

## Parent Defends Gay Son's Right to Teach

Brick Town, N.J. The mother of a 22-year-old Penn State graduate, Joseph Acanfora, has written an open letter to the people of Pennsylvania asking that her son be granted the right to teach, as a homosexual, in the state of Pennsylvania.

On August 6, 1972 (Sunday), *The Philadelphia Inquirer*, the oldest daily newspaper in the United States, carried a front page story of Joseph's plight, including a photograph of the youthful graduate. The article was entitled *Should We Let Homosexuals Be Teachers?* and indicated that the decision as to whether Joseph Acanfora would be hired or not rests with Education Secretary John Pittenger. Three months ago, Acanfora wrote to Pittenger asking about the state's policies on the hiring of gay teachers. An aide to the Secretary replied that Pennsylvania has no firm policies.

Mrs. Leonore V. Acanfora circulated the following letter to the press, including GAY, and told Pennsylvanians of the decision now resting with their state's Secretary of Education. In the letter she explained that her son, a gay liberationist during the time he studied at Penn State, faced possible rejection by the State as a teacher. She said:

*"The future of my son, Joseph, is presently in the hands of Secretary of Education, John*



Mrs. Leonore V. Acanfora

*Pittenger. Having graduated as Valedictorian of Brick Township High School (1968), earned a 3.34 grade point average at the Pennsylvania State University (PSU), received excellent evaluations as a student teacher from his supervisor and students, and graduated this June from PSU, Joseph may now be denied the right to teach Earth and Space Science in the state of Pennsylvania. Why? Because he has had the honesty and courage to admit that he is a homosexual—a member of an extremely oppressed, abused and misunderstood minority. I am writing the following statement to seek support for my son from the people of Pennsylvania and all others concerned.*

*"Twenty-two years ago, I gave birth to a wonderful son, Joseph. One year later I had a beautiful baby girl. It was a big job for both my husband and I, as it is for any parents who try to do what is best for their children. We now have at home an eight-year-old daughter and have one grandchild.*

*"Today, we are faced with my son being a homosexual. Joe was a very special child. He needed very little discipline and was filled with love and kindness. We were often complimented on what a fine person Joe was by the people*



Mrs. Acanfora's son, Joseph.

*who really knew him. I could see the interest he had in life and things about him. I taught Joe never to be prejudiced, for we all came from the same place. Most important, in this world, we have to stand up for what we believe to be right.*

*"One day, Joe came to us and told us he was a homosexual, how he felt about it and why. He knew we were confused and knew little on the subject. To enlighten us, he suggested we read newly published books on "homosexuality." We also spoke to our family doctor about Joe's revelation. We were very thankful that Joe came to us so that we could learn and understand what being a homosexual really is. I never before realized how ignorant I was and many people are on the subject and how wrong most of our ideas are about homosexual people. My son told me how some homosexuals cannot even go home because their families have disowned them.*

*"I have been visited by many of my son's homosexual friends. They were respectful, kind, clean and intelligent people. If there is any fear or doubt in anyone's mind about a healthy homosexual, put aside your prejudice, take a little time and find out the truth for*

*yourself. You owe it to your homosexual relatives and friends who are forced to hide from you because of your prejudices.*

*"God put the millions of homosexuals in our country on this earth just as he did the heterosexuals. Yet, most of these boys and girls and men and women have no one to turn to. My heart is sad for the homosexual who does not accept him- or herself. Someone must educate this world on homosexuality and end the heartless cruelty.*

*"I am proud Joe is my son and is strong enough to stand up for what he believes in. He is only trying to help educate and improve the world. All I can say now is How lucky can you get—when you have a son like Joe!*

*"Please support my son. We must all work together to make this a happier and more human world."*

If Pittenger signs Acanfora's certification application, he will, according to the *Inquirer*, "set a precedent in Pennsylvania by defining homosexuality as a personal lifestyle rather than an antisocial sexual aberration."

Such a decision would not be unprecedented. In 1970 the American Federation of Teachers insisted that homosexuals be "judged on the basis of professional and not personal criteria." In June, however, the National Education Association rejected a similar resolution, presented by a caucus of gay teachers led by GAA-N.J. president John Gish.

Earlier this year (see GAY 79) the District of Columbia's school board announced that homosexuality is irrelevant to teaching performance and said that Washington, D.C. schoolteachers would not be quizzed about their sexual orientations.

## 27 Firms Admit Gay Employees

San Francisco, August 4. While Intro 475 has been twice defeated in New York City, San Francisco is moving ahead in seeking compliance with its anti-discrimination against homosexuals in employment ordinance.

The Human Rights Commission of San Francisco has secured "affirmative action agreements" from 27 firms that do business with the city. These firms are now bound not to discriminate on the basis of sexual orientation. Included are such nationally known financial institutions as *Bank of America*, *California Canadian Bank* and *Bank of Montreal*; large dairies such as *Foremost*, *Arden* and *Challenge*; and other huge corporations such as *Johnson and Johnson* and *Alhambra National Water Co.*

Two hundred of the thousands of city suppliers will be required to pledge agreement that they will attempt to hire minorities, including homosexuals, in proportion to the actual city population. The 200 firms were picked because they do a large volume of business with the city, according to Wayne C. Redus, co-ordinator of employment for H.R.C.

San Francisco became the second city in the nation to protect gays by amending its civil rights ordinance. East Lansing, Michigan amended its personnel rules March 7. The San Francisco action was

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## Major Columnists Write on Gay Issues

The mushrooming recognition of the gay rights cause is underscored by three syndicated newspaper columns on the gay employment issue this summer.

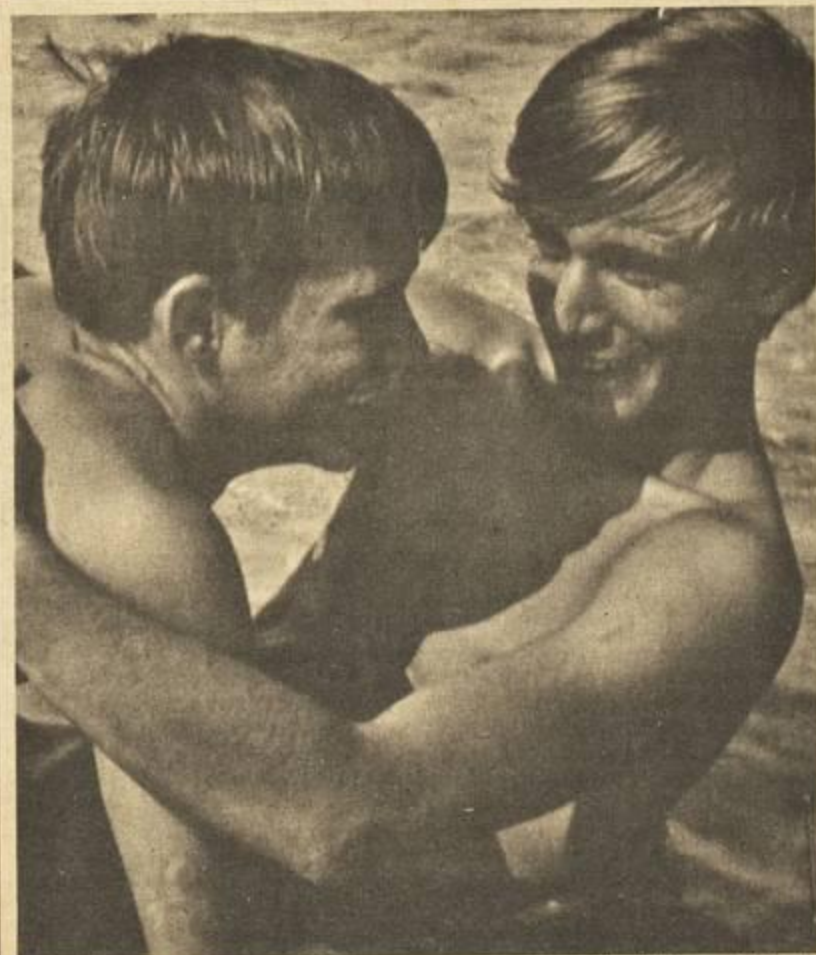
Nicholas Von Hoffman of the *Washington Post*, who writes for King Features Syndicate, interviewed John Gish, 35, of Paramus, N.H. and produced a full column on the Gay Teachers Caucus in the million-member National Education Association.

"Not many other teachers joined (Gish) in making a public avowal. That doesn't mean there weren't a significant number of gay teachers here," Von Hoffman wrote July 7.

He noted "some hostility" to Gish's cause at the NEA's convention, but also reported that the Washington, D.C. School Board adopted a gay job-rights policy in May and "recognizes that sexual orientation, in and of itself, does not relate to ability in job performance, to quote the board.

There's no evidence that gays are "poor teachers or that they're any more likely to seduce their students than straight teachers," Von Hoffman said—which won't stop a lot of parents from objecting if they knew.

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A Plus for the Democrats? Richard Model Exclusives of Florida has published the above photo in *Hung Up* (No. 2) and claims that the young man to the right is, in fact, a member of the Kennedy clan, John Shriver. Is this the son of the Vice-Presidential candidate? Or is Richard Models pulling our leg?

# 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**

**Boe Seir**, 40 W. 8th St. (473-9859). Chacha Palace, mostly Latin. Sunny is on the bar during the day. GM & TV.

**Bonnie & Clyde's**, 82 W. 3rd St. (IGR 3-9304). Dancing, free buffet on Sundays. Elaine is behind the bar to make you feel at home. GF w/ some GM.

**Carl's**, 204 W. 10th St. (255-9742). Neighborhood bar and crowd. Alfie is the only one left behind the stick. GM.

**Casa Laredo**, 551 Hudson St. (989-8520). New managers are Sleet and Milton. Bernard is still on the floor and Marilyn is on the bar.

**Casa Laredo**, 551 Hudson St. (989-8520). New management has pulled the place apart. The only reason that I'd go there is because of Chuck and Marilyn at the bar. INT.

**Cave**, Bank and Washington Sts. Sexy David is on days. Ken and Jeff will take care of you nights. Beautiful Kevin is manager. GM.

**Danny's**, 139 Christopher St. (929-9321). Gaining an immense PAST. Getting a very together crowd of guys and dolls. Trv it. GM. GF.

**Danny's in the Hideaway Motel**, 500 W. 14th St. (989-2649). Lefty and Kevin are here to ensure your good time. Lucille is on during the day. GM, GF.

**Danny's Sheridan Square**, 170 7th Ave. So. Young heads and dancing. Buddy the Body is on days. Marvin and Peter. Johnny will make sure that you enjoy. GM.

**Danay's**, 72 Grove St. (Al 5-7905). Drinks by Joey J. and piano by Murray Grant. Fine food. Int.

**Fedora's**, 239 W. 4th St. (CH 3-9691). Jack and Larry on the floor to serve you. And Fedora herself making sure that you enjoy your meal. GM/some int.

**Floral**, 48 Barrow St. (CH 3-7358). Seems despite some groovy help they are still losing business. Say hello to Jaime and Philip. GM/int.

**Five Oaks**, 49 Grove St. (675-9669). Village favorite off Sheridan Square. Int.

**Four Eleven**, 411 Bleecker St. (CH 2-2117). An old-time favorite. Int.

**Gas Station**, 70 Grove St. (242-1408). J.L. has taken over this disco. He's got Sy, June and Jigg thrown in on weekends. GM.

**Goldbug**, 83 W. 3rd St. (677-9874). Dancing to great music. Shows during the week. Younger crowd. GM.

**Howie's Hideaway**, 183 W. 10th St. Howie is in there pitching. I think that between him and Dottie they'll have a going place. GM.

**Horn of Plenty**, 353 Bleecker St. (242-0636). Great food but you'll have to bring your own wine until they get their liquor license. Int.

**Idea**, 399 W. 12th St. (242-9722). The food is great and they have sexy Joe. A mixture with a lot of GM.

**Jules'**, 159 W. 10th St. Hamburgers are great. Drinks are good. Hap, Joey, et al will take care of your drinks. The crowd is pretty, but don't count on making out. They still stare off GM.

**Keller's**, 284 West St. Granddad of the leather bars. Keeping up with the times. Pool and some bumpy prospects. GM.

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**EAST VILLAGE, WASHINGTON AND UNION SQUARES**

**Club Baths**, 24 1st Ave. (673-3283). Open 24 hours. Dynamite facilities and humpy studs all over the place. Confidential V.D. tests every Thursday 5-9pm. GM.

**Eighty-Two Club**, 82 E. 4th St. (IGR 7-1046). Home of the female impersonators. Tourists.

**McSorely's Ale House**, 15 E. 7th St. (477-9363). Was very cruddy when we were kids. I doubt if it's changed all that much even though Women's Lib got there too. Int.

**Mark'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 charge any higher. Run down. GM.

**GRAMERCY & MURRAY HILL**

**Beau Geste**, 239 3rd Ave. (475-9724). You'll find yourself looking for Gary Cooper. Great decor. The food is quite good and the waiters are pretty. Thom and Jack tend bar. Piano upstairs. GM.

**Leo's Lion**, 57 Lexington Ave. (686-9608). Nice, friendly atmosphere. Your host is David. Go and have a good time. GM.

**Uncle Charlie's South**, 581 3rd Ave. Three separate rooms allow you to keep making entrances. This beautifully decorated place is always jammed. Bob and Jerry are your hosts while Frank, Ron, Ken, Kevin and Ronnie will keep your glasses filled. GM.

**CHELSEA**

**Eagle's Nest**, 11th Ave. & 21st St. If you're into leather (black) and/or western, don't bother. You won't get in and why haste 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.

**Spike**, 120 11th Ave. Leather and western bar. Very popular. "Buffalo" Bill is there and, on weekends, sexy Roy. GM.

**SOHO**

**Gay Activists Alliance Firehouse**, Saturday night dance at 99 Wooster St. Get there early and have a ball and a half. Take the 7th Ave. INT local to Houston; 8th Ave. IND (AA/E) to Springs; 6th Ave. IND (D/F/T/B) to Broadway/Lafayette; BMT (RR) to Prince; L&C, Ave. 1RT to Spring. Cabaret every other Friday with barrels of beer, soda and live entertainment. Movies on Sunday evenings. GM, GF.

**MIDTOWN & MIDDLE EAST SIDE**

**Beacon Baths**, 227 E. 45th St. (687-0322). Take the elevator to 11th floor and groove. Afternoons are a gas and very busy. Free V.D. test 2nd Wed. of the month - 4pm-8pm. GM.

**Candy Store**, 44 W. 56th St. (581-4644). Wax museum gone. New disco dancing. New image for a heretofore tired place. Ricky Klein keeps things jumping. GM.

**Continental Sauna**, 111 W. 56th St. Not as grand nor as expensive as the "Mother Church" on W. 74th St. Good for a businessman's lunch? GM.

**Lib**, 305 E. 45th St. (Le 2-0290). The ensemble players, Jerry, Ellis, Lois and Jim, along with Gretchen and Ken, will assure you of a good time. GM, GF.

**Mayfair**, 964 1st Ave. (EL 5-9239). Kind of classy but fun. Good food at a good price. Int. Roundtable, 151 E. 50th St. One of the biggest discos in town. I still object to no call liquor. At \$1.50 a throw, yet, Mario, Joey and Bobby will keep you entertained.

**Sauna Baths**, 300 W. 58th St. (PL 5-6880). A small place that closes at midnight. Busy during the late afternoons. Tho. GM.

**Sebastian's**, 1068 1st Ave. (355-8052). Zany Sebastian is your host. Bill provides the excellent food. John Weston will whet your appetite. GM.

**Singles**, 951 1st Ave. (486-9822). Johnny Vincent will make sure that you enjoy yourself and Bobby LaZotta will tend to your libations. GM.

**Sundowners**, 309 E. 60th St. (832-9094). Mike Murphy needs this place. He's got Kathy and Bill Irwin on the bar and dynamic Joy Cord entertains Mon., Tues., Wed. Groove on the garden. GM.

**Troubadour**, 1078 1st Ave. (755-1955). Ken is your host. Dennis and Tom are the humps behind the bar. The crowd is friendly and cruddy. GM.

**Victor's Quarter**, 974 2nd Ave. (355-9453). Neighborhood bar with some Midnight Cowboys.

**Yukon**, 140 E. 53rd St. (421-8122). Roy has given it a new image. Young and wild. Dancing. GM.

**DANCE BELT & HELL'S KITCHEN**

**Better Days**, W. 48th St. Plan is on weekends. I don't know who they're replacing Mel with or why. GM.

**Big Spender**, 315 W. 48th St. (586-9882). Lots of gypsies 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.

**Dirt**, 215 W. 46th St. (247-8840). Dirty Edna's Scoreboard, 264 W. 46th St. (260-9077). Advertised as "The home of the Midnight Cowboys." 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 Inside U.S.A." But they are. Int.

**Jimmy Ray's**, 729 8th Ave. (582-9507). They won't admit to it either. But you might find what you're looking for here. Int.

**Joe Allen**, 326 W. 46th St. (581-6464). Gypsies, name-performers, etc. Gay is the word for the bar while the tables will be read. Int.

**Loading Zone**, 586 9th Ave. (563-8212). Some cowboys and lots of TV's. Would you believe GM(?)

**Tijuana Cat**, 350 W. 46th St. Incredible Dawn Hampton is vocalizing on the weekends. Catch your breath before gazing on barkeep So. Wow. GM, GF.

**UPPER EAST SIDE**

**Alibi**, 1546 2nd Ave. (249-7026). My favorite Ms. Gwen Saunders, will be sure that you have a ball. Monday night is "nostalgia night." Wednesday they have an act called Potpurrie. It's dancing and a gas. GM, GF.

**Country Cousin**, 1313 3rd Ave. (879-6614). One in a rustic atmosphere. Bar-B-Que in their open hearth Mon. & Wed. Groovy people. Mother Rice reigning during the day while Ralph and Lou take over at night. Billy, Harry and Eddy on the bar.

**Fiddle Stix**, 1487 1st Ave. (77th & 78th). Opens at 9pm. Dancing. Beautiful Joey is on the bar.

**Harry's Back East**, 1422 3rd Ave. (249-6991). Always one of the cruddiest 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.

**Jack & Blue at Three**, 314 E. 72nd St. (734-9303). New management. Dining in the rear, cruising in the front, if you can keep your eyes off Sam. GM/GF.

**New Jimmy's**, 1576 3rd Ave. (860-4509). 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 emotional entertainment of Johnny Savoy, Judy Syton and George Sardi.

**Painted Peay**, 1485 3rd Ave. (744-9580). Piano bar under the direction of the incredible "Gypsy." Good drinks dispensed by Ralph. Cruddy and nice. GM.

**Piper's Lounge**, 1201 Lexington Ave. (734-9305). Mickey and Tony Black will tend to your needs. Very cruddy crowd. Dancing. GM.

**Uncle Charlie's North**, 1049 Lexington Ave. Boasts one of the "summiest" bartenders in town, Wally. Another good reason is Roger. Ricky is on the door. Cruddy as ever. GM.

**UPPER WEST SIDE**

**Chopp's**, Columbus Ave. bet. 66th & 67th Sts. Popular with Lincoln Center audiences. Int.

**Continental Baths**, 230 W. 74th St., west of B'way. (789-2688). More than a bath-house, it's a totally gay environment even down to a weekend cabaret. Expensive, but worth it. Students 9-10 with I.D. cards. GM.

**Pleasidly Pub**, 324 Amsterdam Ave. (bet. 74th & 75th, 874-8632). Good cruising and friendly people. Nathan and David, along with Jim, will see that you have a good time. GM.

**Westside**, 2160 Broadway at 76th St. (874-8013). Popular bar with humpy help. Wed is Bryan Murphy's show. Thursday is Gypsy. Enjoy. GM.

**UPTOWN**

**Frank's**, 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 Rail**, 2850 Broadway (MO 2-4704). Restaurant and bar popular with uptown gays and Columbia students. Int.

**Mt. Morris Baths**, 1944 Madison Ave. (534-9004). This has a black majority. GM.

**Pauline's Intermade**, 2267 7th Ave. at 135th St. A Harlem landmark since before most of us were born. Int.

**BROOKLYN**

**Danny's Brooklyn Heights**, 108 Montague St. (525-8844). Two floors of fun and frolic presided over by Paul. Sal is your daytime host behind the bar with "dizzy" Duke and Bruce taking over at night. GM.

**Max's Country**, 53 Pierpont, Brooklyn Heights (624-1362). Masculine atmosphere for masculine GMs. A bath in Brooklyn complete with gym and an enormous pool. I think you'll like this one. GM.

**WASHINGTONVILLE, N.Y.**

**Mister G's**, Round Hill Resort, Rt. 208 Washingtonville, (914-496-9845). Billed as an all-gay resort with 25 acres to frolic and swimming pool that gets its share of "sainy dipping." It sounds too good to be true. 176 let you know more. 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 9-2872)

**Tomcat Theatre**, 424 W. 42nd St.

**Jerry's Sphere**

**He died this month, at age 60. Poet, educator, rebel, he was a spokesman for change long before it was fashionable, a man who claimed his right to be himself at any hazard.**

**We remember him well, not only for his poetry and books (the most famous of which was called *Growing Up Abard*) but for his forthright speeches at gay liberation conferences. He was the featured speaker at the banquet (Barbizon-Plaza Hotel) held in 1965 by E.C.H.O. (East Coast Homophile Organizations) and he plugged his own lifestyle, which was, interestingly enough, a bisexual one.**

**His poems, *Hawkweed*, detail sexual adventures with men which Goodman experienced while on his travels. Some of them are furtive and a bit sad, but one fact shines through them with startling splendor: he was an honest man, a loving man. What more can be said in celebration of his life?**

**BY JERRY FITZPATRICK**

**DANNY'S CHRISTOPHER ST.**, the bar that revolutionized the Village bars with 50¢ beer, is about to do it again! I attended their "CHRISTMAS IN JULY" party and was amazed to see as many GFs in the crowd as GMs. The manager, Howie, told me that he had many girl friends and that he was encouraging them to come. One of the GFs that I spoke with said, "It's really dynamite being with the guys. I'd forgotten how much fun guys can be." To which one of the GMs retorted, "She's right. It's really gotten groovy around here. The guys and gals are really getting along. And, surprisingly enough, we're getting into really great raps. It's a whole new ball game." I hope that it catches on, not only in my favorite Village, but all over the city. We are human beings and a difference in sexual genitalia shouldn't discount what we have to say and feel towards each other. CONGRATS TO DANNY'S CHRISTOPHER ST. FOR GETTING IT ALL TOGETHER.

**J.L., SY, JUNE & JIGGS** are now at the GAS STATION. I know it was only a few issues ago that I told you to stay out because of what happened to Jan Wallman here. But I must ask you to give the above mentioned kids a shot. I shall be watching like a hawk to make sure that this is now truly GAY. If you have any complaints, come to me immediately. Meanwhile, drop by and say hello to some of your favorite bar people.

**MR. DAVID** refused to go to the GROOVY GUY CONTEST in L.A. unless they paid all expenses for his two "managers" and an enormous pool. I think you'll like this one. GM.

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## The Editors Speak:



PAUL GOODMAN: THE ANCIENT ACTIVIST

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### A PARENT TO BE PROUD OF

Read the news story (page one) about Mrs. Leonore V. Acanfora's open letter to the people of Pennsylvania and weep joyfully as we did. Her forthright response, defending her 22-year-old son's right to teach in the Pennsylvania school system is one of the most moving documents yet to come out of the gay liberation struggle.

The values she taught her son—love, kindness, and most important, standing up for what he believes to be right—were no doubt a part of her own psyche. GAY is proud to publish—in its entirety—Mrs. Acanfora's letter, and hopes for the day when other parents throughout the length and breadth of this country will show a similar integrity.

### REGISTER TO VOTE

If you've been away on vacation and think that you've got plenty of time to register to vote in the national elections, think again. The cut-off deadline is September 2nd, barely a week and a half away.

No doubt you've seen registrars sitting at their tables on streetcorners, asking you to vote. If you are eighteen, you're eligible. If you have friends who are as young as 18, ask them to register immediately.

GAY has been a constant critic of the Nixon administration since its inception. We know that Richard Nixon and his appointees are homophobes, and that gay liberation will receive little federal assistance as long as he remains in office, and in fact will be officially opposed.

We know too that Senator George McGovern is sympathetic to gay rights. He has said so. While the Eagleton affair, as Vicki Richman points out, has been regrettable, and while McGovern aides have been nervous about the gay issue, two occurrences have let us know that there's plenty of hope on the Democratic horizon. Kathy Wilch, the Democratic delegate who blasted the gay rights proposals, has apologized. Eagleton, a week after his resignation from the Democratic ticket, said that George McGovern had treated him with the greatest kindness. "I couldn't have asked for better treatment from a member of my own family," he told the press.

## Activists Suspend McGovern Support

Hackensack, N.J. The New Jersey Gay Political Caucus on Sunday, August 5, withdrew its support of Democratic presidential candidate George McGovern pending further clarification of his endorsement of gay rights.

"Early in McGovern's campaign, he came out strongly in favor of gay rights," said John Hanna, a caucus spokesperson who is also president of Fairleigh Dickinson University (Teaneck) Student Homophile League. "However, since Ohio delegate Kathy Wilch delivered her party-endorsed blow against the movement at the convention, we seriously think gays have been used by McGovern only to get on in the primaries. Now he has the candidacy he is discarding us. We'll have to wait and see," Hanna said.

Rich Wandel, president of the Gay Activists Alliance of New York, issued the following statement about McGovern and his staff:

*By now you are probably fully aware of the unfortunate circumstance surrounding the presentation of the minority report on sexual orientation at the Democratic Convention in Miami. The Gay Activists Alliance of New York has passed the attached resolutions, transmitted them to Senator McGovern and are asking you to send similar demands to him.*

*We take the position that Senator McGovern is responsible for the anti-gay, homophobic attitudes and actions of his staff, who not only wrote the K. Wilch speech but assaulted gays in the lobby of McGovern Miami Beach headquarters. If Senator McGovern cannot control his staff in July, 1972, how can we possibly hope for any concrete action on his part if he is elected President?*

*Although GAA does not endorse candidates, we recognize that many groups do so and furthermore millions of gays throughout the country are George McGovern as a clear, positive alternative to Richard Nixon. We respect that view and feel that the actions we are proposing are in the best interests of the gays of America.*

*To those who fear that publicity on the gay issue will hurt McGovern, we say that those who would not vote for him because of this issue will not vote for him because of other positions he has taken.*

*Seeking publicity for our cause is the only assurance we have of action by McGovern should he be elected. Secret agreements secretly arrived at are useless. Now his staff is worried about the November election. If he is elected they will be worrying about the 1976 election. Public commitment is the only way we can be assured of an end to Federal government discrimination against gays.*

*Candidates who avoid an issue-oriented campaign are doomed to failure. And if there were ever a year and a campaign when that was true, 1972 is it. McGovern was sand-bagged by his own staff... and his ambition, his seeming "desertion" of the hard issues facing us today won him few votes and turned many supporters off. There are indications that he is aware of this and it will do something about it. But it is up to us and other minority activists to keep pushing, publicly, so he will face the real issues and thereby win an election.*

*We are currently contacting political clubs and individuals request their assistance in "bringing out" Senator McGovern. We hope you will do the same...*

*The following documents have been transmitted to Sen. George McGovern:*

*That we demand that George McGovern publicly repudiate the Kathleen Wilch statement and that he issue a reaffirmation of his position on gay rights as expressed in the Northern California statement of February 2, 1972.*

*That we demand that George McGovern make specific reference to gay rights in all statements, written or oral, dealing with civil rights and/or oppressed minorities.*

Kathleen A. Wilch, delegate to the Democratic Convention in Miami Beach, Conn. 06525.

# GAY

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# A Plant Grows in The Bronx



This Heavenly Machine  
BY JOHN P. LeROY

You may or may not be into smoking grass, but nobody can deny that marijuana has become the most popular hallmark of the counterculture. At almost any social gathering or party, it has become virtually expected of a good host to offer his guests some smoke.

The fact that it remains illegal to possess, sell or distribute marijuana has only made it more expensive and more difficult to obtain than was once the case. Ed Rosenthal is an enterprising young man who is trying to change all that. After having made an intensive study of how best to grow and care for the cannabis plant from which marijuana is derived, he has developed a complete system where-

by anyone with a reasonable amount of closet space or whose windows receive a lot of sunlight can grow his or her own marijuana at home.

The unit consists of correct soil with organic fertilizers, specially designed pots, overhead fluorescent fixtures and bulbs, timers, a wooden frame and a mylar-vinyl reflective covering. The system comes with a complete set of instructions, and Ed's personalized guarantee, which includes first aid if needed. There are four basic systems. The smallest will provide two moderate smokers with enough grass to last a lifetime after only three months. The large deluxe model can take care of an entire commune. The investment is as low as \$85, but the larger units cost more. People who have tried Ed's grass have been quite enthusiastic, though they may have been stoned.

Ed firmly believes that his system is the best bargain around. Comparable pot, when available, goes for about \$30 an ounce. Ed's system has been refined to the point where the plant keeps producing and is never allowed to go to seed. Once the plant has matured, every day is harvest day.

To an occasional smoker like myself, marijuana has not had a terribly strong effect. I had found it a pleasant way to relax, ease tensions, or work up an appetite. Ed firmly believes that the world would be a better place if everyone had a readily-available supply of pot. Under its influence, people are more willing to communicate their true feelings, break down artificially nurtured role-playing and gain a larger sense of consciousness. The plants have become his best friends and he feels they will become the best

friends of anyone who raises them.

It will not be long before pot will be legalized, or at least decriminalized, Ed believes, and once that happens, the present system of smugglers and dealers is likely to break down. In its place, the distilleries and tobacco companies will try to capitalize on the market and another form of corporate exploitation will be upon us. Growing at home is the best way to keep that from happening.

There was a time, Ed remembers, when the dealer was your friend. He came around, made his deliveries, had a smoke with you, and shared in your life in some way. Scarcity and greed have changed all that. It was this state of affairs that first led Ed to apply himself to the scientific cultivation of the cannabis. He was born and raised in the Bronx, is in his mid-twenties, and lives in his original neighborhood on 205th Street. He majored in philosophy at the University of Youngstown. After college, he took a job on Wall Street as a compliance officer, one who tells his company if it is properly obeying S.E.C. regulations.

He quit that job to join the counterculture and supported himself as a part-time postal worker, and then as a manufacturer of candles. He became active in New York Provacateur, an organization for legalizing pot, joined a commune where he is a member of a "family," a group of extremely loyal close-knit comrades.

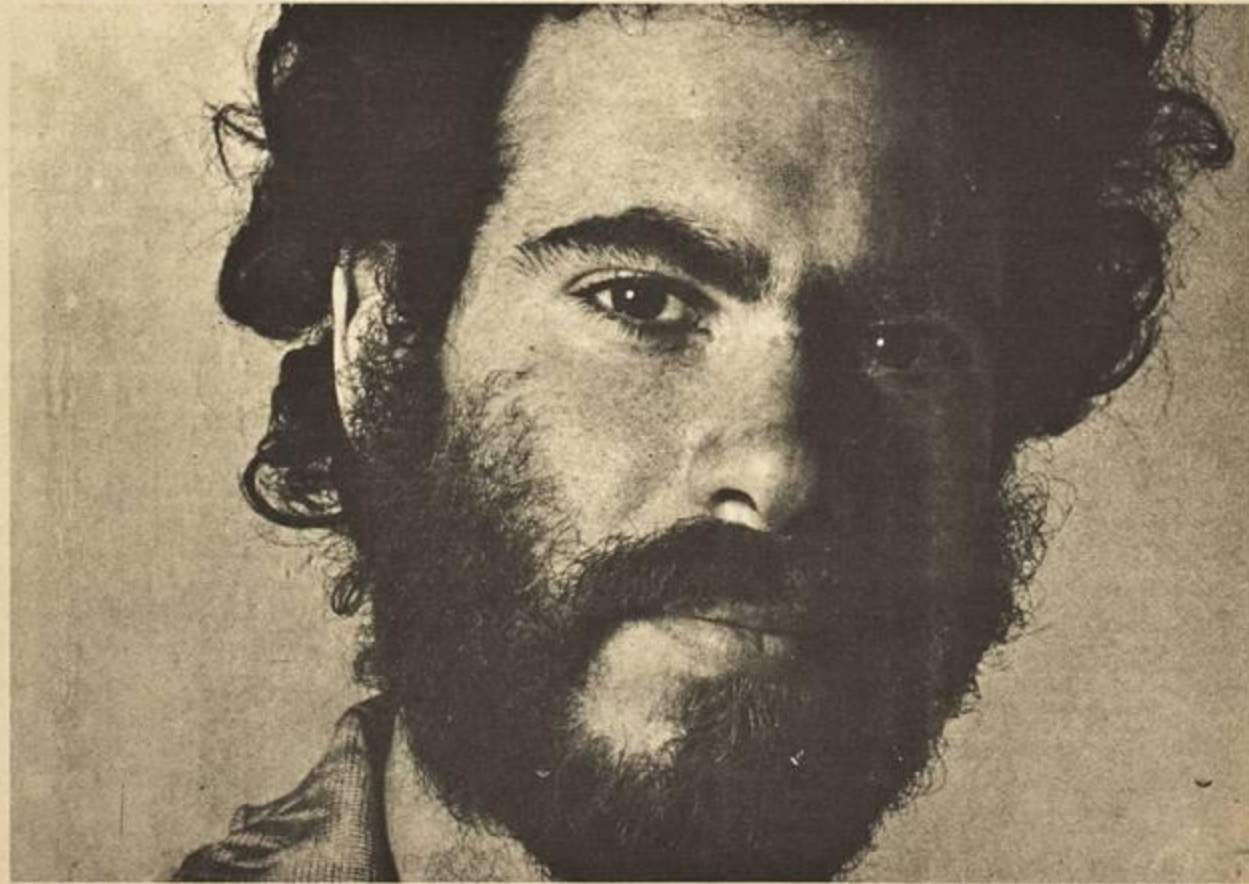
He grooves on Bach, the Rolling Stones (when I interviewed him, he was on his way to one of their concerts), and far-out music. It is his considered opinion that the effect of pot and psychedelic drugs has been to help gays and straights come together, view each other as people rather

than as preconceived stereotypes, and treat each other accordingly. The drug culture (hard drugs excluded) seems to have achieved what large amounts of education, propaganda and confrontation have not accomplished.

A live-and-let-live relationship has developed. So long as nobody hassles anyone else and everyone gets along, all is well. As a result, gays who are in the drug culture seem to get along better with straights in the same culture than they do with other gays or straights who are not. And while I cannot see the smoking of pot as a panacea for solving all the problems between gays and straights, it can indeed help put one in a frame of mind where better communication and understanding are possible and help people come to grips with their sense of sexual identity and their biases.

To the extent that it creates conditions where people can be led to put a greater stress on humane values than on materialistic values, the spread of pot smoking can be considered a good thing. Grass may or may not be able to cure migraine headaches, menstrual cramps or nervous tension, it may or may not be able to make a creative genius out of a dullard and it may or may not be able to change a person's values overnight, but under the right conditions, it can put one's body in a more alert, more relaxed state, and from it, one can learn to become a little more human.

Would you like to grow your own grass and share it with people you like? It can't hurt and it might help a lot. The address is Clearlite Company, P.O. Box 77, Jerome Avenue Station, Bronx, N.Y. 10468.



"Grass eases communication between straights and gays," says Ed, who installs grow-your-own systems.

Photo by Eric Stephen Jacobs

# Mattachine Marches On!

The Mattachine Society, Inc. of New York has opened new offices at 59 Christopher Street in Manhattan. Already, although the new offices have been open for less than a month, they're crowded with well-wishers and those who need counseling in a great number of areas, including the legal, health, and travel fields. Why not stop in today and see what the Mattachine Society is up to? For over ten years, this venerable organization has assisted the homosexual community in times of trouble.

Photos by Eric Stephen Jacobs



Mattachine counselors are on hand to answer your questions.



The Mattachine Society is located directly across from Sheridan Square.



Got a question about your sexual orientation? Look it up!



A bulletin board advertises everything from books to roommates.



A giant library with fiction and non-fiction dealing with homosexuality.

# Uncle Thane's Potpourri

BY THANE HAMPTEN

It's Potpourri Time again, kiddies. Every few months or so I seem to collect a backlog of items that can't be meshed into a cohesive unity, no matter how hard I push and grunt. The subjects have nothing in common; they just sit there and stare at me. So I put them on a large hors d'oeuvre tray and let you pick what interests you.

Most recent first. I'd like to thank all those kind people who found enough substance in my last article (*Is There Life After Marriage?*) to suffer through the typographical errors and misplaced paragraphs. The pixilated pixies at Four Swords had a field day with this one. As my writings rarely make sense under the best of conditions, I don't need or appreciate the additional help.

However, I actually received some intelligent letters (from people who enjoy working jigsaw puzzles and reading *Finnegan's Wake*) and have been pleased to learn of others' experiences and views on the subject. There has been an occasional problem with misinterpretation though. One gentleman feels that I argue against myself by begging gays who enter into matrimony to consciously labor to make the union work, after I have previously said that the whole shebang is unnatural and generally cannot and does not actually succeed.

Well, sir, I hoped I was making it clear that there is no bloody good reason for all that labor if the marriage was built upon false premises, or if it sours beyond redemption along the way. Of course I'm aware that as with all acts of creativity, marriage requires "99% perspiration and 1% inspiration." But I'm tired of seeing people struggle masochistically through the years, for nothing more than a bad business deal. Why bother, just to impress an indifferent society? What is the prize for lying to yourself?

And I might add that several of my correspondents have confused my disdain of the marriage ceremony per se with my attitude toward the state of being married. I most certainly agree with those who say that the formal ceremony creates an initial atmosphere of blissful delusion. Not to mention the burden of extraordinary demands that it forces one to honor.

I'd also like to thank the gentleman who reminded me of the Oscar Wilde quote I had used in an earlier article. "Laughter is not at all a bad beginning for a friendship, and it is far the best ending for one." As a matter of fact, it occurs to me that a continually warm flow of laughter is probably the only thing that saves any relationship from destruction.

\*\*\*

Have heard from both new friends, Michael Holm and John Preston (GAY No. 81). Michael is keeping me informed of current events in Scandinavia. Glad that our Gay Pride Week went as well as it did and he's sorry that such an event is difficult to celebrate at the same time in Sweden. But, as he says, Sweden's summers are short and no one wants to be bothered with highly organized activities at that time. Midsummer means abandoning yourself to the open countryside; the cities are dead.

It is during this happy festival that the Swedes are supposed to gather seven kinds of flowers and sleep with them under their pillows. This reportedly ensures a great deal of sex and sexual desire in the coming year. Of course I tried it immediately. But I wasn't taking any chances. I plucked fourteen different varieties, from my local florist. Alas, the only result I can see is that a gargantuan Irish



Gay teenyboppers in Stockholm do the Swedish Massage.

sheepdog down the street has fallen madly in love with me. Some bucolic customs seem internationally non-transferable.

Michael also thanks all those who made his stay in New York a pleasant one, and those who tried to explain the complexities of our way of life. He confesses that there is still a great deal he still doesn't understand, or appreciate. He is disturbed about the old-fashioned relationship between men and women. "Most of your TV commercials would make Swedish women and men furious. Those stupid sex roles are so degrading!" Well, Thane couldn't agree more. TV commercials are degrading to vegetables, animals and minerals.

A bill has been recently introduced by the Swedish government. According to Michael, its intent is to abolish the legal and social advantages that marriage has over other forms of less binding personal relationships. It is not specifically designed as a balance for homosexuals, but gays are taken into consideration. Michael translated the entire bill for me and it seems a model of sensible, forward-looking, rational, mature thinking. I expect such a bill to be introduced in the United States also—around 2050 A.D.

John Preston writes from the Gay Community Services in Minneapolis that they are about to launch a tremendous mental health project. "Since their beginnings, mental health clinics have not responded to the needs of the Gay community. Because of inadequate training or personal fears, their staffs have not been able to provide adequate or appropriate services. As a result, the Gay community has learned to pass by needed care."

As usual, the only things they lack are cooperation and funds. (So what else is new?) They estimate a needed budget of \$30,800 for the year, but are requesting only \$25,800. Bayer spends more than that for one of those lumpy headache commercials. Why can't one of our pernicous pill factories subsidize a mental health project with funds from that 200% profit margin of theirs? Might undo a fraction of the damage they've caused in their urgency to obey the law... of supply and demand.

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I had lunch with Merle Miller a couple of weeks ago. At least he understood what I was getting at in my review of his new novel, *What Happened*. But he claims I misunderstood the final chapter. Well, I'm quite sure I did understand it—but I still think it's a damn good book about—hopefully—the end of an era.

I got a big stack of Miller's previous novels from the library after finishing the new one. In the 1948 *That Winter*, the straight central character (obviously Miller in disguise) makes several pointedly derogatory remarks about "faggots" and "queers." I asked if he felt any pain or remorse today at having written such passages. "Of course," he replied. "There's nothing worse than self-betrayal. I felt those things were absolutely necessary back then. I never questioned them, or

my motivation. That's why being in the closet is so very damaging."

There has been a lot of adverse criticism of Lee (*Nightride*) Barton's insistence that Tennessee Williams and others would have been better artists if they had been totally honest. Barton's critics claim there is no need for these artists to ever write specifically of homosexuality and they probably would not have done so, even in a tolerant society. Nonsense. Nothing can make me believe that these very creative people never had a burning desire to make public a major and impassioned statement about something so incredibly central to their lives. They either smothered or transmogrified these desires, out of all too understandable and human fear (or from an egotistical and financial yearning for the largest possible audience).

Personally, I feel Williams might have saved himself many years of questionable psychotherapeutic "aid" (and staggering liquor bills) if he had allowed himself one explosively cathartic play. (No one is insisting they dwell eternally upon the subject of their sex lives.) I'll trade you twenty *Night of the Iguanas* for one hilarious and honest poem such as *Life Story*.

Incidentally, Miller's *What Happened* isn't to be reviewed by *The New York Times*. There's already been more than enough said about that unnecessary subject. Anyway, I'm sure Joseph Epstein (Harper's own little Archie Bunker) is too busy with other projects to review it...

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Speaking of breaking bread with friends, I was honored by an invitation to dine at GAY columnist Gregory Battcock's the other night. Beside his other artistic excellences, I might have known he'd turn out to be a great chef. I blissfully destroyed the biggest and most succulent lobster I've ever had the pleasure of meeting. There's no reason to do more than mention the stunning array of fine wines served, as anyone who reads Gregory's *Last Estate* knows he is an epic connoisseur.

After dinner, we watched the 1946 British film, *Dead of Night*. Even with several viewings over the years, I'm still not really sure that Michael Redgrave's relationship with his ventriloquist's dummy was a homosexual one. But the jealousy, the power struggles and the final mental disintegration involved certainly remind me of many married gays I know. (Here I go again...)

My charming host will shortly be searching exotics in Persia. (I refuse to



"COMING OUT..."



John Preston of Minneapolis

use ugly names like Iran and Iraq.) Gregory is the only person I know who logs more hours in the air than Kissinger. And he spends his time much more constructively than Nixon's lackey, I might add.

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I haven't had the opportunity yet to recommend to you the Jonathan Katz documentary play, *Coming Out*, I saw it during Gay Pride Week at Gay Activists Alliance Firehouse. I went expecting a tedious, humorless, amateurish exercise in agitprop that would have all the subtlety and artistry of a Bulgarian knife-throwing act. Imagine my surprise when it turned out to be a funny, intensely moving and beautiful experience.

The play is long and throws mind-boggling tons of data at you. I was sitting on the dirty floor, in the aisle, in a ridiculously contorted position. My legs were numb and I was almost trampled three times by the exiting players. We were not allowed to smoke. It was hot. Many lesser impositions upon my sensitive nature have caused me to flee theatres during intermission, if not sooner. However, I gladly stuck it out and was sorry when the play ended.

If ever there was a penultimate definition of the meaning of Gay Pride, and an illuminating celebration in homage of that spirit, it is *Coming Out*. It also benefited from the excitingly fast-paced and inventive direction of David Roggensack, and the enthusiastic and amazingly professional attitude of the performers. (And what incredible memories they have!)

I found it difficult to believe that this vital and often inspirational work would be allowed to languish and die. I hardly expected Norman Jewison to film it for United Artists release, yet I felt that it surely deserved more exposure than the hospitable but limited run at The Firehouse.

Now I'm pleased to report that according to GAA press representative, the ever-helpful Charles Choset, there are plans to seek production off-Broadway and on college campuses, and to publish the work (if clearance can finally be given the great amount of copyrighted material quoted in the play).

Best and most positive of all, *Coming Out* will be given in a series of performances, September 5 through 17, at the Washington Square United Methodist Church (113 West 4th St.). I'd like to encourage you to treat yourself to this delightful and pertinent celebration. (By the way, did you know that one of Roget's synonyms for *celebration* are the words "coming out"? How accurate!) If you don't leave the theatre a better and happier person, you're dead, baby.

# Clay's Clearing House

BY ALAN CLAY

PORNO FUTSCH

They're off and running again! According to *The New York Times* (August 5th), the police have started a new action to clean up the Times Square area. And guess who they're attacking? Right. The "smut peddlers"! Same old story. They never take on difficult tasks if they can possibly be avoided. As I've said before, I find most pornography shoddy, unimaginative and horribly depressing. I haven't been in any of those 42nd Street stores in over three years and wouldn't find their demise a personal loss.

But the fascination with pornography is, as we are all aware, just a product of a sexually repressive society. And sweeping it periodically under the moth-eaten carpet is as effective as trying to bale out an oceanliner with a leaky tin cup. Everybody is concerned about the condition of Times Square but the vendors and customers of the pornshops do not make or encourage the problems. They are there because "sex is dirty" and Times Square is "dirty." There is no other location in which they are welcome.

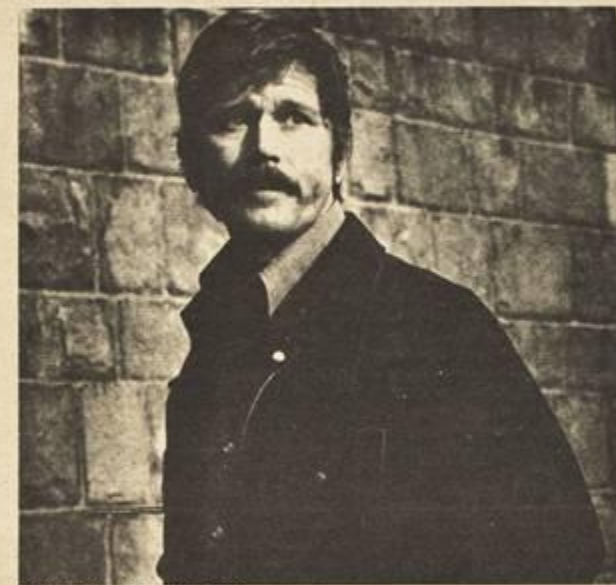
But the city knows it cannot stem the rising narcotics tide (by-product of a society with innumerable citizens unable to nurture practical dreams) or kick out the derelicts and panhandlers (also flotsam of its ills). But simple commercial enterprise is always easy to attack and destroy (or force underground, which is usually the case).

I would like to ask our bungling bureaucrats if they sincerely believe pornography is responsible for alcoholism, narcotics addiction, rape, robbery, mugging, murder, indecent exposure, graffiti, unemployment, littering, high meat prices and emphysema? What about the fuckers who still sell the deadly "souvenir" knives along the once Great White Way? As usual, S-E-X is blamed for everything. No group of people knows this better than homosexuals. I think I'm gonna go down and frow up all over City Hall.

A LITTLE BIT OF SUNSHINE

That was today's editorial... and now on to happier things. For some reason I keep forgetting to mention that nice newspaper, *Gay Sunshine* (P.O. Box 40397, San Francisco, Calif. 94140). "If you are gay and have something heavy and beautiful to say," you can submit manuscripts to them. They have lots of variety, some surprisingly interesting articles, and occasionally a wildly sex drawing or two. (The August issue has a couple that at least turn me on.)

In this latest issue are articles on psychiatry's "new cures," personal liberation, masculinity as an oppressive ideology, and a good (e.g. logical) if rather brutal attack on S&M life. Not exactly shy of substance, is it? As to my "Now-I've-Heard-Everything-Dept.," the paper reports on a new San Francisco based group called *Community of Oriental Gays*, founded "to bridge the cultural gap between Oriental and non-Oriental gays." Well, granting things may be different Out West, I've personally never felt much cultural disparity with the many Orientals I've dug mentally and physically. Anyway, I wish C.O.G. much swinging public relations. Maybe they can even send missionaries to uncloset and enlighten the mainland Chinese gays. Or is China the same as Russia? Did you know they don't even have one little-bitty homosexual in all of the Soviet Union? How on earth did they arrange that abnormal utopia?



A contemporary poet, Dakota Jonson.



A typical Times Square denizen.

(Strange... there's a park near the Kremlin and I could swear that...)

THE CASE OF THE MISSING FUNNYBONE

Got a letter from a guy who sends me to hell for some of my remarks in the July 24th issue of GAY. He objected to the fact that I informed Playboy's arrogant Hugh Hefner that "heterosexuality is simply a mediocre substitute for the real thing." Mr. O'Riada accuses me of behaving as a "homosexual supremacist." My reply to this fellow reads in part:

One of my main complaints regarding gay liberationists is always that they take themselves entirely too seriously. Humor never dilutes the effectiveness of a philosophy or a cause. There is so much that is ridiculous in life today that it is impossible to keep a straight face when writing a new column. And humor is just about the only way one can hang onto one's sanity in these troubled times. My advice to Hefner was obviously and intentionally preposterous and absurd, simply a miniature parody of the pompous shit straights throw at us so continually. I can't believe that anyone would seriously think I could ever be nutty enough to advocate one sexual posture above another.

People without a sense of humor make up for this lack by being very, very funny themselves. I once had an earnest and monotonously serious friend who tried to find logical reasons and/or symbolic meaning in all the antics of the Marx Brothers. He died most prematurely of

tween partners at the time of marriage. The Attorney General says that the sameness of sex of both parties therefore constitutes "a legal impediment."

There's that word "normal" again. It would be foolish to ask Maryland to define normal. I know they wouldn't agree with my definition. To me, "normal sexual intercourse" results when both parties involved are able to achieve satisfactory and satisfying climax. Wouldn't it be simpler for everybody if that definition were the standard one? By the way, Maryland has been "inundated with requests for marriage" by gay couples. Is there a special tax deal for wedded residents of that state? Or is there something particularly romantic about downtown Baltimore?

THE CONTINUING SAGA...

... of *The Stonewall* of Seattle, Washington. Now this is my idea of a super-charged organization. After a ten-week battle involving state officials and the governor's office, *Stonewall's* residential treatment center leaders won the right to meet with the Gay residents of the Washington State Penitentiary at Walla Walla. They were originally denied access to the prison on the grounds that it was not an officially state-approved program. There was also the usual homophobic fear voiced by the prison's dum-dum superintendent, E.J. Rhyal, that *Stonewall* would be recruiting normal residents into the program. (Good God, don't morons like Rhyal realize we have enough trouble just taking care of our own, without "recruiting"?) According to William H. DuBay, *Stonewall* Co-director, "I explained that there is no need for us, certainly, to promote homosexuality in the Washington State Penitentiary. We are mainly interested in setting up parole programs for the Gay residents who, until now, have had no other alternatives." Nevertheless, Rhyal insists upon a member of his staff always being present at the meetings. There'll be no Un-Christian Orgies in his noble institution!

POET'S CORNER

Not much good contemporary gay poetry around, is there? The reason may be that poetry takes more time, thought, and artistry than the average political tract. Also, it's a very solitary pursuit and no one does anything alone any more, except masturbate on cold winter Sunday afternoons. This dearth always tempts me to publicize the work of any poet who seems even moderately promising. The editors recently forwarded to me a 26-page collection (of free verse) from a fellow named Dakota Jonson. I've never heard of him and the quality of his work is erratic. But he employs a number of very original images and these encourage me to sense genuine talent.

Striking images and metaphor in good poetry are worth their weight in gold as they immediately release the reader's own emotions and summon memories. Mr. Jonson is no Dylan Thomas, but he speaks with vital colloquialism (and frequent poignancy) of the gay milieu we know so well. It's always nice to recognize experiences that mirror your own, particularly in so potent and intimate a medium.

The volume, *We Gotta Love One Another Right Now* (and I concede that the title is enough to turn you off and away) is available from Oscar Wilde Memorial Bookshop, 291 Mercer St., New York. It's certainly worth the \$1.25 they're asking. Or does Rod McKuen really satisfy all your needs?

TWO BITS

*ONE* in Detroit certainly seems to be an active group of busy little beavers. In the month of August alone they're sponsoring a steak dinner, a "Splash Party," and a big picnic. Of course none of this has a thing to do with Gay Lib, but it's surprising how much can be accomplished under the sneaky guise of mindless fun. (I've had many a hairy consciousness-raising session during GAA's Saturday night dances.) This energetic Michigan group can be reached via P.O. Box 7926, Kerchival Station, Detroit, Mich. 48215.

*Earth* News reports that marriages between people of the same sex are against the law (OH!!!) in Maryland simply because the Maryland law requires "the capability of normal sexual intercourse" be-

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## An Open Note to Jill Johnston:

BY KATHY BRAUN

STACEY, TRACEY AND SCOTTY

Acid Note to Jill Johnston: Where do you come off, young woman, putting down Benjamin Spock for marching in the Christopher Street Parade? Dr. Spock was out doing and giving for the people's movement when you were roaming around London trying to get laid, and now you're a big star you have your nerve Mary putting him down. I find your belligerency to people (Spock for instance) and groups (men for instance) disgusting.

And while I'm at it, John P. LeRoy's sarcastic comment in the newspaper about the people who were willing to testify against Michael Maye that their willingness was because "after all, they had just eaten" was similarly disgusting. What is this attitude, folks? Is it that anyone not gay is bad, anyone not a woman is bad, anyone not poor, etc.? It sounds familiar—as in anything not white is bad, remember that one? Let's get with it, girls, and that means you, Ms. Johnston—hating is not a nice, a gay way to live. And when there are so many truly hatable people around (like my all-around most hated person—N. Rockefeller) why be stupid to hate people on our side?

Anyway, here's the story of George Lemming. Once upon a time there was a whole bunch of lemmings who went and killed themselves every year going down to the sea for God knows what reason. This had been going on as long as anyone could remember and for no discernable reason other than killing yourself every year was the done thing if you were a lemming.

Well one year this particular lemming—George Lemming as a matter of fact it was—a rather conservative fellow usually—started thinking to himself about all this march to the sea business and came to the conclusion that he didn't want to do it that year.

"Martha," he said to his wife. "Whaddya think about going to the mountains instead of the shore this year?"

"George Lemming," his wife said, "you've gone crazy."

"Perhaps, perhaps," he replied, with a little inward smile.

The time came for the march to the sea and all the lemmings met at the appointed place. Just as they were about to leave, George Lemming got up and addressed the crowd.

"Fellow lemmings," he said. "This is absurd. Have you ever stopped to think about what you were doing? Have you ever thought that every year we, or lemmings just like ourselves, march en masse to an ignoble and senseless death? Why, fellow lemmings, why? I ask you, in all good brotherhood, to stop this nonsense and celebrate the change of season the way other animals do, by mating or hibernating or some such." He paused for breath. "Whaddya say, fellas?"

"We say 'So long, Georgie boy!'" the rest of the lemmings said and headed out to sea.

George went along with them until they got to the shore and then stood and watched his life-long friends and his wife voluntarily walk to their death.

"So long, fellas," he said as the last lemming disappeared beneath the raging foam. And then he walked along the beach looking for someone to talk to but of course there was nobody left who understood lemming language so he went to

# In This World I'm Glad There Are Men



ideas. You never say anything. You bug me, Herbert."

In truth, Herbert rarely did have anything to say. When he was a little boy his teachers would tell Herbert's mother that although he worked and played well with others and in general seemed to be a very nice little boy, he rarely participated in class discussions. And so his mother brought home a book a day to stimulate Herbert's imagination and perhaps encourage him to participate in class discussions. But Herbert preferred sitting out in the garden.

"I like to look at the flowers," he said. The only book that ever interested him was called Ferdinand the Bull. It was about a bull who preferred flowers to bullfighting. Herbert's teacher said that Herbert identified with Ferdinand.

When Herbert grew older and was attending junior high school he came home one afternoon with a black eye.

"My friend Steven," he said, "punched me. I'm going to give him some crocus bulbs."

"I don't know, Emma," Herbert's father would say. "It isn't natural. The kid just isn't a real boy. You know what I mean, Emma? The kid just isn't a real boy."

The psychiatric social worker at Herbert's junior high school had a long talk with Herbert's parents and suggested that Herbert's father take more of an interest in him. So, for his 13th birthday, Herbert received a set of boxing gloves, a bowling ball and bowling shoes, a bat and first baseman's gloves and a set of weights. But Herbert preferred sitting out in the garden.

"I don't like to fight," he said. "I like to look at the flowers."

The sociologist said that Herbert was not athletically oriented.

When Herbert entered high school he joined the Garden Club and spent most of his afternoons there.

The guidance counselor at the high school spoke to Herbert's parents and said that Herbert seemed to have an aptitude for horticulture and that she would suggest that Herbert go to college and become a botanist. And so Herbert went to college for a while but he was not very interested in classes and was dropped after a year for poor grades.

After Herbert had been out of school for about six months he met Harriet. "You are like a flower," he would say to her. "A beautiful flower. But you're softer than a flower and warmer. I love you. Will you marry me?"

"No Herbert," Harriet said. "You are a fairy."

This disturbed Herbert a lot and soon he became a fairy and lived a very happy disturbed life with another fairy who ran a florist-gardener place that specialized in plants for people who live in city apartments.

Well, my dears, I actually have nothing more to say but Jack and Lige, your editors and mine, insist that these articles be of a certain length. I have tried to tell them that this kind of thinking belongs to the male mystique of length equals strength, but to no avail. So let me just add about all this that although as a lesbian there are some lengths to which I won't go, the measure of my gladness that there are men to share the earth with exceeds even the space J&L ask me to fill.

a liquor store and supplied himself with a lifetime supply of booze and eventually drank himself to death.

Moral: Even if you manage to save your own ass, what does it get you?

So now that that's said, what more can I say, dear reader? Susan is off the wagon, Miriam's back is still in bad shape, Mary Jane is gone to San Fran, and I'm still in New York City Blues. This newspaper process is ridiculous, science fictionish—what meaning do you all have, sitting there five weeks from now, to me sitting here now, all alone at my IBM? Very little I tell ya, very damn little. Oh Lordy I am so stoned girls and it is SO HOT that Mother is not bearing it very well today.

Lordy, lordy. Lessee, where are Mysty, Dusty, Stacey, Tracey, Lakey, Boots, Scotty, and all the great Dyke Names of Yesteryear now?

And by the way, when are all you beautiful gay men going to stop worrying so much about legislation and start emphasizing how it's all right and nice for men, all men—straight as well as gay—to be delicate, graceful, soft.

And now dear friends, for those parents among you, the question for this week's Parents Corner is: If you and your lover are both butch and women and your dog is femme, will the new kitten turn out to be Gay. Or, as another reader has written in, if you and the new kitten are men and your dog and your lover are gay will you all turn out to have a dominating mother? Tune in to these and other fascinating questions in next week's Parents Corner.

In closing, dear friends, I bring you the words of the great Lenny Bruce who said:

"Everyone makes faggot jokes and no one makes dyke jokes. Now why is that? Well it's because those dykes are TOUGH, that's why. Who wants to get punched in the mouth?"

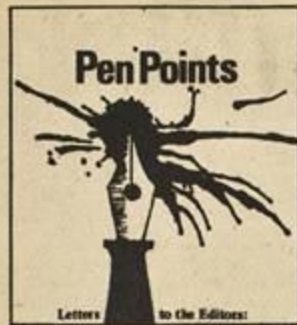
HERBERT

Maybe it's because I'm a lesbian that I can enjoy such nice relationships with men without all the conflicts that straight women these days are having with men. Some men are a drag of course, two cases in point—the angry ugly men on the street who whisper and shout sexualities at me, mistaking aggression and hatred for sex, and the uptight gay men who see me only as a woman, and that as bad, rather like a genteel Southern lady in the old days towards a black person. But men in general are sweetie pies. Offhand I can think of pussyface Neil and pussyface Rodney and Ned my cousin my love and Sorel's brother who looks like a chipmunk just like her and Joey who works in the deli around the corner and Louis and Miles and oh just dozens.

Mind you my dears, I wouldn't want to marry one and there are some who say they're beautiful but dumb but I for one think men are cute. In any case here's a little story about a man. Named Herbert.

Once upon a time there was a man named Herbert who never had an original idea. His girlfriend Harriet used to remind him of this a lot.

"Herbert," she would say. "You never have an original idea." And this would make Herbert very sad because he loved Harriet and wanted to please her. "Herbert," Harriet would say. "You never have an original idea. You never have any



Dear GAY: Now that I have read several issues of your paper, I have become rather disenchanted with your ultimate goals.

The homosexual urge can boast a certain historical significance; it has undoubtedly been the central inspiration of several great lives. But you do not seem to emphasize its ennobling side, and you are reluctant to exploit its distinctiveness.

Instead, an underlying religion of hedonism vitiates the force of your appeal. One finds it in the language, in much of the photography and advertisements you publish, and in the sort of uncalculated gospel of nondifferentiation which you, mistakenly I think, identify with the future.

The exclusive overemphasis upon sexual acts per se that comes about through a desire to legalize a variation can become sinister. Plato and Michaelangelo would surely have agreed, affected as the one was by the supremacy of the Absolute of which human affairs were only the metaphors or shading, and as the other was by the terrible of genius as the suffering companion of Divine revelation and its history-shattering judgments.

Neither of these great spirits, nor any of the others historically identified with a homoerotic libido, would or could have sanctioned indifferent or heedless promiscuous sexual acts as even a tolerable ideal, much less as a public image into which youth should be indoctrinated.

The weight, as Greek civilization knew, had always to be placed on the opposite scale—towards restraint, ordering, harmonization of the instincts, honor, loyalty, the worth and excellence of character and intellect, or ability, that deserved love and acquired emulation.

Not even the much misrepresented Epicurus thought that copulation in itself was worth much; he went so far as to say one is better off without it. Libertines were shallow spirits, and twenty-three hundred years have not shaken off the reality of that truth.

Ironically, the illustrious achievements of male love flowered from the rare excellences it cultivated and even from the sacrifices and struggle it entailed as a difference. If it takes up the banners of decadence, indifference and the lie of sexual sameness, it dishonors that lineage.

ED. NOTE: Why is it, sir, that those who use terms such as "the Absolute" or "Divine revelation" are also those who shrink from the joy of bodily contact? The Editors' philosophy is akin to that of Whitman who wrote in Leaves of Grass: "I make love am I, inside and out, and I make holy whatever I touch or am touched from..."

Dear GAY: I am writing to applaud Thane Hampton's article ("Is There Life After Marriage?" Vol. 3, No. 82, August 7, 1972). It is refreshing to read an article so honest, humorous and wise.

determination (i.e. honesty and hard work) is essential in any human relationship. Similarly it may be argued that although passion dissipates quickly, passion alone never held together or made a good relationship (that I know of). Unrealistic expectations of never-ending passion, however, are the downfall of many.

Mr. Hampton warns young gays not to rush headlong into marriage, saying that they should not run into something that straights are running away from. That hardly makes sense. Straights are not running away from marriage (as the O'Neill's see it) but from marriage the way it is most often—a sad togetherness of truths-told-or-found-out-too-late and bitter hostilities and disillusionments.

If gays (and straights) can have intimacy in, for example, the manner in which the O'Neill's suggest, and if that is called marriage, I am all for it for everybody.

The main trouble with marriage, it seems to me, is not that it is an "insidiously insidious ceremony," but rather that the ceremony promotes an illusion that most often cannot be fulfilled. One is asked to promise to love, honor, cherish, for better or for worse, etc. until death do one part; one is asked to say "I do" to this. How much more honest and appropriate it would be to say "I'll try."

It is incredibly pompous, but only too human, to ask for and to promise what cannot be promised—who knows what will be tomorrow? The failure to recognize this fact (limitations inherent in human relationships) often leads to the feeling that the marriage certificate is or defines the relationship. Hence, whatever happens, we'll always be married because the piece of paper says so.

As Mr. Hampton suggests, "We always think of marriage as a 'natural state' that... will rattle along of its own momentum." He quite correctly sees this point of view as preposterous. It is. Nothing requires more honest work than maintaining a relationship that is relatively free of destructive neurotic games.

Perhaps the honesty Mr. Hampton advocates is the best medicine for this state of affairs. Naturally it is essential during a relationship, but it is imperative before. The honesty to admit to the other, "Look at me as I really am; accept me as I really am." Only on the basis of such mutual personal acceptance before can a marriage hope to respect individual identities and freedoms.

This honesty would be my advice to all (gay and straight) before considering marriage. I admire the effort it has taken Thane Hampton to reach this point in his personal relationships. To quote (misquoting?) Wilde: "Laughter is a good way to begin a friendship, and the best way to end one."

Sincerely, Frederick Berenstein, Psychotherapist

ED. NOTE: See Thane Hampton's column in this issue.

Dear GAY: A tureen of good turtle soup to John Francis Hunter for lauding Bette Midler for her talent while slapping her wrists for miming, spinning, cutesy-pooling, fag hagg and phonying. I was at Carnegie Hall that night and believe me, John hit it on the head. What Bette does is why good men start liberation movements.

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# "I Don't Care If You're Gay. Can You Sing?"



BY VITO RUSSO

Back in the dark ages, when GAA was meeting in the Church on Ninth Avenue and something called GLF still existed, I had a constant feeling that someday those of us who were more interested in the cultural aspects of gay liberation would have to deal with more resistance than those of us interested primarily in buying and selling Legislation. The reason for this, I thought, was that political expediency is a cold, hard, universal game, played logically and with no respect for emotions of the players. Cultural lifestyles, however, are extremely personal things. If these are to be put into proper perspective and if people are to be freed to express themselves as they will, they are going to find that they will offend many within their own movement, as well as outsiders.

In past weeks, it has become apparent that we have now reached the point I was contemplating. On two issues we are feeling the beginnings of a counter-repression within our movement that disturbs me deeply. The first came to my attention when Jill Johnston, in *The Village Voice*, claimed that "stag films (depicting the rape of a woman) have been shown at the GAA Firehouse." First of all, this raises a number of related issues. If we are to believe Jill Johnston, we must accept that men are oppressive by virtue of their existence. Also, that there is no way to talk to a woman, being so rooted in our oppressive nature. Therefore, any dialogue with women is doomed and so, she says, is Gay Liberation. To support this, she lies in print and resorts to the cheapest form of yellow journalism. I defy Jill Johnston to name the film she refers to in her article. In over a year of programming films for the GAA Firehouse, I have never seen, much less shown, anything which could even remotely be described as a stag film. As for her contention that "Gay Liberation is a sexist plot to keep women and faggots in line," she should know that I am Gay Liberation and so are my brothers and sisters in the movement, and knowing what we're about, I can only say that Jill Johnston seems to be the sexist plot.

Speaking of films at the Firehouse in relation to the women, they got very upset over the screening of a film called *The Women* at the all-night film festival. It was called "a catalogue of every stereotypical woman ever presented." Indeed it was. The reason for showing it, however, was the quite valid view that it is a genuinely funny film and a classic of Hollywood in the Thirties. If the women would like to examine how they have been treated on the screen historically, there is no better place to start. Instead, the objecting women chose this place to finish. No dialogue with men, remember? Just condemnation and silence. It would be interesting, at this point, to have a forum on women in Hollywood Films at the Firehouse. Unfortunately, the women offended by these films say that it's not their job to explain their oppression to men because they are forced into a maternal role by such encounters. Therefore, we're left with being told what we can and cannot show; what we can and cannot watch and what we can and cannot like. I don't know about everyone else, but I'll be damned if I'll let myself be traded from straight domination to gay domination in one fell swoop.

This tendency is further evidenced in two recent viewpoints set forth by a former movement figure from GLF and a present movement figure, both in and out of print. In a recent conversation with Bob Kohler at the Club Baths after a weary night of playing, I was castigated for showing "Judy Garland Films" at the Firehouse. How dare I reinforce the stereotype? How dare I give credence to the myth of the Garland-faggot legend? Unlike some of my contemporaries, I like Bob Kohler and always enjoy what brief discussion we have. He is a concerned, moral man and very dedicated to his beliefs. To ask, though, that people give up something they genuinely enjoy because it reinforces a bad image seems to me to be the worst kind of counter-repression. It's like believing that black people who enjoy a piece of watermelon should stay away from it for the good of their image. Bob said that he believed that sometimes we have to give up some of the good things in order to achieve our goals. What goals? To become smaller instead of

bigger? To narrow our vision instead of widen it? To fit ourselves into prescribed molds, giving up things which do not fit the "revolutionary pattern"? What about the "liberating pattern"? This is interesting chiefly because Bob is apparently not alone. A large number of gays have expressed indignation lately over the screening of Judy Garland and Barbra Streisand at the Firehouse. What disturbs me is that they seem to be saying: "For God's sake, don't show that; people will think we're those old faggots." What they can't seem to argue with, however, is the deafening cheers from the audience with which such films are met. The Garland and Streisand films were the best received of a 13-hour festival. Perhaps we should look at the reasons for that. Bob Kohler very wisely suggests that it is exactly that kind of liberation which most gays are unwilling to face. It is a very painful experience to discuss why these women have had such an effect on so many gay lives. Most gays would rather opt for rejecting that they ever had such influence and pretend that when the movement began, such things flew out the window.

Is the answer to stop looking, stop listening, stop enjoying? I think not. I think that when we succumb to this sort of thinking, we submit to being told what to like and what not to like; which entertainers to listen to; which concerts to attend; which movies to see. Maybe the men offended by Judy Garland should stay afterwards and say why. Maybe the women offended by *The Women* should stay afterwards and ask why it was shown. The "every faggot loves Judy Garland" myth and the "every faggot loves Joan Crawford" myth was created by the people who want these things to intimidate our lifestyles and dominate our existence. When we can look at Judy Garland because we like her voice or Joan Crawford because she was genuinely funny in *The Women*, we've beat the game. We've stopped being afraid to like what we want to like because we're afraid someone will turn around and say, "Oh, yeah, you're a faggot Garland nut." What is frightening is that now the gay people are telling each other where to get off instead of the straights. The Jill Johnstons are making the rules and we're sup-

posed to follow. We're supposed to live the way we're told and accept it because gay people are doing the telling. Sorry, but when I vowed not to allow myself to be oppressed ever again, that went for everybody. That includes future conditioning as well as past guilt. Last week my friend John Paul Hudson called Bette Midler a fag hag and hater of gays. Here we go again. Fag hags are created by people who call them fag hags. Just as the Garland myth was created, a Midler myth can be created. So now I learn that I must condemn Bette Midler for being herself. Again, in this instance, we are told what to like but what we will be called if we choose to like it. If I listen to and like Bette Midler, I get a guilt trip laid on me because she doesn't constantly refer to her "gay audience." I happen to believe that Ms. Midler is a fine entertainer whose talent and perseverance have brought her as far as she is now. To make her a "gay entertainer" and something particular to gays and gays alone is to pave the way for the same cult jokes which plagued us concerning Judy Garland. Allow people to listen because they hear a fine voice, not because it is their role as gays. Then when we show one of her films at the Firehouse in 20 years, we won't hear the familiar cries of "It figures!" Bette Midler owes her audience one thing: a good show. She does not have to acknowledge *Gay Pride Week*; she does not have to thank gay people for their support; she does not have to be into the movement to be acceptable.

And so, I like to listen to Judy Garland. Also Mick Jagger and Roberta Flack. I will not give up one and not the others because they are "safe" things to like. I will not stop showing films at the Firehouse which oppress women until they agree to talk about them like human beings and maybe start allowing men into their films. But most of all, I will not be told what is safe for the "new gay person" to like or dislike. I will not be told what oppresses me when I know damn well that being told is what oppresses me. I will not bow to the new gay state which is beginning to decide for me what is liberated and what is not. On second thought, maybe I will show a stag film at the Firehouse.

# Cruising off Broadway...

BY IAN & DANIEL

## 7 HUMPTY DUDES

J. Brian, whose last effort was *7 in a Barn*, is currently laying his latest trip on us in *First Time Around* which stars "seven J. Brian golden boys" (funny, I only counted six unless you're into black gold) and is "the sensitive story of seven young men whose lives reach out and touch each other." So much for the ad copy.

The story concerns seven humpty dudes who meet (meet) one another in a sort of round-robin-fuck—the surfer meets a young salesman, the salesman a handyman, the handyman a photographer (his lover), the photographer a model (played by the very humpty Joe Markham-hubba-hubba) and a cyclist, the cyclist a young sailor (introducing Tim Simon) and the young sailor our surfer friend.

In all honesty, I've seen better and worse. The ad copy makes it sound romantic but I suppose that's their job. For this reviewer—no way. The sexual situations they were in were not much more than a series of one-night stands and the one opportunity that J. Brian had to balance this fizzled miserably. The handyman and the photographer are lovers and in their scene together (which could have been some turned-on sex) the ball is inexplicably dropped. In these days of increasing sexual liberation I refuse to believe it might have had anything to do with one chap being black and the other white.

J. Brian partially redeems himself by dropping the usual insipid musical backdrop and letting those delicious and erotic sounds of sexual excitement come through and what follows, though short, is one of the best orgasm scenes currently on view. Our young salesman cuts loose with what seems like a cupful of cum and our nicely put together handyman takes all that lovely protein into his willing mouth till it dribbles down his chin.

On the whole, despite the general tone of this review, I did like it. It was imaginative with the use of some outdoor fucking and this contrasted nicely with the starkness of the photo studio sequence just before it. Nothing arty-smarty—just handled well. If the film could have gotten more into sensual and passionate encounters... But alas, this wasn't the case. At one point the film did attempt to reflect a bit on the young sailor and his inability (at first) to accept the fact that he's gay.

J. Brian's new film is an improvement over that *7 in a Barn* business, of which the less said the better. *First Time Around* is better than most of the gay male flicks currently on view, not by a helluva lot, but enough to warrant a trip to the 55th St. Playhouse where it is now playing. For all you West Coast types, it's due to open at the Paris Theatre in Los Angeles on August 25.

## PARK MILLER PREVIEW

How does one handle being in love with a 16-year-old male nymphomaniac. Very carefully, I would suggest. Such is the storyline of an upcoming flick called *The Other Side of Joey* starring Erik Kahnier (Joey) and Gordon Harris (his lover, Jim) in the principal roles. There isn't much of a plot, though there is an honest attempt at affection and concern, at least on the part of the lover. Their problems are compounded by the insatiable sexual appetites of our 16-year-old nympho.

It's only a matter of time before Joey accuses Jim of not loving him because they don't fuck constantly—as nymphos

are wont to do. An argument ensues—they drive to the office in stony silence—and then Joey, in search of more fucking, ends up with a former lover, Roger, who seems to relish in putting it to Joey. It becomes obvious that Roger is out for revenge when he invites two of his leather-type friends to come over and sink their cocks into some nice, young, sweet and tender ass. Joey's unaware of this until the moment of truth and once the ordeal



"FIRST TIME AROUND" also features some second-time-around beefcake. cause he is Jackie Curtis. Harvey Tavel, the director, and his designer, Bob Olson, have evoked Klee, Stein, Escher and Lower East Side Hollywood (and one percent Egypt) with a conglomerate of steps and performances, platforms and personalities, poorly lit and madly costumed—by accident or design, creating an original style complimenting that of Curtis' script. This is, however, a play of performances, and performances there are!

## AMERICA CLEOPATRA

The Theatre of the Lost Continent's latest production stars Jackie Curtis and was, I'm sorry to say, uneven, frenetic and a bit of a hodge-podge affair. The production struck me as a parody of Cleopatra, and a poor one at that. Despite the misshapen production, however, there were some excellent performances turned in. Alexis del Lago was delicious as Charmin Gale and Agosto Machado was absolutely hilarious as the rubber-titted lady in waiting, Iras. He is an incredibly skillful mugger and he had some of the few funny lines. Good ole Harvey Fierstein was brilliant as Cleo's Jewish mother and Stephen Stanwyck was marvelously bitchy as Valerie Nash. The less said about the other performances the better. Except for Jackie Curtis—who, after all is Jackie Curtis. His/her performance was a gum-chewing, crack-snapping one which only he/she could have brought off. I discovered that he/she has a pretty good singing voice.

If it seems like I'm being hard on the show, perhaps I am. In all honesty, Tavel and the Theatre of the Lost Continent have done much better. I saw the show with a good friend, Don Brooks, who has worked with the T. of the L.C. as a director and he had this to say: "Jackie Curtis is an actor in search of a Svengali—at least a von Sternberg. The exciting and magnetic Curtis survives a metamorphosis from Clara Bow to Carroll Baker, from Gish to Garbo to Gloria Grahame, and/or from Mae Murray to Marlene, to Monroe and Moreau, and at least he is transformed into a titless Harlowesque Cleopatra, changing attire as frequently as Jane Wyman, simultaneously tremendous and tacky (at one point wearing a 'Jackie Curtis Fan Club' t-shirt and shorts), chewing gum and scenery, he survives solely be-



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Harvey Fierstein as Cleopatra's female parent is a brilliant cartoon of motherdom. Agosto Machado with a four-foot banana is the funniest pervert in New York. Also on hand are a sweepingly glamorous Alexis del Lago, Jon Jon as a lampostesque tramp reporter, Alan Kleiman as a gashly glittery eunuch, Christina Mann (a physiologically authentic female) as a simplistic simp and the entire supporting cast cheerily chew, singing, clowning, preening and dancing (a solo by Martial Roumain is astonishing) through the night.

However, a dreadfully inept performance by the actor playing Julius Caesar (America) mars and unhinges the better-little-as-it-is plot and damns the play.

Curtis is an intelligent and dedicated dramatist as well as a performer and deserves much more.

The plot is simple—Cleopatra wants to party, America (Caesar) wants to make war overseas. Cleopatra dies—end of play. Without a strong, clear thought throughout, the play could easily become obscured and it is. The play is soulless. "A-lar—America, Cleopatra, von Sternberg and the star system have died"—Donald L. Brooks. And there you have it, sports fans.

## DON'T PLAY US CHEAP

By Melvin Van Peebles, at the Ethel Barrymore Theatre, 47th St. west of Broadway. Call 246-0390 for reservations.

*Don't Play Us Cheap* is a bright, bouncy musical from Van Peebles, his first, I think. Basically the premise is the break-up of a good old down-home Saturday night party, by a couple of devils in the form ofimps (a rat and a cockroach in human form). It seemed like a rather unusual theme to hinge a plot on—and perhaps that's why it all seemed so thin and tenuous in that area. In reality, the show rolls along on the strength of the music, which was good, foot-stomping stuff, and in a few instances dynamite. George "Ooppee" McCum did a number called "Quittin' Time" and it was the best thing in the show as far as this reviewer is concerned. There was something inexplicably cool and unruffled about McCum and perhaps that was because he wasn't

acting. Rhetta Hughes (Ernestine) sang a number called "Ain't Love Grand" and Robert Dunn followed this with "Book of Life." Mabel King was a groovy, cookin' momma and for such a huge woman, goddamn! she can move it.

*Don't Play Us Cheap* almost succeeds and this being Van Peebles' first pure musical (to the best of my knowledge), it isn't half bad. Despite the weak plot, the music and its delivery is high spirited and carries the show to some good, rollicking heights.

## AND FURTHERMORE...

*The Club Baths*. This plush rendezvous continues to shine with the best in service, the cleanest facilities and some of the humpiest hornies east of the Hudson. It's located on 1st Avenue (near the corner of 2nd Street) directly in back of (get this!) the Cardinal Spellman Center. Phone (212) 673-3283 for information.

I, for one, happen to like carpeting, and the Club is beautifully carpeted from floor number two through number four. The first floor contains a fine cedar sauna, a cool plunge and two fine steam rooms. Around the carousel shower are usually congregated a host of handsome bobs who reflect in the many mirrors surrounding the pool.

The first floor contains the patio-sundeck where "delicious weenies" are served in the early evening (freeeee) roasted on a bar-b-que pit. And they are good weenies.

*The Club Baths* runs a tight ship and its attendants are among the most polite and thoughtful in Gotham. Oh—and don't miss the dorm on the top floor. It gets a bit crowded at times, but that means, simply, that there's someone for everyone.

*Man's Country*—here we go again. They made some very nice changes in the past few months and I dropped in on them last week to check it all out. The hallways and cruiseways have been nicely carpeted so you can pad around in your bare feeties and its being air-conditioned. The biggest news is the new (huge) swimming pool—would you believe some sixty feet long! Also, the new sundeck on the roof of the Pierpont Hotel has been opened and though I didn't get a chance to take it all in, I'm quite sure that the view is spectacular. It's open from 10am until 6 in the evening—though I've not found out the reason for the early close down. At any rate, if you're looking for a hot time in cool surroundings—check it out—it's right on. Call 624-1362 for information.

**FELT FORUM**—watch for the Felt Forum to get into a heavy rock trip in the coming months. Starting on September 15th it just might become the Fillmore 7th Avenue.

# Male Burlesque A Long Time Comin'

Mr. Joel "The Prince of Male Burlesque" is a forerunner of sorts. For six months he starred at Manhattan's Tom-Kat Theatre, a 42nd Street dive where they take it all off and do some first-rate dancing besides.

Recently Mr. Joel has appeared at Mr. G's Showplace Bar in Rockland Lake, New York and at New York's gay resort (Mr. G's) in Washingtonville.

His style says one thing loud and clear: Move Over Ladies! You can no longer have the burlesque stage all to yourselves!



Here I got something for you!



It only takes a moment.



What a way to make a buck.



I'm a high school graduate.



Taking it easy.



I wonder what time it is?



Yep, it's still there.



Who said I don't bend over backwards for you?

# The Last Estate



GAY's bon vivant is now on his way to Iran where he will doubtlessly sample the pomegranates.

BY GREGORY BATTCOCK

Hanging around N.Y. between trips bored to tears. Nobody to call except phone company and liquor store. Nichols and Thane Hampton from GAY came to dinner, sat politely through screening of *Dead of Night*. Simone called to complain about something or other I had written about her in column: "My bank teller read it!" she remarked, icily. "Oh dear!" I said, soothingly. Last time she gets mentioned.

My friend David Bourdon started his third job this year and had to move to Washington to do it. He threw himself a cocktail party, a good-by party I guess it was. Bridget Polk showed up; at least it looked a little like Bridget with a Polaroid camera. And Charlotte Moorman came with her Instamatic. Andy had his Polaroid too. "Why is he moving to Washington? He'll be back in a month," everybody said.

David arranged to have the commercial apartment cleaners come clean up things before vacating his apartment. "Why don't you have them come during the party?" suggested Les Levine. "It's a good idea. They can be dusting and packing and washing the windows and vacuuming while everybody is standing around. Nobody will know what's going on." "Les probably doesn't realize what a good idea it is," said David.

Jill Johnston came to dinner, fast upon the heels of Jack Nichols and East Hampton. "They all hate me. Why are they writing such terrible things about me? Did I tell you I bought a new car? A BMW. The insurance is \$700 a year. That includes collision. So I didn't get collision."

ME: Well, I hope you don't have a wreck. I had a wreck in New Jersey you know.

JILL: Yeah, I remember. How much did your MG cost, about \$4000?

ME: No, it cost less. I bought it in England. You should buy a car in Europe. Why don't you? We can drive around in it.

JILL: How is Simone? Have you seen her lately? She's still dating men, isn't she? Why don't you invite her over?

## Pen Points

Continued from page 10  
sonal hangups in regard to Miss M. There seems to be very little of Miss M that Mr. Hunter does not object to. The tone of his article was to more than suggest that Miss M hates gays. Why then did she select to begin her career at the Continental Baths and frequently return there? Why also did she take the giant plunge of being the first to hail the Continental and its clientele on national television referring to her audience there as "the greatest. They are like family to me?" Mr. Hunter admits to having seen very little of Miss M before. Perhaps this accounts for his lack

ME: Listen. I have to go out jogging before it gets too late. You can read something while I'm gone. Here. Read these copies of GAY; my column.

JILL: Oh. OK. Yeah. Just leave them. Maybe I'll have a drink. Can I?

ME: Sure. You want your usual, what was it, gin with onions? I don't have any onions. You can have it with olives. Greek olives. You've just come from Greece.

JILL: Yeah. OK. I have to make a call. Did you go to David's party? I wasn't invited. I suppose Les and Andy were there. That's why I wasn't invited.

ME: Listen. I'm going. I'll be back soon. Don't be going through things while I'm out.

JILL: Oh. You're back. Where were you?

ME: To 82nd Street and back. How's your drink? Oh, we're going to have a lovely dinner. I hope you like flounder. I grill the fish whole and then filet it myself. It's so fresh it's still flapping. We have a tomato salad and shit. Excuse me a second. I have to change my clothes and put on some baby powder.

JILL: Did you get my postcard from Venice? How did you like my column on Venice? I was suffering from jet fatigue or something. I kept getting up at 3 in the morning. By nine I was tired and had to go back to bed. In Athens I spent the whole week in bed. Did you like my columns from Europe?

ME: No. They weren't as good as your old travel columns were.

JILL: Why not? I think they were interesting. They were funny. About a lot of things.

ME: Well, that was funny about the AF stewardess who sat next to you. That was nice. But the rest, well, it was sort of old-fashioned. I mean, everybody travels all around on planes now-a-days, and you have to really outdo them.

JILL: You must have a lot of money. I mean, you spend a lot. All that traveling. It's a male world. You travel so much because you're a man. It's a male establishment.

ME: Oh, for Christ sakes, Jill. Let's not start that again. You're much better off than I am. You've got that fat column in

of any real knowledge of her. Attacking her for not mentioning Gay Pride Week is really petty. It is not her job to be a spokesman for the gay community. She is a performer and must respond to needs of the entire audience and not only the gays. He also damns her for not making reference to the Continental. Must she spend the rest of her life thanking them? Besides, if Mr. Hunter had taken a moment to read his program he would have seen, in print, a thank you to the Continental.

Joe Conwell  
New York, N.Y.

Dear GAY:  
I "came out" rather abruptly the other night when my mother confronted me

the Voice.

JILL: You don't do anything. I only just started making it. You always have had everything. You even have a job.

ME: Yeah. But don't you see? That's why you're better off; you don't have a job.

JILL: Yeah. I see. Yeah. Hum.

ME: Guess where I'm going next week. To Iran. First I go, as usual, on EA from LGA to YUL y, then SN F to BRU and change for LON. Then we're taking a trip to the North on British Rails. Then I go SR F to ZRH and VNA, then MA to Budapest. On a Tupolev 134A. It has a glass nose cone.

JILL: I wonder what I should do. Simon and Schuster gave me 20 thousand for my Women's Lib book. First they gave me the contract for my autobiography. But that was only \$4000. Did you put any vermouth in this?

ME: I never put vermouth in martinis. Only a little olive juice.

JILL: Oh. Maybe that's why I like them so much. Did I tell you the article in *Esquire* is coming out? Next month. They have this terrible picture, a profile sort of. My profiles are always terrible. You'd probably say it's nice. You always do.

ME: I do not. Only I think that any picture is better than no picture.

JILL: How's your mother?

ME: Oh. Well, she's fine. She's in England spending all my money. How's your son?

JILL: How old is he?

ME: Yeah. How old is he now?

JILL: 14. He lives with some fellows on 14th Street. He hangs out by the basin. Gay fellows.

ME: The boat basin?

JILL: Yeah. He knows what the world is about.

ME: You mean the yacht basin at 72nd Street?

JILL: No. The basin by the fountain in the park. In Central Park.

ME: Oh, my friend Tony was visiting. From PR. He always asks about you. Remember, you signed your book for him. That's because he doesn't read your shit. They don't have the Voice in PR. We went to the Greek restaurant on West 4th Street. They left the dirty dishes on the table and served appetizers for main courses. And the wine doesn't come in the right size bottles.

JILL: My daughter went to the Virgin Islands with her grandmother. She's a lost cause I think. She isn't aware of the world. Just her family, her father and stepmother. My son always looked beyond all that. He looked at the world you know.

ME: He's older.

JILL: Yeah. It would be good if she was a Lesbian.

ME: Well, you know, my sister never was much until she got away from her awful family. Then she was OK.

JILL: But you like your sister.

ME: Sure.

JILL: But she's married! She lives with a man!

Cheers,  
Gregory

with a journal in which I had frankly confessed that I am a homosexual. Poor Mother was in a complete state of shock. She started saying things like "homosexuals spend half their lives chasing the elusive fly of self-gratification..." etc., etc. As you can tell, my mother is a highly educated and witty person; however, she is very ignorant about homosexuality. So, I straightened her out. Although she did not necessarily believe everything I told her (Homosexuality is not a sickness, homosexuals can and do lead normal, happy lives... etc., etc.), she did listen. The next morning she calmly told me that she would leave the whole matter in my hands: she is not going to force me to see a psychiatrist (my only objection

ME: Yeah. But it's OK. It's not like a family. Just people.

JILL: What kind of soup is this? Outright. Oh, it's cold.

ME: It's watercress soup. I made it for Jack Nichols and Thane Hampton also.

JILL: They oppress women. The whole homosexual male thing is based on oppression of women. It's sexist too. You should quit.

ME: He brought a bottle of "Blue Nun." It's some kind of wine. Why should I? At least they print my shit.

JILL: Everybody came from women. Everybody is women. Someday they'll realize that. Men aren't natural. They're expendable.

ME: Oh, from Budapest I'm going on another Tupolev OK to Prague and then AI to Teheran.

JILL: You should write a book on Gay Liberation. Remember? I told you two years ago. Have you been on a 747? I came on one from London.

ME: I've been trying to get a publisher. I have a file of rejection notices an inch thick.

JILL: Yeah. Well I know. Actually, I could help you a lot. Teach you a few things about writing. You'd have to pay me though. Will you get any more free tickets to Puerto Rico?

ME: Even if I did I wouldn't give you one. The last time you didn't show up. Neither did anybody else. Two thousand dollars in free air tickets went down the drain. I could cry. The next time I'm giving them to my friends. My houseboy.

JILL: Where is he?

ME: I think he walked out on me. He came over to pick up his present from Venice and then vanished. Haven't seen him since. Oh well.

It was a lovely dinner; not exactly Les Baux en Provence, but there was a nice cold chicken with a spicy, onion scented mayonnaise, a fine white Macon from Paul Bocuse; and fat California raspberries.

And now, I fear, even the most patient reader has had enough. What will I do next? Call up the police and complain about the bell on the ice cream truck? Write an anti-dog letter to the *Times*? Open a nice Bollinger Brut 1962? And the reader? Free to ponder the literate musings of Thane Hampton? Or the racy, lively thoughts of John Francis Hunter (or whatever he's calling himself this week). An indignant expose from our GAY editors? Witty hints by Alan Clay? Reasoned social interpretation from Sorel David? Intermittent urbane manderings from Dick Leitsch? One never knows for sure what will be found upon life's next page. My friend Mark came to dinner the other day: "You must be getting famous. I was balling somebody in the back of the store and they said they read your column," he observed. Other than life itself, we have no illusions.

As I watch my peers substitute campaign slogans for common sense every four years, I fear that it won't be until November that they'll be restored to me. My own feeling is the larger the election, the less value it has. This seems to be precisely contrary to what everyone else thinks, since the Presidential follies bring out the millions of concerned citizens who have slept through the previous three years of ballots for selectman, family court judge, and dogcatcher. The American Dream is the bigger the better, and the proof is the way intellectuals and crazies and too-bored-to-care can get together every leap year in a never-ending search for empty storefronts in which to keep their handbills and bumper stickers.

A free election derives its integrity from the assumption that every voter is indicating his actual preference. That if,

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

With deep thanks and love,  
K.B. in Ohio

# The Candidate Who Couldn't Take a Hint

BY VICKI RICHMAN

My inability to get myself worked up at this time of year leaves me as alienated from my environment as Michael Maye at a GAA meeting. The end of summer is normally expected to yield a good frenzy, but leap years are the equivalent of the World Series, a world chess championship match, and Nureyev at Lincoln Center rolled into one. And I don't even know the line-up or who's conducting. I don't even know when to applaud. We are, after all, deciding the champion vote-hustler of the world, but I suffer so much from an unformed identity that I never know the right side to root for.

The United States is the most politically-conscious country in the world, which means that virtuous vote-hustling in this country has put more people in limousines per capita than in any other sovereignty, and if my statistics are not in the latest almanac, they ought to be. There are countless causes, revitalizations, and assorted necessary evils that need only my money and my vote, in that order, to save us from lurking destruction and to keep the Cadillacs tenanted by those who would never go anywhere without one. And if I'm willing, in addition, to sacrifice a new body shirt to the random puncture marks of uplifting messages attached to pins, that's like tightening one more bolt on a needy politician's hubcap. Enough people do it, and he's got a whole new '73 model. In unity there is strength. In these troubled times, I'm an unspeakable Scrooge to worry more about my freaky threads than about whose exhaust fumes we'll have the honor of choking to death from.

It's McGovern now. Four years ago it was McCarthy. Before that it was Johnson. Yes, Johnson. Remember when every liberal and radical felt that Lyndon was our only hope against the New Stone Age that Goldwater represented? They blushed and confessed error later, but sure enough, they were out for some other dude as soon as that first voter-registration table in the street heralded the beginning of spring. Still, no matter who won or lost, the world and my life have gone on pretty much as expected—toward a general decline. But if there has been a certain liberating force in the lives of blacks, women, and homosexuals, it can be traced to the refusal of people to be conquered in the streets, in their homes, or on demonstrations, and not to what lever they happened to flick in the voting booth.

As I watch my peers substitute campaign slogans for common sense every four years, I fear that it won't be until November that they'll be restored to me. My own feeling is the larger the election, the less value it has. This seems to be precisely contrary to what everyone else thinks, since the Presidential follies bring out the millions of concerned citizens who have slept through the previous three years of ballots for selectman, family court judge, and dogcatcher. The American Dream is the bigger the better, and the proof is the way intellectuals and crazies and too-bored-to-care can get together every leap year in a never-ending search for empty storefronts in which to keep their handbills and bumper stickers.

A free election derives its integrity from the assumption that every voter is indicating his actual preference. That if,



Eagleton resigns as Democratic Vice-presidential candidate.

people just pulled levers at random or voted to spite their lovers, the election would be meaningless. But as an election becomes larger, the significance of a given vote becomes negligible. A naive voter can't really take his vote seriously because his individual decision can do nothing to affect the outcome. Therefore the media must educate—or brainwash—citizens into believing that failure to vote, or a frivolous vote, is a moral failing. The propaganda may save the sanctity of the electoral process, but many political hacks, after months of campaigning, get their first full day's rest by not leaving their homes on that first Tuesday in November. The voting booth is an anti-climax; getting out the vote means more to them than voting.

The result of a small election, on the other hand, can be changed by a few votes, and an individual becomes an active part of the decision-making process. The fact that many citizens avoid off-year balloting indicates that local contests attract thoughtful voters, frightening away those who don't know what it's all about. Presidential elections, which are promoted by glamour, gimmicks, and the sense of being in on something big, encourage no such reverence.

The issues at stake in a large election are necessarily vague. We vote only for who shall be President, the least significant question, not for what he shall do, nor for whether there ought to be a President. I have read the Constitution and received an A in civics, and I still have no idea what the powers of the Presidency are. Unimagined ones seem to appear when they're wanted, as worn-out powers are laid to rest, and the candidates, who give lovely, complaisant descriptions of themselves, never seem to be very certain about what they will or can do in office.

It certainly is comforting to know that George McGovern is against the War and believes homosexuals are equal citizens. I have no doubt that he'd be a far more welcome guest in my living room than Richard Nixon, but I still have no idea how their respective administrations will be different from each other. Four years from now, when McGovern says that something or other "made it impossible for me to implement this program, but during the next four years..." he will be perfectly sincere.

In local elections the issues are painfully specific. You must do your homework or be too much embarrassed to vote. Frequently there are referenda in which voters actually change the government, not merely decide which of two megalomaniacs shall use it to his advantage. The duties of officials are apparent, their powers are few, and when a candidate for District Attorney says he's for law and order, you know what he's talking about.

A large election yields the much-telvised result of millions of careless votes. A local election is personally decided by a few thousand thoughtful voters. That's why I'm pleased by the possibility that a gay activist may announce his or her candidacy for the City Council of New York. Such a campaign would make gay liberation a community issue, not a collection of bumper-sticker slogans. I'd rather see thousands of gays run for insignificant local offices than have one try to make it as senator or—God forbid!—President.

I tend to vote, if at all, only in elections that have no more votes than a single person could count in a day. This keeps me on the side of honesty, personal involvement, and lack of bureaucracy in government, and it excludes all elections for national office. I also try to avoid labels and look for eccentricity, wit, and

restraint in my candidates. I'm a bit of a leftist, but a few years ago I voted Conservative because the candidate had a beard and no tie, and said he wouldn't use his office to annoy anyone minding his own business.

If anything, like the wholehearted gay support for McGovern, might have tempted me away from my disdain, the Eagleton affair has destroyed the urge. The irony was that the liberals, who had been ballyhooing McGovern as the messiah of individual rights, were the loudest in demanding that Thomas Eagleton be humiliated and betrayed.

They insisted that the election of McGovern was inviolably sacred, and that any desecration, such as a refugee from a funny farm, could not be tolerated in this particular liturgy. "The country is not ready for a former mental patient..." they lectured to us, as if liberalism were by its very nature, like the relationship of pot to the hard stuff, one step away from sociological infallibility. As a rule, when you talk to someone, you find out what he or she thinks; when you talk to a liberal, you find out what the people think.

But elections are presumed to decide that; all we can do is decide what we want and act accordingly. If McGovern and his supporters believe that any qualified citizen is acceptable for public office, let them demonstrate it, and let public opinion be decided at the polls. The polls may be right or wrong, but at least one has not sold himself to them. Is the triumph of any individual more important than what he stands for?

McGovern actually said that Eagleton was capable of holding office but that a unified campaign demanded his withdrawal. I'd rather he said he hated all loonies—he'd be an honest bigot then. The worst hypocrisy was that he immediately approached Edward Kennedy as a replacement for Eagleton. Kennedy proved his ability to hold office by manfully letting his girl friend die in his car rather than embarrass himself by summoning help. For a man like him, there are plenty of other chicks, but a good public image is hard to keep. Eagleton, on the other hand, committed the terrible crime of asking for help when he thought he needed it.

Not even having Nixon for another four years is worth losing my integrity. My own liberation and my relationship to the rest of the world are my own responsibility and I won't proxy them to whoever wants to be elected this year. Homosexuals ought to have learned by now that no one can do more harm to them than they can do to themselves by believing they can't participate fully in society as what they are. Eagleton was a former mental patient, but he could just as easily have been a former—or practicing—homosexual. Is the election of McGovern worth the public humiliation of a fellow gay just for being gay? Is anything worth it? Then how do former mental patients feel as they try to be accepted as equals?

"That guy just can't take a hint, can he?" a McGovern supporter understated for the press when Eagleton refused to step down despite the outrageous insults hurled at him. It sounds familiar—doesn't it?—to anyone who, for whatever reason, just happened to walk into the wrong restaurant or apply for the wrong job. One penniless drag queen refusing to be arrested in a gay bar is worth more to me than a hive of McGoverns buzzing around in his kind of support of us.

## 27 Firms Admit Gay Employees

(continued from page 1)

more far-reaching. It includes all firms contracting with the city, not just city agencies. The code bans bias based on "the choice of adult human sexual partner according to gender." It was approved 10-to-1 with only Supervisor John Barbagelata opposed and was signed into law April 21. The only organized opposition to the measure came from Roman Catholic Archbishop Joseph T. McGucken who sent a letter to the Board of Supervisors stating his opposition. Barbagelata gave copies to the other board members.

In the ensuing months little was done to implement the law. It was not until this month that the Public Works Dept. and the City Purchasing Agent received printed contracts and purchasing orders containing the sexual orientation clause.

Pacific Telephone Co., meanwhile, will ignore the law. H.A. Garrish, vice president in charge of personnel, wrote gay activist Don Jackson that, "Our attorneys have studied Ordinance No. 96-72 and have discovered serious legal problems with the ordinance. Until these problems are resolved, we cannot assess what effect, if any, the ordinance will have on our employment practices." Speculation is that Ma Bell will plead that oral copulation, anal intercourse (and all other sex acts except the missionary position between a married man and woman) are illegal in California and the company should not be expected to hire "felons."

Biggest obstacle in implementing the law has been the lack of funds. The Board of Supervisors did not appropriate any additional money for more personnel to handle the broadened policy.

Peter Sorgen, an employment counselor at the Society for Individual Rights and one of a delegation of gays attending a recent H.R.C. conference, told Redus, "We have people come into our office every day—hungry, no place to stay, nothing but the clothes on their back. We are tired of delays." It is expected that the board will eventually be pressured to provide more funds.

S.I.R. President Bill Plath has offered the volunteer services of the organization's legal committee to work on legal problems while the funding matter is resolved. A spokesman for H.R.C. said the body is represented by the City Attorney. It would be up to him to accept or decline S.I.R.'s offer.

Gay organizations are presently undecided as to what constitutes a "fair representation" of gays in employment. Asked why the Kinsey study that one of every six men and one of every eight women is predominantly or exclusively homosexual should not be used, "That's arguing metaphysics," Sorgen responded. "I prefer 10 per cent. It's a nice, round, logical figure."

Suppliers not already mentioned who have signed affirmative action agreements are the following automotive services: Abbey Garage and Tow Service, A.B.C. Tow and Storage, Atlas Tow Service, Brickers Service, C. and L. Garage, Courtesy Tow Service, Elkins Civic Center Tow, G. and B. Garage, 333 Jones Street Garage, Powell Garage No. 1, Stadium Garage and Tow Car Association.

Smaller dairies on the list furnished by Redus are Christopher-Berkeley Farms, Green Glen, Spreckles and Sun Valley. Other firms are Hibernia Bank and Nationwide Papers. Sorgen said this list will be used to approach employers with job applicants.

## Major Columnists Write on Gay Issues

(continued from page 1)

Whatever St. Paul wrote in the Bible, Dr. Shannon said, isn't "the total and final Christian message for persons who discover that they are not heterosexual."

He quoted Mr. Johnson's mother, in her plea to the church: "Ask yourselves, if William had not admitted his homosexuality, wouldn't you have ordained him already? I am proud of my son."

Added the columnist, "The phenomenon of homosexuality is real, is growing and cannot simply be ignored by the churches or turned over to (Dear) Abby and Ann (Landens) as though it were their responsibility."

The UCC, he said, is to be commended for its courage and its integrity" in ordaining Mr. Johnson. "It is my earnest prayer that his efforts to know Christ better and to share Christ's teaching" will meet success.

Tom Wicker, of the New York Times observed Gay Pride Week by devoting his June 28 column to the U.S. Civil Service—and the way it repeatedly ignores court decisions that forbid it to discriminate against gay people just because they're gay, regardless of whether a security clearance is involved.

Wicker, whose Washington Bureau is syndicated nationally to dozens of other newspapers, cited the Wentworth, Gayer, Ulrich and Norton cases. He mentioned city ordinances recently enacted in San Francisco and East Lansing, Mich. that outlaw job discrimination against gays.

"Here in Washington—where the vice squad once terrorized homosexuals—not only have the courts recently struck down the sodomy and solicitation laws, but the school board has ruled out discrimination against homosexuals in its hiring policies."

"That is more or less the trend, slow though it may be," Wicker wrote. "But the federal government is not giving in to it easily."

It is regularly appealing decisions and then refusing to extend judges' rulings to other, similar cases. "For Wentworth this is just one more delay. Since 1966, when he had already held a security clearance for seven years, the government has withheld it from him, although it has never accused him of any misconduct involving security," Wicker wrote.

A closeted gay might be subject to blackmail, he added, "but Wentworth makes no secret of his homosexuality."

He also quoted Judge David Bazelon in the 1969 Norton decision: "The Civil Service Commission has neither the expertise nor the requisite appointment to make or enforce absolute moral judgments."

Concluded Wicker, "The brass hats don't have to believe that 'gay is good,' but even in the security field they ought to restrict their inquisitions to the question of whether a person is capable of safeguarding classified material."

Von Hoffman questioned Gish's comparison of gays to blacks, "who are what they are not by choice but by birth. This is assuming that gays are gay by a voluntary act of the will, something nobody knows."

"Even so, in many places Communists aren't excluded and they are what they are by choice. So why should gays be excluded?"

"One is tempted to conclude it would have been better for John to have stayed in his closet; while he and his friends were

hiding, we weren't solving the problem but we were avoiding it.

"Now they're out in the open and it's trouble for everybody."

Another columnist, former Catholic Bishop James P. Shannon, took his hat off to the United Church of Christ for ordaining an openly gay minister, the Rev. William Reagan Johnson of San Francisco.

Mr. Johnson sought acceptance for two years before the April 30 vote, 62 to

34, in the Golden Gate Association of the UCC. He was ordained June 24—the first day of Gay Pride Week.

"Homosexuality, like communism, is a subject about which one need know very little in order to be confirmed in his personal rejection of it," wrote Dr. Shannon, a college vice president in Albuquerque, N. Mexico, who writes for the *Minneapolis Tribune*, published in the city where he was an auxiliary bishop until 1970 when he stepped down and married.

## Suspend McGovern Support

(continued from page 3)

who denounced the gay rights plank on national TV networks, has issued statements to gay organizations apologizing for her anti-gay rights diatribe. Her statement, dated July 13, 1972, says:

On Tuesday night, I presented a speech to the Democratic National Convention opposing Minority Report No. 8, the Gay Liberation Plank. This speech was prepared for me by a lawyer on the staff of the Platform Committee, of which I am a member.

I opposed the plank for reasons of political expediency. The analogies I drew in the speech were aimed to show the possible ramifications of the plank as a political document. I was not

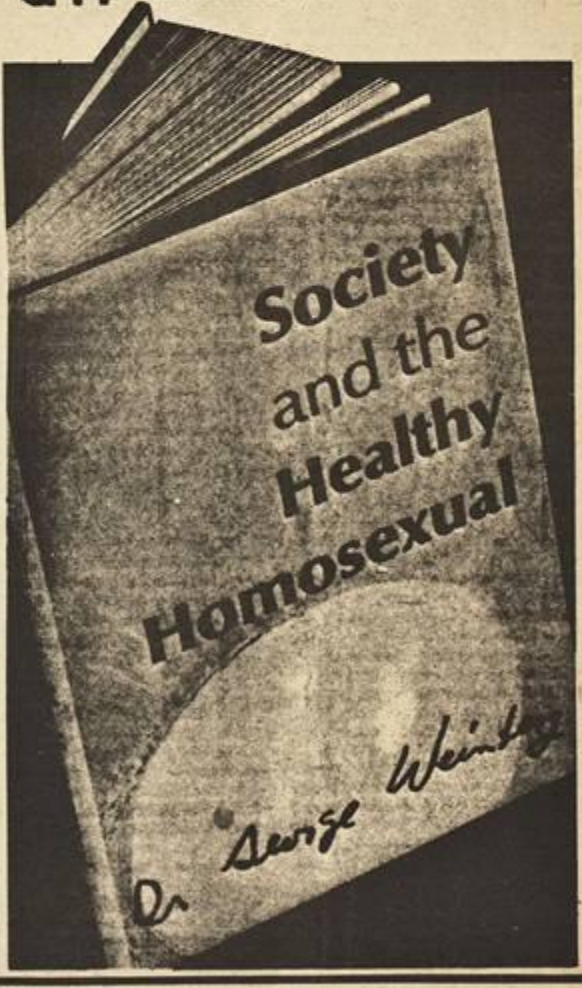
aware that the speech would imply that homosexuals are child molesters. CHILD MOLESTATION IS LARGELY A HETEROSEXUAL, NOT HOMOSEXUAL PROBLEM.

I heartily apologize to all members of the Gay Liberation Movement for any other implications which were derived from my speech. I wholeheartedly support the right of all individuals to privacy, and equality in all areas without regard to sexual orientation.

I will do all in my power to urge Senator McGovern to publicly repudiate the statement as prepared by the Platform Committee Staff and to publicly reaffirm his support for Gay civil rights.

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BY SOREL DAVID

SAPPHO WAS A RIGHT-ON WOMAN, A Liberated View of Lesbianism, by Sidney Abbott and Barbara Love, Stein and Day, New York, 1972, 251 pp.

I seem to find myself a very sort of absolutist type person. When I don't like things, which happens more often than not, I generally find them detestable, contemptible, absurd and ridiculous. But on those rare occasions when something pleases me, I adore it. Would this, could this justify my calling myself a superlative individual? No matter, justified or not, I shall probably do it anyway, ere this day wanes. But on to the matter at hand. Finally, after a seemingly endless spate of mostly male-oriented gay lib books, there comes *Sappho Was a Right-On Woman, A Liberated View of Lesbianism*. Authors Sidney Abbott and Barbara Love have done a truly superlative job of it. Every one of the fine-sounding phrases decorating its flaps and back cover from "much needed," "history making" and important to honest, complete and well-written is well deserved and, all too much of a rarity in the publishing industry, an accurate description of the book.

A book about Lesbianism by Lesbians. How perfectly sensible and right. It seems incredible to me now that this should be a first of its kind. But such is the status and power, apparently, of an idea whose time has come. No sooner is it stated or expressed in some way than it comes to seem so immediately right, one is at a loss to explain why it wasn't thought of centuries earlier. Reading through *Sappho*, I was struck with this feeling again and again.

Divided into two parts, the first, "What It Was Like" deals essentially with the closet and is probably as moving and devastatingly accurate a portrayal of the hellish pre-liberation closet Lesbians have been forced to live in as has ever been written. There was for me an immediate sense of recognition, a fascination to see this, the story of my life, the limits and boundaries of my existence as a Lesbian in the straight world solidified and verified here in print. From the bars, work, parents, guilt to love, violence, alienation and isolation, *Sappho's* authors have managed to touch every part of the lesbian world. The power of this book lies not only in its always intelligent, comprehensive and detailed coverage of its subject matter, but also in its remarkable style. Abbott and Love have discovered a uniquely fine blend of the personal and general, the actual and theoretical which makes *Sappho* extremely readable and easily understood without ever seeming to oversimplify or talk down to the reader. In the end, I think, it is this blend, the authors' ability to place the many personal observations and insights sprinkled throughout in their larger social context that makes this book the moving document it is.

Part II opens with the words, "The reader has turned the page and arrived in the future." (p. 107) It begins with a chapter which is probably the first com-

# Sappho Was a Right On Woman!



plete accounting of the struggle which forced certain feminist organizations such as NOW (National Organization for Women) to deal with the oppression of Lesbians as a key feminist issue. It is indeed wonderfully exciting and terribly important to read of these events which are so recent and fresh in the memory of any who has but the slightest connection or perception of the movement, presented here as the authentic pieces of history they truly are. "... It is the first book-length statement on the relationship of Lesbianism to Feminism..." says Kate Millet on the back cover. The work is greatly increased by this acute sense of history, an acute sense of the historical significance in all this. The Lesbian activist, the authors say, is one who lives the present as if it were the future. "To transcend her circumstances, she may defy the reality of the present and purposely live openly as though the present were the future. By envisioning and demonstrating a new reality for and with Lesbians, she also creates it." (p. 218)

In line with this, the most interesting part of the book, for me, was Chapter 8, "Curing Society." Here the authors attempt to understand the significance of the gay liberation movement and gay activism in general in the light of certain modern theories of social change. Using certain ideas of Jung, Marcuse, Reik and other members of the so-called Freudian left, a fascinating case is built that homosexuals and the gay revolution may be the prime movers in the fight to establish a happier, healthier kind of society. Once again, it is the authors' ability to both the immediate and the over view that makes their work so interesting and valid.

When I first set out to do this I thought of writing a review which was mostly quotes—better you should read the book itself than my second-hand comments. I rejected this approach for fear of seeming lazy (being, in fact, lazy, I must always guard against seeming so). Here then is one which particularly struck me, as it is a beautiful articulation of something I've felt and have been struggling to express since the very beginnings of my own personal struggle for liberation. Following this statement, "Gay activists know that the only cure is rebellion, that their grievances are deeply rooted in social, economic, and political systems rather than themselves." (p. 186), Abbott and Love write:

"Society, by some sleight of hand, has shifted the blame for its atrocities against homosexuals to homosexuals themselves. Hiding its own intolerance of difference, society, like a magician, makes those who try to live differently appear ridiculous, even insane. To create its own truth, society has built in misery, guilt, neurosis for homosexuals who attempt to exercise liberty outside certain authorized boundaries. Clearly it is a clever trick when victims are made to look guilty." (pp. 185-187)

After hungrily devouring the first chapter in a few minutes of intense reading, Billie looked up and said, "This book isn't for Lesbians, it should be read by all women." Bravo and thank you to Sidney Abbott and Barbara Love for *Sappho Was a Right-On Woman*.

# Jerry's Sphere

(continued from page 2)



Christmas in July

agers." Funny, after the contest they were introduced as his "lovers." Another kid out of the chorus and he thinks that he's a star. TSK TSK, Ernie. By the way, an old friend once told me: "Stars come and go, but the supporting actors always work." All you fledgling starlets take note.

**LA FLEURS IN CONCERT:** The first time that I met John and Tom of La Fleurs it was at the ROUNDTABLE. My "Poppa," Morris had just hired them. They went out and did an almost embarrassing show, except for the closing Dolly number. I asked "Pop" if he were kidding. He answered: "They're green yet, give them a chance, I know that they'll be good." For a short time after "Pop's" death, I remained at the ROUNDTABLE. To my astonishment, as always, "Pop" was right: They improved with each show. Tom & John literally busted their asses to become the GREAT ACT that they are now. From two scared kids at the ROUNDTABLE to a thoroughly professional act at TOWN HALL (!!) is a long ladder to climb. Not only have they climbed it, they've passed it. I have not had the opportunity to rap with them and find out what their next step is, but I'm sure that it will be another step up. THE LA FLEURS ARE DYNAMITE. ROSES AND CONGRATULATIONS TO TWO OF THE NICEST AND MOST TALENTED AND I MUST USE THE WORD, STARS THAT IT HAS BEEN MY PRIVILEGE TO KNOW. ALL THE SUCCESS IN THE WORLD. YOU DESERVE IT.

**MORE BEAUTIFUL TALENTS AND TALENTED BEAUTIES:** I don't know if my trip opened (that was a plane trip, wise guy) my eyes to a lot of things around town or what it was, but I must comment on SINGLES. Johnny Vincent is not only tending one of the busiest bars in town, but he's also SINGING!!! I couldn't believe my ears. Sinatra isn't in any trouble, but John can surely handle a tune. Also, there is that gorgeous Phyllis taking a turn at the mike. A beautiful voice for a beautiful girl. Some of the re-



Photos by Eric Steinhilber

ulars get up and do a turn. A very enjoyable evening. And that man about town, Walter Kent, is all about town. A talent and a beauty, Walter, mon ami. Tripped

over to TIJUANA CAT for some more of the above. Louis is a good looker with a big voice. Jimi Stafford is a very funny lad. (Ask him to do his version of "Baby Face.") A lot of beautiful people in the midst of some beautiful talent. (I think that I mentioned Bob last time but he is so beautiful that I'll mention him again.) Another BEAUTIFUL TALENT is my old paramour, Bob La Court. He's back in town after completing his first starring role in *The Great Parker Medicine Show*. Bob is a sexier, better looking Cal Culver type so you can imagine that he will be a BIG star. Can't close this portion without mentioning SEBASTIAN'S John Weston lookin' hooked on SUNDOWNERS' Kathy. I don't know about the talent but both are so beautiful they had to appear in this section. (P.S. Kathy, if John had to go for girls, he picked a winner. Luv ya.) OOOOPPS, almost forgot, the FANTASTIC Joey Cord is at the SUNDOWNER Monday, Tuesday and Wednesdays. If you haven't caught this great entertainer, run, don't walk; if you've caught him, I'm sure that you'll be ring-siding with me. Hope that they can hold the crowds. One last talented beauty, Sam Palmer, will be at HARRY'S by the time you read this. Again, RUN and say hello.

**SPECIAL MENTION TO A BIG NEW VOICE:** If somebody doesn't grab George Smith and do a number with him, I'll eat my typewriter. Not only is the voice one of the BEST I've heard, the face is one of the most BEAUTIFUL I've seen. Remember that name, George Smith; it will soon be George STAR.

UNCLE CHARLIE'S NORTH held the monthly bar awards at the CONTINENTAL BATHS because Lou felt that the bar wasn't large enough to handle the crowd. I'm sorry to report that the CONTINENTAL certainly wasn't prepared for us. To begin with, there was no air conditioning. The pool was being fed hot water



Jerry Fitzpatrick & friends at the August bar awards.

so that even a dip really didn't cool one off. That great MC, GYPSY, tried valiantly to keep a loosely organized show together. But when the CONTINENTAL's disc jockey kept fucking up the records it was too much for a pro-like Gypsy. Off came the wig, the falsies, etc. He brought the cast out for a bow and said, "This will teach us to stick to our own." The awards are getting to be for the host bar so if they continue with them, they should just nominate people who work at the hosting bar. This month my good friend Wally copped best bartender while his partner Roger received the nod as most popular bartender. That cutie pie, Kevin, got both best and most popular waiter. All from UNCLE CHARLIE'S NORTH. Best barmaid, for the fourth time, went to our favorite grandma, Lee Schwartz. She had better get a trophy case for all of her prizes. I can just see her trying to explain them to Bonnie Rachel in a few years. Best waitress went to sultry Rusty from the LIB. (Excuse me, in case you didn't know, Lee is at HARRY'S.) Braving the heat were such celebs as Johnny Vincent, from SINGLES. Tom Ross was with Ronda (we tried to outdo each other with our Johnny Weismuller imitations, or, would you believe, Esther Williams?) and Chuck from the ROADHOUSE. Lefty of DANNY'S IN THE HIDEAWAY MOTEL and J.L. and Sy of the GAS STATION were comparing notes with Alan Schumacher before they threw him into the pool fully clothed. George Sardi of NEW JIMMY'S was there taking notes as was Mark Rielly from DAVID. Also up from Florida was that gorgeous hunk of male, Rheims, of WAREHOUSE VIII. Thom O'Malley of BEAU GESTE decided the activities in and around the pool (the steamroom) were much more interesting and got himself a room. Haven't heard from him since. Joey Jenks from DELANEY'S, Bob and Jerry from UNCLE CHARLIE'S SOUTH (their Ron stopped the show with "The Man I Love"), Frank Elliot from ONE POTATO (he disappeared quite suddenly) and the sexiest Joe of them all, Knoff from the INCA, all had a few things to say. Pussy was there telling me that he's opening CHARLIE'S

ALSO on the 15th. Best of luck, Pussy. Joey Cord from the SUNDOWNERS was very excited about the SRO business he's doing there. I've said it before and I'll say it again, these afternoons should be for the bar people ONLY. NO OUTSIDERS should be able to attend and/or vote. Despite the heat and lack of booze, it was a pretty good afternoon. My favorite MS, Gwen Saunders, raced me several times in the pool.

THE ROADHOUSE celebrated its First Anniversary the 15th of August. They had a wedding (would you believe a Polish wedding?). Ms. Kitty was the bride (he arrived in a garbage truck) and Buddy was the groom. All of the help was in the wedding party and you had to be there to believe. (See accompanying pix.) Many happy returns to Tom and the entire crew at the ROADHOUSE for a job well done.

TIDY: June Von Hummil looking sensational as ever. Don't know what her secret is but I wish that she'd share it... Fire Island Pines is a place for pretty, plastic, parasitic people. Never met such pitiful excuses for humanity in my life... Stop by DANNY'S IN THE HIDEAWAY in the afternoons and say hello to Lucille, a beauty... Bobby Splain out on the Island (Grove) making like a guard. No one knew what was in the pool that he had to save but I can assure you, it wasn't yellow roses. (2 gross???)... Jimmy Grey and Gilbert of the LIB really know how to take care of a brother... \$2 for a Margarita at CASA LAREDO is RIDICULOUS... Howie at HOWIE'S HIDEAWAY is a very nice guy... PIPER'S LOUNGE really catching on, thanks to hard work by manager Mickey and our favorite "back," Tony Black... Georgie now at the BETSY ROSS in Queens... You really need more than a score card to keep up with all the changes around here.

Well, kids, thank you for all of your letters of encouragement. I really appreciate them very much. I shall sign off for now. Take care of each other and yourselves. God bless you all. Je

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**MALE**, 22, dark hair/eyes, 6'4", quite good-looking but heavy (235 lbs.) seeks men of all types (especially with hefty, chunky builds) for incredible lovemaking. Send description, phone, photo: Box 5121, FDR Sta., NYC.

**VISITING NYC** late August, early Sept. Seek good-looking studs 18-26 yrs. old to f--- & feed. Send photo & telephone no. to: Peter, Box 251, Abilene, Texas 79604.

**CHARMING, GOOD-LOOKING EUROPEAN** young man interested in hearing from same type man 18-40 coming to Portugal, especially those from airlines & seafarers. J.V.V.V., Apartado 1964, Picoas, Lisboa I, Portugal.

**WHITE MALE**, 5'7", 165 lbs., slightly portly, average looking, seeks similar for wrestling. No exp. Just for fun. Ltr. & phone to: Apt. 1A, 2647 Coney Island Ave., Brooklyn, NY 11223.

**SINCERE ONLY**: I'm 23, 6'2", 300 lbs. & looking for only sincere butch men (18-45). Like all from formers, hippies to truckers. Write or contact: Ken Newlin, PO Box 831, Terre Haute, Ind. 47801.

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**WHITE MALE**, 145 lbs., 35, masc., affectionate, seeks male for possible permanent relationship. Pref. Greek/passive, under 45, over 6', into religion, occultism, nature & music. Must have sense of humor & dig intimate raps, versatility & honesty. No drugs, fems, heavies or bar-queens. Jay, 936 1st Ave., NYC 10022.

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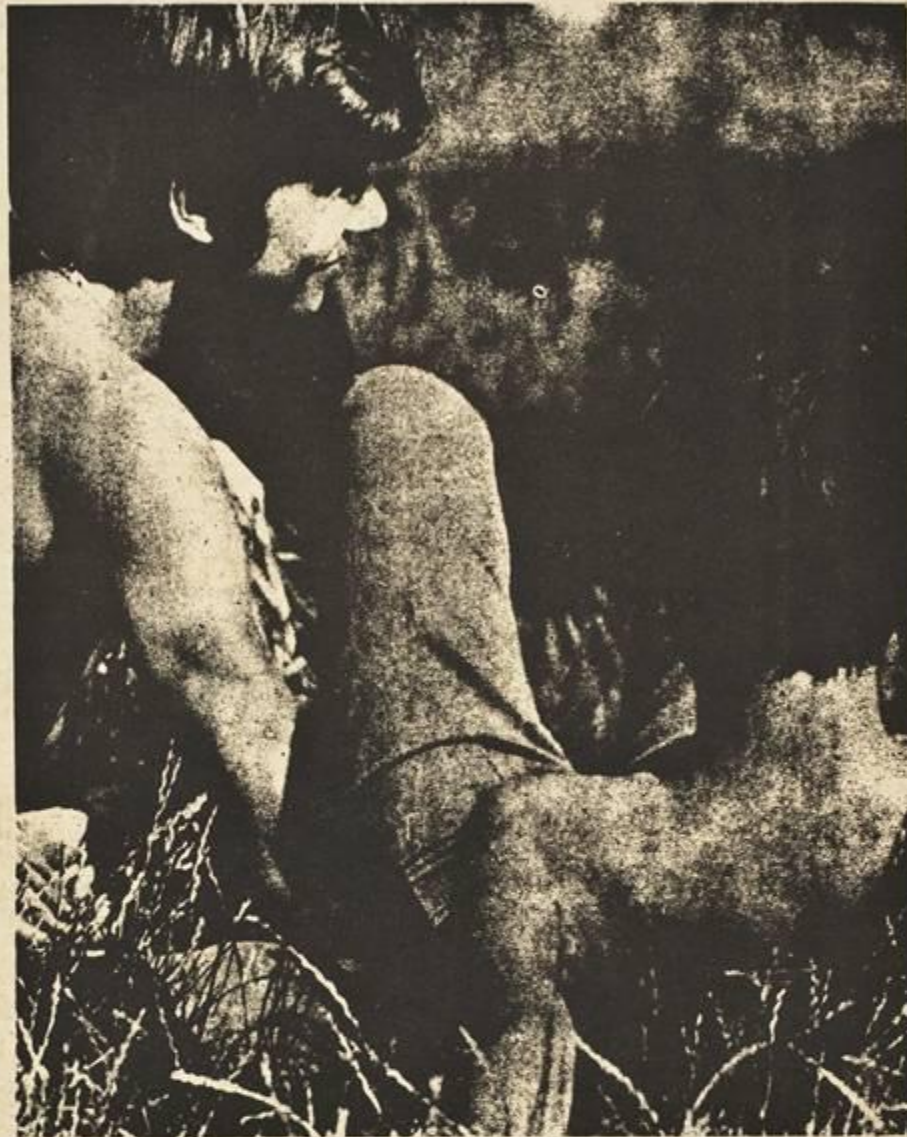
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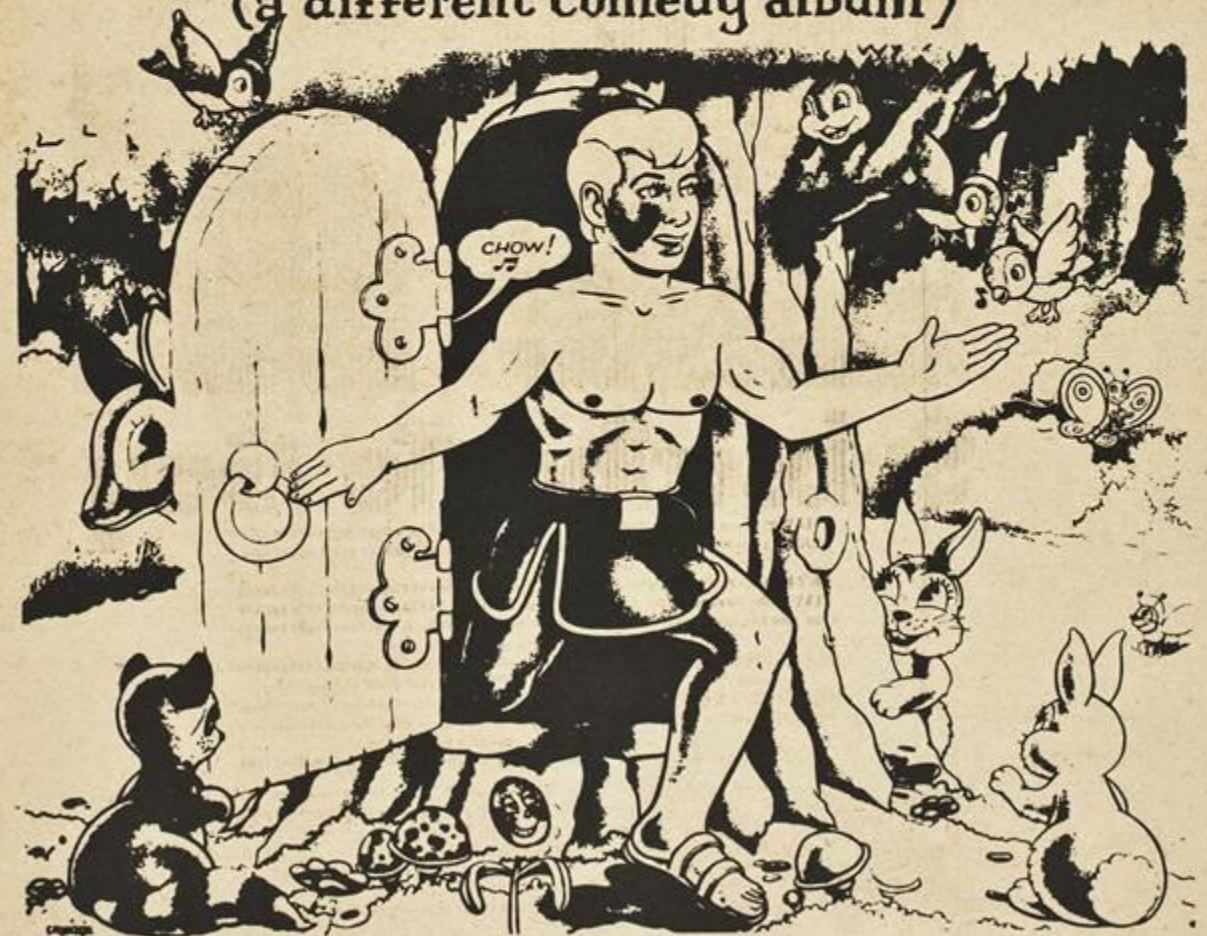
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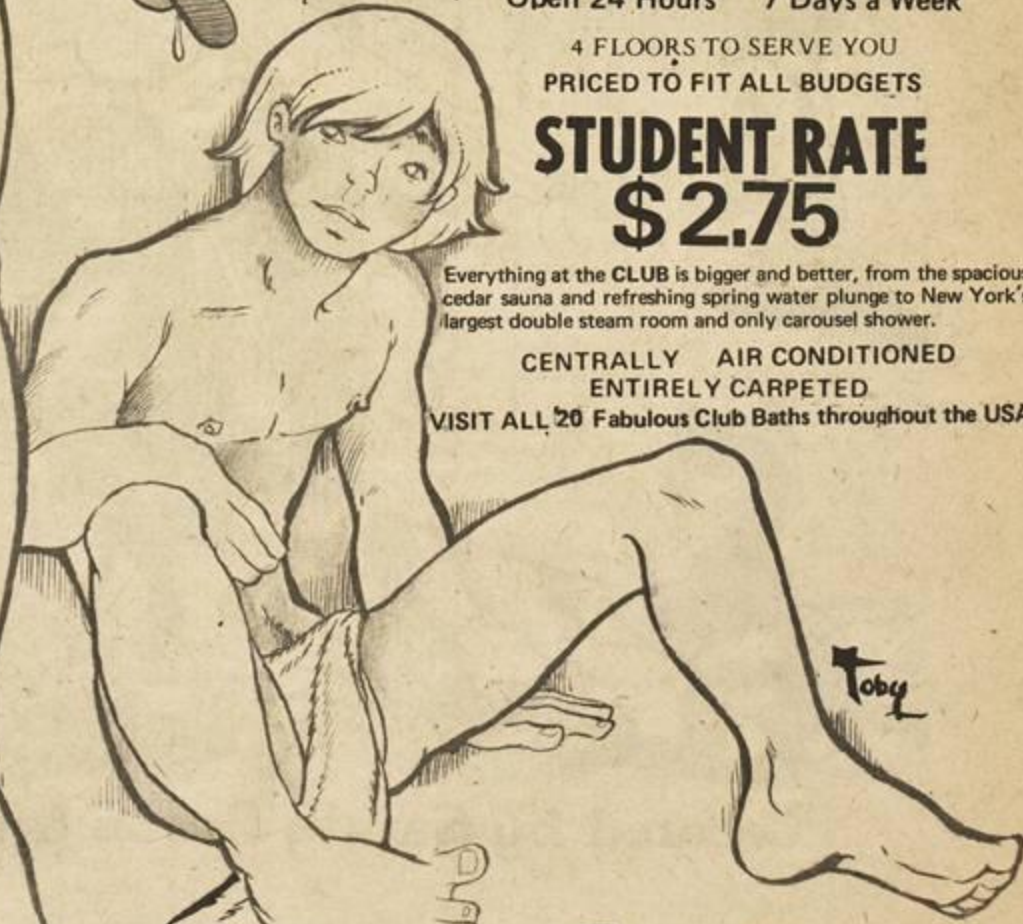
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