious crime and will be made to pay for his caprice. A maximum sentence will be imposed and I defy anyone to show evidence that this sentence is prejudicially tainted, even if it obviously is. If anything, this sad character's homosexuality may aid him. His lawyer can show (with the ponderous and pompous help of some of our well known enemies in the clinical therapy avian) that Wojtowicz was a Good Boy—until the clammy hand of perversion clutched his immaculate soul. A plea of "temporary insanity." If his mother had breast fed him this would never have happened, despite the evil influence of *Danny's* bar. All he needs now is a good woman and a good 5¢ cigar.

Very swell for Johnny; very rotten for us. And that's why I feel GAA's concern is somewhat misplaced. They should be at that trial to see that homosexuals in general are not slandered and made to pay indirectly for Wojtowicz' behavior. And there should be an effort to show the public that his "open avowal" of homosexuality is not quite the sort of gay liberation we had in mind.

On Friday, September 1, a week and a day after the full page on Wojtowicz, *The Times* somewhat balanced their gay reportage by allowing July Klemesrud to write a moderately long and complimentary article entitled *For Homosexuals, It's Getting Less Difficult to Tell Parents*. (I was amused that Ms. Klemesrud speaks of Weinberg's book as *Society and the Happy Homosexual* instead of *Society and the Healthy Homosexual*. Only when dealing with such an insignificant subject as homosexuality would *The Times* or a *Times* writer allow such a glaring error to visit their pages.)

I hope this article does a little to ease the stench of Wojtowicz' folly. But I doubt it. No glamor in an essay about healthy (happy?) gays living in tender harmony with their folks. Let's have some more blood and guts and kookie cocksuckers.

Oh, well. At least we've learned over the years to take such things in stride. It hurts a little more these days when we're trying to consciously improve the Image. But it consoles me greatly to realize and remember that for every pitiful John Wojtowicz there is a beautiful Morty Manfred. And we can only pray that the good continues to balance and finally outweigh the evil.

Men & Women

(continued from page 15)

While I agree that men and masculinity can be dispensed with to everyone's advantage, I cannot blame men alone for unfair sex roles. Women have been at least as guilty: first, in requiring men to develop an "animal-like" lack of sensitivity and then in condemning them for using it to their apparent advantage. I have always had a compulsive need to be close to women, but I felt that I could be accepted by them only if I were a woman myself, since men were such objectionable oppressors. I'm proved wrong, of course, by straight women who abandon their own sex to please their boy friends and by lesbians who denounce all femi-

nine display as "role playing," leaving it to the rest of us to figure out what crime against nature that must represent. Nevertheless, I still become inconsolably depressed if a woman treats me like a man.

"I've always thought," said Dinah Shore in the same issue of *Times*, "that having a man go out and fight for you is a bargain I wouldn't want to renounce. Women seem to think they've got the wrong end of the deal when in fact they've got the best end." She's unforgivably sexist, as everyone I know would say, and yet I must confess she appeals to me. Women do have the best of the bargain, I'm convinced, as I try to hustle a little of the action for myself. But perhaps it's only Dinah and I who feel that way. A woman who likes the man's share of roles ought to be cast immediately, just as any man should be able to play it in Dinah's style. The answer may be that sex roles are biologically determined, but that a significant minority, perhaps through a prenatal hormonal condition or perhaps through early training, don't prefer the role corresponding to their genital sex. They should not be abused for seeking the lives they prefer, nor should members of the majority, like Dinah, be called unliberated for enjoying what they have.

As I left a state unemployment office a few years ago, a messenger boy abandoned one of his rounds and took it upon himself to suggest a job in his office. "Y'know typ'n 'n shawthaynd, doncha?" Ordinarily I would have looked the other way and kept my pace, as if he didn't exist, but this time I stopped in gaping disbelief. Had all my efforts toward making myself the woman I was led to this? If I had been a man, he would never have dared to talk to me, let alone ask me that question. And here I was with a portfolio of published writings and a list of academic distinctions, the most notable of which was being the only member of the Alumni Association of Columbia College to admit she's an alumna!

He walked me to the Museum of Modern Art and graciously approved of it after asking me what place I said it was. He asked if I was meeting anyone and decided, after I said I was expecting a gentleman friend, that it would be politic to best a hasty retreat, but not before asking me for my phone number in case he found a job for me.

"No thanks," I said, mustering unbecoming independence, "I think I'll be able to manage for myself." I'm sure that even Dinah Shore would have said the same thing.

Virginia's Gay Communities Organize

(continued from page 1)

Washington, D.C. asking for their assistance. A search was begun for lawyers who would handle test cases in the courts. Then it was happening: the first meeting of the GFM. And they came by the hundreds, amid angry words from the police, laughter at themselves for having waited so long and tears of joy for having gotten it together. A rousing introduction by Irish explained the necessity of gays finally organizing. Then Gary Clark and Joe Farrah outlined the purposes of GFM and at the same time made it clear that it was not their group, but belonged to those who had turned out to support it and that it was those gays who would form the by-laws, set the goals and build the group.

Bill Bricker, president of The Gay Activists Alliance of D.C., told those present of the great satisfaction one can enjoy after coming out and working for Gay Liberation. He also stressed the necessity of working together in unity despite differences of opinion and political ideology. He reviewed the past accomplishments of gays in Washington D.C. and other areas and pointed to what can be done with such great potential for Gay Liberation in Tidewater. Dr. Franklin Kameny, president of The Mattachine Society of D.C., explained how best to handle the situation from a legal viewpoint and how to react to the police harassment. He advised that

they certainly had the same rights as "straights" and should dance and hold hands in the bars despite police threats, and if necessary get arrested and go to court, that it was one of the best means of fighting back. Kameny also dealt with the necessity for the immediate establishment of test cases on the ABC policy against homosexuals. Bricker and Kameny both suggested that perhaps gays should go in large groups to straight bars, and notify police and ABC officials of their presence. In forcing the closing of establishment places perhaps pressure would be placed on "society" to petition a change in policy. Not once did the enthusiasm of the audience let up. Bricker and Kameny received standing ovations after their talks and throughout the evening applause and shouts of "Gay Power" and "Right-On" filled the room. Later, during a question and answer period, topics and questions ranged from "what to do if the vice squad solicits you" to "when is the next meeting." And despite the heat (there was only one fan), everyone participated and no one left until the end of the meeting three hours later. Using the offering plates of the church and with no formal request for contributions, very close to a thousand dollars was collected to get the group started financially. Gay sisters and brothers left the Unitarian Church that night high on love and togetherness and looking forward to their next meeting on the following Monday. But they knew they'd be enjoying more than mere meetings. Much more. They had come out to put it on the line and in a state filled with such bigotry and prejudice they knew they would . . . very soon. It was a beautiful night. A bell of a night.



Toronto's activists were caught up in the general euphoria.

Canadians Celebrate Gay Pride

(continued from page 1)

houses along the way were brightly colored and somehow gave me the sense of another—quieter—era, a time when romance was still something more than a tacky curiosity. But on this day romance was short-lived so we headed back to the Center just in time to learn of the week's main controversy.

An article in the *Body Politic* had had the nerve to suggest that perhaps the nuclear family wasn't exactly man's salvation but rather a tight repressive group which treated children as possessions. A child's sexual encounters are the first step in breaking free of this and therefore not only are sexual relations between adults and children acceptable but indeed they are a means by which folks can break the rigid moulds with which society shapes children and adolescents. A columnist in the *Toronto Globe and Mail*, Kenneth Bagley, had picked up on the article and by use of lies and innuendo indicated that perhaps the government money given to CHAT to run a distress line was also paying for the *Body Politic*, paying to encourage "child molestation." It's absurd to see sex and sexuality as a dangerous commodity from which we must protect our children but that's the way society views it and unfortunately gay people are part of that society and many feel the same way. The following day both the *Globe and Mail* and the *Toronto Star* printed editorials denouncing the *Body Politic* and calling for an investigation into the possibility of arresting the author of the article, Gerald Hannan, on charges of counselling to commit a crime. The battle lines were quickly drawn. Most members of the organized gay community quickly rallied behind the *Body Politic* either in full support of the article or at least in support of its right to print what it thought best. Others did their best to convince the leaders of CHAT that they must totally disavow the article and the *Body Politic*. After over six hours of meetings the organized gay community came out together to support a paper's right to print freely. The good liberals of Toronto had found an issue to attack Gay Liberation without tarnishing their liberal image. They timed it perfectly, during Gay Pride Week, but their attack failed; the community stayed together and over 200 people marched through Toronto in a show of Pride and determination. Hopefully now they can get down to talking about what the article actually said.

where the movement was going, Kate Millett's film *Three Lives* and of course the traditional dance. People from around Canada as well as the United States showed up for the festivities, a time for rapping with friends from Detroit and Buffalo as well as meeting many more new friends. Chief on the list was Paul, alive and smiling as he answered phones, stacked up Coke cases or moved chairs before going out with the rest of us to the Parkside for a few beers. Paul is the type of person who apologizes for not being able to dance very well and then proceeds to outshine everyone else on the floor. We arrived late for the dance Friday night but still in time to watch as several hundred people laughed and danced. Somehow inhibitions seemed to have been left at the door and the room was filled with real people simply being themselves and enjoying it immensely.

On Saturday the sun was bright and the march began. Signs proclaimed the event with much chanting and singing through the streets. Two stops were made, first at the Provincial Building to demand an amendment to the Ontario Human Rights Code to protect homosexuals from discrimination and then at the Federal offices for a series of speakers. Speeches are always the same at events like this. They're always well received and add to the general euphoria. Fortunately they didn't go on for too long. The Young Socialists Alliance had a speaker to proclaim their support for gay liberation and Marc Wald managed to yell out "off the Trots" in the middle of it. Not very polite I suppose but then co-optation isn't very polite either. I doubt that the Socialists will succeed in Canada and accomplish the take-over they've been trying so long in vain to bring about. I don't object to Socialists but just to groups like YSA and SWP who seem to support anything if they think they have a chance to take it over.

Toronto is difficult to assess. It's easy simply to recite the particular events, to talk about walking hand in hand through the Canadian National Exhibition or to list the names of those I slept with while my lover was safely back in New York. Perhaps I could play at objective journalism and recite the slogans carried in the march or recount the reactions of those watching. Somehow none of this sort of stuff seems appropriate for Toronto. What really mattered was the warmth of the people I met there and what they taught me. Every city has many facets: buildings, people, and most importantly, where you're at when you visit it. For me more than anything else Toronto means being seen as Rich Wandel rather than the President of GAA. For you it would mean something else. It also means Paul and the ability to be in love with a myriad of people all at the same time. But of

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Stonewall South? Virginians get it together.

Gay Journalist Activist Slain

(continued from page 1)

ing to locate Mrs. Schaffer. Presumably, funeral arrangements will be made in New York if Mrs. Schaffer can be located. One of Schaffer's lifelong ambitions was to get some of his writings published in book form. Ironically, two anthologies containing his works are scheduled for publication later this year. For Gay activists everywhere, Ralph's death strikes close to home. He was the first to meet a violent death in the course of movement activities. The Gaywill was much advertised as a non-profit charitable institution. By working there, he was a sitting duck for any hate-obsessed homophobic nut. Friends believe he was aware of the risk. All who work in the SIR office or any other Gay Movement place take the same risk. "Ralph could have as easily been any of us," said one activist. Schaffer was a native of New York City, and was a lifelong resident of New York until he moved to Los Angeles a few years ago. In addition to Gay Liberationists, Schaffer is survived by his mother, whose last known address was in Brooklyn, N.Y. New York police are try-

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Haight-Ashbury Becomes A Gay Ghetto

(continued from page 1)

advises (and no doubt unappreciated by Pacific Gas and Electric) that new residents not pay their bill. "In many houses, the gas is not turned off when tenants leave. This alone should be good for several weeks of free lights," the organization figures. "When PG&E discovers there has been a change of tenants their first step is to send a man over to get the new name which will be billed. When he arrives, give him a fictitious name, say you moved in three days ago, don't sign anything and don't let him in. Your bills will begin arriving in about three weeks."

"After a month or two of unpaid bills, whenever a bill comes in the mail, don't open it, write 'moved' and send it back to the Post Office," continues the advisory. "Later, PG&E will send a man out to get the name of the 'new' tenant. Give him another fake name and the charade will continue anew. This method is good for six months or more of free lights and gas."

Many resident have also cut living expenses by forming food conspiracies. There are ten conspiracies in the Haight. In addition, the area is laced with communes. The largest, the Good Earth commune, houses over 200 persons. Not to be outdone, gays have formed their own communes. Perhaps the best known is the Hot Moon commune, which won an award for the most original entry in this year's Christopher Street West-San Francisco parade.

It is still possible to rent for \$40 to \$65 per month by sharing a flat with others. When gays started to settle heavily in the Eureka Valley, however, landlords raised the rent from approximately \$135 to \$185 per month. Wherever heads have settled, gays have followed. Two years ago the Eureka Valley transformed from a straight to a hip hetero neighborhood. It is now predominately gay. The same process is again at work in the Haight.

Nestled against geographical boundaries such as Golden Gate Park and its Panhandle, the Haight is a separate community from other neighborhoods, which in itself is a blending of three sections. The "Flatlands" below Buena Vista Park are populated largely by blacks who were bulldozed out of the Western Addition by redevelopment, particularly in the Hayes Valley. More affluent whites live in the "Uplands," some of them gays with businesses. In the heart of the community reside mostly the hip. The inhabitants are variously described by residents as "hip gays" or "straight gays."

Because junkies still roam the area, Haight Street, the main business avenue, does not have the open cruising of other areas of the city, such as Polk Gulch. Three gay bars, however, have opened in one block: Big Ange, Lucky Club and Manhandler at 1821, 1801 and 1840 Haight, respectively. Then, of course, there is the old stand-by, Bradley's Corner, at Cole and Carl Streets.



Don Baker and H.L. Perry, on Haight Street.

Young people with backpacks still seek out the Haight. For some, the area offers hope; for others, it provides disillusionment. And visitors from all over the world return to see where it all began. One must walk the streets without fear, rather than sit isolated in a car, to learn what the people in this area believe and are thinking. It is filled with mellow people. The community will continue to feel the highs of grass, but there is a consensus that residents want the junkies and speed freaks out. The area is coming back to life and they want to be part of the action.

Today scaffolds are seen throughout the area. Homes and stores are being painted, polished and refurbished. Most of the boarded-up buildings have been replaced by attractive new stores. Where once there were head shops, gays have opened a print shop, a boutique, two antique stores with a third soon to open, an art shop, a second-hand outlet, a book store and restaurant, among others.

Pioneers in the rebuilding were Don Baker and H.L. Perry, co-owners of an antique shop at 1600 Haight. They were the first to rent a store and redecorate in this new era. "When people saw that our front windows remained intact for one month without being broken, others started opening businesses," recalled Perry. "Already they are paying the same rent for half the space as we have."

The once resplendent and gracious Victorian homes throughout the area are being creatively redecorated by gays. These neighborhood treasures will be restored to their former elegance. In order to maintain the Haight's residential characteristics, a 72-square block area has been re-zoned to close the door to large-scale development of ugly plastic apartment buildings which have raised some parts of the city.

In the late 1930's when gays settled atop Russian Hill, they refurbished the homes to the point where landlords subsequently raised the rents to prohibitive rates. Gays then moved to Nob Hill. Many of them have exited because of the overflow from Chinatown. Today Polk Gulch, at the bottom of the western slope, is the last remnant of this old gay ghetto.



Haight Street is the main business thoroughfare.

Canadians Celebrate Gay Pride

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course New York could teach me that too if I'd let it. Perhaps more than anything

Republicans Avoid Gay Issue

(continued from page 10)

pression of anti-war demonstrators was strong. Violence broke out in the streets and the National Guard even peppered the medical tent at Flamingo Park. In the course of the Convention, the repression of gay issues crystallized increasingly. The significant factors of the Republican response to gay issues is best summarized in a statement from the NCGO dated August 24. It reads as follows:

"It has become increasingly clear to gay women and men dealing actively in the politics of the Republican Convention that high Republican officials at the direction of the White House have exerted pressure in order to suppress free dialogue on the issues of homosexual civil rights.

"While the Democratic Convention on one hand 'allowed' 5 openly gay delegates and alternates to participate in the convention process, the Republican Convention on the other hand has screened out all openly gay delegates.

"While the Democratic Convention on one hand 'allowed' a gay minority plank to be aired for discussion, the Republican Convention has refused serious consideration of the merits of the issues. Congressman Peter H.B. Fridlinghusen, Chairman of the Republican Platform subcommittee on Human Rights and Responsibilities, stated quite candidly that despite testimony presented before his subcommittee gay civil rights was a 'sensitive' issue, and the committee would not be dealing with 'sensitive' issues. William Kendall, Republican Platform subcommittee staff member, also stated to Gay Liberation lobbyists that the decisions have all been made, that no unwanted planks could be proposed by the subcommittee, and that the committee's only power was to recommend re-emphasis in wording of the predetermined platform. It is regrettable, but the Republican Convention has degenerated into a propaganda forum for the Party and the President; it is nothing more than a staging which has further been

else it was a reminder. This society holds a goodly number of presumptions with little or no sense in them. We assume that sexuality is bad for children. We assume a person can be categorized by his or her job. We assume that you can only be successful in love with one person at a time. Toronto is a place to question presumptions, but then so is Columbus, or Denver, or even that quiet place in your own apartment.

exploited as a platform for favoritism.

"What has been most disconcerting has been the ensuing suppression of the media. In the course of the Democratic Convention, media coverage leading up to the gay minority plank as well as including it was extensive. Whereas, during the Republican Convention, despite testimony presented, two militant demonstrations and a candlelight march and vigil of sizable proportions, the gay issues have been virtually ignored by the mass media. Although the working press covered all these gay events, gays have learned from experience that pressures imposed at the editorial level are often responsible for the denial of the workings of freedom of the press. We can only conclude in accordance with the Republican Party's and the Nixon Administration's politically homophobic policies that such has been the case on free discussion of Gay Liberation.

"Adding insult to injury, the Republicans have used the 20 million gay women and men in this country as scapegoats in their battle with George McGovern. The August 7 edition of First Monday, the publication of the Republican National Committee, depicts on its cover George McGovern with the most grotesque and vicious characterizations of his supporters—one of which is a homosexual.

"We demand no more than our unqualified civil rights as human beings and citizens of this country. We ask for no special privileges. It is the unprincipled homophobic bigotry and media suppression of Richard Nixon and the Republican Party which gays find objectionable. Such a political orientation, when given power, leads directly to Auschwitz and Buchenwald."

Thursday, August 24, and Friday, August 25, gay demonstrators returned to their homes all over the country. Many remained in Miami to settle down. All left the Republican stronghold with a growing sense of frustration and with a message to share with their sisters and brothers.



This "re-elect Nixon" rag ridicules McGovern's image, including "Homosexuality."



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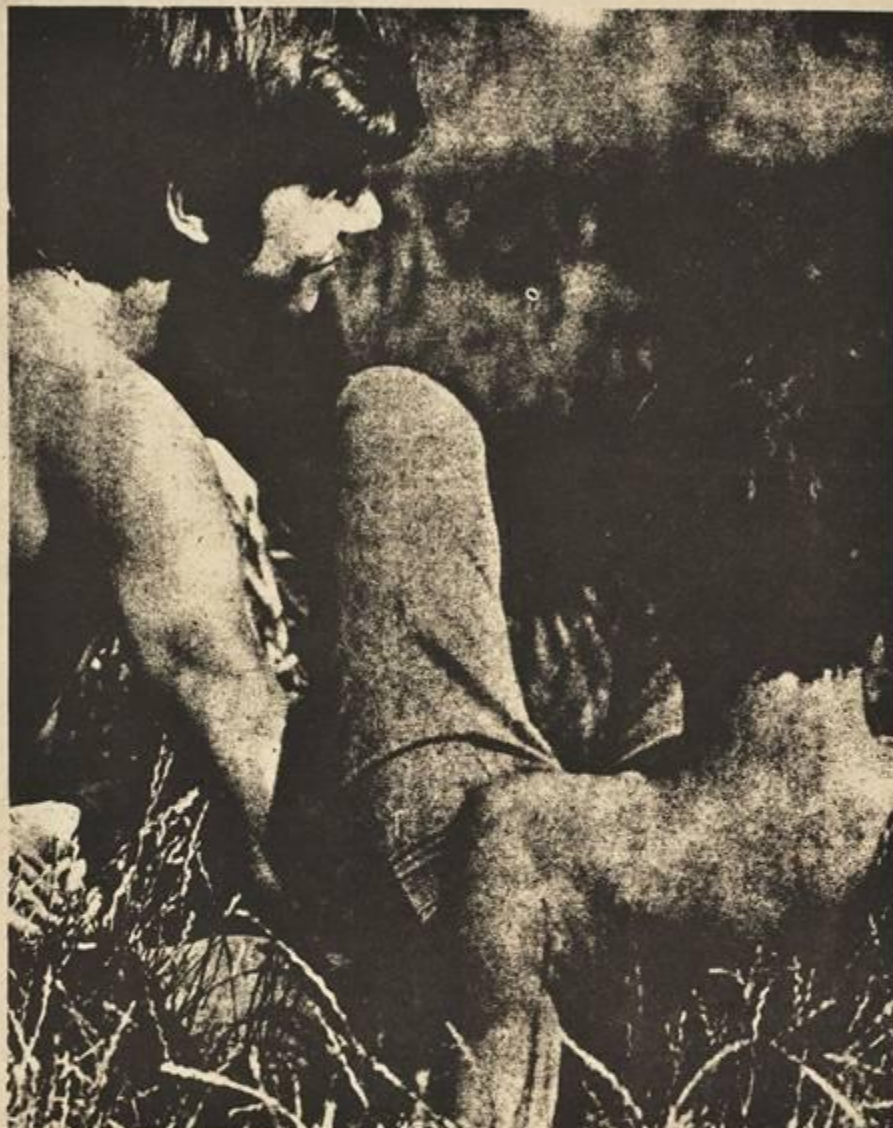
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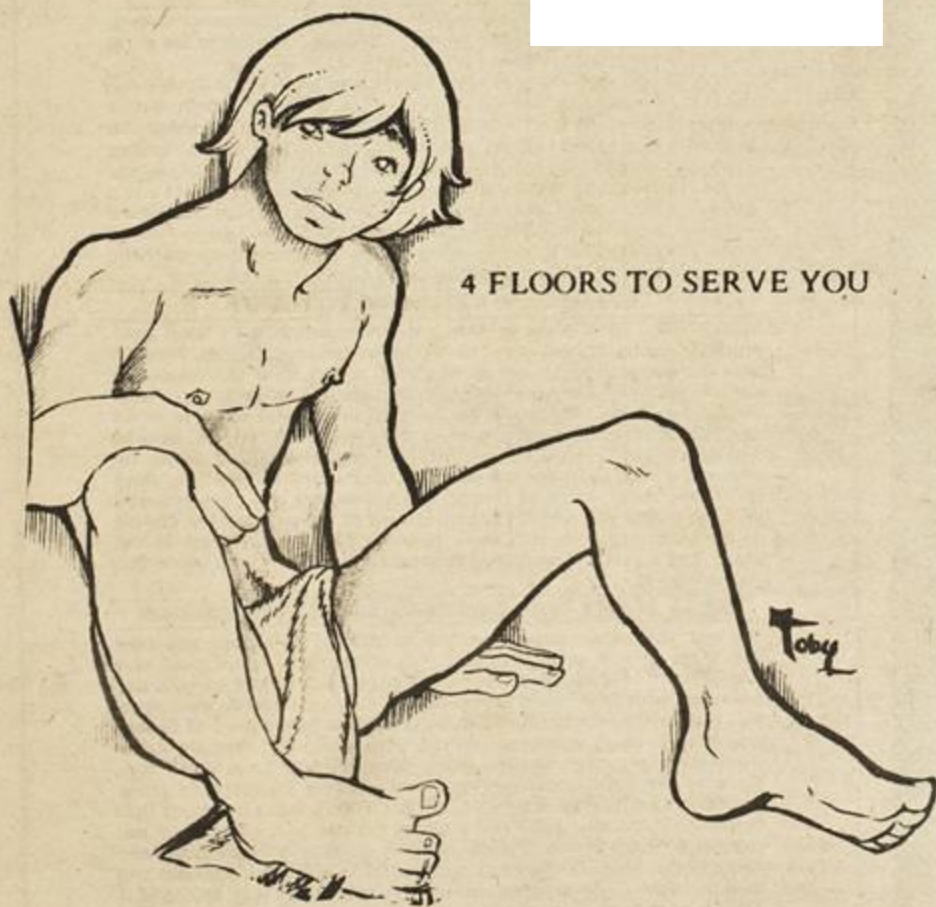
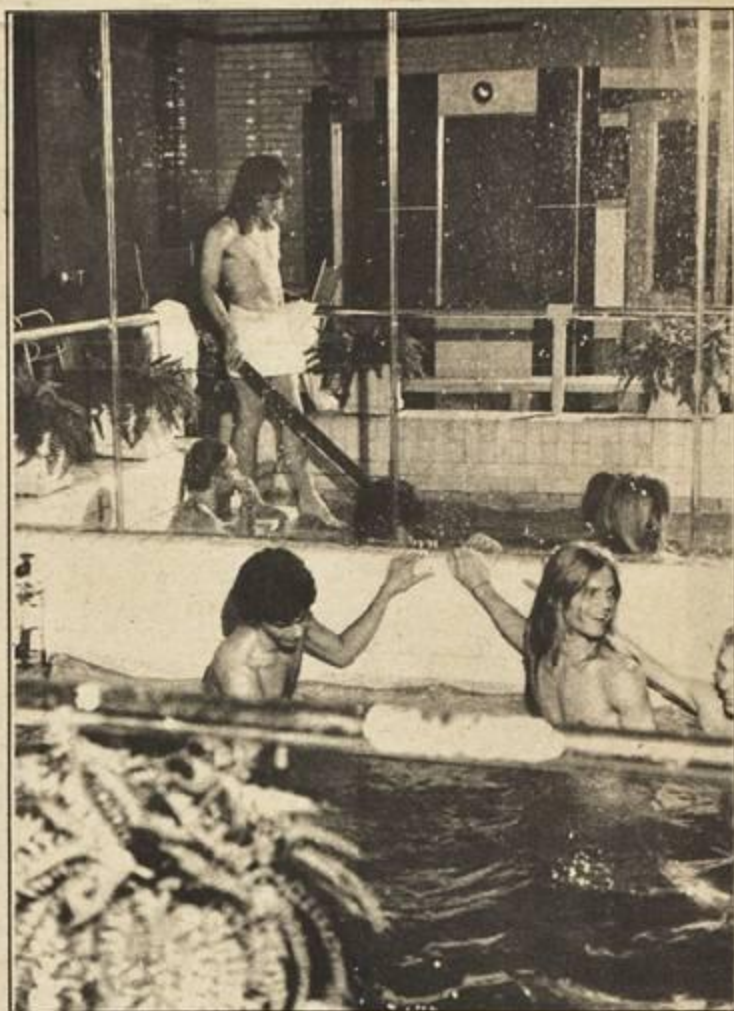
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