

GALY

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AMERICA'S 1ST.
GAY WEEKLY

**GETTING INTO THE
NAVY P. 15 • A GIRL
GOES CRUISING P. 13**

The Editors Speak:

We enjoy writing cheerful columns. But these are dark times and outspoken folks have a duty to stick poisoned darts in the flabby asses of liberty's rapists. His Impotency, Richard M. Nixon, the Shadow of Hitler, and the pretender to the throne in the White House John, is a vile menace. His grisly understudy, Spiro, is a science-fiction nightmare come true, a brute we can't take lightly, but who we see as our gruesome cunning and frightful foe: a bully who'll try to put us all away in the not-too-distant future.

We're saddened by these facts, although not surprised. Our first column in Issue No. 1 of SCREW (November 1968) advised SCREW readers that "a vote for Nixon, who is nothing but a stalking horse for Right Wing Prudes, is a vote for sexual regimentation and for a crackdown on sex freedom progress." We cautioned that Nixon is "extremely dangerous."

At the time we penned these words we hoped to warn at least a few people about putting Limp Dick into the Power House. Now, it seems, our worst fears are coming true—multiplied in fact. Not only homosexuals, but everyone is doomed as a result of the sick-minded machinations of an hysterical President who still belongs in the psychiatrist's office he used to visit.

Does anyone remember what Senator Eugene McCarthy said to Jimmy Breslin about Nixon's attitude toward homosexuals? He reported that Nixon uses "words with hair on them that stick to the throat: words like 'Commie plots and homos in the State Department, and unnamed names.'"

We've got no doubts but that Nixon is a witch hunter and Spiro is preparing for the roundup by referring to his opponents as "effete" which, according to the dictionary, means much the same as "effeminate."

Years before the haunting spectre of an anti-homosexual purge led by the President seemed possible, Professors David Riesman and Nathan Glazer (co-authors of THE LONELY CROWD) predicted in their book that homosexuals could become easy game for a Spiro type. Gay folks could be rounded up like the Jews under Hitler and blamed for all sorts of things. Riesman and Glazer believed that Negroes would be more difficult to put down as universally feared minority group members, but that gays are still hated everywhere. "The image of the intellectual-pencil-pushing State Department Harvard trained 'sissy' could be combined with the popular stereotype of the homosexual and branded as a Communist" they wrote. So you see, Spiro's use of the word "effete" is only a beginning.

Nixon is doing his damndest to polarize the U.S.A. He wants all the brainless "goodies" on his side and those who disagree with him will be struck down. He hypocritically tells college kids not to use violence while he drops bombs on a neutral country without even asking its leaders if they mind. His carefully-chosen Vice-president (being groomed, unfortunately, for the Big Job) is attacking the few sane men we've got left in this country, such as the President of Yale University and New York's Mayor Lindsay. Undoubtedly, he'll attack Supreme Court Justice Douglas, too, as the idiotic fight to impeach Douglas gets underway.

As our regular readers know, we've never been in the least charmed by boring revolutionary rhetoric, nor have we ever been drawn to violent solutions. We abhor violence in any form! We want to believe in an America in which citizens speak up meaningfully for peace.

But it is now obvious that even the most rational optimists are in dread despair about our country. We love America and all that its Founding Fathers stood for, but we too are beginning to despair. It looks as though 1984 is around the corner. Many of our brightest friends, including psychotherapists, writers, businessmen, and educators, are advising us to get our passports in order and to flee, if necessary, to another land. The idea of fleeing seems ludicrous. After all, isn't this America? Don't we have the freedom to say our say? The answer, unfortunately, seems to be speeding toward a resounding and horrifying NO. Big Brother, whose name is Spiro, and whose instructor is Dickless, is going to snuff out real liberty forever, and the citizens of this nervous, pimply, adolescent nation are going to applaud thoughtlessly as one liberty after another goes down to defeat.

Nixon is the world's biggest sissy. When he cried on TV in the 1950's we realized that. He's a confused man in search of his manhood, afraid he'll be disrobed and shown for the incarnation of impotency that he is. He's got to pick up a gun to prove how potent he can be. Dick's dick won't rise, so he shoots off in Cambodia to make up for his limpness.

Spread the word about Dickless and Spiro. Don't joke about them or take them lightly. They are as dangerous as striking vipers, as savage as insane Nazis. Every patriot should work to unseat them as quickly as possible, before its too late (which it seems to be already). Homosexuals comprise a huge portion of the population. We wield great power and influence in many important spots. It is time for all of us to turn quietly and unerringly on Dickless and Spiro before they successfully eliminate everything that is great and good about the America we love.

Columnists: Dick Leitsch, Angelo D'Arcangelo, Lily Hansen, Randolph Wicker, John Francis Hunter, Dr. Leo Louis Martello, Ian J. Tree, 4 Stefan Verk, Peter Ogren, John P. Leary

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NYC HOMOSEXUAL COUNCIL proposed

New York, N.Y. — At a scheduled meeting of representatives of New York's homophile organizations, Mattachine proposed the formation of a Homosexual Community Council to terminate hostility and to increase communication and understanding among the city's gay groups.

Michael Kotis, newly elected President of MSNY, stated that name-calling only helped the homosexual's oppressors and hurt those of the various organizations.

cooperation can we ever reach our common goal, and this council will be an important step in that direction," Mr. Kotis stated. "The purpose of such a council will be to get the organizations whom the various groups profess to serve, the individual homosexual. Noting that the goal of all the organizations is identical, i.e., homosexual liberation, Mr. Kotis proposed the cessation of hostility among the groups and the formation of a Homosexual Community Council composed of leaders and representatives together, to end silence and hostility among us, and to find areas of mutual cooperation."

Mr. Kotis said that there probably would be matters of disagreement among the members of the council but that

everyone must learn to respect one another's viewpoint, to accept the fact that any decision of the council is not binding upon any member of it, and to give primary consideration to serving the homosexual community.

Mr. Kotis made his proposals at the April 30 meeting of the Daughters of Bilitis at which representatives of GLF, GAA, SHL (Columbia), and West Side Discussion Group were present to describe their individual organizations. These same proposals were reiterated at MSNY's annual Membership and Election Weekend of May 1st through 3rd. In addition, Mr. Kotis said that he had already discussed his ideas with members of GLF and GAA and that the pursuit of cooperation and unity would be one of his principal concerns.

GAA MEETS with city brass

New York, N.Y. — On April 29, five representatives of Gay Activists Alliance conferred with First Deputy Mayor Richard Aurelio. Also present were Michael Dontzin, Chief Counsel for Mayor Lindsay, and Harry Taylor, Chief of Patrol, acting as representative for Police Commissioner Howard Leary.

The meeting was held as a result of pressures placed on the Lindsay administration by GAA in its effort to get that administration to address itself openly to problems of the homosexual community in New York City. Deputy Mayor Aurelio stated at the outset that "I want you to know that there is an open mind to the questions you have raised, and that we want to hear your grievances and resolve them in as fair a way as possible."

A first demand brought forward verbally and in writing by GAA was for a moratorium on police raids and harassment, to give time "to work on solutions to the underlying problems of State Liquor Authority and Police Department corruption." Noted one participant, "Since the raid on the Stonewall bar and the resulting riots, gays are no longer sitting back and accepting police hanky-panky. One of the reasons we're here is to forewarn the administration of the possibility of spontaneous riots again this summer if police harassment continues. GAA's contention is that riots are good for no one."

All nodded in agreement at this point. Chief of Patrol Taylor was quick to add that Deputy Inspector Seymore Pine, who had called the raids on both the Stonewall and the Snake Pit, had been recently transferred to Brooklyn. Deputy Mayor Aurelio stated that it is "still not the policy of the police department to harass homosexuals *per se*."

A GAA spokesman said that homosexuals in fact experience two types of harassment, one under the color of law (that is, with legal justification in some degree) and the other under the color of no law (that is, with no legal justification, and with charges dismissed because they do not hold up legally). This last type of harassment "must stop immediately. We will not tolerate it," he added.

He went on to say that often police directed at homosexuals certain verbal abuses that are "disgusting." "We demand," he said, "that a directive go out that this police practice must stop." Such a directive would parallel other police directives issued to protect other minority groups from pejorative labels and verbal abuses.

Chief of Patrol Taylor said he felt that a community relations officer was needed with the gay community, and that a colloquy between the two should begin as soon as possible. He conveyed a message from Commissioner Leary that the Commissioner would meet with GAA if the group wished.

Moving on to additional demands, GAA members said they wanted the City Council to act to extend the Fair Employment Practices Law to protect homosexuals from being fired on the basis of sexual orientation. Deputy Mayor Aurelio said he was aware of the meeting with the City Human Rights Commissioner, Mrs. Eleanor Norton, and

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CENSORSHIP GAINS IN NEW HOUSE bill

Washington, D.C. — On April 29, a new anti-pornography bill aimed at stopping the flow of obscene mail to minors and to adults who don't want it was passed in the House of Representatives by a vote of 375-8.

The bill explicitly defines the terms nudity, sexual conduct, sexual excitement and sado-masochistic abuse considered obscene to minors.

The American Civil Liberties Union opposed it as an unconstitutional restriction of free speech and said that Congress should have waited for a report from the President's Commission on Pornography and Obscenity before taking action.

According to the bill, which awaits action by the Senate, mailing material defined as obscene to any home with children under 17 could draw up to five years in prison and \$5,000 fine for the first offense, unless the material was specifically addressed to what the mailer believed to be an adult. Succeeding offenses could impose double the penalty of the first.

The Supreme Court has made no hard and fast definition of obscenity but it has upheld a New York definition of obscenity to minors. The House bill follows this definition almost to the letter.

It describes in detail prohibited depiction of genitals, buttocks, breasts, and sexual arousal, and defines it as obscenity harmful to minors when it "predominantly appeals to the prurient, shameful or morbid interest of minors; and is offensive to prevailing standards in the adult community concerning what is suitable material for minors; and is substantially without redeeming social value for minors."

The one change, which the ACLU says makes the bill more general, is that while the court-approved New York statute says "utterly without redeeming social value," the House bill uses the word "redeeming."

The wide approval of the bill came as no surprise to Rep. Nix (D-Pa.), a principal sponsor. "It's just like motherhood and the flag," he said.



May 25, 1970, Volume 1, Number 16



Actor John Hansen escorting Christine Jorgensen at the Academy Awards

EX-MOUSEKETEER TO play CHRISTINE

Hollywood, Calif. — Christine, the film version of Christine Jorgensen's autobiography, is slated for release this summer.

Christine Jorgensen will go down in history as one of the first (and the most publicized) transsexuals. Her autobiography, Christine, though published a number of years back, continues to sell to a large audience in its paperback edition. The book explains in detail why Christine decided on the operation that was to change her from a male to a female. It reviews her life before, during and after the operation and is probably the most famous document of its kind.

When the movie rights to her autobiography were purchased, Miss Jorgensen had hoped that a female would

be cast in the starring role. "I've always considered myself a woman," she remarked at the time, "and felt that only a woman should portray me."

Studio executives thought otherwise and cast a man named John Hansen in the title role. Mr. Hansen was chosen on his strong resemblance to Miss Jorgensen during her Genital Male years. Though virtually an unknown, Mr. Hansen may be remembered as a mouseketeer on Walt Disney's Mickey Mouse Club quite a few television years back.

Though disappointed at first with the studio's selection, Miss Jorgensen soon took a liking to the personable young man. She supplied him with much needed personal knowledge about herself and acted as an advisor and friend.

BY HECTOR SIMMS

There is a deliciously arrogant hedonism in writing about San Juan's gay night scene while sitting completely naked in a sun-washed patio having frozen daquiris for breakfast (served by an equally naked island beauty whose dimensions and horniness are incredible). It makes typing a bit awkward, but that's one of the appalling labor conditions of literary peonage. Suffer we must, but you shall hear about the gay bar scene in spite of this agony. Besides, it was from one of those same bars that this glorious native drink-bearer (and fucking partner *par excellence*) sprang in full flower. Tonight he will probably escort some other poor over-worked American visitor to some other poor over-worked bed, and are they going to treasure the memory of that night!

Old San Juan is the holy center of the island's gay social life, and it now has ten gay bars, one gay bath, one cruising theatre, two cruising plazas, and an available assortment of some of the biggest cocks and prettiest asses in the whole world. AVAILABLE is the exact word to describe the local fauna. You can, after all, get plenty of sun in Tampa or Phoenix, but Puerto Rico is still the home of first-rate sex. It is the island's leading product, leaving sugar cane and pineapples far behind.

Let us use the venerable star rating system to grade the quality of the local bars. Ten will be the most blessed rating and zero for the leper colony types. There are currently only two ten-star bars, THE FINALE and BLANCHE'S. The other bars to be rated as discussed are: MAIN STREET, THE ANNEX, 17 BARROW, BIG SPENDER, THE HILLTOP, M & K, OLE DEL DUENDE, FULL MOON, and THE GOLDEN GATE. Hm... this, I see, makes eleven not ten gay bars. It's these formidable daquiris (and my nude companion) that's fucking up my mathematics.

THE FINALE is still the all-around most popular and happy late-night gathering place. When all the other bars are closed or deserted, THE FINALE is still swinging. It is busy earning its TEN STARS until about 8 o'clock in the morning. One can drink, dance, cruise, or neck (or grope) with the nicest looking natives or tourists in town. Matty and Doug, the owners, are the most congenial hosts imaginable and are known in every corner of the civilized world. Chicky, the doorman, and Tony, the bartender, also are known to thousands of visitors who have passed through those hallowed doors. They make sure no one need be bored (if such a thing were possible), and they even offer advice as to who is worth meeting and why, following up with an introduction if desired. How is that for service?

THE FINALE IS THE TIME-TESTED FAVORITE BAR of the locals and of most visitors. No matter what type you find attractive, he will appear some time during the evening and probably want to know you as intimately as you want to know him. Drinks are only 75 cents or a dollar, and they OVER-POUR so wildly, it would take you fifteen dollars to get as stoned anywhere else as it would for four or five

STONED IN SAN JUAN



Puerto Rican Publife

dollars here. There are almost no hustlers slithering around, and EVERYTHING is available, eager, and marvelously equipped and talented. Yes, it is the author's favorite Puerto Rican bar, and it would take three years to write all the reasons why. Don't miss THE FINALE, if you ever get to San Juan. And don't just sit there staring at some pretty number. Talk to him. Everybody's friendly.

THE BIG SPENDER is a big fat ZERO. No customers, no charm, no nothing. Forget it. The M & K (formerly Club 52 and the T-Room) shows dirty movies once a week and attracts a few elderly tourists and two or three scroungy hustlers. Other nights it is dull and

deserted. Rated ZERO. A club which was once the most popular in town is THE HILLTOP. It is now an appalling leper colony infested (but only for the free buffet on Sunday afternoon) by teen-aged lesbians, drag types, and baby nannies of the most revolting category. It is so popular that last Friday night it took in the grand total of TEN DOLLARS—or so I was secretly informed by their disgruntled waiter. The place is completely deserted except on Sundays. Remember when Janet owned it? There used to be lines waiting outside begging to be admitted. AVE ATQUE VALE. Avoid this leproasarium. ZERO.

Now we come to BLANCHE'S. TEN

STARS! This fantastically tacky bar is owned by Bob Ray, the biggest camp on the island and a wonderful host. It is open from about noon until two in the morning, and there is always someone there. Larry, the night bartender, is a priceless jewel. He entertains, gives fabulous service, introduces anyone to anyone, dispenses valuable advice, knows everything scandalous or amusing that's happening and doesn't hesitate to share it. In addition, he knows every humpy trick in town and believes in sharing the wealth. He is happy to tell you who has how much meat, if it charges, if it has the clap, what it does in bed, where what can be found... and if you are humpy

yourself, he is also available for private entertaining, as he will not hesitate to inform you. They say he has one of the biggest cocks in San Juan, but Hector Simms digs Latins, so it will have to remain a rumor.

From 8 until about 11 in the evening, a constant parade of young local beauties wanders in and out of BLANCHE'S. ALL are available and almost too eager. Some are hustlers, of course; many are not. Some ask for \$10; all will gladly accept \$2. They all like to fuck, but many will do everything, if they dig you. The drinks are 50 and 75 cents, extra-strong and there is dancing or

groping in the back room. The front door is always open, which doesn't stop a goddamned thing. This is a wild happy place which literally pulsates with sex. Not for the timid, uptight, or guilty. Rated TEN. Don't Miss! It's such a rare pleasure to be able to say No to ten or twelve beauties, because you have just said Yes to one particular one. When's the last time you could do that in New York?

17 Barrow is a new place, very tastefully decorated, very handsome better-class clientele, and very groovy dancing scene. The cruising is not too good, but it is a friendly place with many pretty people. It is on San Jose Street

(like THE FINALE, THE BIG SPENDER, M & K) and is almost next door to THE MAIN STREET and THE ANNEX. Rated EIGHT STARS.

MAIN STREET and THE ANNEX are fixtures in San Juan. MAIN STREET was the first gay bar here operated by continentals. These are both respectable, clean, well-run establishments. MAIN STREET caters to the older American tourists with a very thin sprinkling of adult Puerto Ricans who dig older Americans. There is a piano bar in the rear but no dancing. A nice place for sedate dining and discreet cruising among senior citizens. Dull but decorous.

FIVE STARS.

THE ANNEX is San Juan's idea of a smart New York dancing bar and is inhabited by American tourists and middle-class young Puerto Ricans who want to feel either American or elegant. It is the most popular dancing club here. Cruising is terrible. Place is unbelievably packed and not very friendly, although the same people can be found in available condition littering the Sheraton Beach. I consider it poisonously dull and noisy. It is a lovely place for visiting hairdressers and/or uptight Puerto Rican queens who'd rather not be Puerto Rican. FIVE STARS.

Dear Old Luna Street, the home of sailors and whores and drug addicts, also has three gay bars. THE GOLDEN GATE (formerly that marvelous THE VARIETY) is now a mere shred of its former happiness. It is still the largest, most attractively decorated, club in town, but almost no one goes there anymore. Ah, what delicious memories of those glorious days when three or four hundred hilarious people were ripping the roof off. I met my favorite lover there, and I will never forget the old VARIETY. The place still looks the same Jimmy Mordeno still owns it, but where are the people? ONE STAR, unfortunately.

OLE DEL DUENDE and THE FULL MOON don't see very many tourists. These are strictly trick bars with many humpy hustlers, a few free neighborhood machos, and the local gays who like these types. Dancing in both, but they are so dark, it's rather like a group grope to make the attempt. Very friendly. Marcos, the ballet-master who operates OLE is the nearest thing to Norma Desmond in SUNSET BOULEVARD one could imagine, and that is the name by which he and the bar are called by the local American gays. Many a beauty passes through his doors, and all are available. You may have to light a match to see what they look like, but his is a fun place. Very tacky, very Tangier-ish, but cruisy as hell. SEVEN STARS. Not in the local guide books, but every local American resident can advise.

THE FULL MOON is very similar, except that they have a few beds upstairs where you can relax if you feel faint (or have a trick). Place is crawling with hustlers, all of whom ask you to dance or to fuck or whatever you have in mind. They come in all sizes and shapes and colors and degrees of loveliness—and prices. Most of them can't keep their hands off your ass, which can get pretty messy if you're wearing white slacks. FOUR STARS. And DON'T WEAR ANY FLASHY JEWELRY OR CARRY TOO MUCH MONEY to any of these places. PUERTO RICO is a very poor country, and if you rub your prosperity too arrogantly in the noses of these people, you will invite the same reaction you would get in Harlem or any other impoverished place. Use your head for something besides sucking.

That's it, babies! San Juan's gay scene is still something else. The sun is glorious. The air is heavy with the frangi-pani of sexual invitation. The people are still beautiful. The dicks are still enormous. The asses are still fabulous. The bars are still happy and swinging. Everybody is still horny day and night. AND I MAY NEVER COME BACK. Yes, Pablo, you may bring me another daquiri. In Bed!



THE LAST ESTATE

BY GREGORY BATTCOCK

You get eight each: dinner plates, salad/cake plates, large soups, cups, saucers. One each: 14-inch platter, covered sugar, creamer, covered casserole. You also get a Puerto Rican with an 8" cock, your picture on the cover of *Hush-Hush* and one hundred dollars.

The Caribe Hilton, San Juan, Puerto Rico. The gem of the Caribbean—at the crossroads of the Americas. Magnificent setting overlooking the ocean, beach, pool and gardens. 450 air-conditioned rooms. A can of beans and how's the wife. Wherever you go use *Carte Blanche*, the Hilton all-purpose credit card. It's not the purpose but the intention that counts. So let's make sense. The only way to end this column is to escalate it.

Jill Johnston came to dinner yesterday and I took that opportunity to inform her that there was some doubt as to whether she was still in the picture. "No, I'm not," says Jill. "It's interesting how you people—you, David, Perreault and Levine—all think you're so famous

but outside your little world, nobody has even heard of you." Sure. And on Pluto, nobody has ever heard of Jill Johnston. And President what's-his-name at Yale told his students that a nationwide student strike in opposition to the war would "simply be a symbol of frustration," which is, of course, exactly what the student movement needs to help pull itself together.

There was too much opposition to the student strike—anything that sparks that much "intellectual" opposition has to be good. Just imagine the spectacle abroad. Whatever shred of prestige Nixon had left would be removed when the rest of the world sees his influence in American colleges.

Les Levine is sending out a card that reads: "Merry Cambodia and a Happy New War."

"Unfortunately we have to inform you that due to certain difficulties in our production, your order will be delayed approximately for 3½ months. We will however do our utmost to expedite."

Fellini's movies (*Satyricon*) are about parades and processions. Fifth Avenue

parades celebrating ethnic holidays are great. They are pretentious, embarrassing displays; they are self-conscious and degrade the participants in a positively thrilling way. Fellini's parades do no such thing. They are unreal. They are decked out with significance and tradition. They are full of nice color and snappy visuals that we remember from last week's LIFE.

Today we view the spectacle of the "parade" as an especially revealing social phenomenon that illustrates the identification crises of a culture in a blender. The "parade" is a desperate gesture that is designed to provide artificial security and to authenticate bygone yearnings. It can only be exciting and frightening when it is "real"—that is, produced by the culture itself and not by satyrs. Nabokov did a much better job of *SATYRICON* with his *Lolita* than Fellini did with his *Petronius*.

There is no point in trying to tell a Fellini fan that his movies aren't any good. Take the "Orgy" scene. *Petronius*, in the original, dreamt up this fantastic dinner and was delightfully explicit about it. He identified the dishes and elaborated

upon their composition. Fellini serves up a lot of stuff and you might as well yell "come and get it." The dishes are dragged in but what the fuck are they? Only the Lord knows. The guests stick their fingers into something that may as well be cous-cous. It's like showing people fucking under a blanket. All you can see is the blanket bobbing about. You don't know whether they're really fucking, or just pretending, so you assume they're pretending. Well, eating can be interesting too, but not when you think they're pretending.

Quantities of wine are drunk from various colored goblets. In the first place, you don't drink wine out of heavy, colored goblets nowadays, despite the Ancient Romans. No movie is about Ancient Rome anyway. It's about our fantasies concerning the splendid excesses of that period and, therefore, must firstly conform to contemporary expectations and the modern visual and sensual language. (Like, you don't read *Petronius* in Latin, do you?) The quality, color, origins of the wines aren't even hinted at, and that's like showing people who are supposedly consuming drugs but without providing a clue as to the drugs themselves, what they are, what they look like and what they are supposed to accomplish.

That matters.

WHEN YOU THINK BACK ON YOUR CHILDHOOD, WHO DO YOU THINK OF?

OH LET ME SEE... ERNIE, I GUESS... YEAH, ERNIE.

WHO WAS ERNIE? WHAT MAKES YOU THINK OF HIM?

WELL, IN THE FOURTH GRADE, HE TAUGHT ME HOW TO MASTURBATE... BEHIND THE GYM ONE AFTERNOON.

HOW'D IT HAPPEN?

OH, HE WAS OLDER THAN I WAS... I SORT OF HERO-WORSHIPPED HIM, I GUESS. I WENT BEHIND THE GYM TO TAKE A LEAK AND HE WAS BACK THERE SNEAKING A CIGARET. WELL, HE GAVE ME ONE—MY FIRST... AND THEN WHEN I SAID I HAD TO TAKE A LEAK, HE SAID SO DID HE... SOOO... WE BOTH PEED AGAINST THE WALL OF THE GYM, WATCHING EACH OTHER... AND THEN HE STARTED PLAYING AROUND WITH HIMSELF... ONE THING LED TO ANOTHER... AND HE SHOWED ME HOW TO DO IT!



WHAT WAS YOUR REACTION?

I WAS... SORT OF SCARED ABOUT THE WHOLE THING—AT FIRST, BUT THE MORE I DID IT, THE BETTER IT WAS... WE USED TO MEET BEHIND THE GYM ALMOST EVERY DAY AND MASTURBATE.

ISN'T IT AMUSING... IT'S ALMOST A LAW OF NATURE, HOW OLDER STUDENTS PASS KNOWLEDGE AND TECHNIQUE ON TO THE YOUNGER ONES.

ERNIE WASN'T A STUDENT. ERNIE—MR. LUDAR—HE WAS THE TEACHER.

OH... WELL, IF IT'S ANY CONSOLATION, AT LEAST HE WASN'T YOUR SCOUT LEADER.



BY GLORIA MONDO

Gloria Mondo is the pen name of a passionate women's liberationist. The editors of GAY are pleased to present Gloria's wit and wisdom.

News this year and for most years to come, is/will be the frequent and totally delightful ZAPS at this or that publishing office. "Right on!" as they say. I find it pure heaven. Because I think Grove ought to devote equal time to the feminine side of its smut? Because their office drabs ought to get a fair wage? Because Dear Barney's a bore? Yes, on all counts, and an affectionate YEA on the grounds of incessant and puerile male chauvinism.

Male chauvinism isn't any newer than this season's see-saw hemline. More than one coffee clutch has rocked with anecdotes about this or that stud about town. Male impersonation even when it's done by men is no novelty—ask any wife. Still, aside from a marginal giggle, male chauvinism is boring and restrictive—as welcomed as Herod Antipas at a B'Nai B'rith tea and not precisely *carte blanche* into the seventies.

But ZAPS are fun. Fun to read about, hear about, and identify with. It's like instant Red Army gals at Stalingrad, or the Women of the Israeli task forces tying up their hair for a few minutes to bash the homeland's foes before nursing time. It's dangerous, true. Think of ZAP Comics' incredibly "with it" issue devoted to *Lenore Goldburg and her Girl Commanders*. Or think of poor, chic, and terribly brave Claudia (Mrs.) Dreyfus, taking a chance on getting her clothes

torn by some frenzied tease-head out of a typing pool.

I remember going to Hugh, Playboy of the Mid-Western World, Hefner's lair for a job. Goodness! Classic locker-room bravado. Offices littered with pneumatic poopsies. (No, I wasn't bunny-auditioning. Just peddling ART, as usual.) Well, whilst thumbing through stacks of glitzy mags in one of those utterly Hemingway waiting rooms—everything upholstered in Rhinoceros hide—I took a sec for a quick peek behind a suspicious partition. There, in a kind of stairwell were the real employees: not the show-workers, but the genuine article. Dozens of females with flat shoes and chests, in regrettable clothes and usually harlequin glasses, typing, filing, and slaving. Needless to say I crept back to my chair, readjusted my Mainbocher, and expressed my regrets to the reappearing receptionist.

For any men who still might not get the message, the gut message, it's simply that most of us just don't like being considered as sexual objects: a kind of concave appliance with breasts which is affixed like some crusading fraternity's captured panties to the American jocke. True, some girls think it's exciting, and maybe once and a while it is. But not very often, and certainly not as a steady diet. It's more or less like being a clever circus performer who does her thing at the snap of a finger, or a whip. More divorcees are caused by husbands who want it only when they want it. You know, "Drop everything, papa's got it up."

And frankly, although being an object in one's own home can be borne,

being insulted on the street by random lunk-heads can't. It's annoying and humiliating to look one's best for some rendezvous and turn a corner littered with beer-drinking potbellies who consider you a worthy target for their limited, spavined, and unimaginative lust. There used to be a time when decent women weren't accosted in the streets that way. The irony of it is that, from the male chauvinist point of view, any woman who is in fact in the streets isn't decent. She's only there for one reason. Ha!

Alright, you men. Fess up! We know why you do all that street-corner mouth-mashing, and the grabbing and pinching, particularly when you're with your buddies. YOU'RE AFRAID NOT TO DO IT, right? Afraid one of your goat-breathed bowling buddies will say, "Duke's not interested in girls anymore. He must be a—" here goes "—faggot!" And you know what that means. For one thing, if Duke wants to hold on to his *machismo*, he's got to be doubly nasty to the next housewife he meets—in front of his buddies, of course.

A quick flip through almost any anthropological study of modern manners will show that among Caribbean and Mediterranean men, there's a tendency to treat wives and respectable or "private" women as badly as possible, and to reverse prostitutes. Why? Because the women closest to home constitute the greatest ego-danger to the spoiled boy-man of the street corners. No matter what he may appear to his friends outside the home, once in the kitchen and in the bedroom, he can't hide: he's got to deal with women on their own home ground.

With *filles de joie* he can parade his plumage, secure in the knowledge that no matter how threadbare it may be, the doxy will praise it. Why not, it's her business. What she has to say about it all to her boy or girl friend isn't made public. I suppose that this image of the woman as a passive receptacle stems from that old chestnut of our being, like beasts in heat, open to any and all suggestion. Need we point out that human beings, even women, aren't animals? True, anybody can be raped and the vulva is the classic target. Let's not let anybody forget, however, that every man has a classic "weak" spot too. He sits on it. Which is, I suppose, why that favorite catch-phrase among men, *fuck you*, is so much feared and respected.

Any gal can tell a worried guy that the reason she avoids a second "date" may not be his lack of deodorant. Only his best friend may dare to tell him that we don't like being treated like objects. We want to be treated like people. "Like men?" he may think. Well, that tells a lot about you, Charlie, but not much about me.

Or to put it another way, a gal I know has this poster on her wall, "THE TROUBLE WITH WOMEN IS MEN. THE TROUBLE WITH MEN IS MEN."

Yes, "You've come a long way, baby," longer than a silly millimeter or two on rather a flat-tasting overpriced cigarette. The point seems to me to be historical. Think back to those years before the first world war when the issue of the day was "Suffrage." Not much has changed but the millinery. Women picketed, marched, ZAPPED. They were and are our heroines. Susan B. Anthony, Right on! And on! And on, till we finally get it together. And getting it together means we won't let our power—vote power, home power, mother power—get sidetracked as it did just before the First World War into that easily manipulatable slot, *Faith and Mohals*. What did it ever do for the papacy? Mussolini did better in the deal than P. P. XII. No, ma'am. When sincere politicians fifty years ago were selling the conservative sanctity of the female ballot and promising a newer, cleaner phase in American politics, they were engineering Prohibition, out of which came organized crime as we now know it. Why? To keep us out of War Politics and Business. Once the vote was gained, token women became fine, noble. Ornaments for pedestals. Today, motivated by the same instincts of our predecessors, our representatives are being labled as *scruffy* dykes. Well, to my mind, if you're interested in a definition of *scruffy* you should have been at Grossinger's for the State Democratic convention.

We're not going to be maligned or deceived. Thanks to the power of communications, the cats are definitely out of their bags. We've become radicalized because of the traditional establishment tactic of treating the symptoms of social problems rather than their causes. Ditto school sit-ins and strikes. Ditto Panthers. Ditto Gay Lib.

You could say that among radicals I'm a conservative, being on the shady side of my second decade (and a confirmed liar about my age), but I still want to see a woman President, and I don't mean in the style of the late Lurlene Wallace—may she get everything she deserves if she hasn't already—but I remember Eleanor Roosevelt, and dammit, I wish we had another around. Well, we'll just have to grow one. Great women are grown, not made.

Pen Points



Letters to the Editors:

ZEBEDY ZAPPED

Dear GAY:

Regarding the Rise and Fall of Zebedy Colt, I bought the record (with some trepidation as I had never heard the gentleman sing). I expected little and so was more amused than saddened by the result. J. F. Hunter and others are absolutely aquiver with *amor*. And I wonder. Are we gays so starved for

indigenous musical expression that the Colt recording can be lauded so very out of proportion to its worth? I, personally, would rather hear the rampantly heterosexual Sinatra, with consummate artistry, (and a thousand years of experience) sing *I Get Along Without You Very Well*, than a dozen Colts abysmally slaughtering Strayhorn's plush *Lush Life*. Hunter reports a derogatory allusion to Z. C. as "a cross between Newley and Sinatra." (As Newley can't sing either, this statement is only partially defamatory.) Colt sounds more like Tony Perkins, but Perkins has, in the ensuing years, learned much about controlling his vocal range. Colt has not learned to blend two very disparate registers. Each song starts well enough but almost always ends in what I am forced to call extremely unpleasant and gratingly harsh braying.

What is even less forgivable is the utter tastelessness of his approach to most of the songs. He substitutes synthetic hysteria for genuinely interse emotion and most certainly could have used the advice of a disciplined



director/vocal coach. I would like to ask Mr. Colt when, if ever, has he heard any established artist whom he respects break down and cry (with electronically amplified racked sobbing yet!) at the end of a song? Zebedy, honey, it's this sort of thing that gives queens a bad name. Men do cry, and you are certainly hirsute, but your weeping belongs to Luise Rainer.

I cannot believe he intends us to take him seriously. And yet he writes: "It was

my decision to make a listen-to album, not another freak show." Sorry. He failed. I don't mean to be hypercritical (or cast too much doubt on Colt's sincerity; there are a few good moments on the record) but his bitterness (letter in GAY April 13 issue) is misplaced. If the venture failed, it failed for artistic not sociological or business reasons. And I hate to add insult to injury but Colt wasn't even an innovator. The concept was tried before (and also seems to have gotten nowhere). Colt *did* use his own name, but if memory serves, the anonymous artist on the previous recording had the benefit of a pleasant, controlled, (if undistinguished) voice.

Sincerely,
Thane H.
N.Y.C.

PLEASE SEND ALL CORRESPONDENCE, INQUIRIES, SUGGESTIONS, COMPLAINTS, and PROPOSITIONS TO: LETTERS TO THE EDITOR, GAY, P.O. Box 431, 6M Chelsea Sta., NYC, N.Y. 10011.

BY STEFEN VERK

A column of counsel to our troubled brothers and sisters who seek meaningful positive guidance and not the further imposition of heterosexual or homosexual myths, hangups, or unearned guilts. Only letters of the widest general interest can be published here, but all letters will be answered if accompanied by a stamped self-addressed envelope and 50 cents for handling.



Q. I am tired of quarreling with my friends about this question, so I have decided to write for your opinion. All my life I have felt like a woman trapped in a man's body, and I have worn women's clothing whenever possible. I have been reading a great deal on transvestitism and transsexual surgery, and I think I now understand the homosexual guilt thing underlying the desire of people like me for such surgical sex change. Nevertheless, I want this operation more than anything in the world, because I am now 56 and still think I have more chance for happiness as a woman than as an aging transvestite. What do you think?

Mr. L., Mich.

A. I think you are a silly old queen who should know better.

Q. Can you help me untangle this disturbing puzzle? I have always assumed that one of my closest friends (for 6 years) is of French descent, because of his name and his fondness for French food

and culture. I had also believed that he was a native of this country, because of his almost flawless English. This week I met a very old friend of his whom I had never met before. In the course of a casual conversation about Caribbean vacations, I was astonished to learn that my friend was born and reared in Puerto Rico of 100% Puerto Rican parentage, is using a false name in place of his actual Spanish one, and took private lessons for three years to perfect his completely accentless English. His friend was quite surprised that I did not know any of this, for he had no idea that it has been such a secret. I am so disturbed, because I feel almost insulted that such a close friend would have to pretend to me to be something he really is not. I like him immensely and couldn't care less what his origins are, but I don't understand this masquerade. He knows I am certainly not prejudiced against Puerto Ricans, although he has frequently spoken of them unkindly and avoids bars or parties where there are many of them present. He knows the depth of my friendship for him. Why should he feel unable to trust me on such an unimportant matter?

C. C., NYC

A. It is not you alone he distrusts. It is everyone he has met since he adopted his new identity. It is sad and foolish that he should consider his origins so terribly inferior that he felt compelled to construct a papier mache effigy to replace the real person. It is also obvious that he privately identifies with the lowest class of Puerto Ricans rather than with the many proud, bright, educated, and self-respecting citizens of his island. He also undoubtedly believes that most other people would instantly pigeon-hole him

with that lower class image, if they learned he were Puerto Rican. Perhaps some might frown of ignorance or malice, but certainly his friends and reasonably well-informed people would judge him for himself. Being French certainly wouldn't make him a better person. They have a lower class also, in case he doesn't know. It may embarrass him, but I would suggest that you gently confront him with your new knowledge and assure him that he really need hide nothing anymore from you or the other friends who genuinely like and respect him. Tell him why. This would be a great service for him, and it is fitting that a close friend should prove his friendship in this compassionate manner.

Q. I sell ecclesiastical supplies, and in my years of travelling about the country I have noticed that almost invariably the church organist is gay. Why should this be so?

K. E., La.

A. Can you think of an easier way to meet choir boys?

Q. I have never found mother-in-law jokes very funny, and I certainly never dreamed that mother-in-law problems could exist in the gay world. Well, that is exactly what I have now. My lover and I are both 26, have been together three years, although we have never lived together. I have a beautiful apartment with plenty of room, but I have never been able to persuade him to move in. He insists it would break his mother's heart if he were to move away from home, and he feels she really needs him there. Of course, he does have a father in the same house, and there is no question of financial assistance being necessary. His mother keeps telling him that she is

comforted and strengthened by his staying home, and she even serves him his breakfast in bed each day. (By the way, she doesn't do this for his father.) I have told him a thousand times that she doesn't really need him there. After all, we are lovers, and we live close enough that he could visit her as often as he pleased. He refuses to "break her heart," as he puts it, but I am tired of this selfish woman interfering in our life. Everytime he spends the night here she calls at least twice to make sure he is alright and will come home in the morning for this or that reason. She has even come over here a few times to conduct a generalissimo's inspection of me and the premises, issuing a few gratuitous criticisms, and pointing out possible improvements. I will no longer permit her to cross my doorstep, but I would concede even that if he would move in. What can I do?

R. M., Racine

A. I doubt that you can win this contest. At 26, your lover seems as securely tied to his mother as he was at 4 or 5. He does not appear to give any indication of resenting this arrangement, and you certainly don't think SHE is going to surrender her precious little possession to anyone else, do you? And that is exactly what he is. A POSSESSION, not a son. He is a grown-up toy or doll to be petted, paraded, fed, humored, anything but released! And he is too severely damaged to realize this. Your description of "this selfish woman" is a classic case of the castrating, defeat-programming, supermother who cannot distinguish between love and possession. She does this not out of malice, but ignorance, for she does not understand the nature of love. The father in the house is really some kind of phantom whom the mother has made sure would remain a stranger to his son. Breakfast in bed, in bed! Without professional help, your lover will remain his mother's prisoner until one of them dies, and he will continue to sincerely believe his imprisonment was really mother-love. If you can't get him into treatment (and that means a battle with Mama, I'd bet), you will have to either give him up or settle for what you have. You're not as dangerous as a daughter-in-law, but she will always be wary of you, anyway. I'm sorry I can't offer you more hope.

BY TIM MARLOWE



any gay guys are at least as horrified by TV (and I don't mean video) as the straights are. They find transvestitism at best really a drag and at worst an embarrassment to the whole gay community.

Their abhorrence is based largely on the screaming queens who do Carmen Miranda impersonations at parties (who else would remember Carmen Mirandas?) or those one encounters in the street with their plucked eyebrows, and then, of course, the ones who turn up at masquerades as broad-shouldered bimbos looking like William Bendix doing an imitation of Bette Davis or like Joan Crawford in open-toed, high-heeled wedgies, and who generally contribute to the straight world's misconception of a homosexual as a phony with fables. The "masculine" gays may don a kind of drag themselves (usually leather, denim, or some other butch fabric) but they can't take the "femme" drag at all. They may laugh at Charlie Pierce or Ray Bourbon or some other performer for a while, but TV turns them off!

It must be admitted that they often have legitimate objections.

Too bad Julian Eltinge, a truly talented and interesting female impersonator, has been forgotten. Now, there was a "drag queen" that gave the term real dignity and importance. For the delight of the "drag queens" (who have been complaining that they have been given short shrift in the gay press so far) and for the education of others, here's the story of the female impersonator that America has so far produced, a performer who was a star by any standards and who ranks with Mei Lan-fang, the Chinese female impersonator who was once called as exciting as Duse and whom his countrymen have portrayed on a number of their postage stamps.

The Drag Who Showed Mae West How



Julian Eltinge (born in Boston in 1883) was first seen professionally as a beauty with a garden hat and parasol in *Mr. Wix of Wickham*, a comedy of 1904. He was hailed as the rival of Anna Held for loveliness, and he had a delicate but telling sense of humor, quite unlike the broad satire we see in drag shows at the 82 Club in New York or *Finochio's* in San Francisco, or the shoddy miming to records done in a hundred sleazy gay bars across the country. If you weren't told, you'd think Julian Eltinge was just a terrifically beautiful and talented girl, and his act was strictly "family entertainment."

In 1908 and 1909 he toured the country with Cohan and Harris' Minstrels. The minstrel show was just about on its last legs then, but the pretty legs and devastating smile of Julian Eltinge made it look like an early version of the Ziegfeld Follies. Many a woman in the boondocks picked up her fashion ideas for those years from Eltinge's costumes, which he changed with every song, getting ever more tasteful and yet still spectacular.

In 1911 Eltinge took Broadway by storm with his performance in the lead of the musical comedy *The Fascinating Widow*. The scene was a college and the part called for him to be a college boy who got into some sort of varsity drag, much as the football players of Princeton used to do until very recently to present the annual Princeton Triangle Show. That, by the way, recently went coed, but critics complained that the real girls in this year's show, *Call a Spade a Spade*, were not "as cute as the ones we've been used to"—i.e., the boys.) In the same year a sensational newcomer to Broadway appeared with the imported sex-bomb Gaby Delys and Annette Kellerman (whose water ballet made her the Esther Williams of the period) in *Vera Violetta*. She openly modelled her style on Julian Eltinge's: sex, with a dash of satire. Her

name was Mae West.

The success of *The Fascinating Widow* led to more shows, and Julian Eltinge starred in *The Crinoline Girl* (the hit of 1914) and others, including *Cousin Lucy*, *Her Grace the Vampire* (influenced by Theda Bara, whose anagrammatic name tells you she introduced the "vamp" in the movie *Arab Death*), *Countess Charming* ("Prince Charming" with a new twist), and *His Night at the Club* (in which he has his chance to get into drag).

Julian Eltinge's smash success brought out many another drag star, especially when he began making really big money on the vaudeville circuits of the Twenties, where he rivaled Eva Tanguay, the Great Houdini, and the movie star Clara Kimball Young. The influence of the British music hall, where women in male dress were very popular (remember the retired lesbian star in the great movie *The L-Shaped Room*?) was seen with Cicely Courtneidge, who came over with *By the Way* in 1925 and got some of the girls into tuxedos. But it was really the boys in drag that threatened to take over both the Keith Circuit and the Orpheum Circuit.

Variety for March 8, 1923, reported the impact that Julian Eltinge's success had had:

There are more female impersonators in vaudeville this season than ever before, according to the booking men. Three impersonators on one bill at a split-week house is viewed as a record.

The numerical strength of the impersonators was heavily swollen following the war, when recruits from the ranks of the many service acts entered vaudeville and remained. The disintegration of the service act and the laying aside of the uniforms seemingly did nothing to deplete the ranks of impersonators, who reformed into two-act combinations, single and

the latest craze, "working in front of a band."

An idea of the number of aspirants for the wig and the skirts may be gleaned from statistics compiled at one of the large middle western naval stations during the war. When a call was issued for aspirants for feminine attire for an entertainment, 125 responded.

Count on those sailors! Maybe Television is in for a lot of TV, for all we know! If Nixon does manage to drag the troops out of Viet Nam, we may see a lot of them in drag on the networks. Certainly (though it makes Uncle Sam pretty nervous) Cardinal Spellman was not the only male in fancy dress to appear for the troops in Nam! In fact, some who have seen the acts which are offered the boys at the front these days predict that the G.I.'s will never be satisfied with "real girls" once they get back Stateside. An exaggeration, no doubt.

With the end of vaudeville, Julian Eltinge retired, for he was then too old to stand the searching close-ups of the new-fangled "talking pictures"—and he had made his pile. So he bought a ranch near San Diego, up in the mountains, and turned into plain William A. Dalton (which was his real name), packing away for good his furs, furbelows, petticoats and parasols. All that was left was a theatre on Broadway called The Eltinge, in his honor, and a record as one of the great American theatre personalities of the first half of this century. Now that Nora Bayes and Constance Collier and Trixie Friganza and all the other sexpots of the period have faded, his name has been forgotten too. But it might be well-remembered that, though there's much that is very tacky and terribly embarrassing about so many drag queens around today, so that with a movie like *The Queen* we either feel pity or sadistically laugh, the TVs *did* have their star, and a great one.

GIVE US LIBERTY

Or We'll Blow Your Brains Out!

BY JOHN P. LeROY

The Women's Liberation movement is gathering considerable momentum. The ad pages of the *New York Times* no longer have separate male and female sections. *Newsweek* magazine has been picketed because women allegedly have been unable to obtain jobs as writers and reporters and are unwilling to settle for being mere secretaries and researchers. Eight coeds from Temple University have insisted on their right to enroll in the R.O.T.C., participate in close-order drill along with the boys, and march alongside them in the snow and sleet. A girl jockey has participated in the Kentucky Derby. (She came in next to last.) And, Abbey Aldrich Rockefeller, in a demonstration of female strength before an enthralled group of neofeminists in Boston, broke a wooden plank with her forehead on the second try.

In a somewhat more serious vein, New York City Councilwoman Carol Greitzer has introduced a bill banning discrimination in public accommodations because of sex. The bill is designed to give women the right to use certain bars, restaurants, hotels, etc., where they are presently excluded, and is apparently patterned after the 1964 Civil Rights Act. If it passes, women presumably may be legally allowed to enter the steam room of the Everhard and Continental Baths, and the day of the M-rated tearoom (see *GAY* No. 13) may be at hand.

The Miss America contest was visited by a group of lady protesters who publicly burned their bras, steno pads, false eyelashes, and copies of *COSMOPOLITAN* and *PLAYBOY* magazines, and crowned their Miss America, a sheep.

The feminist morality is hard to fault. If men indeed have enslaved and oppressed women throughout the centuries and reduced them to the level of a sexual toy, a household chattel, and

a nursemaid, then in the interest of liberty, equality and the elimination of all economic, political, and social differences between the sexes seems eminently desirable.

Ironically, the chief resistance to sexual equality comes not so much from the Male Establishment—it comes from the women themselves. Most women secretly do not want to become the equals of men if it means giving up the privileges and prerogatives of being the "weaker sex." Many of them would like to have it both ways. They want the male's power and prestige, but they would like to be made to "feel like a woman."

When the two conflicting feelings collide, the desire to feel "womanly" usually wins out and, with the help of a little chivalry, a majority of women accept the secondary passive role. In return for the security of a suburban home, a plethora of household gadgets, and a good deal of free time, not to mention charge accounts at Altman's, Lord & Taylor and Bloomingdale's, most of them readily submit to male domination. Should one even begin to suggest that the price they pay for all this material prosperity is the loss of self-respect and personal dignity, the angry reply is that domestic servitude is honorable, motherhood is sacrosanct, and the woman rules the home.

It is only when the children are

but the majority have not. According to the U. S. Department of Labor, three per cent of all women earn over \$10,000, while 23 per cent of the male population does that well. Although over thirty million women work, full or part time, one-third of these are secretaries or clerical helpers. A fifth are waitresses, domestics, etc. The remainder, with few exceptions, have lower status or lower salary than their male counterparts. The inroads that women have made in most upper-echelon business, management or academic professions are nil.

But the neofeminist radicals are not particularly interested in equal job opportunities. Indeed, they are not in favor of the goals of many other radical groups (more nudity, more sexual freedom, unisex, political freedom to oppressed minorities) because they feel that they will still be subservient to men as mere sexual objects. If they take off their clothes in public or dress unisexually, they feel that they are doing it to please men and not themselves. They therefore retreat to separatism. The destruction of heterosexuality seems desirable to some, and the idea of male annihilation has been seriously broached.

In one feminist journal, *No More Fun and Games*, Dana Densmore wrote, "(Sex is) inconvenient, time-consuming, energy-draining and irrelevant... (If) genital tensions persist, you can still masturbate. Isn't that a lot easier,

what is to be manly and womanly serve very well to enhance the interests of the Revlon Company and the U. S. Marine Corps, but it leaves most of the population in an increasing state of confusion over sex roles and sexual identity.

I would offer as a first suggestion that masculinity and femininity be defined only by the genitals one possesses and the biological consequences that thereby result. A boy is masculine if he has a cock and balls, even if he chooses to wear drag and sings soprano. A girl is feminine, even if she can outbox Cassius Clay and outquarterback Joe Namath. I think a lot of tragedy can be avoided if the things a person is or does in life are divorced from a person's biological anatomy. People will be forced to react to each other as people.

If greater equality between the sexes is to become a reality, then the women's radical liberation groups would do well to stop trying to separate themselves from men or theorize about exterminating them.

Rather they should seek instead to educate both sexes to the idea that a woman is first, last and always a person, not just a good lay, a mother or a homemaker. They could begin with the schools where boys are taught to do important things while girls are taught to become mothers. They could press for



grown that these same women belatedly realize what might have been, had they stuck it out on their own and done more to use their minds in a more fulfilling or creative way. Out of boredom and middle-age feelings of malaise, they commute to the cities in hopes of redemption through the purgatories of offices, schools and various social and charitable institutions. By then it is usually too late, for the choicest jobs, challenges and creative opportunities have gone to the young.

This pattern shows no signs of abating, even though such reforms as increased day-care centers for working mothers, liberalization of the abortion laws, and easier divorce have eased some of the burdens. A small but growing number of women have managed to make something interesting and creative of their lives and to earn decent incomes,

anyway?" In another journal, *Women*, Wilda Chase wrote, "There might be an exceptional mosquito that doesn't infect, but that's no argument for breeding mosquitoes. Men are not of our species; they are besides, an enemy species. To exterminate them would not be genocide, it would be immoral not to do so." (Italics hers.)

Much as I might like to see a homosexual world with no limit to the potential number of tricks, I must concede that men and women do need each other, not only for procreation and nurturing the young, but for the social and cultural enrichment that has been wrought by the presence of the two sexes. If further alienation between the sexes is to be halted, then it behooves enlightened men and women to redefine masculinity and femininity along more realistic grounds. Our current notion of

the achievement needs of both sexes on an equal basis, and see to it that girls get as much assertive independence as do boys.

With this kind of groundwork laid, equal employment and professional opportunities will come a lot easier, for a girl who wants to become a chemist will not so easily be laughed at, and young ladies will be less likely to allow themselves to be persuaded that the snaring of a man and getting married are the only desirable goals in life. The depiction of women in books, magazines, films, radio and television must then be as a person, not as a sex symbol, for the majority of females would never stand for the latter. In truth, when enough women want something badly enough and make it sufficiently well-known to men, they usually get what they want. Hasn't it always been this way?

I never say no to a man," says Donna, "because I like it when he asks me very nicely."

This opens the first avowedly feminist play since *Lysistrata*. *Mod Donna*, with book and lyrics by Myrna Lamb and music by Susan Hulman Bingham, opened May 3 at the Public Theatre at 425 Lafayette Street in the DMZ between East and West Village. I'm not sure what they mean exactly by the subtitle "a space age musical soap," but it is a musical; we are living in the space age (among others); and the play does have rather a soap opera scenario—a kind of caricaturization-cum-mas-identification quality that one finds if one digs afternoon TV.

Mod Donna is filled with paradoxes, some of them delightful and provocative. Theatrically, it is an uneven work, running the gamut from zippy, zappy chorus capers to some very slow solo bits. The first act does very little to clarify the structure or even the mood of the piece; at intermission it was hard to say whether these people are people or cartoon characters. The second act was much better, and seemed to set the whole play together, rather in the way that the final keystone keeps the ceiling from falling in.

The plot revolves around two married couples. Chris and Jeff, the older pair, are very rich, very jaded and very Charlie are younger, and Charlie works for Jeff. (He's frightfully ambitious to "be in in! In! Into something! Onto something! Something like a gravy train.") Chris decides that it would benefit Jeff's relationship with her if Donna, in order to satisfy Jeff's need to feel "manly," were to come into their house as his mistress. Donna, for reasons already noted, accepts the menage, leaving Charlie out in the cold to work his ass off for Jeff. Charlie, by the way, doesn't quite realize the extent of the alliance. Jeff is very happy about his new lollipop, although (dare I say "naturally enough") Charlie is perfectly miserable. Chris then goes one further, and convinces Jeff that Donna has not really given herself wholly to him. She proposes that Jeff father a child ("their child, all three of them") by Donna. Thus would Jeff's *machismo* be satisfied, Donna would be even more giving of herself to him, and Chris would benefit from the knowledge that it's all her doing, and her relationship with Jeff would be even more complete. And so it goes. Impregnation accomplished, Jeff loses interest in Donna—he's proven all he needs to himself, and Chris and he plan a long second honeymoon. They announce to Donna that they will leave her in their house, give her "the best gynecological care," and adopt the baby when it is born. Outraged, Donna refuses, so Chris shows poor Charlie photos of Jeff and Donna in *flagrant delicto*. Charlie bored in bed with each other. Donna and murders Donna in a fit of jealous rage, while Jeff and Chris go off without a care.

If the story seems too gruesome to be a musical, just bear in mind that the play is a "soap." Fact is, *Mod Donna* bristles with some biting dialogue, witty lyrics, and many genuinely funny sequences. Unfortunately, the music is hardly as memorable as one might have hoped and thus, doesn't match the lyrics, but these are a few moments now and then. *Beautiful Man*, for example, stands out not so much for its tune as it does for

MOD DONNA:

BY PETER OGREN



A DOXY WITH MOXIE

the combination of words, music, choreography, spoken interludes (including a hilarious masturbatory fantasy, complete with sheiks, daggers, huge cocks, voyeurs and for one of the girls, an S. S. man), and bloody marvelous ensemble playing by the Women's Chorus. This group of nine girls acts as a kind of Greek Chorus, commenting on the action, helping it along, and generally revealing the "infinite variety" of women. They are the most extraordinarily

ordinary-looking group, and therefore, the most true-to-life. One of them even reminds me of Valerie Solanas (remember S.C.U.M.? Remember Andy Warhol?). And they are pizzazz personified. The Chorus does almost all the singing, dancing, acting and living. They are a life-force unto themselves, and without them *Mod Donna* would be a bloodless shell. From the street-corner toughie-bopper to the superfemme Voguette, they exude an enticing

personality, both collectively and individually. Theirs is the meatiest and most rewarding role of all.

But to turn to the paradoxes, the most apparent is the fact that for a piece of polemic theatre, there are many angles of approach, not just one piece of dogma. The men's roles are sadly shallow; both husbands act like a pair of venal, selfish, childish, coarse, brutal and usually unthinking louts. Donna and Chris are birds of another feather. Donna is the Sensuous Woman, giving to her men, angered only by encroachments on the relationship between herself and her man of the hour (who later becomes her baby); in effect, the Whore-become-Madonna. Charlie has lost interest in her after the wedding because she is no longer forbidden fruit ("So Charlie was a hero to Donna/Charlie bought her clothes and took her out to eat... And married her to keep her off the street/And after that it all went sour..."). Charlie has also already had an affair with Chris. Jeff has likewise lost interest in Chris, who is all empty allure in her Chase Wife role, and when she turns on to sex, she turns him off: "I only want you if you are unavailable..." This then is the quandry that men, by their insistence on the Double Standard, put themselves and their women into: a woman must either be Slut or Madonna, and if she merges these "models," she blurs the all-important (to men) divisions of her "proper" role. The man, of course, is by corollary too uptight to bed down with more than one of these types for very long; he can only stay with one or the other.

Peter Haig (Charlie) acquitted himself well in the thankless role of the archetypal Male Chauvinist Pig, wanting his wife to remain pure while he philanders, insisting by virtue of his financial support on the ownership of her life. Larry Bryggman (Jeff) was also very good as the spoiled-little-rich-kid-braggart-boozier-pseudosuperstud, in thrall to the wife who dominates him totally, makes him like it and hates him for liking it. April Shawn (Donna) brought a delicious sense of innocent lust to her role of Dominated Woman Wronged. And Sharol Laughlin (Chris) took over the whole stage with her sinuous, sensuous, conniving Female Supremacy. Her song, *Take a Knife*, expresses the quintessence of her guile: "Swaggering/and seducing/In its self-assured/Duplicity." (Shades of "Is this a dagger that I see before me...") Chris was in fact so dominating that I don't quite see why she needs liberation—she has her cake and eats it too—and if she is the model Liberated Woman, heaven help us all!

Joseph Papp has directed the play with his usual flair and delicate sense of balance between the actors and the commentary. *Mod Donna*, for all its flaws, is an interesting and thought-provoking piece of theatre, and has a good deal to say to everyone about what has laughingly been referred to as the battle of the sexes, but which now seems on its way to becoming a male *Mea-culpa*. See it, no matter what your stripe. It's got something for you.

By the way, there are only seven men involved in the production, in a company of twenty-seven. The band is also the first all-girl band I've ever seen. How about it. Male Chauvinist Pigs, how about a Zap-In?

BY DIANE DEVLIN

It seems as if ten years or so have elapsed since my situation was that of, to me, the only homosexual student in a suburbia-type high school, although I graduated only last June. Now, as a rather militant young lesbian, I realize that the high schools and colleges of America constitute, as a group, one of the most formidable obstacles not only to society's acceptance of the homosexual as a citizen, but to the young homosexual's acceptance and appreciation of his/her own humanity and potential for living a productive life.

In my former high school, a new sex education course was recently unleashed. The cornerstone of this course is a small booklet which contains information pertaining to various sexual problems and issues faced by today's teenagers. Among this information is included a short paragraph dealing with homosexuality. The author of this paragraph says in effect that homosexuals are poor, emotionally ill, pitiable creatures, and that, while the current legal status of homosexuality should be changed, the average good, clean, "normal" teenager would do well to avoid homosexuals. The author also implied that we are prone to seduce children and teenagers, and for that reason, it might be a good idea to exclude us from such professional fields as teaching and social work.

As it turns out, the use of this particular miseducational aid was begun the term after I had completed the required hygiene course in which this "aid" is now used, so I was spared the torture of having to listen directly to such a description of myself.

Now I ask you, would the educational system tolerate the dissemination of such misinformation in a biology, chemistry or mathematics course? Where are all the responsible researchers while this is going on? Is there no decent, humanitarian, informed organization to supervise the sex education programs in the schools, particularly the junior and senior high schools? Certainly we cannot depend on that supposedly objective, progressive group known as the Sex Information and Education Council of the United States, because their reason for existing appears to be the promotion of "healthy heterosexuality" at the expense of any sort of positive attitude toward those whose sexual lives differ from the "Great American Norm." Their booklet on the subject says that it is questionable whether homosexuality is an illness, then blithely goes on to discuss possibilities for "cure." Their whole conception of the subject is fucked up!

Although I managed to avoid any serious confrontation with nose guidance counselors and physicians in high school, I'd like to mention an experience I did have. At the time, I was attending one of the specialized high schools for talented students in New York. I had been out with the flue for four days. When a student is absent for more than three days at a time, he/she must either bring a note from a doctor or must submit to a physical examination by the school physician. Well, I hadn't consulted a doctor, so I was dragged off to the medical office. The school physician turned out to be a woman who appeared to be about seventy years of age. She found me sufficiently healthy to

A Teenager Asks: HOW LOW CAN HIGH SCHOOLS GO?



The Plight of the Gay Student

return to school, but then the fun started. The old bat wanted to know, among other things, why I had short hair, whether most of my friends were male or female, whether or not I had a "young man," and why I didn't walk in the manner in which she believed all proper young female high-school sophomores were supposed to.

I must say that this series of third-degree questions took me by surprise, but I managed to fib my way through, or so I thought. About a week later, my mother received a phone call from the guidance counselor, who wanted to know if my mother could come to the school. When she got there, Mom was told that the doctor would like to speak with her. The doctor asked her the same questions (about me, that is) that she had asked me. As you may imagine, my mother wasn't too happy about the entire affair. Luckily for me, the old doctor wasn't able to make too much trouble because I had adamantly denied that I was gay. However I didn't want to get involved in any further confrontation with that old buzzard so I transferred to

the neighborhood high school.

College provided me with the first honest confrontation I ever had with the authorities of any school. The institution of my choice was a relatively small school in upstate New York. During the orientation session at this particular school, all the new students were given computerized personality tests. These tests were designed to provide information about the students' interests, fears, emotional characteristics, "masculinity" and "femininity," and sexual orientation. To this day, I do not know who has access to the results of these tests. No one up there ever said that the results were confidential. Where do these college authorities get the right to invade the private lives of their victims, who, I might add, were never asked whether or not they would prefer not to take such a test?

One day I was called down to the dorm director's office. This visit was, according to the dorm director, a routine "get to know the girls in the dorm" type of thing. The first thing she said to me when I got down there was, "Tell me

about your problem." My open reaction was (I now realize it was a bad mistake), "How the hell did you know?" She had me trapped. My outburst had revealed too much. So I admitted being gay. From that point she proceeded to try to psychoanalyze me (an attempt which I successfully resisted). I finally convinced her that I had no hangups other than trying to deal with people like her, and that all I wanted to do was get an education, find the right girl, and live, just like anyone else. Then she started to tell me such things as: "But I don't want you to feel different," and "Don't you believe that God made you to have babies?" Can you imagine this coming from someone who supposedly has a Master's in counseling psychology? At that point I became more than a little bit annoyed. I politely told her that my life was none of her business as long as I didn't cause any trouble at school, and asked her to please quit bothering me.

Although I wasn't kicked out of school, the dorm director made my life sufficiently unpleasant to cause me to leave the school voluntarily. It seemed as if the would always pop up at the table next to mine in the dining hall. Very often, when I went downstairs to the basement to do the laundry, I'd run into her and she would ask stupid questions like, "Do you feel any better today?" as if to imply not only that I was sick because of my homosexuality, but also that I was, in some way, under her care because of it. It seemed as if she were always watching me, waiting for me to make just one wrong move, so I got the hell out, and am now attending a large school in New York.

Getting back to the problem of sex education, what effect will the current miseducation have on the young homosexual student? At a time in life when he or she needs as much responsible guidance as possible, I believe it is the duty of every educator to be well informed on the subject of homosexuality, by responsible sources within both the scientific and homophile communities. Why can't they include in sex education programs such supportive books as *The Same Sex: An Appraisal of Homosexuality*, published by the United Church Press?

How is the homosexual student ever to become an active participant in society when the other members of society, believing the hogwash fed to them in hygiene classes, are afraid the homosexual will attack them? How can a young homosexual, when he/she finds his/her parents unwilling and unable to discuss a problem, go to a teacher or a guidance counselor for advice? The poor kid knows damn well that if the school authorities find out, he/she will probably be dismissed as sick, and will, in many instances, be sent to an incompetent headshrinker to be "straightened out."

So far I've managed, not without some hardship, to survive those horrible years, and thank God they didn't succeed in "straightening me out." But there are gay kids in every school in the country, and many of them are trapped by dorm directors who are totally ignorant of the truth about homosexuality, by outdated, moralistic sex education programs, and by authorities who persist in engaging in witch-hunts. Must we sit in classrooms and hear ourselves characterized as sick, immature, and incapable of loving and being loved? There must be a better way than that!

A GIRL ABOUT TOWN KATHY GOES KRUISING

BY KATHY WAKEHAM

Last time I cruised into Gianni's I didn't see Polly Aries. It was very surprising since she's almost always there sitting boringly with friends who have such melancholy looking faces. Or she's dancing to *Is That All There Is* or to Sly and his family recruiters. Or is in an astrological rap. Well, she wasn't there last time I looked. So if anyone sees Polly please report to me. She's a very gay Aries that is the female Gemini twin of Castor.

Last time I saw Polly she was telling me that she always recognized me by my very butch loud fem shrilly voice. She hasn't figured out yet whether it's a loud butch or a shrilly fem vocal sound. In Gianni's that kind of thing is very important. Not only your voice but you must be either fem or butch. I don't know about my voice, but I do know one thing—I'm just a dirty old girl. So says Polly, that is.

It's the zebra stripes of Gianni's that does it. Yes, it's an inhuman pattern. So, I decided, to hell with the humanness of Gianni's. In there, I'm considered abnormal. People, not types, attract me. Besides, I'm lazy. I can't go through the hassle of finding out who's butch, who's fem, who's kai-kai. Couldn't care less.

One bar rule broken: the butch-fem code. When I first came out (which was way up in uptight Yonkers), I was a naive fem. Then I cut my hair, wore pants and shirt, cruised into New York City, and met Polly. I was butch, then and after. Now, I'm me, and it's more fun. It all causes much confusion when I occasionally run into ex-lovers, but it's their confusion. I think it's funny. Keep them guessing. And chasing. They never know what they're after, anyway. Variety is the spice of life. Spicen-up your gayety, girls.

The happiest soul I ever met in Gianni's was Charlie Chaplin, head waitress in full drag. Always happily shouting, "Is everybody happy?!" I haven't seen her lately. I know Kookie hasn't grabbed her. The competition would be too great. Everyone naturally loves Charlie Chaplin. But Kookie, she's so gorgeous that I once couldn't resist pinching and grabbing her to see if she'd break. She didn't. But she did tell my friends, "Get that girl out of here." What surprised me, though, was that she actually laughed. Yes, Kookie laughed and smiled spontaneously! Kookie is real. She is a woman, even though she is made of sugar and spice and plexiglas. This is reflected in her red-velveted surrounding mirrors and dangling chandeliers which are thoroughly unobservable due to the clouds of smoke, drinks, and girls.

It's said among gay women that "all the girls in Kookie's look the same." I want to comment on this: It is not true, there are a few girls who wander in who do not look like the rest. These are the few so-called freaking revolutionaries who are organizing for... (I shall not say for what, as it is well known for what) who wander in for obvious reasons.

On approaching one of these freaking revolutionaries, I started rapping and found out she was one of my sisters. We had a lot in common; we were both bored with the present situation; we split in same directions to a different scene.

Before we reached that scene, we saw it was too early to call it a night. Three dollars at the door and dayglo lights

inside. Such a pity! After-hours places are mostly clubs. Pull out your membership card or have a familiar face or know so-and-so. Dancing, for the night, goes on and so does (sometimes) pre-bed necking (depending on who is together with whom). Our eyes were heavy, and who could drink or dance any more? I know I couldn't.

Off to Bickfords, White Tower, Central Lunch or anywhere else where food is still served. Feeling like a trip with an early sullen sun up there, we crawled to breakfast.

On the way, people of the straight world are holding lunch boxes to drive buses, run trains, dictate letters, scream at nuisances, stare at us. Some people walking toward us. They stare. We stare. Smiles. "Do you know where a cab is around here at this time?" "No." "Where are you coming from?" "Oh, I was there two weeks ago." "Do you know Melly and Sue?" "Yeah." "Are you going to the dance next week?" "What dance?" "The dance at Alternate U." "I heard of them. Are they good?" "Sometimes. Come." "Okay."

Onward. The trek continues until food is had. Rap, rap, half-asleep over coffee and whatnot. Why don't people just go home? Who cares about eating at this time of day? This must be a gay bar tradition. Eat in the morning. I know now why this meal is called breakfast. Eating at the break of day while prolonging, almost fasting, for what you really want. And yet, you are fast on your heels when finished.

Homeward bound. Hell, I just remembered. I forgot my housework, shopping, writing, talking, et cetera. Too late now, it's 4:00 pm, Sunday. I have to go home and get ready for tomorrow. Well, not every weekend is like this. Thank goodness. If every weekend was, I wouldn't be fit for any weekends like this at all. Next week, I'll take care of everything.

I must remember to give Polly a call and remind her it's been a year since we met while playing at the Checkerboard on Christopher Street. It closed shortly afterward and now lovers have departed and go kruising round the local mulberry bush. Girls and boys once mixed there. Now they go out separately and occasionally meet here or there at other places around the mulberry bush.

Well Spring is here again. And as I said before, lovers have departed and shift in different trails. Girls and boys are friends and girls and boys and boys are lovers. Sometimes, they're also friends.

Friends. Friends. It is so good to have friends. You are my friend. Let's be friends. I like you very much as a friend. We can do so much together as friends.

Lovers. Lovers. Ah, what a lover! Lovers. What is a lover? Who is a lover?

Well, there is a saying that well defines the whole situation. "Lovers come and lovers go, but friends last forever, never parting." A prototype bar diesel dyke sister once said to me, "Your girl is never your friend." "Why?" thought I. My girl is my friend and my lover. But my lover and my friend are just not the same. Both are fun in different ways. I go to Bickfords with both, but both eat different things (at least when they're with me they do). However my girl is both and when you see her, you will know why. And so will I, when I see her. So for now, there are friends and lovers.

Hope to see you soon, Polly.



POLITICIANS MAKE STRANGE BEDFELLOWS!



BY DICK LEITSCH

Lo you ever have one of those days when you feel as though you might have fallen through Alice's rabbit hole and ended up in a weird Wonderland? That's how I felt when I read a recent issue of GAY. On the Editorial Page there was a paean to Ed Koch and the next page carried a story about a group of homosexuals "zapping" Mayor Lindsay. It was like opening the Times and finding that Nixon had pulled out of Vietnam and Cambodia, replaced Agnew with Jack Nichols, and declared homosexuality obligatory.

I hopped over to the Mattachine office and pulled out the files on Koch and Lindsay. In front of the Koch file was a newspaper clipping from the Times (Oct. 5, 1964). Ed Koch and Carol Greitzer (the Village District Leaders) were pushing the Police Commissioner for more plainclothes cops to control "perverts" in Washington Square Park and the streets near Village Square.

Two days later (Oct. 7, 1964) a Times article told of the meeting between the top cop and Koch. The latter was heading a "drive to rid the (Village) area of degenerates and other undesirables." Koch was crowing that the Commissioner had assured him that "more effective" measures would be taken to curb the activities of homosexuals in Village Square at Eighth Street and Sixth Avenue and along Greenwich Avenue.

The drive led, of course, to the entrapments of hundreds of innocent homosexuals, many of whom still can't get decent jobs or various licenses because of police records that resulted from

Koch's campaign against homosexuals. In April of 1965, Koch was with excellent support for another "clean up" of the same sort. He got it, and hundreds more homosexuals were entrapped by plainclothes cops, arrested, and damaged. More gay bars were closed, and thousands of gay people were harassed on the streets of the Village. In July of that year, Koch led another drive, this one centered on Christopher Street.

That fall, John Lindsay was elected Mayor of New York City. He took office in January, and not long afterwards, Koch and Greitzer were after him for support for their spring cleanup.

Lindsay had an assistant, James L. Marcus, a man he had met during the campaign. After the election, Marcus became Lindsay's "troubleshooter"—and later, just trouble. He spent some time in jail recently for bribe-taking and other wrongdoing.

Like all crooks, he became highly indignant about other people's "immorality." He undertook "Operation New Broom," which began as a drive to get rid of cheap theatres, "porno" shops, muggers, drunks, panhandlers and other "undesirables" in Times Square. (I thought then, and still think, that real estate interests were behind this drive, and may have paid somebody to wage that campaign.) This cleanup, which started in February and lasted through April of 1966, quickly degenerated into a series of entrapment arrests of homosexuals and prostitutes.

Koch (then City Councilman) and Mrs. Greitzer demanded that "Operation New Broom" be expanded to sweep the Village, too. Entrapment reached an all-time peak. The Times once claimed that such arrests reached as many as 150

in one night. Mattachine raised hell and had excellent support from the New York Civil Liberties Union and various church groups. The Times and the Post saw through the fraud of "cleanups" and came out against entrapment.

Lindsay is an honest man, with a concern for people and individual rights. His administration was, for the most part, cast in the same mold. His Police Commissioner (evidently the first in recent years not in the pocket of Koch and his buddies) pulled the plainclothes cops out of the entrapment business. Not only was entrapment unfair and un-American, it was also a waste of police manpower.

Lindsay's administration adopted a "hands-off" policy toward licensed gay bars, abolished the old McCarthyite policy of excluding homosexuals from eligibility for City jobs, and relaxed many license restrictions so that homosexuals may now obtain hack, cabaret, and other such licenses to work in New York City.

There is still some police harassment of gay people, but it is not officially sponsored. There are 30,000 cops in New York City, and they're not all good cops. The Commissioner can't follow each one of them around. But these days, if you are harassed, and make a complaint to headquarters, action follows. That's a huge change from the previous administration which never gave a damn about us.

I can't understand zapping Mayor Lindsay. He's made this City livable for us and for many other people. I understand the militants want to force him to take an active part in the homosexual movement and place his reputation and prestige on the line for us.

Why he should want to do that is

beyond me. We saw what happened to the Assemblyman who put himself on the line for abortion law reform: he failed to get renominated. If Lindsay feels that public support of the homosexual movement would damage him politically, I would agree that he should not take such a stand. To my knowledge, Lindsay is completely heterosexual. Why should he ruin his career for our cause?

He's shown a willingness to listen to our grievances and take action to correct wrongs where they exist. That's a big step for a politician these days. It's very nice to have a man at the head of the government who cares about people. I support him, and don't see any point in our joining with his enemies to ruin or embarrass him.

Koch is another matter. He's a weatherman; one need only watch him to see which way the wind is blowing. This is an election year, and the fact that Koch wrote to the Police Commissioner protesting the Snake Pit raid indicates two things: the homophile movement is succeeding, and the gay vote has become a force to be reckoned with.

Koch is up for re-election this year, and there are thousands of homosexuals in this city who have suffered grievously as a result of his six-year harassment campaign. I don't think that one letter is sufficient to get Koch off the hook. He owes us reparations.

As a U.S. Congressman, he's in a good position to make reparations. If he'll stand up in Congress and speak out against Federal job discrimination against homosexuals, or protest the misuse of draft records to continue the many forms of discrimination against us, and work actively for reform in those areas, I'll support his campaign for re-election. Otherwise, I'll consider his letter to Commissioner Leary about as sincere as Nixon's talk of getting us out of Vietnam or John Mitchell's talk of civil liberties. I'm a new resident in Koch's Congressional district, and I'll not vote for him unless he gives stronger proof of his new concern for gay people.

His opponent, of course, is Paul Raab who just might be the silliest camp since William F. Buckley and Gore Vidal. Raab's response to Koch's letter was a press release discussing the "unwholesome situation" created by homosexuals who "follow male pedestrians, causing interference by overt acts of solicitation."

Most of the wording of Raab's statement is almost identical with Koch's former statements on homosexuality. I would like to think that Paul Raab is witty and imaginative enough to have taken one of Koch's old speeches and reissued it as his own press release. That would have been a clever and campy thing to have done, but Paul Raab, unfortunately, lacks a sense of high camp. He might even believe that crap he put out in the press release just as Koch believed that his "cleanups" were morally justifiable.

The elections are about five months away, and the Congressional district being contested has one of the highest percentages of gay voters of any district in the nation. John Lindsay used to hold that Congressional seat, and if he were running for it this year I'd know who to vote for. As it is, I'm waiting to be wooed by Koch and Raab. Koch is just beginning to move away from a bad habit, and Raab is responsible for some pretty foolish statements. They have until June 23 (and the winner has until November 3) to make me forget that.

BY ANGELO D'ARCANGELO

In this sixth installment of the series, d'Arcangelo talks about V.D. among the Military, Blackmail, and "Chicken."

The range of civic sexual hypocrisy is enormous and tax wise well-funded. No example is more pertinent to this investigation than the military. Figures on V.D. rates in all the branches of the service are rare and veiled in double-talk. Simply stated, treatment is easily obtained by servicemen. There is very little if any investigation of the source. The only catch is, the sailor or soldier had better be sure to drip from the front. If he does there's no further check. A check of the backside might reveal anal infection and there's little reason to believe the unfortunate fellow picked up a whore and paid her to finger-fuck him. This is a self-defeating conspiracy by which the armed forces attempt to protect themselves from the dismissal of one-fifth or more of their men. If that sounds stupid, try to imagine a time when tax-paying mothers didn't want any venereal disease program for servicemen. They expected a sort of boarding school chastity to be observed and enforced.

If these infections are bad—and they certainly are inconvenient—there are far worse things. Like the laws governing them. And health regulations. Naturally they're tied to sexually repressive statutes, but far worse, they vary to an alarming degree from state to state. Obviously where there is a predominately active anti-homosexual bias in law, there are bound to be unpredictable consequences depending upon where in the country you happen to be at any given time. At the rate we travel today this is no small problem.

In many states venereal diseases of any kind constitute legal grounds for divorce. They affect children, not just infect them. Remember, children are people who are too young to be consenting adults under the law—and that law varies.

For example: should a parent, male or female, get infected, he or she would become a likely target for divorce proceedings, whether or not he or she wanted these proceedings or whether or not he or she was a good parent. The court would be likely to feel that such an infection would tend to be detrimental to the child. Sounds reasonable so far. There is some danger, however—particularly if we're dealing with an unenlightened or uptight judge—that the infection might be considered contributing to the delinquency of this minor, or endangering his health or morals. That's punishable.

Another example: should the child become infected without the knowledge of his parents we may never actually find out where the infection came from. And in the case of adolescents who usually feel they have to lie to their parents about their sex lives, this is particularly frequent. It isn't unreasonable to imagine both parent and child becoming infected by the same party, unbeknownst to one another.

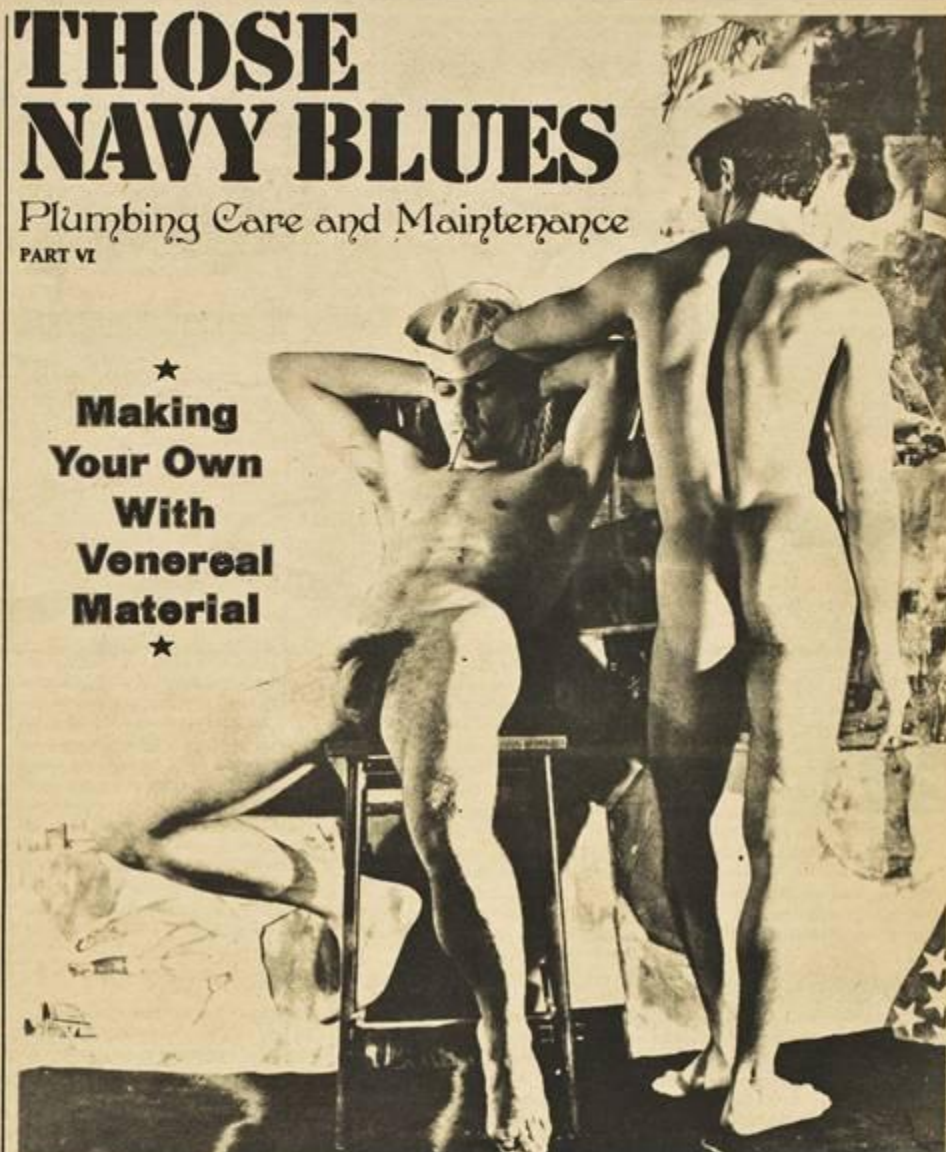
The laws generally agree that people over twelve years of age may come to a doctor and receive treatment without parental permission. They are still minors. Twelve from twenty-one leaves nine years. In other words, assuming the kid has a sex life these nine years, he's entitled to go to the doctor and get treatment. But, assuming this is a private practitioner, who pays for it? Does he

THOSE NAVY BLUES

Plumbing Care and Maintenance

PART VI

★
Making Your Own With Venereal Material
★



send a bill to the kid's folks? Or does he treat a kid without thought of payment? Hardly. Then what does Jr. do? Steal the money? If he's poor he may. Or if he's rich he'll just take it out of his allowance for the week.

The doubletalk about whether or not minors may or may not be treated without parental consent is echoing through only thirty-seven states, so far. The bone of contention is the "discretion of the physician," as to whether or not he will seek the consent of the parent, spouse, or guardian of the child, before he administers treatment. Or, from D.A. Dukelow, M.D.'s article—he is the assistant director of the Department of Health Education of the AMA—SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT. "The physician who knows the circumstances" (of the infection, presumably, or maybe financial) "should be free to decide whether he will hold the minor's secret or enlist parental assistance."

Doesn't it seem to you that one of the most important aspects of the question is being side-stepped? What about the Health Department? Isn't the doctor more or less obligated to collate his patient's information with the illnesses of others in order to check the spread of the infection? What does he do

then? Usually the sending on of a sneer or a blood sample into a lab automatically puts the name of the patient on a list for the Health Department. (Hold on, you chicken queens, the best is yet to come!) Assuming little Roddy is fourteen and he becomes infected through congress with a man just about his father's age, perhaps one of dad's friends or brothers, and he goes to a doctor for a checkup unbeknownst to his parents, and the checkup proves positive, wouldn't the Health Department be duty bound to get in touch with Roddy, and pretty obviously since Roddy lives at home, with his parents? And wouldn't these parents be likely to grill the kid about who gave him what? In fact, should they choose to go to the police, isn't it likely that said "confidential" records held by the Health Department could be subpoenaed and used by these parents to provoke the arrest and punishment of the man for contributing to the delinquency of their child? It's a sticky situation to find oneself in. I know of strange and terrifying cases of blackmail which have sprung from such situations and worse. After all, it isn't necessary to prove that party A. gave the clap to Roddy, simply that A. had sex with him (in an unnatural way, don't forget) and that he may have

infected him. As my dear old platinum-haired mother would say, "They'd put his ass under the jail." How do you protect yourself? Damned if I know. Can anybody tell me why we still have the fallacious notion that it's older people who seduce kids? I once got into a similar situation like the one just described, and it blew my mind. I'm not usually interested in kids. In fact, I usually don't notice them. But coming home one night drunk I got oggled and then picked up by a brazen but perfectly beautiful cherub. I took him home. We went through the standard repertoire with minor variations, and several days later I got the yellow greeting card. Man! Did I worry! For days. But fortunately nothing happened; it had all been completely anonymous.

I'm not fool enough to suppose those things happen infrequently. Rather the opposite. Most of the chicken queens I know hold court at home with simply dozens of dew-babies lolling about. Ostensibly they're there only for dope, or liquor, or attention, or friendship, or out of boredom, or because the home of an accommodating older man is often the only discreet place where they can socialize with their peers—but let's face it, they're there to get fucked. Fucked with or without the rationalizations.



BY JOHN FRANCIS HUNTER

In the spring I relive puberty. Thoughts and memories of sex I count and stamp like robins, and I dive backwards to when I was staggering on colt's legs from childhood to adolescence.

When I was at Willow Country School in Vermont just coming into actual puberty, in the spring, surrounded by every conceivable influence that can arouse a thinking animal, I went into an acute stage of longing for a guy I'd been fascinated with for years. At the same time, maybe troubled by the same flow of juices and a longing not too well defined, he developed a fascination for cows.

Ned used to slip out of his room late at night and make for the barn like a fox for the henhouse. And I would trail him. There was a heifer named Putsy which Ned had taught to lick him—unless it came naturally to that heifer. There was another one he used to fuck sitting on a bar of the fence.

I'd watch and jerk off. I was so lonely, so eager for sex, and I didn't know anything. Even at Willow, which was progressive according to the brochure, they didn't tell us anything about what was coming over us then. I don't know about the girls who were approaching their first period. I suppose someone always prepares a girl for that. I think women like to regale their kind about what awaits them, whereas it is the nature of men to accrue experience unto themselves and relate it only in boast. Anyway, boys were at one time left quite to their own devices or to the mercy of their peers, it not being considered so critical when their balls dropped, faces blossomed and hairs cropped out here and there like crocuses.

Ned suddenly turned from cows to girls, which cut off my sex education altogether. That is until he decided to share with me again. Knowingly this time, since I'm sure he had never caught on to my voyeurism. I'm not sure why he chose me for the honor. Maybe he was developing a sense of social responsibility and realized if someone didn't do something about my horns I might slip on

the gym floor and gore a classmate. Probably he thought it obligatory to initiate another male as a rite of spring.

I was to be initiated with/by Molly Cudger. She was a Townie, a hazard of running the growing-up gauntlet, a Station of the Cross, phallically speaking, to the boys at Willow Country School. She had big jugs and rarely wore panties, had braces on her teeth, taffy-colored hair that wouldn't hold a curl, and like Orphan Annie never grew up. The expression in her eyes was something like Orphan Annie's, too.

My first date with her was on a double with Ned, in itself a first and a thrill. I didn't want to go with her, but I wanted to go along with him.

We lost no time parking in a field designated by the older boys for that purpose. Ned had left the car with his date in tow, another local stunner named Joybelle, who giggled. In the hierarchy of conquest, Joybelle was Second Degree, almost to the top. It took skill to stop her from giggling long enough to do anything, laughter looming as the enemy of love in those days. Ned had progressed rapidly in a short time, naturally, after all that bovine preparation. It is a shorter leap from cows to girls than from jerking off to girls, it would appear.

Left alone, I immediately kissed Molly. Instinctively, I guess, working up everything I could work up. Mostly a sweat. She began to writhe and take my tongue between her teeth. I remember the metallic taste, pleasant as a tongue depressor. She slithered her tongue around mine, and I began to think of that heifer licking Ned's whang.

I was thinking of him and tonguing her and getting suddenly excited, and the next thing I knew I had my hands on her boobs, then one tentatively on her thigh. (No, I didn't have three hands, I moved one of them.) I was so dumb, so green, such a mole, that I had expected the hole to be directly in front. Like the center of a target. I didn't know it was hidden down there someplace. What a discovery! Imagine all that time living in a dorm in the country with slaving would-be rapists, smacking your lips over pornographic pictures displayed solemnly as religious relics by older boys and not

a virgin
spring:
Pumping in
the Pasture

knowing where the hole was? Lost on a desert I would have bypassed the oasis.

I was fascinated with my anatomy lesson, consciously filing away sensations to enumerate to Ned when we got home, but still lost in probing when—Viola—old Molly, having made a little pigeon coo sound in her throat, had passed out with my middle finger massaging her clitoris.

"Molly!" I gasped. "Molly, are you all right? Are you there Molly? Molly, are you alive? I didn't mean it, Molly. I like you, Molly. Honest, I like you a lot. I even like your braces."

Not a whimper, not a breath in her body.

I was afraid to uncork, too. Don't ask me why. Maybe because I thought something vital would come out with my finger. Or because I thought in self-defense I should stick around for the autopsy. As living proof that I hadn't used anything more lethal than a middle finger.

I waited, my spattering of pubic hairs turning gray, hoping to hear Ned and Joybelle coming back. Neither Molly nor I moved a muscle nor made a sound except for me occasionally imploring her desperately to return from the dead. I thought of Lazarus and wished for Jesus. I prayed.

Molly was in the long run less patient than I, or maybe God answered, because she came 'round right after my last fervent amen, seizing short breaths, then precipitously extricating my petrified finger. She smoothed her skirt, fluffed her hair and asked me in a sepulchral voice for a stick of gum. Her grandest moment came when she batted her eyes, glanced around and asked where she was. I, always at my best with exceptional dialogue, told her she was with me. She replied "Oh" with the most exquisite contempt you could ever hope for.

Back at the dorm Ned and two of his confederates gathered to hear my story. I described in rich detail what I had located between Molly Cudger's legs. You know the gist, I have forgotten the words. Then I told how I had unzipped my pants and how I had entered, the former with more authority than the latter. Finally, I explained how she had come, that is adverbially speaking.

"She really creamed a lot. Copiously.

It was like someone had turned over a cup of hot chocolate with a melted marshmallow in it."

And they bought that. Emboldened, I quoted Molly that it had been great, the greatest, that she had never had anything so great.

They sat silent, in ego disarray, including Ned for whom I'd risked Molly's life and perhaps gangrene of the finger.

"Didn't she pass out?" Ned asked. I denied that she had, a mistake that ranks with Napoleon's invasion of Russia. They were, due to their *a priori* knowledge, baffled.

"But she always passes out when she wants it. She passes out, you put it in, you pump away with the old whang, then she comes to. That way she doesn't feel she's sinned and doesn't have to go to confession."

I swore a mighty oath that she didn't pass out on me. What else could I do, not being of the Kamakazi intellect. And it worked, my gall saved me. I became a hero. Ned even took me for a stroll down to the barns and said, "I'll bet you could fuck a heifer," and was mightily astounded when I replied, unaffiliated, "Oh, I know all about that." They all treated me as if I could probably walk on water.

Then old blabbermouth, horny Molly had to go rat on me. She told one of Ned's bunch that I was so dumb that I kissed with my mouth closed. (And after I'd put up with that puss full of schrapnel, too!) He asked her, scenting a snipe in the woodpile, whether I'd "tried anything," and she sealed my fate by claiming I'd gone to sleep and snored.

I became pariah that spring, needless to say. Ned was lost to me forever.

Now when I ponder the seasonal resurrection and savor spring's past as if I were telling a string of precious beads, I stop at that one and, far from regretting it, cherish it. I would gladly return to it. To be that innocent and expectant again I would gladly give up what I now know about the topography of cunt and the more sophisticated lengths women go to to conceal or reveal or offer it, what I know about men like Ned who feel, for whatever reason, they must get you laid, and about heifers.

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COLLEGE STUDENT, 20, 5'11", 155lbs, blonde, blue eyes, seeks same for lasting and close relationship. Only letters with photos answered. Boxholder, P.O. Box 252, Bloomfield, New Jersey, 07003.

BRIDGEPORT, CONN. AREA: for fun and games, gay or trade, 18-33, write giving age, phone number, photo if available. M. Fort c/o Eljayee, 1639 N. California, Chicago, Illinois 60647.

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GOOD-LOOKING MALE, 24, 5'10", 155lbs, brown hair and eyes and hung, in cycle and head set would like to meet heads to groove with and guys with cycles to ride with. You won't be disappointed with me. I dig blonds with groovy bodies. Let's meet and swing. If you're groovy and know where it's at call ARTIE, 989-0488.

GAY ACTIVIST ALLIANCE President desires part-time job in Manhattan. Flexible hours. Tel. 691-2748.

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GAY NEWS

(continued from page 3)

that Mrs. Norton thought public hearings would be valuable on the subject of job discrimination. When GAA members said they wanted Mayor Lindsay to speak out in favor of such legal protections for homosexuals, Mr. Aurelio said, "If the problem is proved and the need exists for such legislation, I don't think you will find the Mayor withdrawing from that battle." He insisted, however, that the matter must first come up in the City Human Rights Commission before the City Council could act on it. "Get the climate right first," he urged.

Pressing further for Lindsay's open support, a GAA Spokesman said there is a moral issue and a political issue at stake. He said that Lindsay owes a political debt to his homosexual constituents, and that his support would be wise both politically and humanistically. "We don't exist as far as the New York public is concerned. We demand public recognition by the Mayor. It is absolutely essential," he said.

Finally, the group asked for the right to have contact with homosexuals in city prisons. They said such prisoners are denied homosexual visitors and denied copies of the gay press. When released on parole, they are denied the right to join gay organizations. "We think it unjustifiable and inhuman to deny prisoners the right to communicate with and to keep informed about the gay community in the larger society that they are expected to rejoin," they observed.

All GAA demands were then submitted in writing. First Deputy Mayor

Aurelio observed at the close of the conference that "I expect that as we try to develop rapport and to resolve these problems with you we would hope that your public confrontations with the Mayor would stop." GAA's reply was that public confrontations would not be necessary if Mayor Lindsay would speak publicly to gay issues.

In the days immediately following this meeting, GAA members also met with eight of the highest ranking police officers in Manhattan in a conference arranged by Chief of Patrol Taylor. GAA charged police with "coming into bars at prime hours and using gangbuster tactics against customers in order to get shakedowns from managements." Police get at management by victimizing patrons, a GAA spokesman declared. "We know the game and the whole gay community knows the game, and we are prepared to fight it publicly."

FEDERAL COURT BARS GOVT. PRYING

San Francisco, Calif. — A U.S. District Court has once again struck down a regulation regarding the private sexual conduct of government employees, by ruling that the Post Office was "arbitrary and capricious" when it fired 23-year-old Neil Mandel for living with a girl who was not his wife. By failing to prove any connection between his sexual behavior and his postal duties, the court said, his

superiors had deprived him of due process of law. The court emphasized that the Government's discretionary powers over its employees are "not unlimited," and added: "The specter of the Government dashing about investigating this non-notorious and not uncommon relationship that was totally divorced from plaintiff's governmental duties is the most disturbing aspect of this case."

Although the Civil Service Commission must now cease the dismissal of heterosexuals living together out of wedlock, it still retains other notions of convention. It investigates male homosexuals more often than lesbians, whom the commission regards as less repugnant to society.

A related case, that of Benning Wentworth, a New Jersey electronics technician fighting for restoration of his security clearance which was revoked because he admitted to being homosexual, has yet to be decided.

LAVENDER MENACE ZAPS WOMEN'S LIB

New York, N.Y. — Radical lesbians and Gay Liberation Front women rushed into the aisles during a brief blackout at the May 1 opening session of the Congress to Unite Women in Intermediate School 70.

The lesbians wore lavender T-shirts with "Lavender Menace" written in red letters. The chant, "Out of the aisles and into the streets," was reinforced with signs reading, "The women's movement is

a lesbian plot," "Super Dyke loves you," "Take a lesbian to lunch" and "Put more fish in your sea." All statements were signed the Lavender Menace or the Lavender Herring.

After the initial surprise of the demonstration, a discussion leader attempted to silence the disturbance and return to the panel discussion. One of the lesbians grabbed the microphone and asked, "Will all the people who want to hear the lesbians yell?" The audience responded with a loud affirmative and some women joined the lesbians at the front of the auditorium.

During the four-hour session, the audience and members of the Lavender Menace exchanged views on lesbianism and women's liberation. In a position statement distributed at the meeting, the lesbians accused Women's Liberation of being "guilty of sexism."

Because of the audience support, the lesbians scheduled Saturday and Sunday workshops that drew larger crowds than originally planned. The success of the demonstration was celebrated at a social hosted by the Lavender Menace Saturday evening at the Church of the Holy Apostles.

jailed GAYS LOSE SUIT

New York, N.Y. — A self-proclaimed group of 10 homosexuals today lost a court suit initiated when they were taken out of a segregated area in the Manhattan

(continued on page 20)

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groping around

Monday, May 18: New York Mattachine Society Legal Clinic at Society offices, 6 p.m.

Tuesday, May 19: Mattachine Society discussion groups at Christopher's End, 180 Christopher St., 8 p.m. Donation 50 cents.

Wednesday, May 20: West Side Discussion Group regular meeting. Church of the Holy Apostles (28th St. & 9th Ave.), 8 p.m. Donation \$1.50. There is also a free blood test clinic in cooperation with the city Department of Health before the meeting (discretion assured).

Thursday, May 21: Gay Activists Alliance regular meeting. Church of the

Holy Apostles (28th St. & 9th Ave.), 8 p.m. Donation 50 cents.

"Homosexual News" on WBAI-FM (99.5), 8 p.m.

Friday, May 22: "Homosexual News" rebroadcast of 5/21, WBAI-FM, 10:45 a.m.

College Dance co-sponsored by City College chapter of HI! and Gay Group at Columbia. Grand Ballroom, Finley Student Center of City College (Convent Avenue & W. 133rd St.), 9 p.m. Admission \$1.50. This will be cancelled if the universities are shut down.

Saturday, May 23: GLF Mixed dance at Alternate U., 530 Sixth Ave. (14th St.), 9 p.m. Donation \$1.50 singles, \$2.50 couples.

Sunday, May 24: HI! open meeting at St. Peter's Episcopal Church, 346 W. 20th St., 7:30 p.m.

GLF regular meeting at the Church of the Holy Apostles (28th St. & 9th Ave.), 8 p.m.

NATIONAL DIRECTORY

Committee for Homosexual Freedom meets Sundays at 7 pm at Hospitality House, 148 Leavenworth, San Francisco.

Council on Religion and the Homosexual meets at Glide Church, 330 Ellis, San Francisco, Calif. Telephone (415) 771-6300.

Daughters of Bilitis, Inc. For information write Rita Laporte, DOB, 1005 Market St., rm. 208, San Francisco, Calif. 94103. Telephone (415) 861-8689. In New York, phone (212) 566-8865. Women only.

"The Ladder," the only Lesbian magazine in the U.S., is a 48-page bi-monthly. Subscriptions are \$7.50/yr. Samples \$1.00. Available from DOB in San Francisco.

Gay Activists Alliance P.O. Box 2, Village Station, NYC 10014. Telephone (212) 691-2748 or (212) 673-5633.

Gay Liberation Front c/o Come Out, P. O. Box 92, Village Station, NYC 10014.

Telephone (212) 243-2437.

Homosexual Information Center (The Tangents Group) 3473 1/2 Cahuenga Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. 90028.

Mattachine Society, Inc. of New York 243 West End Street, NYC 10023. Telephone (212) 799-0916.

Mattachine Midwest - P.O. Box 924. Chicago, Ill. 60690. Telephone (312) 334-2244.

Mattachine Society of Washington P.O. Box 1032, Washington, D.C. 20013. Telephone (202) EM 2-2211.

Society for Individual Rights (SIR) 83 Sixth St., San Francisco, Calif. Telephone (415) 781-1570.

S.I.R. of Ohio, Inc. P.O. Box 9761, Columbus, Ohio. Telephone (614) 469-0154.

Homophile organizations are invited to apply to GAY in order to have their addresses and other information published in the Directory or Calendar.

(continued from page 17)

Men's House of Detention specially set aside for sex deviates.

Dismissing their suit in a brief ruling State Supreme Court Justice Myles Lane said that since their handwritten petition was received, three of the prisoners had been returned to the homosexual section of the jail at 125 White Street. Of the others, one was transferred to state prison, two were released on bail and four were discharged.

The 10 prisoners had claimed they were in jeopardy of physical harm from other prisoners after having been transferred from the homosexual area and scattered to other sections of the jail. They also claimed they were being harassed by the city and losing their rights as homosexuals.

In his reply, Asst. Corporation Counsel Edward L. Johnson, representing the Dept. of Correction, said that inmates of the jail with records indicating homosexuality were assigned to the quarters on the fourth floor of the building to keep them from associating with other prisoners.

But, he said, prison officials had information that the 10 prisoners who brought the suit were intimidating others in the homosexual area so they were transferred to the 10th floor where they could be kept under constant surveillance.

According to a spokesman for the Dept. of Correction, homosexuals have been segregated in special quarters in all city prisons for many decades. They are even segregated from other prisoners at mess halls and during all recreational activities. Drug addicts and prisoners held

for murder and other serious crimes of violence are also set aside from other inmates.

MICKEY SPILLANE FEARS "FAGS" TAKEOVER

New York, N.Y. - In an interview published in the *National Tattler*, crime novelist Mickey Spillane is quoted as saying that he thinks the whole business world is run by fags. "They'd rather nibble on one of their boyfriends' little fingers than deal with somebody heterosexual," he said. "There are all kinds of freaks in the world and if they don't bug me I don't bug them. But just

keep them out of my way, if they don't want to be knocked down.

"The guys who bug me the most are the fags. Everywhere I turn, there's some little fruitcake trying to tell me how I should write a book or a scene in a movie. You've got to watch out for them, they'll ruin everything you do.

"And the funny thing is that they'll try to make you at the same time.

"I don't have to have a homosexual affair just to find out the difference between boys and girls. I've known since I was eight that girls are my meat and I'm not trying to find out about the other side.

"These are hard times for the whole world and these guys running around with long hair and dressing like girls can't force the whole world into thinking their way of life."

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Ophelia Self, Ph.D.

GAY is positively the rage all over the Continent. Friends of mine are sneaking copies into Edinburgh Castle, and I've heard rumors that even the Princess is reading it. She's awfully pretty, the Princess. If I knew for sure that she was reading GAY I'd, well, I'd . . .

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