

GAY

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Minn. Rights Commissioner Talks To Gay



Conrad Balfour and his family

photo by Paul R. Hagen

BY ERIC LARSSON
MIDWEST CORRESPONDENT

St. Paul, Minn.—When Conrad Balfour was a teen-ager on the South End of

Boston, Mass., he joined a street gang—some of whose members liked to lie in ambush for gay guys who cruised on Stuart St. and Boston Commons.

"They used to beat the shit out of them," Balfour recalls.

A champion high-school sprinter, Balfour became a leader in the gang and, at 16, "I made a rule—nobody hits any fags, under penalty of being kicked out of the gang."

Twenty-five years later Balfour became Minnesota's commissioner of human rights.

He knows enough now to call 'em "gay" instead of "fags," but he hasn't stopped championing their rights.

That makes him unique among this country's human-rights officials, besides the New York City director, and he's asked the National Organization of Official Human Rights Agencies to put gay discrimination on the agenda for its national convention next summer.

Balfour doesn't see any significant difference between a racial slur and an anti-gay one, or between denying a job to somebody because he's black or gay. "In terms of human dignity, it's the same thing.

"But I expect the national association will jump away from it," Balfour said in an interview with GAY. "People kind of back off on this question."

Balfour made his first public statement of sympathy for Minnesota gays three weeks after being appointed by Republican Gov. Harold P. LeVander early in 1970—an obvious embarrassment for the silver-tongued, strait-laced son of a small-town Lutheran minister.

"I remember talking with one of the governor's aides shortly afterwards, on some other point. He was asking me to give the governor advance notice when I made a major policy statement, such as on prison conditions, Balfour said.

"And I had to agree he was right, it was only fair to the governor to do so. And then I remember the aide, Doug Young, saying:

"You know, the governor just climbs up the wall when you go around talking about homosexuals—oh, I don't mean to

say the governor thinks they don't have rights, but . . ."

Balfour told GAY: "I can't take that kind of rot. It's rife with hypocrisy."

The commissioner, who is black, has received snide remarks for his stand behind his back from other Negroes, and public criticism from legislators and citizens, who mention it when debating what they're really upset about: Balfour's strong stand in favor of bussing to achieve school integration, and his investigation of the tear-gassing of state prison inmates, locked in their cells.

"You seem to have a facility for reaching out to groups like criminals and homosexuals, don't you?" asked State Sen. Robert C. Brown, Republican from Stillwater, at a legislative hearing.

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Police Fire On Gay Bar

By Don Collins

AUTHOR'S NOTE: Witnesses who have volunteered their services to defendants are identified in this article by their first names only, at their requests.

San Francisco, California—According to witnesses, strong-arm police action precipitated an incident which resulted in the shooting of 27-year-old Charles Christman. The fracas occurred shortly before 2 a.m. on Saturday, December 12, outside The Stud, a gay bar at Folsom and Norfolk Alley. The gay community here is outraged and is calling for a police investigation.

The facts are in dispute. There are serious variances between the police report and eye-witness accounts.

The Stud is frequented by long-haired people. It is located on San Francisco's "Magic Mile." The "Magic Mile" is an area of Folsom Street thick with gay bars and after-hours clubs. It is located south of Market Street in the industrial section of the city. The area is far removed from the "regular" night spot section of the city. There are few straight neighbors to "annoy."

The Stud is a popular bar. The management always starts clearing the bar early. Patrons regularly gather outside the bar when it closes. They talk, cruise, and catch rides. The crowd dissolves within 15 or 20 minutes. Regular beat cops in the area know this is the pattern. It has been this way for years.

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200 March In Candlelight Parade

BY RICHARD C. WANDEL

New York, N.Y. Dec. 24. On Christmas Eve approximately two hundred men and women gathered at Sheridan Square for a gay "Celebration of love and life." Candles were lit and holiday kisses exchanged as the crowds lined up to march to the Gay Community Center on Third Street, just east of Sixth Avenue. As the group marched along Seventh Avenue, many began to sing Christmas Carols. The mood momentarily changed as the group turned onto Greenwich Avenue and passed the Women's House of Detention. Shouts of "Free our sisters in the house of D" were hurled towards the red brick building; from its windows

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photo by Richard Wandel

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WHERE WILL YOU GO TONIGHT?

A Directory for Discriminating Dispositions

GAY CALENDAR

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT: REGISTER between January 25 and February 5 for New York University's School of Continuing Education which is presenting a course for all interested persons (\$40.00 for the semester) entitled **HOMOSEXUALITY: A CONTEMPORARY VIEW.**

The course is being conducted by Miss Rosalyn Regelson. The semester runs between February 1 and April 19, 1971. For further information, telephone (212) 598-2373. The course will include such topics as Homosexuality and Religion, the Law, Federal Policies, Psychiatry, Anthropology, Biology, and Sociology, Lesbians, the Homophile Movement, Gay Separation, the Arts, and Politics.

The Editors of GAY heartily recommend this course to every prospective student. Miss Regelson's unusual gifts as a teacher and her abilities as an observer and writer on the new arts and the changing social scene, make her one of the nation's most perceptive and provocative thinkers.

Tuesday, Jan. 19 & Jan. 26: Mattachine Society Inc. of N.Y. Legal Aid Clinic at Society offices (243 West End Ave.) Telephone 799-0916, 6 p.m. Free advice and information on legal matters. Women and men welcome.

Wednesday, Jan. 20 & Jan. 27: West Side Discussion Group regular meetings. Church of the Holy Apostles (9th Ave. & 28th St.) Call 989-7572 for information. Women and men welcome. Donation \$1.50.

Thursday, Jan. 12 & Jan. 28: Gay Activists Alliance regular meeting at the Church of the Holy Apostles (9th Ave. & 28th St.) Donation 50 cents. Women and men welcome. Daughters of Bilitis regular meetings at 8 p.m., 240 West 38th St. Women only.

Sunday, Jan. 24 & Jan. 31: The American Church regular worship services at 2 p.m. Church of the Holy Apostles (9th Ave. & 28th St.) Social hour follows.

Gay Liberation Front regular meetings at the Gay Community Center, 8 p.m., 130 West 3rd Street.

BEST BETS

(Symbols include GM for genital males, GF for genital females, Int. for integrated straight and gay. It is suggested that you telephone certain bars on Friday and Saturday nights to determine minimum or cover, since policies fluctuate.)

Let's turn MANHATTAN into an Isle of Joy:

- A Woman's Place,** 295 Cornelia St., Village. Fri. & Sat. Coffeehouse from 6-90 p.m. till midnight. Women's books, crafts. GF
- Bum,** 26 Ninth Ave.; back room policy. GM
- Barnell Inn,** 568 9th Ave. (btwn 41st & 42nd). The old "Kelly's" of 45th St. reopened on 9th Ave. Need we say more? GM
- Beaded Bag,** 1st Ave. btwn 52nd & 53rd Sts. Chubby Chasers GM
- Brother Moe's,** 1643 1st Ave. (btwn 85th & 86th). Old fashioned, quaint surroundings. A pool table. Friendly. GM
- Candy Store,** 44 W 56th; jackets and tie exc. Sun. GM
- *Carnival,** 507 West St. at Jane, above Tool Box; back room GM
- *Christ's,** 104 W. 10th St. GM
- *Christopher's End,** 180 Christopher; you never

know what to expect at the door these days—in the back room GM
Cinderella, 82 W. 3rd; dancing GF, GM
Country Cousin 1313 Third Ave.; restaurant
Danny's 139 Christopher; a little leathery GM
Danny's of Palisades, 771 Palisade Ave., Cliffside Park, N.J. Open till 3 a.m., 4 a.m. Saturdays. GM

Den, Little W. 12th & Washington; a lot leathery GM
Fabulous, 177 East 84th St. Large discotheque, games, movies. Open 9 p.m. till 9 a.m. GM
Fedora, 239 W. 4th; restaurant; Int.
Finale, 48 Barrow; restaurant; uptight about the idea of advertising in gay press, but very gay, though. Int.
Five Oaks 49 Grove; restaurant GF, GM
Four Seasons 99 E. 52nd; restaurant; bar cruisy at cocktail hr. especially now that the season begins; Int.
GLF Coffee House, 210 W. 82nd; rapping from 4:00 p.m. to 1:00 a.m. Sundays GF, GM
Gianni's, 53 W. 19th; restaurant GF
Ginger Man, 51 W. 64th; restaurant to the Lincoln Center trade; Int.
Gold Bug, 85 W. 3rd; dancing in black light GM
Goldfarb, T. 7th Ave. at Bleecker; restaurant GM

Good Table, 45 Lexington Ave.; restaurant, Int.
Harry's Back East, 1422 3rd Ave.; out-of-towner's spa GM
***Hades** Jane St. at West, downstairs; private after hours with back room GM
Haven, 1 Sheridan Sq.; private, after hours, fruit juice and dancing club where the young gather, advertised as Unisex.
Hippodrome, Ave. A btwn 10th & 11th Sts.; GM
Keller's, 384 West St. near Barrow; rather leathery GM
Kookie's, 149 W. 14th GF

Mary Duggan's, 240 W. 72nd St. Plastic flowers set the tone of a new atmosphere. GM
Peppy's Place, 153 W. 48th Street. Before the theatre or after the theatre, Peppy's is the newest in-spot, Open till 4 a.m. Sunday Brunch. GM
Piccadilly Pub, 324 Am-sterdam Ave. (btwn W. 75th & 76th). Open from 4 p.m. till 4 a.m. A new bar with your host, Munch. Cocktail hour: 4 p.m. to 7 p.m. GM
Roundtable, 151 E. 50th; mad dancing to wild rock and the best cruising south of Harry's, probably the most representative cross section of gays in town GF, GM
Royal Roost, Cornelia nr. Bleecker; restaurant GM
Scotland Yard, 146 West 4th St. Dancing, pool, BYOB. Private membership. 8 p.m. till 7 a.m. Int.
Stage Forty-Five, 305 E. 45th; dancing, where Black is Beautiful GM
Stud, Greenwich St. at Perry. Fifty cent beers, crowds, roomy GM
Tooth of Always, 82 W. 3rd; private and after hours GM
The Eagle 11th Ave. & 21st St. The latest word in Leather-Western bars GM
Tool Box, 507 West St. at Jane GM
Tor, 21 Greenwich Ave.; sidewalk cafe; Int.
Triangle, 34 9th Ave. GM
Troubadour btwn 58th & 59th on 1st Ave. GM
Uncle Charlie's, 1049 Lexington GM
Victor's Quarters, 984 2nd Ave. GM
Willie's West Side, 234 W. 82nd (off B'dwy.). Dancing. Free buffet supper at cocktail hour late Sunday afternoon GM
Wine Cellar, 531 Hudson; restaurant; Int.
Year Two Thousand, 316 West 43rd St; New futuristic theatre/disco scene. GM
Yukon, 140 E. 53rd; restaurant; reserves serving sometime in Sept.; jacket required, no tie GM
***Zodiac Downtown,** upstairs above Den; one up on the back room bar, it provides ogy facilities with windows wide open onto warehouse rooftops! Int
Zodiac Uptown, 1487 1st Ave.; dancing GF, GM
***Zoo,** 421 W. 13th; the original bar-with-back room and cause celebre of the spring now seems to be in the autumn of its existence GM

As Winter winds blow, to N.Y. steambaths go:
Beacon Baths, 227 E. 45th; go in the main entrance and take the elevator to the 11th floor; still a best buy GM (see ad)
The Club North, 49 Broadway, Newark, N.J. (telephone 201-484-4848). Clean. Modern. Cozy dorm. GM (see ad)
Continental Baths, 230 W. 74th; first tubs in N.Y. to have any class, they are now so with it that they present "lounge acts" on weekends! GM (see ad)
Evened, 28 W. 28th; For those who like dingy chicken coops. A fine steamroom too GM
St. Mark's Baths, St. Mark's Pl. Cleanups and paint have made a difference. On the upswing. Longhaired East Villagers GM
Sauna Baths and Health Club, 300 W. 58th; between 4:30 and 5:30 in the afternoon, this is where you'll find the businessmen coming in to knock off a piece before going home to Seaside GM

THE BATH SCENE

By JOHN P. LeROY

The Continental will open a new bathhouse at 111 West 56th Street, Manhattan, on February 1, and it will be every bit as friendly, modern and clean as its 74th Street counterpart. Located below street level of the Great Northern Hotel where Leonard Bernstein and Dimitri Mitropoulos often got together, the Continental Sauna will be ideal for concertgoers, shoppers, or just about anyone else who happens to be spending some time in perhaps the most fashionable neighborhood in town.

A blue and white marquee just off Sixth Avenue will make the place easy to find, and once you're there, be prepared for up to 15 hours of pure delight for only \$5. That's all it will cost for the use of some of the most convenient up-to-date facilities to be found anywhere. A full gymnasium will be available for shaping up (or trimming down) completely equipped with a full set of weights, rubber belts, and rowing machines. For the more sedate, a reading room, color television set, full time masseur, and sun lamp will be on hand to assure thorough relaxation and to help build a healthy tan.

The Continental Sauna, though not so large as its uptown sister, will still be able to hold 150 people at any one time. As time goes on, it will grow larger, for additional space has been acquired for future use. At present, 30 "community rooms" with inside locks, each designed to hold more than one person, will be there waiting for anyone's use whenever vacant. Once your clothes have been tucked away in a gym locker, not only the community rooms, but a dormitory with a capacity of 40 or 50 people will provide additional opportunities for making new acquaintances.

And when it's time to get cleaned up and refreshed, a whirlpool bath, a full-size steam room, and a wood-lined sauna bath will be just the thing. Marble decor will enhance the showers, but the ultimate in overall comfort will be a bidet—the first of its kind in any New York bathhouse.

An array of vending machines and frequent buffets will be on hand to satisfy voracious appetites. Hot meals can be ordered from the outside and delivered at just about any time of the day.

The decor is to include ruby carpeting, modern lighting fixtures, walls with mirror panels as well as a "Flatbush Florentine" wallpaper design depicting some sort of Roman crowd scene. A full-scale aquarium with a collection of tropical fish will be something special to see.

Managers Nick and Carmen Russo had originally hoped to open by January 15, but since unavoidable delays always seem to occur, postponements are inevitable. All indications are that it will indeed be worth waiting for. With a price of only \$5 for 15 hours, and being open all the time, some people I know may never want to leave at all.

At the 74th Street Continental, things have not been neglected. A price increase to \$12.50 for private room on weekends together with lockers being a dollar more than usual may seem prohibitive, but if Saturday, January 9 is any

indication, higher prices were no deterrent, for the place was so full that by 1 a.m. there was not a spare locker to be had. And for good reason. Bette Midler, a fabulous singer, comedienne, and entertainer, made her final appearance at Continental's weekly cabaret floor show, ably assisted by Joey Mitchell on drums and Brian Wells on piano. Only a



worn-out corpse could fail to respond to Miss Midler's overwhelming exuberance, radiance, and overall vitality. Whether she is telling the overflow audience how she enjoys reading the subway graffiti, especially when it is about her ("Miss Midler is a drag queen from Chicago." "I am not from Chicago," she insisted), doing a Sandra Dee imitation, or singing the rock ballad "Superstar" from *Groupies* Bette comes across not only as a lady of extraordinary talent, but one of deep understanding of life in general and gay life in particular. Not even a standing ovation or a bouquet of roses does her justice. She promised to return again soon, but any absence however short, is too long.

On the other side of town at 227 East 45th Street, things have been happening, too. At the Beacon Baths, attendance has been so overwhelming that people have been standing in the 11th floor hallway on these past week-ends waiting to get in. Manager Tito Murphy feels that "if a customer complains, I'm more unhappy than the customer." His partners, Shaun Young and Hector Baxter feel likewise and have done something about the complaint of not enough space. By the time you read this, a new floor will have opened, consisting of 65 fully private rooms renting at a \$8.75 good for a 15 hour time limit. Should you arrive between 8 a.m. and 4 p.m., the price will be only \$8.00. If this seems a bit steep, the downstairs facilities are available for only \$6.25 (\$5.50 between 8 a.m. and 4 p.m.) in which you can take any room that's vacant. And in that downstairs area, the only water bed in a New York tub will be waiting for aquatic antics of all sorts. Consisting of heavy-duty rubber mattress filled with water instead of padding, it will accommodate a dozen friends. If this gets you snazky, you can go up to the observation room and relax to the sight of Manhattan's fabulous skyline or you can try the entertainment lounge lit by candle-light and furnished with three tiers of throw pillows.

From time to time, a singer pianist will be on hand to serenade. According to publicity director, Walter Kent, the author of a new comedy "A Night at the Baths" and who is searching for a sympathetic producer, a special appreciation party will be held on January 23 starting at 9 p.m. with champagne flowing. The Beacon, which used to close a 3 a.m. weekdays will now be open all time.

And so, by the time 1971 is half over, New York will be the tub capital of the world. The Continental is planning still another location on 11th Street in the village. Continental's publicity director won't say anything about it except that it will be something radically different from anything New York has ever experienced. And at 24 First Avenue, The Club is struggling feverishly to open on time with its own brand of elegance. (See Gay No. 41, page 2) I wondered if there might be more baths than customers to fill them. "Don't worry," said Beacon's Walter Kent. "If necessary, we'll provide limousine service from the airports."

EDITORIAL

HARRIET AGAIN

New York Post columnist Harriet Van Horne (Van Horry?) is at it again! We were almost persuaded to forget her prudish over-40ish Momism when Agnew singled her out for special abuse. But Harriet's brave attacks on Tricky Dicky and his Munster Spiro, don't obscure the fact that she is the kind of person who gives "liberals" a bad name.

The latest urine to pour from Harriet's tired, old fashioned pen is filled with her usual homo-paranoia. She feels "sad" for homosexuals. She's hoping lesbians will quit Women's Liberation. She's "put off" by the revelation that many of the leaders of the Women's Liberation Movement are either homosexuals or bisexuals.

Harriet, poor woman, doesn't know that homosexually-inclined people have been at the helm of more than one reform movement. Nor does she see that inherent in the movement for Women's Liberation is the much-needed destruction of role-playing: the equalization of men and women. Perhaps her gripe against Women's Lib is really inspired by her own homosexual fears—disguised as a frilly, helpless adherence to old patterns. She calls homosexuality a "serious emotional aberration."

What Harriet needs is the attention

of an attractive woman. She needs to have her bra-smothered breasts caressed by feminine hands, her girdled vagina opened ever so tenderly by a lesbian lover, and the songs of Sappho sung sweetly in her ear. We are sure that if this happened, poor old Harriet's fancy would be tickled to such a degree that she'll never again fear her own sex. Uncross your legs, Harriet. Open them wide. Loosen your mind. We won't send your cat poison catnip, as you so smugly fear. The only remedy for you, old girl, is love. How sad that you've missed your calling for so many years.

CONNECTICUT SUNDAY HERALD

The Connecticut Sunday Herald is supporting the benighted decision of the Commissioner of Motor Vehicles in that state which denies a driver's license to a homosexual on grounds that a homosexual "is an improper person to hold an operator's license."

The Connecticut Sunday Herald is an improper newspaper, edited with improper thoughts. Its publishers are given to improper propositions, and its writers are said to hold improper sexual orgies (i.e. no sex).

The readers of the Connecticut Sunday Herald are quite proper, however. That's why they're such dreads.

200 March In Candlelight Parade

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came the response, cheers and cries of "Right On."

The police car leading the march kept its distance as the gay celebration crossed Sixth Avenue and moved up Eighth Street to Fifth Avenue; the singing continued, mixed now with gay power chants. Passers-by smiled, or shook their heads in wonderment. One elderly woman stopped to wave and to wish the marchers holiday cheer. As they approached Washington Square North and McDougal Street the cold began to affect the holiday marchers. At the Gay Community Center sandwiches and coffee awaited for the celebrators who mingled under an orange and white parachute canopy, exchanging wishes for a gay holiday.

The Celebration had been planned as an affirmation of the unity and constructive positivism of the gay community in the New York area, not as an observance of the Christmas Holiday itself, but rather to offer homosexual men and women a community-oriented



alternative to the isolated and alienated position in which they so often find themselves at this time of year. Furthermore, the event marks the half-year span between the annual Christopher Street Liberation Day March held the last weekend in June of each year in New York City.

Minn. Rights Commissioner Talks To Gay

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Conrad Balfour with some of the "gits" photo by Cheryl Walsh

Added another, "When are you going to start fighting for honest people?"

That last remark so provoked Balfour that he was about to let loose with what the legislator deserved—but County Commissioner Thomas Olson of Minneapolis, another Republican, beat Balfour to it with an eloquent tongue-lashing.

Balfour got into it all when Thom Higgins, a 19-year-old broadcaster who was fired in February 1970, tried to lodge a job-discrimination complaint with the state department.

Balfour said he'd take the complaint—but had to backtrack two days later, after his lawyers told him they believed "sex" and "creed" provisions in the Minnesota law don't cover gay bias after all.

Balfour publicly declared his sympathy, however, and vowed to ask the 1971 Legislature to change the law.

And last October he hired Ellen Lavin as his enforcement director.

"One of her first questions at the job interview was why we didn't take the Higgins case," Balfour recalls. "She's convinced that 'sex' does cover gay people and wants to test it in the courts with the first complain we get."

Last March Balfour asked his department's Women's Advisory Committee to undertake a full-scale study of gay discrimination, "but they wouldn't touch it, except for Vivian Nelsen."

Mrs. Nelsen, a staff member at Augsburg College, a Lutheran school in Minneapolis, rounded up a crew of 14 social

workers, ministers, professors, a gay guy's mother and two members of FREE: Gay Liberation of Minnesota.

The FREE members, graduate students James Chesebro and Robert Halffill, helped prepare a 3-page questionnaire, hundreds of copies of which were circulated in December in Twin Cities' gay bars, baths, coffee houses, FREE meetings and personally.

The purpose is a fact-filled report to the legislature, complete with a series of recommendations that will probably include repeal of the Minnesota sodomy law (maximum penalty: \$1,000 and one year in prison).

"There's no such thing as an unnatural sex act," snorted Balfour, "and if there is, it's unnatural for heterosexuals, too."

The Kinsey Report said 58 percent of straight married couples indulge in oral or anal intercourse at one time or another.

Dr. Kinsey's figures—that 4 percent of American males and 3 percent of females are exclusively gay also indicate that the gay community is the largest minority group in Minnesota, where all minority races combined are less than 2 percent of the population.

Last April he supported the effort of a FREE member, Jack Baker of Minneapolis, to get gay rights on the agenda for the State Conference on Human Rights—a gesture that cost Balfour the goodwill of Louis Ervin, St. Paul's rights commissioner, who refused to bring up Baker's resolution. Continued on page 5

GAY

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WALT WHITMAN'S OPEN CLOSET

BY LIGE AND JACK

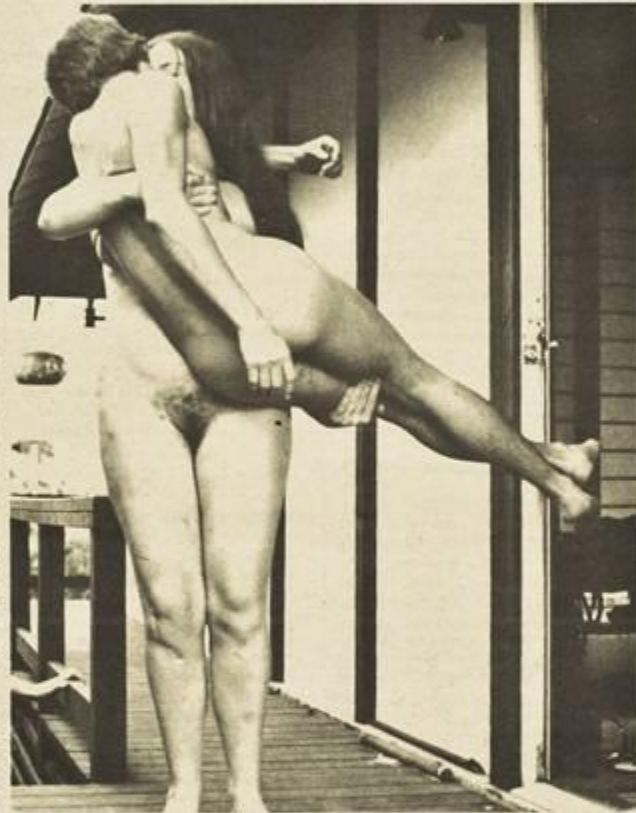
Hero worship isn't our bag. We're often asked why we don't talk up Michelangelo, Plato, Tchaikovsky or Wilde. Why? Because the passion known as homosexuality isn't in need of heroes for justification. Name dropping is a masquerade: a drag. Only inferiors identify with giants. Men who make their own meaning in life stand alone. Another's merit can't be ours. We create our own merits.

And simply because a man happens to be homosexual and famous isn't recommendation enough. Oscar Wilde, after he'd been beaten down by the Establishment, converted to Roman Catholicism. He wrote *De Profundis*, a sad, bitchy tract. Tchaikovsky was so closeted that his diaries refer to homosexuality in code. When he went to gay parties, he'd describe them in the most bizarre fashion by saying that there was much "Z." And how unfortunate that we'll never know who is the "onlie begetter" of Shakespeare's great love sonnets, the "mysterious Mr. W.H."

Even our favorite man of fame, Walt Whitman, denounced the "morbid inference" raised by a contemporary, that he was inclined to such "damnable" passions. He told a shamefaced lie to cover himself with *virility*, stating that he'd sired six illegitimate children. Could we call such a man our hero?

Not our hero, no. But he is certainly our companion, just as he promised he'd be in poems written over a century ago. His spirit lingers with us, just as he foretold, and it would hardly be fair of us to require of him what we require of no man—perfection. Neither can we blame Wilde or the others. Who knows how heavy were the social weights which broke their spirits? Who can truly appreciate the horror of those dismal days? This year is 1970, and this year is still dark enough. Men like Whitman were brave indeed to give voice to the sentiments they did!

And it would be a mistake to suppose that the value of Walt Whitman is in any way attached to the sexual label he refused to wear. "Publish my name," he sang, "and hang up my picture as that of the tenderest lover." But he refused to be understood in terms of labels. Even when his poems were addressed to men, and when he pictured himself holding a male hand, feeling the throbbing of a male heart, or resting upon a male hip; even then, he cautioned, "I am not what you supposed, but far different." Yes, Whitman was more than a mere label. To see him only as a homosexual is to do him an injustice; to miss his reality; to concentrate on a non-essential.



Bigots, pretending to intellectual expertise, have seen fit to dismiss Walt Whitman altogether because of his homosexual verses. In doing so, they've dismissed only themselves. A chief bigot is Mark Van Doren. This nitwit asserts that we must reject Whitman's contributions as "wholly without meaning" and "wholly invalid." He says that Whitman's sense of democracy can have "no serious political meaning for healthy men and women," because "half-consciously" Whitman was referring to homosexual love when he spoke of "manly attachment." We call upon Mark Van Doren to reject such silly statements or to face the fact that he is self-branded: one of the world's great idiots. He fails to understand even the most elementary themes in Whitman's poetry. The great poet said, "Even while you should think you had unquestionably caught me, behold! Already you see I have escaped from you."

Will Van Doren reject Plato too? And

Proust? Will he dare to dismiss as "wholly without meaning" all the world's works of homosexually-inclined genius? Does any reasonable person fail to see that Mark Van Doren is a mere pretender to wisdom?

We would have loved Whitman even if he had been the most compulsive, indefatigable heterosexual seducer. "Be it as I were with you," he wrote. Today, we're discovering as we read that he is with us indeed! Thumbing through that great anthem, *Leaves of Grass*, our spirits rise as we turn to any page. Not every verse excites. Not every line inspires. But somehow, we realize, Walt Whitman speaks our language with a power unequalled:

*One's Self I sing, a simple separate person ...
I say the Form complete is worthier far,
The Female equally with the Male I sing.*

*Of Life immense in passion, pulse and power
Cheerful, for freest action form'd under laws
divine*

The Modern Man I sing.

Why do we love Walt Whitman? Because he knows the heights and depths of Individuality's message. Because he reaches, in the fullness of his manhood, the "open road" on which he walks, "strong and content." The Buddha would have called him "Enlightened." *Leaves of Grass* is an impassioned yet serene testimonial to maturity. It is evidence enough for every benighted headshrinker who ever theorized, that the homosexually-inclined personality is fully capable of the most profound appreciation for life, and can possess the deepest sense of self-awareness and value. Whitman hoists Individuality to its highest stature:

*What do you suppose I would intimate to you
in a hundred ways, but that man or woman is as
good as God?
And that there is no God any more divine than
Yourself?*

As we read the marvelous book, Walt Whitman's soul, called *Leaves of Grass*, some of us may be tempted to turn first to its "homosexual" section, *Calamus*. "Here," says Whitman, "I shade and hide my thoughts, I myself do not expose them, And yet they expose me more than all my other poems."

In *Calamus*, the Love-That-Dare-Not-Speak-Its-Name has nowhere else so clearly, so tenderly, spoken. The ideas permeating whatever is best in any homosexually-inclined passion, have found no finer, no grander celebration. Whitman was the poet of Sexual Freedom:

*I am for those who believe in loose delights,
I share the midnight orgies of youngmen.*

He was the poet of long-lasting love:

*How together through life, through dangers,
odium, unchanging, long and long,
Through youth and through middle and old
age, how unflinching, how affectionate and
faithful ...*

He was the bard of the human body:

I sing the body electric

Walt Whitman alarmed the prudish and puritans of his day. He alarms them still. Nature's heartbeat throbs in his work, as it once throbbed, no doubt, in his strong cock. He was the poet of stretching limbs, of sensual pleasures. Much to the consternation of the Presbyterians, he denied the depravity of man. He said that love is not a crime, that human relations of every tender variety are sacred. In his day the critics cried, "He's a libertine, a debauched renegade!" Whitman's critics are forgotten. Today, when we head for the outdoors, we throw his *Leaves of Grass* into our knapsack. We walk down the "open road," glad that he is with us.

MINN. RIGHTS Commissioner

Continued from page 3

Instead, Ervin stalked from the room while the conference debated—and then passed by one vote—Baker's motion to have gay representatives help plan the 1971 conference.

In November Balfour appeared as a witness at the court hearing where Baker and his lover, James Michael McConnell, were fighting to get a legal marriage license.

Balfour was dismissed after the first few questions, Judge Stanley Kane ruling testimony about gay discrimination to be irrelevant.

To Balfour, letting couples in their 70's, infertile women or sterile men marry, for companionship—and then denying the same right to gay couples—is blatant discrimination.

"I don't know whether the idea of getting a marriage license helps the cause of gay liberation or not," Balfour told GAY.

"I know some people have told me they're very liberal about gay rights, but a marriage license is one thing they just can't accept.

"But then I have to think of how liberal some people are toward black people—except when it comes to marrying them," he added. "My wife is white."

Nor has the commissioner confined his support of gay rights to the polite, coat-and-tie arena of courtrooms and hearings.

On Oct. 31 he joined 60 other straight people who sat in at The Club, a Minneapolis coffee house which feared police harassment.

The week before, nine Tactical Squad policemen marched in to the second-floor coffee house, at 916 Hennepin Ave., arrested the proprietor for operating a restaurant without a license, and hauled him and his manager off to jail.

Because police occasionally visit but otherwise ignore the seven Twin Cities' gay bars, the 19-year-old proprietor was confused—especially since he wasn't fined in court the next morning. Imposition of sentence was stayed for one year.

The license? City health inspectors had already cleared The Club for it, and told him cafes often open 60 days before the City Council gets around to formally approving it. Without police harassment, either.

The young owner waited until the City Council granted his license, however; before reopening.

His employees, however, fearing a second raid, recruited sympathizers to sit in when the police showed up again. University law students, ministers, professors, staff members from the local hippie newspaper and others turned out in force, paid the \$1 admission and waited that night.

"My wife and I had just seen the movie 'Joe' and we went up there with a couple high-school teachers and their wives, just to lend our support," Balfour said.

"My enforcement director, Mrs. Ellen Lavin, was there with her husband, too, and when she left, she told them to call her if they needed a lawyer," Balfour said.

They didn't. Police stayed away. Balfour, whose grandmother was a very black, very beautiful West Indian woman and whose uncle was one of the few black members of the Mafia, cannot pinpoint any one particular incident as the turning point in his sympathies for the gay community.

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BY WILLIAM J. LAMBERT, III

LEONA: Mental masochist. That's exactly what he calls me. He sat across from me one evening in a bar and said that. I'd been looking for him for over two weeks. He'd been avoiding me. Once I was taking a bus down the hill, and I looked out and saw him. I immediately pulled the cord to get off. The bus was in the middle of a block. By the time it stopped, I could hardly see him up the street. I started following him, but couldn't seem to catch him. I got on another bus going the same way. It came off its electric cable. We were stalled for ten minutes before the driver could get started again. Robbie had disappeared. I looked for him but he'd just gone. I took the bus on home. I'd even forgotten why I'd started downtown. I think it was probably to look for him. (She sipped her beer pensively.) I heard he was going to the baths. He will always tell me that he doesn't have any friends, few acquaintances, that he has no time for people. But it is surprising how many people know him or know of him. I'm always getting reports. Someone is always quick to tell me about the two cute boys he left the baths with the night before. I asked him once if I could be his friend. (She smiled.) Just his friend. And do you know what he said? He said: "I don't want any new friends. Leona, I don't even want half of the old ones."

(She glanced furtively to the door. Two young kids had entered, were ordering beers. It was a gay bar. She'd been pointed out to me by the bartender.) GAY: So, he called you a mental masochist?

LEONA: And maybe I am. I seem to have picked a whole line of losers.

GAY: You don't disagree with his diagnosis, then?

LEONA: One never really disagrees with him. One merely accepts what he says. He doesn't leave any room for disagreement, if you know what I mean. He says something, and that's it. If you disagree, then you disagree. But he really isn't interested in hearing your logic. You could sit there until Armageddon reasoning otherwise, and he wouldn't even be giving you anything but token attention, if that. He's very good at being there but not really being there. I'm often just as lonely with him as I am when I'm alone.

GAY: Do you contribute a lot of your present circumstances to loneliness, then?

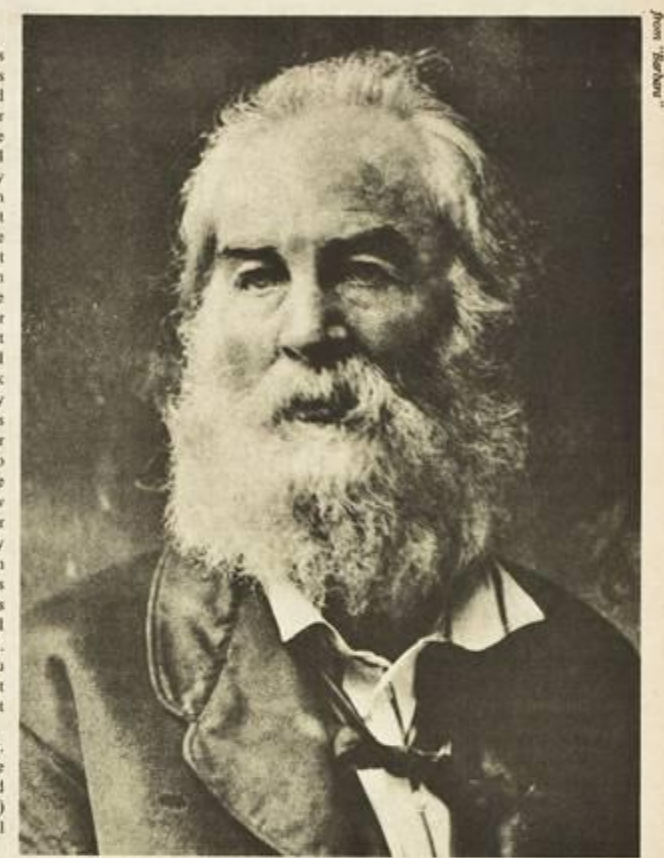
LEONA: There's never really been anyone for very long: maybe a day, maybe a week, maybe even a month. It was like that in the straight world, it's really like that in the gay. In the heterosexual world I had two lovers. The result was two illegitimate children—one Negroid: I hitchhiked back to New Jersey last year to see them. I couldn't. They're both adopted out. I only hope they're happy.

GAY: Have you been attracted to Lesbianism at all?

LEONA: It doesn't have any appeal. None whatsoever, I mean. Robbie once told me that I should give it a try. He said there really was no use hiding away amidst the boys of the homosexual community because too many of them were just frustrated girls like I was.

GAY: And you think he's right?

LEONA: Oh, he probably is. I'm merely saying that, just because I can't get a man in this situation, I don't really want to



conversation with a fruit fly

make do with a woman. I'm basically very frustrated sexually.

GAY: It's not like there aren't any bisexuals. Surely there are some in the community who would go to bed with you just as easily as with another guy.

LEONA: Oh, there are bisexuals, of course. But then, I've never really just been out for a hunk of meat. If that's all I wanted, I could get it out on the street. I always seem to want that little something extra.

GAY: Like what?

LEONA: God, I don't know. Maybe that's my trouble. Maybe love. I don't think I've ever had love really. Not really really. Robbie told me that the people who were out trying to find it never did.

GAY: Robbie is purely homosexual?

LEONA: That's strange, but I really don't know for sure. No one seems to know for sure. He's a strange mixture, very strange. He always talks butch, about how he'd made it a point to screw a girl before he ever screwed a boy. You know, that sort of thing. At times I even believe him. But at other times, he really doesn't act butch. At times he acts actually nelly. I told him once on the dance floor that he danced better than he sometimes acted.

GAY: What did he say to that?

LEONA: He just stopped dancing: right in the middle of the dance. He left me

and went back to our table. I followed him there. I thought I might have actually hurt his feelings. In a way, I guess, I was actually hoping that I had. He always seems so detached from it all: as if the rest of us are fish in an aquarium that he's watching from somewhere on the outside.

I think I'm jealous of him because of that. I never could be really detached. I'm always getting emotionally involved. "Leona," he says, "you've got to quit wearing your emotions on your coat sleeve."

GAY: So what did he say when he got back to the table?

LEONA: He didn't say anything at first. I asked him if I'd hurt his feelings. I actually asked him that. How funny. (She smiled.)

GAY: You hadn't, then?

LEONA: He said: "I'm going to show you just how much you hurt my feelings. I'm going to cry." So, he cried. He bawled on cue like some actor at a screen test. He even told me beforehand which eye the tears would come from first. He said he had to milk them from the left one, and the right would leak eventually in sympathy. Then when he was done crying, he got up and left. And I followed him. It was late. The bars were just about ready to close. He started walking, and I tried to keep up with him. It was dark. As ridiculous as it sounds, I broke the strap

Continued on page 17

THE WICKER BASKET



BY RANDOLFE WICKER

CHEMICAL MAKES RATS HOMOSEXUAL

Drs. Richard E. Whalen and William G. Lutge from the University of California report that injecting P-Chlorophenylalanine in a Methyl Alcohol solution into male rats who were "sexually experienced and known to be vigorous copulators" triggered "mounting behavior" in which the male rats only mounted other males.

The male rats were less sexually active with female partners after receiving the chemical than before, the scientists reported in *Science Magazine*.

The doctors conducted their experiments as a result of earlier reports that the chemical had an aphrodisiac effect on male rats and male cats. That finding was accidentally made by scientists studying the effects of the chemical on the human mind.

P-Chlorophenylalanine, called PCPA, decreases the production of serotonin, one of the mind's more important behavior-controlling chemicals. Serotonin affects sleep, has been implicated in mental illnesses like schizophrenia and is believed to also affect an animal's sexual drive.

The doctors believe PCPA turned their virile rats into humping homosexuals by "disturbing their ability to adequately distinguish appropriate sexual partners."

The scientists believe PCPA's effects "may be limited to situations in which the male is presented with a normally inadequate sexual stimulus"—another male rat.

They claimed that their work did prove conclusively that PCPA was not an aphrodisiac and did not "prolong or intensify male-female sexual interaction."

Apparently, the scientists did not consider something which increased the sexual desire of one male for another as an "aphrodisiac."

DOCTOR DEFENDS FORESKINS

Dr. E. Noel Preston, a pediatrician writing for the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, has attacked circumcision as "unnecessary and associated with undue risks to the life and health of

the child."

Medical authorities routinely practice circumcision here with some 80% of American males being circumcised at birth. Circumcision, however, is uncommon in western Europe and most other parts of the world.

Studies have indicated a link between uncircumcised men and higher incidences of prostate cancer in men and cervical cancer in women. Dr. Preston says that cleanliness and personal hygiene are the determining factors, not circumcision.

Most American doctors point out, as a Tennessee obstetrician did recently in the *N.Y. Times*, that "anyone who has screened great numbers of recruits for military service is made aware that many men practice poor genital hygiene."

In reply, the *Times* quoted Dr. Preston as insisting "if a child can be taught to tie his shoes or brush his teeth or wash behind his ears, he can also be taught to wash beneath his foreskin."

VILLAGE VOICE

BLUE NOSE JERKS OFF

An incredibly priggish article entitled "The Erotic Explosion" appeared recently in the *Village Voice*. It was written by someone with the deceptively sexy name of Jonathan Black.

On gay bars: "In Greenwich Village, a number of gay bars have begun to offer pornography plus," Jonathan bleats. "At Christopher's End, one of the tamer bars, two nude men on a little platform are

go-go dancing vigorously to the Chambers Brothers and projected muscle slides. In a pitch black room beside the bar, glowing cigarettes indicate the presence of several dozen bodies, gliding past one another toward darker corners and anonymous sex."

On fashion: "On the upper West Side the Marquis de Suede is providing more exotic equipment for the homosexual market. The Marquis answers his door dressed only in an exquisite pair of black leather pants that look like they were sewn by the royal tailor on a leave of absence. A stunning silver mandala swings from his neck. In his bedroom—the vast bed is fitted with black satin sheets—the Marquis is busily fitting a young man with a pair of black studded chaps that would have set Marshall Dillon's spurs to jingle. In addition to the familiar line of leather, rubber, and studs, the Marquis provides whips, gags, codpieces, shackles, and cock-rings, and specializes in "dirty toys, erotic appliances, s&m kits and rubber fists."

"From a discreet table in the Zoo—a West Village gay bar—the Marquis opened a flourishing sex boutique on Fire Island's Cherry Grove last summer, and this fall will be opening up shop in the West Village itself.

"Three years ago you wouldn't breathe that you had a dildo," says the Marquis. "Now I don't know anyone who doesn't."

Writer Black was not so critical of Grove Press's exploitation publications as he was of other erotically-oriented enterprises. Grove Press recently bought the *Voice* and no doubt even prude Black knew it was best to suck the cock that feeds you, kiss the ass that pays the rent.

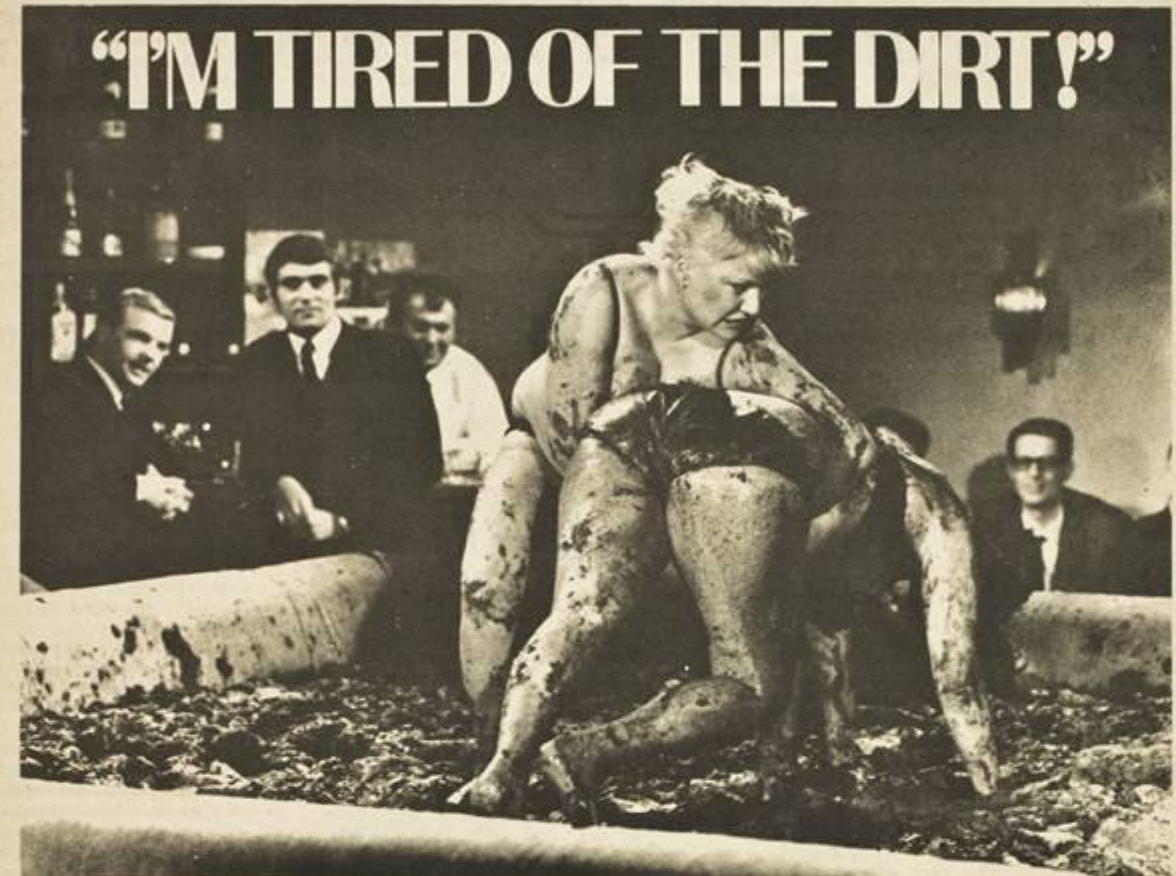
JUST ONE POEM

Even an avowed poetry hater like myself couldn't help liking this poem. It's by an old college friend with whom I'm currently touring Southern Europe and Northern Africa.

POEM

BY E.A. LACEY

If some boy were to come to me by night
And say, 'I am chased. I was your lover.
Let me in.'
And I, opening the door of a rented room,
Were to see him drunk, staggering, confusion in his hair,
With the perfection of a hunted animal.
And if I were to take him in, let's say from pity,
Strip him layer by layer, bathe him, spoon him, lie
Falling gray and neutral on the clean linen and pillows.
And in bed, he, who had plumbed, had bled me,
Were to go soft and afraid and weep for a mother,
And I were to spend myself in his torn body
As morning gritted on his eyes. ■



"I'M TIRED OF THE DIRT!"

BIG 3-UNIT SHOW

NEW HOUSE DOWNTOWN FOR CONNOISSEURS OF THE MALE FILM

TRICK & THE TRADE - ROCKIE RIDES AGAIN

THE SIZE OF IT

ADULTS ONLY ALL MALE CAST

JEWEL THEATRE

3RD AVENUE (Between 12th & 13th) 260-1090

A Woman Reflects:

BY SUSAN McDERMOTT

The other night my friend Mrs. Palmer and I were talking. We spoke of things that must be said, and things that are better left unsaid. We spoke of homosexuality.

Mrs. P feels that the life of a homosexual is one of waste. Of what? Why, of life itself, of course. According to her, the homosexual's fascination with his own "aberration" stands in the way of his ever accomplishing anything of any importance. At one time I would have countered by citing Alexander the Great, Wilde, Proust, Gide. But of late I fear she may be right.

Example: Jill Johnston, in my opinion a potentially great writer, has degenerated from a highly respected critic of modern dance to a relative unknown who styles the language of the drug culture to describe her orgasms. The Almighty Orgasm. When she pulled an impromptu strip out on East Hampton this past summer, *Time* magazine couldn't even be bothered printing her name in the resulting article. No longer a person with

a profession, she has become a lesbian for a living. You might call this the epitome of inversion; I call it the ultimate in introversion.

Homosexuals constantly complain that society "represses" them. This is certainly not an altogether unfounded complaint. I know. However I see it as more of a cultural thing, whereby we (the homosexuals) are society's "pet Jews." As Susan Sontag has so accurately pointed out to us, homosexuals and Jews are the outstanding creative minorities in contemporary urban culture. We create this culture that straight society enjoys; we give them their jollies, yet when it comes down to the serious business of basic human respect they drive us beneath that which we've made with our own bleeding hands to a subculture called The Gay World. I know it more familiarly as the Greenwich Village Ghetto. Above 14th Street I tend to become lost. Gaychild in Straightman's land. I say our culture is conducive to shaping a repressive society. Society doesn't repress us; we repress ourselves.

Again using the exhibitionistic Jill Johnston as my example, I see her as the stereotype of what we have allowed to happen to ourselves. Having been self-repressed for so long, she eagerly embraces Gay Pride and its magic promise of freedom. All the closet years are over, to be forgotten; lost time avenged. Go hog-wild.

They say she's influenced literature a great deal. True enough, if one speaks of

influence in terms of style (japery in particular). Look to Rechy, Barthelme. But what of content? And, like it or no, the medium exists to communicate the content, and therein lies the message. I don't care if no comma appears for eighty-eight paragraphs, or if the words are cleverly arranged to look like a rocket. Or, to put it another way, I feel that an orgasm in print is of pitifully little consequence.

Perhaps the greatest tragedy of being homosexual prior to Gay Pride is the fact that, because we denied ourselves a full existence, we reduced ourselves to sexual beings only; our sex lives took precedence over all. Sex became Life. And sex, which ideally acts in conjunction with our life's activities, is thus an end in itself, always an end in itself.

Well, I don't want to be a lesbian for a living. I don't want to be a pet dyke. I don't use my homosexuality to shock, punish, or ego-trip on. Look at me look how naughty I am. I, for one, am tired of the dirt and nothing more. Yes it does exist but we can't see the dignity for it.

Oh, I know what I am. I am female, homosexual, student of literature, etc. So. I accept it. Milhaus, the human snail, is our president. He still cannot believe it. And so, everywhere he goes, he climbs to the roof of his car, waves his hands, silently crying Look at me, look at me, I am the President! Is he trying to convince himself? Or to shock us with the knowledge?

Why, then, must so many of us take

this attitude? Bear in mind that cliches are not cliches of their own volition; cliches are based upon profoundly common truths. And there are more cliches among us than we care to acknowledge.

Non-homosexual society can teach us something essential to our happiness. The heterosexual has a predilection towards the opposite sex. The average hetero does not deny it, nor flaunt it, repress, suppress, or destroy it. His relationships may be less than satisfactory, but he does not feel compelled to turn his sexual nature into a *raison d'être*, political party, or way of life. Love him or leave him. He doesn't give a damn about social acceptance. He doesn't have to. He's too busy being himself, an integral part of society.

This, then, is the crux of the matter. In the understandably joyous and difficult months following Gay Pride Week, are we going to gung-ho homosexuality to the total exclusion of everything else? What actually are we going to do with our "freedom" once we've decided that straight society has granted it to us? When homosexuality has ceased to be our entire lives' purpose, what will become of us?

Now we're out *en masse* wearing our sexual persuasion on our collective sleeves, and yes, we've come a long way Baby, from green on Thursdays to lavender in June. As my dear Mrs. P so devastatingly summed it up, "Jill Johnston always was a lesbian... nothing more." ■

JIM GARRISON'S HOMOSEXUAL FANTASIES

BY DICK LEITSCH

November 22, 1963: a day we all remember. John F. Kennedy was gunned down in the streets of Dallas. A few days later, Lee Harvey Oswald, the alleged assassin, was murdered on national television.

In those more innocent times (could it have been only seven years ago?), most of us still believed in a rational world. No matter what Freud may have told us about man being an irrational animal, tawdry little losers just didn't gun down Presidents, then get shot before the whole world while a phalanx of cops looked on in shock. Somewhere, there just had to be some logic, some plan, in this chain of events.

President Johnson appointed a Commission to piece together the evidence and try to find the truth behind the incredible events. After months of study, reams of testimony, and of listening to hundreds of witnesses (ranging from people with real information to a strange collection of cranks, paranoids, and just plain nuts), the Warren Commission decided that Oswald was the sole assassin, and Jack Ruby killed Oswald for no rational reason. Two psychotic loners happened along and made history.

Many were surprised, when reading the Warren Commission's Report, to find frequent references to Oswald's sex life, and definite statements to the effect that he was not a homosexual. No one had ever publicly suggested he was, but it seemed nice of the Commission to bring it up and absolve the gay world of that burden.

The public was not satisfied by the Report. As Clay Shaw put it: "many people believe in a conspiracy, because when death comes to the figure of a prince, it should come under a panoply of great tragedy with all the resulting high court intrigue—almost something out of Shakespeare—not from some psychotic loser crouched with a mail-order rifle behind a stack of cardboard boxes in a warehouse."

The law of supply and demand took over, and a series of people came along to supply the demanded grand conspiracy. They wrote books, appeared on television shows, and one even made a film, outlining the grand schemes behind the assassination. Some of them were probably sincere in their beliefs. The others saw a chance to discredit groups they didn't like or to make a quick buck.

There are those who see every evil as the work of their favorite scapegoats. If there's a power failure in New York, a rise in crime in the streets, the murder of a President, it is the fault of the Jews, the Right Wing, the Commies, the homosexuals, the Niggers, the Leftists, the perverts (choose one or more, or insert your favorite scapegoat).

GARRISON

New Orleans happened to have a District Attorney who had a vivid imagination and a lust for publicity. He had already made a name for himself by battling with his fellow public officials, the local judges, and by staging "clean-ups" of



Jim Garrison: Bug-eyed and beetle-brained

Clay Shaw's New Orleans Ordeal

homosexuals and others engaged in "vice" in his city.

Garrison seems to be more than a bit of a paranoid with an instinct toward demagoguery. His secret of power lies in his hates. The head of the local Crime Commission put it like this: "(the people) don't believe in Garrison. They believe in the things he vocalizes for them. He vocalizes popular hates. Hate for Washington, hate for the Supreme Court, hate for law enforcement structures. And therefore, he is their man..."

In November, 1966, Garrison turned his attention toward the Warren Report. Like many others, he was skeptical of it. He began to study it and meet its critics. Before long, he began coming up with an almost incredible "plot" of his own.

Garrison doesn't seem to be a very stable person. An old acquaintance said, "To me, he's always been a man of imagination—who set out at the very beginning, when he first announced that

defending homosexuals, Dean Andrews, Jr. Ferrie was a known "child molester" who happened to be very unattractive and sleazy-looking. He was a pilot, who happened to have been in Houston on the night of the assassination. Houston, like Dallas, is in Texas, so "obviously," Ferrie was there as part of the conspiracy!

Ferrie was a pilot. "Obviously," he was in Houston to fly Oswald out of Dallas, isn't that logical? Moreover, he was involved with the anti-Castro Cubans, and weren't they part of the "plot"? Hadn't Lee Harvey Oswald been pro-Castro (as a cover-up, of course)?

Ferrie had one even more important qualification which made him the perfect scapegoat: shortly after Garrison "discovered" him, Ferrie died. The only thing better than a disreputable, unattractive, unsympathetic, homosexual scapegoat is a *dead* disreputable, unattractive, unsympathetic homosexual scapegoat! He can't take the stand, and who will come forward and lay his own life and reputation on the line to defend such a man's memory?

The other unsavory character, Dean Andrews, came up with a wild story about having been called by one "Clay Bertrand" and asked to defend Oswald in court (before Oswald was killed, of course). Anyone else would have laughed at the poor little insignificant lawyer and accused him of ego-tripping; Garrison bought his story (and was later embarrassed when Andrews admitted on the witness stand that he had made it all up).

There was no Clay Bertrand in New Orleans, so Garrison decided that this was a cover-name for Clay Shaw, a prominent local businessman. Andrews had identified "Clay Bertrand" as a homosexual and friend of the gay community. Shaw had a reputation, in some quarters, as being gay (he is a bachelor) and has been known to help out gay people in trouble.

For two years, Garrison, ably assisted by Mort Sahl, Mark Lane, and the other exploiters of the assassination, tried Clay Shaw in the newspapers of the world. This is a better alternative for a man like Garrison than taking his case to court, where he must prove his case, providing concrete evidence, witnesses, etc. At press conferences and in interviews, one can deal in innuendo, smears, gossip, and can "wing" when the facts have run out but the story must go on. When really pressed for hard facts, Garrison could cop out with "Well, I can't reveal all my evidence now without prejudicing the trial." Meanwhile, his publicity-seeking was prejudicing potential jurors.

CHERCHEZ LA FAG

Garrison's pet peeves are the Federal Government, Rightists, anti-Castroites, homosexuals, the FBI, the CIA, and the usual round of people and groups which distress most paranoids everywhere. Before long, Garrison had patched all of these people and groups together into a giant conspiracy to assassinate President Kennedy and to keep the public from learning the truth.

He started out with a homosexual, David Ferrie, and a lawyer known for

spectators—on a wild-goose chase through the Quarter, looking for an apartment where he just knew he'd overheard Shaw and Oswald planning the assassination.

There was Perry Russo, a good-looking friend of Ferrie's, who had been hypnotized and given sodium pentathol, then evidently "programmed" to the story he was to tell. This experiment proved disastrous to the prosecution and perhaps to the witness himself. He seems never to have figured out whether he really saw Ferrie and Shaw together, or whether it was all just programming. His conscious and subconscious minds seemed to be constantly quarreling over the facts.

The rest of the prosecution witnesses were questionable, too. The handwriting expert looked like a retired madam and examined, she said, the handwriting specimens with *binoculars*. Another of Garrison's witnesses was a convicted heroin addict let out of prison to appear in this case. After had a son facing prosecution. After Daddy testified, Sonny somehow never got prosecuted.

Throughout the trial there were hints, suggestions, and open allegations that homosexuality played a major role in the "conspiracy." Naturally these were less overt than the pretrial talk of homosexuality. If Garrison, or anyone else, had accused Shaw of homosexuality on the record, he would have to stand ready to prove his statements. Gossip is another matter.

Many people believed the homosexual angle was Garrison's ace-in-the-hole, at least in his opinion. If the jury wouldn't buy the conspiracy story, maybe they'd convict anyway, out of a "natural" distaste for homosexuality and hatred for homosexuals. It didn't work.

One reason, possibly the major reason, justice was done in the Shaw trial was the zeal of the reporters for the Eastern Establishment press. The newspaper, magazine, radio and television reporters behaved admirably during this case. At first, they gave Garrison's charges all the publicity he could have wanted. He was an overnight, international sensation.

As Garrison continued weaving his fantasy stories on a warp of cobwebs,

some reporters became suspicious. They started demanding hard facts and definite proof of Garrison's case.

The D.A. gave James Phelan of the *Saturday Evening Post* a copy of a memorandum he said was the basis of the state's case. Phelan read and re-read the memo, which said nothing. He started checking.

Hugh Aynesworth, of *Newsweek* did some checking and found gaping holes in Garrison's case, as did others.

N.B.C. presented a "White Paper" on Garrison's charges and uncovered a few witnesses that Garrison had tried—unsuccessfully—to bribe to commit perjury. The state's star witness, Perry Russo, told N.B.C.'s Walter Sheridan that his story was part truth, part lies. Albin Beauboeuf, one of Ferrie's former roommates, told of how he was offered \$3,000 and a job with an airline by Garrison if he would testify to the existence of the conspiracy. If he didn't, he said Garrison told him, he'd be branded as Ferrie's lover, and the pornographic pictures for which he'd posed would be reproduced and spread all over town, insuring that he'd never work again.

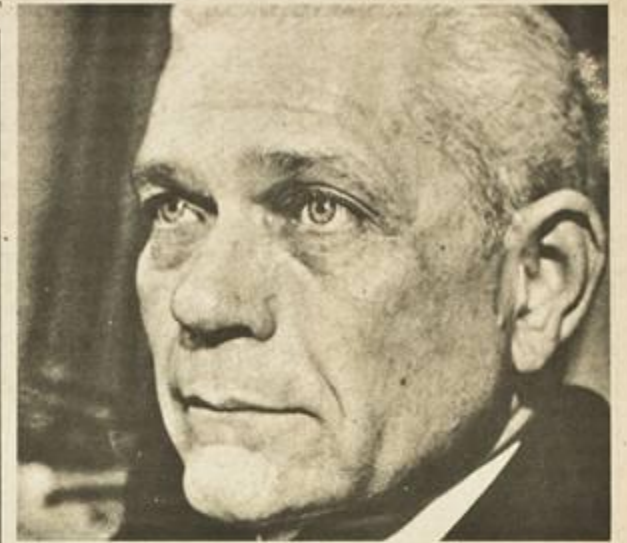
Garrison escalated his publicity campaign and his innuendos about the sex lives of the people involved in the case. The "establishment" press adopted the attitude of "Let's forget their sex lives, Jim. What makes you think they conspired to kill Kennedy?"

The red herring of homosexuality, which had worked so well for the late Senator McCarthy, had seemingly lost its scent and didn't distract the news hounds from their search for the truth behind Garrison's charges.

The "underground" press, which exists by claiming to give the real news that the "establishment" wants buried, discredited itself shamefully. While the *Times*, *Newsweek*, N.B.C., and the rest were placing Garrison's charges in perspective and even scoffing at him, the *Village Voice*, *Ramparts*, the *East Village Other*, and most of the rest of the "underground" press of that period continued to laud Garrison, stating



Clay Shaw reads the good news.



Clay Shaw says: "It can happen to you!"

positively that he was correct and there was, indeed, a Right-Wing homosexual plot behind the Kennedy assassination.

It took a jury of the people (Power to the People!) just about an hour to return a unanimous verdict of "Not Guilty." Like the press, the jury had not picked up the scent of the homosexual red herring.

AMERICAN GROTESQUE

Simon and Schuster has just published James Kirkwood's account of the case. Entitled *American Grotesque*, the book bears the appropriate subtitle, "An account of the Clay-Shaw-Jim Garrison affair in the city of New Orleans."

"Affair" may be the only word for this relationship, as there is something of a perverse love-hate relationship (on Garrison's part) discernible in all accounts of the case. Kirkwood, and others, have noted the resemblance between the District Attorney and his victim. Both are tall, well-built, handsome, impeccably dressed members of the power elite.

Garrison seemed to see the "conspiracy" as a homosexual one, and references to homosexuality kept cropping up during the trial. At least one New Orleans resident told Kirkwood, "As far as the hints (Garrison) dropped about Clay Shaw's—ah—preferences, well, there are rumors his skirts are not all that clean. If you know what I mean."

Could it have been that Garrison's animosity toward Shaw (and his malice must have been deep for him to go ahead with the trial) was somehow connected with his belief that Shaw was a practicing homosexual? Could Garrison have been punishing himself, through Shaw, for homosexual tendencies? Or have I been reading too much Freud?

Shortly after the trial, Garrison himself was accused of making homosexual advances toward a 13-year-old boy in the New Orleans Athletic Club.

Kirkwood had met Shaw socially and had written an article about him for *Esquire*. He attended the trial and met all of the major participants. *American Grotesque* captures the conflict, the partisanship, the horror, of the whole mess and the personalities of the people, the details of the places, and the atmosphere of the city where it all occurred. Even though the reader knows how the trial is going to end (as Lynn Carter says of World War II, "It was in all the papers!"), Kirkwood builds suspense and tension as

well as the best writer of mystery thrillers.

The book's title calls to mind Grant Wood's painting "American Gothic," and this might be intentional. The "Hanging Ladies" who flocked to the trial every day, sitting harpy-like waiting for the kill; the nuns ogling the Sapruder films, watching, again and again, as the bullet exploded the President's head, showering blood and brains; the moralistic Garrison himself, are as American as the old farmer couple in Wood's painting.

American Grotesque is a shocking, horrifying and sometimes sickening book. Unfortunately, it's as American as apple pie or Mother's Day, and in it we see the best and worst in all of us.

How could American justice be so perverted? Americans wanted a conspiracy; Garrison gave us one. Once he started, who could stop him? The Federal Government couldn't, President Johnson couldn't, the Kennedy family couldn't. Garrison indicated they were all co-conspirators. Had any of them made a move to stop the farce from happening, Garrison would have claimed a total victory: "See, I'm a victim of this conspiracy, too. I tried to give you the truth, but they panicked and silenced me!" The charade had to be played out, even at the expense of Clay Shaw and the judicial system until Garrison made a fool of himself.

Unfortunately, Garrison's hubris (or chutzpah) has not yet felled him. Unable to prove a conspiracy and fearing a damage suit and loss of face (doubtlessly Garrison fears the latter more than the former), the D.A. has slapped Clay Shaw with a perjury charge. The trial promises to be just a cheap replay of the last one.

ABUSING POWER

This leads us into the second book on the case, Milton E. Brenner's *The Garrison Case: A Study in the Abuse of Power* (Potter, 1969). Kirkwood's book revolves around the victim; Brenner's zeroes in on the persecutor. Kirkwood reports, from his admittedly partisan viewpoint, the trial and its circumstances; Garrison's former aide evaluates the situation and draws conclusions about power, power-orientated people, and how power can be abused.

Brenner sees Garrison as a man with a "remarkable ability to respond to the

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TREATMENT WITH HORMONES

In the days when physicians believed that hormone deficiency lay behind homosexuality, numerous of them imagined that they were verifying this in their own practices. Their literature is full of reports by doctors who gave testosterone (the male hormone) to homosexual men, and imagined that they had converted these men to heterosexuality.

One distinguished doctor in Ohio, named Louis Lurie, took off from the work of "Neustadt and Meyerson, who in a quantitative sex hormone study of 29 overt homosexuals, found a marked disturbance in the androgen-estrogen ratio." On the basis of his own experiment, Lurie wrote an article called "endocrine Factor in Homosexuality." In his article, he wrote that

Obvious also was the fact that their innate homosexual drives were due to endocrine dysfunctions. As a result of disturbed gonadal secretion, the boys failed to develop normally both structurally and functionally. Their resultant behavior was such that it stamped them as sexual deviates of the homosexual type. This represented the immediate and direct effects of the endocrinopathy upon the patient's behavior and personality.

Of homosexuals, Lurie wrote

The fact that there is usually a diminution in the secretion of the androgen hormone in male homosexuals has strengthened the belief of the importance of the role of the endocrine factor in the causation of homosexuality, and has given impetus to the possible therapeutic value of the male sex hormones in the treatment of such cases. The homosexual is an unadjusted individual. Every homosexual act is a delinquent act and is so labeled by society. The homosexual very often also becomes involved in criminal acts of the most sordid type. Any treatment that offers relief in these apparently hopeless cases is worthy of a trial.

Being bothered by the existence of homosexuals and considering them a public enemy, Lurie imagined that his position as doctor empowered him to make the official judgement for the populace on how far he could go in his effort to purge society of homosexuals.

It is now well known that giving testosterone to a homosexual man will heighten his sexual desires. As his sex drive goes up, he will simply crave more homosexual activity, and not suddenly switch his imaginings and dote on females. The more sexually aroused one gets, the more one craves what he has always wanted, perhaps relaxing demands somewhat but not altering the form of the desire that is increased.

Testosterone makes heterosexual men more heterosexual, and homosexual men more homosexual.

Thus it is noteworthy that medical literature was once full of reports on how testosterone had cured men of homosexuality, reports that could not conceivably have been accurate. Here is one such report:

With 2 of these subjects no effect was obtained. These 2 men stated that they felt no difference, that their homosexual drive was as consistent and as compulsive as before. With the other 13 patients distinct results were obtained, according to the statements of the patients. In all of them the homosexual feeling disappeared or became greatly lessened. As one man stated, "It was almost as if an antidote had been administered." In only 3 of these patients, however, was a direct heterosexual drive established, and in none of them was it sufficient to bring about

a successful heterosexual life. In 1 of these patients this result was extremely welcome, since the man was a priest to whom this neutral state was useful.

Good for the priest, whose ethic became more like the doctor's than it had been when he started treatment! But what about the man who reported testosterone was an antidote? Was he lying, in order to get more testosterone? More likely, he and the rest were telling the truth. Their sexual arousal had been subdued for a time by the appearance of the doctors who had come to take care of them—by the sight of these ministers of the taboo against homosexuality, who had come to make their rounds. The doctors had worked their spell against the testosterone.

The criteria that misled those doctors are still being used. Outcomes are decided on the basis of reports by patients, usually within a few months of treatment, and seldom after as long as two years. At the very least, such reports are in the form of testimony to a doctor

in excess, and this includes testosterone as well as estrogen.

ELECTROCONVULSIVE THERAPY

On the basis of the work of Dr. Owensby whom I mentioned in an earlier piece, Samuel Liebman M.D. gave electroshock treatment to produce convulsions in a twenty-three-year-old boy diagnosed as psychotic. He was "overactive and highly effeminate." He called himself a female impersonator. "I am a homosexual" he announced. "Are there any others on the ward?"

Dr. Liebman gave electroshock for the psychosis. The study is notable because he observed numerous changes in the boy, but no change in his homosexuality. The boy was soon released but was arrested for theft, brought back to the hospital and again given convulsive doses of electroshock. Following his release this time, he was turned over to the police for further punishment.

In effect, many patients have received electroconvulsive shock treatments for

representing the state, would make rounds to these hospitals a few times a month and do their surgery.

Among very disturbed patients, being anti-social, especially if physically violent, was the usual way one got on the list. More than once I pleaded with the clinical director to spare inmates whom I knew, and I pleaded with the patients not to antagonize certain doctors or fight on the wards, at least for a time while they were being considered. It was a frightening experience to read the names on the Monday morning list—those to receive brain surgery that Wednesday, since the data were already in that the surgery was useless and harmful.

The most popular kind of brain surgery for mental health has been the pre-frontal lobotomy. It consists of slashing a territory in the frontal lobe and thereby making people tranquil. Some called the victims "vegetables" after that, though this result was not predictable because no two lobotomies are exactly alike, there being a certain amount of guesswork involved in the operation. Now generally recognized for what they are, lobotomies were done on more than 20,000 people in this country, including children as young as eight.

In some parts of the world, brain surgery is still being done on homosexuals—though rarely. In West Germany, psychosurgeon Fritz D. Roeder has been doing it for eight years. The Medical World News of September 25th, 1970 ran a story on Dr. Roeder called "Homosexuality Burned Out." Dr. Roeder "pinpoints" a section in the hypothalamus "that occupies less than a cubic center of neural matter." Once it is located, he destroys it "with a series of tiny electrical burns."

"The reported result: Young homosexual men, most of them pedophiles, are promptly transformed into the straight world." (Italics mine.)

Dr. Roeder believes "that homosexuality is a sad pathologic upshot of faulty brain programming, often due to a severe androgen deficiency in early infancy."

No lack of androgen discovered in such patients, so Dr. Roeder resorts to the premise that there must have been one in the past. Dr. Roeder shares with most therapists who treat homosexuals the courage to act on his opinions.

The old story, of altering a technique so as to resume brutality, considered as a new scientific approach. Franklin E. Kameny, president of the Mattachine Society of Washington, defending homosexuals' rights, compared Dr. Roeder's surgical assault on the hypothalamus with the old practice of pre-frontal lobotomy. Neither could produce change in sex orientation, though either method of destroying brain matter might destroy the potential for sexual pleasure entirely, and could terminate the person's capacity for vivid fantasy. In one evaluation of lobotomies, called "Sexual Behavior after Lobotomy," 15 out of 17 patients reported decreased vividness of fantasy. A typical report about a patient was that "After operation, he continued to masturbate but fantasies were absent, and the autoerotic practice was simply to relieve tension."

Dr. Roeder reports he has already

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Hormones Can Make You Horny!

BY GEORGE WEINBERG, Ph. D.



photo by Pat Rocco

who has been marshalling shame, and medicine, and embarrassment, in his push to get the patient to repudiate his homosexual life. Often, as we shall see, it is a report to a person who has done violence to the patient, and who stands ready to do more if the patient says he has not changed.

As usual, women were seldom included among homosexuals treated, since their homosexuality was not taken as seriously as men's. Today, many physicians are convinced that estrogen (the female hormone that would have been used) is a carcinogenic agent, and the quantities given would have far exceeded those on the birth control pill, whose use is not being scrutinized because of its estrogen content. When hormone treatment for homosexuality was popular, no physician could possibly know the full dangers of hormones given

homosexuality, when that sort of treatment was fashionable. The diagnosis of 'psychosis' is easily made in State Hospitals like the one at Norwich where Liebman worked, and once it is made the patient becomes liable to whatever treatments are being applied to psychotics at the time. I did my psychology internship at Norwich, and knew many patients whose diagnosis of psychosis was based partly on their being homosexual. The hospital experts, who were the judges of whether the patient was "in contact with reality," nearly all counted homosexuality against the patient.

BRAIN SURGERY

The danger of treatment is of course greatest when the techniques are drastic and the effects irreversible. For a period, State Hospitals would remand certain of their patients to surgeons who,



Dotson Rader

The November issue of Evergreen was sent to me with a note attached requesting comments on Dotson Rader's "Gay Liberation: All the Sad Young Men."

Why me? I wondered. The article deals only with male homosexuality, even though women are definitely part of gay liberation. Maybe women aren't mentioned because they are less easy to categorize than men or, more likely, because the author doesn't know anything about lesbians. Oh, well.

My first reaction to Mr. Rader's article was dismay. He undermines the homosexual with a pernicious sentimentalism. On the one hand, he glamorizes him by extolling his artistic achievements; on the other, he cuts him down with Freudian terminology which effectively labels him a cripple, forever doomed to alienation in this world.

Mr. Rader feels for the unhappy homosexual. Remembering a pathetic encounter with a gay kid in a small town many years ago, the author waxes sympathetic for the gay youth, for the sad young men in gay liberation who desperately long for "salvation" and whose use of street demonstrations is a ritual, a "sexual exercise." Mr. Rader postulates that "the gays alone come to political life as pilgrims in need of salvation, as orphans in search of a place. Someone, God, someone!"

Why this maudlin approach? Why is it so hard to believe that these angry (not sad) young men really want to scrap their shabby underground existence and come out into the open as the beautiful human beings that they are? Why does their just demand for rights have to be demeaned by interpreting it as purely "ritual," as "theater"—in contrast to the actual and serious quest that it is?

Gay liberation's methodology is described as "romantic" a la Rousseau, but then Mr. Rader turns around and romanticizes, i.e., belittles the plight of, the homosexual. Poor gay orphans, forever addicted to "penis fixation" and yearning for redemption!

Acknowledging the outcast state of the homosexual, and duly deploring it, Mr. Rader nevertheless finds some perverse benefit in it for society at large, because "it is their anguish which has made their art"—and literature and other

fine things, without which our culture would be the poorer. Take away their misfortune, and the creativity of homosexuals would probably diminish. (Here, supply obscurity of your choice.) Just as second-generation Israelis, whose artistic productivity seems to have fallen off, now that they are no longer in an alien environment, the homosexual, once comfortably established in society, will also decline in terms of achievement—or should we say deterioration?!

How ridiculous the implication: it's better for civilization to keep untouchables in their place, so that their pain can breed artistic greatness. Not only would society benefit from this policy,

worker dedicated to equality for homosexuals, he would have realized that the homophile movement ain't no theatre!

Oh, sure, suffering may increase the self-awareness of some people and lead to a tremendous consciousness expander and can equally give rise to artistic achievement. On the other hand, suffering can, and more frequently does, defeat the individual and destroy his human potential. Homosexuals have been heir to too much of that kind of damage! How can the author fail to see the cruelty inherent in his glamorization of the homosexual's alienation?

THE GAY REBEL Is He romantic?

BY LILLI VINCENZ

but Mr. Rader thinks that homosexuals might not like an emancipated condition either:

... Homosexuals in the gay liberation movement are now beginning to suspect that in eliminating their status as outlaws, they may be delimiting the consciousness (i.e., their position as rebels) which animates both their extraordinary creativity and their role as a regenerative body.

What is the source of the author's facts on which he bases this conclusion? Did gay lib members actually confide in him that they would hate to lose their alien status and surrender the glorious, intense masochism of the hopeless struggle?!

That notion seems outdated at best. Had Mr. Rader looked at the activities of some of the other homophile groups, less picturesque and exhibitionistic than Gay Liberation Front, his idea of the homosexual as romantic rebel would have been less easy to entertain. Had he studied the nonflamboyant civil rights

"As they become assimilated, their artistic creativity tends to decrease." Yes, comfort can, but doesn't have to, lead to superficiality and laziness and intellectual blandness. But what's wrong with that? Why shouldn't people be nice and comfortable and content—and uncreative, if they so choose? Society has no right to impose suffering on anyone in order to extract the rare gems born of misery.

And no one will choose suffering voluntarily—unless something goes wrong. With homosexuals in the past, society has succeeded in making them "victims of self-hatred and contempt," who need to chastise the self they despise and who, as masochists, become accomplices in society's attempt to keep homosexuals down. That makes me sick.

From this lack of self-acceptance and lack of self-love arises the inability to love others. Perhaps this inability to love, with some homosexuals, leads to an overemphasis on sex (which Mr. Rader pounces on with his idea of the homosexual's penis fixation). Someone

who cannot love, or is severely hampered, will have to rely on sex, n'est-ce pas? Stands to reason. I don't want to create the impression, however, that the avid pursuit of sex is pathological. Many homosexuals thoroughly enjoy a healthy hedonism, and anyone who frowns on it must be envious. But then there are those—and still quite a few at that—who are too shattered by the effects of society's brain washing to be capable of loving fully.

Fortunately this negative self-image has never had to be a main concern of the gay liberationists (as opposed to members of older homophile groups, perhaps). Belonging to a new generation of self-assured young people, the young gays seem to have made short shrift of traditional hang-ups and have experienced much less inner suffering than their older gay uncles and aunts. Indeed they are not sad young men at all!

The homosexual is not intrinsically a romantic figure, as Mr. Rader makes him out to be. He is basically an ordinary human being, no different from others except in his erotic preference. He is beset by more problems than the straight person, but he is not inherently artistic. (Granted, there are quite a few homosexuals in the arts, but the question must arise: What comes first—the chicken or the egg? Does homosexuality precede artistic expression, or does artistic sensitivity give homosexuality impulses the freedom to be recognized?) There are gay truck drivers, hard hats, marines, cops—professions which are generally not known for great artistic achievement. Homosexuals can be refined or unrefined, intelligent or stupid, etc., you name it. The first gay women I ever met were a waitress, a clerk, and a cook. One of them told me she had thought most homosexuals came from the lower economic strata—while I confessed to her that I had been under the exact opposite impression.

As to Mr. Rader's idea of the outcast-as-artist, although many artists are and have been gay, many are and have been straight. If suffering does lead to creativity, then everyone is a potential artist. Although our personal fates can be influenced adversely or favorably by social forces, our individual destinies are unique. Giving equality to homosexuals will not guarantee them freedom from suffering or from conflicts totally unrelated to homosexuality. I maintain that by abolishing externally imposed suffering, we will not drastically diminish our artistic pool.

So, let's liberate people—all people, even the straights—and take away obligatory suffering. We may just find the emergence of a new creativity issuing not from pain but from joy!

Last but not least, I don't mean to put Mr. Rader down, because he would like to see gay liberation succeed. (And, besides, if he hadn't stuck a pin in my side, causing me some suffering, I wouldn't have expressed myself so creatively.) I give him an E for effort, pat him on the back, and tell him to keep trying. Instead of describing homosexuals from the vantage point of an observer of a street demonstration, as a reader of a badly written gay novel and of outdated psychiatric tomes, or as a condescending recipient of a lonely hick town dweller's affections, he should try to get to know homosexuals as persons, as the real and gay (not sad) people that we are.

Minn. Rights Commissioner Talks To Gay

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"I guess I've always felt this way. I know back in Boston we felt there was a lot of anti-Semitism around, and of course I noticed it with my own race. I suppose I've always taken exception to anyone being anti-anything," he said.

"I know there have been several times when gay guys have approached me—in YMCAs in Chicago or even Grand Forks, N.D., or on the street, and asked me to go home with them.

"I always said no, and the thing that impressed me was that they always respected my reply and politely walked away," Balfour said.

It was four years ago in Minneapolis, however, before the commissioner had a chance to get to know anyone gay.

"Her name was Christie, a very beautiful blonde girl of about 18," said Balfour, who was deputy director of a job-training center at the time. "She was a very troubled girl.

"She told me of her difficulty in warding off the advances of another woman on the staff, and of how she felt that sometimes the whole gay life was closing in on her.

"I didn't fire anybody, but I told the staff, at a meeting, to keep their hands off Christie.

"And I told Christie that any time she felt she needed a place to go, she could stay at my house.

"And for about a year, off and on, she did. I'd come home from work late at night, and there she'd be, asleep on the couch.

"I loved her very much, and always thought of her as one of my daughters. My whole family got to love her—although she didn't want my wife to know she was gay and always told how she had a date with a fellow when she was going out for the evening.

"I understand she went through a big marriage ceremony in a bar with one girl, but it didn't last very long.

"And then one day she disappeared. None of us has ever heard from her since," Balfour said.

Two years ago Balfour headed a "hire-the-disadvantaged" program at Dayton's, the Twin Cities' largest department store which is believed to have at least its share of gay employees.

"But there'd be some personnel people who'd decide on their own that Dayton's didn't need anybody gay there, and when a homosexual—and I mean a very effeminate teen-ager—would come in, they'd tell him no jobs were available," Balfour said.

"I didn't seek them out, but if they came to me, I'd hire them. I don't think they had it very easy down in the stockroom, but my job was to hire the disadvantaged, and any guy that obviously effeminate was just as disadvantaged as a black or Indian kid without a high-school diploma, I figured."

It was from his Dayton's job that he was appointed commissioner of human rights in January 1970, and made no secret of his views on anti-gay discrimination when the Higgins complaint arose three weeks later. That led FREE's Jack Baker to write Gov. LeVander to suggest a gay member of the Board of Human Rights.

"I hadn't seen the governor except at

cabinet meetings, until a banquet in St. Paul last April—an alumni affair to honor Father Theodore Hesburgh, the president of Notre Dame and chairman of the U.S. Civil Rights Commission.

"After the dinner I hear Gov. LeVander hailing me—and he walks over and, speaking very loudly in a room filled with people, almost shouts to nobody in particular:

"What are we going to do about a commissioner who's destroying the department of human rights?"

"As long as I'm governor of this state, there will never be a homosexual on the Board of Human Rights or on your staff."

Balfour: "You won't even concede that homosexuals exist?"

Governor: "Yes, they exist, just as drug addicts and criminals exist."

Balfour: "Mr. LeVander, I have a 9-year-old son, and I hope he doesn't become a homosexual. But if he is, I can tell him that the governor of his state doesn't really care."

The governor turned, bumped into his limousine driver, and walked off, Balfour recalls. "But Father Hesburgh came right over and gave me a big warm embrace, telling me of his support."

Seconds later, St. Paul Mayor Thomas Byrne invited Balfour to lunch—and then quipped to an acquaintance that he "didn't want any homos in my office, either."

Snapped Balfour: "Then you can forget about lunch," and walked away.

He told an interviewer that, "If anybody ever asked me if I were a homosexual, I suppose I'd answer, 'What if I am? What difference does it make?'"

"I suppose I could just say no and leave it at that.

"But then wouldn't I seem to be saying something else? Wouldn't it sound like, 'Sure I'll fight for their rights, but I don't want anyone to think I actually am one of those distasteful people?'"

Balfour mentioned law student Baker again, and said that, had Baker already received his law degree, he'd have been offered the job of enforcement director last October.

Balfour won't get that opportunity again.

His term as commissioner expired Jan. 3, and sides with the new governor—Democratic-Farmer-Laborite Wendell R. Anderson—said he was looking elsewhere for a new commissioner, that Balfour's reappointment was "unlikely."

They said that, despite letters to Anderson urging reappointment from the Minneapolis Urban Coalition and its black director, Harry Davis, grateful for Balfour's support on school integration; from a Chippewa activist group called AIM, pleased at Balfour's continuing interest in prison inmates' welfare; and from assorted political groups and individuals concerned with race relations.

The gay community was largely silent. Even gay Democrats who helped in candidates' campaigns last year were unsure how to make their wishes known without risking ostracism within the party.

"If I were a single man, what I'd like to do is teach in one of the free schools, or work with a group like AIM," said Balfour, 42. But with a wife to support and three children—aged 5, 9 and 11—he was considered more likely to accept one of several other job offers.

"I don't know that I want the job again," he said. "The frustrations are terrible. We've lost so often already.

"We could try to change the law to cover homosexuals, knowing we'd lose. We could try for sodomy repeal, knowing we'd lose.

"I guess I'm a poor politician," Balfour said.

Police Fire On Gay Bar

continued from page 1

According to the police report, Officers Gary O'Shea and Al Baldocchi were riding along Folsom in a patrol car and noticed that the crowd in front of the bar was blocking three lanes of traffic on Folsom. They stopped in front of the bar and reportedly told the crowd to disperse. They say they were "jeered at."

Then they called for assistance. Two more patrol cars arrived almost immediately. The six officers got out of their cars to disperse the crowd. After they brought the crowd under control, a Toyota sedan driven by Christman came out of the alley by the bar and grazed Officer Baldocchi, knocking him to the pavement and allegedly tried to hit four other policemen. They started firing at the car with their service revolvers and a police car rammed the Toyota. Christman fled the bullet-riddled auto on foot. He was shot in the ankle while running down the alley.

Christman was reported in good condition later at San Francisco General Hospital. He has been charged with five counts of assault on police officers with a deadly weapon. Officer Baldocchi was taken to the same hospital, treated and released.

Also arrested in the melee were William Spencocook and Dennis Brown. They were booked on charges of interfering with a police officer and failure to disperse.

Witnesses at the scene tell a somewhat different story. "I know they're lying in here," Jim said, a short-haired young man, referring to an article in the San Francisco Examiner based upon the police report. "The only people blocking traffic were the police."

Jim was already out of the bar and across the street before the incident occurred. "I saw two squad cars drive by and one turned around and came back and parked in front of the bar and turned on its spot light." He heard no order to disperse. "Two more cars (police) drove up." He continued, "It looked like the

police got out and started a fight."

Jim saw the Toyota come out of the alley with "one officer hanging onto the car and one running after it." He said he heard a shout, "Kill that motherfucker." Then the police started shooting at the car and it was rammed by the police car. He recalled that he thought, "My God, they're shooting—real live guns."

"When that car came to rest it didn't look to me that anyone in the car would have been able to get out and run." He was unable to see into the alley where Christman was finally brought down. Jim left when the street filled with "motorcycles, squad cars, etc. One policeman got out and cocked a rifle."

Don, a long-haired guy who makes leather clothing, says he was just coming out of The Stud when the police car stopped and turned on its spot light. "I heard no warning to disperse," he said. "People were doing what they do every Friday and Saturday night." He said there were no people beyond the parked cars by the sidewalk.

"The police got out of their cars and started hitting people," he said. It was about then that he noticed Christman's Toyota stopped in the alley by the sidewalk. "The police went over to it. A policeman started rapping on the side of the car with his club." Don said it looked like the officer was motioning Christman to go. "He started out and cops jumped in front of him." He continued, "The path was clear when he started out."

The crowd of approximately 125 was thick and Don didn't see the car strike the officer. He said he heard the shout, "Shoot the motherfucker." Don said he "just couldn't believe it."

Don couldn't see down the alley where Christman was shot, but he did see a policeman walk out of the alley and say, "I got him." He said then "The others (policemen) went over and patted him on the back like, 'Wow, you're great.'"

Officer Elliot Blackstone of the Police Community Relations Bureau which is

assigned to San Francisco's homophile community, said that his phone has been busy with calls and complaints about the incident. There has been no official police statement regarding the affair.

Three local homophile organizations, the Society for Individual Rights, the Tavern Guild of San Francisco and the Council on Religion and the Homosexual, joined in sending a telegram to San Francisco Mayor Joseph Alioto calling for a "full investigation of what appears to be inappropriate and heavy-handed police action." The telegram also calls for the San Francisco Police Department "to adopt specific guidelines on the use of deadly force in making arrests."

Bill Platt, president of S.I.R. stated that organization's position. "Even if what the police say is true, we feel that they cannot justify their action."

Earl Stokes, a local attorney and president of the Council on Religion and the Homosexual appeared before the Police Commission on the Monday following the incident. In part, he said, "The incident complained of is one that would not have occurred if any attempt were made to understand the homosexual community and to accord the same right to be let alone... which is routinely accorded to white middleclass heterosexuals... Homosexuals will not stand idly by and be illegally fired upon whether by some hoodlum or by a uniformed officer."

In further action, a group of homophile leaders is scheduled to meet with Chief of Police Al Nelder on December 22, regarding the incident.

At this time, local homophile organizations are continuing the investigation of the incident and trying to find additional witnesses and organize defense funds for the defendants.

In a telephone conversation, Stokes said, "If we let incidents like this go by, it will set us back ten years. We can expect police to come into bars and make arrests, like they do in L.A. now."

OSCAR JUST WOULDN'T APPROVE

BY ARTHUR BELL

Modern allegory inspired by Oscar Wilde," reads the program note. "He is twenty-one. He has been twenty-one for half a century. Eternal youth is the ultimate perversion."

Here we have it again. Dorian Gray is alive and kicking in London and his portrait is going rotten with old age. Helmut Berger of *The Damned* plays the divine one this time, Herbert Lom is the dirty rich man, Richard Todd is the artist, and various undraped untalented women play bitches in heat out for Dorian's throbbing, throbbing "who knows what."

"Who knows what," I suppose, is Dorian's cock. You never see it. Dorian (it's a nicer name than Helmut, so let's use it henceforth) either has a hand cupped in front of his box when he is otherwise naked, or slyly tips the edge of a towel around the ooh-la-la area, or plays peek-a-boo with his thimble through leaves and blades of grass. Dorian's thimble is not mentioned by name, either. It's that kind of picture. "I should tell you,

he's not only beautiful, but he's got the biggest... slap, slap, and the camera journeys through the lush landscape of Dorian's body missing nothing but his cock.

Playing hide and seek is one of the fun things about Dorian Gray, even though



ELVIS THE PELVIS REVISTED

BY ARTHUR BELL

I'm conditioned to receive Western Union Telegrams only on my birthday or because of trouble. In ordinary times when such a wire arrives, I inevitably expect word that the dog I love has been hit by a truck. A few days ago I received a wire from Metro Goldwyn Mayer. It read: *You are cordially invited to attend the screening of ELVIS: THAT'S THE WAY IT IS captured on film at last the man who started it all does it all in the new feature length documentary in color by Denis Sanders.*

I should have suspected trouble. The trouble isn't with Elvis, the star. It's with *Elvis*, the film. The film is mostly concerned with a live performance that Elvis gave at the International Hotel in Las Vegas about a year ago. Interspersed with the performance are cinema verite closeups of all kinds of motley people mulling about how much they love Elvis, plus shots of Elvis being "boyish" at rehearsals. We are to see that Elvis is a really great guy, that he generates love, that he goes about doing what he does in the most nonchalant way, that he is a singing Billy Graham whom women find sexually yummy (no shots of men lunging for Elvis' crotch).

This is all well and good. But the film describes. It does not get inside Elvis, it does it begin to unveil whatever it is that makes Elvis what he is. *Elvis: That's The*



Way It Is should be titled *Elvis: That's A Teeny Part of the Way It Is*. What happens to Elvis, for instance, when he isn't rehearsing or performing? Is he chasing girls? Chasing men? Does he sleep in the nude? Are those gestures which ten years ago seemed obscene and are now "sweet," the same gestures he uses between sheets? The sweat that he sweats during his act on film comes out wax sweat, because we see a mannequin Elvis in his head more than wax? What

we lose. Another is sorting out "genuine" Oscar Wilde dialogue from "inspired by Oscar Wilde." For instance, "he really is too much, isn't he, Henry," isn't Wilde. "What is vice, anyway, but pleasure without pain," is.

I found the treatment of homosexuality adequate in Herbert Lom's mentor. He's a leering, sneering daddy in the tradition of the Oak Room, but men like that exist (where are they? where are they?), and Lom plays the part with the right amount of cynicism and flair, considering the material. Gay exploitation scenes are many. One horror involves two queeny men who try to pick up Dorian's arch enemy. They represent that aspect of homosexuality with the same accuracy with which Mae West represents motherhood. Another

moment involves handsome Dorian (about sixty-five according to the film's chronology) walking past a Bubby Berkeley assortment of seafaring beauties, winding up in a urinal, peeing next to a gorgeous hunk of man. (We are to assume he's peeing—backview longshot—but we don't know if he has a cock.)

The producers of *Dorian Gray* have aged the portrait fifty years, but they haven't aged the period more than the few weeks it took to shoot the film in London last year. Tackiness and obvious insincerity, however, make *Dorian Gray* siltable and enjoyable. It's much better, for instance, than the current *Ryan's Daughter* which aspires for greatness and falls flat. *Dorian Gray* aspires for cheap entertainment and succeeds. But as art, *Dorian Gray* is a bad picture.

career has been a model of ennui. He has not developed a mite as entertainer or performer. He has not gotten worse, either. His career is a living tribute to status quo. None of his films has risen above the quality of schlock, though some have been better than others. It takes a special kind of genius to remain unchanged in fifteen years of movie stardom. What is that genius? Perhaps we had best examine the needs of small-town America and the savvy of Colonel Parker. But not now.

There are a couple of sparkling bits in *Elvis: That's The Way It Is*. The first occurs when Elvis, during rehearsal, horses around with a limp mike as though it were a penis he might be preparing to love. Another comes during his real-life performance when his microphone goes dead and Elvis gathers a bouquet of mikes from his musicians only to discover that most of them are not working. Here some real expression shows on Elvis' face and we get an indication of the kind of man Elvis is and the kind of film *Elvis* should have been. But for the most part, the film is a never-ending songaloo of Presley singing the songs he has made famous.

Like Lena Horne and Ethel Merman, Elvis' charisma loses on film. By embalming a Vegas performance, MGM has not strengthened this charisma. Instead, they've given us an overdose of frozen candied yam, a portrait of a *Hound Dog*, which we *Can Help Believing*.

A BRIDGE BETWEEN GENERATIONS



Gay Talks With California's Morris Kight

Morris Kight is a leading figure in Los Angeles' movement for gay liberation. In spite of the fact that he hails from another generation, Morris Kight's warm humanity and his fine sense of justice have won him an enduring place in the hearts of many younger people on the west coast.

The following interview, conducted by Ken Gaul, formerly managing editor of SCREW, took place several months ago. Since then, Morris Kight has continued to demonstrate his ability to divide common sense from misdirected anger and frustration. Gay Liberation is richer because of his involvement.

MORRIS KIGHT INTERVIEW

BY KEN GAUL

GAY: First off, exactly what group do you represent out here?

KIGHT: The Gay Liberation Front of Los Angeles.

GAY: How do you think your group differs from what they're doing back east?

KIGHT: Well, all I can tell, of course, is what they write and what they publish, and, of course, we do receive telephone calls from people in the east. This is the only material I have to judge them by. I think perhaps there are some important differences in that a good many of the groups in the east are largely politically-oriented and seem to be defying, almost in total defiance, whereas we are not that politically-oriented, though we are involved in political action such as there is and there isn't much to be involved with because there are not many alternatives for behavioral minorities. And we're not really attempting to defy the established order, but attempting to steal away from it, and I think this is the primary difference if that's that big a difference. There are brothers and there are sisters in New York and in Berkeley and in San Francisco and everywhere else.

Gay Liberation is springing up everywhere as you know.

GAY: But you're more for non-violent confrontations rather than, say, getting a whole group of people to sit in?

KIGHT: Yes, this has been our philosophy. Of course, sitting in is a non-violent technique of itself. So that's an excellent non-violent technique and we have used sit-ins. We have done a great many rather positive things. We have demonstrated against a great many injustices. We have organized private parties and we think this is very important that we should gather together socially in one another's homes. This happens regularly and this works. We have a section on the military and the draft, which has done much educating about homosexuals and the draft and homosexuals in service, and we've come to the defense of a good many homosexuals in the service and have caused the Pentagon to release them from the military service under honorable conditions. This has been a positive achievement.

GAY: Do you feel your group has accomplished that or the ...

KIGHT: No we did it. I'm doing it.

GAY: I mean, has the group out here achieved these advances?

KIGHT: Well, we, each homosexual that we've gone to the defense of who was in the military, has been recognized as being a legitimate complainant, and they've been released. Of course, we're not the only people in the nation doing that kind of counseling for homosexuals in service, but until the Pentagon changes its policy, we will continue to be one of the groups rendering that service and are happy to render it, because we think that the Pentagon could easily change its policy and should do so, and we write them that. We write and say please change this policy. It just takes the typing of a memo to say, so what, so you're a homosexual. Let's face the fact the service is filled with homosexuals already. Many of them closet cases, but it's an unreal policy on the part of the Pentagon to shut out millions of young Americans from the service if they wish to go there. I personally oppose the war, but I try to separate my opposition to the war from the Pentagon's harsh policy against homosexuals.

GAY: Is there a pretty good rapport out here between male and female homosexual groups?

KIGHT: I must answer you very honestly. There has not been for a very long time. We've had a separatist policy which has prevailed in Los Angeles ever since I've been seeing the Los Angeles scene. Female homosexuals have gone their way and there's rarely been a togetherness policy. This is not true in San Francisco, in the Bay area, where male and female homosexuals have always been brothers and sisters. Now there are many signs that that prejudice, if that's what it was, I don't really know what caused this division, but there are many signs that that's disintegrating and they're now beginning to join together and there's the building of a coalition among female groups and male groups and in the Gay Liberation Front we have considerable numbers of female homosexuals in the group and are encouraging them to join. As a matter of fact, I'm proposing that we create a standing committee, a separate group within GLF of female homosexuals to represent their particular viewpoint. So to answer your question the long way around, yes, there has been a separatist policy and that's dying. Now there is a movement to coalesce, and that's very good.

GAY: Do you get many straights involved with GLF of Los Angeles too?

KIGHT: Well, that's a hard question to answer because to tell you the truth, we're so dedicated to libertarian principles that we don't really ask people what their sexuality is. We just don't ask. Someone comes in the door, they come to a meeting, they join, they march with us. We never have an occasion to even inquire about their sexuality unless they decide to pair off with someone in the group and then of course, doubtless they find out about one another's sexuality, so there possibly have been straights who marched with us, doubtless have been police undercover agents who marched with us. There have been asexual types. Who knows? Because we don't ask. We don't inquire. This is part of our philosophy that we think that you should be so free in your sex that it's as casual as sneezing or crying or breathing. There are straights who have marched with us and some of them have been very powerful in our actions. As for homophiles, really I think everybody is in a way, except enemies of mankind, are homophiles. I don't dig the word myself. Homophiles,



Morris Kight in Christopher Street West Parade

love of mankind. It's supposed to be everybody. Everybody claims they're in love with mankind.

GAY: I heard something about you being described as Pope Morris Kight. Where did that name come from?

KIGHT: This is a wild scam (put-on) and I'm delighted to tell you about it. This came about by accident. Three or four years ago, a guy came to us who was having troubles with the draft. He was about to be drafted and he could have gotten out legitimately from the draft on several grounds. He could have gotten out on the grounds of conscientious objection, because he was a genuine conscientious objector. He could have gotten out on the grounds of the fact that he was constantly marching against the war and he could have gotten out as a political risk. Either of these would have been useful to get him out, but he was also a homosexual. So we said rather than to go out on 4-F, or 1-Y, why don't we do it differently? Why don't we do something so bizarre that they'll be perfectly glad to be rid of you. So we decided to make him a Pope, to crown him Pope on the steps of the induction center here in Los Angeles on the theory that no Pope has ever been drafted. But since we are hung up on egalitarian principles, we felt that it was unfair to have a Pope and that we should make everybody who came a Pope, unless they preferred some other rank in the church. So at daylight, we were down at the induction center, drove of us, in colorful attire. Everybody had had out their sewing machines for two weeks and all of the drag queens were busy sewing, and all of the guys who knew how to sew were sewing and those who didn't were learning how to do it with their hands. People were adapting odds and ends, the most colorful attire we could find, and we showed up on the steps of the induction center and conducted a Pope-in. At it we made him a Pope. And we made everybody else a Pope except two uncommonly humble types who preferred to be Cardinals. So we crowned them Cardinals on the spot and when they got ready to induct him, we threw ourselves down on the sidewalk screaming, "hell no, the Pope won't go, hell no, the Pope won't go" and kept saying it. I mean did you ever hear of them inducting a Pope? So he went inside and he lasted about one minute. He went in one door and he went out the other and that was the last of it. Four years ago, and he's never heard of it ever since. Now that little scam led to an occasional guerilla theatre type thing based upon the Pope thing, and recently the Western Homosexual Conference adopted a very stringent resolution condemning the church for its connivance with the established order to harass and intimidate homosexuals, and out of that demanded ninety billion dollars in reparation for those who have died or have been imprisoned over the two thousand years of the Judeo-Christian epic and just as a publicity gimmick and for no other reason, the Pope was revived for that particular occasion. I don't fancy myself as a Pope. It was just a guerilla theatre thing and it stays dead most of the time.

GAY: But didn't you tack up some sort of a manifesto?

KIGHT: Oh yes, we published a proclamation in Latin, took it to the church door, nailed it on the church door, saying, look, you've joined up to make homosexuals miserable and many

have been burned at the stake, and many have been driven away and driven to madness and driven to prison, and since you honor money more than you honor human lives, all we know how to do is to translate it into money and so we've calculated it to be ninety billion dollars. So pay up. No, of course, this was all a scam because they wouldn't give us a package of postage stamps, as I'm sure you well know. It was only just a thing to dramatize our feeling that the church has failed.



Morris Kight founded L.A.'s Gay Liberation Front

the homosexuals too by saying, you'll get your rewards and ...

KIGHT: Yes, of course, it's a false notion and indeed the church has.

GAY: So how do you feel he can still, you know, run a christian church and appeal ...

KIGHT: Well, since I'm not a Christian, all I can know is what I read in their bulletins and what they tell me and I've attended the congregation, the services, four times, and all I can know is what I hear. Apparently Troy Perry genuinely believes there is a God, and I don't know if that's an eight foot tall German superman sitting on a golden throne or if it's a force out there or what it is, I've never asked him, but apparently he really does believe that and I do believe that he believes that Jesus Christ was a living man and that he was divine, and that he, if not divine, at least an inspired person and that his philosophy is an important philosophy, and this seems to come through in what they do. I personally feel that if these homosexuals and their friends who are members of the Metropolitan Community Church wish to

be, this ought to be their right. As to whether that's right or wrong, that is, whether they're continuing a harmful tradition, only they could make that decision. I wouldn't presume to criticize.

GAY: In New York there are many gay bars and gay baths. What kind of things do you have here in Los Angeles that are comparable to that?

KIGHT: Well, in metropolitan Los Angeles, there are two hundred and fifty gay bars and twenty or twenty-five baths, primarily gay and some businesses, clothing shops and so on, which are so homosexually oriented that hardly anyone else goes there. There's a multitude of private social clubs which don't have a formal address, but which move around from home to home, the large homes of friends, and this semi-secret group are of considerable number. There must be a dozen of these floating groups who are held together by some bond of brotherhood or mysticism or whatever and who do hold meetings from time to time.

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Kight's colorful Gay-in Costume

A BRIDGE

Continued from page 15

GAY: What about this Anubis?
KIGHT: Yes, Society of Anubis. They are based out in Azusa, they're a pretty large membership. I think just under a thousand and are organizing other chapters of the Society of Anubis.
GAY: What exactly are they?
KIGHT: Well, I was there as a lecturer at their meeting and know their leadership, their elected officers and know some of the members. They seem to be held together by the social thing. They have a club house, a rather handsome one with a bar and a dining room and recreation facilities, they have ten acres of land in a canyon. I think that holds them together and then brotherhood, the business of sharing with one another jobs and ideas and information and mutual assistance to one another seems to hold them together. And while they have always said that they were conservatively oriented, I'm not sure if that's a correct description because they seem to be quite involved and more and more and more in street actions and demonstrations of various things to lift oppression from homosexuals.
GAY: Are they in Orange County, that bastion of right wingery?
KIGHT: If they are, I don't know of it. They have a chapter in Azusa, which is the eastern end of this county and one in San Bernardino which is over in San Bernardino County and one in Riverside in Riverside County. I don't know if they have one in Orange County. I doubt it. Maybe they do.
GAY: I think somebody had told me that.
KIGHT: Well, maybe they have. They're building chapters here and there and it's an ongoing thing and it works.
GAY: How much police harassment is there out here of like say gay bars or this kind of club?
KIGHT: Well, that's the hardest question in the world to answer. I've just come from a confrontation of my own with the police and thus I'm in a lousy mood today and I don't know about the police and I don't know if I can answer as honestly as I should. The history of the police and the homosexuals of Los Angeles is schizophrenic just as almost everything in America is schizophrenic. For a very long time, the police felt honor bound to harass, intimidate, close up homosexual hangouts and that policy changed. There were some Supreme Court decisions of the State of California which helped to change that, among them being we have the right of congregation. If all homosexuals wish to crowd into an all gay place, this ought to be their business. That helped, of course, and then we sort of wore them down. This is part, I think, of homosexual liberation, wearing them down. A great number of bars sprung up and there was a changing scene. Occasionally you hear of a raid on a bar or a few arrests or of entrapment inside the john in a bar, but we haven't had any considerable numbers of those since about three years ago on New Years when the police raided the Black Cat and the New Faces, two bars over on Sunset Boulevard which don't exist anymore, and there beat up some people so badly that one was in the hospital and nearly died. We demonstrated against that at the

time. Since that time, we've attempted to create bonds of communication with the police; not as a cop-out, but on the theory that if we have to live in this community, we might try best to get along together. On the further theory that whatever kind of established order we might have, it will be policed. There are police in Russia and in China, Cuba and Switzerland and Norway and Sweden and Denmark and wherever. So if you're going to have them, let's either pacify them or demilitarize them or learn to live with them or achieve some kind of rapprochement. Now in our several street actions that we have pulled off since the Gay Liberation Front was founded, we have invariably communicated with the police saying this is what we'll be doing at this place at this time. This is what our viewpoint is, and with that kind of notice, we've received excellent cooperation. However, we're about to stage a gay-in in Griffith Park and yesterday I had a meeting with the captain of the Hollywood station and it was the most devastatingly horrible meeting I've ever had with a policeman in my life.
GAY: What was his name?
KIGHT: Captain Wesley, the Captain of the Hollywood Station here. He's relatively new on the job. He's risen through the ranks fairly fast and he wound up as the Captain of the Hollywood Division and his authority embraces Griffith Park. Since we're going there with many kinds of viewpoints to have a lot of fun, to be outdoors, to be in the clean air, to share with other people, to meet a lot of new people, to let a lot of people meet homosexuals who've never met them socially before, and since we're also putting this community on notice that we live here and that the community is part of our sharing, our responsibility, we're going with all those kinds of viewpoints and we attempted to impart this to the police and instead Captain Wesley used a great deal of obscenity.
GAY: Towards you or towards homosexuals in general?
KIGHT: Towards the homosexual community. He indicated a certain amount of anti-black sentiment, anti-biker sentiment, anti-hippie sentiment.
GAY: What were some of the words he used towards homosexuals?
KIGHT: He said these fucking faggots are going to jack one another off in the middle of the park. They're gonna fuck one another behind the bushes and we're going to be there and we're gonna bust them the minute they do it. I said come on Captain, we're attempting to establish a point here. We're attempting to establish a point that we live in the community, that we pay taxes here and that the park belongs to the people and we're part of the tax-paying people. He said bullshit. If there are any queers around here who have any money, it's the gay fag lawyers working for the ACLU who have all the money, and I said well, we have a man in our group who earns fourteen thousand dollars a year. He said, no, that's bullshit. If he has fourteen thousand dollars, he stole it. I said please, kind sir, let's try to forget everything that you've said and I've said and recommence our conversation and attempt to point it towards some positive line. I was never able to do this, and as a result I'm really concerned about our gay-in.

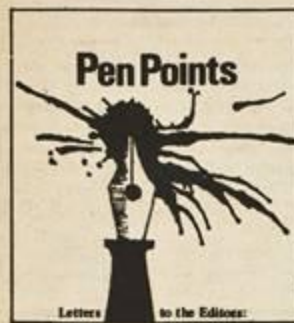
GAY: Do you think it might be a violent confrontation?
KIGHT: I don't want that at all simply because jail is a terrible place and people are doing us and themselves no good who are in jail. I'd like to avoid that. We have taken certain steps to attempt to make the gay-in an exceedingly loving thing after this confrontation, this personal confrontation with Captain Wesley. We have decided to go right on with it, to fill our hearts with as much love as we can muster, flowers, incense, banners, flags, beauty, peace, joy, sharing, whatever we can muster and not to allow ourselves to become paranoid as he had become paranoid and not to allow ourselves to become fearful as he has become fearful. We're hoping that the masses of homosexuals and heterosexuals who are there will project so much of that that we'll shame the police into withdrawing or at least standing by. This is what we hope will happen.
GAY: Have there gotten any worse under Governor Reagan?
KIGHT: Well, of course, I can't say that it's gotten any worse for homosexuals because I think that would be untrue.
GAY: That's what I meant.
KIGHT: I don't believe he's carried on any kind of personal program or any direct action or any orders or anything

else against homosexuals. I think things have worsened for all Californians under him, whoever they are. Things have tremendously worsened.
GAY: What are some of your plans now for the future, besides this thing in the park on Sunday?
KIGHT: Beyond the Gay-in, I really don't know what all we will do because we are an egalitarian group, democratically run and the membership decides what, we don't really have a membership, the association decides, what will be done and I really don't know. Some of the ideas being talked about and which will receive a lot of attention are, beyond the Gay-in, will be in the following line: To have a freedom symposium or forum, a gathering a great in-gathering of homosexuals in the west to gather here in the freest possible atmosphere. That's in the offing. Also we're facing an election here fairly soon and we will involve ourselves in that in some way.
GAY: That's for the...
KIGHT: For state offices, one Senator is up for election, re-election in this case. Of course, the House of Representatives stands election every two years. Some state officers are up for election and we will involve ourselves in that.

HORMONES
continued from page 10
operated on transvestites, exhibitionists and just plain homosexuals, and according to him, with excellent success in stopping the behavior. Since his criterion contains the idea of turning his surgical patients into "tractable human beings," it does not seem a stretch to liken his operation to the pre-frontal lobotomy in its intentions or its effects. The capacity for fantasy may not be especially important to Dr. Roeder or those who did lobotomies in the past. But

some people like the idea of having a vivid imagination and would rather have some sexuality than none. The various surgeries for homosexuality illustrate more clearly than other forms of treatment what is being attempted for the most part. Swift justice. The redemption of an aberrant soul, that of the homosexual. The stifling of an activity and the destruction of the person's potential to enjoy that activity—with no other promises made to the patient, except that he will have less to fear from the law.

next issue "The Masturbation Method"



STERILE OPTIMISM

Dear GAY:
I am writing about the lines from Gibran in Jack Nichols' article "Sad Reflections on Gay Liberation." I was somehow astonished and touched to find self-revelations of inner growth and discontent—but maybe our papers, and hopefully our community, are becoming more mature. Jack's unassuming article rather took me by the shoulders strongly, as would an old friend, and simply made me look again into the dark closets that concealed the muddy-hoofed humanness—of us all. You have touched me, and shaken me out of the nice-patsy and sterile optimism... for I too have gone thru phases such as you so nettlingly revive, of seeing the smallness... of those who merely join.
I have only recently begun to buy and read the gay papers. Yours seems to be from a growing and healthy mind. Thank God for this. And a current vignette by Mike Kotis appeals to me. Maybe, someday, we will have wise men in the West, too.

Peace,
R.L.
Annapolis, Md.

THE MISERIES OF YOUTH

Dear GAY:
I am a male, almost twenty, attracted to other males and screwed up as all get

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

HORN SCOPE

BY ORION
(for period Jan. 18 - Jan. 31)
ARIES the Ram (March 21 - April 20).—Those of you who have been fusing about money may end up traveling together, as lack of money won't keep you from being on the go when you've got the urge. A winning smile makes you vulnerable: some of you will be drawn to an optimist. Intuition is keen and your mind's on the future, but watch your tongue around the 26th.
TAURUS the Bull (April 21 - May 21).—Love with a stoned stranger on the 27th; around the same time the unexpected work or travel hang-up. Don't believe everything you hear re other people's finances, as someone could promise money he doesn't have. In both love and money, the unusual tempts, but the tried and the true pay off. Accent on career after the 26th.
GEMINI the Twins (May 22 - June 20).—Either a secret or a silly scheme backfires around the 26th, but otherwise partnership matters will be most important at this time. Don't let confusion in other aspects of life cause you to rush into a relationship as a way out... still, despite some hassles, one relationship will fascinate as it bewilders... it could be for keeps, but you wouldn't have to play games or

fruit fly
continued from page 5
on my shoe. All he did was look at me and say that a girl shouldn't be out on the streets that late at night. Then he walked off and left me.
GAY: Just left you?
LEONA: I'm really feeling sorry for myself again. And I suppose I'm trying to milk a bit of sympathy out of you. In actuality, what he did was no big thing. I've hitchhiked many times in my life. Robbie knew it, too. I'm not the really feminine type. I can take care of myself. As it turned out, some friends drove by and gave me a lift. If nothing else, I have a lot of friends. Or is the word acquaintances? Whatever, there's no end to the attention a girl can get in the gay society. That's why there are probably as many fruit-flies as there are. Take a look at us sometime. Hardly any of us are very attractive. Very many of us are fat, Plain Janes, who really aren't able or willing to cope with the sweltering competition on the outside. And we're hardly ever any competition to the gays.
GAY: But your heterosexual existence wasn't sexless?
LEONA: Any girl, no matter how ugly, can find someone willing to fuck her. But is fucking enough? A girl needs a little emotional attachment, too. I do, anyway. I finally reached a point where I had to decide whether I wanted friends or sex. Since it was apparent I wasn't going to get both, I decided on the former.
GAY: But you still want sex with Robbie though he is homosexual?
LEONA: You know, he actually offered to go to bed with me once. He said: "Honey, if you want to go to bed with me, just ask me. Because if you don't do it now, you're not going to get another chance."
GAY: You said no?
LEONA: I thought he was kidding. You know, gay kids sometimes like to think

they're just playing games, that they can roll from cunt to ass with a flick of the wrist. Mostly, it's a lot of hot air.
GAY: But why say no if you really wanted sex with him?
LEONA: Maybe it was the way he said it, the way he worded it. You see, he didn't really ask me to have sex, he asked me to ask him to have sex. Maybe it was that. If he could bowl on cue, maybe he could ball on cue. (She laughed at her play on words.) Maybe it was that, maybe something else.
GAY: Something else?
(She shrugged.)
LEONA: I'm really very ugly, you know. My face is too big, my tits are too big, and I'm way too fat. I walk down the street, and men somehow seem to assume that I'm a prostitute. That's really not too good for a girl's ego. A callgirl, okay: most girls would like to think they were callgirls. A prostitute: no. And the two are worlds apart. In the gay world at least I've got male friends: attractive male friends. And they don't look on me like a freak. That they look on me as one of the boys (she smiled), or maybe one of the girls, means an awfully lot to me. It gives some balance to an emotional state of mind that is really anything but balanced.
(I knew without her saying just when Robbie entered the bar. As corny as it seems, her face actually seemed to light up, as if his mere being there had yanked her from the depths of depression. She nervously eyed me, as if she were somehow afraid that the youth—who, by the way, even scored high in my book—might construe my recorder and my presence at her table as something more than just a friendly chat. If he did, he certainly didn't give notice in passing. In less than a minute, she'd excused herself to join him. I took my recorder to the bar. The bartender shrugged toward the duo. "The silly bitch," he said. "She actually thinks she loves him.")
 But then, I wonder, isn't her thinking already half the battle?

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JUST AS A SMALL TOKEN OF OUR APPRECIATION TO YOU—OUR TERRIFIC PATRONS, A GALA BUFFET WILL BE HELD ON SATURDAY NIGHT, JANUARY 23RD.

LIBRA the Scales (Sept. 24 - Oct. 23).—The 26th brings changing tides in romance, but watch out for impossible dreams and small talk which may prove to be talk about nothing. A dream-like idea may seem disappointing if you have to implement it by yourself. Some of you will make it with a telephone repair man this period and your phone still won't work...but spend a dime and get yourself another repairman.

CANCER the Crab (June 12 - July 23).—On the 26th watch out that something in the house doesn't blow up: frayed wires could lead to frayed nerves. Increased optimism re work and health, a new look for some. Your mind on what you share after the 26th: accumulate new assets, some within the self as well as financial. Be more *Aquarian* and less *Capricorn*: learn how to dig someone who doesn't turn you on.

LEO the Lion (July 24 - Aug. 23).—With love, everything else may seem unimportant, unfortunately, your boss may have a different viewpoint. The 19th and 27th bring compromises requiring sympathy and compassion, but you're so infatuated you probably won't find them a blow to your ego—in fact, some of you, around the 26th, may find the period's romance so different from what you're accustomed to that you might become seriously involved.

VIRGO the Maiden (Aug. 24 - Sept. 23).—An old love may expect you to pick up where you left off; however, a two week fling with one who let you down in the past is not what you need right now, especially when home uncertainties have led you to make definite plans re same. If moving in with someone new, don't let quarrels over thumbcoats spoil your happiness, esp. around the 26th, or you may become a do-it-yourself lover.

SCORPIO the Scorpion (Oct. 24 - Nov. 23).—Those of you born Nov. 8-10 may relive a crisis you faced last May, but all Scorpions will have a chance to bury the past for good on the 24th and the 28th...on those days you will be understood. A time for lasting impressions...please, no hickies. By overindulging a youngster on the 26th, you may unwittingly be giving him the means to his own undoing. Money deals aren't all what they seem.

SAGITTARIUS the Archer (Nov. 23 - Dec. 21).—If you can distinguish between wishful thinking and true inspiration, a period of remarkable achievement, but cynics will fall through low aim. Somebody from a distance brings fun into your life. Your good image of yourself is affirmed by others, but on or about the 26th, a friend could cost you money. Frankly, better to part with the friendship. Accent on *LUCK*, but don't waste it.

CAPRICORN the Goat (Dec. 22 - Jan. 20).—Possible secret and surprise trip re romance near the 21st, with the 28th a day when you can believe in love. Sometimes passion brings out that cold streak in you that is the despair of those who thought you were kind when you really were cautious and insecure. When to be secretive and when to be candid, ah, these are the questions.

AQUARIUS the Water Bearer (Jan. 21 - Feb. 19).—It's up to you to decide who the sophists and the philistines are, for increased social life around the 23rd will bring you in contact with all kinds. Beware of a person of good intentions who may lead you to a dead-end. While gadding about, inwardly you are contemplating something very personal. Discretion on the 26th, but on the 28th your subconscious will give you a sensible answer.

PISCES the Fish (Feb. 20 - March 20).—Watch out for parasites posing as friends around the 26th: worthwhile advice on the 28th should be heeded. More *empathy* than usual, you could let legitimate success lead to fantastic hopes. Reality should be a pleasant trip right now; don't spoil it by becoming the creature of your dreams...remember what happened to Cinderella...after the ball...your coachman could turn into *DRB*.

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