

GAY

50¢

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(Photo by Kay Tobin)

The gay liberation booth operated by Ms. Barbara Gittings and Dr. Franklin Kameny.



(Photo by Kay Tobin)

A masked gay psychiatrist speaks to the American Psychiatric Ass'n.

Shrinks Asked To Join Gay Liberation American Psychiatric Ass'n Told: "We'll Fight Those Who Oppose Us"

BY JOHN F. Le ROY
Dallas, Texas—Leading gays descended on a meeting of the American Psychiatric Association in Dallas, Texas (May 1-5), set up a booth entitled "Gay, Proud and Healthy; The Homosexual Community Speaks" at the Dallas Memorial Auditorium, took part in a panel discussion, "Psychiatry, Friend or Foe of Homosexuals," before a standing-room crowd of 300, appeared on a 90-minute talk show, and danced together at the psychiatrists' banquet and ball as part of the "desensitization" program. Comment was minimal when Dr. Franklin Kameny took Steve Johnson in his arms and shuffled around the dance floor as doctors and their wives looked on.

The display booth was in the scientific area of the conference, having been constructed by Dick, of Philadelphia's GAA, Barbara Gittings, Kay Tobin and other gays from Philadelphia, and showed pic-

tures of male and female gay couples enjoying fulfilling, obviously healthy lives. Literature was distributed consisting of material from S.I.R. of San Francisco, copies of various articles and papers expressing a prohomosexual viewpoint, and copies of GAY and other publications. Over 3,000 psychiatrists visited the booth—about half of those present at the meeting. Several members of the gay community of Dallas volunteered to keep the booth well staffed.

The panel discussion was a part of the formal program of the meeting. The panelists, Frank Kameny, Barbara Gittings, Judd Marmor, Robert Siddenberg, and an anonymous psychiatrist wearing a mask to dramatize the oppression of gays inside and outside the medical profession debated the issues at great length. Kent E. Robinson of Baltimore moderated the discussion. The proceedings will be summarized in a later issue of GAY.

Following the panel discussion, Gittings, Kameny, Martin Hoffman (author of *The Gay World*) and the masked psychiatrist appeared on a 90-minute radio talk show, one of the most popular in Dallas.

Later, the head of one of the regional districts of the American Psychiatric Association thanked the gays for their presence, and a videotape on a gay liberation theme was made for later broadcast over educational television.

A flier was distributed to several of the psychiatrists who attended, which said in part:

Central to the conflict between psychiatry and the homosexual community is the "sickness theory" of homosexuality and the whole related complex of negative attitudes toward homosexuality, which try to make of homosexuality something inferior to and less desirable than heterosexuality. It matters not whether the word used be sickness, disorder, affliction,

disturbance, dysfunction, neurosis, immaturity, fixation, character or personality disorder, pathology, or any other—or whether homosexuality be considered as merely symptomatic of these—the effects are the same: (1) To support and buttress the prejudices of society and to assist the bigots in the perpetration and perpetuation of their bigotry; and, at least equally important (2) To destroy the homosexual's self-confidence and self-esteem, impair his or her self-image, degrade his or her basic human dignity.

Before any theory having consequences as disastrous as these is accepted, there should be certainty that it rests upon a sound scientific basis. As anyone with even a rudimentary scientific training is aware, the approach of psychiatry to homosexuality violates every canon of good scientific research. For psychiatry cavalierly to spout forth its characterizations of homosexuality as less than fully healthy represents utter irresponsibility. If the profession wishes to continue to take pride in its alleged scientific accomplishments, it had better be

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Supreme Court Judge Hedges On Beatings

BY VICKI RICHMAN

New York, N.Y.—"While I haven't checked it out under the new criminal code, I assume it's still there," Judge Max Bloom of the New York Supreme Court apologizes mischievously, evoking all the awe of retributive justice suggested by Frank Morgan's Oz. His silky white head is a stray balloon bobbing above the antique rococo lectern that will ever protect the mystery of jurisprudence from the world summoned to its mercy. He seems fascinated from his lofty position by something just beyond your inferior range of vision, like a small boy waiting for the bucket of water he planted to fall on your head.

"It's called a citizen's arrest," the impish judge concludes with Olympian finality, while the hushed audience waits for

the merely mortal counsel to respond to the pronouncement that has simultaneously enhanced and demolished his case.

"If your honor please," begins Harold Weiner, striking back, hoping his years as attorney for the Gay Activists Alliance of New York will carry him forward. He is, after all, the attorney who found some judge guilty of irrelevance in the early days of GAA when the judge wondered whether gay activist Sylvia Rivera was a man or a woman. You feel sure he will

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Jim Owles' eye required seven stitches.

D.C. Gay Pride Week Climaxes Near White House

BY PERRIN SHAFFER

Washington, D.C.—A series of events designed to bring together all elements of the gay community has ended in success, according to co-chairperson Cade Ware of the ad hoc committee for Gay Pride Week. One of the final events was speeches at Lafayette Park, across the street from the White House. The Week That Was lasted from May 1-7.

Gay Pride Week saw the coming together (in a manner of speaking) of gay businesses, drags, gay churches, etc. The Club East II Baths bore printing costs. *The Rhinestone Review*, produced by Henry Street, was the first drag show to be part of the D.C. gay movement, according to Ware. A joint outdoor gay mass was given by the two D.C. gay

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Schism Splits California Parade-Makers

BY DONALD WARMAN
West Coast Correspondent

Los Angeles, Calif. The inherent schism between "radical" and "conservative" elements in this area's potentially powerful gay population threatens to become a community crisis focusing on the June 25 Christopher Street West parade.

Both sides sought during May to reach a compromise on the content—and consequently the aim—of what may be dozens of entries in the third annual commemoration here of the Stonewall Revolt of 1969.

The key word in the so-far muted dispute is censorship. It is a word neither faction wants to say aloud, but neither has devised an exact euphemism for the idea.

Mike Manning and Del Whan, young activist coordinators for Gay Pride Week and its climactic Hollywood Boulevard parade, maintain that each individual and group participating must be the judge of

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WHERE WILL YOU GO TONIGHT?

A DIRECTORY FOR DISCRIMINATING DISPOSITIONS

GM—Genital Males
GF—Genital Females
TV—Transvestites
INT—Integrated, gay & straight
BY JERRY FITZPATRICK

WEST VILLAGE

A Real Restaurant, 105 MacDougal St. (677-9850). New and Sparkling. Food is excellent and reasonable. Bring your own wine. Int. **Boa Soir**, 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. (GR 3-9304). Dancing, free buffet on Sundays. Elaine is behind the bar to make you feel at home. GF w/young GM
Car's, 204 W. 10th St. (235-9742). Neighborhood bar and crowd. Allie is the only one left behind the stick. GM
Case Laredo, 551 Hudson St. (989-8520). Tex-Mex food at its best. Beautiful atmosphere. Say hello to Bernard on the floor and Jim at the bar. GM & Int.

Cave, Bank St. and Washington. New, sweatst on the floor, Jeff and Randy at the bar and Kevin to make sure that you have a good time. GM
Celtic Block, 372 W. 11th St. Some groovy numbers on both sides of the bar. Ask for Bob during the day and Ted at night. GM
Cover, 531 Hudson St. (255-9741). New disco. Downstairs is for drinks. Features a complete Italian, Spanish, German or Chinese dinner at \$2.50. Sit in and say hello to Ted, Marty, Chuck, Matty and yours truly.
Danny's, 139 Christopher St. (929-9321). Has picked up considerably. I'm sure that the day crowd is due to Jerry behind the bar. GM
Danny's Sheridan St., 170 7th Ave. So. Young heads and dancing. Lot Joey but got Jack Hartman, Marvin and Jody will see to your needs. GM
Delaney's, 72 Grove St. (At 5-7905). Drinks by Joey J. and piano by Murray Grant. Fine food. 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 Grove St. (675-9699). Village favorite of Sheridan St. 170 7th Ave. So. Young heads and dancing. Lot Joey but got Jack Hartman, Marvin and Jody will see to your needs. GM
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Jason and George will make sure that you enjoy. GM/Int.

EAST VILLAGE, WASHINGTON AND UNION SQUARES

Club Baths, 24 1st Ave. (673-3283). Open 24 hours. Christiana facilities and hump ystubs all over the place. Confidential V.D. tests every Thursday 5-9pm. GM
Eighty-Two Club, 82 E. 4th St. (GR 7-1046). Home of the female impersonators. Tourists.
McSorely's Ale House, 15 E. 7th St. (477-9363). Was very cruisy when we were kids. I doubt if it's changed all that much even though Women's Lib got there too. Int.
Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. So. (777-7870). A wild mixture of everything and baby, the prices are STIFF. Int.
St. Mark's Baths, 6 St. Marks Place (473-7929). Low prices because they wouldn't dare charge any higher. Run down. GM
Spoofer's, 232 Park Ave. So. (475-9759). Will let you know more later on.
Seal's Hook, 18 E. 13th St. Restaurant. Int.

GRAMMERCY & MURRAY HILL

Beau Geste, 239 3rd Ave. (475-9774). 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 Lion, 57 Lexington Ave. (686-9608). Nice, friendly atmosphere. Your host is David. Go and have a good time. GM
Tavern in the Townhouse, 108 E. 38th St. I'd prefer a cabin in the sky. Another disco, ala Tamburlaine. [Probably have the same troubles with the neighbors.] Same heads are here. Beautiful Joey is on the bar. I'd like to say your name it but I'll settle for Int.
Uncle Charlie's South, 581 3rd Ave. Three separate rooms allow you to keep making intrusions. 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

Eagle's Nest, 11th Ave. & 21st St. If you're not into leather (black) and/or western, don't bother. You won't get in and why hassle the management or yourself. This is for leather people only. 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. Same numbers as at The Eagle. Sexy Roy Baker is on the bar. GM

Gay Activists Alliance Firehouse, Saturday night dance at 99 Wooster St. Get there early and have a ball and a hair. Take the 7th Ave. IRT local to Houston, 8th Ave. IND (A.A. 83) to Spring; 6th Ave. IND (D7F8) to Broadway/Lafayette; BMT (RR) to Prince; LEX, Ave. IRT to Spring. Cabaret every other Friday with bar of beer, soda and live entertainment. Movies on Sunday evenings. GM, GF

MIDTOWN & MIDDLE EAST SIDE

Beacon Baths, 227 E. 45th St. (647-0322). Take the elevator to the 11th floor and groov. Some incredible humpers. Great for a matinee with all those married execs trying to find happiness before going home to the 'ill woman. Free V.D. test Wednesdays from 4pm to 8pm. GM
Beaded Bag, 901 1st Ave. (486-9832). Johnny Vincent taking over. You're sure to find some changes. He knows what he's doing. GM/GF.
Candy Store, 44 W. 56th St. (581-4664). Wax museum gone. New disco dancing. New image for a neighborhood 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, 309 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. Excellent dinners by Ernesto; drinks by Jimmy, Ellie, Lois and Jerry. GF, some GM
Mayfair, 964 1st Ave. (EL 5-9259). Kind of classy but not good food at a good price. Int. Reunited, 151 E. 50th St. One of the biggest discos in town. I still object to no call liquor. At \$1.50 a throw, yet, Mario, Joey and Bobby will keep you entertained.
Sauna Baths, 300 W. 56th 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 Pussy with him behind the bar and Bill in the kitchen. GM
Troubadour, 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 Cowboy.

SOHO

Gay Activists Alliance Firehouse, Saturday night dance at 99 Wooster St. Get there early and have a ball and a hair. Take the 7th Ave. IRT local to Houston, 8th Ave. IND (A.A. 83) to Spring; 6th Ave. IND (D7F8) to Broadway/Lafayette; BMT (RR) to Prince; LEX, Ave. IRT to Spring. Cabaret every other Friday with bar of beer, soda and live entertainment. Movies on Sunday evenings. GM, GF

UPPER WEST SIDE

Candlelight Lounge, 309 Amsterdam Ave. bet. 74th & 75th Sts. (674-9607). Neighborhood crowd. GM
Chig's, Columbus Ave. bet. 66th & 67th Sts. Popular with Lincoln Center audiences. Int.
Continental Baths, 230 W. 74th St., west of B'way. (799-2688). More than a bath-house, it's a totally gay environment even down to a weekend cabaret. Expensive, but worth it. Students welcome with I.D. cards. GM
Headlight Pub, 324 Amsterdam Ave. bet. 75th & 76th Sts. (874-8632). Easily the most popular bar in this section of town. Good cruising and friendly people. GM
Westlender, 2160 Broadway at 76th St. (874-8013). Another popular bar with dining room and bar at street level and pool tables at the beer bar downstairs. GM

UPTOWN

Charade, 1800 2nd Ave. at 93rd. Where Black is beautiful, the age is young, the food and music are soul and the dancing terrific. GmM
Gold Rat, 2850 Broadway (MO 2-4704). Restaurant and bar popular with uptown gays and Columbia students. Int.
MI. Morris Baths, 1944 Madison Ave. (534-9004). This has a black majority. GM
Pauline's Interiors, 2267 7th Ave. at 135th St. A Harlem landmark since before most of us were born. Int.

BROOKLYN

Danny's in Brooklyn Heights, 108 Montague St. (625-8844). Social center of the Heights. GM
Johnny Lyons Supper Club, 1201 Utica Ave. Beautiful Greg is on the bar with Mike. Freddy is your host. If you are in the neighborhood, drop in and say hello. (451-9768).
Man's Country, 53 Pierrepont St., Brooklyn Heights. Brand 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

Adirondack/Betsy Ross Room, 73-13 37th Road, Jackson Heights (429-8605). It's right on

DANCE BELT & HELL'S KITCHEN

Better Days, W. 48th St. New. Mel and Jerry are on the bar.
Big Spender, 315 W. 48th St. (586-9882). Lots of guys from the nearby shows. Some beauties. 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 Edna's Scoreboard, 264 W. 46th St. (265-9073). Advertised at "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.H. 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's, 326 W. 46th St. (581-6464). Gypsies, name-performers, etc. Gay is the word for the bar while the tables will be mixed. Int.
Loading Zone, 386 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 Edwina 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."

UPPER EAST SIDE
Alibi, 1548 2nd Ave. (249-7026). Gwen has turned Monday nights into nostalgia night. It's also Show Night with herself playing Nelson Eddy to Gene King's Jeanette MacDonald. Quite a treat. GF, GM
Country Cousin, 1313 3rd Ave. (879-4614). 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. Silly, Harry and Eddy on the bar.
Harry's Back East, 1422 3rd Ave. (249-6991). Always one of the cruzziest 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

New Jimmy's, 1576 3rd Ave. (860-4500). Two of the best hosts 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.
Painted Pony, 1485 3rd Ave. (744-9580). Piano bar under the direction of the incredible "Gypsy." Good drinks dispensed by Ralph. Cruisiness and nice. GM
Piper's Lounge, 1201 Lexington Ave. (734-9305). Tony Black's back's back—this time with Maurice. Dancing, cruisy. 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. Crowded with humpy and friendly males. Topless bartenders, Wally and Gene, are enough to fill anyone's orbs with lust. GM

THE COVEN, THE EAGLE, THE SPIKE, THE CELL BLOCK & KELLER'S had the privilege of aiding the 9 PLUS during its recent birthday celebration. And let me tell you it was SOMETHING else!!! You can always tell when a lot of work goes into something like this when it runs so smoothly. The credit goes to the board of directors. I would especially like to thank Chuck, who changed some bandages for me, Bob, Dennis on the door, and the two bartenders, Al and Jon-Jon. They'll all be recovering. It's been a long time since I attended something like this, the last being in California some four years ago. I'd forgotten the camaraderie of the group involved. I'll not forget it again. I thank you all for allowing me to participate. HAPPY BIRTHDAY 9 PLUS and many, many, more... We had our "HUMPY MAN" contest at the COVEN and it was a huge success. It was handled as pure camp and everyone had a ball. Frank Elliot, from the ONE POTATO, stepped in at the last minute to do the commentary and was unbelievable. He had the audience and the contestants roaring from the time he took to the mike until the end of the show. The contestants were all good sports and I'd like to thank them all PERSONALLY. Third place went to Frank's lover, George. (No, there was no fix, everyone present got a vote.) Second place went to my favorite, Wally, from UNCLE CHARLIE'S NORTH. And, the winner, HUMPY MAN 1972—all the way from England—was Craig Dudley. He is humpy!!!! PERSONAL TO DANNY from Bloomfield, N.J., thank you very much for your kind words. Stop into the bar any night during the week and we'll discuss the possibilities... Anne Pelligrino feted on her birthday by her Carol. We had a blast at MARIE'S CRISIS... Alexis Smith and Henry Fonda at JACK DELANEY'S to hear Murray Grant's sensational piano... Harvey Keith back from mending after major surgery with a hungry (more like famished) look in his eyes... Thanks a million to Bill Bike for the unbelievable job of embroidery he did on my jacket... Stop into the ROADHOUSE and ask Rex what is a cancelled check... Stella walking on clouds due to a certain

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UPPER WEST SIDE
Candlelight Lounge, 309 Amsterdam Ave. bet. 74th & 75th Sts. (674-9607). Neighborhood crowd. GM
Chig's, Columbus Ave. bet. 66th & 67th Sts. Popular with Lincoln Center audiences. Int.
Continental Baths, 230 W. 74th St., west of B'way. (799-2688). More than a bath-house, it's a totally gay environment even down to a weekend cabaret. Expensive, but worth it. Students welcome with I.D. cards. GM
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"Vaseline Alley." The room is pleasant but the owners (no mistake) give off bad vibes. GF/GM.

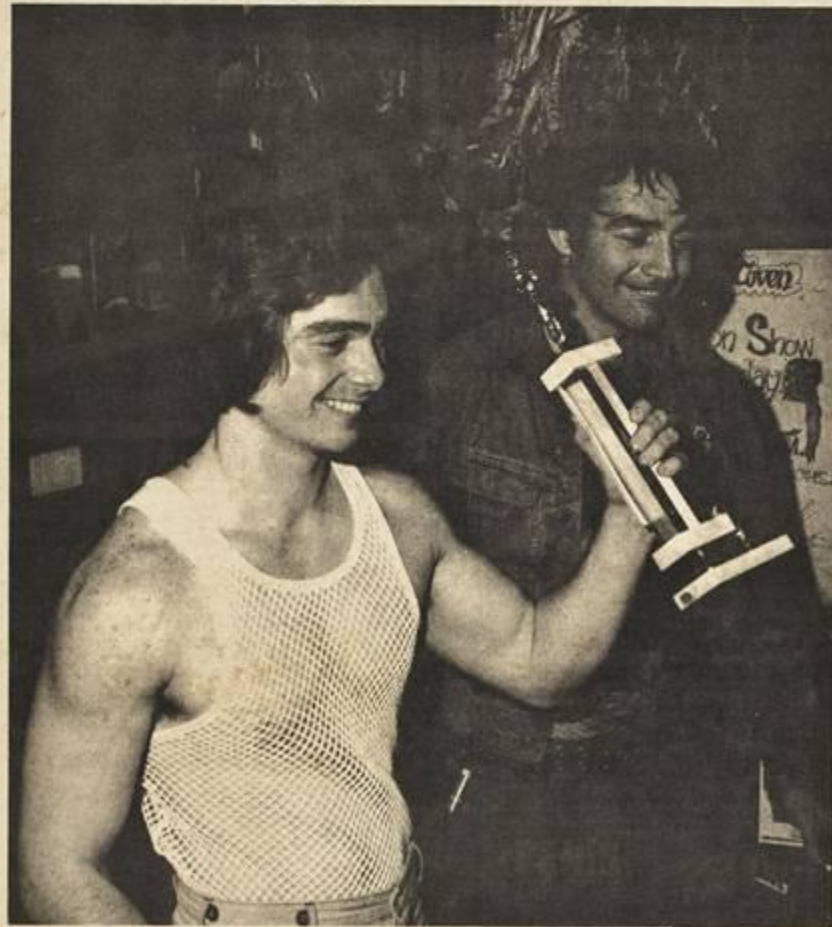
Trysting Place, 120-31 83rd Ave., Kew Gardens (846-8922). Cruisiness with a balcony from which to play Romeo if you're so inclined. Say hello to Fran and Danny. GF, GM
What A Dump, 76-07 Roosevelt Ave. Cruisiness in a cruisy setting. Gay owned which is a big plus. Say hello to Don, Vinnie, Chat and Teddy. GM

GAY CINEMA

David, 236 W. 55th St.
55th St. Playhouse, 55th St. between 6th & 7th Aves.
Jewel Theatre, 12th St. & 3rd Ave.
Park-Miller, 43rd St. betw. 6th Ave. & B'way (BR 9-2970)
Tomcat Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St.

The Contest At The Coven

Witch is Which?



Craig Dudley, an actor, was the Coven's Humpy Man.

What, pray, is a Humpy Man? At The Coven, a gathering place for warlocks in Greenwich Village, one wonders if it's Quasimodo they're talking about. "Aw, come on," says The Coven's host, Jerry Fitzpatrick. "It's a man with a bulge, maybe, but not a hump."

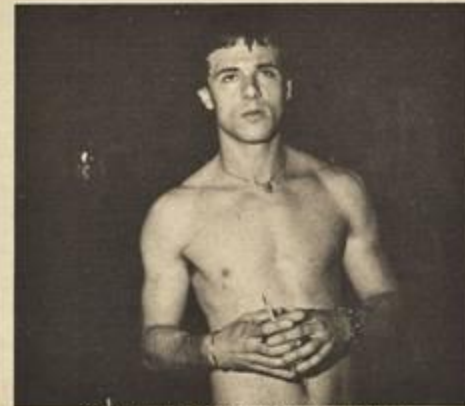
On May 7th, a Sunday afternoon, over 200 curious onlookers gathered at The Coven for the Humpy Man Contest. M.C. Frank Elliot (from *The One Potato*) introduced a group of humpy men whose bulges were all in the right places. The winner, Craig Dudley (an actor, and star of *Sticks and Stones*, one of the first gay flicks on the Manhattan circuit), accepted his trophy under a large stuffed witch, the symbol of The Coven.



Gil: smooth vibes and a well-centered belly button.



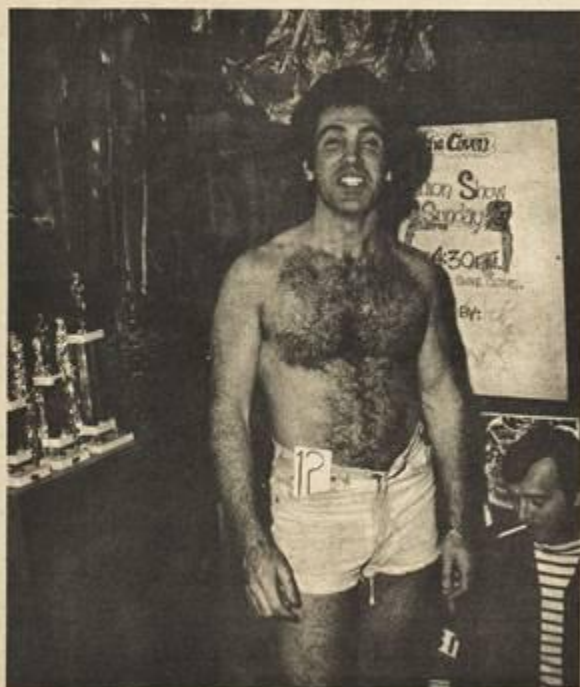
Billy Bink gets a kiss from GAY's Jerry Fitzpatrick.



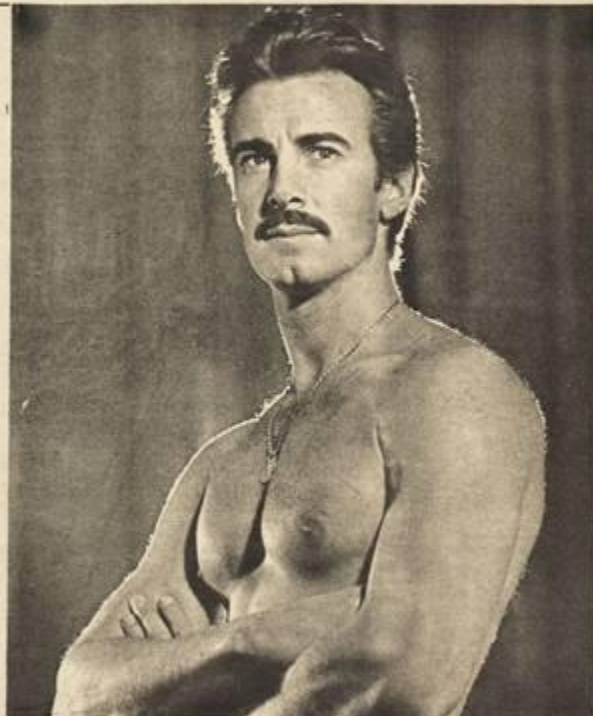
Hungarians, like this fellow, made some people hungry.



Frank Elliot (*One Potato*) is not the Cobra Woman.



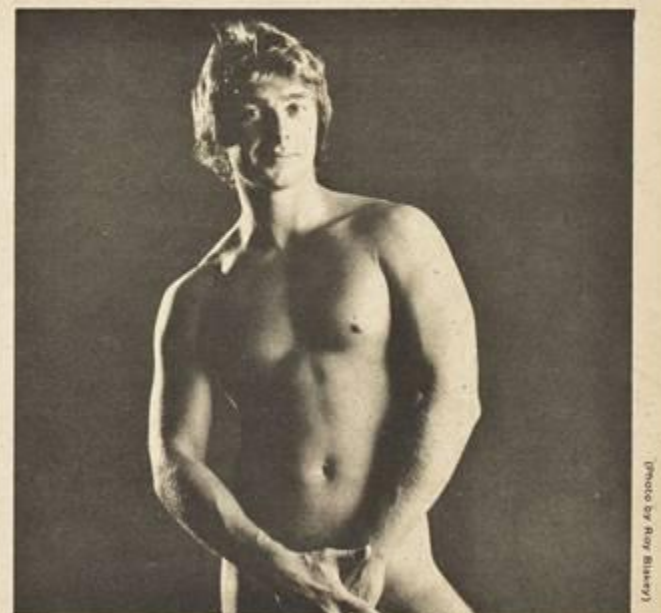
George was Winner Number 3.



Wally, a bartender at Uncle Charlie's North, came in Second.



George (Winner Number 3) is Frank Elliot's lover.



Craig Dudley was the star of *'Sticks and Stones'*.

(Photo by Roy Blaney)

Cruising Off Broadway...

BY IAN AND DANIEL

I AM THE PRESIDENT

An Evening with Richard Nixon and... by Gore Vidal. At the Shubert Theatre, 225 West 44th Street. For reservations call 246-5990.

Well, I must say, *An Evening...* was a good example of the extended joke—extended. It takes a real master to make it work and consequently to bring it off. I didn't feel that Vidal quite achieved his goal.

Basically I liked the productions with some reservations. I'm not familiar with Gore Vidal's (or "Gor Vee-dal" as Lily Tomlin would say) previous dramatic works—and it seems to me that though his love for "Tricky Dick" is quite non-existent, he was walking on glass in bare feet when he decided to dramatize his bad vibes for Nixon. That is not to say he was defeated before he ever got started—but that it's rather dangerous if politics and its cohorts are to be the "thumping" horse, as it were. But that's another story, isn't it!

An Evening... began funnily enough—sagged in the middle—and rallied a bit after the intermission to its climax. But it's not easy—nor pragmatic—to beat a dead horse, even if he is the current President of U.S. of A.-land.

The play (a dramatic invective might be closer) concerned itself with Nixon's rise on the political ladder including all of those humiliating defeats at the hands of Gov. Pat Brown, et al. Sitting in mock judgment as overseers (literally speaking as well) were past prexies G. Washington (head overseer), D.D. Eisenhower (14 overpar at the end of three holes), and the ever-popular J. Fitzgerald Kennedy. Washington had Nixon's entire political career before him, including all of his quotable statements during his "rise" to the Presidency.

George Irving did a really splendid job of capturing the man Nixon. Makeup (Bob O'Bradovich—hmm!) had grafted on a "ski-jump" of a nose to complete the picture, and although Irving is physically larger than Nixon, he (Irving) had it all down pat—everything—the hunched shoulders, the hand and arm gestures, even Nixon's scowl, jowls and furrowed brow—and his voice. It was quite convincing.

Humbert Allen Astredo (wow!) did well by his role as "Con," playing opposite Gene Rupert as "Pro." The protagonists were obviously Vidal and his bosom enemy William F. Buckley. Again as with Irving, Mr. Astredo looked like Buckley and had faithfully reproduced many of his particular facial expressions and gestures and even his singular approach to word usage and vocal inflections. Stephen D. Newman was excellent as Gen. George Washington, and Philip Sterling came across as a bit too erudite and knowledgeable as Ike. Robert King was a passable J.F.K. The rest of the cast of 9 or 10 did yeoman service in all of the other roles which included the irrepressible Martha Mitchell, the redoubtable Nikita S. Krushchev and even the likes of Gov. Pat Brown, Harry S. Truman, Spiro T. Agnew and Barry Goldwater. The American people were also represented as demonstrators.

The single set and scenery were by William Rittman and their openness and simplicity were quite effective.

The play is great fodder for all of the anti-Nixon fans out there in U.S.A.-land and I should wonder if the pro-Nixonites had anything at all to applaud save for Buckley's rhetoric. I have no idea what



David Bromberg: Ya Gotta Suffer!

the establishment drama critics are saying about Vidal's invective and since I never read the papers any more and am not part of the establishment, I couldn't care less. I would think that if they disliked it intensely (on whatever grounds) it might have been partly because of their political leanings and/or their fear of homosexuals—especially those who are on the creative end of things. The point is that if one is really involved with politicians and that whole ilk-y thing called politics, then Vidal's new play will get your adrenalin flowing for a while, at least. It does run out of steam—as an over-extended extended joke must. As I said, he doesn't quite bring it off but it's close enough for government work. Admittedly, had he chosen a former president like L.B.J., J.F.K. or even H.S.T., I don't think it would have fared as well. At least the ones mentioned were possessed (in one way or another) of that all-too-rare commodity that in these difficult times is absolutely essential to the presidency; i.e., to say intelligence, with a pinch of compassion, perhaps. And let me make one thing perfectly clear, Richard Milhous Nixon has been left standing out in the cold and pouring rain (remember the Charles Manson debacle?). Nixon standing out in the pouring rain—just like salt mixed with water—it always dissolves, folks.

PRO MUSICA FREAK

Well, as you know by now gente, horny readers, my cohort and friend Daniel (no, we're not lovers, but I love him with an absolute consuming truth) has split to Europe. Paris to be exact. He'll see friends and will be doing part of our column from across the Atlantic in weeks to come.

At any rate, I managed to snare a pair of tickets to an utterly delightful program performance by the *New York Pro Musica*. It was a 16th century masque called *An Entertainment for Elizabeth* (The Queen; i.e., not Taylor). Now a masque is (was) a type of theatrical performance given at the royal court and in great households on festive occasions, especially in honor of a VIP-type guest. In concept it was both allegorical and mythological and took the form of poetry, songs and dances. It represented a progression of a particular virtue(s) from chaos to order.

In this masque, it began and ended with a processional of the members of the court and the Queen. The dances ranged from the disorderly (chaotic) to elaborate patterned dances intended to celebrate the triumph of virtue—showing the beauty of design in an orderly world... So much for the program notes.

I'm sure there are a few of you out there who, like myself, are stoned renaissance freaks. It was an absolutely incredible era for music and I think that the live theatre, dance and music were never so closely allied as they were in the 15th and



Daniel and Ian

16th centuries, as witness those elaborate, and from what I can gather, frequently performed masques.

This masque was divided into four parts: the entrance, the masque itself consisting of solo part songs by John Dowland and Thomas Campian and the most famous composer of all—Anon. The dance portion included the Sword Dance which was all and then some—brilliantly performed. I don't know if the swords were really sharp (probably not) but some of the moves they made required fine timing and a generous helping of trust.

The largest section, called The Revels, I enjoyed most. Vocal members of the Pro Musica came to the fore with some very fine ensemble and solo singing. Daniel Collins, who sings counter-tenor, did his vocal thing with some brilliant and quite pleasing runs and (vocal) acrobatics. A highlight of this section, for me, were four dances—the *Frog Gulliard* as danced by the Queen herself—and very well, I might add, especially with all those bustle things hovering about her derriere; the *Cushion Dance*—a sort of 16th century version of Spin the Bottle in which the chosen one must fall to his or her knees on the cushion, to be kissed; the *Cenuries*—a 16th century idea of savage, exotic dancing; and the best of the lot, *La Volta*, a rather bold undertaking (for those times, I suspect) in which the man swings his partner high in the air at some risk to her modesty, however well hidden under her corsets, petticoats and bustles and things. The final section was the Exit and was a reprise of the opening.

Seeing all of this delightfulness I was under the impression it was a new work, but further investigation disclosed that it had been in their repertoire for some time but hadn't been performed in a while. The set was simple but quite effective with two huge tapestries forming the stage "curtain"—the instrumental consort to one side and the Queen and her consort to the other. The costumes were designed by Anne Hollander and some were said to have cost upwards of \$1,000. The dance constructions were brilliantly done by Julia Sutton and Jean Knowlton.

So, all you dyed-in-the-wool renaissance freaks, I need not tell you that you can look forward to a delightful evening the next time they perform it here. It will knock you right out of the saddle. For those of you not in the renaissance ballpark, I guarantee it will get you hooked in that whole period. Viewing Friday's performance left no doubt in my mind of the singular excellence of the *New York Pro Musica*. Though they perform often during the year, my regret is that very little of it is done here in New York—yep! Like Daniel once said before—*somebody do something!*

BLUE GRASS CHARISMA

Dave Bromberg was back in town for a few days at Town Hall and then did a gig

at the Village Gaslight (116 MacDougal). By the time you read this he will be on his way to California-land for a stint out west.

I dropped into the Gaslight at the invitation of my good friend and Dave's manager, Ted Colman (thanks amigo!). I was curious to see if olde Dave had been de-voured by the fame and fortune monster. Since Daniel and I had seen him last a few months ago at Folk City, I'd been wondering if he'd lost any of that delightful unpretentiousness—a marvelous homespun charisma. I wasn't disappointed—he hasn't or doesn't seem to have lost any of it. Between his incredible pickin' and his half talking of the words, Dave excels at skunching you down into a blue funk before you can say "Leadly Belly." He did a few pieces I'd not heard before including a scintillating blue grass thing with everybody and his brother coming out of the woodwork to join in and take a few licks—the hottest blue grass pickin' I've heard this side of Seaboard. Most of the other pieces were from his first album, including my favorite: "Ya Gotta Suffer if You Want To Sing The Blues." I caught the early show and it was a good thing because there was a line of people waiting to get in for the next show.

The only visible change I could see in Dave was that his beautiful long curly locks (they loved him in Sheboygan) had been shortened—but his blue grass charisma seems to have gone unscathed in spite of his first album and the new notoriety. He won't be back in town for a bit, but when he is—do yourself a favor and catch his magic.

AND FURTHERMORE...

Some tried and true standbys you should make it a point to see—*The Fantasticks* (Sullivan St. Playhouse, OR 4-3838); *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* (Mercer-Hansberry, OR 3-3937); and Paul Zindel's *The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds* (New Theatre, PL 2-0440).

Speaking of Paul Zindel, Daniel got a call from him just before he split to Paris. He wanted to read Daniel's play *More Feathers* and if he liked it, to take an option on it. Good show, love.

If you want information about free entertainment throughout the city, in the park, libraries and museums, it's available by calling 472-1003 (the Parks, Recreation and Cultural Affairs Administration) weekdays from 9:30-5pm and on weekends from 10am-5pm.

Bette Midler fans rejoice—she'll be in concert at Carnegie Hall June 23rd—leave your towels at home guys!

On June 3rd, Stephen Bell, a young and rather good-looking classical guitarist, will give the third in a series of concerts at Carnegie Recital Hall featuring music by Bach... Even if you don't like classical guitar music, go anyway because he is sexy looking and in absolutely classical manner. And who knows...?

Fernando Arrabal



Peter Maloney, George Shannon and Ron Faber in "Handcuffs."

BY THANE HAMPTEN

Of all the [political] systems I have seen, they are all equally bad. But the least bad is Anarchy.

—Fernando Arrabal

Anyone who can speak that affectionately of anarchism is a man after my own heart. Therefore, when Lige called one evening to ask if I'd like to see Arrabal's latest play and then interview him, I jumped at the chance. Perhaps this would make up for the fact that I had just missed the explosive release of his film, *Viva La Muerte*, in Paris last summer. This had irritated me. I have long been aware of the playwright's reputation (the most frequently produced contemporary dramatist in France; productions directed by Peter Brook at England's National Theatre; also at the Stratford, Ontario Shakespeare Festival) but I had never managed to see any of his works actually presented.

Off to the Mercer Arts Center (multi-leveled and looking so consciously similar to *Le Dragstore*). Everyone waits outside the upper theatre until a few minutes before curtain. Then we are admitted, several at a time, into pitch darkness. Grope. I wonder if we are in for a few Liquid Theatre surprises. The tickets are numbered but we sit where we choose, on low platforms. (Before the evening ends, my back and neck are throbbing exquisitely.) On the stage, in a soft amber spot, Little Orphan Annie in army fatigues treats us to a Bach chaconne for unaccompanied violin.

Annie finishes and the lights go up on a crude metal jail cell where much of the action takes place. Three political prisoners, dirty, barefoot and with severely shaved heads, come to life. Often more animal than human, though never without a pained sense of dignity and violated pride, they alternately curse, embrace and assault each other. As with all incarcerated souls, they feed obsessively upon memories of the diminishing past. And as purgatory dictates, the past is no relief, no haven. It is as raw and cruel as the present. And there is no future.

Together and separately, they remem-

ber. Wives, mistresses, friends, whores. The War. Guilt, panic and betrayal. Snatches of song, shreds of classic drama, bits of poetry. They enact not only their own tortured lives, but those of their captors and prosecutors.

The title of this play, *And They Put Handcuffs on the Flowers*, is taken from a poem by the great Spanish playwright and poet, Federico Garcia Lorca. One of the most moving moments in the play (and I was deeply moved at least three times during the performance) occurs with a prisoner's narration of the humiliating death of Lorca. Knowing of the poet's homosexuality, the Fascist soldier places an additional well-aimed bullet... directly up Lorca's asshole. BLAM! (This, I suggest, is precisely what gay liberationists are fighting: the continual and eternal bullets-up-the-asshole.)

I won't essay a description or analysis of *Flowers*. It is entirely too complex for the limited space I have here. (I must mention that the performances by Ron Faber and cast are as technically brilliant as I have ever seen on the New York stage.) The genuine importance rests with mood and temper, with Arrabal's indignant shouts of anger as projected and filtered through his use of astringent symbols. Arrabal's works make fetishes of castration, masturbation, ritual sodomy, sadomasochism—and defecation as an art form as well as catharsis.

Flowers is no exception. A prisoner is forced to eat his own balls. He informs the audience, as the juices soil his chin and shirt, that they are surprisingly tasty and he is most grateful for the opportunity. Another is repeatedly lashed with heavy-linked chains. The Savior performs a miracle of restoring a man's sight; this Christ gives benediction while undulating provocatively, hissing, and receiving the penultimate blowjob from an obese Felliniesque whore. A prisoner is executed by garroting. At the moment of death, he urinates loudly and profusely into a large pan. The receptacle is presented to his wife. The urine is transformed into blood (water into wine) and she covers her face with it, uttering silent screams of anguish. Classic Greek tragedy as viewed through the eyes of a very sane madman.

Arrabal's genre is an extension of The-

atre of the Absurd, often labeled "Theatre of Panic." It is total rebellion against authority and useless tradition. (What tradition is not useless?) It features brutality to fight brutality. Margaret Croyden likens him to Bosch and Clive Barnes is reminded logically of Goya. As for myself, I keep seeing the crude and shattering drawings of George Grosz. Decline, decay, dissolution, dismemberment, death.

What then will this playwright look like, act like? Besides offending everyone possible with his plays (except the young and revolutionary), he also writes poetry and paints. The total creative artist. Born in Spain forty years ago, he has suffered imprisonment there and has lived in voluntary exile for twenty years in France where he regularly outrages police, critics and the general public. I anticipate a monstrous, cyclopean Orson Wells prototype. There must be a deep scar that runs diagonally across the face and grows scarlet with the constant flashes of venomous anger. I assume he will contemptuously allow me fifteen minutes, then throw me bodily into the street.

I've never been inside the Chelsea Hotel before. The lobby is refreshing but the rest is a disappointment. (I prefer the sullen and forlorn wastes of the Ansonia.) I ride up the elevator with a very aged Margaret Witcherly character whose piercing eyes accuse me of unspeakable acts. Does she foretell of what's to come? I exit hurriedly and rap on Arrabal's door.

I'm admitted by a pretty, very clean, very neat boy who introduces himself as Jim Denton. Jim is production director, interpreter and general assistant to the playwright. Arrabal comes to shake my hand. He is short, slight, and reminds me of a younger Edward G. Robinson. He is somberly dressed and soft-spoken. A beard and severe round glasses frames give him the look of a monastic owl. So much for Rabelaisian images.

I remove a stack of papers and unmatched sneakers from a chair. I sit there as Arrabal flops on the bed, with Denton on the floor at the master's feet. I begin by asking why *Viva La Muerte*, which got excellent critical reviews, was so slighted in this country. Arrabal speaks in French

and Denton translates. He feels that the distribution was indifferent. I wonder about interference from the Spanish government.

"I never thought of that. The Spanish Embassy protested the film in Paris, but... here?"

"Good heavens, why not? The U.S. doesn't want to offend Generalissimo Franco. We try to be so helpful and want everybody to love us. And our compromises and clumsiness just result in everyone hating us. New York doesn't fool you, does it? We may be liberal but the government sure as hell isn't."

"No, but I love New York. There are many lies... a lot of garbage about New York."

"Figuratively and literally. Well, I love New York too, but I think I'd just as soon be going back to Paris with you. Why don't you get The New Yorker to push *Viva La Muerte*?"

Denton explains that theatre's concept of film scheduling. Arrabal expresses interest, nods solemnly, then brightens and turns to me. "I've just seen *L.A. Plays Itself*. It was *troumatic*! It inspired me! I was up until 4:00 this morning... writing... sadomasochism..."

I'm very much intrigued and surprised. This is something I didn't expect. Arrabal is straight and I hadn't intended to put any particular emphasis on homosexuality in this interview. Arrabal sits up in bed.

"I was very shaken by this film." I pull out the copy of GAY that I had brought him. Denton stops me. "He already has it. He read your review of Halsted's film."

"It will have great influence on me, this film. I felt I was in a pagoda watching a strange religious ceremony... a rite. Especially when the man enters the... He stops and pantomimes with his arm. Apparently there is no term in French for fist-fucking. "Religion has become nothing but politics in the 20th Century. Man has lost the past sense of exaltation. Today, we must recapture this mystical exaltation, individually!"

"But the film didn't stimulate you sexually, did it?"

"Yes! Of course it would have stimulated me more if it had been heterosex-

(continued on page 18)

The Last Estate

BY GREGORY BATTCKOCK

Before I tell you what I did on a TWA airplane recently, let's hear the Bella Abzug story:

"Come hear Bella Abzug talk about the war," she said, thrusting a leaflet at me.

"I'm a Ryan man, thanks," I said. "Hear Bella on 96th Street," another urged, again offering the offending leaflet. I declined. A moment later, emerging from "Food Round-Up" on Broadway, I ran into their loud-speaker man.

"I think this is a disgrace. You don't belong in William Ryan's district," I said, with more conviction than logic.

"Why not?" they asked. "Ryan was against the war before Bella ever heard of it. It's not fair," I said.

"Why not?" they asked again, as a little audience gathered around.

"Because it's simply cheap opportunism," I said.

"Well, I guess we can't convince you otherwise."

"No, you can't. Why doesn't Abzug unseat a conservative in another district?" I asked.

"Redistricting is the issue," they said and apparently that's what they believe.

Bella is a disappointment because she came on honest—the "new" politics. And, as we now know, the "new" politics is rather like the "old." Bella, obviously, is in this for herself and for what she can get out of it. As her supporters say, why not?

One reason is that William Ryan has been consistently in support of homosexual rights and is credited with influencing Councilman Friedland (upper Manhattan) to support Intro 475 in New York City.

And another reason is we're all getting a little fed up with this transparent "it's OK if you can get away with it" attitude.



On the plane, Gregory ordered a "Boy on the Rocks" and they brought him this handsome chap.

On TWA they asked do you want the pot roast, the zarzuela or the chicken? Neither, I said. When they started passing around the trays I opened my lunch bag and ate my cheese and fruit. I even brought my own wine. It certainly raised a lot of eyebrows. People seemed stunned that somebody would rather eat their own food when the airline was giving out food for free. Some, obviously, thought I was some kind of a hick who had never flown before. You'd think we were in the middle of a depression. The stewardess

couldn't have been more surprised if I had pulled a gun. The disgusting little menu they passed out, complete with lavish overpraise for the utterly disgusting shit they serve, must have been composed by none other than Nixon's own speech writer.

Invited Dr. Henry over for dinner. "Look. I brought a little bottle of Champagne!" exclaimed Ruitenbeek, handing me the brown paper bag.

ting married. Please advise. Dan K. New York City

[ED. NOTE: You sound as though you're not as open to living as you could be. There's plenty of action here for a person with a more positive attitude. GAY's columnist, John Francis Hunter, who is your age, sees life quite differently. Read his book, THE GAY INSIDER, and lubricate yourself with his joy in New York.]

Dear GAY: My wife and I are faithful readers of GAY. Although straight, we are enthusiastic fans of yours. We particularly enjoy reading Wanton Ads. Many straight people are afraid of the gay world. We think that attitude is ridiculous. We think gays are great!

Love, Dave & Liz New York City

[ED. NOTE: Thanks a million for writing. It's always encouraging when folks like yourselves act as bridges between spheres in the sexual continuum.]

Dear GAY: It is always nice to receive your newspaper in the mail. Like everyone else I find it very enjoyable and informative. I only really came out last November.

"Oh, how nice," I said. "Look inside the bag!" he ordered. "Oh! You shouldn't have, Henry. It's Dom Perignon!" I squealed. Pasted on the bottle was a price label the size of a parking ticket: \$17.90. "Well, I was going to spend it on a trick anyway. But this way at least I know what I'm getting," remarked the good doctor, philosophically.

The contributors to GAY enjoy complimenting one another in print. Unfortunately, they all seem to dislike one another intensely. I suppose the only reason the whole operation holds together is that nobody ever sees anybody else. I, for one, wouldn't know John Francis Hunter (or whatever name he's using this week) if I picked him up in Central Park. Sorel David is, I suppose, a pen name of Leo Skir's. I know what Thane Hampton looks like because I overheard him introducing himself to Parker Tyler in a movie lobby. Oh yes. Dick Leitch is known to one and all—because he's been around longer than anyone else.

You write something bitchy about some people and they call up and laugh and laugh and say how brilliant it was. Others sulk and accuse you of being unfair. They, of course, are the jerks. Anybody who can't read his own name in print, totally slandered, and enjoy it and think it's a scream is a drip. Slander is, thank goodness, the highest compliment one can offer in a dignified manner. The insecure prefer hypocrisy.

In this day and age, when all information is good information, any publicity is, indeed, good publicity.

Cheers, Gregory

Through the last few months your paper has answered a lot of questions I have been asking myself for many, many years. In some cases you showed me the right way to go when there were two ways to go.

There is only one thing I wish you could do and that is change your *Where Will You Go Tonight* page once in a while. You see, I live in pitiful Peoria and a big part of the gay people here are either stuck up or unfriendly. I would like to know a few other places to go (in Illinois) besides the bars here in town.

Love you all, P.M.H. Peoria, Ill.

[ED. NOTE: In Peoria, Illinois, you may want to try Ray's Quench Room at 631 Main Street or Walt's Downtown Lounge at 519 Main Street. Have fun!]

In GAY no. 77, "Gay Lib Meets the Homophobes," there were a few errors we would like to correct: (1) It was Morty Manford who was thrown down the escalator by Michael Maye; (2) Charles Barth slipped a newspaper through the glass partition, not a glass partition through the glass partition; and (3) the judge accepted the cop's testimony on the theory that if every witness tells the same story, then none of them is lying. The article said one of them is lying.

Clay's Clearing House

BY ALAN CLAY

BYE-BYE, EDGAR!

This isn't really the place for such comments, but I do feel an urge to add my two-cents-worth. J. Edgar Hoover is dead. No one that I know, and I possess a fairly diverse collection of friends, is lamenting his passing. The main reason for this is of course the fact that the gentleman had not kept up with the times. Right and Wrong are no longer as easily definable as they used to be. (Were they ever?) Hoover's ultra-conservative politics, and his insistence on playing Gangbusters long after the need for such comic book tactics had vanished, made a literal cartoon of the man.

He did modernize crime detection, I'll grant that. But he was a dictator and made the FBI a snooping, arrogant law unto itself. These things are not supposed to happen in a democracy. Few people liked him and a great many people—in very high places—were scared shitless of him. Now he's gone and I assume (eventually) we'll know The Whole Story. There is another reason for gays to have contempt for the man. (You all know the stories.) Frankly, I suspect the old bulldog was neuter. At any rate, he was no friend to homosexuals. I hope his replacement will be a more modern man in all ways. But you know how dictatorships are. In trying to fill the predecessor's shoes, the heir to the throne is often more of a monster. Keep your fingers crossed.

"IT CAN'T HAPPEN TO ME..."

... is what we all say—about being in bad auto accidents, getting killed while jaywalking, catching VD—and suffering theft. He was in his mid-twenties, nicely dressed, educated, lots of fun. Of course, he was just a pick-up. But I trusted him because you trust your instincts after so many years of cruising and getting to know types. Whoops, I goofed. The next morning I discovered one of my proudest possessions, a very expensive 35mm camera, had somehow become attached to his person. (If you read this, baby, know that I wish you an agonizing death from cancer of the penis.)

My reason for letting the world know of my stupidity is simply because I want to deliver a warning. We all get careless. I watch strangers like a hawk in my humble apartment. But I was less than alert this time, and I paid for it. I have told a great number of friends about the incident and every single one of them has had a personal experience to throw back at me. And statistics do indicate that this form of crime is very much on the upswing. Wallets are the main target, obviously. (Have a regular hiding place for them the minute you return home with a trick.) Rings and watches run a close second. Anything that is easily portable. This type of creep will compulsively lift anything that isn't nailed down.

There is another cute tactic that a lot of these nicely dressed and articulate little fuckers employ. They take nothing that night. They're too busy casing your place. They return the next day with a friend, while you are at work. That's when your TV and stereo disappear. This sort of shit is much more common than you'd think. Remember, it just hasn't happened to you... yet. There aren't too many means of preventing these thefts (except to meet your tricks through reputable friends or steal them from your roomie), and retribution is



Come to this year's Liberation Parade in Manhattan (June 25th). You'll never forget it!

practically nil. The most you can do is to not drag somebody in every night of the week (you increase the odds against you), be on guard at all times, and don't put temptation in their path.

VENCEREMOS!

Detroit's *Gay Liberator* (April 1972, and I'll say it again that this is an interesting little paper) has a satisfying attack on those Cuban policies regarding gays ("Homosexuality is a social pathology which reflects left-over bourgeois decadence"—and this statement alone indicates what an absolute Crock of Shit Castromunism is...), which was written by James Coleman, member of the local GAA, etc. He swings to and with the left but is certainly more reasonable and impartial than many of his brethren. The article is very much worth reading. I assume if you want a reprint, or are interested in knowing more about Revolutionary Socialism, write to: *International Socialists*, 14131 Woodward Avenue, Highland Park, Michigan 48203.

In front of me is the first issue of a Heidelberg newspaper called *Gay Journal*, subtitled *Das Blatt homophiler Emanzipation* (which doesn't need much translating). Good, but not distinguished, except to remark that it has no qualms about featuring young and very attractive boys with raging erections. (Ah, how far we've come since the quaint Romberg world of *The Student Prince*! They were still dueling with rapiers back then...) My German vocabulary is too limited (25 words, all dirty) for me to tell if the writing is substantial, but they have a nice column on gay tours, and I was amused to see a picture of ol' Troy Perry giving out mit der Trausungszeremonie in der Metropolitan Community Church. Want to brush up on your German? You can get *Gay Journal* by writing: D-29 Heidelberg, Hans-Thoma-Platz 22, West Germany.

KEY, published monthly by Human Enlightenment, Inc., Box 863, Wilmington, Del. (\$3 for 12 issues). Ain't much, and rather old-fashioned. But it's good. Wilmington has something on their own. There's little excuse for printing jokes like this one though: "Did you hear about the sailor who refused to go on leave alone because he didn't want to

leave his buddies behind." That was a knee-slapper around the time of the Crusades. Come on, fellas!

The Fountain, official publication of Second Foundation of Oregon (P.O. Box 4183, Portland, Ore. 97208). Once again, mostly of local interest—but has a good basic gay reading list with accurate critical analyses. All of these publications have something worthwhile to say and that is enough to content me. For NYC residents, let me suggest that you pick up an out-of-town paper once in a while. We do tend to float about in detached isolation, you know. That's one reason Portland, Wilmington, Baton Rouge and Charleston are hostile to us.

THE NEW YORK STATE DEMOCRATIC COMMITTEE...

... has come out with a definite and affirmative stand on individual rights concerning sexual orientation. Here are excerpts from a platform they have adopted recently and intend (sez they) to propose to the Democratic National Convention:

1. We pledge an end to all social, economic and legal oppression of women and men because of their sexual orientation.
2. We urge the repeal of all laws forbidding or interfering with voluntary sex acts between consenting adults in private.
3. We urge for enactment of federal and state civil rights legislation which will prohibit discrimination because of sexual orientation in employment, civil service, housing, public accommodations and public services.

Bravo! I hope the proposals don't get lost in the shuffle. But you know how it is, gang. To quote dear old Artie Goldberg: "There are more important things to think about." (Like, how much political corruption will the public let us get away with this year?) If you want to keep tabs on this committee, you can contact the chairman, Joseph F. Crangle, 575 Genesee Bldg., Buffalo, N.Y. 14202. Tell him you're simply dying to become legal...

UNTIL THOMAS HICKEY DO US PART

Paramus, N.J., April 20—City Councilman Thomas J. Hickey is in a tizzy because Father Robert Clement married a male couple there. He wants a borough ordi-

nance established so that such a terrible thing can never happen again. As Hickey hiccups it, "I consider the institution of marriage a sacred one and to see it desecrated like this disturbs me, both as a Roman Catholic and as a fairly normal person." (What does the "fairly normal" indicate? I'm glad he leaves a bit of room for doubt. Maybe he's normal except for an occasional urge to wear his wife's girdle and brassiere to work?)

Personally, methinks gay marriages are one of the sillier ways of imitating those odd creatures, the heterosexuals. Imitating hets can lead to a variety of severely damaging bad habits, so beware. However, I defend a person's right to such silliness and it does give Father Robert something to do on off days. Gay Activists Alliance of New Jersey is doing a good job of making Hickey look like the fool he obviously is. If you care to know how the groom and groom are doing, contact GAA of N.J. at 32 Bridge Street, Hackensack, N.J. 07602.

DON'T RAIN ON OUR PARADE

As if you're not well aware of it, the annual Christopher Street Liberation Day Parade (and Central Park Gay-In) is less than a month away. (June 25th, this year, to be exact.) I still have a hell of a lot of enthusiasm for this thing and hope you do also. The CSLDC Committee is in Hartford. (Why there, I don't know...) At the time of this writing, they're still asking for donations to make the parade a success. (CSLDC, c/o Foster Gunnison, Jr., One Gold St., no. 22BC, Hartford, Conn. 06103.)

But with objective journalistic reportage, I must add that GAA of N.J. states in a press release that "radical power politics" whipped up by "special interest groups" are screwing a lot of CSLDC plans. (They cite, in particular, "militant lesbians" and "a contingent of harpies.") Gee, isn't it nice to know that you and/or your very own precious little coterie are the most important thing in the whole wide world? Mmmmm. Makes you warm and creamy all over! Wise, up, children.

P.S.—I want to see all youse dizzy queens out on the street, June 25th, regardless of (and perhaps because of) the above info. If you're not out there in fabulous formation, I'll personally jerk you off your knees in the tearooms, burn you out of the Rambles, and gas you out of the Continental Avant!



Father Clement performs a wedding for New Jersey's best loved gay couple.

Pen Points

Power to the People and let's hear it for Rona Barret!

Thanks again, Bob Kohler Greenwich Village

Dear GAY: At '43, I am new to New York, new to GAY, and, excepting sporadic experiences, new to the definitive gay life. I am not finding any of this a rewarding venture.

In bars, I am a poor competitor against you young dolls. I find the baths depressing, and I know the streets are dangerous. I still don't trust my instincts with the trade I'm sure surrounds me. Your kids are bewildering: they know all the expressions but they balk at the action. I am not seeking a lover, I find the militants conformatively unattractive, and I have been to enough gay parties here to learn that the bitchiness of *The Boys in the Band* was for real.

In a town this size, there must be thousands of us older homosexuals who have always been on the banks of the gay mainstream and, having entered our Lolito phase, who would like to know how we can get fucked around here with some regularity without paying a million, carrying a banner, getting mugged or get-

Letters to the Editors:

Dear GAY: Thanks for printing the real reason I objected to L.A. *Play's* *Itself* as opposed to that stated by John Francis Hunter in one of his recent columns. Like many others, I was invited to a special screening of the film as a "Gay Liberationist" and I judged it as such. Mr. Hunter was seated directly behind me throughout the film and during my harangue(!). That he could have interpreted any of my objections as stemming from a sense of prudery is both inconceivable and questionable. It is written that a prude is one who affects extreme modesty or reticence in speech, behavior, or dress (!!!). Perhaps Johnny-Come-Lately was too preoccupied with the rating he

Photo: John F. Kennedy

Casting Pearls Before Clergymen



Father Clement and his lover, John Noble. Ain't like the priests we used to know!

BY JOHN FRANCIS HUNTER

The Church of the Beloved Disciple cast pearls before a few who were rather swinish at their Stage and Screen Hall at the Diplomat Hotel May 16. It would be fairer to say zombie-like, but I was reaching for a biblical lead in reviewing this first big costume gala of the dynamic American, Orthodox Congregation, the East's first gay church founded by Father Robert Clement in 1970. Perhaps the folks simply couldn't bear because of the lousy sound equipment in the ornate old grand ballroom of the Times Square hostelry which has long played host to gay events.

Actually it was a very pleasant, very orderly audience, which is to say dull from the performer's point of view. As this was the third consecutive costume event I had attended this year, I couldn't help but compare the wildly enthusiastic crowd at Lee Brewster's Mardi Gras and the downright unruly one at Frankie Quinn's Paris in Spring to the bland assembly which gave a tepid reception to this very best of the three shows. Indefatigable Elmer Collazo-Toro, the ball coordinator, had everything smartly organized, with no hitches, and the emcee Don Hayes was bright, witty and ingratiating.

SPLENDID PEARLIE MAY

Hayes and his lover-straight man Dean Marr seemed to go over the audience's heads, but no matter, so did absolutely splendid Pearl Bailey impersonator Bryan Murphy. This stalwart performer—who uses her own voice, by the way—remained unflappable in the face of the incredible p.a. system sabotage and carried on in grand style—the mark of a seasoned professional who manages to go on with the show out of respect for all concerned, including self. The blah observers clapped, but hardly gave Murphy the accolade she deserved.

Then there was Pudgy Roberts. If I allowed myself to pour out the superlatives in praise of this most brilliant, original and entertaining of all costumed impersonators, including the gifted but hackneyed Lynne Carter and Charles Pierce, I wouldn't have room left to describe the rest of the show. And Robert Speller, with the body of a taut whip, rates a rave

for his leather strip. So do Ricardo and Tanya and Richard Stuart solo (without Tanya) for their graceful ballroom exhibition and skillful cape dance, respectively.

WAXMAN AT PIANO

Others who appeared—and there was even a comprehensive printed program that carried an accurate rundown of events and careful bios of the stars—were Jon Craig and Fran Lopate, Maestro Bob Waxman, who's come far in the musical theatre since our happy days together at the Upstairs at the Duplex, was at the piano giving everyone the right backing. It's a pity some of the acts relied on canned music, as Bob could have kept the jobber musicians with it, he's such a fine conductor.

And then there was Pudgy Roberts...

This thinker/writer/artist—who wrote the highly informed and informative "Mr. P.R. Presents" columns in the early SCREW—performed an outrageous comic strip, a four-star satire of the tease, giving the middle finger to sexism, straight or gay, and poking fun at the art of Gypsy Rose Lee, every two-bit peeler on the old burlesque "wheel," and any *dansé provocateur* who takes her/himself seriously today. Removing layer after layer of costume to reveal padlocks and flowers, fish and fowl, plus a swinging beefsteak ("Isn't this the biggest piece of meat you've ever seen?"), all springing from the crotch, Pudgy literally pulled out every trick in the old vaudeville bag—except a live rabbit—with such dexterity and flawless timing that we didn't think of blinking an eye or reaching for another drink.

GAY LIB POINT

Wearing huge fake ears that sprang out from between peroxidized locks and eyelashes that practically preceded him onto the runway, Pudgy made a Gay Lib point only the most obtuse or anesthetized could miss: clothes make neither the man nor the woman, and if we hope to be related to according to what we wear we are inviting the most superficial and unsatisfactory of human responses. Surely the sartorially preoccupied male and female alike could learn a lesson about how inconsequential clothing is by digging the Pudgy message. No wonder the following raves have accrued to this master/mistress of travesty:



Pudgy Roberts' famous strip act.

"Wonderful... a sheer genius" (Salvador Dalí)... "On my show he was a show-stopper!" (Johnny Carson)... "I almost fell out of my chair laughing." (Martha Raye)... "Funniest act I ever saw... really great!" (David Frost)... "You have to see his act to believe it." (Tennessee Williams)

BLAKE IS PEER

Only the great Arthur Blake, who gives face, voice and gut impressions of the living, the quick and the dead of all sexes (well, how would you "classify" Noel Coward?), is Pudgy's peer. (Arthur is currently at the Tijuana Cat and will soon open at Plaza 9, incidentally.)

Though there were indeed hearty cheers for Pudgy, most of the heavy work was done by visiting luminaries seated at the guest tables, including Honorary Homosexual Walter Kent; GAY's Jerry Fitzpatrick (of "Jerry's World," which has inspired me to try to get Wyeth to do a painting of my handsome barfly successor); Milton Lounsbury, Fr. Clement's secretary, done up to savage perfection as a brave right out of *Song of the Loom*; MCC pastor Howard Wells; the enlightened Fr. Weeks of the Church of the Holy Apostles in Chelsea, which has been a first home at one time or another for most Manhattan gay groups; author Leo Skir; and the now leader of the new new Mattachine, Don Goodman, wearing black suede.



Josephine's tall costume.



First prize went to "Josephine Baker."

"CELEBRITY" WINNERS

Winner of the Outstanding Costume trophy and a hundred dollar cash prize was "Josephine Baker." Emperor of the ball was the "Invisible Man," while "Ziegfeld Follies" was Empress. Best Original trophy went to "Ernestine Tomlin," with "Charlie Chaplin" copping Best Male and "Miss Farris of France" was Best Female.

Yours truly was one of the judges, having recently been omitted in such capacity only at Frankie's bash. And that affords the transition to mention what I never got around to in a previous column:

Who do you think was the "boy singer" at Paris in Spring, surrounded by solemn high drag and belting 'em out to all us freaks? None other than John Wayne, Jr. Yep, son of old Max Macho himself, though I didn't check the birth certificate. The Duke surely shit in his chaps when he found he had not only a duchess in the family, but also maybe a queen! It's inspiring to know that even a Wayne can go out and do his own thing, queen or not, at least not being threatened by our company as Dad undoubtedly would be.

Costume events can provide food for thought as well as a rock-throwing, tree-climbing, snot-flying good time. This latest was no exception. Now if someone would only arrange a similar leather event I'd be very pleased. Surely nobody present would sit on the hands—unless the remarkable Fred Halstead should, happily, be in attendance.



Walter Kent of the Beacon Baths flanked by New York's gay priest and his lover.

The Director's Last Play

BY DICK LEITSCHE

Imagine a large, white-painted Victorian house with lots of gingerbread trimming. The time is any Wednesday night in the late nineteen-forties or early fifties. Two little boys and two smaller girls sit on the floor of an upstairs parlor, listening avidly to a huge Philco radio. The program was "The FBI in Peace and War," and was brought to us by Byleceme, Nescafe, and "L-A-V-A/L-A-V-A." We were reassured the programs were based on "Frederick L. Collins' book, *The FBI in Peace and War*"; we were promised "drama, thrills, action."

Thus were we indoctrinated into the legend of the great Federal Bureau of Investigation, and its Director, J. Edgar Hoover. The FBI was a sort of corporate knight in shining armor saving society from the evil clutches of a dragon known as crime.

Unlike other fairy tales this one had some basis in fact. The Bureau created by J. Edgar Hoover was, indeed, the greatest, most efficient, least corrupt police force of our time. Like Caesar's wife, J. Edgar Hoover's men were above suspicion. Other cops might be bribed or pressured; Mr. Hoover's boys were above all that. They couldn't be bought and mere politicians couldn't use them; they had to please only Mr. Hoover, the sternest taskmaster of them all.

The achievements of the Bureau were indeed impressive. The FBI broke the power of the Ku Klux Klan; it chased down the gangsters who preyed upon Depression-defeated Americans; it chased down kidnapers with such tenacity that kidnappings ceased to happen; it did excellent work in protecting America from Nazi spies in World War II; it quickly captured the murderers of civil-rights worker Viola Liuzzo; it sent the right-wing Minutemen into oblivion, and achieved much more.

Perhaps the greatest contribution of Mr. Hoover and his agency was in showing the nation how to make its police work more sophisticated. Well-trained cops, the Director showed us, were more efficient; laboratories using the latest scientific knowledge are necessary for solving cases, and information collecting, careful, cross-indexed filing systems, and other library techniques, are more important than guns, tear-gas and violence.

Mr. Hoover's files were the most controversial things in America in recent years. Every insignificant little nonentity in America is sure there is a fat dossier on him in Mr. Hoover's desk drawer. Half of the country seems to think the FBI maintains a full-time tap on its phones, recording and cherishing every word of conversation, much like the Mind of God in the stories of nuns who tell children every word, action and deed is registered there for all eternity.

No doubt there are fat dossiers in the FBI's files, though many of us would probably be disappointed to find out that there is no folder on us. With his limited staff, budget, and filing space, Mr. Hoover could not have possibly put together dossiers on all of us who thought we were important enough for inclusion.

There are many roads to power. Stupid people bully others, break up meetings with all the élan of the National Socialists, or fight with fists, knives and guns. Slightly more sophisticated people call names, make promises, invoke God,



J. Edgar left half a million to Clyde, his friend of 46 years.

motherhood and the flag, or buy votes. The cleverest, and most powerful, live by the motto "Knowledge is Power." That was Mr. Hoover's way. One can easily imagine him telling a President, "Certainly I'll retire if you ask me to. That will give me a chance to write my memoirs. By the way, how is your mistress?"

People who accused Mr. Hoover of holding power by insinuating truths about his enemies generally insinuated that Mr. Hoover was gay. Few had the balls to come right out and say what they thought, fearing, perhaps, that if they told on him he'd tell on them; but they gossiped nevertheless.

In 1962 Congressman H.R. Gross felt it necessary to enter remarks into the Congressional Record vehemently denying the rumors circulating among members of Congress to the effect that the head G-man was gay.

William Turner, in his 1970 book, *Hoover's FBI*, spoke of the Director's "inseparable companion," Clyde A. Tolson, who "joined the Bureau in 1928 and presumably made an instant impression, for he leaped from agent to Assistant Director in an unheard-of three years."

Also a life-long bachelor (Turner continues), Tolson tags along with the Director for lunch at the Mayflower Hotel, dinner at Harvey's, and, of course, the races. Understandably the two have had their spats, and at one juncture many years ago, Tolson threatened to leave. Instead, he brought in an ex-football player with whom he had gone to college as sort of third man accompanying them on their outings and trips. The man remained on the payroll for twenty years, yet he is an "unperson" never mentioned in FBI lore.

Over the years the liberal press has whispered to us that Hoover and Tolson lived together after Mr. Hoover's mother died; that they always travelled together, vacationed together, and even walked to work together, in a display of togetherness that might provide a model for any devoted gay couple.

At some unspecified time (perhaps the advent of the "ex-football player"?) Mr. Tolson supposedly moved out of Hoover's house. Yet the car which took Mr. Hoover to the office also stopped for the Assistant Director, and the two continued to leave the car and walk the last few blocks to the office together. They dined and lunched together six times a week, and the flag from Mr. Hoover's coffin was

folded and handed to Mr. Tolson. Somehow, the liberal press hints, all of this is shameful, unnatural, and embarrassing.

A (gay) Congressman who was a friend of my father's once told us about a Hoover appearance before a Congressional committee in the McCarthy Era. Someone asked the Director what he was doing about perverts in government.

"About what?" Hoover asked.

"About fags, homosexuals."

"Oh," said Hoover, with what the narrator claimed was a wicked gleam in his eye, "The Bureau has no jurisdiction over homosexuality unless it interferes with interstate commerce."

A member of the U.S. Civil Service Commission once let slip a remark in my presence which made it clear that he was less than satisfied with the cooperation that agency got from the FBI in filtering out homosexual job applicants. Mr. Hoover was the first person to send flowers and a friendly note to Walter Jenkins when that Presidential aide was caught carrying on in a men's room in 1964. Mr. Hoover may have been a great friend of the gay set around Senator Joe McCarthy, but he was also friendly with the leftist Undersecretary of State who was gay.

When the latter was disgraced and embarrassed, Hoover continued his friendship, right up to the man's death.

There is even reason to believe Mr. Hoover often played the role of the swift avenging sword of the gay people of America. Politicians, I believe, are all corrupt and vulnerable. Anyone with good files should be able to bring them all down, but those ruined by the FBI, it appears to me, were mostly those who had gone on fag-hunts.

Rep. Dowdy of East Texas once pushed a bill specifically designed to put the Mattachine Society of Washington out of business. A few years later, Rep. Dowdy, on information developed by the FBI, was convicted of bribe-taking.

James L. Marcus, later New York City's Water Commissioner, began his career in government by closing down gay bars and mounting an entrapment campaign. On information developed by the FBI, Marcus was convicted of bribe-taking and underworld ties.

Jim Garrison set out to make a hero of himself by attacking Clay Shaw and trying to turn the J.F. Kennedy assassination into a gay plot against the government. After Garrison had made a complete fool of himself, the FBI administered the coup

de grace with information on which Garrison was indicted.

The virulently anti-gay Senator Dodd, and many other politicians of both right and left, ended in disgrace because of FBI action. It may be only coincidence that most were anti-gay, but who knows? Clyde A. Tolson probably does, but he isn't likely, unfortunately, to tell.

Whatever one says of Hoover, it must be admitted that the FBI never used its files against gay people. Imagine what a Jim Garrison, a Bobby Kennedy, or a John Mitchell might have done with all that information! Imagine the files in the hands of someone on a "clean-up" campaign! We can only hope that future Directors can be as conscientious as Mr. Hoover, and can have the power to remain independent from politics and politicians as Hoover could!

Readers may note that I have not mentioned Mr. Hoover's penchant for chasing communists and his alleged right-wing views (what kind of a right-winger puts the Ku Klux Klan and the Minutemen out of business?). William Buckley and Pete Hamill may argue that; political ideologies bore me. I'm interested in the human side of politics and politicians. It wasn't the people who went to the cabarets in Berlin during the Thirties who created Hitler; it was those who went to his meetings or supported the communists. If we didn't take all those ideologies so seriously we wouldn't have so much trouble.

J. Edgar Hoover interests me because he took a corrupt little obscure government agency and turned it into a sophisticated, powerful agency with a spotless record for non-corruption. He was an anarchism, a throwback to those (often gay) powers-behind-thrones of the Renaissance who often headed courts, wielded more power than the monarchs and played king-maker. We will not see his kind again in our lifetimes, which may be a good thing. Perhaps no one should have so much power in a democracy.

There is no doubt but that the Director stayed on the job too long. Had he retired twenty years ago he'd be remembered as a national hero. Times change, and he didn't change with them. Politically his staying on was a mistake; from the human point of view, it is understandable that he stayed. The FBI was his life. He created it, loved it, and made it what it is. Perhaps, if the insinuations about the Director and his Assistant are true, they looked upon the agency as their child, the sum of their years together. Some mothers can't bear to allow their children to grow up and stand alone.

I like to think J. Edgar Hoover was gay. The idea of those smug, sanctimonious heterosexual politicians quaking before the old queen is an image I like. I also like the idea of the Marcuses, the Dodds, the Dowdys, the Garrisons, and the rest who make political capital out of anti-homosexuality coming a cropper at the hands of Nancy Nemesis of the FBI.

The only thing that worries me is that the FBI might now fall into the hands of heterosexuals and politicians. I don't care about the political files. People who want to impose their political views on all of us, like those who try to force their religious views on us all, deserve whatever they get. With any luck at all Clyde Tolson spent the days between Mr. Hoover's death and his own resignation burning all the files in the homosexual section, leaving only cabinets full of dirt on the heterosexuals. Do you suppose Richard Nixon really fornicates with voting machines?

Shrinks and Gay Liberation

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Dances at the American Psychiatric Ass'n.

sure that its "researches" really are scientific. Insofar as homosexuality is concerned, they could not be less so. They are the distilled, concentrated essence of bad science; they are a textbook illustration of "science" gone wrong. When the psychiatric position on homosexuality is examined, we find that we have been DEFINED into sickness and pathology by cultural, social, moral, teleological and theological value judgments, camouflaged and cloaked in the language of science, but with none of the substance of science.

Deeply resented by the gay community are persistent efforts by psychiatrists to convert homosexuals to heterosexuality, instead of inculcating them with pride in their homosexuality. Increasingly, we hear psychiatrists proudly declare that they attempt to convert "only those homosexuals who wish to be changed." That is an unacceptably simplistic, superficial, and shallow approach. When society generally, and psychiatry particularly, have "brainwashed" homosexuals into a belief in the inferiority of their homosexuality, the homosexual who asks to be changed is merely the creation of a self-fulfilling process. How many whites choose to try to "pass" as black, and why is the number so small, and why do any blacks at all choose to "pass" as white, and is it not better that now, in an era of "Black is Beautiful," fewer and fewer blacks are trying to be untrue to themselves? We must investigate and often challenge the motives before we accept the desire to change. The great majority of homosexuals desiring to change to heterosexuality should be instilled with a belief that "Gay is Good," not blandly welcomed as candidates for change.

The homosexual community looks upon efforts to change homosexuals to heterosexuality, or to mold younger, supposedly malleable homosexuals into heterosexuality (the very exist-

ence of this "plastic teenager" is questionable at best) as an assault upon our people comparable in its way to genocide. We find offensive the entire vocabulary of the psychiatric literature, in which "help," "improvement," "access," "recovery" and similar terms relating to the therapy of homosexuals is related to the extent of increase in heterosexual tendency and activity. The goals of therapy of homosexuals must be subjected to searching re-examination.

Not only do we insist that homosexuals, as people, are in no way inferior to heterosexuals as people (a precept to which we are sure that most psychiatrists will take no exception) but we insist, equally uncompromisingly, that homosexuality—as a condition, a state of being, a way of life or lifestyle, an expression of love and affection—is fully on par with and in no slightest way inferior to heterosexuality.

We are working to create a sense of community among our people, to create, in turn, a sense of unity, solidarity, militancy, and activism, in order to assist us to achieve our full rights and status in a society which is ours as much as it is that of the heterosexuals. We are working with success to create among our people a sense of pride in their homosexuality and a sense of the rightness of what they are and the goodness of what they do.

In order to do this, it is necessary to extract homosexuality from the medical context in which it has long and persistently been placed, and to place it in a sociological context of minority group relationships involving prejudice, discrimination, and bigotry. This is the only context in which the real problems of real homosexuals in our society today will be constructively and productively addressed. It has been well and truly said that in our society there is no black problem, there is a white problem. We say that there is no homosexual problem, there is a heterosexual problem. Psychiatry, as it presently deals with homosexuality, is a major part of that problem.

WHAT YOU CAN DO:

1. Both individually, and collectively as a profession and an Association, re-examine your past positions on homosexuality. Discard the negative attitudes and the biases which have afflicted you in the past.
2. Work for a public renunciation, by psychiatry, of the "sickness theory" of homosexuality in ANY semantic guise.
3. Undertake an active, vigorous campaign to ameliorate and ultimately to eliminate popular prejudice on this question, both through work to change attitudes and in such specific areas as law reform, equal opportunity legislation, etc.
4. Consult on an on-going basis with representatives of the homosexual community.

Judge Hedges on Beatings

(continued from page 1)

have something to say; he rarely fails to have something to say, you think, as he buttonholes you in the corridor to explain the relation of the case at hand to the Presidential campaign to the judge's ulcer.

Standing there in a suit that a high school principal of the fifties might have worn to the weekly assembly, bearded like a jazz trumpeter of the sixties, with a crewcut and a sense of humor that no era claims, Hal Weiner is a man who has excluded the spirit of compromise from his life. Striding in from the corridor, he'll repeat for the judge the same shtick he's been expasperating you with, and you wonder about this lawyer who, like William Kunstler, can be more radical than his clients. Will it ever happen that some cautious homosexual with a creaking closet door will feel the need to be defended from his own counsel?

"If your honor please," Mr. Weiner plunges in, "Michael Maye is not only a Golden Gloves champion, but the winner of sixteen heavyweight prizefights." You look at Hal again, and you see that he has traded his Osgood Conklin suit for a

denim blazer and flared trousers, and his beard for generous sideburns, and that his hair is now flirting with his ears. What about that spirit of compromise?

"To attempt a citizen's arrest of such a man is not only precarious, but downright suicidal." Well, his sense of humor is still the same, and the judge's laughter is heartiest in the court.

The question of why the burly, pugilistic head of the New York Firemen's Benevolent Association has remained at large, untouched by the famed long arm of the law that has never had much difficulty in groping for less prominent defendants, a month after four impartial city officials told the District Attorney that they had observed Mr. Maye beat Morty Manfred, a gay activist from Columbia College, to the ground and kick him repeatedly in the groin. The occasion was the annual dinner of the Inner Circle, an organization of political journalists. Mr. Manfred was on hand at the New York Hilton on April 15 with other GAA members to protest the demeaning portrayal of homosexuals in the press.

"I express amazement too, without passing judgment on the litigation," Judge Bloom comments on Mr. Maye's apparent untouchability, "but do I have the power to reach out and extend myself into processes from which the law has excluded me?"

The judge asks the question as if he's really waiting for an answer, a rare achievement from the bench. Mr. Weiner wants him to order Frank Hogan, District Attorney for New York county, to begin active prosecution of Mr. Maye for felonious assault. But Judge Bloom stops counsel frequently—"I'm not really concerned with technical questions here; I'm concerned with the gut question: what is my power?"—treating the case as if it were an exercise in the philosophy of law. At one point he breaks into Mr. Weiner's carefully researched legal precedent: "Tell Mr. Justice Douglas when you argue before the Supreme Court that I disagreed with that decision."

Judge Bloom, whose genial conservatism is a gentleman's badge of honor, not a policeman's nightstick, believes that the executive branch of government has its place, that the legislative has its, and that very little room is left for the judicial. It's a selfless philosophy for a jurist, more commonly found among self-serving conservative columnists, but it hardly advances GAA's attempts to obtain equal administration of justice; it merely adds the third branch of government to the others willing to leave homosexuals out on a limb. The administration won't use its police powers to protect gays; the legislature won't pass gay legislation; and now the courts modestly find they have no power.

"The District Attorney's decision of where, how and whom to prosecute is reviewable solely by the electorate and is not subject to judicial review," insists Lewis Friedman, representing the D.A.

"Not solely by the electorate," the judge protests, but... But he seems to think the D.A. is on "safe ground." He offers Mr. Weiner traditional alternatives to a judicial writ of mandamus on Mr. Hogan. In addition to a citizen's arrest, they include impeachment proceedings against the reluctant D.A. and petitioning the Governor to appoint a special prosecutor to supersede him. Subtly, without our really being aware of it, like the rambling fantasies of Leopold, Judge Bloom's literary namesake, the expertise of this white-haired student of New York's legal history, which he loves more as a hobby than as a profession, carries him, and the rest of us, dreaming to the days of Fiorello LaGuardia and Al Smith and beer-running politicians, and the jurist, suddenly aware of his embarrassment, finally feels the need to break off, like a matron reaching for the hors d'oeuvres at a suburban cocktail party: "But I'm sorry, Mr. Weiner, I've interrupted you. Please continue."

Not even justice as a solicitous hostess, instead of a blind maiden, can slow the GAA superlawyer down. He says that such elaborate, mind-boggling red tape would have the effect of exonerating the as-yet-unseen Michael Maye—the phantom of gay liberation's own opera—under the Sixth Amendment, which guarantees him the right to a speedy trial.

The judge agrees. Again and again he takes GAA's side against the D.A. "You've made a case," he tells Mr. Weiner, who is nevertheless not pleased, "for the exercise of a certain power. But"—the word "but" creeps into his arguments again and again—"you haven't convinced me that I have that power..."

At press time the case remained a matter for a first-year textbook; no decision had been handed down, and Michael Maye, who stands accused by Leonard Cohen, Deputy Borough President for Manhattan and three other city officials of trying to cripple a gay activist with his prizefighting fist, remains unaccused by any legal agency.

Meanwhile Emily Goodman, Mr. Weiner's co-counsel, accompanied Mr. Manfred on an inquiry before the Grand Jury. Ms. Goodman, who was excluded from the secret proceedings, had no idea what the purpose of the hour-long interrogation of Mr. Manfred was. "It could be to

prosecute other GAA members for conspiracy to leaflet or to prosecute Michael Maye or both," she said. Mr. Manfred would not speculate on the effect of his testimony, commenting only that the jury wanted a straightforward account of what had happened at the Hilton.

The D.A. refused to comment on the hearing, preserving the secrecy traditionally surrounding the Grand Jury. Ms. Goodman tried unsuccessfully to have members of the jury challenged regarding sexual prejudices. The state legislature recently deprived defense counsel of the right to voir-dire grand jurors, and the court supported the D.A.'s sole discretionary authority over the impartiality of the Grand Jury.

"My problem," Judge Bloom summed up before we all broke for lunch, "is that there's so much smoke here... I don't know whether there's a fire, but I'm not the one who has the power to investigate." Judge Bloom's problem, it seems, is GAA's problem, is all New York's problem.

"What about the people who do have that power?" the judge finished. What about them, indeed? Not D.A. Hogan. Not Mayor Lindsay. Not Judge Bloom. Who then? Some gay activists are whispering about assuming that power for themselves in aggressive counter-measures against Mr. Maye. Has Judge Bloom, with his Sunday-supplement retreat into laissez-faire, implied that right is theirs?

D.C. Gay Week

(continued from page 1)

churches—Metropolitan Community Church and the Orthodox Catholic Community.

Some other events were a seminar held by the Faggot Study Group (which calls itself "GLF graduates"), an all-week art show, poetry readings, free skin-flicks at the Metropole Theater, free dance at the D.C. GAA Community Center, and a gay-in featuring free chips and hot dogs (and hot gays). Hundreds attended the latter two functions.

Motorcycle groups were the only groups not represented: they didn't respond to repeated requests to participate, according to Ware. Similar urging of women resulted only in a rap session by and for women. One woman donated a hefty share of the \$1,000 raised—singer Roberta Flack, who has frequently attributed her start to gays.

The only event covered by the "straight" media was the Lafayette Park speeches, given at lunchtime on May 5. About 50 gays and as many straights were present. Speakers included Merle Miller, Father Robert Clement and Dr. George Weinberg. Rich Wandel of New York GAA asked gays to openly display affection in order to end discrimination. He told the audience that here were more police agents present than gays. Since Hoover had died three days before, Wandel offered condolences to FBI agents because their hero hadn't risen from the dead.

Several others spoke, including members of the audience. Two speakers became so excited that their false teeth came out of place. The audience was kind, though. They weren't so kind with seven hecklers, calling them closet queens. One of the speakers, Ina Rodman, unsuccessful gay candidate recently for a post on the D.C. Democratic Party Central Committee, was solicited the next day by a press photographer whom Ms. Rodman figured must have gotten her number from the phone directory. He told her that "We ought to get better acquainted." They didn't.

One of the chairpersons, Chuck Hall, said that there may be something similar to Gay Pride next year. Ms. Rodman knows where she'd like the similarity to end.

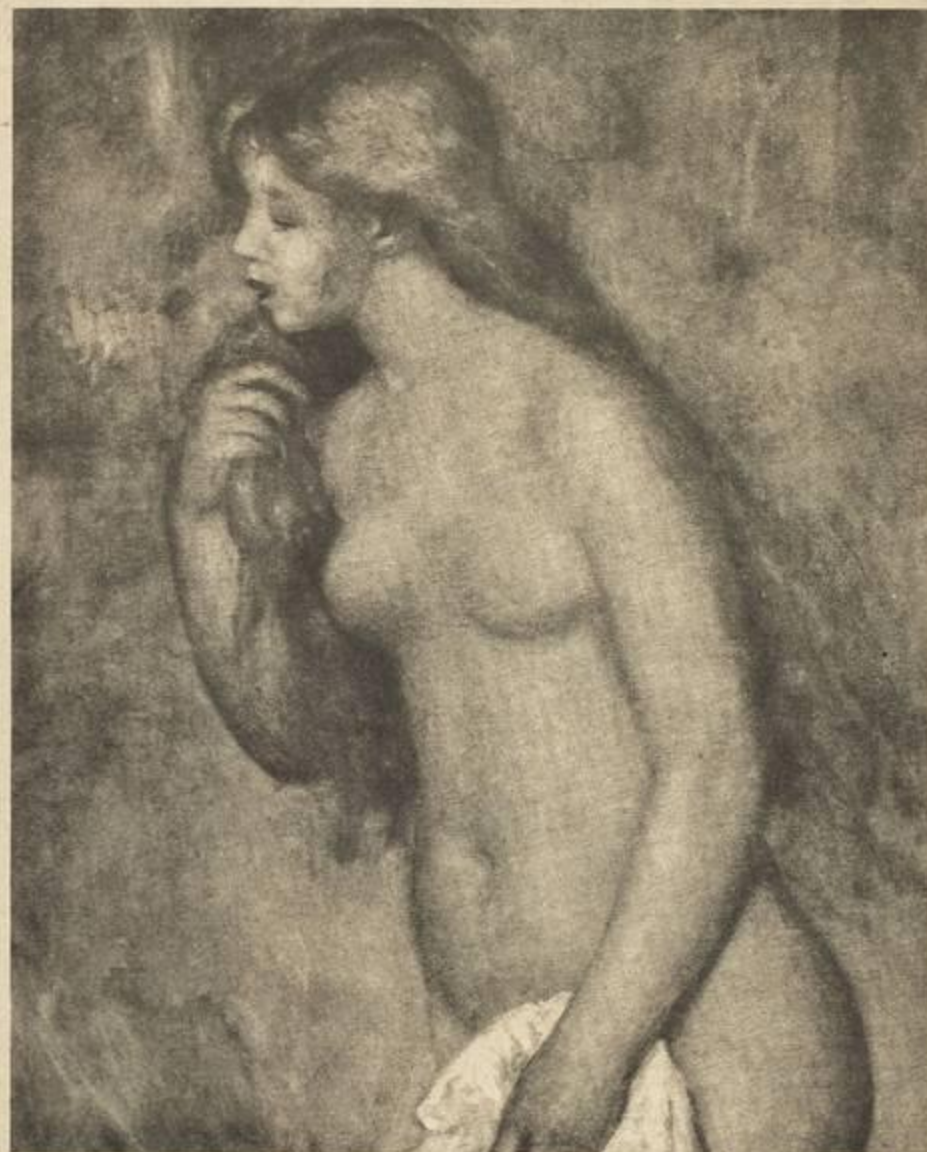
Love Story

BY SOREL DAVID

When I first met Billie I wasn't impressed too much with her looks. Oh, I thought she was pretty and all but her type didn't really appeal to me. There was a certain delicacy, a certain placid blond delicacy of feature I didn't go for too much. Generally I like a wilder rose, but I liked her right away. There was something there, an immediate kinship and her looks became, almost at once, inseparable from her person, like the appearance of an old dear friend which is neither good nor bad looking in itself, but simply that look which separates him or her from the rest of humanity. We went out. In the beginning it was nice and easy, a comfortable kind of thing. The weeks stretched into months and we stayed together. We had good times, it was good in bed, there was no one else, we stayed together. The first time I told her I loved her was making up after a big fight. After that the subject was not mentioned again for some months. Then somehow it came up, at Billie's place, we were lying there in bed, side by side, talking in the morning, light flooding in through the window when it came up again. It was early, early in the morning when I am at my crackling sarcastic best. I'm one of those people who gets up fully awake, full of vim and vigor and glad to be alive in the morning. Whatever else I might need, I don't need love in the morning. I have too much energy, I'm too pre-occupied with myself and anxious to get on with the day. Who said anything about love, I said to her. You did, remember, you said you loved me that time—a little shyly, a little quietly towards the end of the phrase. I forgot, I almost forgot. I thought I was cool, had succeeded in being the Silva Thins man, but she was right. I did remember, I had committed that error, that one fatal slip. So I did, my dear, sooooo I did—a sly smile breaking over my face as I tried to cover up, as I tried to keep on top of the thing, maintaining that precious cool distance between self-image and total disarmament. I leaned over to look at her. There was a slight, hesitant pressure on my arm, eager eyes looked up at me, a hopeful smile, but slightly tremulous, anxious but willing, oh so willing, so ready to accept my answer. Do you take it back? do you take it back, Sorel? is what she wanted to know. Now she is completely beautiful to me, the fragile tenderness of a dew-covered orchid, newly opening, unfolding on the vine.

Sing me not of other towns, of towns that twinkle and shine. Forgive me, but there's no village like mine. Dressed up in her browns and greens, she is a beauty divine. Forgive me, but there's no village like mine. That's a song taught to me by my friend Denise Inkeles who I haven't seen since age fourteen. Oh, fifteen at best. Just loved the song, Denise, wherever you are. Just loved the song.

I was in the bathtub when I discovered it, a tiny roll, an imperceptibly small, but a jelly roll of fat, nevertheless, oh, my perfect, my smooth brown belly. AAlillie! AAlillie! Two days of intensive regimentation, exercises, the well-disciplined life, sit-ups, leg lifts, jumping jacks and on the third day I fell prey to a miserable cold and all resolve collapsed. Ah, me, it's happening. Youth fades I grow old. I grow old, I can feel it happening now, it's all over, the body, a slow, sad decline. The muscle tone going, every-



thing. All going now. Yes, yes, I too will turn middle-aged, but never mind. I mean where have my good looks got me so far? Never mind, never mind. I have other charms. When I first started writing this, in the bathtub I was, I had it in my mind to write about Warren Beatty, his mouth, something about his being warm and sensual, a big, soft, wide and wanton mouth, but now for the life of me I can't remember what it was I was thinking about.

Something to do with jumping out of the bathtub, which I've done on occasion, and running around town feeling like Warren Beatty, I think. It was jumping out of the tub all fresh and clean, feeling good, jelly roll and all, walking across town, shirt pressed back, wind whipping my throat, clean brown hair flying all around feeling like I was Warren Beatty. Only not really—just feeling like I had that kind of wild Warren Beatty mouth. After that there was going to be some rap about how I fantasize in the male persona

a lot. Aside from Bella Abzug, Marlene Dietrich and Lola Pashalinski, though not necessarily in that order, there never seemed to be too terribly much of interest going down in the time-honored traditions of the extant female schtick. All the rest is just a lot of nurturing, and nurturing. Now where in the hell is that at?

And speaking of women's lib (you got to pick up, you got to pick up every stitch), one thing I've noticed going around town lately is that women are beginning to look at each other. When I bop around the city, looking at women as is my wont, as they say, lately they're starting to look right back and smile, sometimes even say hello which is really quite nice, if a bit disarming at first. Like everyone else raised in the world, I am accustomed to women who demur instantly, automatically on being looked at or looked over as the case may be and usually is. Used to be when two women, strangers, would look at each other, whenever their eyes would chance to

meet somewhere on the street, say, they would immediately become uptight with all sorts of competitive, comparison paranoia, start fixing their hair and walk along with vaguely discomfited, dissatisfied expressions. But it's changing, a lot of heads are starting to turn around now, particularly young ones. You can see the cut-off point pretty clearly around age thirty or so, a thirty-year-old woman, even the hippest, most together-looking one, will still lower her eyes and passively allow herself to be visually raped when someone looks at her. It's an entirely unconscious reaction, something which can't be helped, almost, it's been bred into us for so long. But chalk it up to the new emergent women's consciousness. Many younger, less processed minds aren't succumbing to the old bluish quite so much.

Maybe there's hope for the world—too bad civilization is slated to end in another hundred years or so. Well, you didn't think I was going to end on a positive note—did you?

In Jail There Are Only Men And Girls

BY VICKI RICHMAN

*Let me sing of what I love, And I shall but restyle my prison:
Groins and heart and lusts above And flesh all leave the man untried.*

*Let me sing of whom I love, And thus I thrust the key still deeper:
Lust and flesh I'd rise above If I knew not this prison's keeper.*

Years later, driving through Danbury, he would search for the correctional institution, hoping for a purposeless glimpse of the old place as he maneuvered his rational way through the maze of idealized concrete with its square-cut, sober beacons, rolling relentlessly overhead as if conveyed to the lost soul on belts, and their blue-and-white, comfortless messages proclaiming the triumph of law, order and the hand of man over the most sheltered of our animal selves.

But it was nowhere to be seen. And he dared not stop, knowing he would never ask and feeling himself drawn on by the sense of uncorrupted destiny with which the modern turnpike has paved over the fragility and randomness of merely personal desire.

So, for all he knew, there was no such place as the Danbury FCI, and the memory of his three months there was just one more fraud perpetrated on a sensibility never before understanding that the immortality of youth is not the immortality of flesh. And it was just as well, he concluded, for the reality of prison is properly unprovable by direct witness, being verified only, if at all, by hearsay and circumstantial evidence. Who, for example, has ever seen a jail? Merely seen it. How did he know it was anything more than a pile of bricks? Is there a street address for one, other than its own name? But who needs to know where it is, to know it?

But the Federal Correctional Institution for Emil was never what it must have been for the hundreds of other men there, although none thought it comparable to a penitentiary or—God forbid!—a local jail. He came to it not in a marshal's handcuffs, but under his own power, chugging the seventy miles from New York on his ancient motor scooter, which was a discontinued model the day he had bought it, with his lover clinging behind, the lover who had insisted, despite Emil's exasperated shrugs, on sentimentally shaking the journey's already precarious balance.

He came to prison, in other words, two weeks late, indulged by a judge otherwise known for requiring immediate execution of thirty-year-sentences for defendants without college semesters to complete.

And he came to prison after conference after soul-searching conference with



(Photo by Roy Barry)

his antiwar mentors who had been there before him. "Don't be taken in," they had lectured, putting headstrong youth in the shadow of ponderous wisdom, "by romantic notions of the unity of the oppressed. You may find it almost impossible to relate to them man-to-man." And they had rhapsodized over the lying promises of the older cons and their dubious protection and their out-and-out jumping you if you were foolish enough to sleep on your stomach. "Protect your ass," is what they would have said, had they not thought such language and arrogance toward other humans one step toward the very rape they had been counseling against.

"Or at least know how to make it pay," is what an honest-john would have added, but Emil didn't meet any until the gate had closed behind him.

In the meantime Emil considered rape. The short, broad Puerto Rican, who was a

fatty until he took off his shirt and you saw his taut flesh, tried to change Emil's job assignment and wanted to take a shower with him. "Watch out for him," the straight-backed, achingly erect and honest Jehovah's Witness, who was, however, not in there for draft evasion, told Emil. "He's got other ideas when he wants to be somebody's friend." And he added, "Okay, I told you for your own good," after Emil pretended not to care, annoyed that his naivete should be so vulgar as to elicit a warning against the obvious.

The slumping, drawling Texan, who denied his own youth, as rural hustlers always do to be believed, who, even in his prison chinos and torn sneakers, wore faded Levis and high-heeled cowboy boots, wanted to walk Emil to the Friday-night movies, which Emil the intellectual didn't want to see and had to invent excuses to avoid, like he was washing his

hair that night.

There was no such thing as homosexuality; the only fags were on the street. In jail there were only men and girls. "Homosexual tendencies?" the questionaire wonders in addition to your religion, and you say yes only if you're a girl on the street as well as in jail and have no hopes of ever being able to pass as a man to the officials' satisfaction, in which case they don't even bother giving you the form, but simply lock you away forthwith, unseen by the rest of the population except as you trip to and from the cafeteria and inspire, you are sure, the juiciest and most prolonged nocturnal emissions in each of those horny studs who have nothing better to do than stare. So anyone they give the paper to can say no in all honesty, and Emil did, and thus help round out a reasonably open society in which men hope to make it by the number of fillies in their stable, and girls,

by the number of men they can turn down and still have diamonds and furs to keep them warm—a society in which sexual perversion is unknown.

Emil made it as a chick by patronizing attempts at seduction, scorning their gifts, and in general being bitchy, which was how he convinced himself he was above and beyond their intrigues and their gay—he luxuriated in his liberation by saying that forbidden word to himself—games. But the rest of the dudes there clocked the college kid for what he was—a frigid broad—and avoided him like he had the clap and made jokes behind his back as he spent television-free evenings with Thoreau and Gandhi and their considered revelations on the moral transcendence of emotional reserve.

But old Rosie, who shuffled along walls and was never seen in the middle of a room, who cultivated a white stubble even while shaving every day because beards were forbidden, eyed Emil suggestively from the corners where he would otherwise harangue the fish and refuse to play pinochle with his peers. Rosie, they said, had only two years on the street since he was fourteen, and they sneered and elbowed each other like small children confronted by the flea-bitten lion in the zoo, which will lie on its side and only mime a roar though they throw wads of chewing gum and paper airplanes at it.

And when it was all over, and Emil felt that he could at last stop holding his breath and open his fists and let the sweat trickle down, and he felt his anal muscles relaxing finally, although not enough, he thought, to pass a good shit for the rest of the day, he finally looked up, nonchalantly, then willfully, as if what had happened wasn't his fault and was Rosie's bad scene in any case. And it occurred to him that they weren't sneering or making jokes any more, but were going about their business as if there had never been any Rosie, and that the screw was pretending to be officially busy with something on his desk at the other end of the room, leaving Emil not with relief, but with the tension of unacknowledged shame and the frustration of having no one to ask him about it, let alone admit assisting in his downfall by looking the other way.

"Who does he think he is?" the doctor was supposed to have asked the screw after he had seen the neat row of books on the window sill. Emil had begun—succumbing at last to the forbidden joy of deprivation, complementing his lack of passion with perpetual hunger—his fast, and they had locked him in the little hospital room, which might have been used, they told him, wagging their tongues and fingers, for inmates who were really sick. "Pretty soon they'll all stop eating," and the doctor had ordered all the books, except the Bible, removed. So Emil learned to whisper through the glass partition twice a week when Rosie showed up because no one else dared to, and Rosie, who didn't even read the *Daily News*, would go to the prison library and take the book out, whatever it was, and slip it under the door, and it would have his number on it if the screw found it.

Which meant that Emil would read only the Bible when the doctor came to pour Metreol into the funnel on the loose end of the rubber tube in Emil's nose, even on Saturdays and Sundays, when he would come in white shorts and be sarcastic about how far the FCI was from the courts, not realizing probably how painfully his tennis-player's figure and boy's face made Emil realize, abashed before his first good-looking doctor, that



he had known only those he had been brought to by his mother, who was notorious for not choosing them sexy. And like the captain's son shipwrecked at sea and rescued by headhunters, Emil was now oryging through some exotic ritual called the hunger strike, at silent, erotic, wit's war with a wicked and charming medicine man, and the reality of this schoolboy's spring daydream was more than he would let himself believe at times, understanding that it was only his own chagrin he would achieve in teaching the traitors in his life the lesson they would never forget by running away to sea.

So when the doctor left he would dig under his mattress for what Rosie had brought, and lived instead in the fiction of other self-righteous madmen. He read *Robinson Crusoe* and Henry James's *The Ambassadors* and laughed at the simpleton authors who portrayed as exquisite torture the unsurpassed delight of being stranded in the tropics or Paris. He read Faulkner's *The Hamlet* and fell in love, of course, with the cow, and came in the middle of the night, as every boy has done who has imagined himself the half-wit Snopes, even when there were people around he wasn't afraid of bailing with.

The window faced the compound, not the outside, throwing his study of the universe back for millennia, but he would stay at it comforted, in his shelter and the

recollection of the heat of August, by the threat of hurricanes, while he watched, like God in heaven, the people he knew from his invisible second-story room, and invented stories—perhaps benign, perhaps damning—about what they were doing, and even saw the outfielders of the surviving ballgames.

Each morning the window hovered above the three or four happy men who threw jokes and chins to the others and to the screws, and who passed, when it was all that was left for them to do, through the unseen door that must have been directly underneath and into space and time at last. And one day, not long before Emil imagined himself joining them, Rosie came forward, but still shuffling, still scowling, and shouted, "Have a good year at school," at the window, and evaporated in due time, spirit-like, in the company of the other daily ghosts.

And years later, on the turnpike in whose distance lay some goal he could not escape from, whose technology offered him the freedom of movement that left him unable to get anywhere, as he drove on conscious only that his most crippling burst of energy was impotent in exhausting their supply of painted concrete and exit signs, he thought back instead to that fairyland prison, whose existence was now some childhood joke, before he had stopped eating, when Rosie, in front of the others, had taken

his hand and had whispered, "I'd like to do something if you don't mind," and had held and kissed him hard, and had whispered again, "I did that because after I finish my time here, you know, New York state has a detainer on me for the life sentence I was paroled on, which my lawyers are filing a motion on now, but still there's an outside chance I may never see the street again before I die, and I doubt that I'll ever meet a boy as beautiful as you in that joint they've got in Ossining," clearly using the word "boy" when prison etiquette and accepted practice had specified that he desire a girl. And Emil recalled how he had stepped back to break the clinch and had wordlessly walked away past the men who had noticed enough not to notice and had never again spoken to Rosie until the old man had surreptitiously tapped on the door of his solitary cell and had asked if he needed anything.

And he wondered, with the prison and its prisoners behind him and perhaps only a myth, with even the last exit for Danbury conveyed in orderly sequence to the forgotten past, making the very town a figment of his imagination, whether it was Rosie who had raped him, or whether it was he (and his college and his three-month pacifist's sentence, for which he came two weeks late, like a schoolboy with a note from his doctor) who had raped Rosie.

California Parade-Makers

(continued from page 1)
its own presentation. Entry applications accepted from some 40 groups (at mid-May) included each entrant's tacit acceptance of the CSW committee's printed plea that the participants ask themselves:

"Is it good for gay solidarity, or will it tend to cause embarrassment, argument or polarity within the community?"

"What does it say to everyone concerned, both gay and straight?"

"Will it build Gay Pride?"

In both previous years, the shows provoked bitterness, a degree of ridicule and threats of arrest over isolated expressions of what many observers, homosexuals and policemen alike, thought was an obscene contempt for current social standards. In 1970, it was an enormous jar labelled "Vaseline." The points of contention last year were the now-notorious "cockapillar," a 35-foot-long manned construction, and a boulevard-wide banner, SUCKING IS BETTER THAN WAR.

Larry Townsend, nationally known gay novelist and new president of HELP, Inc., says his group and other relatively quiet gay organizations were willing to show up in a demonstration of solidarity—but with written conditions.

Calling the groups he wants to bring into the parade "largely closeted people," Townsend told GAY:

"The larger percentage of our gay population can't afford to 'come out.' They would jeopardize too much. If we could get a good thing out there where everybody felt they were going to have a good time, that they'd be proud of it later because it made a good public relations image, great!"

"... But it's one of those difficult projects. The people you'd like the general population to see can't or won't participate. Therefore what you end up with is a big freak-in that just enforces all the Stephen Fetchit stereotypes of gays."

"What we have to have is almost an invitation by the radicals—street people or whatever you want to call them—saying, 'We understand how you feel. You're our brothers, we won't embarrass you, come on in with us.'"

Manning's reply:
"Because our people have been suppressed and censored for so long, we cannot in good conscience censor our brothers and sisters who will be marching with us."

He said he has reminded all potential participants, including the apparently reluctant organizations for which Town-

send speaks, that he and Ms. Whan could be jailed for any infraction of city ordinances in connection with the event.

He added that the police department compiled for them a list of every municipal code and state law applying to public demonstrations, and that all participants would get copies of them in full.

The stand-off about "written guarantees" to Townsend's macho motorcycle clubs and semi-secret social organizations reflected the wide gap between two views of gay liberation's methods. Townsend's is the cautious way, Manning's the more direct.

His CSW committee's tentative plans for Gay Pride Week include candlelight vigils on the streets outside the "daddies' tank" (for Lesbians) at Sybil Brand Institute, a women's jail here, and outside the "queens' tank" at the county jail.

"To me," Manning told GAY, "any gay rights group is a radical group." Nevertheless, he said, he tried to appease the "conservatives" with verbal assurances from his "radicals" that there would be no show of sexism or "repressive" displays like last year's long phallus.

Instead, he hopes Gay Pride Week will be remembered as one of peaceful demonstrations, gay-ins and art festivals, "partly a joyous thing, but for the most

part serious."

"So what exactly is Gay Pride in the first place?" reads his committee's invitation to parade entrants.

"It is no secret that our community is perhaps the most widespread and diversified (of all) when it comes to politics, dress, religion and so forth. So Gay Pride will mean many things to many people. But out of our great diversity and creativity, we are putting together an event which belongs to all gay people. In doing so we are learning more about each other and generating an awareness of what pride and unity means to all of us."

The statement was clearly aimed at the "largely closeted people" both he and Townsend hope to bring into the action.

Manning conceded that his stand against "censorship" was partly a reflection of local reaction to reports of serious dissent among sponsors of the parent Christopher Street parade in New York City.

"Without disparaging any other parade in the country, I personally think the Los Angeles parade is the least repressive of all because of our non-censorial policy. "But everybody must realize that everybody's going to have to give a little, to try a little humility. We're putting our lives into this parade."

Jerry's Sphere

(continued from page 2)

... Yes, that was Angelo D'Arcangelo strolling with Jack Hardy of FEDORA'S... Roger, from UNCLE CHARLIE'S NORTH, is a definite turn on... Jerry Herman, the first customer to enjoy dinner at the COVEN, looking great and happy... The WESTSIDER has a winner in their new man, Dave... My favorite songbird, Judy Sexton (NEW JIMMY'S) out on the town with my favorite blonde, Ellie Metcalf (LIB)... What is all the commotion at the SPIKE? Warren is gone and, I can't believe it, Doris Wilson. That will be a loss... PERSONAL TO JACK OF THE EAGLE, I'm glad that we got things straightened out. I don't mind being laid out for something I do but not for somebody else's idiocy... Any truth to the rumor that "Chubby," last month's phantom winner is now, indeed, working at MAGNOLIA T'S?? While we are on that for a minute, Sam Palmer has begun a whole new career in show biz as a result of his hilarious take-off on Edith Bunker. Right on, hon... Oh, a flash!!! The "Helen Keller" who counted last month's ballot apparently has better luck with money. He counted the receipts of two West Side inns and split with the cash. TSK, TSK. Hope he makes it... MCC New York received its charter last month in a ceremony attended by the REV. TROY PERRY. It was a moving service. The Rev. Perry mesmerizes in a manner not unlike Archbishop Fulton Sheen. You sit there listening to small anecdotes smiling, laughing and then, when the sermon is ended, all you remember are the points he's made. And, there is no doubt in your mind that he has made them. I was enthralled. I was also charmed by Rev. Howard Wells, pastor of MCC, N.Y. At first glance he looks like everyone's kid brother. Then, he speaks, you realize that he's a dedicated, honest man out to prove to the world the truths he holds in his heart. His vow to have "HUMAN DIGNITY" the main objective of MCC, N.Y. filled my heart with hope. I am sure that with people like Troy Perry and Howard Wells among us we do, indeed, have hope for a brighter future. God bless you both... SIDE-LIGHTS to the service. Walter Kent of the BEACON BATHS received a certificate naming him an honorary homosexual entitled to all the privileges thereof. And, I must say, I was turned on by my brother, John Francis Hunter's robust baritone singing... For that "special date" you might like to try LA SANGRIA. A Spanish restaurant right across the street from the ROADHOUSE. The food is marvelous. When the kitchen is closed Spanish entertainers from all over the city converge at this spot to have a good time and entertain each other. You'll feel as if you're in Madrid. A pleasant, unusual night... CHANGES, CHANGES, CHANGES... Nancy Haskill out of MARIE'S CRISIS, Bobby Splain (no longer at Carr's), John and Robert into the COVEN. Georgy Perry OUT, Jan Wallman left MONA'S for a new place, the GAS STATION at Grove and 7th Ave. So, right next to JACK DE-LANEY'S (that is going to be a very busy corner), Ed Maxey into MONA'S. By now Conroy is probably tending bar on the moon. Please, guys and gals ONE IS-SUE???? PLEASE????

BAR PROFILE: The GAS STATION, 70 Grove St. (242-1408). Just opened and it boasts Jan Wallman behind the bar. The bar itself is long and topped (are you ready) with copper. The whole thing was hand-made by the owner, Shlomo Harari. He's a very congenial host. There's a great sound system and a good dance floor in the rear. The thing I liked most is that you can sit at the bar and enjoy a conversation without getting hit in the ears with the music inside. There's a man called Clyde doing portraits (pencil) in the front. Opening night they were lined up. He is really excellent but I don't understand how he does it for \$1. Stop by, I think that you'll enjoy it.

POLITICAL THOUGHTS: Now I'm positive that the "lunatic fringe" I've heard so much about is alive and well and living in the White House. Last week Pres. Nixon announced he'd mine the North Vietnam ports to blockade them. And he did it! As of this writing no counter move has been announced by the Russians. Not only did

this scare the hell out of me but it depressed me too. How could this wonderful, great country wind up with a madman as president? Doesn't he know he could have triggered World War III? All this to save face in a silly war that we've no right to be in. I urge you all to REGISTER AND VOTE in the Democratic Primary, June 29th. VOTE FOR GEORGE McGOVERN. The Democratic bosses are trying to take enough uncommitted delegates to Miami to stop his nomination. McGOVERN needs our help. He has promised to help us. REGISTER AND VOTE.

Attended the first annual costume ball sponsored by the CHURCH OF THE BE-LOVED DISCIPLE. It was a gala event. I had the privilege of sitting with the Rev. Howard Wells of MCC, N.Y., the Rev. Weeks of the CHURCH OF THE HOLY APOSTLE (host church to GAA, pre-Firehouse, and West Side Discussion Group), and Father Robert Clement of the hosting church, along with Walter Kent (BEACON BATHS) and my brother, John Francis Hunter (who went as the great white hunter, what else?). The show was quite professional. Put together by Bob Waxman and Don Hayes (who also MC'd). While I commend all the acts I must single out BRYAN MURPHY and PUDGY ROBERTS as exceptional. Mr. Murphy's impression of Pearl Bailey is flawless and he uses his own voice. He's

an excellent performer and would have had Pearly Mae leading the applause had she been there. Mr. Roberts' strip has to be seen to be believed! It's a perfect put-down on any sexist theme you can imagine. A product of genius. I'd like to know where the hell he has room for all of those props under his costume. With each strip of clothing something more outrageous would appear ("the biggest piece of meat in the world" turned out to be a huge rubber(?) lamb chop.) UNBELIEVABLE. I must also commend DON HAYES, who as MC fought a terrible sound system and an uninterested audience. (My apologies to Lee Brewster but put a bunch of drag queens together for a contest and they couldn't care less about the show on stage.) Others appearing in the show were Robert Speller, who did a sexy "leather strip"; Dean Marr, Mr. Hayes' lover and "straight man"; an old friend who flipped me out as Dietrich, Jon Craig; Ricardo and Tanya in a ball-room dance; and Richard Stuart in a breathtaking cape dance. Father Clement and his lover, John Noble, dressed a comedy and tragedy, led the grand parade. And it was a spectacular parade. Those kids must have spent every spare moment sewing and planning. (The winning costume required the aid of three gentlemen just to get it all on stage.) A grand time was had by all and we look forward to next year's event. Till next time, love and peace, Je.



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PERSONALITY PROFILE: I first met MS. GWEN SAUNDERS, of HARRY'S & THE ALIBI, at a place called the GRAPE VINE. (I guess that will let a few cats out of my bag.) It was at that time, I believe, one of the only bars in the city. It was certainly one of the best. Gwen has moved a few times since then (haven't we all), but her personality has always come through in any place she ran. She has an unreal memory for names and faces and will always make you feel at home.

Arrabal



Ren Faber and Baruk Levi



George Shannon and Marial Miguel in "Handcuffs."

ual. I would have been... less objective. But this sadomasochism between two men is so strong... the humiliation is much deeper than it would be with a man and a woman. It was very exciting to me. Have you ever read St. Teresa of Avila? In one of her writings she speaks of God entering her anus like an arrow, bringing her both pain and joy."

(He is atheistic and has lived many years in France. Yet the umbilical attachment to the Spanish Mother Church has not, cannot be severed.)

During the interview, Arrabal speaks so continuously of *L.A. Plays Itself* that I'm forced to ask if he is being overly patronizing to me and my position as a GAY columnist. He looks shocked and insists that he would have said the same things to anyone on this particular day. The film is very much on his mind. He resumes by talking animatedly of the highly erotic effect of seeing semen being spread on motorcycle leather. This brings to mind the Industrial Revolution's sardonic last laugh; the automobile as sexual object and deity.

"Do you think Genet has helped to elevate sadomasochism—and homosexuality in general—in Art?"

"Yes, but Genet is never as free in his drama as in his novels. Never as personal. And he should be! I am very personal in

my plays and I leave nothing out! Nothing should be taboo. Ah, poor de Sade. He wrote one very conventional play. A bore. And I love Tennessee Williams, but he is not honest in his plays. His stories are much superior. If he made a play of his *Desire and the Black Masseur*, he would change the masseur into a white woman who would eat only the victim's toenails instead of devouring the whole body! Sad..."

He shakes his head and picks listlessly at a crumpled page of GAY. I ask, fairly certain of the answer, what he thinks of the bizarre world of Luis Bunuel. He smiles.

"We are very much alike, of course. I admire him. He is a very gentle, very simple and ordinary man. Very different from his creative work. As is Beckett." (I assume he is also describing himself. And could he also be apologizing for possibly disappointing me, and others, with his looks and style? I hope not.)

"I had dinner recently with Bunuel at his home in Mexico. Like all Spanish peasants, he is fascinated by American products. Very proud to own them. He keeps his Frigidaire in the middle of the living room!" Arrabal chuckles delightedly, giving Denton time to translate and ask for one of my Kools for himself.

After another half-hour, I have found

that Arrabal prefers theatre to film. Films are remote for him (except as a passionate spectator!) and they are hard work. He screws up his face in distaste. Theatre is immediately satisfying. His favorite playwright is Samuel Beckett. (Not surprising.) As for movies, he admires Bunuel, Fellini, Adolph Mekas. And his very favorite is the Italian director, Carmelo Bene (of whom I have never heard). He thought *Myra Breckenridge* was a great film. (?)!

The press representative enters and sits quietly in a corner with Claudine Lagrive, Arrabal's attractively plain assistant. I don't want to overstay my welcome, but at the risk of starting him up again on the Halsted film, I ask what he thinks of gay liberation. He speaks to me for the first time in halting English.

"It is good. I am not homosexual, you understand. Please! I don't say this with any pride or... arrogance. It is just the statement. But I think homosexuals are good. Necessary. This liberation is good. We must all be totally free. It is so important... all sexual freedom. Any... all... it is so healthy." (Mother Church recedes to the background.)

He slips into rapid French to describe to both Denton and me the gay lib movement in Paris, and his enthusiasm for it. He speaks knowledgeably of a gay activ-

ist's White Paper and of the amazing amount of support French homosexuals are currently receiving from the authorities. He repeats himself, leaning toward me for added emphasis. "This is a very good, very fresh thing. It must continue." "We all hope it does." And I wish the interview could continue but I look at my watch and decide that ninety minutes has been generous enough. I ask one last question—the kind an interviewer is obligated to voice as a signal for the termination of proceedings. "What will you do now? I mean, what is your next big objective?"

He gets up quickly from the bed, grinning broadly, ready for me. "To finish my new play that is so influenced by *L.A. Plays Itself*! Yes, that is next. I go home to Paris next week and write and write!"

Well. On the way home I'm amused by the fact that neither Arrabal nor his enthusiasts were quite what I expected. Had he been putting me on? No, I doubt it. I had felt very comfortable around him. I'd like to have another conversation sometime. In Paris, a few months from now? Late afternoon outside *Cafe des Deux Magots*, of course. With a good chilled vin blanc. And he'd proudly pull out the finished manuscript of his new play, *St. Germain-des-Prés Plays With Itself*.

McGovern

He's been right from the start.



SENATOR MCGOVERN PROPOSES:

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2. Sexual orientation should cease to be a criterion for immigration to the United States.
3. Government and private investigatory agencies should cease to collect data on the sexual preferences of individuals.
4. Sexual orientation should cease to be a criterion for obtaining housing, insurance, or bonding.
5. Individuals previously given less-than-honorable military discharges solely for sexual relations between consenting adults or for allegations relating to sexual orientation should have the character of those discharges changed to honorable.
6. Increased federal support of unbiased research into the nature of all human sexuality.
7. Federal sponsorship of educational programs which will foster further understanding of both professional people and the general public on these issues.

The following statement in support of Intro 475 was read to the New York City Council on December 17, 1971, by Eleanor Clark French on behalf of Senator McGovern:

Senator McGovern recognizes that in American society today—no less than in other cultures and as throughout recorded history—a substantial minority of women and men of all ages are identified with a homosexual lifestyle. He further recognizes that certain assumptions of the majority concerning homosexuals have been used as a rationale for harassment and denial of elemental civil liberties for millions of individuals. As for other oppressed and stigmatized minorities, Senator McGovern pledges the full moral and legal authority of his presidency towards restoring and guaranteeing first-class citizen rights for homosexually-oriented individuals.

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MALE WANTED by gallery owner, artist, master, with upstate NY gallery, as assistant for summer. Must be personable & able to follow orders. Prefer artist or student under 25. Room & board provided plus small allowance. Will reply all with photo & phone. Occupant, Box 112, Modena, NY 12548.

WANTON ADS

BIG BEAUTIFUL "RICHARD" digs loving young heads. Box 89, Planetarium, NYC 10024.

AMPUTEES ONLY REPLY, leg above knee, white male wanted for an intimate white male friendship. PO Box 4145, Philadelphia 19144.

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MASCULINE, GOOD-LOOKING, white, hip guy, 37, tall, dark, slim, wants to meet slim young guy, 18-21, for friendship. Write: Keith Sanders, 152 W. 42 St., Rm. 504, NY, NY 10036.

MAN IN 50s, 60s, 70s looked for by younger man in 30s. Looking for good, average type, gentle older person, somewhat shy, somewhat heavy, faddish, chubby—but someone who puts warm personal relationship first—more than just one thing relationship! Build friendship, etc. gradually. Foreign-born good. (I'm considered to look good; honest, sincere.) Photo? Box 438, Mds. Vil. Sta., Flushing, Queens, NY 11379.

WHITE MALE, 6'2", hairy chest, masculine, honest, sincere, sexy, experienced lover, seeks mate, under 36, passive in Greek & French culture, for fun or lasting relationship. NYC area & photo only answered. Dut, 102 W. 75th St., Apt. 56, NYC, NY 10023.

LOONER, W/M, 40, good-looking, seeks honest relationship, 30-40. Warm, sincere person a must. Photo please. 4114-75 str. Jacks. Heights, NY 11373.

ATTRACTIVE MALE, 30s, white, tired of bar scene, wishes meet Latin or black male, quiet & responsible, to establish stimulating & interesting relationship. Write: Box 704, Chelsea Sta., NY, NY 10011.

NICE AUSTRIAN, 29, 6', 155 lbs., wants to meet good-looking American guys (18-30) for fun & friendship. Send letter & photo to: Postfach 23, A 1103 Vienna, Austria.

DOMINANCE & SUBMISSION masquerade ball sponsored by Eulenspiegel Society, Saturday, June 3, 9-30 p.m., 11 Barrow St. (near Sheridan Square), Manhattan. Wear drag, leather, western, etc. Prizes for best "S" & "M" costumes. Cont. \$1 men, 50c women.

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EXTREMELY STRAIGHT-LOOKING, sincere, lonely, attractive, non-militant colored guy, 25, 6'1", looks like Lou Alcindor except hair is shorter, seeks attractive, masculine white guys 20-29 for friendship & good times. Baltimore-D.C. area. PO Box 8440, Parkville, Md.

AVERAGE-LOOKING MALE, 24, gay, would like to meet well-hung guys in Virginia, North Carolina for fun or a relationship. Send resume & photo to: Box 2292, Danville, Va. 24541.

GAY GUY, 21, blond, blue eyes, well-built model type, seeks others for groovy times & possible close relationship. Write & include phone if possible. Photo appreciated. Sarro, PO Box 473, Cathedral Sta., 219 W. 104 St., NY, NY 10025.

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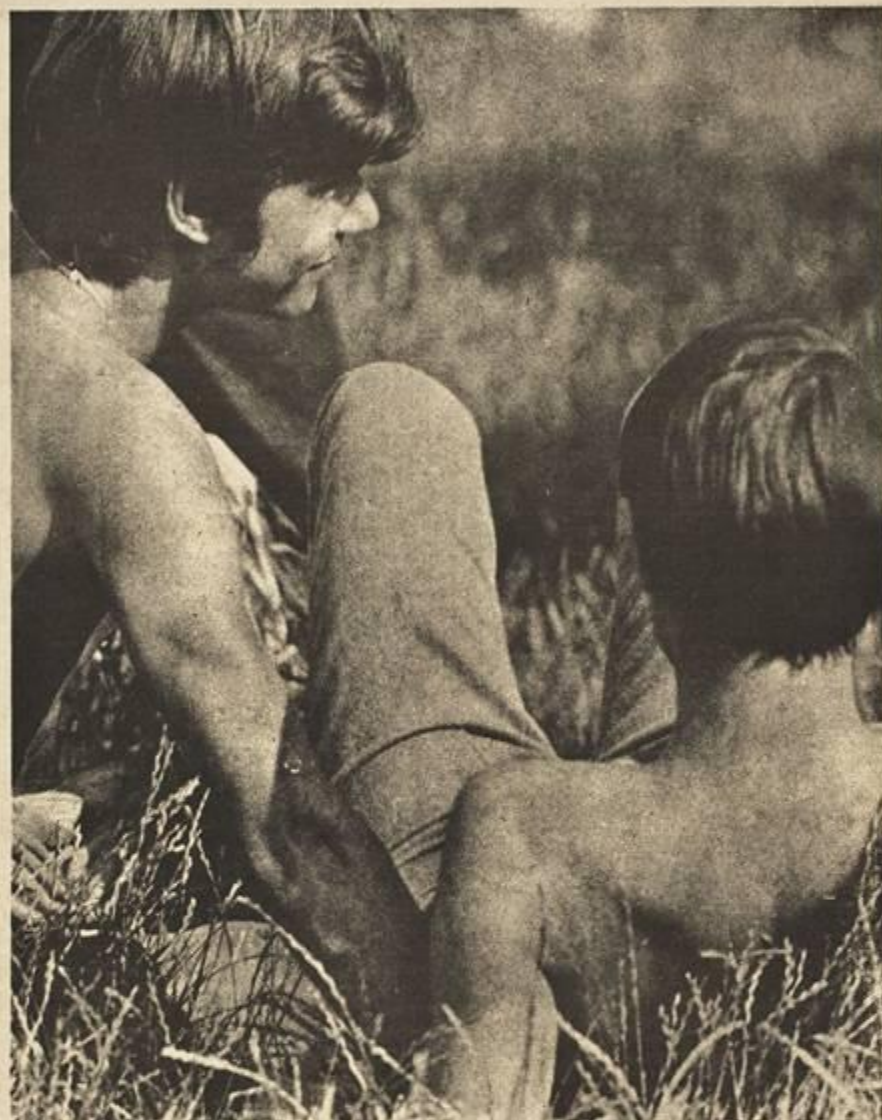
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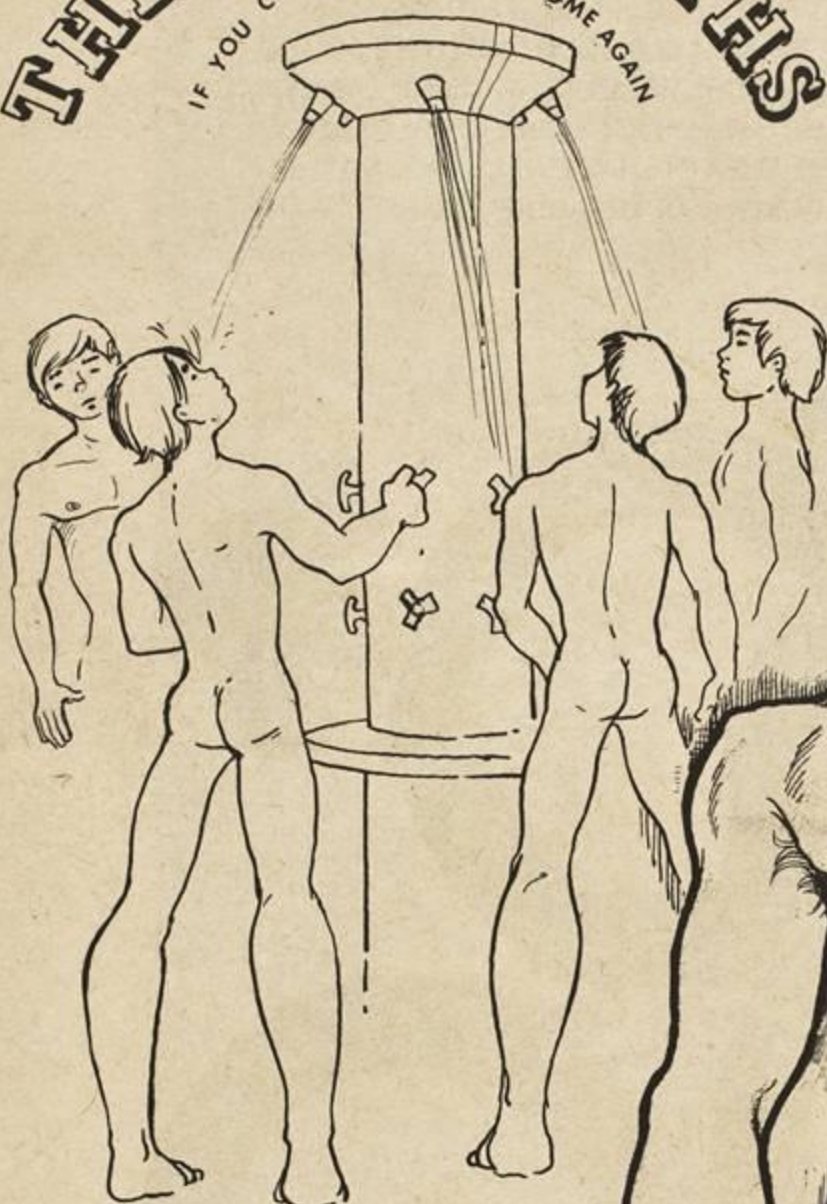
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