

GAY

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Number 75

Midwest City Votes Job Equality For Gays

East Lansing, Mich. 1st In Nation

East Lansing, Michigan—A rule barring employment discrimination against homosexuals—the first such rule in the nation—was adopted by the East Lansing City Council on March 7, 1972.

The Detroit news said that the East Lansing Council is famed for its new "youth-oriented innovative" ways. At the same time one of the Councilmen introduced a proposal to lower the city's maximum penalty for possession or use of marijuana.

Initially, the Council voted 3-2 to bar homosexual "solicitation" on the job. The Gay Liberation Front at Michigan

State University, prime supporters of the Intro 475-type ruling, were angered by the Council's "solicitation" stance. Gay Lib spokesmen said that the inference that homosexuals might be likely to "solicit" sexual partners on the job was "offensive and insulting." Most homosexuals, they told the Council, live normal workday lives and rarely, if ever, make "improper advances" beyond a known circle of associates.

Following the publicity given to the Council's ruling, the Lansing radio reported that the Councilmen had "corrected their error" which read "Solicitation or recruitment for homosexual behavior while on the job shall be deemed misconduct, etc." and had said that it had been an emotional issue, not carefully thought out. The "solicitation" rule, said the radio announcer, had been removed.

The *State Journal*, a Lansing newspaper, headlined the Council's decision "Equal Job Hiring Ordered for 'Gays'."

E STATE JOURNAL

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Equal Job Hiring Ordered for 'Gays'

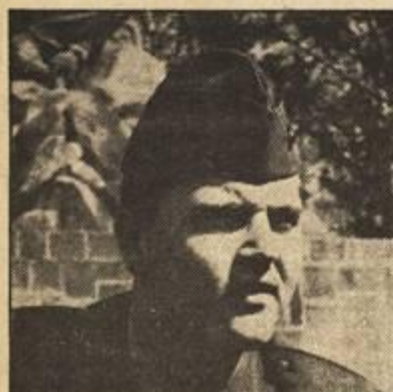
By BOB ROACH News Special Writer

Hiring policies changed

E. Lansing bars homosexual bias

By BOB ROACH News Special Writer EAST LANSING

Gay Marine Stirs Wide Publicity



Lance Corporal Jeffrey Dunbar

BY PERRIN SHAFFER

Quantico, Va.—On March 21, a U.S. Marine Corps (USMC) Administrative Discharge Board at the Quantico Marine Corps Base recommended that the USMC give admitted homosexual Lance Corporal Jeffrey Dunbar an undesirable discharge. If granted, the American Civil Liberties Union will appeal to the federal courts. The case would then be joined with one or two other cases to become America's first class-action suit against alleged discrimination by the five armed services against gays.

The three-man Board reached its decision several hours after the hearing. It recommended the maximum penalty allowed without court martial—undesirable discharge. The recommendation will probably be approved in two months by General Robert Cushman, Commandant (head) of the USMC. Although the recommendation is normally not made public until it is to take effect, Dunbar's advisor, Dr. Franklin Kameny of the Mattachine Society of Washington, feels that his threat of court action caused the USMC to drop its veil of secrecy. However, the USMC informed reporters of little more than the decision, leaving them visibly an-

noyed. The story was carried nationwide.

The USMC discovered 18-year-old Dunbar's sexual orientation when he took an overdose of sleeping pills in a suicide attempt. Making what Kameny terms "an illegal search" of Dunbar's wallet at the time, the criminal investigations division found an unmailed letter addressed to a male Oklahoman. Both addresser and addressee later admitted to having had relations with each other. At the hearing, Dunbar admitted only to having had sex with adult civilians while off-base and off-duty. Investigators conceded this point at the hearing. In a statement signed at the hearing, Dunbar said, "I do not wish to remain in the Marine Corps because my chosen sexual life has made it difficult for me to remain a Marine. This stress was the cause of my attempted suicide."

The USMC warns prospective Marines upon enlistment that homosexuality won't be tolerated. Since Dunbar admitted to having been gay since high school, the USMC contended that he knew the policy when he enlisted. Because of this and because of unauthorized leave (to visit his boyfriends), prosecutor Capt. Bruce Heitz recommended an undesirable discharge. Kameny contended that the discharge would have been fully honorable had not the gay issue arisen, in spite of the unauthorized leave.

Two witnesses for the defense cited the prevalence of homosexuality in the USMC, as part of a defense effort to prove that being gay doesn't affect performance of duties. Both witnesses had been honorably discharged. Dennis Eenck had been awarded the Vietnamese Cross of Gallantry for his part in the 1968 Tet offensive. He claimed to have known 50 gay Marines in Vietnam. Joe Malcolm (whom Kameny terms "the stereotyped butch Marine") swaggered to the witness stand to tell those present that 30 of his company of 80 were gay.

(continued on page 16)

Lindsay Reintroduces Intro-475 After Prodding By Congressman And GAA



Congressman Edward I. Koch

New York, N.Y.—Congressman Edward I. Koch, who earned the distinction of being the first Congressman in U.S. history to speak up for gay rights, is continuing to serve the gay community by prodding high level officials in the city government.

On January 10, after consulting with GAA-NY, Congressman Koch wrote to New York's Mayor John Lindsay and requested that he act by executive order to prohibit discrimination against individuals on the grounds of sexual orientation in the employment procedures of City agencies. "I would appreciate your views as to whether you believe such action would be feasible, and whether you will take such executive action," he wrote to Lindsay.

On January 19, the Mayor replied:

Dear Ed:

Many thanks for your letter of January 10 regarding Intro 475 which is now awaiting action by the City Council.

As you know, I have given my strongest support for this much needed legislation. I believe that our human rights law must include a ban on discrimination solely because of sexual ori-



Mayor John V. Lindsay

entation. On two occasions, members of my staff have testified before the Council's Committee on General Welfare and have urged quick approval of Intro 475. It is my hope that the legislation will be enacted this year.

I appreciate your recommendation that I issue an executive order barring discrimination in employment by the City. This approach has received serious consideration. However, counsel for the City has indicated that in the absence of any legislation covering sexual orientation, it is doubtful whether I could legally issue such an order. This question is still being explored as are other means of providing protection to those who presently may face discrimination because of their sexual orientation.

Sincerely,
John V. Lindsay
Mayor

After the defeat of Intro 475, Koch wrote (Jan. 28) to Lindsay again:

Dear John:

I have your letter of January 19th. As you know, yesterday the Committee on General Welfare rejected Intro 475.

(continued on page 16)

WHERE WILL YOU GO TONIGHT?

A DIRECTORY FOR DISCRIMINATING DISPOSITIONS

GM—Gentle Males
GF—Gentle Females
TV—Transvestites
INT—Integrated, gay & straight

BY JERRY FITZPATRICK

WEST VILLAGE

Boo Bar, 40 W. 8th St. (473-9859). Cha-cha palace, mostly Latin. Bunny is on the bar during the day. GM & TV.
Bonnie & Clyde's, 82 W. 3rd St. (DR 3-9304). Dancing, free buffet on Sundays. Elaine is behind the bar to make you feel at home. GF w/some GM.
Carri's, 204 W. 10th St. (255-9742). Friendly, neighborhood bar with crusty types on both sides of the bar. Bobby, Alfie and sexy Larry will fix your glasses with gusto. GM.
Casa Laredo, 551 Hudson St. (889-8321). Kind of date, but picked up some of the Stud's crowd. Young and long hair. GM.
Danny's of Sheridan Square, 140 7th Ave. So. Young heads and dancing. Friendly during the day. Joey, Marvin, Jack and Judy will see that you enjoy. Mostly GM, but some of them are hard to tell.

Delaney's, 72 Grove St. (AL 5-7905). It's wooing Gays with fine food and Joey on the stick, but doesn't want to be known as a gay bar. Int.
Fedora's, 239 W. 4th St. (CH 2-9691). Jack and Larry on the floor to serve you. And Fedora herself making sure that you enjoy your meal. GM/some Int.
Finale, 48 Barrow St. (CH 3-7358). Seems despite some groovy help they are still losing business. Say hello to Jamie and Philip. GM/Int.
Five Oaks, 49 Jerome St. (675-9668). Village favorite off Sheridan Square. Int.
Four Eleven, 411 Bleecker St. (CH 2-2117). An old-time favorite. Int.
Glory Hole, 183 W. 10th St. Just opened but with a name like that we will check it out and let you know.
Gold Bug, 83 W. 3rd St. (677-9874). Another cha-cha palace for a young crowd. They boast "Bees" behind the bar. He'll keep you laughing. GM.
Horn of Plenty, 353 Bleecker St. (242-0636). Great food but you'll have to bring your own wine until they get their liquor license. Int.
Ilex, 399 W. 12th St. (242-9722). The food is great and they have sexy Joe. A mixture with a lot of GM.
Julius, 159 W. 10th St. (929-9672). The sign, "If you're gay go away," has been replaced with smiling bartenders and good service. Great hamburgers. Still a start-off bar. GM.
Keller's, 284 West St., near Christopher. The grand-daddy of leather bars, recently celebrated its 13th anniversary. GM.
Kookie's, 149 W. 14th St. (242-9226). The bar is clean but they don't encourage GMs. Kookie looks like a poor man's ZsaZsa. GF.
Magnoia T., 105 W. 13th St. Sam Pomeroy's new place. Live entertainment.
Marle's, 59 Grove St. (243-9323). Relatively new but catching on. Nice room. Paul and Libra two good reasons for checking it out. GM & GF.
Man's Royal Room, 28 Cornelia St. (CH 2-9557). Warm room with the inimitable Jan to make you feel as if you were there before. A great lady. Mostly GM.
Ninth Circle, 139 W. 10th St. Hamburgers, etc. Garden dining, little dancing. Bill and Ed on the Stick. Young heads. GM.
One Potato, 518 Hudson St. (691-6260). Lunch scene is mobbed. Frank, or Elizabeth the Last, holds court and you're sure of a few gusty stars. Dinner is reasonable and good. See Billy for some of the best drinks you've imbibed. GM, GF, Int.
Paula's, Greenwich Ave. & 7th Ave. So. She says "no," but I call them the way I see them. It's GF.
Peter Rabbit, 305 W. 10th St. (929-9279). Wild mixture of folks, crusty. Sexy Jimmy and George to lend your needs.
Redhairs, 370 Hudson St. (CH 3-4214). One of the crustiest. Packed every night. Tom and Sy run a tight ship with aid from Rex, Ron, Tom and of course Stella by starlight. GM.
Tor, 21 Greenwich Ave. (235-1337). Snack shop, crusty afternoons; find out what's happening all over the Village. GM/Int.

GRAMMERCY & MURRAY HILL
Beau Geste, 239 3rd Ave. (475-9724). You'll find yourself looking for G
GRAMMERCY & MURRAY HILL
Beau Geste, 239 3rd Ave. (475-9724). You'll find yourself looking for Gary Cooper. Great decor. The food is quite good and the waiters are pretty. Thom and Jack tend bar. Piano upstairs. GM.
Lee's, 57 Lexington Ave. (686-9608). Neighborhood bar with friendly customers. Paul and David will see that you have a good time. GM.
Uncle Charlie's South, 581 3rd Ave. Three separate rooms allow you to keep making entrances. This beautifully decorated place is always jammed. Bob and Jerry are your hosts while Frank, Ron, Ken, Kevin and Ronnie will keep your glasses filled. GM

CHELSEA
Eagles Nest, 11th Ave. & 21st St. If you're not into leather don't bother. If you aren't dressed right (leather, black or velvet), you won't even be admitted. A popular bartender was refused when they weren't even crowded. GM.
Nine Plus Social Club, 149 W. 21st St. Exclusive after-hours club for the leather set. You must be sponsored by a member. Nice place.
Spikes, 120 11th Ave. Here you'll find the humpy number with the sumber face that you saw at the Eagle's Nest smiling. He may even laugh. I don't know why the guys can act differently here. Perhaps it's the management, Lou and humpy Doric. Warren and Richard are on the main bar and Bob is on the beer bar. GM

MIDTOWN & MIDDLE EAST SIDE
Beacon Baths, 227 E. 45th St. (647-0322). Take the elevator to the 11th floor and groove. Some incredible humpers. Great for a matinee with all those married execs trying to find happiness before going home to the 'ol woman. Free V.D. test Wednesdays from 4pm to 8pm. GM.
Basement Bar, 951 1st Ave. (486-9832). New management new to gay scene and it shows. GM.
Candy Store, 44 W. 56th St. (581-4644). Wax museum gone. New disco dancing. New image for a heretofore tired place. Ricky Klein keeps things jumping. GM.
Continental Sauna, 111 W. 56th St. Not as grand nor as expensive as the "Mother Church" on W. 74th St. Good for a businessman's lunch(?). GM.
Lib, 305 E. 45th St. (LE 2-0290). Took women out of the closets and into the bars. At long last a place of which they can be proud. Exciting dinners by Ernesto; drinks by Jimmy, Elie, Lou and Jerry. GF, some GM.
Mayfair, 964 1st Ave. (EL 5-9259). Kind of classy but fun. Good food at a good price. Int.
Roundtable, 151 E. 50th St. One of the biggest discos in town. I still object to no call liquor. At 11:30 a throw, yet. Mario, Joey and Bobby will keep you entertained.
Stavna Baths, 305 W. 58th St. (PL 5-6880). A small place that closes at midnight. Busy during the late afternoons, tho. GM.
Sebastian's, 1068 1st Ave. (355-8052). Zany and wild Sebastian is back and has Joey Pully with him behind the bar and Bill in the kitchen. GM.
Tweedekeer, 1078 1st Ave. (755-1955). Friendly atmosphere with friendly people. My favorite! Joey is inn-keeper along with Dennis and Tommy. GM.
Victor's Quarter, 974 2nd Ave. (355-9453). Neighborhood bar with some Midnight Cowboys.
Yukon, 140 E. 53rd St. (421-8122). Roy has started a new policy. No ties and jackets and, would you believe, dancing. A lot of fun people still hang in here. GM

UPPER EAST SIDE
AINB, 1546 2nd Ave. (249-7026). Gwen has turned Monday nights into nostalgia night. It's also Show Night with herself playing Neilson Eddy to Gene King's Jeanette MacDonald. Quite a treat. GF, GM.
Country Cousin, 1313 3rd Ave. (879-6614). Dine in a rustic atmosphere. Bar-B-Que in their open hearth. Mon. & Wed. Groovy people. Mother Rice reigning during the day while Ralph and Lou take over at night. Billy, Harry and Eddy on the bar.
Harry's Back East, 1422 3rd Ave. (249-6991). Always one of the crustiest bars in town. "Grandma" Lee will take care of you during the day and Judy, Jerry, Gilda and George will do the honors at night. GM, some GF.
Mildred Pierce's Restaurant, 1229 1st Ave. We still haven't gotten over there, but we will.
New Jimmy's, 1576 3rd Ave. (860-4509). Two miles off the best hits in town. Joe and Tom, Food prepared by Carlotta, served by the best waiters in town. Drinks by Kelly and Ed. Topped by the sensational entertainment of Johnny Savoy, Judy Sexton and George Sardi.

UPPER WEST SIDE
Painted Pony, 1485 3rd Ave. (744-9580). Piano bar under the direction of the incredible "Gypsy." Good drinks dispensed by Ralph. Crusty and nice. GM.
Pinkie's Lounge, 1201 Lexington Ave. (734-9305). Tony Black's back's back—this time with Maurice. Dancing, crusty. GM.
Three, 314 E. 72nd St. (734-9303). Good food, excellent drinks with boys and girls mixing together. Ask for Patti. GF, GM.
Uncle Charlie's North, 1049 Lexington Ave. Credited with humpy and friendly mates. Topless bartenders, Wally and Gene, are enough to fill anyone's orbs with lust. GM

BROOKLYN
Danny's in Brooklyn Heights, 108 Montague St. (625-8844). Social center of the Heights. GM.
Man's Country, 53 Pierrepont St., Brooklyn Heights. New and picking up rapidly. Monday night is leather night w/ movies. It is just across the East River and easily accessible. Did I say that it's a bath? It is.
QUEENS
Adriandack (Betty Ross Room), 73-13 37th Road, Jackson Heights (429-8605). A log cabin atmosphere right on "Vaseline Alley." Has two rooms and humpy Sal on the bar. Some strange vibes, however. GF, GM.
Trysting Place, 120-31 83rd Ave., Kew Gardens (846-8922). Cruisily danced with a balcony from which to play Romeo if you're so inclined. Say hello to Fran and Danny. GF, GM.
What A Dump, 76-07 Roosevelt Ave., Crisley Park in a crusty setting. Gay owned which is a big plus. Say hello to Don, Vinnie, Chet and Teddy. GM.

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

DANCE BELT & HELL'S KITCHEN
Better Days, W. 48th St. New. Mel and Jerry are on the bar.
Big Bender, 315 W. 48th St. (586-9882). Lots of gypsies from the nearby shows. Some beautiful. Good time. Eric tends to the libations.
Brothers & Sisters, 355 W. 46th St. (247-8840). One of the better bars in N.Y. with guys and gals putting it all together. GF, GM.
Dirty Eddie's Scoreboard, 364 W. 46th St. (255-9077). Advertised as "The home of the Midnight Cowboy." Some of them look as if they missed the last roundup. GM.
Haymarket Pub, 772 8th Ave. (586-9360). They asked J.F.M. not to list them in "The Gay Insider U.S.A." but they are. Int.
Jimmy Ray's, 729 8th Ave. (582-9507). They won't admit to it either. But you might find what you're looking for here. Int.
Joe Allen, 326 W. 46th St. (581-6464). Gypsy, night-performers, etc. Gay is the word for the bar while the tables will be mixed. Int.
Loading Zone, 566 9th Ave. (563-8212). Some of those "Cowboys" that missed the roundup are here. GM.
Tijuana Cat, 350 W. 46th St. Just opened. At the piano bar is Edward Morris, formerly of Provincetown and, locally, Goldfarb's. He's currently represented with hilarious material on the new Lily Tomlin album, "And That's The Truth."

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CHIT CHAT
BY JERRY FITZPATRICK
The Bar Awards held at the Candy Store were a mess, thanks to Norman Farber. It started as a pleasant afternoon. Mr. Farber's ditty mouth slowed down a good show and antagonized almost all of those present. Frank Elliot of the *One Potato* was the first to berate Mr. Farber, but, I'm sure, not the last. Norman, please learn to draw the line between camp/number and poor taste. POOR TASTE... As for the rest of the show, Jerry Richards led off, his voice pleasing, his manner engaging. Jerry Scott brought the house down at did Joey Cord... But the highlight of the afternoon's show (other than the awards themselves) was the talented Ron Stevens doing a takeoff on Lily Tomlin's *Ernestine*... Very clever lad, Mr. Stevens... If you're ready, he did an impression of Ernestine imitating Diana Ross!!!! was a gas... I've become quite bored with impressionists lip syncing (usually poorly) some record. Mr. Stevens does it all on his own and very well. The awards went to Bill Kiernan and Nancy Hashill of the *One Potato* as best bartender and barmaid respectively. Bobby Soons of New Jimmy's copied best waiter... Each deserved the recognition... CONGRATS... I must make one observation directly to my sisters and brothers of the bars concerning these awards: in this, a political year, couldn't we use some of the time at these meetings to learn something about the candidates running for office who are with us or against us? Gypsies at LeRoy Hotel in California and Florida and even Texas are doing this. Are we from the "Big Apple" to be left behind??? Think about it my darlings... then do something... Bobby Conroy working at the *Glory Hole*... Tony Black out imbibing with Maurice... June Hummel no longer at *Bonnie and Clyde's*... Elise Metcalfe looking like a knockout at the other PM... Gypsy at LeRoy Hotel... Send cards and flowers to Room 410... George from *Harry's Back East* doing a *Burt Reynolds* type cover... Wally from *Uncle Charlie's North* making it tough for us bartenders who don't have the right equipment to go topless... Jamie from the *Finale* is one of the best customers to have on your side... The *Cover's* 2nd fashion show, sponsored by Farla of West 8th Street, was a smash... Thanks to all... Doric Wilson new assistant M at *The Spike*... Don't get funny, that means manager, Danny, from *Brothers and Sisters*, refused admission at the *Eagle* the other night for improper dress... The color was wrong... That was Dusty H. at the awards the other day... And Danny's Joey grabbed him (!)... Cute Cathy of *Boatle* fame looking prettier than ever... Ken Jones of the *Lib* is one humpy stud... ditto, Leo's Lier barkeep David Nelson... They had a repeat performance of the show "A Salute to Grandma" at the *Allied* after the bar awards... In case you hadn't heard, Les is the proud grandmother of Bonnie Rachel... But then you know that... Personality Profile: Joe Adamac and Tom Deveny... co-managers at *New Jimmy's*. Joe is quiet and reserved. He'd give you the shirt off his back as long as nobody else knew... a very generous man with his heart. Dapper Danny is quite the G. Q. Man of the Hour, but he too is a softie... His brunch on Sunday is a must... Together they make sure that you will have a good time at // Bar Profile: *New Jimmy's*, besides boasting two of the best managers in the city, Carl takes great pains to prepare the excellent food... which is served by waiters such as Bob Soosa who make you remember what service should be... The drinks prepared by George Kelly, Ed Coffee and Bob Marino are dynamite... After dinner? Stick around and enjoy the musicianship of Johnny Savoy. Be spellbound as he teams with Judy Sexton for music, music... The lady sure does have a way with a song... and, the high camp of George Sardi...

BOMB THREAT AT GAA-N.J. MEETING
Paramus, N.J.—Over three hundred people were evacuated by police at the first public meeting of the Gay Activists Alliance of New Jersey. The meeting took place in the Central Unitarian Church at 156 Forest Avenue (Paramus).
Authors Merle Miller and Dr. George Weinberg were present, as well as reporters from the *Bergen Record* and Channel 13-TV. Mr. Miller was speaking to the audience when police burst into the church hall and asked for an immediate evacuation.
The meeting had been advertised in the *Bergen Record*, and there were a considerable number of heterosexually-inclined persons in attendance. GAA-N.J. President, Joe Scutiero, walked to the microphone and asked the crowd to disperse while a 17-man police squad searched for the bomb. Directing his remarks to assembled guests, he said, "Experience our oppression with us." The group left the church hall, singing "We Shall Overcome."
"We sang 'Gays and Straights Together' to the verse that's usually sung 'Blacks and Whites together'," a GAA-N.J. member told GAY.
No bomb was found, and after approximately 20 minutes, the audience returned to the church hall. Threats had been phoned in to the church offices.

D.C. BAR SETTLES DISPUTE
BY FERRIN SHAFFER
Washington, D.C.—On March 22, the Lost and Found announced at a press conference the settlement of a months-long dispute with the Open Gay Bars Committee, a group formed to "fight bigotry, sexism, and racism in D.C. gay bars."
The bar agreed to most of 9 points, which follow:
1. There will be no discrimination on the basis of race or sex.
2. A uniform I.D. policy will be enforced. Acceptable are one piece having a photo, age and signature or two pieces bearing a signature, one of which shows age. Draft cards, which are easily forged, are not acceptable.
3. 18-20-year-olds will be served beer and wine in a partitioned section of the bar on Tuesdays. Current ABC rules prohibit the sale of hard liquor to anyone under 21. The Open Bars Committee stated that the Lost and Found is the only bar not serving this age group. One of the owners, Don Culver, explained to the Committee that his bar was larger than others, making supervision of two different drinking codes too difficult to allow service every night to those under 21. He reminded everyone that the ABC holds the bar responsible if it serves a minor hard liquor, regardless of circum-

D.C. BAR SETTLES DISPUTE
of interest to the gay community. Culver claimed that this has been done since the bar's opening.
8. The bar will discuss any future allegations of discrimination brought before the Committee.
9. The Committee will attempt to reach similar agreements with other bars in D.C. and will discuss alleged violations of this agreement with the Lost and Found before taking action against the bar.
Originally, the Committee had planned a signed agreement, but the bar's lawyers had advised otherwise. Both sides agreed that the discussions had been amicable. They began after six weeks of picketing in late autumn. Culver admitted that the doorman had been abusive, resulting in the charges of discrimination. (The man has since left.) Culver attributed his failure to discover this before picketing to the confusion of opening the bar. He reiterated his feeling that discussions should have preceded picketing.
The first 8 points in the agreement form the basis for the Committee's intended future agreements with other bars. This press conference signified the founding of the Committee. Committee member Cade Ware thinks that the Committee may be the first and only group founded solely to handle complaints by gays concerning their bars.

D.C. BAR SETTLES DISPUTE
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The Gay Insider

BY JOHN FRANCIS HUNTER

It's more difficult doing a "variety" column for a biweekly than for a daily. Behold the following accumulation of notes, the range of subject matter and you get some idea of how tough it is to make a selection! These are jottings extending from around March 20 through April 3...

PLAY PREVIEW. Roommates at E. 73rd St. Some stunning performances and dialogue, crippled by copout ending. The roommates are obviously gay, the one impotent because he can't face it in himself. In '72 it's all so much ado about nothing. They don't need the girl at all. There's the happy ending, in front of their noses, so to speak, and the now audience is incredulous that they just don't have at it...

FORTUNE AND MEN'S EYES (finally caught at a neighborhood) strikes me as another case in point. Think of the bloodshed that could have been avoided if silly Smitty had been able to accept the homosexual within him and had responded to Rocky. But this is a genuine tragedy, I think, and movie is much better than I had expected after all I'd read. Michael Greer's performance Academy Award calibre. So much more than stereotype queen. Queenie is a power person, masculine psyche, the real cock-o'-the-walk, who does, however, "feminize" over Smitty and, also in fact, in his masochistic prison performance. Greer seems to understand all this. Ah, how he's grown since he used to drop over to the Madaira (in Provincetown) on a summer afternoon and guest at our matinees! Was playing the Crown and Anchor then...

DAWN HAMPTON, another star of the old C&A, looking lovely at Tijuana Cat on W. 46th St., newest gay entry in the Dance Belt. Dawn wows 'em at the Continental.

STRAIGHT BARS are forever turning gay, but it's rarely the other way around. You hardly ever hear that the such-and-such has gone straight. Because going gay usually means avoiding folding. But it takes more than just a sudden "acceptance" of gays these days: we have to be lured and courted...

MUST BE SURE TO THANK the many readers who remembered my birthday. Quite a few notes came via GAY, one wire went to my publisher, a large number of greetings found their way to my P.O. Box as listed in *The Gay Insider*. Memo to readers: fastest direct route is through Box 439, Ansonia Station, NYC 10023...

JOANNE BERETTA at Town Hall was a wow. Commands one of the most richly variegated, naturally homogenous audiences in Gotham, from Jet Set to the real Beautiful People of the Villages West and



Playing roughhouse in "Fortune and Men's Eyes"



At the bar Awards (l. to r.): Ed Coffy, Judy Sexton (New Jimmy's), Marvin Masive (New Danny's) and Dine (Westsider).

East; pipe-smoking superstrights with their West End Ave. intellectual-looking, dowdy wives to berselegant and New Free gays in dungarees. Beretta arch-theatrical in her non-theatrical, off-hand approach to her T.H. concert...

SPECIAL SCREENING of new homoerotic film for Gay Lib luminaries, of all things. Stuart Byron's idea in promoting Fred Halsted's *L.A. Plays Itself*. Both film and Halsted worthy of full feature treatment in later column. I agree with Ros Regelson that the film is "poetry." Highly amused at Gay Lib-ers' reactions, ranging from Bob Kohler's prudery ("I'm glad Martha Shelley wasn't here!") to Arthur Bell's open adulation of sadist Halsted in the flesh ("You seem like such a gentle person!"). Halsted, of course, will be taken to New York's bosom, as he is a genyoovine primitive, and his movie can't miss. Especially not at three bucks admission instead of the usual exploitative five...

EX-LOVER, *The Other Insider*, has a new mate and I am seeing him happy for the first time since we met a year ago. Now I know I really love him because I am glad he's happy! Chances of being real friends with an ex-lover are slim until you both find someone else, then if you were genuinely fond of each other in the first place you can build a friendship on your new love construction...

BI-SEXUAL MAIL seems to be eclipsing all the other in response to my old book these days. Don't quite understand this trend, but it's a fascinating one. The bi-sexual has quite a dilemma, and a whole new approach to solving it has to be developed. I am thinking about it a lot these days. One thing leaped out of one young husband/father's letter that has given me pause: "Maybe I'll find someone whose situation is identical to mine. Maybe that's my only reasonable solution."

PANEL ON BISEXUALITY was held at GAA Firehouse last Friday (April 14), the third in a series on minorities within the gay minority. First was on Transvestition, with Bebe Scarpi, Lee Brewster and Sylvia Rivera. Second, on March 31, was on Sado-Masochism. Moderated by playwright Doric Wilson, to my mind one of the most provocative thinkers in town. Panelists included aforementioned Californian Halsted, whose bag is fast-fucking (as portrayed in his movie); Pete Wilson of WBAI; Gay Lib celebrities Marc Rubin (poet in his own right, who penned "Ode to an Unknown Hardhat" hanging on the Cell Block wall) and Peter Fisher (*The Gay Mystique*); Lou Stammer, managing partner of the popular Spike, the non-up-tight leather bar in Chelsea; Bob Milne, president of the Mattachine Society, representing the Eulenspiegel Society; Bob Axelman of the Five Senses; and a construction worker known simply as Bob...

MISSED THE S&M PANEL, damnit, because of one of those frustrating coincidences of an overlooked evening. It

happens to everybody, when two or more events of exceptional allure fall on the same night, leaving you to walk the streets alone the next night. Besides the S&M conference, which drew a big house, there was a farewell dinner for Arthur Evans hosted by Morty Manford at Columbia. Movement philosopher Arthur out to California, probably to live with a commune. Great loss to Movement here. No few sentences suffice in description of this courageous informal leader (he was never elected GAA president, as he should have been and probably would have been had his steps not been dogged by a lover scorned [in 1970] or had his campaign of 1971 been pro-self instead of anti-somebody else). Must write a whole feature on Arthur, based on tapes of a symposium with Barbara Gittings; his Cavetti appearance; his own brilliant gay manifesto which one day will be published; and an interview of him conducted by Kay Tobin and me...

LILLY TOMLIN concert at Carnegie Hall was third event of great interest and the one I attended. Tickets had been bought far in advance. Also, old friend Lily deserved a special accolade for having walked off the Cavetti show in protest against some chauvinist asshole's referring to "owning" his wife, along with his horses and dog. Perhaps this is the way gays should react when affronted on TV programs by the likes of Socrates...

GEORGE WEINBERG and **MERLE MILLER** found it to their liking to stick around on the Long John Nebel radio talkathon with Socrates, though. Without even trying, they made mince-meat of the homophobic witch-doctor. George, in his quiet, generous, un-civilized way, could annihilate the entire American Psychiatric Association, and Merle has become pretty deft at dealing with members of any other reactionary establishment...

GAY LIB DECENTRALIZATION is rather quietly taking place in the metropolitan area, with GAA's Community Affairs Chairman Kevin Gillespie busily encouraging the formation of autonomous groups on the borough and neighborhood level. Most successful in terms of numbers and solid progress (including a community center and news coverage in Brooklyn Heights paper) is the Gay Alliance of Brooklyn. Met its president Jim Jarman at the first meeting of the Gay West Siders the last Tuesday in March. The latter group has just formed. GAA off-shoot EGO (Eastside Gay Organization) has been in existence some months now...

FIRST GAY EASTER SUNRISE SERVICE in Central Park didn't actually take place in Central Park, alas, but under the portico of the Museum of Natural History. Reason? Rain. Rev. Howard Wells was the only person waiting on CPW when I got there; he looked a little concerned about attendance at first, but his faith prevailed, and finally eighteen of us sang "He Arose" and bowed our heads

together and felt good afterward. As a long-time chronicler of gay goings-on in Central Park (see chapter on same in *The Gay Insider*), I was mighty disappointed, however, that we didn't gather on the rim of the Rambles as planned or at least huddle together in the summer house. It would have been such a lovely irony after all the harassment gays have suffered in both places in years bygone...

OLD BARS REVISITED include Candlelight Lounge and Picadilly Pub and Lost 'n' Found on UWS, after Gay Lib meeting at Demo headquarters on Sherman Square. Last-named was only bar in town to decorate for Gay Pride Week last year, including its windows. P-Pub has got to be one of the cruelest in town, on early weeknights, with the most attractive patrons west of the East River. Ron Stevens, who does such a smashing Lily Tomlin impersonation that he makes most of her imitators look a little like themselves, works there. I complimented him lavishly. He didn't have the vaguest idea who I was and couldn't have cared less, so...

NEW BARS AND A RESTAURANT include an old straight watering place, Marie's Crisis, on Grove. In the days when we got crowded out of the Upstairs-at-the-Duplex we used to wish the place were gay, it would have been so convenient. Another old-timer reopened, under new name, is now the Glory Hold. Once the famous Danny's Hideaway, then later the after-hours successor to the Snake Pit, Come Back. One of the most fascinating layouts, to me, has always been the Fat Black Pussycat Restaurant that opens onto Macdougall and stretches on through to Minetta Lane. And now it's under fascinating new management, too, and hospitable to gays. Its female owners are absolutely committed to fine food and won't give in to expediency. So when you go to 105 Macdougall Street (phone 677-9550) to what is now called A Real Restaurant, be prepared to have a leisurely meal. Everything is cooked as it's ordered, including vegetables. Fresh on the spot. Carrots, you know, take time. But, ah!, the results are worth waiting for. Take your own wine, they don't have a liquor license; spread out in the spacious old room with its organic decor; order curry with vegetable for \$2.95 or move up to the sirloin for \$5.95. But whatever you do, don't forego the home-made desert. Since the passing of the orgy bars, nothing more gratifying to the senses (in Greenwich Village) than A Real Restaurant...

BROTHERS AND SISTERS lost Doric (he's now at the Spike), but they still have Tommy (who acted up a storm in the last production of the N.Y. Theatre



Ron Stevens imitates Lily Tomlin as "Ernestine"

Ensemble, 2 E. 2nd St.), soft-eyed and well-molded Don, and Danny, Danny just opened in *Jesus Christ Superstar*, where his exceptional body may be seen to advantage, but where his greatest asset cannot be appreciated. Won't go into that unless by popular demand. Oh yes, note coincidence of extolling the exterior virtues of bartender Jim at Cell Block in last issue, not realizing Danny and Jim are lovers. Well, though that lets me out, I still wouldn't retract the rave about either...

MARCH BAR AWARDS held first Monday of April at venerable Candy Store, famous old wrinkle room that's had a face-lift. Now two floors of dancing, bar business undiminished, something for everybody! Rick Klein, looking yummy these days with a Dutch Boy bob, hosted the fourth monthly awards event (it began in December at the Westsider), which drew about 250 bartenders, barmaids, managers, owners, waiters and entertainers. Along with lots of new faces, there were such superstars present as the incomparable Jiggs, now at El Matador in New Jersey, sporting, of course, the legendary silver chalice, Lon Waring of Dirty Edna's Scoreboard, and George Perry of the Loading Zone. Latter two will host May awards at their new Magnolia T, 105 W. 13th St., instead of at the scheduled Edna's because it's too small...

BARTENDER-OF-THE-MONTH for March was Billy Kiernan of One Potato, while Nancy Haskell of the same spot was voted Best Barmaid. Best waiter was Bobby Sousa of New Jimmy's. Nancy's award was presented by February's Best Barmaid, Jane, who, ironically, as Jiggs pointed out, just lost her last job and has been looking for work. Sic transit gloria...

THINGS GOT HAIRY as emcee Norman Farber needed some of the personnel and earned some harsh back-talk. Referring to himself and the staff of *Michael's Thing*, local barguide, he said, "We're notorious. We never pay. Isn't that what they're saying uptown?" "That's what they're saying downtown!" retorted a Village bar owner who was roundly applauded. Farber carried on, his head bloody but unbowed, and got off one zinger. Referring to the new "funky" look of the once-staid Candy Store (in existence since 1966), he said, "Isn't this some room? Did you ever work inside Mary Storm's earring?" Mary Storm is a local bar personality noted for her flamboyant dressing and, especially, colorful jewelry. On the program were pianists Jerry Richards and Jerry Scott, both exceedingly well-received. (And has Jerry ever grown since the mid-Sixties when I first encountered him accompanying Dennis Roth! Quite the suave entertainer now and able to captivate the most fractious mob.) Also Eddy of the Alibi, dead-ringer for Barbra Streisand. And Ron Stevens wowing 'em as Lily Tomlin as Ernestine as Diana Ross, no mean feat of triple impersonation. Jerry Cord sang. Couldn't help wondering why, at this gathering, he chose to do "Didn't We, Girl?" since nobody was pretending and the "Girl" is quite easily left off this Sondheim winner from *Follies*...

BAR AWARDS DOWN was the inaccurate introduction of Kevin Gillespie as representing GAA and the announcement that Gay Pride Week and Christopher Street Liberation Day are a "GAA event," when, in fact, Kevin was present to pitch participation in the Christopher Street Liberation Day Committee and invite the bars to enter floats, etc. This was a tentative move on the part of liberal



Top Row (l. to r.): Mike, Wally, Jerry (Uncle Charlie's North), Walter. Bottom Row: Lex, June Hummit, Kevin Keller.

Gay Lib-ers to reach the Gotham bar people and engage the kind of interest which gays enjoy in San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Texas and Florida, where the bars and the Movement work together toward the common weal. I had personally encouraged Kevin to come, thinking he would be properly introduced and decently received, but I made a boo-boo. Nevertheless, having worked since 1970 toward a sense of community here, I'm not giving up yet. Also, I'm convinced that most of the bar people are sympathetic with the goals of Gay Liberation and are attracted to the concept of CSLD. For example, last year both Jimmy Merry and Gwen Saunders, powers of the UES, urged their employees to march and have been hospitable to Gay Lib leafletting, etc. A faulty introduction and indifferent reception shouldn't deter us all from trying again, Kevin...

BAR AWARDS UP was the long roster of bars and restaurants represented, the longest since the establishment of the ceremonies at the end of 1971. Present were envoys from the Country Cousin, Marie's Crisis, Mona's Royal Roost, Jack DeLaney's (an integrated bar and restaurant), Uncle Charlie's North, Peter Rabbit, the Stud (?), West Beach, Cave, Magnolia T, Troubadour, Alibi, Beaded Bag, Roadhouse, Danny's of Sheridan Square, Harry's Back East, New Jimmy's, Coven, One Potato, Westsider, Loading Zone, Dirty Edna's, Picadilly Pub, Painted



Eddy, from the Alibi, as Barbra.

"authores" Laura Cunningham was indeed straight Barry Cunningham of the *New York Post* staff. He was sniffing around at the events he so superficially described in the article, and the tone of it is similar to his undistinguished paperback on the gay life which shall remain nameless. Another reason I believe the article to have been written by a male is that it is utterly devoid of interest in the female role in the Movement. I think even an uptight straight female would have felt obliged to advertise her "liberalism" and allude to her gay sisters' activities. What bugged me most about the article was that a magazine of *Cosmopolitan's* stature (and spirit of adventure which far exceeds that of its male counterparts such as *Playboy* and *Esquire*, it seems to me) should permit such gross inaccuracies to be printed as the statement that only Illinois has repealed the sodomy laws. This gives the impression to the mass of readers that only one state has had the guts to get out of its residents' bedrooms, that when the Illinois must be very exceptional, indeed, in fact, as of July, 1972, five states will have come into the post-Medieval era: Idaho, Connecticut, Oregon and Colorado, as well as Illinois. Now, as Idaho signed its law into effect last summer and Connecticut's became fact in October, there is no excuse for this kind of lazy reportage. Cunningham plainly didn't do his homework. His other inaccuracies are more or less of the garden variety: the committee which planned the Festival of Gay Unity at Columbia, of which I was a member, did not "hire" Liz Torres, the straight singer, to perform. She was a volunteer-whom I neglected to hear before I put her onstage to be attacked by sensitive, very conscientious objectors. Both she and those who found her offensive received my apologies. But the Festival hardly "bombed" as Cunningham alleged, and Troy Perry received a standing ovation before and after his appearance. The anti-religionists were there, of course, just as the anti-sexists were at the screening of *L.A. Plays Itself*, and they made themselves heard, which is as it should be. Cunningham's idea of what constitutes the gay press is quite laughable: *Mattachine Review*, *One and the Ladder*. Once, at the time the piece was written, hadn't been in publication for some time and did not return to the stands until this January. Also, the author(ess?) lists the same predictable names of Gay Lib leaders, that is, those who've appeared on television, principally, and, to the amusement of all of us, calls Dick Leitsch a "blue-eyed innocent." Dick must be splitting his sequined G-string laughing. (Inside joke: Cunningham asserts that *Mattachine Review* is "the only gay magazine without beefcake photos or ads for sequined G-strings.") Ms. Helen Gurley Brown, *Cosmopolitan* readers, and gays who happened to buy this issue of *Cosmo* because of the Reynolds delight, please be advised you can get the in-depth, correct information about Gay America and the major events of 1971 as well as the ongoing picture from my forthcoming *The Gay Insider U.S.A.*

FAVORITE QUOTE of the month is of George Weinberg quoting Alice Fennessey: "Homosexuals are the only major oppressed minority that cannot present itself in the endearing constellation of a family group." This fragment from George's all-comprehensive first chapter in *Society and the Healthy Homosexual* is like every other one-liner, or some other enlightened person's, that stud this many-splendored book. It's the best thing that's happened thus far this year.

Cruising Off Broadway...

BY IAN J. TREE AND DANIEL HANKS

NETHERLANDS DANCE THEATRE

I first saw this extraordinary dance company about three years ago on what must have been one of their first American tours and, as I mentioned in these august pages several issues back, I was immediately struck by their aggressive dance style—very un-European by the standards I've seen there. Checking the program notes offered a more than partial reason for this—all of their repertoire is by contemporary choreographers—and many of them are American. For instance, the two ballets the company performed Wednesday night (*Mutations* and *Imaginary Film*) were both choreographed by Glenn Tetley, who, judging from the ballets and their structure, is definitely spaced out, which is cool. Avant garde? Perhaps.

At any rate, *Mutations* was very trippy, dealing with human mutations, not caused by anything biochemical, but rather brought about by the absolutely dehumanizing (on all levels) "advances" of progress—so that what we were viewing were humans reduced to near humanoid, in the form of dancers stamped out by a machine. The piece could be called a multi-media one as it was interspersed with three different films, including a solo dance sequence (in exquisite slow motion) by Gerard Lemaire, *done au naturel* (what a beautiful body, too) and the famous nude pas de deux (only the young lady was clad in what looked to be a mini-leopard). All three films were shown simultaneously while the actual and very nude pas de deux was performed—a recapitulation of the film.

The overall piece was intense and beautifully danced but I feel it was unnecessarily long—by my estimate, allowing for a 15-minute late start, one hour long. For the most part, my interest was kept and when it did start to flag a bit, one of the films would be shown. As lovely as the ladies were, I was really captured by the men's dancing, especially an excellent pas de deux by Jon Benoit and Johan Meyer, marvelously masculine, aggressive dancing. They were later joined by George Coleman, and Frans Verrenne in an equally masculine pas de quatre.

The second piece, *Imaginary Film*, invaded that area which most dance companies seem to shun—humor. It was their impressions of all those tap-dancing, glittering, multi-leveled stage spectaculars which (in my opinion) aborted the screens of the late 30's and 40's. There was (for me) an exquisite Paul Taylor touch, when on two or three occasions a young lady replete in floor-length chiffon gown went majestically from stage right to stage left or vice versa on roller skates, all the while executing a "ta-da" pose as she exited. A humorous and light-hearted ballet. Altogether a very fine evening. They are an excellent company and well worth the short trip over to Brooklyn (they are at the Brooklyn Academy of Music until April 9th). I fully intend to see them at least once more and probably twice more before they split.

JIFFY JOFFREY—PART III

Well, I finally caught the other two new ballets, *Meadowlark* and *After Eden*, the former being a classically pure one which was cute without being syrupy and saccharine. The ladies were coy and demure and the men played up to it all. It had the sparkle that their other new ballet, *Chabriesque*, lacked. It seemed very

folky to me as well, which endeared it all the more.

After Eden was another one of those truly exquisite pas de deux the Joffrey does so well (remember *Secret Place*?). This time it was Starr Danias and Dennis Wayne who performed brilliantly. I don't think most people realize that Adam and Eve were strangers to one another at the beginning of their Eden trip, which explains (at least to me) why Adam made sure that the Almighty knew it was Eve who had fucked things up with the apple mess and not him. He didn't know her from Adam. He was looking out for his self straight away. The ballet depicted this clearly, though I'm sure those who thought all was sweetness and light between A & E from the outset were puzzled by this rejection of her and her pleading supplication of forgiveness. But that's the way it was, boys and girls.

The particular program I saw last Thursday was the sort which shows up the brilliance and flexibility of the Joffrey to a tee. The evening opened with *Reflections* (new last year) danced to Tchaikovsky's *Variations on a Rocco Theme* for violin and orchestra, Op. 33. This was followed by *After Eden* and then a piece called *Valentine* (also new last year) which has a punch line you won't believe, total surprise guaranteed.



Katrin Tralongo in "Give My Regards to Off Off Broadway"

And the program ended with a piece called *Trinity*, which can only be called a rock-ballet, with live music by a rock group calling themselves Virgin Wool. My point here is that these particular selections were so utterly different from one another on so many levels, including musical source. For instance, the music for *Valentine* was for solo contrabass, and the only word which came to mind as I listened to the music was improvisation, with jazz and classical overtones. At any rate, they'll be back in October, to the best of my knowledge, so do yourself a favor and take a friend with you when you go.

(IAN)

KADDISH

Kaddish, based on the poem by Allen Ginsberg, adapted to script by the author. Directed by Robert Kalfin, video by Arthur Ginsberg. With Marilyn Chris, Jani Brenn, Michael Hardstark, Paul Nevens, Ronica Stern, Michael Vale, Glenn Weitzman, Tim Wernet, Chip Zien and Jerrold Ziman. Presented by the Chelsea Theatre Centre of Brooklyn at The Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker Street. Reservations: 473-6778.

Despite the quibbles I have with this production and the play itself, I have to say that *Kaddish* is just about the heavi-

est, most cathartic emotional experience I've had this year, in or out of the theatre. And I can't think of a more accomplished actress than Marilyn Chris. This woman must surely have been possessed by the ghost of Naomi Ginsberg. What she does is just too scary, too heartbreaking, too real to be mere acting. Time and again, she throws herself into painful contortions of mind and body that make me afraid for the actress as well as the character.

Kaddish was adapted by Allen Ginsberg from his poem of the same name (Kaddish is a mourner's prayer). The poem and play are a ceremony for Ginsberg's mother Naomi, who died in madness.

What I don't understand, mainly, is why this had to be live theatre. The script is more cinematic than theatrical, the acting is generally low-keyed with subtleties more suited to film than stage—and some of the best scenes are already on film. As it is, much of the impact of the shorter scenes is lost because the scene changes are longer than the scenes.

Still, it is good old theatre magic to see Marilyn Chris grow obese in front of my eyes, then see her waste away to nothing—then see how young and healthy she is at curtain call. I love being fooled like that.

an image will be washed up for the audience's inspection—until the next wave carries it back out to sea. There's no plot: things happen, they then don't happen. If there's a single theme, it's transience.

For a while it seems that the play is about Leona Dawson (Helena Carroll), a tough beautician who travels about in her trailer finding new work and a new man in each town and leaving when she loses the man's respect. For a while the play centers around her conflict with her latest, a beerbelly-macho stud named Bill McCorkle (Brad Sullivan). For a while. Then things move elsewhere and both characters sink out of sight. Leona Dawson is another of those great Williams women, and Helena Carroll does a fine job of creating her. Maybe somewhere on down the road there's a more dramatic situation waiting for Leona.

Cherry Davis creates another good character who, in other circumstances, might have centered the play. She is Violet, a dirty, clown-faced, red-mopped, ever-crying child/whore. Leona describes her as a water plant drifting with the tide, clutching the nearest cock for anchorage. Again the transience theme: again no development.

Alan Nixon doesn't get that good a character to work with, but he does get the best monologue. He is Quentin, a very unliberated gay writer addicted to "straight trade." When he describes his loss of the "quality of surprise" in his life, he sounds as if he's forcing every word up from the gut, ripping it loose from the mass of boredom inside him.

William Hickey plays his William Hickey character again, but I'm not tired of it yet.

Don't expect *Streetcar*. Take it on its own terms and wash with it.

GIVE MY REGARDS TO OOB

Give My Regards to Off-Off Broadway by Tom Eyen, directed by Ron Link. With Katrin Tralongo, Elsa Tresko, George Patterson, Robert Clement, Ann Coleman, Ellen T. Cunneff, Leslie Chan and Michael Green. At the Playwright's Workshop Club, 4th St. and 3rd Ave. Reservations: 673-3306 or 473-8758.

For just plain out-and-out funny, this is your play. Tom Eyen's farce takes place in the future as an aging ex-Off-Off-B-way star recounts her days of glory back in the 60's when she did 52 shows a year between bouts of waitressing at Phebe's. Eyen satirizes both the 60's theatre scene and some of OOB's biggest hits, including some he wrote himself. And you don't have to be an insider to get the jokes.

Katrin Tralongo plays the star, Hosannah B. Hump, and she's excellent—funny, haughty, whorish, viperish, extravagant and deadly practical. She has the looks and the flair of a real star and I look forward to seeing her in many more parts. (The last time I saw Tralongo was in *No Exit* at La MaMa. I'm glad she's doing better.)

Everybody in the cast gets a good bit and does it up right. Elsa Tresko is perfect as Sister Cleo, a takeoff of La MaMa herself. Ann Coleman gallops through several roles ranging from a hysterically gross cooker at Phebe's to a hysterical phony reviewer from *Women's Wear Daily*. Leslie Chan is especially good as a syrupy, arachnid Hollywood starlet, and Ellen Cunneff is funny and an aggressively banal stage managerette.

Give My Regards is a guaranteed good time and a good poke at some of the pretentiousness of the "experimental" scene.

(DANIEL)

Adventures Of A Theatre Buff



BY DAVID MACK

It's a crummy winter night. Rain, snow, sleet, gale-force winds. Apparently Mother Nature has been fooled by some ersatz but-ter again. She throws in a dash of thunder and lightning for good measure. I am pissed. I am horny. It's Friday and I want action. I've tried reading the latest Helen McInnes, but convoluted espionage is no substitute for a good lay.

Cruising the park is out, though I'm sure there are several Desperate Characters lurking about the peat bogs of the Rambles, searching in vain for Heathcliff. The good baths will be impossibly crowded, and there's no point in wasting time at the bad ones. (I've already had this week's V.D. check.) I'm sick of bars. I've spent too many winter weekends in them. The same silly sisters sharing the same giggling gossip. And if I hear Diana Ross belt *Surrender* once more, I will v-o-m-i-t.

What to do? What to do? I open the paper to the movie page. Hmmm. The Elgin has a revival of *Boys in the Band* and Greta Nissen in *The Circus Queen Murder*—a good, solid program, but not what I'm looking for. The Olympia is still on the Butch Jenkins festival. No. If they're still working alphabetically, I'll wait for the tribute to Isabel Jewell in late April. The New Yorker is running the legendary 12½-hour *Atheist from Tierra del Fuego* in the original 8-millimeter, but

they couldn't find the hand-tinted premiere print after all, so that's out.

Then I spy the small ad at the bottom of the page. Good heavens, they've reopened the old Maude Adams Theatre on 44th Street. And look what they're playing. "Direct from 29 boiling weeks in San Francisco! Billy Proudhard in *Seven Studs in a Sewer*, plus Bruce Bulge and Rod Spur in *Pecos Adonis*, sound and color, plus titillating little-tattle featurettes!"

Well, why not? A little slumming never hurt anyone. I mean, even Parker Tyler and Gore Vidal do it. (God knows what Kissing does during some of those disappearing acts...) It's been at least two years since I've debased myself in such an interesting way. The admission is \$5, but only \$2.50 for students. How sweet. Well, I took a six-week brush-up course in French at Berlitz last spring, so I hope I'm eligible. "Midnight show tonight!" says the ad. That sounds vaguely sinister. I put on my coat and goggles and leave.

This time I get within two yards of the subway before I'm mugged. He is only nine years old, but that looks like real blood on his ax. So I surrender the twenty-four cents, one joint and most of my bubble gum. He grins and goes into Orange Julius to meet his pusher. I move into the station and take the roll of bills from the hollow heel of my left shoe.

I race down the stairs just as the train's doors are closing. Dive in and roll neatly across the floor, coming to a stop at the feet of an elderly nun. Three kids in matching orange jackets and beretino hats eye the nun hungrily as they listen to *Jungle Fever* on their matching transistor radios. At the other end of the car, Barbara and Eva are spraying their names and street numbers in silver acrylic paint on a sleeping transit cop. I take out my magic marker and scrawl "Frudo Lives" on their putrescent pubes.

The train manages to stop momentarily at 42nd. I go onto the street and make my way around the painted ladies. No, I do not want a date. No, I do not want a good time. No, I do not want to be whipped or covered with cooked oatmeal. Hail, the size of golf balls, is now coming from the angry sky. By the time I reach the Maude Adams, I am stoned, literally. The elderly lady at the ticket booth looks suspiciously like the nun from the subway. I give her \$2.50 and my Berlitz I.D. card. She smirks. "That'll be five bucks, cocksucker." I don't think it's the nun. Goddamn exploitation. I go in anyway.

The refurbishing of the once opulent and historic old theatre consists of placing masking tape over the worn spots on the stair carpets. And a cigarette machine. The cigarettes are \$1.25 a pack. I wonder if I can smoke in the orchestra section. I find an usher to ask. He is dressed in wall-to-wall leather and brandishes a red-hot curling iron instead of a flashlight.

"Where can I smoke?"
"That's not an existentialist question."
"And I'm not your Lady of the Flowers either."

"Want your tits pierced? Free with each set of rings. 14-carat gold. Made in Hong Kong."

I go into the orchestra and sit in the third row. I like to be pornographically engulfed. One of the Titillators is on the screen. Two skinny young men are writhing on a water bed at the bottom of a mine shaft. They are insane with unbearable passion—which is odd since neither appears capable of getting his joy-stick hard. One takes a half-hearted lick at the other's limp dong. The other beats his

head with his fists in ecstasy. Having Mathis sing *It's Not For Me To Soy* in the background. I wonder if this is symbolic? The blond kid has an unusual appendix scar and I concentrate on that.

The featurette ends abruptly in the middle of a tentative rimming job. In the next one, four skinny young men are playing poker. They look into the camera and giggle. After a royal flush, they get up and self-consciously take off their faded dungarees. I want to know why, but all I get is Jerry Vale singing *Sunrise, Sunset*. These people also suddenly go insane with passion. They also are having erection problems. So am I. They pair off and sink to the floor, kissing and watching to see if the camera is following. The redhead is missing two biceps and I concentrate on that. Until I decide I must visit the john.

I go downstairs to the lounge. Above the crumbling mantle is a faded portrait of Maude. "Jose-163" has been sprayed across her face. Poor Peter Pan. These are not the fairies you believed in. I go to the urinal and pee. An octogenarian breathes boozily on my neck and asks if I'm interested in a 50-50 proposition. I say, yes indeed—as soon as my gonorrhoea clears up. He says he doesn't mind. He has a sore throat himself.

I excuse myself and go back through the lounge. I pass a Zapata moustache who is chewing on a popper. I ask him if that's the latest. He winks conspiratorially. I go upstairs and decide to try the top balcony for it is in such invitingly dark caverns that men are sometimes known to abandon themselves to illicit sexual acts. My heart pounds in its fragile cage. Not from anticipation but from the 300 steps I've climbed. I gasp for breath in the rarefied atmosphere and stagger to a seat.

The feature is starting. The main titles are not by Saul Bass and the Cinecolor is straight out of a Republic western. And I can't imagine why they are using Pergolesi's *Stabat Mater* for background music. The Poulenc *Gloria* would have been much more appropriate. In the opening scene (touchingly overexposed), a youthful cowboy is trying to hitch a ride by waving a Nazi flag (and his 16-inch prick) at passing cars. A 1919 Pierce-Arrow stops and Billy Proudhard gets in. He introduces himself to Mr. Humbert. Mr. Humbert is very wealthy (I can tell by the rare black orchid in his lapel) but for some reason they decide to have sex in a public toilet.

They enter and pass a row of stalls. Each booth has a glory hole and twelve sailors are being expertly felated by twelve cowboys. (The opening of *Ein Heidenleben* in the background.) There is a circle jerk in front of the urinals. Three boys extract themselves and come to Billy. They shake hands and then ejaculate on his boots. Mr. Humbert is being fucked in the ear by an Indian brave wearing water wings. A policeman enters and licks the cum from Billy's boots. (I'm wondering what city this is.) Presently, Billy and Humbert leave.

Billy smiles at Humbert who is working furiously at his ear with a Q-Tip.

"Gee—that was great—but I wanna-go-someplace-with-some-action!"

"Yes—that was dull—what do you suggest—bigboy?"

"There is a groovy-barn-I-know-where-all-the-groovy-guys-go." (It is about to make out this scintillating dialogue as it was apparently recorded at 40 fathoms and transferred to 78 rpm shellacs.)

The scene dissolves to the exterior of a barn. Our protagonists tiptoe up to a win-

don to observe. Camera pans inside. A well-built boy (refreshing, for a change) is chained spread-eagle to the wall. Written on his back in blood is "Crazy Horse-128." A very hairy cat, dressed only in Carmen Miranda platforms and studded leather codpiece, is attempting to castrate him with rusty garden shears. His buddy is taking care of five adorable little Chicanos simultaneously. In the confusion, he sticks two cocks in his nose and begins to suck wildly on his inhaler and an open tube of K-Y.

Outside, Farmer Jones' thirteen-year-old son, Hieronymus, discovers Billy and his escort. The child strips and falls at their feet. "This is my first experience!" he screams in rapture. Billy wonders about this remark as the boy is wearing three cock rings and one of them is of priceless antique jade. He and Mr. Humbert go to their knees and cover the sweet lad with mineral oil, anchovy paste and saliva. Farmer Jones comes from under his McCormick reaper and shoots off on his son's face. In the background, we hear Schoenberg's *Verklörte Nacht*.

Very nice, I say to myself. But enough is enough. I look around. The balcony seats are also empty, but there is a huge crowd milling about the fire exit at the back. Curiouser and curiouser. I go to investigate. Ah! Illicit sexual acts, exactly as so eloquently reported by famous John Francis Hunter! I enter the fray, eager to practice some of the tricks I have learned from the film. I hear explosive gagging behind me.

"I'm coming!"
"I've got a cramp. Shit."
"Stop humping in, Grace! Go get your own bone!"
"Do you have the time?"
"Did you read *God Is An Englishman*?"
"Oh!... if Mother could see me now..."
"Of course it's my lover! I'd know that cock anywhere!"

I knock off two quickies and am reaching for a rather amazing black torpedo when some Turd steps on my hand. I whimper and crawl to the opposite corner to nurse the exquisite throbbing and watch the end of the film. Eighteen heavily tattooed marines are balling the very intestines out of Polynesian native boys. Billy is being sacrificed to the god of the volcano by Victor Jory. A mandolin orchestra plays *Come Back to Sorrento*. I seem to have missed an important transition.

More sucking. More fucking. More rimming. More jerking. Two hours of climax with no dramatic preparation leading up to it. Bah. I study the decaying frescoes on the theatre's ceiling and wonder how long I can get the ash on my cigarette. Bored. I could go back to the orgy but I think I'd better go home and soak my hand. I can finish the McInnes while I'm doing it. Enough raw sex for one evening. Fine. Isn't that what you wanted? Yeah, but you know what? I missed affection. I wish they'd stick an occasional tender caress or kiss on the cheek into those flicks. If only for contrast. Would it take up too much fuck-time? Or is affection affliction?

Oh, well. Maybe someday they'll make real adult pornography. In the meantime, I've got this very weird imagination, you see, and as Michael says about jerking-off, "... you certainly don't have to look your best." And I save a lot of five dollar bills that way. I go out. Ms. Nature's more intemperate urges have been temporarily satisfied. So have mine. So be it.

The Last Estate

BY GREGORY BATTCKOCK

All six of us sat in the front row—Parker Tyler, Aaron Bates, Leo Skir, Thane Hampton and Charles Boultenhouse—at the press screening for Fred Halsted's *L.A. Plays Itself*. The press release informs us that the filmmaker "... always wanted to make a fuck film," and "Here is, in Halsted's words, 'two people relating.'"

Halsted, we learn, is a vegetarian. He went to California State College and "... has been, for 10 years, in the discount plant nursery business, eventually coming to own four such 'nurseries.' I suppose that's one way of letting us know that he's into S&M since everybody I ever knew who was into nurseries or forests was into S&M.

Both Parker Tyler and myself sat there throughout the entire film with our fingers stuck in our ears because the sound track, unbearably loud, offended.

"It's so cold out today," I said.

"Yes. After I left the house I had to go back and change," said Parker.

"Isn't it awfully loud?" I asked.

"Yes. Go tell them to turn it down," he urged.

"I can't see," I said.

"You'll be all right," he advised.

The promoter of the flick, Stuart Byron, was trying to pawn the thing off as a "gay lib" film and invited a lot of Gay Activist people. They didn't seem to like the film at all, and said so during the rap session.

Somebody was upset at the scenes of fucking in a waterfall. "That's what Gay Liberation is all about. So people won't have to do it out in the woods," he said.

It wasn't a very romantic observation. Why not the woods?

"Well, what do you think of it?" asked promoter Byron.

"A dynamite film. Terrific!" I said.

"Have you anything to add to that?" he asked.

"Yeah. Everybody should bring ear plugs."

You should also bring ear plugs if you want to doze on Pan Am's midnight flight to Puerto Rico because, I discovered last week, Pan Am has installed a gay bar on the plane. I was first class, but, as usual,



Gregory and Holly Woodlawn on Gay Day

ended up in the steeger bar with my bottle of first class Champagne, where a jovial crowd played bingo (sic) and chatted about cheap hotels in San Juan. Thus Pan Am achieves another first in the history of commercial aviation. Certainly preferable to Eastern's "screaming children" gimmicks.

Thursday was "Gay Day" at school and, as faculty advisor of the Gay Students Association, I played a small part in organizing the festivities.

Our program that dreary, typically New Jersey day opened with representatives of the Queens Liberation Front and they were a big hit. The place was jammed with students and faculty. God knows where they came from. As a rule nobody shows up for anything.

Secondly, there was the lovely Holly Woodlawn, Holly was so drunk she could barely stand up. She was unable to complete a single sentence and the only reasonably coherent story she told was about her two pet doves and how they got their names. She mumbled something about being the French ambassador's wife and she wore bibbed work pants and a colorful polo shirt. Instead of saying "fuck" or "shit," she would say "bleep, bleep" for some reason. She kept asking people to "ask questions" which she completely ignored. She explained that she had been paid only \$150 for her role in *Trash* and that the film had made over two million. "It's OK. It doesn't matter. I'm glad I did it. Otherwise I wouldn't be where I am today," she said, revealing a realistic, yet modest, streak.

She was followed, on the program, by Ms. Jill Johnston. Jill read us her column from last week's *Voice*. Then she asked the audience for questions. Since nobody understood what the column was all about, they were reluctant to commit themselves. Afterward, she complained "... only the men asked questions. I'll never lecture to men again." This was a bit inconsiderate since, at least, they ASKED questions—which was vital to Jill's presentation.

Her handling of the situation was, as usual, brilliant. She was provocative, and hostile, then gentle and patient. It drove the audience crazy.

Finally Holly Woodlawn, seated in the front row, ventured a question or two. She did not come on as a militant feminist, thus prompting Jill to demand: "You've got it made. You put on your dress and take it off." Holly was in a rage, and explained: "I think everybody should do what they want to do." Jill, not pacified in the least, shouted: "Let's see you walk around in your dress wearing a beard, honey. You won't do it, will you?"

At that Jill stepped away from the microphone and asked about her check. "OK. You're not going yet. You'll have it in a minute," I said. "Yes I am. I'm going now."

Holly couldn't decide whether to stay for the dance or go home. "Your check isn't ready yet," I explained. "Well, I want it now," she said.

Students, who returned Holly to New York, remarked afterwards: "Hey, Mr. Battcock, what does she have against you? She said some pretty bitchy things about you." "I think Holly is sore be-

cause her check wasn't ready," I said.

The final celebrity appearing on the "Gay Day" program, Dr. George Weinberg (*Society and the Healthy Homosexual*), arrived late, seemed pleasantly stoned and charmed the audience. He brought some video tapes along and, though I couldn't figure out what it was all about, and though both Holly and Jill were busy causing their own commotions elsewhere in the hall, you could tell he had a good thing going with the audience. Weinberg isn't a superstar—yet I have the feeling we're all going to be hearing a lot more from him before we're through.

Jill, by this time, had vanished. She turned up in an upstairs cafeteria holding court with an enormous group of women students. Very impressive. Nothing organized, just spontaneous, there they all were.

To a male chauvinist young hog it was on the ominous side—even the charming photographer sent over by the Audio-Visual office was afraid to get too close. No doubt it was something extraordinary—Jill Johnson rapping with an all-women audience.

It was time to clean up the place before we got around to screening *Battle of Algiers*. Finally the students went home to prepare for the evening dance. I went back to my office for a sip of a nouveau Beaujolais. There were rumors that the Blacks would attempt to disrupt the dance; that the police would be waiting to "bust" it; that the Dean of Students would, at the last minute, call it off.

The dance started at nine, with things on the tense side. Groups of students peered in the windows, unable to decide whether or not to go in. Two Pinkerton guards sat watch, rather self-consciously. And, before you knew it, everything was all right. The place filled up with blacks and whites, men and women, straights and gays. Everybody danced, the music got louder, the guards relaxed, the student organizers congratulated one another and here was a very successful, very well attended gay dance—a major event on a state college campus. The cops never appeared. The college administration played it cool. Of course, not many faculty showed up. But they never show up at dances. It was more than a dance; it was a giant step into the present for everybody involved.

What distinguishes us from other speaking bureaus is our purpose. It is usually not to push special social issues, like Intro 475, but to agitate for large-scale change in the attitudes of people—to stop discrimination." This is what Joe Kennedy, the new chairperson, said about the group. "Another purpose is to motivate young people who are homosexual to come out."

Good receptions to agit-prop have been especially surprising in the light of the well-known fact that sexual prejudices tend to be most rampant where youth are involved. The fear that the youth of a nation will be contaminated has always been a sore point for homophobes. Many have put special emphasis on the wrongfulness of acts committed with the young. Some use the fiction that homosexuals are child-molesters to sway sympathy away from homosexuals as a group. One wonders how the agit-prop speakers escape being slandered, in view of all this. I think the answer is that their method protects them. The method makes clear that the group has only one aim, which is to enlighten people on the subject of homosexuality.

participation in a week-long fast and demonstration before the Los Angeles Federal Building and through subsequent local television appearances as a vocal adherent of gay rights.

Most recently, Glascock plowed into the political arena with a GCA endorsement of Vincent Bugliosi, the deputy district attorney who prosecuted the Manson Family in the Tate-LaBianca murders. Bugliosi is running for the district attorney's post. One of his opponents for the office is Marge Buckley, a champion of both gay and women's lib who enjoys a high regard in the homosexual community.

Some GCA members contended that the Bugliosi endorsement was never put to the membership for a vote. The matter, unimportant in itself, brought to the surface other complaints about "one-man operation" and about Glascock's alleged personal handling of GCA funds without his fellow officers' knowledge.

Early in March, the phone company was asked to trace long distance calls

meeting until he was reminded that his vice-president, former GAA/New York activist Frank Zerilli, had automatically succeeded to his post.

Shortly after, a motion was made that Glascock's resignation be ignored and that he be named the GCA liaison officer to the community at large. Glascock demurred, then attempted to reconsider when he learned that the motion was offered by Fred ("Rob") Cole, news editor and part owner of *Advocate*. The members accepted the refusal, not the reconsideration.

Although GCA's peak membership was only 45—it was 33 by the end of March—the group under Glascock achieved some success in persuading local and potential statewide politicians to address its monthly gay rights forums.

Two Los Angeles city councilmen attended Glascock's wedding (GAY no. 70) to a 21-year-old man at a full-scale religious ceremony conducted by Rev. Troy Perry in February.

Before and since that event, Glascock had found celebrity of a sort through his

(continued on page 14)

There's A Homosexual In The Classroom!

BY DR. GEORGE WEINBERG

Dr. George Weinberg is an outstanding New York psychotherapist and author of "Society and the Healthy Homosexual," published (February 1972) by St. Martin's Press, 175 5th Ave., NYC, \$5.95.

Can you imagine a committee sending speakers into high schools to explain to students that gay is good? The very idea could have existed only in the mind of a homophobe until last year. "They'll come in and talk to our young." The irrational fear that this would be the same as child molesting would have resulted in spears being pointed toward even a prominent person with such a mission. In the past, you would have been right if you guessed that no group could visit high schools and speak freely on homosexuality to student bodies.

But a group is doing this now—the agit-prop committee of the Gay Activists Alliance in New York City. And other groups, like the Chicago Gay Alliance, have been doing this too, but on a more limited scale.

The agit-prop committee of the GAA in New York City is composed of about twenty-five eager and articulate men and women. In the past four months they have sent speakers out on about sixty different engagements, most but not all of them in schools. They have accomplished miracles by conveying their message and at the same time becoming liked enough to be invited back and recommended elsewhere. In spite of their size, now that unsolicited invitations are flurrying in, more speakers and writers are already needed. The group will not turn down engagements if the audience is sizeable enough.

The members are an impressive band. They meet once a week to discuss their strategies and to consult on the handling of all unexpected questions, or forms of resistance met during their presentations. They are wonderfully fluid and accessible to one another, the men in the group and the women, and they are passionately enthusiastic. Their conclaves are always lively. And because they are forever subjecting their tactics to the test of life, on the battlefield of thought and decency, they have in their short time of making presentations become masters at holding audiences and at evoking their vision of life for others to see.

Usually when the team of speakers arrives at a school, advance notice has brought many students from outside classes. Word travels quickly even when no notice has been posted on a bulletin board.

Jerry Blackstone, a key participant and himself a high school teacher, was the person who first told me of the committee. He had contacted me after a speech I made on homophobia, and told me that his committee and I were trying to treat the same disease in the culture. According to Jerry, "some students at every school come expecting a show that will frighten them and titillate them, akin to a horror movie. But instead of the tortured people they imagine homosexuals to be, they see happy people who argue persuasively, by logic and example, that gay is good."

Most of the students who attend are just plain curious, and there are some who have been eagerly waiting for the arrival of the group. Cora Perrotta, a close friend of mine, is director of the speakers bureau. Cora tells me that often young men and women approach the speakers and express a desire to keep in touch with the group and follow its activities.

Once an invitation is confirmed, the group sends printed material, and sometimes a video-tape of GAA members demanding their rights—as in the hearings, or at demonstrations. The printed material is an essay called "Sexuality and Justice." The group might send as many as 500 booklets to a school for individual pupils to read. The film is calculated to convert a possible sense of demoralization into a healthy sense of outrage at the abuse of homosexuals. The sight of people who have the courage to oppose indecent treatment of homosexuals provides a model for courage in the viewer. The first half of the word "agit-prop," namely the letters A G I T, are short for "agitation." The aim of this agitation is to turn what might be a sense of demoralization into pride and a readiness to fight for decent treatment.

If one does not demand decent treatment, one fails to recognize decency after a while. To ask for full equivalence might seem like an excessive demand. One must learn as early as possible, and as surely as possible, to demand one's due. One aim of the agit-prop committee is to enable individuals to see the necessity of making this demand. In this sense, the group stands for personal dignity and represents the highest hopes for mankind.

In Valley Stream Central High School, a fifteen-year-old girl, who had heard of the GAA on David Suskind, used a special school privilege to request a visit by agit-prop. The high school had adopted the policy of giving to individual students the opportunity of bringing in their own speakers from outside the school. Susan's teacher, who was Chairman of the Social Studies Department, hesitated to decide for himself. He asked permission from the Superintendent of Schools, who granted it.

The speaking engagement was typical. The committee sent four members—two women and two men. Three sociology classes in the high school heard separate presentations, and all three proved in the discussion that they had scrutinized the written material closely and thought about it and the film before the speakers arrived. That students do this is considered highly important by the agit-prop committee. They consider their presentation to be a several-day procedure, and the audience participation by itself in the early stage is held to be critical.

Overall, our students and teachers experienced an excellent learning situation. The content of the discussions helped eliminate erroneous stereotypes and contributed to increased tolerance and understanding among our students.

"We are looking forward to future visits by your group.

Very truly yours,
Mr. William Stean,
Assistant Principal
Brandeis High School

And a student wrote to one of the speakers:

"How can I say thank you and let you know how much I appreciate you and your friends for coming to Central High School of Valley Stream? It proved to be a most enlightening and beneficial 3 hours for me and my classmates. I do hope it helped in its small way to make people understand the problems that the Gay Activists Alliance is trying to accomplish."

The group has visited colleges in New Jersey, Long Island and in New York City. At Adelphi, the committee is to speak every term to Health and Sex Education Classes given for practicing teachers. In these classes, they clarify for the teachers their responsibility to do a better job with their homosexual students. "The teachers are asked to reconsider whether



they have been serving too much as cogs in propaganda machines for heterosexual practices," Jerry Blackstone put it.

Wherever the group sends a team, they inquire of the school what books on homosexuality are in the library. And also what books on gay liberation are there. Is the school pretending that homosexuals do not exist? The committee presents its own reading list (available at GAA at 99 Wooster Street) to librarians and teachers and interested students.

The group has evolved a philosophy of how anti-homosexual prejudice develops. And because they are facing prejudices daily and dealing with them, they have evolved their philosophy fast. At the core of it is the belief that the prejudice against the homosexual lifestyle is inculcated in early years, and must be counteracted as early as possible. From the moment a child enters school, agit-prop believes, he or she learns about "Dick and Jane." "But not about Dick and Dick" and "Jane and Jane." The aim of agit-prop here is to augment a limited education.

In the long run, the committee would like to eliminate the need for itself. This would, of course, be accomplished if the whole society's attitude toward homosexuals were to change. But first it will be necessary to educate teachers in the schools to do the job not being done at present. "Education can make the difference!" Cora Perrotta believes. "We want them to identify the irrationality and blind sexism that causes them to hurt gay students. We want them to see that they are forcing arbitrary values on students and doing harm." The group is trying to cure teachers of their misconception that in talking to a class of twenty or more, they can address the class as if it were one hundred percent homosexual. There are sure to be homosexuals in every class and they are being shunted completely.

Would you want the committee to help educate your school, or club, or organization? Though they may seem alien to some, no group will seem alien to them, and they are ready. One of their recent presentations was made to policemen at the John Jay College of Criminal Justice and they have been asked to come back. The success of the agit-prop committee is testimony not just to their talents but to these changing times.

Good Vibrations

BY BRIAN HILL

BEACH BOYS

The Beach Boys came into town last week to Carnegie Hall to another fanatical sell-out crowd. The five Beach Boys were augmented by a horn section, a female pianist, a new drummer and bassist who are regular members of the group now, and assorted lambo-line players. It was obvious that most of the crowd was there to hear the old favorites of the early 60's, but the Beach Boys are not trying to be just another part of the rock revival that brings back Chubby Checker, the Coasters and the Shirelles. They've never stopped innovating since their mass popularity began to fade with the demise of the surfing craze and the rise of psychedelic music. Despite their lack of sales, their music was getting better and better. Only with the recent releases, *Sunflower* (Reprise RS 6382) and *Surf's Up* (Reprise/Brother RS 6453), have people begun to pick up again on what the Beach Boys are into. But between *Beach Boys Party*, released in 1965, and *Sunflower*, there were some 5 or 6 albums, filled with stimulating experimental material. Under the direction of Brian Wilson's genius, their music has become more and more complex, with an emphasis on crystal clear multiple harmonies and rock-orchestra arrangements.

Their extensive touring has been another major factor in their re-emergence. The audience comes to hear the old stuff and is usually excited and surprised to hear the newer material. They have been able to develop a rich, full sound in person which can almost duplicate the incredibly complicated studio work on their album. They have a clearly identifiable style which, despite all the changes, has remained as a foundation for their music: the strong influence of the vocal stylings of the Four Freshmen, the multiple-track voices and instrumentation, a capelle choir parts in which voices are used to sing the words, voices singing "dum dum dum" and others singing counter-melodies or joke words. There are so many voices, sometimes five or six at once, that they almost don't

need the musicians. But the instrumental backdrop is equally lush and the resulting combination is overwhelming, almost more than the ears can take.

The concert moves in reverse order—from new to old, starting with songs like the breathtaking "Cool, Cool Water" and the sardonic "Disney Girls 1957" and slowly moving into more familiar material like "Good Vibrations." And, of course, at the end of the concert, the audience got what it had come for, a smashing volley of shakin' goodies from the past—building from "Little Surfer Girl" through "Fun, Fun, Fun," "California Girls" and "I Get Around." When the Boys had finished, everyone was in a state of total commotion—the aisles were jammed, people were dancing on the fine seats of Carnegie Hall—and after three encores, it seemed that the energy could keep everyone going all night.

The only problem of the evening came when the Beach Boys asked that all requests be held until the end of the programmed portion of the concert, so that there could be as much quiet as possible during the show. But the audience couldn't wait—it screamed for its old favorites all night, between songs and often during them. A number of times individual Beach Boys would plead for silence in the Hall so that the delicate harmonies could be heard, but the crowd was too excited to be quenched. I guess it is hardly fair to expect a rock audience of young people to have the reverence for artistry or the self-control of a concert audience; after all, rock and roll wasn't meant to be "listened" to—it was supposed to reach out and grab you and overwhelm you. It was purposely simple and loud so that it did not demand concentration. It was music for expressing nervous energy, not containing it. But it was unfortunate that the kids, or at least a very loud minority of them, could not keep the uproar down just a bit or respect the desire of the Beach Boys to keep requests until the end of the show.

NEW RECORDINGS

Some of the good new releases this week include *Lazarus* (Bearville/Warner Brothers BR



Bette Midler

2044), a soft rock group with a liquid harmonic sound. They were discovered by Peter Yarrow and their music has a sensibility very close to his. The lead singer has a warm clear voice and the production is dramatic and technically precise. The slow, haunting pace and the building dynamics in songs like "Refugee" and "Whatever Happened" create an almost hypnotic mood. Another new one, called *Kongos* (Elektra EKS 75019), features John Kongos. His is a new name to me and to hear his album, one would think that he was an amalgam of a variety of individuals because hardly any two cuts on the record sound like the same person. The smashing opening cut, "Tokolohs Man" sounds like early Traffic. Other songs are quiet and touchingly delicate. The arrangements also fluctuate from immensely complex to very simple. Both *Kongos* and *Lazarus* are a little heavy on the "Jesus" songs for me, but I guess, as I mentioned last week, it seems to be "in" these days.

BETTE MIDLER

Finally, don't forget that Bette Midler—now famous after her long stints at the Continental Baths—is going to be at the Bitter End from May 10 to May 15. In an unusual move, the Bitter End has an "advance ticket only" policy for the duration. I guess they are expecting a big crush to see her, and they are probably right, 'cause she is amazing.

15 FAVORITES

And here is a better-late-than-never list of my 15 favorite records of 1971 and early 1972 (a cheat, but it'll be up to date). There's no point in ranking them since I like them all in such

different ways and some of them I've already written about. Anyway, here they are: John Lennon, *Imagine* (Apple); Rod Stewart, *Every Picture Tells a Story* (Mercury); The Who, *Who's Next* (Decca); Joni Mitchell, *Blue* (Reprise); Neil Young, *Harvest* (Reprise); Traffic, *The Low Spark of High Heeled Boys* (Island/Capitol); Gene Clark, *Gene Clark* (A&M); Smokey Robinson and the Miracles, *One Dozen Roses* (Tamla); Joy of Cooking, *Joy of Cooking* (Capitol); The Beach Boys, *Surf's Up* (Brother/Reprise); John Prine, *John Prine* (Atlantic); Fleetwood Mac, *Future Games* (Reprise); Marvin Gaye, *What's Going On* (Tamla); Pink Floyd, *Mud* (Harvest/Capitol) and Paul Simon, *Paul Simon* (Columbia).

Grateful Dead fans will probably want to pick up on the New Riders of the Purple Sage at the Capitol Theater in Passaic, New Jersey on April 22nd or at the Academy of Music in Manhattan on May 2nd. They started as an offshoot of the Dead, with some of the same personnel, but have created a strong image of their own, with the same country-tinged rock and strong audience involvement. Brewer and Shipley, the duo who had a big hit with "One Tole Over the Line" and have a nice smooth litting style, will be at Brooklyn College April 21st and 22nd. Also, if tickets are still available, there may be a very exciting show at Carnegie Hall on April 24th. Jack Bruce, formerly of Cream, and Leslie West from Mountain will join Cook Lang for a "supersession." Jack Bruce has produced some exciting music and he hasn't appeared in public very much since the dissolution of Cream, so this may be one of the few chances to see him.

An Interview With Jackie Curtis: Part I "Even Garbo Rearranged Her Jewels!"



Jackie Curtis

BY VICKI RICHMAN

The lady is old and should be best, but she moves about her tavern with the efficiency of tired limbs that know there is no one left to complain to. She has outdistanced them all, and now lives in a world that is hers alone.

It's mid-afternoon, and they're not ready for customers, for the three or four greybeards in the corner ogle me as I enter, as much from astonishment as from lechery. She brushes by them, punctuating her contempt with the air turbulence she generates for the puffy faces that hunger for the respite I offer them. But they're professionals; they know their daily idling is dependent on her continued tolerance, and content themselves finally with stealing-only an occasional glance from the corners of their eyes.

So, before she has even inquired about my business, she has me safe from their sexist leers. But she's no feminist; she's an old wife.

"Don't give in to him, miss," she whispers for him to hear as well. But I've got an extra copy, I assure her, with my review, by the way, of *Women In Revolt*. "Ach, that terrible movie! With that Holly person! No, don't let him have it. Tell him it's the only one you've got."

I shrug in deference to her whim, and ignore the men. There's no doubt about whom I'm beholden to in this place. They force their professional smiles for each other, hiding their impotence with the universal male lament about the irrationality of women. "Another moment," she assures me, and I wish she'd hurry.

In the sunlight her grey hair shows the rusty blond it once was. She manages New York traffic caseless, and within seconds we're in the inevitable, musty lofts above the once-Yiddish theatre that rivals her own age—lofts that someone, in a more humorous than commercial attempt to correct the architect's original oversight, had carved into random, cavernous apartments.

"She didn't answer when I knocked before," I explain.

The old lady scowls, renewing the contempt that's more her refuge than her emotion. "Don't worry," she spits out, "if he made an appointment with you, he'll be there. I'll wake him up." And her only reason for having accompanied me

across the street is that she can bang on the door with an urgency even greater than mine.

"That was my grandmother," says the scantily clad young man who surprised me by opening the door. "She's like a cop. Don't you know it, I'm no good."

He manages to laugh, but it does little to open his eyes, which still want the sleep they had been called from. The self-effacing, clear plastic rims of the glasses through which he squints seem to deny the aggressiveness of his bulky, athletic body. He might have been a nervous student who had fallen asleep over his books, and who now had mixed feelings about having been awakened. But he is brilliant as well: tired as he is, small as he tries to be, he can somehow keep his nose at a level with the crown of your head, in his own non-arrogant confidence that he will always remain a plateau above the one you have put him on.

They belong to the neighborhood, the grandmother and the boy. It's filled now with neon-lit headshops, stores that charge twenty dollars for a pair of pants someone else had thrown away, and wealthy children who get off on trying to make you suffer pangs of guilt for not having given them a quarter. But the two of them live in what the neighborhood once was, or rather, in that part which will never die, recalling a time when impoverished old people found their poverty reason to still hope for the future, the way comfortable senior citizens now use their wealth as an excuse to live in the past; when drawn and bespectacled young boys wielded lonely years of private struggles as a weapon against the world, the kids now look to liberation groups and federal funds.

It's called the East Village now, and I wonder what little Julio Garcia, sticking up an unsuppressed third finger at the world by rolling his joint in some doorway, thinks of the relics of the Lower East Side: the Ukrainian storefronts and Polish friendship clubs, one of which occupies, with raucous music and much hand-clapping, the apartment opposite the one I'm visiting now; the theatre we're sitting above, where Paul Muni himself may have once been featured when Muni was still his first name; the tidal waves—the sea—of tenements, which themselves threaten never to die, in which lit-



Jackie and Archie Strips.

tle Pinky Pearlman once dreamed of becoming Jan Peerce, from which Meyer Rabinowitz escaped disguised as Al Johnson.

Who does little Julio want to grow up to be? Alice Cooper?

"No, I'm not," the young scholar tells me, explaining something he's sure I want to know. "My name isn't James Dean either." I struggle to stay with him. He has that brand of humor, unique to the immigrant ghetto, which makes any subject worthy of discussion, except the one his audience is interested in. Sometimes called answering a question with a question, it establishes its own wit as a barrier against what is presumed to be the inevitable cruelty of the world.

"I was going to change my name to James Dean, but I didn't." It's true that his overgrown crewcut—what we used to call a "butch" in the fifties—of the same indefinite red or blond I saw hidden in his grandmother's grey, does suggest the dead film star. But his concentration, the continual squinting that persists even with wakefulness, as if he is perpetually searching for fresh ways to avoid coming to the point, hardly suggests the unruffled, masculine Dean.

"So I won't change my name to Vicky Lester or Judy Garland or Greta Garbo either." I'm lost now. He has made a joke, I know, and he expects me to figure out what it is. "I love the name Vicky—vixen, *Vain Victory*, Queen Victoria..." He has a ghetto respect for names, believing that a life built on its own wits and denial of despair needs definition and not a mere label.

But it's a life that has caught me by surprise, and I find myself engaging it tentatively. I thought I was in the East Village, and instead it's the Lower East Side; I thought I was digging Allen Ginsberg, and instead it's Paul Krassner.

"When I was a kid," he begins again, seeming to want me in the conversation now, "I used to sneak out of class to smoke in the men's room." Things are different now, I suggest.

"Sure. Now I smoke in the ladies' room." And I'm had again by this boy in his powder-blue, sheer nylon shorty nightgown and matching kimono, revealing a pair of shaved legs. I'm talking, of course, to Jackie Curtis, the boy who overcame all odds to become... to become... what? A professional drag?

"They wouldn't have me," Jackie whines, mocking suspect emotions by making long vowels longer. "Look at that f-a-ace," they said. 'Mia Farrow's got more than she does!'"

So instead she went on to become the most emasculating female wit since Shel-



Is it Jackie Curtis or James Dean? It's Jackie.

ley Winters. Unlike Phyllis Diller's or Joan Rivers', Jackie's barbs arise more from frustrated insight than from need to find fault; her evasion of the question, more from restlessness than refusal to understand. Did she need medical help to get there?

"I used to take hormones," she comes to the point, while I let the unexpected newsworthiness of her reply steal my attention, unwittingly timing her punch line for her to perfection: "Male hormones!" she finishes at just the right moment to deny me even complicity in the joke. "Well, it's true. How did I get to look like this," and she comes up with a snapshot of her unrigged self sporting tight jeans, a question-mark posture, and a smoking stub dangling from unsmiling lips, looking very much like James Dean to whom I had denied her the resemblance.

"Yes, I am living," she assures me when I wonder if this means she's not living as a woman. "Just barely."

In her unisex—"Pansex," she corrects me—lifestyle, would she consider herself a Lesbian if she made it with women, or a gay male if she made it with men? "If I make it with anyone, I consider it a plum." To whom is she married? "The world. In other words, I'm not making it with anyone."

Ghetto comedians have the knack of making the world play Rochester to their Jack Benny, and she's obviously delighted to have me around. One suspects her of doing the same thing to Holly Woodlawn in *Women In Revolt*. She denies the rumor that there was a feud on the Warhol set, adding, "But Holly and I communicate solely by rumor."

I first came across that offhand witticism in a published interview with her less than a year ago. I'm a bit insecure now about anything she says. She apparently shares the other notorious fraud of ghetto wits, the urge to script their spontaneous material. But really, like wondering whether Grace Allen was really like that, it's phillistine to dig too deep. I'm confronted now with the need, not the ability, to be funny, and I ought to enjoy the former rule the other, wherever the latter may come from.

But if Holly wasn't her Rochester, then the whole Warhol Factory seemed to be playing straight for Jackie. "For \$2,000,000," Jackie says, citing what she'd want to work for him again. You get the idea that she was using the Factory only as a step toward her more mainstream goals, and that the step's finally behind her. Warhol, however, is used to having his superstars play straight for

(continued on page 16)

The Gay Mystique

BY JOHN P. LeROY

The Gay Mystique: The Myth and Reality of Male Homosexuality by Peter Fisher, Stein and Day, New York, 256 pages, \$7.95

This would make a good textbook for a course on homosexuality. It deserves to be widely read, especially on college campuses, even though the faculty may object to the book's common sense approach and lack of scholarship while the students may be put off by some of Fisher's pedestrian prose.

Yet, *The Gay Mystique*, in spite of its flaws, does a good job of outlining some of the basic elements that should be covered in any introductory college level course on homosexuality. With the aid of a knowing instructor, Fisher's book could be quite useful in enlightening the ignorant on some of the most fundamental and most frequently asked aspects of gay life, and the gay lifestyle. It is not a book for those who are already in the movement, or for those who already lead a gay, liberated life. Why teach the alphabet to the literate?

But, on the issues of what a homosexual is, how he got "that way," where he meets other gays, his relationships with women, his social milieu, the law, employment, politics, marriage, Fisher touches on the important points in a generalized way, suitable for classroom use. All that is lacking is an index, a more detailed bibliography, and perhaps some questions or exercises at the end of each



Peter Fisher (left) and his lover, Marc Rubin, marching in the Christopher Street Liberation Day parade.

chapter. As a book for general reading, it faces stiff competition from Altman, Weinberg, Hoffman, and Miller, to name some of the more recent books.

Reading Fisher made me realize why textbooks are often so unbearably dull, especially when they deal with abstract concepts like homosexuality, and why a moratorium should be placed on future publication of books on homosexuality, while books on homosexuals should be encouraged as much as possible. Homo-

sexuality, as opposed to homosexual (when used as a noun), is such a diffuse tenuous generalization, it stands for nothing that is real or concrete. Although it can loosely be defined as a phenomenon in which those of the same sex are erotically attracted, there is nothing real about it or particularly relevant unless one is talking about particular people who happen to be so attracted. At that point, we are discussing homosexuals who, like all people, are human, alive and vital.

Then we can begin to generate some interest, for we are all human, and a book about real particular people is essentially a book about our own private selves, no matter how remote or different the characters might seem to be. And this brings me to the principal flaw of *The Gay Mystique*. It is too much a book on male homosexuality, and not enough a book about male homosexuals. In order to be all-inclusive, Fisher finds it necessary to pepper the book with such vitriolic qualifying phrases as "perhaps," "most likely," "probably," etc., or sentences like "... factors of both a sexual or non-sexual nature may influence the development of a child's sexual orientation, tastes, activities, as well as his personality in a more general sense [page 36]." Sentences like that don't tell us anything, except Fisher doesn't know what causes homosexuality. Now, I don't know either, and I doubt if anyone knows for certain, any more than anyone knows what the price of IBM stock will be two weeks from now, or who will win at Aqueduct.

All Fisher can say is, in effect, if IBM doesn't go up, it will go down, and horse racing is influenced by interaction of the constitution of the horse, the skill of the jockey, and the dampness of the track, among other things. And that's scarcely enough information upon which to put down your money. And that's the trouble you encounter when you write about homosexuality, instead of homosexuals. In the past, I've castigated members of the psychiatric profession for being stupidly vague, and it pains me to see one of the more noteworthy gay activists committing the same errors.

But in those areas where Fisher can be specific, where he is sufficiently familiar with his terrain, and where he has a first-hand knowledge, he shines. He is also more readable. He's quite sincere in his desire to dispel many of the myths straight people have about gays, and does a good job of discussing how stereotyped roles and attitudes got started. His depictions of the gay bar scene are generally accurate, but lack the verve, wit and excitement of John Francis Hunter's *Gay Insider*. His telling of the progress of the GAA is among the best I have encountered, especially where he exposes the myopic vision of several other gays in the movement. Also quite valuable is his depiction of the S&M leather scene and the fantasies that go along with it.

Fisher does a thorough job of identifying all the biases the straight world has oppressed us with for so long, tells why (continued on page 16)

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"[Dr. Weinberg's] book might be considered liberal, but it is really revolutionary, once its basic assumptions have been accepted, as they must easily be. Logic, humaneness and imagination are all on his side." — GERMAINE GREER, *Author, The Female Eunuch*

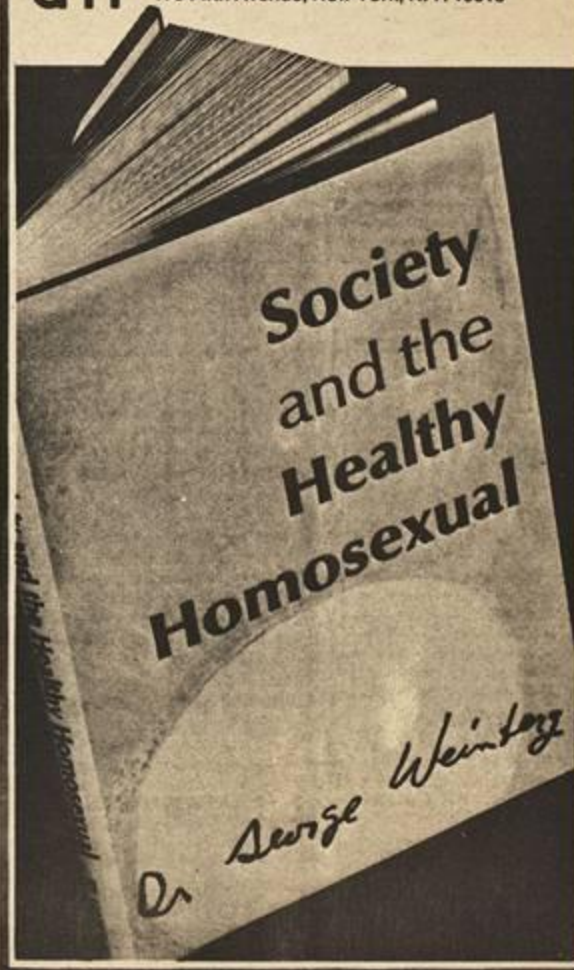
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It's What's Up Front That Counts! Part II

BY THANE HAMPTEN

Well, I didn't exactly shake the very foundations of American society with my article on the pros and cons of circumcision (GAY No. 66—*It's What's Up Front That Counts*) but one friend no longer speaks to me, and I have several nice new ones. I also received a fair amount of mail, some from unlikely places such as New Hampshire and Idaho; all of it amusing and informative. *Voilà!* And here is the strange thing I didn't expect. Every single person who wrote emphatically prefers uncircumcised cocks.

I'm not sure what to make of this. I know I can't rely on this collection of letters to reveal any valid statistics, and I certainly wouldn't imply that it shows most American gays like their cocks *naturelle*. Perhaps those with fondness for circumcision found it beneath their dignity to write. Or it's quite possible that, to the average fellow, it is of no importance, one way or the other—and he can't imagine what all the fuss is about.

But the minority (if it is a minority) who has this marked preference for the complete cock is certainly vociferous and always eager to make their views known. Among the fringe benefits of penning such a discourse as mine were the invitations received to audition some rather profusely embellished equipment. My friends think I must have done considerable research, and not all of it in the public library. I have a feeling that even Gregory Battcock was making a sly little dig in his January 24th column when he complimented me for my "first-hand investigation." (I have no knowledge of Mr. B.'s penile predilections, but I'll bet 2-to-1 that the tasty P.R. trick in that column's accompanying photo has not been cropped. But the picture has, and I wish to hell Lige and Jack would stop tampering with the newspaper's visuals!)

The letters were from all age groups and types, including white and blue collar workers, a high school student, a senior

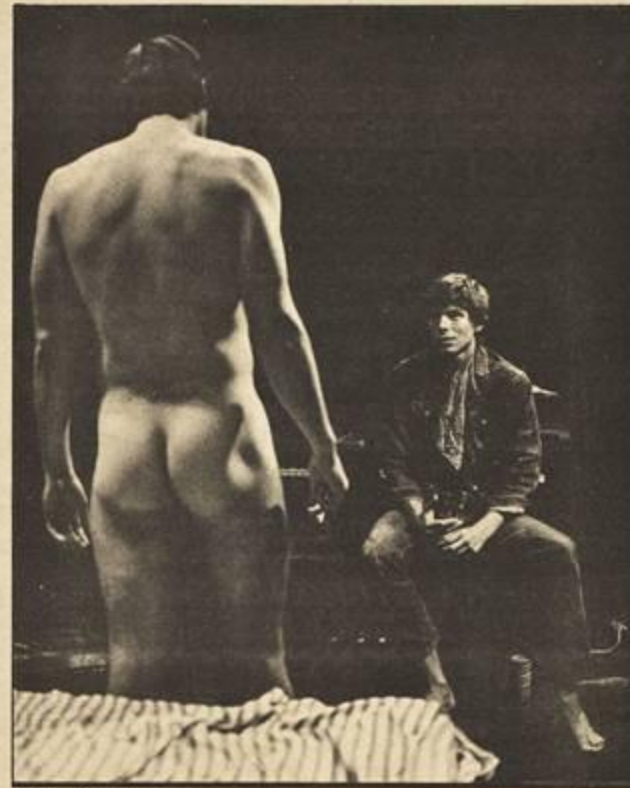


Photo by Jerry Kean

citizen, one doctor, two med students, a partridge in a pear tree, and a merchant marine who claims to have a cock tattooed on his cock (which is most certainly a case of gilding the lily . . .)

Two wrote that they really enjoyed the flagrant fragrance of unwashed organs and one of these fellows makes a point of seeking trade in economically depressed

not, another guy wrote of identical experiences. Have I been missing some rare ecstasy, Mother?

Another wrote that he preferred the uncut variety because he fell madly in love with a Greek statue in his local museum when he was six years old. (You're never too young to start appreciating the classics.)

Three initiated correspondence by sending Christmas cards. One of these, I might add, while delightfully festive and festooned, had absolutely nothing to do with *Christian* worship. Another commended my article and was signed "J.B." It took me a while to realize that "J.B." was the fictitious name I had given the friend in my article who liked "a one-inch cock attached to 12 inches of noodle . . ."

Speaking of "noodle," I had a bit of trouble thinking up colorful synonyms for foreskins in the article. One of my letter writers came (too late) to my aid. He has always referred to them as "tassels," which I think is a charmingly descriptive term. The same person also wrote that while circumcised, most of his childhood friends were not. Somehow he got the idea that his obvious difference meant he was a girl. (Now there's an original example of identity crisis as I've ever heard . . .)

A New Englander finds Montreal convenient, but prefers San Juan, where he can immediately locate exactly what pleases him "about ninety percent of the time." And he, as so many Americans, is attached to dark-skinned boys. For obvious (economic) reasons, it is safe to say that the greater percentage of blacks and Puerto Ricans in New York are uncircumcised, although I am told that this city generally has more cut males than any other major urban community. (One writer insists that this is due to the permeating Jewish influence.)

Here is some of the general information which I assume to be factually reliable. In the United States, prior to 1940 (and taking the depression into account), approximately 75% of the males were un-

(continued on page 17)



BEFORE



AFTER

Photo by Curt Studio

Pen Points

CONVENTIONAL KILLER

Dear GAY:
I have been corresponding with a gay brother who is in jail in a state prison. In one of his recent letters, he wrote to me about another inmate. I think this story is food for thought, and offer it to your readers:

"In one way or another, all the gay prisoners are here because of what they are. I am not saying that we are all here because we got caught in sex acts or that we were sent up just because we happen to be gay, but the things that we did stemmed from the fact that we are gay.

"I have a friend that is a classic example if you do not mind me telling you about him. His name is Ed and he is in his mid thirties. He was in his early twenties when he committed his crime. Ed is in for murder one. Not just one of them, but his whole family. He shot his wife and then his mother-in-law and father-in-law and I think his own mother. All were dead when they were found.

"Ed married because it was the conventional thing to do. He did not want to disappoint his family and he did not want them to know of the things that he thought in the privacy of his own mind. Finally he lost control of his mind and he killed the things that were in the way of his being himself, though he had not admitted even to himself that he was a homosexual. He was caught and convicted of his crime.

"He met his first gay person here in prison and I guess that it was quite a shock for him to see that they were just people. He had been taught different. After about the second year in prison, he fell very hard for a gay dude. He would not admit it even to himself. He tried staying away from the guy and that didn't work because it didn't change what was in himself.

"Finally he started talking to some of the people that he knew were gay and

trying to find out something about it. He began to find that he was gay. He took another year to admit it but he has admitted it not just to himself but to the world. If it had not been for his suppressed feelings, he would never have committed the crime he is here for.

"Who is really guilty of these crimes? Ed? Not to my way of thinking. I would say that the society that brought him up in ignorance of himself..."

Yours truly,
Allen Young

[ED. NOTE: "We are what we think, having become what we thought." How strange that he did not want to disappoint his family, and yet he killed them. Gee, they'd probably have appreciated the disappointment more.]

CATEGORY CONSTRICTION

Dear GAY:

Reluctant to disagree with so attractive a fellow as John Francis Hunter—one can never forget his beautiful, unadorned vision in a former issue—I am nevertheless compelled to an observation on a somewhat stereotyped point in his article, "Crystal Ball: Predictions for 1972"; GAY No. 69-B.

Mr. Hunter suggests that a "new wave" of Gays, "taking out 'insurance policies,'" under the "copout label, bisexual." A future "council of planners" will promote "the acceptance of bisexuality to phase out homosexual labeling," gaining "many gay adherents."

But I would rather suspect, with life's advance, greater recognition of persons' individuality, as opposed to any and all group identifications. How much nicer to expect the time when all labeling is perceived as inaccurate. Surely progress must mean transcendence of the prefixes, homo, hetero, bi; and even poly, pan, and uni; for there is after all only one principle of sex. Human beings are quite simply

sexual; all having normally by nature the capacity and potential for all variations on the one theme.

We are not social security numbers, nor even the names received at birth; and we most certainly are not the group in which we function, be it religious, racial, sexual or otherwise. We are each a unique self; personalized capacity for expression and creativity; a limitless mental-spiritual if you will—process of conscious and sub-conscious action and reaction. The future holds obliteration of all category constriction.

Yours truly,
David White

PATIENCE AND SARAH ARE GROOVY

Dear GAY:

How could you have published Sorel David's incredibly stupid review of *Patience and Sarah*? The book has been more than favorably compared with *Maurice*, which your front page hailed as the greatest gay book of all time. *Patience and Sarah*, under its original title, *A Place For Us*, won the first annual Gay Book Award of the American Library Association's Gay Task Force. The Literary Guild has chosen it as one of its selections, and the few hundred copies of the original Bleecker Street Press edition are treasured lesbian collector's items. You could at least have granted *Patience and Sarah* the courtesy of assigning a reviewer with a more solidly based claim to literary than Ms. David's.

It is Ms. David, not Isabel Miller, who has confused the simple with the simplistic and simple logic with propaganda. To call her review of Ms. Miller's book simple-minded would be an act of charity.

Is Ms. David's faith in women so totally destroyed that she cannot believe that *Patience* (like many others of us before we ever heard of consciousness-raising)

could simply look at her lover's attempts to identify herself with the man's role, see her as woman-beautiful, and want to take the time to "teach her that it's better to be a real woman than an imitation man, and that when a woman chooses a woman to go away with it's because a woman is what's preferred."

As for her dismissal of the love relationship between *Patience and Sarah* as "sappy," I have never seen a couple in love who didn't look a little sappy to those who were not in that blissfully irrational state. If the lovemaking language of the book bothers Ms. David so much, perhaps she can do better, and in the process, solve one of our great problems with the English language—that it is so poorly equipped with words for lovemaking that one person's favorite phrases will inevitably sound sappy, or vulgar, or trite to somebody. Elsewhere in her review, Ms. David is inexcusably sloppy with facts, distorting them to fit her misconceptions. In the boardinghouse episode, as the most obvious case in point, she has the timing all wrong. *Patience* explains to Sarah that she has been making too much noise well before "they're safely settled down on the farm."

I do agree with Ms. David that *Patience and Sarah* may be a good book for teenagers, but not for her implied reasons. Teenagers often see through falsehoods better than adults, and the acid test of a novel's honesty might well be the judgment of a fifteen-year-old.

In any case, *Patience and Sarah* is one of the few novels I would recommend equally and without reserve to everyone. Ms. Miller's writing has the fine balance and clean lines of Shaker furniture, she has a musician's ear for the rhythm and harmony of everyday speech, and her loving characterization of two beautiful women is rivaled only by her vivid recreation of their time and place.

Ellen Barrett
Lesbian historian

"What Shall We Wear Today, Girls?"



BY SOREL DAVID

Ah sweet mystery of life-motherhood. My cat just had kittens all over a discarded copy of Gloria Steinem's new magazine *Ms.* which has been lying at the foot of my bed where I threw it in disgust back in January, when the thing first came out. Actually, I've been waiting since then for Gloria and her cohorts to ask me to do a guest column for them. After all, what's a liberated woman's magazine without a lesbian viewpoint in this enlightened day and age? I mean really Gloria, just when are you going to get with it? Oh well, at least the magazine managed to serve some useful purpose—if only to protect some newborn babes from the cold cruel floor.

At five in the morning she had them. Five is the magic time, the best hour of the day; with the exception of man, all creatures in the kingdom of heaven know this to be true. At five in the morning great things happen, babies are born, the animals all wake up and rejoice, crying out, as they pay homage, for this is the time that good once more assumes ascendancy over evil. Five o'clock in the morning is the time when it becomes certain, each day, that the sun will rise again.

And as to the curious habits of men, here is a brief, if somewhat belated, comment on the defeat of Intro 475. I happened to catch one small portion of the

hearings on radio, tuning in just in time to hear Dr. George Weinberg patiently and painstakingly trying to placate Councilman De Marco's fears that young boys might identify with effeminate (read as homosexual) male teachers. At the same time every record store in the nation was featuring an album with a cover photo of the newest teeny-bop singing sensation, little Donny Osmond, all decked out in the gayest manner imaginable, complete with skin-tight pants, plunging neckline and a fetching little slip of a choker ringing his dainty white neck. What's the matter with these people anyway? While De Marco and the other self-appointed guardians of morality worry about gay teachers corrupting the nation's youth, the record industry and the media combine to push this pretty little Miss Thing down their throats. Nobody cares who's identifying with what as long as there's money changing hands. I'm not sure if this is hypocrisy or just sheer stupidity at work. Not to mention the plain truth that there is simply no one-to-one correlation between effeminacy and homosexuality. Both hetero- and homosexual men run the complete gamut from super-butch to super-femme. Ah yes, sweet mystery of life—if it weren't for a predilection, a disposition to the ironic, I don't know how I'd survive in this awful old world.

Meanwhile, finally arriving at my self-appointed topic of the day, this is supposed to be some kind of a heavy rap

about style and image, personal appearance, manner and self-identity. Good God—that sounds like a pamphlet from a high school hygiene class—you know, the kind that starts out with all sorts of important sounding ambiguities like personal appearance and self-identity and winds up being about acne, masturbation and getting VD from toilet seats. No—this is serious. In my last column, we left our liberated young lesbian-me, for lack of a more accessible specimen—busily rejecting her heritage as the all-American girl. This time I promised to continue this line of discussion in the hopes of finding out something about something.

As a lesbian, I reject the American female persona because it is intimately bound up with getting a man, with being attractive to men and as such has little meaning to me. But where does this leave me? I am, for all intents and purposes, a being without a visible cultural identity. In the past, I think, lesbians who rejected the female or so-called feminine ideal with its inherent bag of tricks—style, manner of being, etc., have gone either one of two ways. The choice has been either to adopt a masculine identity, a masculine aesthetic, or to negate, as much as possible, to disregard, de-emphasize matter of style and appearance. Most, I think, contrary to what the media and David Suskind would have us believe, chose the latter route.

Thus the lesbian tends to be a conser-

vative looking type, dressing simply, dressing modestly, plainly. The general mode is always one which clearly labels her as a non-participant in the sexual realm. The lesbian is a being with little or no expressible sexual identity. You don't see too many gay women zipping around town in hot pants or see-through tops; that kind of flamboyancy is the sole province of heterosexual women and drag queens. Rather than assume an identity which locks her into a role as a male sex object, the lesbian consigns herself to play a neutral, a neuter role. This is the sort of oppression I resent most bitterly. The lesbian has been a kind of big sister figure, the nice kid who never quite makes it because she never gets the guy, a tragicomic figure who befriends the young lovers, gets by with clowning and is never allowed stage center for very long.

But things are changing, the image of gay women is changing. With the emergence of the gay and women's movements, there has been a re-examination of the strict masculine and feminine sexual identities. An understanding of the old values and how they work, how they affect us, is the first step towards the development of new values, new standards. Having finally understood the reasons for my absolute abhorrence of the woman's bag, I must now set about to develop myself fully as a lesbian, with lesbian values, complete with an expression of lesbian sexual identity.



A MONSTROUS SEXIST PLOT is underway in Germany where the Jockey Shorts folks are pushing their wares through ads such as the one above. Here in the good ol' U.S.A. we aren't considered ready for this blatant, unrestricted, up front sort of grossness. Rather, the plot has been hatched in Rheinland, and later, no doubt, will siphon through to us after Europeans have shown the way.

Leader Resigns

(continued from page 8)
made by Glascock and charged to GCA. The president resigned before the check revealed that all but a few had been placed to legitimate group contacts.

In resigning, Glascock said, "one of the biggest disappointments" of his GCA tenure was its failure to come up with \$300 a month it had voted "an officer" (Glascock's own wording) for his full-time employment by the group. In fact, GCA's assets have rarely exceeded \$50; its debts are ten times that much.

Accepting Glascock's resignation, GCA officers said in an already prepared statement:

"The Gay Community Alliance wishes to recognize the true worth and merit of its first president, Mr. David Glascock, who by his vigorous effort has brought this organization to its present position in the gay community. Many of us could offer eloquent and detailed testimony concerning Dave's many and diverse activities within GCA and in the larger gay community.

"We cordially reciprocate the sentiments of affection, brotherhood and selflessness Dave has constantly shown toward us. We therefore invite the gay community to join us in wishing Dave the success he so richly deserves."

Gay Mystique

(continued from page 16)

they are so hard to eradicate, and builds a strong indictment on the men and institutions that perpetuate them. On lifestyles, he gives a few personal glimpses on his life with his lover, Marc, and genuinely believes that gay is indeed better than straight, at least for him.

The final chapter on self-respect tips he balance decisively in the book's favor. Here, Fisher gives an inspiring manifesto on the benefits of coming out of the closet. It is also the most personalized part of the book and the most rewarding. He rightly tells us that most of our fears of being exposed are unfounded, that parents, friends, and employers will eventually accept you if you are a decent person to begin with. Thus, Fisher concludes:

"Oppression in any form requires the complicity of the oppressed. To come out is to refuse to oppress oneself, refuse to play the game. To come out is to assert one's validity and equality and to declare that one will defend them. It is the only real form of self-respect. . . . We never have been in the closet in the first place if we had not allowed others to make our moral decisions for us."

To that I can only add Amen. So, Roz Regelson, and other gay professors giving pay courses to gays and straights alike, consider using *The Gay Mystique* for your classes.

Jackie Curtis

(continued from page 11)

aim, and the conflict is one of the amusing qualities of *Women In Revolt*. Who needs whom more, is, of course, unanswerable: It's obvious, in any case, that Jackie needs Andy far less than any of the other superstars do, with a successful venue to her credit and a proven ability to come up with her own script.

"It's not the spirit I long to be oached on the shoulder in the middle of a kiss with." Despite such testimony of frustrated hopes, young performers continue to flock to the Factory, lured, it seems, not by money, not by fame, but by some magic that works even when you know how the trick is done. Jackie's first top when we go out is, as if no other choice could possibly occur to her, the Andy Warhol Studio.

"Oh, they throw salt on you," before you walk into the oven that Jackie calls the Factory. "Working there can be about as pleasurable as slopping pigs." (She's punning on the Politically Involved Girls of *Women In Revolt*.) "Lousy salaries. Very. Like, I don't want to seem like sour grapes; I mean, I love pigs. I should never have brought them in. I mean, they're not even good enough to lie down in the mud with pigs. Suffice it to say"—her lips and Adam's apple tremble jauntily for my microphone—"and I hope you know how to pell that."

She says that Andy, whom she swears he likes when not working for him, "pits you against one another, sort of to make the movie interesting. Why should anyone like anyone? That's their attitude. Paul Glib wanted to go out with me, for example. They don't dig that. They have a defeatist spirit there." But it's a spirit that many are now finding romantic.

"They should be as popular as women's liberation!" She struggled before arriving at that circumvention of my question. "Well, I think they wanted to, ah. . . . I think. . . ." she stammered, finding it difficult not to tell me whether Andy had been attacking the women's movement in *Women In Revolt*. But her arcasm finally develops a more fluid response: "They don't have the balls, really, to attack anything. That is, maybe

they thought they were, but what I think is that Holly and Candy and I were doing the attacking for them. They were sort of putting us out there."

Then, in a transport of unexpected insight, she interrupts herself. "I was attacking at the time, you know. I mean, I really think it's like the hula hoop. It's really a thing devised, and someone snatched it up like. . . like. . ." She stammers again as she looks for her simile. Her rolling wit, the restless intellect that carries her as well as her audience, has failed her now, bringing her to problems that have really not touched her.

"Like the snatched up Holly, Candy and me!" The question is leveled to her plane of theatrical gimmickry, and she is triumphant at last. "But it's really fabulous, women's liberation," she decides on the spot, now that it's on her terms. "I really got into it when I did the film. I mean, I really saw myself as Gloria Steinem. You know, the movement does have something to offer me." Then, as I miss Rochester's cue, she's forced to prompt huskily, "You're supposed to ask what." Well? "My face on the cover of every magazine."

When you steel yourself to her heartlessness, you are struck only by the naked-emperor truth of what she says. Unlike Steinem, unlike Millett, Jackie is content to be her own justification, an isolated-irrelevant-force in the universe, breaking out or collapsing on her strength alone. If she's trapped in the end, she depends on no movement behind her to offer her a way out.

Her train of thought is in counterpoint to her original denial that she had it in for the movement. "I like women too much." But much later, when our friendship had overtaken the formality of my cassette, she would refer to new women as "bitches who have renounced their powers." Her attitude—if indeed she has one—lies in her accusation that "Ti-Grace said we didn't have the right to live." Whether it's true or not, Jackie, who more seeks the approval of popular figures and needs popularity herself (she wonders, for example, whether Garbo has ever heard of her), chooses to remember it.

"There is nothing like a man," she sums up. "Even when I was doing my James Dean thing—I still leaned toward men." She's putting it on; the only thing that strikes you about Jackie Curtis is that she leans toward no one. To Jackie, as to the Ancient Mariner, we must bring only a willing suspension of disbelief, if we are to be the one of three she stops; the other two will take care of the formal liberation in the world.

Was she ever in the closet? "With plenty of men." Would she like to help others be free? "I advise a lot of people to stay in the closet. Are you kidding? Do you want to see them?" Would she go to a gay lib meeting? "If they showed *Bus Stop*." So she'd rather go to the movies than fight for freedom? "Gay liberation like women's liberation like apple tree liberation is—just liberation! And that's good, but. . ."

For someone whose very childhood understanding of her relation to the world was a kick in the balls of the insecure, literal-minded immigrants she grew up among, the world of Hollywood, where incredible people lived what lives they chose to create for themselves, is all the liberation Jackie will ever dream of. Both the liberation movement, which needs dedication, and the rest of us, who need someone freer than we are, can be grateful that Jackie has stayed away from the meetings. *(continued next issue)*

D.C. Mayor's Office Meets GAA

(continued from page 3)

gested reading list approved by the American Library Association.

Stating that Mayor Washington had been concerned about anti-gay discrimination for some time, Baldwin assured GAA that Washington would probably implement the last three demands. Because the first demand entails approval by more than just the mayor, Baldwin couldn't be as optimistic about that demand.

As Director of the Office of Human Rights, Baldwin suggested ways in which gays might be included on the Human Rights Commission. Washington might expand the Commission from 15 to 16 and/or Baldwin might appoint gays to one or more of the five subcommittees—research, housing, employment, police-community relations, and D.C. government. Although the Commission usually acts on subcommittee decisions, subcommittees have no power of their own.

In addition, Baldwin pledged to push for the inclusion of the subject of gay rights on the agenda of the Conference of Human Rights Commissioners, which will be held in San Francisco, July 1-23.

Cordial contact with the D.C. government was not what GAA had anticipated. After several unanswered letters to Mayor Washington stating the aforementioned demands—from November through January—Chief of Police Jerry Wilson answered GAA, offering liaison between GAA and the mayor. The next letter to Washington angrily denounced being referred to a police chief to discuss non-police matters, an action which GAA took to mean that gays were considered criminals by the D.C. government. Still not hearing from the mayor, GAA sent a telegram on March 17, stating that members would take their grievances to the streets, if there were no meeting by March 28. A picket of city hall (the District Building) and a sit-in in the mayor's office were then planned.

Baldwin later told GAA that this telegram made the mayor furious—at his own office. He learned that someone had been routing the mail to the police chief. Unable to meet with GAA by the deadline, he asked Baldwin to do so. Also busy, Baldwin requested and received a one-day deadline extension. He apologized profusely for the months-long delay.

The new head of GAA's Actions Committee, Bill Bricker, commented, "When Washington became mayor, he said that any group in the city would have access to his office. Unlike most politicians, he meant what he said." (Final note: Also unlike most politicians, Washington is the only appointed mayor in America. He was appointed by President Johnson and retained by Nixon.)

Gay Marine Stirs Publicity

(continued from page 1)

Adding to the theme of the gay USMC, Kameny noted that studies showed that about 50% of the 2700 annual less-than-honorable discharges came from the Navy and USMC. He found the greatest number of Mattachine cases to come from the smallest of the services, making the USMC a "homosexual haven." Kameny continued:

When that is combined with a significant predilection on the part of the Marine Corps members, well-known in the homosexual community, to play the receptor ("passive," "female") role in sodomy, it is clear that the public image

so assiduously cultivated by the Marine Corps does not quite coincide with reality.

About 30 GAA members attended the hearing. Most remained to hear the recommendation, making their presence known in the meantime by holding hands, chanting, rapping with Marines, etc. Some Marines voiced death wishes ("I wish I had a flamethrower.") By contrast, Kameny reported the verification of a GAA press release statement, which asserted that Marines "fear homosexuality more than they fear a bayonet or a bullet." A contingent of the 7,000-man base was about to drill when they noticed gays carrying such signs as "Your Drill Sergeant Could Be Gay," "The Marine Corps Builds Closet Gays," "Camp Lejeune Is Very Camp" and "Out of the Barracks, Into the Streets." The Marines beat a speedy retreat.

Lindsay Reintroduces Intro 475 After Prodding By GAA

(continued from page 1)

May I suggest that you request the Chairman of that Committee to reintroduce the measure at your request so that those concerned could commence a new campaign for its passage.

Sincerely,
Edward I. Koch

After receipt of this letter, and after prodding from the New York Gay Activists Alliance, Lindsay's Deputy Mayor designate Edward Morrison, liaison to the City Councilmen who voted against Intro 475 (which lost by a vote of 7 to 5) are now willing to vote for it out of committee. Morrison stressed, however, that the bill may require modifications. GAA, which has been the chief lobby for the bill, opposes modifications, particularly those which would exclude homosexuals as teachers, policemen, firemen or correction officers. GAA also opposes modifications which would exclude transvestites.

Councilman DeMarco (D-Bronx), who has been the chief opponent of Intro 475, predicts that the bill will be defeated again either in committee or on the council floor.



Comedian Rusty Blitz played at the Firehouse's Friday night cabaret.

Up Front

(continued from page 13)

circumcised. Many more infants were born at home than in hospitals (where this procedure became so routine). However, within the generation born after World War II, the percentage of those circumcised jumped sharply up to 80%. Quite an astonishing switch. And today, for some reason, and perhaps because as a nation we have become a bit more individualistic, the circumcision figures have dropped again.

One of my medical student friends may have shed some light on this reversal in trend. He informed me, *sotto voce*, that people are not aware of the many times complications of a dangerous nature have occurred in connection with this operation on infants—even in modern hospitals. (I think we are all becoming aware that hospitals are not the unblemished temples of medical science they were once thought to be. And it hasn't really taken Prensinger and Cheyefsky's let us in on the big secret either.)

Dan tells me that "doctors are now thinking twice before recommending the procedure that was once automatic." When he was discharged from the army, he took a European jaunt and found that only 7% of all Finns were circumcised, 9% Norwegian and Dutch, 10% Danes, and 11% West German. I hardly think I need stress that these are not poor countries that can't afford such "luxuries."

My other S.M.S. (Senior Medical Student) friend is uncircumcised and says, "I'm very happy to be that way. And I've never had any complaints from sexual partners." He feels that ". . . those who find the uncut variety so extremely distasteful may be exhibiting reaction formation in the form of 'foreskin envy' which is akin to 'penis envy' in some women." He also agrees that hospitals are dispensing with the routine practice of circumcision. "One cannot justify circumcising thousands of babies and exposing them to possible complications and even death simply because a tiny fraction may require the operation later. It is virtually impossible to determine in the newborn whether circumcision will be necessary later."

I also found this following comment revealing and informative: "Certain urologists have adopted the designation 'non-circumcised' over the previously used 'uncircumcised.' I feel that this subtlety is significant. 'Un' seems to imply something that needed to be done and was

not, where 'non' implies a state that was preferred and purposefully retained."

I might add that I was very touched that he ended his letter to me by apologizing for withholding his name as he is "confined to a somewhat repressive environment. I hope you can and will accept my best wishes and hopes for pushing the movement toward final liberation. I am doing what I can from within the establishment." I'd like to take this opportunity to thank S.M.S. for his valuable information, and give him my best wishes for a happy and successful career. I hope he is able to bring a great number of doctors, nurses, orderlies and technicians out of their dispensary closets!

From the sublime to the ridiculous: One correspondent remarked that he had even seen a personal ad in one of the gay papers from a young man so desperately hung-up on foreskins that he wanted to know if there was any place and any way that he could have a foreskin grafted onto his penis (!) In the very same week I received Jim's letter with this bit of information, a close friend informed me that after years of pleading and suffering, he is parting company with his "tassel." Not for any medical, but for cosmetic reasons. I know Wally's weenie and it's a fine one. I could kill him. Instead, I would like for the desperate author of that personal ad to identify himself and step forward. I am going to pack you and Wally off to Johns Hopkins where I am sure they can work something out to your mutual satisfaction. And don't forget to name it after me.

Now, back to the serious side again—and my real reason for doing a follow-up piece at this particular time. A few weeks ago, I received the last of the letters commenting on the original article. It was from an 18-year-old boy with a problem. He had read intently the section in which I described the condition known as *phimosis* (in which the foreskin is too tight to be retracted). It was the first time that he had even known there was a medical term for the thing that had been making him so miserable. His is such an extreme case that, due to the blocked opening, he has to sit on the toilet simply to urinate. Otherwise, he . . . sprays. . .

To make matters worse, he has just come out into gay life. Not only does he suffer great embarrassment in bed, but fellatio is extremely painful for him as he is sensitive to the slightest retraction movement. And it goes without saying that it is very difficult to keep clean. Not exactly the way to launch your gay life. His father is dead and he can't bring him

self to discuss it with his mother or spinster aunt. (They would probably wash his mouth out with soap or give him a teaspoon of castor oil for his woes.) He wrote me, begging to know if anything could be done about it. He was (erroneously) afraid that he was too old for an operation and would have to go through life that way.

Almost simultaneously with this letter, I received a visit from a close friend, Nick, who was in a jet-black mood. The evening before, after weeks of lustful labor, he had finally scored with a young kid with whom he was totally obsessed. The kid was his type in every way. Perfection! Rushed him to his apartment. Buttons popped and zipper teeth flew in the air. The boy got quickly into bed and seemed to self-consciously hold a hand over his genitals. Asked if the light could be doused, Why? Nick wanted to see this action! He pulled the boy's hand away, ready to plunge into nirvana, and . . . *phimosis*. Really weird-looking. Foreskin opening way over on one side.

Now, friend Nick is one of those who prefers cut cocks. He will go down on the other, but reluctantly. And never . . . when it's . . . like . . . that. He was ready to climb the wall in frustration. He didn't want to hurt the kid's feelings, especially when he realized how conscious he was of the problem. So Nick "confessed" that he was too nervous to continue as his lover might come in. The boy was hurt anyway, and left. That ended a romance for all seasons.

I exploded. "For God's sake, Nick! If you really dug him and spent that much time moving in for the kill, why didn't you level with him honestly, send him to a hospital, pick up the tab, and welcome him home with open arms?" He shrugged and shook his head slowly. The beautiful illusion was shattered. Anyway, he didn't know how. . . .

A pox on illusions. Here's how, kiddies. Let's get this out in the open, once and for all. I spent one whole morning on the telephone. I'm against circumcision, but for crying out loud, if you've got a serious pecker problem, don't be so stupid and embarrassed that you resign yourself to living with it. (Is it possible some of these kids don't even know they've got a problem?!) I called a good many hospitals, clinics, and city agencies.

The Mount Sinai Medical Center proved the most helpful and informative. The doctor I spoke to confirmed that it was not uncommon for young adults to have the operation for one reason or oth-

er, that it was not considered a major operation at all, and that the pain of healing was minimal. It is more complicated than with infants, though, and requires complete hospitalization—but for only three or four days duration. Big deal.

I asked about costs as I find myself primarily concerned with boys from lower income families where I find such problems are more likely to occur. I was told that the cost naturally depends on the individual case but that a figure between \$50 and \$70 would not be inaccurate. (Again, big deal. Many kids spend more than that each month on recordings.) And he quickly added that almost all hospitals today have various sorts of poverty programs. (Sinal's concerns East Harlem youths.)

I called the New York City Corporation and found that there are fourteen urology clinics in the city. Payment for such operations is based solely on the individual's financial standing. The number to call for general information is (212) 566-7711. (The only problems is that it's hard as hell to get through to them. That's New York for you.)

I'm sure every city has some reasonable facility to aid those in dire need. I'll add here that the Armed Forces usually catches such problems and sees to it that their southbeasted men are put into good condition. For many of these boys inducted (abducted), this is the first medical check-up they've had since they were toddlers. I'm happy to know that the Army is responsible for at least one humane and constructive gesture toward America's youth.

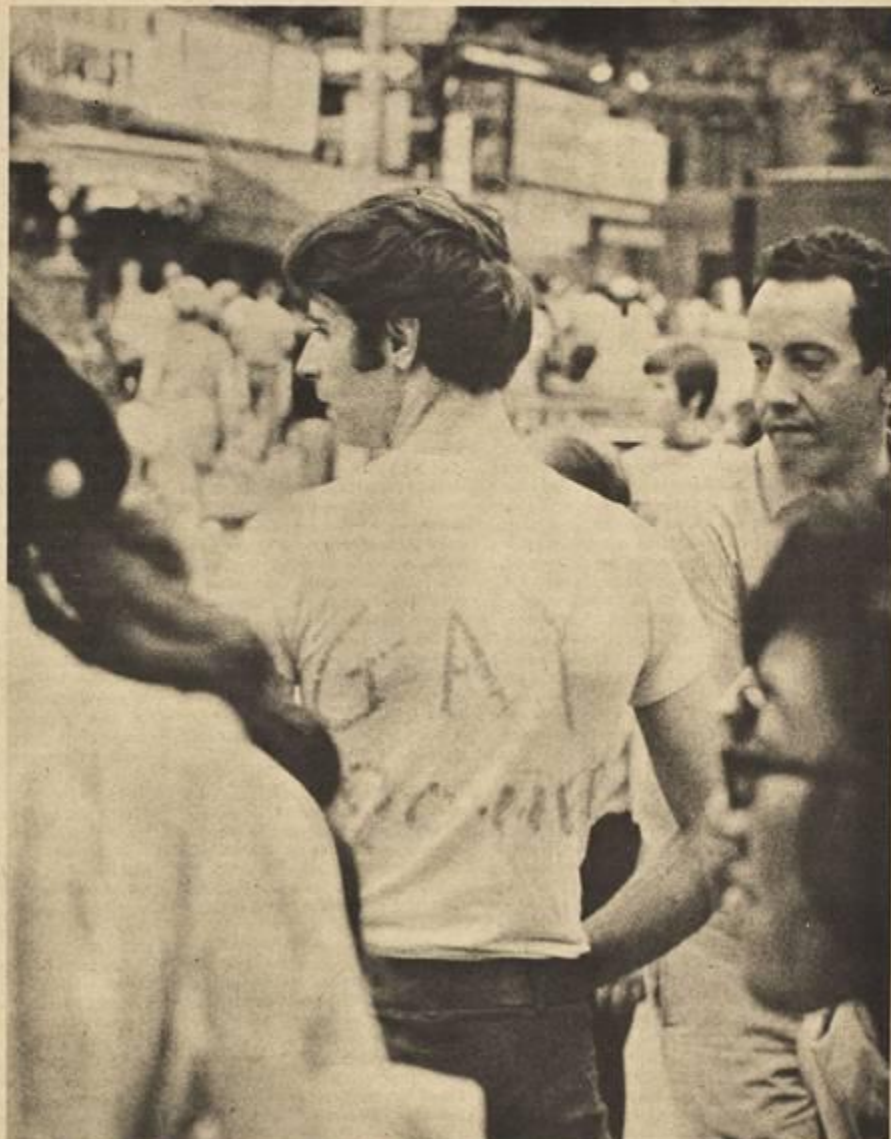
And you know I'm going to say at this point—if you fuck a lot, don't forget those regular V.D. checks. Some years ago, one of my acquaintances ignored all the warning signs, until every hair on his head fell out and he was left with partial vision. If you think I'm kidding . . . experiment!

Gay males do pay one hell of a lot of attention to cocks, our own and others. For good or bad, it will be that way until Judgment Day (and probably well beyond that). All the liberation in the world isn't going to change this preoccupation and devotion. And why should it? Cocks are beautiful and deserve loads of attention. Unless you forget there are usually people attached to them. And whether you like your entertainment cut or un, fat-skinny-long-or-short, show a little respect, son!

In the next issue: *Rectal Suppositories Can Be Your Friend*.



Los Angeles, California— An all-male adaptation of Shakespeare's *As You Like It*, professionally staged and clearly aimed at San Francisco and New York City runs, was scheduled to open in three weeks of public previews here April 12. Script and direction are the work of the well-known gay cartoonist Fred Bluth, who signs his work "Toby," and whose "Toby boys" sketches are featured in gay publications here and in New York. (Typical of them are the baby-faced, pigeon-toed, super-hung studs appearing in GAY's Club Baths ads.) Shakespeare's comedy emerges in this version as an unabashed homosexual love romp set to the sophisticated rock score by Mark Gibbons. Most of the 25 performers are youngsters already experienced in films, television and Las Vegas stage shows. None in the current cast is as yet a full-fledged professional actor. Member of the "straight" press who saw the production in rehearsal described it as a thoroughly legitimate stage show seemingly bound for success among general audiences. Preview performances are at the Tiffany Theatre on the Sunset Strip Wednesdays through Sundays.



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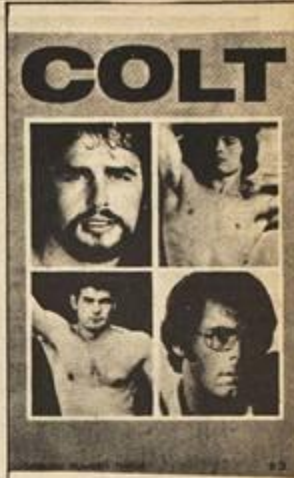
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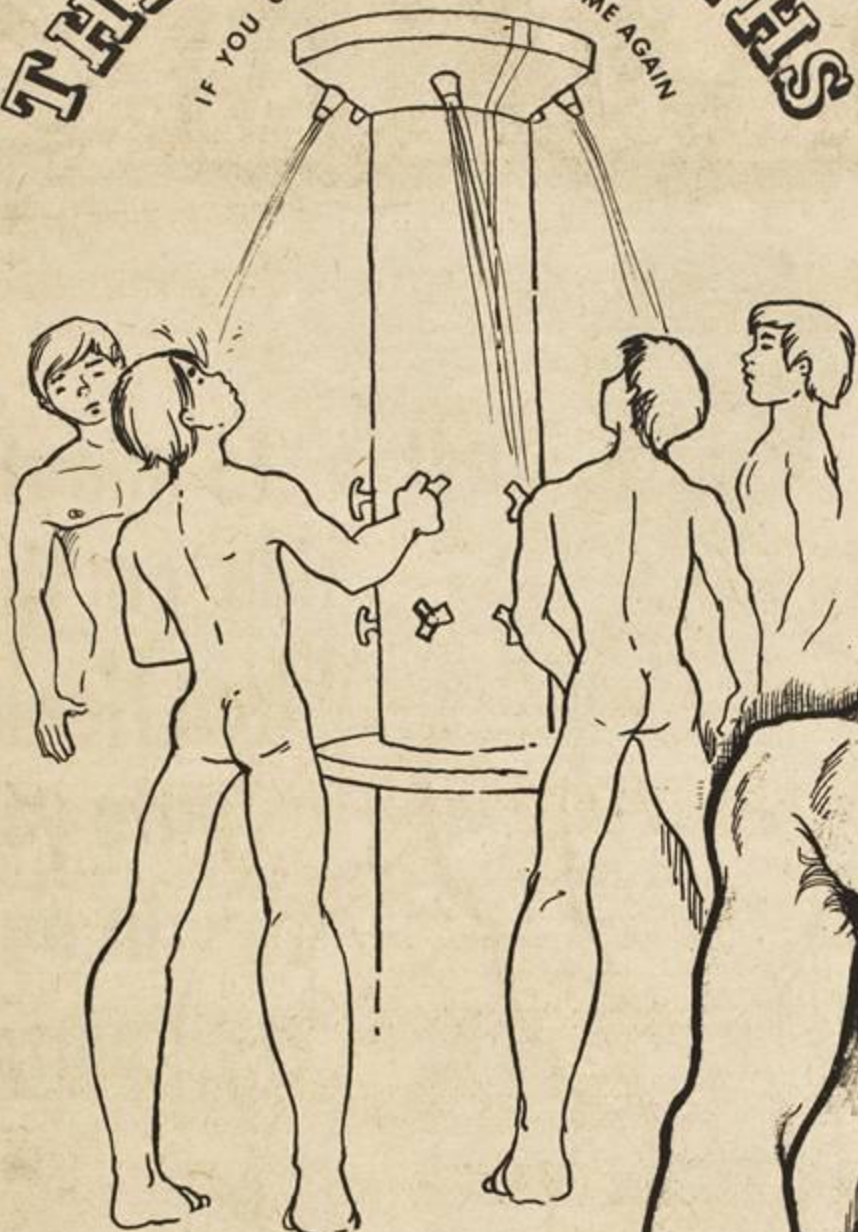
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